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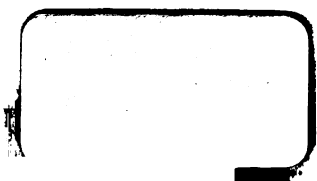
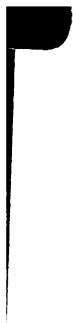
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T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.

V O L. IX.

F O R S E P T E M B E R.

T H E
P O E T I C A L C A L E N D A R

C O N T A I N I N G

A C O L L E C T I O N

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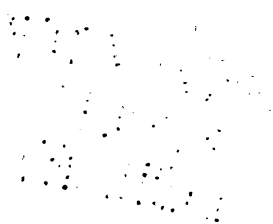
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Printed by D R Y D E N L E A C H ;

For J. C O O R E, at the King's Arms, in Pater-noster-Row.

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T H E
P O E T I C A L C A L E N D A R .

S E P T E M B E R . A N O D E .

Farewell the pomp of Flora! vivid scene!
Welcome sage Autumn, to invert the year—
Farewell to summer's eye-delighting green!

Her verdure fades—autumnal blasts are near.
The filky wardrobe now is laid aside,
With all the rich regalia of her pride.

And must we bid sweet Philomel adieu?

She that was wont to charm us in the grove?
Must Nature's livery wear a sadder hue,

And a dark canopy be stretch'd above?
Yes—for September mounts his ebon-throne,
And the smooth foliage of the plain is gone.

Libra, to weigh the harvest's pearly store,
The golden ballance poizes now on high,
The calm serenity of Zephyr o'er,
Sol's glittering legions to th' equator fly,

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B

At

At the same hour he shows his orient head,
And, warn'd by Thetis, sinks in Ocean's bed.

Adieu! ye damask roses, which remind

The maiden fair-one, how her charms decay;
Ye rising blasts, oh! leave some mark behind,

Some small memorial of the sweets of May:
Ah! no—the ruthless season will not hear,
Nor spare one glory of the ruddy year.

No more the waste of music sung so late

From every bush, green orchestre of love,
For now their winds the birds of passage wait,

And bid a last farewell to every grove;
While those, whom shepherd-swains the sleepers call,
Chuse their recess in some sequester'd wall.

Yet still shall sage September boast his pride,

Some birds shall chant, some gayer flowers shall
Nor is the season wholly unallied [blow,

To purple bloom; the haler fruits shall grow,
The stronger plants, such as enjoy the cold,
And wear a livelier grace by being old.

AN

AN AUTUMNAL ODE.

TO MR. HAYMAN.

YET once more, glorious God of day,
 While beams thine orb serene,
 O let me warbling court thy stay
 To gild the fading scene!
 Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
 Bright Summer to perfection bring,
 The cold inclemency of Winter cheer, [year.
 And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of the

Ere yet the ruffet foliage fall
 I'll climb the mountain's brow,
 My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
 To view the scene below:
 How sweetly pleasing to behold
 Forests of vegetable gold!
 How mix'd the many chequer'd shades between
 The tawny, mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green!

How splendid all the sky! how still!
 How mild the dying gale!
 How soft the whispers of the rill,
 That winds along the vale!

So tranquil Nature's works appear,
 It seems the sabbath of the year :
 As if, the Summer's labour past, she chose
 This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

Such is of well-spent life the time,
 When busy days are past ;
 Man, verging gradual from his prime,
 Meets sacred peace at last :
 His flowery Spring of pleasures o'er,
 And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
 He gains pacific Autumn, mild and bland, [hand.
 And dauntless braves the stroke of Winter's palsied

For yet a while, a little while,
 Involv'd in wintry gloom,
 And lo ! another Spring shall smile,
 A Spring eternal bloom :
 Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
 In the bright mansions of the blest,
 Where due rewards on virtue are bestow'd, [sow'd.
 And reap'd the golden fruits of what his Autumn

AU-

A U T U M N. A N O D E.

A Las ! with swift and silent pace,
 Impatient Time rolls on th^e year ;
 The seasons change, and Nature's face
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay,
 Now autumn bends a cloudy brow,
 The flowers of spring are swept away,
 And summer's fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
 And wanton'd in the western breeze,
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
 As ruffet heaths are wild and bare,
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
 Nor health, nor pleasure, wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From

From this capricious clime she soars,
 O! would some God but wings supply!
 To where each morn the spring restores,
 Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compells to bear
 The downward season's iron reign,
 Compells to breathe polluted air,
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What blifs to life can autumn yield,
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the darkening hour?
 The grape remains! the friend of wit,
 In love and mirth of mighty power.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl—
 Apollo! shoot thy parting ray;
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 This God of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,
 And every blifs in wine shall meet.

A U T U M N.

BY MR. BREREWOOD.

THo' the seasons must alter, ah ! yet let me find
 What all must confess to be rare,
 A female still cheerful, and faithful and kind,
 The blessings of autumn to share.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine
 Overspread with its branches, and shade ;
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with
 In our orchard surrounded with pales ; [its load,
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn
 Seem to hang on its surface like smoke,
 'Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
 And at work in the fields are all hands,
 Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
 Let us carelessly strolè o'er the lands.

How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make,
 To collect what kind Nature has sent !
 Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake ;
 But, oh ! give us their happy content.

And sometimes on a bank, under shade, by a brook,
 Let us silently sit at our ease,
 And there gaze on the stream, till the fish on the hook
 Struggles hard to procure its release.

And now when the husbandman sings harvest home,
 And the corn's all got into the house ;
 When the long wish'd for time of their meeting is
 To frolic, and feast, and carouse ; [come,

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
 And are leaving the branches all bare,
 Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and
 Or else blown to and fro in the air ; [dead,

When the ways are so miry, that bogs they might
 And the axle-tree's ready to break, [seem,
 While the waggoner whistles in stopping his team,
 And then claps the poor jades on the neck ;

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
 Or the fearful young covey beset ;
 Which, tho' skulking in stubble and weeds on the
 Are becoming a prey to the net. [grounds,

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
 Still amus'd with these innocent sports,
 Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
 With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the evening when lovers are leaning on stiles,
 Deep engag'd in some amorous chat,
 And 'tis very well known by his grin, and her smiles,
 What they both have a mind to be at;

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
 Let our mutual endearments revive,
 And let no single action, or look, but declare,
 How contented and happy we live.

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
 Let soft music the phantoms remove,
 For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
 And unite all the passions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
 When the lass is preparing for bed;
 And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
 Sometimes rouses and scratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and dark,
 And the labourers snore as they lie,
 Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark
 In the farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss,
 Which the sunshine and daylight forbids.

UPON MY HAIRS FALLING.

FEW and easy in your stay,
 Never curl'd, and hardly grey ;
 Hairs, adieu ! tho' falling all,
 Blameless, harmless, may you fall.
 Light and trifling tho' you be,
 More deserving poetry
 Than the dream of guilty power,
 Than the miser's gather'd ore,
 Than the world's most serious things,
 Murdering victors, haughty kings,
 If your moral fall presage
 Death, the certain end of age,
 If a single hint you give,
 Well to die, and soon to live.

AN

AN EVENING ODE TO DELIA

EVening now, from purple wings,
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed,
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam :
 Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
 Hears and keeps thy secrets, love.

Thither, Delia, let us stray
 Lightly o'er the dewy way ;
 Phœbus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely Delia, far :
 In his stead, the queen of night
 Sheds around a lambent light ;
 Light that serves but just to show
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
 Let us there, in whisper'd joy,
 All the silent hours employ ;
 Silence best, and dusky shades,
 Please the heart that love invades.
 Other passions then at rest,
 Love possesses all the breast.

RE-

REFLECTIONS ON A WATCH.

LET vain Philosophy hence learn to bind
 The lawless operations of the mind,
 And teach us to obey that Power unseen,
 That fram'd, and first inform'd, our wise machine;
 Then shall we know what schools have idly taught,
 To guide each act, and regulate each thought:
 Like this mechanic wonder shall we move,
 Unvaried by ambition, anger, love;
 Constant in each vicissitude of care,
 Not urg'd by hope, nor yet repress'd by fear;
 Alike in health, disease, in age or youth,
 Our equal judgment still will point at truth;
 No longer shall we live whole years in vain,
 Nor one sad hour be mark'd with grief or pain;
 Freedom and joy our measur'd time will fill,
 Guiltless, unerring, and assur'd our will,
 'Till the last pulse shall beat, and life stand still. }

AU-

A U T U M N.

I At my window sit, and see
 Autumn his russet fingers lay
 On every leaf of every tree,
 I call, but Summer will not stay.

She flies, the boasting Goddess flies,
 And, pointing where th' espaliers shoot,
 "Deserve my parting gift, she cries,
 "I take the leaves, but not the fruit."

Let me the parting gift improve,
 And emulate the just reply,
 As life's short seasons swift remove,
 Ere fix'd in winter's frost I lie.

Health, beauty, vigour, now decline,
 The pride of summer's splendid day,
 Leaves, which the stem must now resign,
 The mournful prelude of decay.

But let fair virtue's fruit remain,
 Tho' summer with my leaves be fled;
 Then, not despis'd, I'll not complain,
 But cherish autumn in her stead.

THE

T H E F I R E - S I D E :

A PARODY ON THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

“ **T**Hrice happy, who free from ambition and
 In a rural retreat, has a quiet fire-side; [pride,
 I love my fire-side, thither let me repair,
 And drink a delightful oblivion of care :
 Oh! when shall I 'scape to be truly my own,
 From the noise, and the smoke, and the bustle of
 Then I live, then I triumph, whene'er I retire [town.
 From the pomp and parade that the many admire :
 Hail ye woods, and ye lawns, shady vales, sunny hills,
 And the warble of birds, and the murmur of rills,
 Ye flowers of all hues that embroider the ground,
 Flocks feeding, or frisking in gambols around ;
 Scene of joy to behold! joy that who would forego,
 For the wealth and the power that a court can bestow :
 I have said it at home, I have said it abroad, [God ;
 That the town is man's world, but that this is of
 Here my trees cannot flatter ; plants, nurs'd by my
 care,
 Pay with fruit, or with fragrance, and incense the air ;
 Here contemplative solitude raises the mind,
 (Least alone when alone) to ideas refin'd.

Me thinks

**Methinks hid in groves, which no sound can invade,
Save when Philomel strikes up her sweet ferenade,
I revolve on the changes and chances of things,
And pity the wretch, that attends upon kings.**

Now I pass with old authors an indolent hour,
And, reclining at ease, turn Demosthenes o'er;
Now facetious and vacant, I urge the gay flask
With a set of old friends—who have nothing to ask;
Thus happy, I reckon not of France nor of Spain,
Nor the balance of power what hand shall sustain.
The balance of power! ha! till that is restor'd,
What solid delight can retirement afford?
Some must be content to be drudges of state,
That the Sage may securely enjoy his retreat.
In weather serene, when the ocean is calm,
It matters not much who presides at the helm;
But soon as clouds gather, and tempests arise,
Then a pilot there needs; a man dauntless and wise.
If such can be found, sure he ought to come forth,
And lend to the public his talents and worth.
Whate'er inclination or ease may suggest,
If the state wants his aid, he has no claim to rest.
But who is the man, a bad game to redeem?
He whom Savoy admires, who has Prussia's esteem;
Whom the Spaniards have felt; and whose iron, with
dread,
Haughty Lewis saw forging to fall on his head.

Holland

Holland loves him; nor less, in the North, all the
powers

Court, honour, revere; and the Empress adores.
Hark! what was that sound? for it seem'd more
sublime

Than befits the low genius of pastoral rhyme?
Was it Wisdom I heard? or can fumes of the brain
Cheat my ears with a dream? ha! repeat me that strain;
Yes, Wisdom, I hear thee; thou deign'st to declare
Me, me, the sole Atlas, to prop this whole sphere;
Thy voice says, or seems in sweet accents to say,
Haste, and save sinking Britain—Resign'd I obey;
And, O! witness, ye powers, that Ambition and
Pride

Have no share in this change—for I love my Fire-
Side!"

Thus the Shepherd; then, throwing his crook
away, steals

Direct to St. James's, and takes up the seals.

THE

THE DRYADS; OR WOOD-NYMPHS.

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

BY MR. DIAPER.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus**Vidi docentem (credite poster)**Nymphasque discentes, et aures**Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.**Evæ! recenti mens trepidat metu.*

HOR.

Forgive, ye Nereids, if I sing no more
The uncertain sea, but choose the safer shore,
And leave the restless waves for steady hills,
To sit on grassy plots, or dream by rills.

The wanton muse the meaner thorn prefers
To coral twigs, and amber's costly tears;
Again I may, when tir'd of leavy woods,
Haste to the sea, and court the rolling floods.
No lov'd amusement's here, but soon will cloy,
The dearest bliss becomes a worthless toy,
And we must shift our pleasures to enjoy.

Sick of the town, I left the busy place,
Where deep concern broods on the thoughtful face;
Where factious cits, with nods, and roguish leer,
Are whispering nothing in attentive ear;

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C

Where

Where knaves strange lies invent, and fools retail,
 And home-made treason find in every mail:
 Falshoods their credit gain, tho' ill-contriv'd,
 And scandals, oft disprov'd, are still reviv'd;
 Imagin'd ills in frightful shapes appear,
 While present evils we with patience bear;
 Phantoms, and empty forms, are fear'd the most,
 As those who scorn'd the man, yet dread the ghost.

No longer plagued with faction, spleen and
 noise,

How was I bless'd, when first my ravish'd eyes
 Suck'd in the purer day, and saw unclouded skies?
 How happy, when I view'd the calm retreat,
 And groves o'erlook'd by Winchcomb's antient seat?
 Here the smooth * Kennet takes his doubtful way,
 In wanton rounds the lingering waters play,
 And by their circling streams prolong the grate-
 ful stay.

Here good old Chaucer whilom cheer'd the vale,
 And footely sung, and told the jocund tale.

Bright was the moon, and her reflected beams
 Spangled the dewy leaves with trembling gleams;
 While stars, by conscious twinklings, seem'd to
 What waking lovers acted here below. [know
 Careless I walk'd, where prowling beasts had made
 A path, that led thro' a lone silent glade.

* A river in Berkshire.

The moon, with doubtful rays, deceiv'd the fight,
 And waving boughs gave an uncertain light.
 When my chill'd spirits sunk with sudden fear,
 And trembling horror bid the search forbear ;
 My heedless steps had touch'd the hallow'd ground,
 Where airy demons dance the wanton round ;
 Where fairy elves, and midnight Dryads meet,
 And to the moon the sylvan song repeat.
 Tall rifted oaks, and circling elms had made
 A central void amidst surrounding shade,
 With hollow vaulted cells, and rising heaps,
 In which by day the wearied badger sleeps.
 Thick thorny brakes grew round the lonesome place,
 And twining boughs enclos'd the middle space.
 Here Dryads in nocturnal revels join,
 While stars thro' shaking leaves obscurely shine :
 And here I saw (blest'd with a kinder fate)
 Where in a beauteous ring the nymphs were fate :
 Well-pleas'd the Elfins smil'd, but she, who guards
 Pomaceous fruits, and orchard-cares rewards,
 Down pensive lean'd her head ; no ruddy streaks
 Mixt with the languid paleness of her cheeks :
 Cast on the ground her wither'd garland lay,
 Whose shrivell'd leaves seem'd conscious of decay.
 Thyrsis, that much-lov'd youth, the goddess mourn'd,
 Thyrsis, who once Silurian plains adorn'd ;
 The rural powers confess'd their meaner lays,
 When Thyrsis sung, and own'd his juster praise ;

He Ariconian swains industrious taught
 To strain rich must, and press the racy draught ;
 Since he is gone, the trees are all decay'd,
 With moss bedight, and blossoms ill-array'd.
 The pensive owner mourns the tedious weeks,
 And wants the generous bowl, that paints the
 flushing cheeks.

Men led by sense, and partial to themselves,
 Nor roving demons own, nor wandering elves :
 But who can know th' intelligible race,
 Or guess the powers that fill th' aerial space !
 Oft the tir'd horse is forc'd to scour the plain,
 When Fairies ride, fix'd in his twisted mane :
 And I, ye Gods ! have wondrous circles seen,
 Where wanton sprites in midnight dance have
 been, }
 And press'd their rounding steps on every new-
 mow'd green. }

Ye demons, who in lonely forests rove,
 And friendly powers, that human arts improve,
 Ye careful Genii, that o'er men preside,
 Direct their counsels, and their actions guide ;
 The grateful Muse shall your assistance own,
 And tell of heavenly forms, as yet unknown ;
 (Bless'd beings, whom no earthy fetters bind,
 Nor to the pressing weight of clay confin'd !
 Of unmixt ether form'd, their beauty fears
 No pale disease, nor change of coming years.)

Be

Be kind, ye powers, and tune my artless tongue,
While I repeat the Dryads pleasing song.

Napé began ; a nymph with careless mien,
Clad like autumnal leaves in yellowish green :
Her round plump cheeks a deeper purple dy'd,
Such as ripe fruits boast on their sunny side :
A wreath of platted moss curl'd round her head,
Cheerful she smil'd, and thus the Elfin said :

“ Tall sycamores, the noisy insects love,
And buzzing round the leaves incessant move ;
While the day lasts, the worthless creatures play,
And mourn the evening dusk, and wing their silent
way.

But forest nymphs prefer the peaceful night,
When solemn gloom, and dewy seats invite.
While drowsy man in sleep unactive rests,
Not half so happy as the watchful beasts,
Who silent leave their dens, and secrete home,
And, on the prey intent, thro' all the forest roam.
The raging sun, with his too scorching beams,
Burns up the herbs, and lessens all the streams ;
But the kind moon reflects a milder ray,
And makes a night more lovely than the day ;
Nor darts fierce flame, but innocently bright
Leaves all the fire, and gives the purer light ;
No noisome vapour, or dark cloud exhales,
But gentle drops, fresh dews, and pleasing gales.

So woman is but rougher man refin'd,
 Has nought of him that's fierce, but all that's kind.
 Now falling drops like shining pearls are seen,
 And dewy spangles hang on every green :
 Refreshing moisture cools the thirsty mead,
 Extends the stalk, and swells th' unfolded seed ;
 Restores the verdure of the tarnish'd leaves,
 And every herb the ripening juice receives.
 Day always is the same, but wanton night
 Boasts a more grateful change of harmless light.
 Below, the glow-worms, wondrous orbs, are seen,
 'That stud with burnish'd gold the shaded green :
 These little wandering comets never shed
 Or baneful ill, or dire contagion spread ;
 'Their shining tails foretel no falling state,
 Nor future dearth, nor sad disease create.
 Bright lambent flames, and kindled vapours rise,
 Sweep glaring thro' the dusk, and strike the won-
 dering eyes.
 In oblique tracks the meteors blaze around,
 And skim the surface of the marshy ground,
 Unseen by day, when, tyrant-like, the sun,
 Envious, admits no splendor but his own.
 The liquid drops, that ooze from weeping trees,
 And sparkling stones with star-like lustre please ;
 Even sapless wood, improv'd by age, grows bright,
 And, what it wants in moisture, gains in light.

While

While ripen'd fruits, and milder seasons last,
 And only empty clouds the skies o'ercaft,
 Nymphs in lone deserts chant the rural lay,
 'Till the wing'd Hours bring on returning day.
 But when fierce wintery storms the forest rend,
 And rattling hail, or fleecy fnows descend ;
 When conscious birds, who know succeeding times,
 Haste from the cold, and seek for milder climes ;
 The Elfin powers (who can at pleasure leave
 Aerial bodies, and new forms receive)
 Cast off their vehicles, and freed from sense,
 Nor dread the storms, nor cold, when too intense.
 The earthy Gnomes, and Fairy Elves are seen
 Digging in lowest mines with busy men ;
 There labour, on the fruitless work intent,
 While deeper fnows the wonted dance prevent :
 But foolish swains the blooming Spring prefer,
 The infant glory of the budding year ;
 Nature, as yet, is but imperfect seen,
 And her weak products show a rawish green :
 The flowers look gay, but lovely Autumn treats
 With ripen'd beauties, and substantial sweets ;
 Nor wants its flowers, while poppies grace the corn,
 And azure cups the waving fields adorn.
 Fruits lov'd by rustic tastes, of pleasing show,
 On the wild hedge, and scented briar grow ;
 And yellow leaves, the fairy Elfin's bed,
 Fly with the wind, and on the ground are spread.

The frisking Satyrs squeeze the cluster'd grape,
 And the chaste Dryad fears the coming rape :
 Ripe mellow heaps from every tree are shook,
 And bending corn expects the sharpen'd hook ;
 Soon will the nodding sheaves be borne away,
 And the drawn net inclose th' unguarded prey.
 The friendly powers, who labouring peasants aid,
 Nymphs, and light fawns, frequent the woody shade ;
 But oft curs'd fiends quit their infernal home,
 And (hated guests) in gloomy forests roam,
 With glaring eyes affright the howling beasts,
 And little birds shrink closer in their nests.
 Earth would be heaven, if we might here enjoy
 Pleasure unmixt, and leave the base alloy.
 The greatest good has its attending ill,
 And doubtful blifs distracts th' uncertain will.
 So teeming Autumn boasts her luscious fruits,
 And plants of grateful taste, and healing roots ;
 But ripens with like care the growing feeds
 Of baneful aconite, and noxious weeds.
 The deadly nightshade wanton youth deceives
 With shining berries, and with spreading leaves ;
 Th' accursed fruit invites with pleasing show,
 Fair as the damask, or the sky-dy'd shoe ;
 But ah ! not rashly trust the tempting ills ;
 Too well you know, that beauty often kills :

Swift

Swift thro' the bones the spreading venom flies,
 A deadly sleep hangs on his closing eyes,
 And the lost wretch in raging frenzy dies. }
 Now round its pole the spiral hop entwists,
 Like Thyrsi, borne by Bacchus' antient priests.
 The husband elm supports th' embracing vines,
 And round its oak the ivy closer twines.
 To Bacchus sacred all, and prone to love,
 They show what fuel must the flame improve ;
 Love, blind himself, the mark would hardly know,
 But Bacchus takes the aim, and sets the bow.
 Autumnal days a constant medium boast,
 Nor chap the ground with heat, nor dry with frost.
 Nature on all her finish'd labour smiles,
 And the glad peasant reaps the grateful spoils ;
 Winds shake the ripen'd seeds on parent earth,
 And thus impregnate for succeeding birth.
 The tufted cod with future harvest swells,
 While weighty seeds fall from their native cells,
 And near their mother-stem : but smaller kinds,
 Far from their homes, are borne by sweeping winds ;
 The atoms fly, wafted on every breeze,
 Hence mossy threads enwrap the tallest trees ;
 Herbs of strange forms on highest rocks are found,
 And spreading fern runs o'er the barren ground.
 But, Goddess, you neglect your wonted care,
 (While blighted orchards mourn, the nymphs de-
 spair ;)

Nor

Nor love (as once) to see the handed bowls,
 When tipling rustics cheer their droughty souls,
 And tread with faltering steps th' unequal ground,
 While humble cots with wayward mirth resound.
 Succeeding bards, in rural secrets skill'd,
 Shall teach the swain t' enrich the barren field ;
 The prophet's inspiration never ends,
 But with a double portion still descends.
 Poets, like rightful kings, can never die,
 Heaven's sacred ointment will the throne supply,
 And Tityrus, when he draws his latest breath,
 Will to some darling youth the valued pipe bequeath.
 So tuneful insects, fed by morning dew,
 Who in warm meads the daily song renew ;
 (True poets they) laugh at approaching want,
 And careless sing, and mock the labouring ant ;
 But soon bleak colds the wanton throng surprize,
 And the whole race (ah ! too unpitied) dies :
 And yet returning heat, and sultry days,
 Restore the species, and new songsters raise.
 The Goddess will not long forget her care,
 But loss of fruit with future crops repair.
 No more shall blasting winds the harvest grieve,
 Or blighted buds autumnal hopes deceive.
 The youth, well-pleas'd, will daily thanks repeat,
 While laden branches groan beneath their weight.
 As from salt waves are drawn the sweeter rains,
 And cheerful streams, that swell the fatten'd plains,

So

So from our griefs succeeding pleasures flow;
 Grafted on crabs the fairest apples grow.
 Bitters and sweets in the same cup are thrown,
 And prickly thistles have the softest down."

Thus said the nymph, and Psecas thus replied,
 Psecas, who gives the herbs their various pride:
 She Nature aids, and is the sylvan power,
 That shapes the leaf, and paints the woody flower:
 She blanches lillies to their loveliest white,
 Whose skin-like beauty pleases human sight:
 Hence the blue vervains grace the humble shade,
 And drowzy poppies are in scarlet clad:
 Unerring forms the growing plant receives,
 She rounds the stem, and points th' indented leaves.

"Who (said the nymph) would sing of bleating
 flocks,

Or hanging goats that browse on craggy rocks?
 When antient bards have rifled all the store,
 And the drain'd subject can afford no more.
 Nor Cuddy now, nor Colin would engage;
 Eclogue but ill becomes a warlike age.

In antient times the shepherd's song would please,
 When pious kings enjoy'd the shepherd's ease,
 And monarchs sat beneath the shadowing trees. }
 When those first happier ages were no more,
 But curst ambition still increas'd with power;
 When crouded towns fill'd the deserted plain,
 And craving passions a new life began,

The

The peaceful woods were not so soon forgot,
 Th' uneasy soul her wonted pleasure sought :
 Reason, when free and undisturb'd, approves
 The pleasing pensiveness of thoughtful groves :
 Hence twisted bowers, and cooling grots were made
 To imitate, at least, the rural shade.
 But men, by furies urg'd, and curst by fate,
 All that is calm and inoffensive hate ;
 Guilt must prevail, and bloodshed never cease ;
 Nations are said to be undone by peace.
 Too well you know, who oft, unseen, repair
 To whispering courts, enwrapp'd in finest air ;
 In closets sit, and unsuspected hear
 What the great vulgar feign, the little fear.
 By night, while swains dream of successful loves,
 The Forest-Genii wanton in their groves,
 And o'er the platted heath the Fairy-Demon roves :
 But, when grey dawn awakes from pleasing rest
 The yawning peasant, and disturbs the beast,
 Thro' streets, and noisy crowds, they range unknown,
 And mark the conduct of the factious town.
 Britannia's sons, like those of monstrous birth,
 When serpents teeth were sown in furrow'd earth ;
 Enflam'd with rage, and prone to mutual hate,
 With baneful strife distract th' endanger'd state.
 War is now thought the panaceal good ;
 Quacks know no other cure but letting blood,

Even

Even when th' expiring wretch already faints,
 And not a lancet, but a cordial wants.
 Those who could wish all temples shut beside,
 Ne'er think the gates of Janus set too wide ;
 For endless slaughter, as a blessing pray ; [lay !"
 Farewell the humble muse, and shepherd's peaceful

She said, and all the nymphs with sorrow heard,
 When, clad in white, an heavenly form appear'd ;
 A leavy crown adorn'd her radiant head,
 Majestic were her looks, and thus she said :

“ Unbodied powers are not confin'd to floods,
 To purling rivulets, or to shady woods.
 Kind demons on ungrateful man attend,
 Observe his steps, and watch the hated fiend.
 The same good Genii guard the harmless sheep,
 When wearied Damon lies in thoughtless sleep ;
 The same, whose influence aids th' unsettled state,
 And gladly hastens on the work of fate.
 Rome's second king enjoy'd a fairy dame,
 To lonely woods the royal pupil came ;
 To Numa's lessons, and the Elfin-Bride,
 Rome all her grandeur ow'd, and future pride.
 Bless'd powers, and beings of the highest rank,
 Not love the flowing stream, nor flowery bank.
 Clad in ethereal light, the purer mind
 Scorns the base earth, and was for heaven design'd.
 Inferior orders have a meaner home,
 And here in wilds, and woody mazes roam.

To

To learned Magi we strange spells impart,
 Myſteries diſcloſe, and tell the ſecret art.
 With ſacred miſletoe the Druids crown'd, [round,
 Sung with the nymphs, and danc'd the pleaſing
 But vulgar thoughts confound celeftial forms
 With envious fiends, who raiſe deſtructive forms ;
 And harmleſs elves, that ſcuttle o'er the plain,
 Are rank'd with furies doom'd to endleſs pain.
 Mortals, to earth and mean delights inclin'd,
 No pleaſure in abſtracted notions find :
 Unas'd to higher truths will not believe
 Aught can exiſt, but what their eyes perceive ;
 Tho' to good demons they their ſafety owe,
 Few are thoſe happy, who their guardians know.
 But hear, ye nymphs ; indulge no cauſeleſs fears,
 I know the laſting joys of coming years.
 I, Britain's kind Egeria, will protect
 The loyal patriot, and his ſchemes direct.
 All do not hate the plain, nor fly the woods ;
 Fields have their lovers, and the groves their gods.
 If Bolingbroke and Oxford, with a ſmile,
 Reward the ſong, nor ſcorn the meaner ſtyle ;
 Each bleeding tree ſhall tell the ſhepherd's flame,
 And in its wounds preſerve the growing name.
 Swains to tranſmitted pipes ſhall long ſucceed,
 And ſort with artful hand th' unequal reed.
 The birds on every bough will liſtning throng,
 And noiſy, ſtrive to drown the envied ſong.

Echo

Echo to distant rocks shall waft the tale,
 And reach with borrow'd sounds the lowest vale;
 While the glad lambs pursue the circling round,
 Frisk wanton, and o'er grassy ridges bound.
 Would * he again the better choice approve,
 Who once of Henry sung, and Emma's love;
 Would he (a grateful guest) to woods repair,
 And private ease prefer to public care,
 The nymphs would learn his song, their own forget,
 And little fawns the moving tale repeat.
 Peace from neglected pipes will wipe the dust,
 When useless arms are doom'd to cankering rust.
 No dreaded sounds shall scare the finny race,
 Or fright the Triton from his lov'd embrace.
 The busy Naiads cleanse polluted floods,
 And nymphs frequent the long-deserted woods.
 The river-gods hug the declining urn;
 All to their streams, or to their shades return.
 When civil wars disturb'd the Roman state,
 And Brutus hasten'd on his juster fate;
 While false-nam'd liberty, and doubtful claim,
 Madded the world, and fann'd Alecto's flame;
 The swain was injur'd, and his song forgot,
 And Tityrus only by his flocks was sought.
 But when Octavius had the nations freed,
 And every realm its rightful lord obey'd;

* Prior.

The

The God look'd down on the neglected groves,
 And deign'd to hear of peace, and softer loves ;
 Fields and their owners were with leisure blest'd,
 And Mantua's shepherd had his wrongs redrest'd.
 So first the mountain tops are touch'd with light,
 And from the gloomy vales the swain invite ;
 While mists below, and intervening clouds,
 Cast a deep dusk on all the frowning woods.
 The shaded meadows view, with envy, round
 The distant splendor of the rising ground ;
 But soon the spreading rays, expanded, move,
 And, streaming like a deluge from above,
 Sweep o'er the gladsome field, and dart thro'
 every grove. }

By foreign wars intestine factions thrive,
 The dam destroy'd, the imps not long survive ;
 Tumultuous hurry an advantage gives
 Both to the little, and the greater thieves.
 A guilty act is in confusion hid,
 When busy times a nicer search forbid ;
 So crafty fish, of clearer streams afraid,
 Lie hid in eddies, which themselves have made.
 Touch'd with the rose, the jetty beetle dies,
 And from the spicy hills the vultur flies ;
 So baser souls abhor the sweets of peace,
 Whose private gains by public loss increase.
 When noisy storms deluge the dropping leaves,
 The pensive lark retires, and silent grieves ;

But

But chattering birds joy at th' expected flood,
 And with mixt clamours watch the teeming cloud;
 For then (a grateful prey) the horned snail,
 And worms, o'er moisten'd clouds, their folding
 bodies trail.

Designing men the public welfare hate,
 Who cannot rise but on a ruin'd state.
 Base souls will always keep their native stain,
 And rooted passions will th' ascendant gain.
 The worm, when once become a spotted fly,
 And, borne on gaudy wings, it mounts on high,
 Unchang'd admires the ordure, whence it sprung,
 And feeds with pleasure on its native dung.
 But steady patriots will just schemes pursue,
 Nor fear the rage of the discarded few,
 Who, prone to causeless change, unwearied strive,
 Old crimes repeat, and baffled plots revive.
 Eternal infamy rewards their pains,
 And, tho' the flame is out, the stench remains.
 What specious-colour'd fraud, or secret snare,
 Can St. John's prudence 'scape, or Oxford's care?
 Diseases oft prové fatal, when conceal'd,
 But ripen'd sores, if lanc'd, are soonest heal'd.
 Slow Lentulus, and rash Cethegus join,
 And with ambitious Catiline combine;
 Wretches who, only in destruction skill'd,
 Try to pull down, what they could never build;

But, when intent to spring the sudden mine,
 One Cicero can blast the base design.
 So when black storms cast up the boiling deep,
 And envious winds disturb the Triton's sleep;
 The shepherd, who the watry conflict hears,
 Shuddering at distance, for his pasture fears;
 Thinks with himself, when will the tumult cease,
 Or what kind power can warring floods appease?
 But th' ocean-gods, rous'd from their oozy beds,
 The trident grasp, and nod their reedy heads;
 The waves rebuk'd, fear to approach the shore,
 And all is hush'd, and winds are heard no more.
 Peace guides her steps, as St. John leads the way,
 And all her little Loves around him play:
 When he arriv'd, France (the first time) confess'd
 Her court eclips'd by a politer guest;
 Unwilling own'd Britannia has her charms,
 And is as strong in eloquence, as arms.
 When St. John speaks, who would refuse to hear?
 Mars smooths his brow, and Pallas drops her spear:
 A thousand graces on his lips are hung,
 And Suada sips her nectar from his tongue.
 When wild suspicions cause distracting hate,
 And party-clamours sway the warm debate;
 Such eloquence the tumult over-rules,
 Like falling drops, it softens, and it cools;
 It calms th' enrag'd, and draws the stubborn minds,
 And to th' unwilling breast a passage finds;

Nervous

Nervous; yet smooth, the heart it gently steals,
 Like wine it sparkles, but like oil it heals.
 He with his country shares one common fate,
 All St. John love, but who Britannia hate.
 Kennet of late neglects his broken urn,
 And St. John's absence all the Dryads mourn.
 Not Gallus once in woods was so belov'd,
 Whose luckless flame the nymphs to pity mov'd.
 Heaven has its chosen favourites, and on those,
 With partial hand, its doubled gift bestows:
 While common souls, like coarser stuffs laid by,
 Are not prepar'd to take the brighter dye.
 The kingly oaks engross the honey'd dews,
 Whose viscous sweets the meaner shrubs refuse;
 And every neighbouring tree neglected grieves,
 But willing spreads in vain its tasteless leaves.
 St. John the woods, and breezy forest loves,
 Where Nature's pride presuming art reproves.
 New beauties show themselves to nearer views,
 And themes untouch'd expect the skilful muse;
 The vegetable world neglected lie,
 And flowers ungather'd fall, and nameless die.
 Thousands escape, hid in the pressing throng,
 Unknown to Mæcer's, or to Cowley's song.
 You, Psecas, know, in seedy labour skill'd,
 What various herbage fatten'd pastures yield,
 And what unnumber'd kinds adorn the field,

Whose fading beauties pass without regard,
 While every drooping herb upbraids the bard.
 What learned song will Nature's care impart,
 By what kind instinct, and unstudied art,
 The numerous natives of the sheltering wood
 Avoid their dangers, or procure their food?
 What verse has told, how smaller rivals wage
 Unequal war, and with the toad engage?
 They, Argus-like, are set around with eyes,
 And, hung on silken threads, the foe surprize;
 Spit on the poisonous wretch more deadly bane,
 Who, deeply-wounded, feels the raging pain.
 Swift up her pendent womb Arachne climbs,
 While he scarce trails along his tortur'd limbs;
 But careful will the healing plantain find,
 (Plantain to undeserving creatures kind)
 Whose sovereign herb the venom'd juice expels,
 And now the bloated wretch with innate poison
 swells.

Or how the speckled snakes their prey surprize,
 And with hot fennel rub their weaker eyes;
 They, when the bloom of warmer spring begins,
 Cast off, as worn-out cloaths, their sloughy skins;
 With early youth, returning vigour blest,
 Brandish the tongue, and raise the azure crest.
 Ants prudent bite the ends of hoarded wheat,
 Lest growing feeds their future hopes defeat;

And

And when they conscious scent the gathering rains,
 Draw down their windy eggs, and pilfer'd grains;
 With summer's toil, and ready viands fill
 The deepest caverns of their puny hill;
 There lie secure, and hug their treasur'd goods,
 And, safe in labour'd cells, they mock the coming
 floods.

A thousand kinds unknown in forests breed,
 And bite the leaves, and notch the growing weed;
 Have each their several laws, and settled states,
 And constant sympathies, and constant hates;
 Their changing forms no artful verse describes,
 Or how fierce war destroys the wandering tribes.
 How prudent Nature feeds her various young,
 Has been, if not untold, at least, un Sung.
 To th' insect-race the Muse her aid denies,
 While prouder men the little ant despise.
 But tho' the bulky kinds are easy known,
 Yet Nature's skill is most in little shown;
 Beside that man, by some kind demon taught,
 Has secrets found, that were of old unsought.
 Labourious wights have wonderous optics made,
 Whose borrow'd sight the curious searcher aid,
 And show, what heaven to common view denies,
 Strange puny shapes, unknown to vulgar eyes.
 So shadowy forms, and sportive demons fly,
 Wasted on winds, and not perceiv'd when nigh;

Unseen they sweep along the grassy plains,
 And scud unseen before the whistling swains.
 But to these seers, in northern isles confin'd,
 Inur'd to cold, and harden'd by the wind,
 Th' indulgent powers have given a second fight,
 That kens the airy sylph, and wandering sprite.
 No fitting elf the subtle eye escapes,
 When wanton genii sport in antic shapes.
 Men Nature, in her secret work, behold,
 Untwist her fibres, and her coats unfold ;
 With pleasure trace the threads of stringy roots,
 'The various textures of the ripening fruits ;
 And animals, that careless live at ease,
 'To whom the leaves are worlds, the drops are seas.
 If to the finish'd whole so little goes,
 How small the parts that must the whole compose !
 Matter is infinite, and still descends :
 Man cannot know where lessening Nature ends.
 The azure dye, which plums in autumn boast,
 That handled fades, and at a touch is lost,
 Of fairest show, is all a living heap ;
 And round their little world, the monsters creep.
 Who would on colour dote, or pleasing forms,
 If beauty, when discover'd, is but worms ?
 When the warm spring puts forth the opening bud,
 The waken'd insects find their ready food ;
 But when the summer-days dilate the gem,
 Stretch out the leaves, and fix the growing stem,
They

They die unknown, and numerous kinds succeed,
 That bask in flowers, or eat the ranker weed ;
 Wanton in sultry heat, and keep their place,
 'Till autumn-fruits produce a different race.
 But tho' a thousand themes invite the Muse,
 Yet greater subjects will from mean excuse ;
 They claim the grateful song, whose prudent care
 Has quench'd the wasting flames of endless war.
 Late civil rage alarm'd the trembling woods,
 And bursting sulphur scar'd the sylvan-gods.
 War fell'd the trees, and spreading havock made,
 The nymphs could hardly find a sheltering shade.
 Now, with less frightful sounds the fields are blest,
 The swains have leisure, and the land has rest.
 Faction, that Hydra, is no longer fear'd,
 Her heads are lopp'd, and all the wounds are fear'd :
 When innovating schemes successful prove,
 They do but fasten, what they would remove.
 So restless winds would fly without restraint,
 Sweep down the corn, and bend the growing plant ;
 But taller trees withstand their giddy haste,
 And break the fury of the coming blast ;
 They angry tear the leaves, and blight the fruit,
 But strengthen while they shake, and fix the spreading
 Be still, ye aspen-boughs, nor restless scare, [root.
 With busy trembling leaves, she listening hare ;
 And cease, ye insects, who, to plants unkind,
 Or gnaw the root, or bite the softer rind ;

Silent attend, while I Britannia blefs,
 And fing the future joys of lafting peace.
 Victoria long her fruitlefs labour mourn'd ;
 Without effect her annual work return'd.
 One blow to Cæfar gave the deftin'd throne ;
 Philippi made the Roman power his own.
 Swift as a ray, fhott from the rifing fun,
 Pella's immortal youth his Perfia won.
 But conqueft now is ftopp'd by every fort ;
 Bloodfhed is cheap, and war becomes a fport ;
 In vain the captains fall, the heroes bleed ;
 Fresh victims to the facrifice fucceed.
 So doubtful hills the wearied pilgrim fees,
 And flattering profpects give a fancied eafe ;
 Delufive hopes compel his fainting feet
 To climb th' afcent, and pafs the fteepy height :
 That fummit gain'd, far diftant mountains rife,
 Whofe towering ridges meet the forrowing eyes,
 And, pain renew'd, the wifh'd-for reft denies. }
 Ten years could Hector coming fate retard,
 And from th' insulting Greek his Ilium guard.
 Yet waving heaps, as ancient ballads tell,
 The doubtful ruins of old Troy conceal ;
 Now ten campaigns, and battles yearly won,
 Transfer no kingdom, and no king dethrone.
 But pitying Anna ends the fruitlefs toil,
 Blood fhall no more enrich Flanderian foil.

From

From her the injur'd States expect redress ;
 She, who maintain'd the war, must make the peace.
 She gives the power, whatever side prevails,
 Where-e'er the balance is, she holds the scales.
 To her they all commit their common cause,
 She sets their limits, and confirms their laws ;
 Portions divides, and gives to each his share,
 The right of birth, or the reward of war.
 All must the just impartial hand acquit,
 And those who causeless murmur—will submit.
 So when th' Almighty, with an awful nod,
 Made the rude Chaos own a greater God,
 The blended elements, that long had strove,
 Would not so ready join in mutual love :
 But, first, the purer parts their places took,
 And subtle fire the meaner mass forsook :
 The war continued with the baser kind,
 While seas were loth to be by shores confin'd,
 Or earth to have the lowest place assign'd. }
 Anna has long enrich'd the powers allied,
 Their want of treasure, and of troops supplied ;
 Yet they, as wrong'd, with awkward state complain,
 Infatiate thirst ! and would new empires gain.
 So wanton children sport in careless play,
 And slumbering lie, or toy the hours away ;
 Heedless they live, nor sweat for daily bread,
 Yet cry, and murmur, if they are not fed.

s . .

The

The Belgic states forget their former moan,
 But, swoln with bloated pride, and mighty grown,
 New conquests seek, and deem' the world their
 own.

Nor ravish'd seas, nor India's spicy plants,
 Content their wishes, or suffice their wants.
 So when fierce rains wash down the lessen'd hills,
 And redden'd floods increase the swelling rills;
 The swift united streams haste to the plain,
 And swampy meads the gathering waters drain.
 Each neighbouring hill, and every rising mound,
 Barrens itself: t' enrich the lower ground:
 No moisture can suffice th' insatiate weeds,
 Cresses, and filmy rush, and flaggy reeds.
 Sunk in their slime, the marshy vales below
 Scorn those, to whom their herbs such rankness owe;
 Their subject state they confident deny,
 And lowest fens will call themselves the High;
 Cease, ye unthanking hills, and strive no more
 To swell th' ungrateful bogs with a too lavish store.
 The foreign realms, whom Anna's arms sustain'd,
 Now boast of power, as they before complain'd,
 So he, who basely tempts the virtuous dame,
 In softer words conceals the guilty flame;
 The trembling suppliant her resentment fears,
 And adds to moving words more moving tears:
 But if the fair refuse with juster pride,
 And prudent scorn, what ought to be denied;

The

The ravisher confes'd resumes the sword,
 And rudely threatens, whom he once ador'd.
 But none will long the offer'd peace refuse,
 Lest what was conquer'd, they as certain lose.
 In vain the hireling troops their courage boast,
 Victoria sees not there her favourite host.
 The German chief retir'd, nor could pursue
 The well-laid schemes his warlike fancy drew.

Men cannot guess th' events of future time,
 Ambition is the growth of every clime;
 None can the rise or fall of empires know,
 Where power now ebbs, it may as sudden flow.
 Gallia has oft, and oft has haughty Spain,
 Indulg'd their hopes of universal reign,
 And in revolving years may oft again. }
 The Gods awhile seem to deserve no less,
 And, smiling, flatter princes with success.
 By wondrous turns the heavenly powers are known,
 And baffled schemes superior guidance own.
 Heaven has set bounds to every rising state,
 And kingdoms have their barriers fix'd by fate.
 An infant will the Gallic prince succeed,
 The sword is sheath'd; no more the nations bleed.
 That kingdom hardly can itself defend,
 Where children reign, and factious lords contend.
 Once Gallia's shore to Albion's cliffs was join'd,
 'Till seas grew rough, and Nereus was unkind;

Tho'

Tho' lengthen'd wars may some distrust create,
 And sow the spreading seeds of vulgar hate;
 Again they may a stricter union prove,
 And join in mutual aid, and mutual love.
 Nor shall the British line enurance need,
 Or Belgic powers determine, who succeed.
 For monarchy is heaven's peculiar care,
 But foreign aid is worse than civil war.
 The promis'd succour is an handle made,
 And a pretended reason to invade;
 When crafty Hengist with his Saxons came
 To aid the isle, and fix the doubtful claim;
 The easy Britains the false friend believ'd,
 And with fond joy the hostile troops receiv'd:
 But Druids, taught by Nymphs, repining fate,
 And saw the coming ills, and knew Britannia's fate.
 And now the British fleets in southern seas,
 With spreading sails the wondering Nereids please:
 In havens, erst unknown, they proudly ride,
 While the glad Tritons force the lazy tide:
 Toss'd with fresh gales the wanton streamers flow,
 Nor dread the storms above, nor rocks below:
 The powers protect, who rule the restless sea,
 And winds themselves their steerage will obey.
 The Nymphs shall hide no more from human sight
 But with their loveliest forms the bard invite:
 Swift Fawns in open view shall scour the plains,
 And be, as once, familiar with the swains:

The

The harmless elves, in every meadow seen,
 Will dance at mid-day on the public green :
 Pan, and the shepherd-youth shall loving sit
 Beneath one tree, and sport in rustic wit ;
 In the same shade alternate songs repeat, [teat.
 While Ægle helps the maid to press the streaming
 But now the huntsman takes his usual round,
 While listening foxes hear th' unwelcome sound ;
 And early peasants, who prevent the day,
 May hither chance unweening guide their way ;
 For see — the grayish edge of dawn appears,
 Night her departure mourns in dewy tears.
 The goblins vanish, and the Elfin queen
 Foregoes the pleasures of the trampled green.
 Nature's unwilling to be rouz'd so soon,
 And earth looks pale on the declining moon ;
 The nimble hours dress out th' impatient sun,
 While rising fogs, and whispering gales fore-run.
 The bats, a doubtful kind, begin their sleep,
 And to their cells the darken'd glow-worms creep ;
 The coming day, the conscious insects grieve,
 And with slow haste the grateful herbage leave,
 Wreath o'er the grass, and the moist path pursue,
 Streaking with viscous slime the shining dew ;
 In some close shade a friendly covert find,
 And parent earth receives the reptile kind.
 Guilt, and the day disturb the wily snakes,
 And urchins hide their theft in thorny brakes.

All

All fly the sun, and seek a cool retreat,
Nor envy swarms, who joy in scorching heat."

She said, and sudden all the Elfin Fair
Vanish'd unseen, and mixt with trackless air.

But thou, O Wyndham, who didst ne'er disdain
The shepherd's gift, nor scorn the rural strain;
(Tho' to no pompous sound the ear inclines,
While the mean sense is propt by stronger lines)
Accept the sylvan song—

With pleasing look the fearful band receive;
You had him first the humble cottage leave;
Ready to praise, and willing to excuse,
You gave assurance to the bashful Muse.
How would I now describe a generous mind,
Improv'd by study, and by courts refin'd?
But you (ah! too resolv'd) will not allow
The verse to tell, what men already know;
Envy itself their conduct must approve,
Whom the prince honours, and the people love.
Tho' you, in this, unkind deny the bard
The only subject can his pains reward,
You cannot make the tuneful Dryads cease,
For Goddesses will sing of whom they please;
Long will the grateful woods your name repeat,
And Wyndham be the theme, when next the Dryads
meet.

THE OAK AND DUNGHILL.

A FABLE.

Et vincere inglorium, et ateri sordidum, arbitrabatur.

TACITUS.

ON a fair mead a dunghill lay,
 That rotting smoak'd, and stunk away ;
 To an excessive bigness grown,
 By nightmen's labours on him thrown.
 Ten thousand nettles from him sprung ;
 Who ever came but near was stung.
 Nor ever fail'd he to produce
 The baneful hemlock's deadly juice :
 Such as of old at Athens grew,
 When patriots thought it Phocion's due ;
 And for the man its poison prest,
 Whose merit shone above the rest.

Not far from hence, strong-rooted stood
 A sturdy oak ; itself a wood !
 With friendly height, o'erthopt the grove,
 And look'd the favourite tree of Jove.
 Beneath his hospitable shade,
 The shepherds all at leisure play'd ;
 They fear'd no storms of hail, or rain ;
 His boughs protected all the plain :

Gave

Gave verdure to the grafs around,
 And beautified the neighbouring ground.
 The gracious landlord joy'd to fee
 The prosperous vigour of his tree ;
 And often fought, when in diftrefs,
 This oak's oracular redrefs :
 Sprung from the fam'd Dodonian grove,
 Which told to men the will of Jove.
 His boughs he oft with chaplets crown'd,
 With azure ribbons wreath'd them round ;
 And there, in golden letters wrought,
 " Ill to the man, who evil thought."

With envious rage, the dunghill view'd
 Merit, with honour, thus purfued :
 Th' injustice of the times he moan'd ;
 With inward jealousy he groan'd.
 A voice at length pierc'd thro' the fmoke,
 And thus, the patriot dunghill fpoke :
 " If a proud look forerun a fall,
 And infolence for vengeance call ;
 Dost thou not fear, insulting oak !
 The juft, th' impending hatchet's ftroke ?
 When all the farmers of the town,
 Shall come, with joy, to pull thee down ;
 And wear thy leaves, all blithe, and gay,
 Some happy Reftoration Day :
 For 'tis reserv'd to thofe good times,
 To punish all thy matchlefs crimes.

Beyond

Beyond the Alps, my mind now fees
 The man, shall fell such traytor trees.
 To heaven, 'tis true, thy branches grow;
 But thy roots stretch to hell below.
 Oh! that my utterance could keep pace
 In cursing thee, and all thy race!
 Thou plunderer! grown rich by crimes:
 Thou Wolfey of these modern times!
 Thou curst Sejanus of the plain!
 Thou slave, of a Tiberian reign!
 Empson and Dudley!—Star and garter!—
 A Knez!—a Menzicoff!—a Tartar!”

Th' astonish'd farmers all around
 Stood gaping, at th' impetuous found;
 The dunghill in high triumph lay,
 And swore the oak had nought to say.
 His work was done;—the farmers all
 Might gather round, and see him fall.
 Not so th' event—the oak was seen
 To flourish more, in fresher green.
 By scandal unprovok'd he stood;
 And answer'd thus, the heap of mud:

“ When Folly, Noise, and Slander rage,
 And Calumny reforms the age;
 They, in the wise no passions raise;
 Their clamours turn to real praise.

Yet sure, hard-fated is the tree
 Reduc'd to spatter dirt with thee.
 Soon should a branch, from off my side,
 Chastise thine insolence and pride,
 Did not the wise obtain their ends,
 As well from enemies as friends.
 Thus, some increase thy heap receives,
 Even from the falling of my leaves ;
 Which, like false friends, when dropt from me,
 Assimilate, and turn to thee.
 But be they thine : — New seasons spread
 New honours o'er my rising head."

1728.

THE

THE THEORY OF TEARS;

A FRAGMENT.

BY WILLIAM STEVENSON, ESQ.

Sunt lachrymæ rerum —

TEars, which the bar-rang'd orators command,
 Are tears of pleasure for the fee in hand;
 The greater this, the more abundant those,
 Rated by price, as wine by measure flows.
 But wines a due hilarity impart,
 Their tears add gladness to the heavy heart.
 Grief, when sincere, by no vain proof appears,
 Too vast for the parade of formal tears.
 So, in the skies when deep-charg'd thunders brew,
 No clouds descend in rain, or melt in dew.

On Tully's words when listening senates hung,
 Charm'd by the living magic of his tongue,
 Few tears suffic'd; for tears then learn'd to flow
 Less at the call of lucre than of woe.
 Once from the offer'd hand your fee withdraw,
 That key which opes the cabinet of law;
 Tears then no more shall their full sluices break,
 Nor eyes amid the dew of rhetoric — speak:

E 2

Thus

Thus, when the sky a gloom of vapours shrouds,
 Thunders would mutter words thro' watery clouds.
 Alike so far, each here the verse confines,
 That both are empty marks, and passive signs ;
 These, from the touch of flames ethereal roll'd,
 Those, from the no less subtle touch of gold.
 This maxim then how much the truth beyond,
 " Hearts must with eyes for ever correspond :"
 Reverse the adage, and behold it true,
 If you mankind thro' no false optics view.

The doctor's tears, if doctors weep at all,
 That soon his patient will recover, fall.
 Each salient vein, that vibrates still to health,
 Beats in repugnance to the pulse of wealth.
 Each sign, that to a happy crisis tends,
 A tear restless to its orbit sends.
 But here the pointed satire fain would stop,
 Joy too, like sorrow, boasts her pearly drop.
 From fleecy clouds, on which the sun-beam plays,
 Oft falls the dew-shower interspers'd with rays :
 Let Candor then, who scorns the partial plan,
 Sometimes mistake the doctor for a man.

" All hope is gone ! see how the doctor cries,
 " His tears, ah ! speak in silence from his eyes !
 " Good, tender man ! — But say, dear doctor, say,
 " Is it too certain what your looks betray ?
 " Has Physic now no last resource to try ?
 " And must the sweet, the lovely patient — die ?

" But

" But sure the dire disease, in luckless hour,
 " O'er youth and strength can scarcely boast the
 " Not yet attain'd the fever's wonted height, [power;
 " To make our noon-day hopes all set in night."

" No! heaven be prais'd!" with fervor-lifted eyes,
 " My tears are tears of joy," the doctor cries;
 " No more the fever's heats internal burn,
 " No more deliriums, big with fate, return.
 " Mix those few cordials, and your fears abate,
 " Our patient's in a convalescent state."

Short triumph! his lank purse so empty felt,
 Each eye would fain from other motives melt.
 Now certain hopes health's kind prognostics give;
 So soon cur'd patients, how shall doctors live?
 Men must debauch, take fevers, faint and rave,
 Few hopes attend them, and late periods save;
 Their fatal snares must wine and women spread,
 Or doctors go a begging for their bread.
 But useless is the hint, if meant as such,
 Mankind are sure too complaisant by much,
 To suffer those, who kindly them preserve
 From fell disease, and death itself, to starve.

Now to the pulpit turns the muse's eye,
 There, haply, tears from proper founts to spy;
 For sure, if such us any where o'ertake,
 Altho' with-held for friendship's pressing sake,
 Tho' rarely found in rostrums; it must be
 Where God descends, and mortals bend the knee.

Where tears sincere, in heaven's pure eye, disclose
 A finer twinkle than the diamond shows.
 Where all confess, a tale that still begins,
 How much Religion suffers by their sins.
 Religion! that sublime and gracious plan,
 By which for angel we exchange the man.

But hold—all honour to the sacred gown,
 Tho' less rever'd the gem-encircled crown.
 A scoff contemptuous here, or laugh of scorn,
 Were Virtue to decry, celestial-born;
 Were to defame the volume of the skies,
 Which, penn'd by hand divine, expanded lies:
 Far more, for devils act less monstrous parts,
 Were to erase God's image from our hearts:
 Degrade the gown, religion, and the text,
 You must, dread thought! dethrone Jehovah next.
 The person from the office we divide,
 To shun the stigma, or of guilt or pride;
 Pride, that betrays a littleness of mind,
 And guilt, indeed, of an enormous kind.

Tears, gushing forth, the parson's sight bedim,
 His eyes, like stars in mists, uncertain swim;
 Nor wonder tears his cautious lids beguile,
 For oh! the melting pathos of his file!
 Who can behold him, and refrain from tears,
 None, but the marble-hearted wretch who—hears.
 His head, his heart, his eyes, all correspond,
 Like mutual friends, of one another fond.

But .

But, had he been from self-complacence freed,
 His head, his heart, his eyes, had disagreed.
 Not joy, but grief, in tears had then indulg'd,
 Express'd her feelings, and her doubts divulg'd.
 This vain parade of partial tears is shown,
 Because the preacher's to himself unknown.
 In big effusive consciousness they run,
 For what his pen, not wicked heart, has done.
 His pen's the sinner ; nor less oddly true,
 His pen's the generous expiator too.
 Yet, stranger still ! dry eyes had shown his sense,
 Had he surpriz'd his pen in one offence.
 What could he, all awake to feeling, more,
 Had he himself been faulty o'er and o'er ?
 For acting ill (who can in all excel ?)
 Sure heaven will pardon him for writing well.
 His sins, indeed, are multiplied he owns,
 As are his flock's, which hourly he bemoans ;
 But say, ye adepts, how things fit to call,
 Has not his quill all-potent cancell'd all ?
 But this, not nature's, but the preacher's law,
 No tears can once but sacerdotal draw :
 Hence, tho' the rapt self-conscious parson weeps,
 No social tear a well-bred cadence keeps ;
 Or, if a courteous drop with his consents,
 The cheek alone, but not the heart, relents :
 They weep, because they see, but listen not,
 Or, if they heard, the substance all forgot.

Thus womens eyes abundant use to flow,
Ask them the reason why? — they do not know.

But shall coarse satire quite engross the page,
And thro' the numbers spend its gloomy rage?
No; let some gentle subject close the song,
To the soft passions softer strains belong.
The muse increasing ardors too may feel,
And kindle onward like a chariot-wheel.
But not, as chariots raise the dust around,
Truth to obscure, or reason to confound.

Tears are the eye's pellucid dews, that fall
At Pity's summons, or at Mercy's call;
Tho' ruthless eyes oft-times affect them too,
As stones themselves distil a breathing dew.
As springs to earth, all-gently they impart
A kindly genial softness to the heart.
Tears, when the mind enjoys unruffled ease,
For form-sake shed, or from desire to please,
Are like those rains thro' sunshine oft sent down
From partial clouds, when nature wears no frown.

Tears are the special messengers akin
To oracles, on errands from within;
To tell mankind, beyond conjectures vain,
Those secrets friendship only can explain;
What active passions rise in tender strife,
What soft affections touch the springs of life.
Tears are the silent language of the heart,
That more, far more, than empty sounds impart:

By

By which it loves, o'erburden'd, to complain,
 When words would but offend, or prove in vain.
 Tears ease the soul in anguish and despair,
 Leaving a sadly-pleasing languor there.
 Thus close-pent clouds dissolve in hasty showers,
 By which the thunder loses all its powers ;
 By which the sky, far as the view unfolds,
 A temperature serene and soft'n'd holds.
 Tears are the gentle streams that off convey
 Those floods that would o'erwhelm us by delay ;
 The heart's big-swell, much by misfortunes griev'd,
 That heaving-foam would burst if not reliev'd.
 Tears are the tender proofs of love sincere,
 In silence shed, whence no reports take air :
 Shed, as the tribute of congenial minds,
 While each a more than vulgar transport finds.
 False eyes, indeed, may weep, if fame divulge,
 But true affection only can indulge.

Tears are the debt in pearly drops convey'd,
 But more than pearls in price, to merit paid ;
 In which none act the base insolvent's part,
 But those whom Nature form'd without a heart.
 Tears wait on vice, and oft on virtue too,
 As winter-clouds dissolve in summer-dew.
 Tears, tho' the cheek a partial mark retain,
 Wash out, if shed aright, a fouler stain ;
 Which, as it fainter and more faint appears,
 Makes angels envy human-kind their tears.

Tears

Tears are the silent arguments to tell
 That man's immortal, tho' at first he fell.
 Immortal—for he weeps for joy oft-times,
 Free from the sting of recollected crimes.
 And what can Nature's law thus counteract?
 What thus sensation's springs revers'd affect?
 O! thought sublime! strong proofs inculcate hence,
 How much inferior to the mind the sense;
 Dissolv'd in tears, that feebly it reflects
 Back to the soul what rapturous she expects.
 As Cynthia, tho' in full-orb'd glory bright,
 But faintly represents her parent light:
 Thus men infer, the soul superior must
 Exist apart, when dust returns to dust.
 For if the body impotent withstands
 Those transports she to infinite demands,
 Reason dare promise her desires immense,
 As virtue's long-expected recompence;
 But when, or where, 'tis not for man to know,
 That full enjoyment sense can ne'er bestow;
 When matter lives in various forms no more,
 And all the farce of human life is o'er.

ON

ON THE
ILLNESS OF DR. TURNER,
PRESIDENT OF C. C. C. OXFORD.

BY DR. BASIL KENNET.

HOW venerable Turner's silver hairs !
How comely vigour crowns him at his prayers !
With pleasing sanctity his wisdom shines,
Mellows each gift, and every grace refines.
Learn'd and well-bred his virtues easy fit,
Truth dwells with Love, and Candor tempers wit.
The prophets sons are honour'd with his choice,
Form'd by his hand, and guided by his voice :
With reverence we our father's years explore,
Nor count them many, while we wish them more.
Born on accession to the Martyr's cause,
He sees the world at peace by Anna's laws :
For Peace and Anna scarce his vows he paid,
His next important health our joys allay'd :
In the sweet calm a sudden storm appears,
And with our gratitude excites our fears.
Even I, by pining fevers melted down,
Struck with his danger, well forgot my own.

Each

Each private loss is by his care supplied ;
 And Fate can only wound us thro' his side.

Yet thus, with sickness prov'd, new palms he gains,
 His soul has raptures, while his body pains.
 Oft his learn'd charge is to his comfort brought,
 And oft his college rises to his thought.
 More charms his conduct than his bounty yields,
 He's more a founder in the youth he builds.
 So good Antonius plac'd his life's extreme,
 (For classic sense may suit a Christian theme)
 Looks o'er the faithful volume of his age,
 Studies himself, and dwells on every page.
 There's not one day that clouds his blissful view,
 One scene, but what he wishes to renew—
 He most extends his life, who most employs,
 And he lives twice, who his past life enjoys.

TO

TO THE REV. MR. FITZGERALD,

RECTOR OF WOTTON, SURRY, MDCCXXXV.

While you enjoy a calm and cool retreat, [heat,
 Not vex'd by autumn's wind, or summer's
 Entrench'd within the bosom of the vale,
 You catch the morning fun, or evening gale;
 Then trip the verdant lawn, and pensive muse,
 Or moralize within the gloom of yews:
 'Till something starts to blame or to commend,
 To please, surprize, and to instruct a friend.
 The sands then lose their barrenness, for they
 Produce a cheerful song, or moral lay.
 The villa, garden, mountain, meadow, rill,
 Rise all-spontaneous to the fertile quill;
 Grow in your verse, and grow to fair renown;
 While others property you make your own.

Forgive me, if the long-neglected lyre
 I touch, to warble lays thy lines inspire:
 If I the tender notes of friendship raise,
 Yet greatly envy what I fondly praise.
 As humble as thy heart I view thy vill,
 Thy song as lofty as yon chalky hill.
 I view thy mind, and, undeceiv'd, can tell
 How taste with true simplicity can dwell:

How

How the calm dictates of thy mind dispense
Mirth to reserve, and solitude to sense.

See the great world, see all its busy strife
Is but to wander thro' the maze of life :
'Tir'd, from the down of Pleasure's pamper'd bed,
They rise, they yawn, are dress'd, fatigued, and fed :
And, in the chase of one laborious day,
A thousand errands make, or visits pay.
Ask, for what all this bustle ? They must own
They hate to think, and dread to be alone.
Ask old and young, the giddy girls and wives ?
Frolick's th' important business of their lives.
Soldiers, divines, the sprightly and the sad,
All must rush headlong, fashionably mad.
Paint thy own heart, thence draw th' instructive plan
To teach the Christian how to mend the man.

You, plac'd in happier climes, can truly tell,
To live with pleasure is with Truth to dwell :
Where gay Content with healthy Temperance meets,
And Learning intermixes all its sweets ;
Where friendship, elegance, and arts unite
To make the hours glide social, easy, bright :
There taste the converse of the purest mind,
Tho' mild, yet manly ; and, tho' plain, refin'd ;
There, thro' the moral world, expatiate wide ;
Truth is thy end, and Evelyn is thy guide.

POEM

P O E M O N A P I N.

BY MR. WOTY.

FOR once, ye critics, let the sportive Muse
 Her fool's-cap wear, spite of the shaking head
 Of stern-eyed Gravity — for, tho' the Muse
 To frolic be dispos'd, no song she chants
 Immoral; nor one picture will she hold,
 But Virtue may approve it with a smile.
 Ye sylvan deities! awhile adieu! [flowers,
 Ye curling streams! whose banks are fring'd with
 Violet and hare-bell, or the king-cup bright,
 Farewell! for I must leave your rich perfumes
 To sing the Pin in ever-sounding lays:
 But not that Pin, at whose circumference
 Rotund, the strong-nerv'd rustic hurls the bowl
 Ponderous and vast: nor that which window bars
 From thief nocturnal: nor that other call'd
 A skittle; chiefly found where alehouse snug
 Invites mechanic to the flowing cup
 Of Calvert's mild, o'er-canopied with froth.
 No — 'tis the Pin so much by ladies us'd;
 Without whose aid, the nymph of nicest taste,
 Of neatest mould, a flattern would appear.
 Hail then, thou little useful instrument!
 Tho' small, yet consequential. For by thee
Beauty

Beauty sets off her charms, as at the glass
 Lucy, or Phillis, best adapts thy point.
 Without thy service would the ribband flaunt
 Loose to the fanning gale, nor on the head
 Of belle would stand her whimsical attire.
 The kerchief from her neck of snow would fall
 With freedom bold, and leave her bosom bare.
 How would the sempstress trim thy want regret
 As she her apron forms ! And how the man
 of law, sagacious, with his spectacles
 On nose reverted ! frequent does he want
 Thy prompt assistance, to connect his scraps
 And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft
 In alley, path, wide square, and open street,
 The miser picks, as conscious of thy use ;
 With frugal hand, accompanied with brow
 Of corrugated bent, he sticks thee safe,
 Interior on his coat ; then creeps along,
 Well judging thy proportion to a groat.
 Thro' all thy different storehouses to trace
 Thy presence, either in the sculptur'd dome,
 Or tenement clay-built, would ask a pen
 With points almost as various as thy heads.
 Where-e'er thou art, or in whatever form,
 Magnificent in silver, or in brass,
 Or wire more humble, nightly may'st thou lie
 Safe on thy cushion'd bed, or kifs the locks
 Of Chloe, sleeping on the pillow's down.

THE

THE NEEDLE. A POETICAL ESSAY.

BY J. E. W.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WILLIAM WOTY.

CANTO I.

Rem acû tetigisti.

PLAUTUS.

WHile others sing of high imperial states,
 Their jarring interests, or impending fates,
 Terpsichoré, do thou inspire my song,
 To thee, gay Muse, delightful strains belong.
 Accept, dear Woty, mādrigals of glee,
 I sing the needle—and I sing to thee;
 Nor thou refuse the incense which I bring,
 Singing to thee, I shall the sweeter sing:
 For thou delightest too in jocund themes,
 Tho' every Muse has visited thy dreams;
 But chief thou bathest in that silver wave
 Where blithe Anacreon's Muse was wont to lave,
 Where all-facetious Flaccus went to sport,
 Where Humour reigns, and Comus keeps his court.
 But what shall I, a poor pretender, win?
 Since all my sonnets are not worth thy * Pin.

* The Pin, a poem written by Mr. Woty. See p. 63.

The pole-enamour'd Needle pass we here,
 By which the mariners are taught to steer:
 Nor mean we now that death-denouncing * freight,
 Where oft the merchant trembles for his freight;
 The Spanish Needle, a new theme, we sing,
 And to our friend the shining tribute bring.

Need we the process of its birth admire,
 Or trace it from the temper'd bars to wire?
 How first the Rounder gives the graceful form,
 Beneath the hammer while he keeps it warm;
 Or how the Polisher, with smoothing file,
 Bids the rich toy in silver lustre smile:
 Need we to sing the Pointer's curious art,
 Which makes it keen as Cupid's fatal dart:
 How next the Piercer's punching tools supply
 The little Cyclops with a single eye,
 'Midst of the forehead, where it takes in light,
 And forms a pleasing vista to the sight:
 Thro' this small sky-light (may we use that name?)
 With spectacles oft pores the antient dame;
 And when the casement plain appears to view,
 Labouring to introduce the flaxen clue,
 Raptur'd she smiles, if she the pass attain,
 And reaps the pleasure, which she bought with pain.
 So have I seen a Philomath explore
 The windings of a problem o'er and o'er;

* The Needles.

Turn it, and twist it round, a thousand ways,
 Loft and bewilder'd in the endless maze,
 'Till instantaneous, on a sudden thought,
 Happy at last the great solution's caught ;
 With extacy, too high to be express'd,
 The Eureka inspires his glowing breast ;
 Fill'd with the raptures of approaching fame,
 To the New Almanack he sends his name,
 Enjoys the bright discovery in his mind,
 And ranks himself the foremost of mankind.

But leave we terms mechanic, since the muse
 Now soars ambitious to sublimer views,
 To lead the Needle to its worthiest plan,
 Its ultimate design—the use of man.
 Its use imply we from its early want,
 Ere Wisdom's voice could charm, or Art inchant ;
 Ere petticoats were made, or breeches worn,
 To sew his fig-leaves Adam us'd a thorn ;
 Sharp poignant emblem of each future bride,
 To prove a thorn in every husband's side !

'Twas in the days of yore, when Time was young,
 If we may credit bards, and antient song,
 Ere Solomon was seated on his throne,
 Or ere the birth of Needlework was known,
 That young Needilla, fair and chaste as snow,
 Liv'd with her grandsire on the* banks of Po,

* Needles were first made there, and discovered from the
 Needle-fish.

Beyond the river's mouth, where Ocean roars,
 Whose briny wave salutes the sedgey shores,
 Guiltless of love, unconscious of his fire,
 She gather'd shell-fish for her helpless fire ;
 His sole support, and pillar of his age,
 For him she frequent risk'd the billow's rage ;
 Spurr'd by parental duty — lo ! the tide,
 Once furious, hemm'd her in on every side,
 This, Algaret, a fisherman, in view
 Anxious beheld, and row'd his swift canoe,
 Timely he snatch'd her from the dashing wave,
 And clasp'd the prize, which he was doom'd to save ;
 The lovely damsel from the deep he bore,
 And after wedded on the friendly shore. [wane,

Three moons had scarce elaps'd, to close their
 It chanc'd she spied her husband on the main ;
 'Twas on an evening mild, the sky serene,
 Heaven shed its softest splendors on the scene,
 Hush'd every breeze, and every wave asleep,
 Needilla risk'd her beauty on the deep,
 With Algaret, to seek the scaly prey,
 Perfidious winds ! and more perfidious sea !
 The sail was torn, their little vessel tost
 On barren rocks, far-distant from the coast,
 When, in a moment, every wave subsides,
 And leaves the prospect of the silver tides,
 Long was the space to gain the distant shore,
 Their cordage broke, and shatter'd every oar —

What

What can they helples ?—lo ! Needilla spies
 A pointed shell-fish, pierc'd with argent eyes,
 A heap of sea-weed on the rocks was cast,
 Which thro' the eyes with eager haste she past,
 With these her ready fingers tack'd the sail,
 Which Algaret unfurl'd to catch the gale ;
 Safe they arriv'd—hence, from Needilla's name,
 The Needle-fish has fill'd the trump of fame :
 Hence the * Venetians took the hint to form
 Needles of steel—discover'd from a storm !
 Such is the work of chance, which oft prevents
 Our deepest projects, and our best intents ;
 Thus, since those days, has gravity been found
 By a bare apple's dropping on the ground.
 Art thus grop'd on, bewilder'd in the dark,
 'Till from the flint of genius, like a spark,
 Issued the Needle, with a new-born light,
 And struck improvement's beam upon the sight.

* The Venetians improv'd needles, and after them the Tyrians and Sidonians.

C A N T O II.

OLD Nature smil'd to see this child of art [start:
 From her own womb, like some bright meteor,
 Well-pleas'd she gave the seeds of flax to spread,
 And hence the Needle's soft companion — Thread :
 A corresponding amity began,
 And both were wedded by the care of man,
 When long they liv'd in amorous friendship join'd,
 The Thread grew rotten, and the Needle blind !
 For who can rule th' uncertain chance of life ?
 So fares it in the end with man and wife !
 Our froward dames are often out of joint,
 And husbands, like the Needle, lose their point.
 The Silk-worm next her curious web display'd,
 And wrought her lines along the mulberry shade ;
 The Needle soon another mistress found,
 A softer bride, more elegant and round,
 Of firmer texture, and of glossier hue,
 Needles, like men, are fond of all that's new :
 For now the blade a libertine is grown,
 Like man, his maker, quickly tir'd of one ;
 Yes ! bigamy still tempts the lawless crowd,
 But thank the laws, ye wives — 'tis not allow'd.
 What ! a third wife — ay ! tremble at the word
 Ye former wives — the Needle weds a third !

He

He weds the daughter of old Farmer Fleece,
 Even such a dame as Jason brought from Greece ;
 A bride full coarse, and recreant to his love,
 But once united—supple as a glove—
 Hairy, and rough, of Esau's rustic breed,
 Who mock'd her rivals of the worm, and weed ;
 For her the Needle must his size enlarge,
 And the third wife still brings a heavy charge ;
 Her name was Lady Worsted, and she came
 From Lady Wool—a matron of high fame ;
 She boasted blood, and blood of tincture deep,
 Descended from the lineage of a—sheep.
 And thus, while dear polygamy prevail'd,
 The Needle still with wind and current fail'd ;
 Yet, like Sultanas, tho' they wooed their Turk,
 Each wife was skill'd, and constant to her work,
 For joint, or separate, they maintain'd their vows,
 And never left the drudgery to poor spouse ;
 Each had her own department—Lady Silk
 Deck'd the white glove, for hands as white as milk,
 She claim'd the mantua-making, as her trade,
 Her's was the jantee trolloppee and shade, }
 From the smirk lady to—my lady's maid ;
 'Twas she set off the milliner so gay,
 From humble sattin to proud padesuay—
 She trimm'd the bonnet, and the flaming hat,
 Proportion'd to the face, or lean or fat.

Fair Lady Thread profess'd the sempstress' art ;
 In the fine shirt, or shift, she warm'd the heart :
 Sometimes she wanton'd in the linen gown,
 From Lady Bab to Dolly of the town,
 While Gammar Worsted wrought the humbler stuff
 Of various colours, for her work was rough.
 Like these, did women lead industrious lives ;
 What halcyon-days were in the gift of wives ?
 Vain rovers then would envy what they hate,
 And only fools reject the married state.
 But here, my Muse, the home-spun theme must
 O'er the sad field of elegy to range ; [change,
 To sing the dire misfortune of the dame,
 Who died a victim to the Needle's fame ;
 So home the puncture, that she bled to death,
 And thro' some artery resign'd her breath ;
 Th' industrious finger sudden felt the smart,
 And quick convey'd it to her throbbing heart,
 The crimson streams precipitately move
 To guard their fort—the citadel of love ;
 In vain—for Death too close a siege had laid,
 And took by storm the miserable maid—
 Here draw the veil—let fancy paint the rest,
 And share that grief which cannot be express'd.

CANTO

C A N T O III.

TO man the sway of nations was assign'd ;
 The Needle's empire fell to woman-kind,
 Bright as her form, and taper as her waist,
 Like her refin'd, and polish'd as her taste,
 With eye of light, with poignant fancy crown'd,
 Keen as the Needle to impart the wound,
 Like the sharp weapon, she, with pointed wit,
 Can sting the heart of noble, or of cit,
 With mazy clue, and Dædalean skill,
 Can lead thro' winding labyrinths at will,
 Arachne-like, within her nets can lie,
 Quick to surprize the proud entangled fly.

Ye taylors, glovers, staymakers, beware !
 Nor still usurp the province of the fair ;
 Ye sadlers too, ye male-embroiderers, yield
 The Needle to the woman—as her field ;
 'Tis her's to bear this spear of softer war,
 And her's to drive the Amazonian car.

When did a woman labour in the forge
 To form the bolt for Jupiter—or George ?
 Or when did Mars, or Vulcan intervene
 To walk the paths of Beauty's Sovereign Queen ?

Despise we not great Hercules, who bore
 The female distaff on the Lydian shore.

And

And look we not with proud fastidious eyes
 On Peleus' son, who wore the female guise.
 With pain we read of Sampson, when he gave
 His giant-strength to be a woman's slave :
 These paid the forfeit for their want of pride,
 And the three heroes for a woman died.
 Emafcipated man, be wife in time,
 Or meet their fortunes, as you shar'd their crime.

Come, Woty, wilt thou deign to climb with me
 Old Rindus' top ? — or shall I follow thee ?
 Thou take the lead, and, like Elisha, I
 Will catch thy mantle to the Muse's sky :
 Wilt thou, with me, the Needle's toil pursue,
 And laugh at Mother Griffith's poor Review ;
 Come, leave law-quirks and precedents awhile,
 For thy own native tongue — the Muse's style :
 Close by thy own Parnassus' shrubs we'll stray,
 And from dull business steal one happy day :
 But mark the Muse — for she proceeds to sing
 The Needle's labours on sublimer wing.

The sacred veil sequester'd females chose,
 And left the world for solitude's repose ;
 Here Eloisa mourn'd her Abelard,
 While Love inspir'd the nun to be a bard ;
 'Twixt grace and nature struggling, soft desire
 Prompted her tongue, and tun'd her silver lyre ;
 Not Lesbian Sappho sung a sweeter strain,
 Nor half so sweet does Philomel complain,

For

For Abelard had tutor'd her, when young,
 In Wisdom's lore, and in the Muse's song ;
 So Ovid his Corinna did inspire
 With love, with learning, and Apollo's lyre ;
 To fill the vacant intervals of time
 Fair Eloise beguil'd the hours with rhyme ;
 But rhyme not always, tho' its numbers charm,
 Can sooth a lovesick breast with passion warm ;
 Her glowing fancy to the Needle flies,
 And first, behold ! the works of Nature rise ;
 Deep-read in sage philosophy, her hand
 Bids a creation dawn at her command,
 Here the bright sun emerges from a cloud,
 There thickening mists his golden lustre shroud,
 At distance Cynthia shines amid her train,
 In full-orb'd glory, thro' the heavenly plain ;
 His glowing car there Sol in Ocean laves,
 And the horizon stoops to drink the waves ;
 And now the Needle to our earth descends,
 Where the tall forest to the tempest bends,
 Here valleys sink, and hoary mountains rise,
 The lark, obsequious, in light ether flies,
 In liquid lapse a river winds below,
 Here bleat the sheep, and there the oxen low ;
 Vision has ears, can see the torrent roar,
 And ears can see the billows lash the shore :

Who

Who has not heard the forked lightning fly,
 Or seen the thunder crack along the sky ?
 In picture, fancy every organ sways,
 We hear the painted shepherd tune his lays ;
 Such is the force of mimic art which draws,
 Amphion-like, even quarries to her laws !
 Painting and Poetry, twin-sisters, vie
 Thro' fancy's ear, to charm the ravish'd eye.
 Beneath the plastic hand of Eloise
 The timorous aspin trembles at the breeze,
 Clear flows the brook beneath the shining toy,
 Which seems to work for Eloise with joy ;
 Here skuds the trout thro' shades of finest lawn,
 There; o'er the velvet parks, the bounding fawn.
 Here blooms a garden — there a fountain flows,
 Here the pale lilly weds the crimson rose ;
 Now twisted woodbines form a proud alcove,
 Beneath whose arch she rais'd a shrine to Love,
 Amid the graceful forms, which deck'd the shrine,
 Large as the life, young Abelard, was thine ;
 And in the train of beauteous nymphs, which shone
 Resplendent, Eloise had wrought her own ;
 She first in tap'stry, ere the curious loom
 Taught trees to wave their tops, and flowers to bloom,
 Gave the bold figures to the ravish'd sight,
 Where shepherds sport, or warlike heroes fight ;

Hence,

Hence, emulous, the fair sequester'd maid
Still guides the Needle thro' the rich brocade ;
Or, when warm love is prevalent o'er grace,
Breathes her fond passion on a piece of lace ;
For, ere the intermingling bobbins toil'd,
The brighter needle all their glories foil'd ;
No supplemental patterns then were known,
For Love or Fancy was the guide alone ;
In rich embroidery Cupid tipt his dart,
While sage Minerva dignified the art.

CANTO

C A N T O IV.

THUS, from the essays of a lovesick heart,
 Mechlin and Brussels stole their mimic art ;
 Hence lace, with all its gay creation, rose,
 Essential ornament of belles and beaux,
 Ally of beauty — supplement of sense,
 And, next to ~~stuff~~, the orator's defence ;
 Grac'd with this armour, if he wave his hand,
 Say, what plain shirt his prowess can withstand ?
 Not half so strong the brilliant's shining aid,
 When on the finger in full light display'd.
 So when the flag of Britain waves on high,
 And gives its streaming glories to the sky,
 All other flags submit, and strike their pride
 To the known empress of old ocean's tide.
 Nor pass we here the knitting-needle's aid,
 Once the delight of each industrious maid :

In days of yore, near Nottingham's fair town,
 Ere the wove stocking to the leg was known,
 Young Leius, a Cantab, of learned fame,
 Sigh'd for Kinnetta with a virtuous flame,
 With unavailing passion, long he strove
 To win the icy virgin to his love ;
 In vain he sung, in vain he touch'd the lyre,
 Or boasted sage Apollo as his fire,

Apollo's

Apollo's self, in vain, to Daphne prov'd
 The high deserts, thro' which he fruitless lov'd,
 Like her, Kinetta fled the amorous swain,
 And he, like sage Apollo, wooed in vain;
 Tho' oft the laws of motion he explain'd,
 And why velocity its end attain'd,
 How the quick needles form'd the oblong squares,
 Or what proportion time to motion bears,
 Why the diameter of calf, and small,
 By due gradations, cause the threads to fall,
 Or, why the seam behind was like the Line,
 Parting each segment of the fair design.

Oft on his knee, imploring, would he beg
 To tell, why Italy was call'd the leg;
 Or, why some sages held a fond dispute,
 Affirming it was rather like—a boot.
 Deaf to his learning, on her work intent,
 She sought the safe retreat of winding Trent,
 Or oft to Sherwood's forest bent her way,
 And to her knitting sung the sprightly lay.

Enrag'd, his philosophic heart was turn'd
 To proud disdain, and whom he lov'd, he scorn'd;
 Within a wooden frame, by art divine,
 Assisted by Apollo, and the Nine,
 In order rang'd a thousand needles shone,
 A shuttle thro' the woof was taught to run
 With expedition, thus divinely taught,
 With disappointed love and passion fraught,

He

He first, the stocking wove within a loom,
 Glorious discovery ! in his peaceful room,
 His peaceful room the future scene of war,
 Whose arts ten thousand female hands debar
 From honest bread — so Thracian women tore
 Harmonious Orpheus, in the days of yore.
 With hasty step, full to Kinetta's eyes,
 Just-finish'd, he display'd the new-born prize :

“ Now, scornful maid, he cries, to wisdom's lore
 “ Dare to prefer thy Knitting Needles more ;
 “ Thine and thy sister females arts, proud fair,
 “ For love despis'd, shall vanish into air ;
 “ From an unhappy, but an injur'd maid,
 “ I learn'd the secret to destroy thy trade ;
 “ I spied Arachne's web thro' optic glass,
 “ And saw where lines o'er lines transversely pass,
 “ Enrag'd like her, she taught me first to know
 “ The happy item of thine overthrow.”

Stung to the heart, superior merit aw'd
 Kinetta's mind, and Leius seem'd a god,
 The work stupendous in the frame appear'd
 Like magic, or as if divinely rear'd ;
 Now to Love's altar she submissive bow'd,
 Nor blush'd to own the new-born flame aloud,
 With soften'd look the blooming youth she eyed,
 Her brow unarm'd with supercilious pride,

Conscious

Conscious he felt the sympathetic heat
Glow in his breast, and at his bosom beat.

“ I know thee by myself, Oh nymph divine,
“ I feel thy heart’s warm passion kindle mine,”
Young Leius cried—and clasp’d her to his arms,
Then from the town he bore her vanquish’d charms,
To Cambridge safe convey’d his happy prize,
Ere the dread females should tumultuous rise,
Too well he prophesied the dire event,
Lo! to his chamber, with a fell intent,
Forth rush’d in haste the Amazonian bands,
Rage in their looks, and broomsticks in their hands;

First fell the victim of their ire, the loom,
And next the chamber met its fated doom,
Him too they fought for, author of their woe,
Fetid Phœbus fav’d him from the blow,
He, with a beam of his all-seeing light,
Had warn’d young Leius to a sudden flight,
Else had they torn him piecemeal in their rage,
As Thracian dames once ferv’d the * vocal Sage.

Maugre their fury, Leius perseveres,
His labours flourish’d with his growing years;
Ten thousand looms the happy texture wove,
One reach’d the stars—a monument of love!

* Orpheus.

A thousand shining needles, light array'd,
 Near * Granby's hat, effulgent, are display'd ;
 Hence mariners the well-known term assume,
 Who cry — how large the distant vessels loom !
 Here, 'mid the heavens, the Loom shall ever shine,
 A constellation sacred to the Nine !
 And, when we see a star glide cross the skies,
 Sage bards well know it is the shuttle flies ;
 And when pale streamers gild the midnight air,
 These are the threads — like Ariadne's hair.

* See Poet. Cal. Vol. 3. p. 103.

CANTO

C A N T O V.

Resume we now the theme, historic Maid,
 Where we digressive broke the homespun thread,
 Tho' every Muse in episode delight,
 Subject and episode are shade and light.

Ere the gay thimble claim'd its later birth,
 Ere gold and luxury had stain'd the earth,
 Long had the taper finger felt the smart,
 Sharp as the wound which thrills from Cupid's dart,
 Whose arrows dipt in honey, and in gall,
 With softer puncture Chloe's heart enthrall :
 Various expedients were applied in vain,
 To guard the fair-one from the stinging pain,
 Thick leaves subsidiary were often bound
 On folded paper, to prevent the wound,
 Until the blue-eyed Maid's indulgent care,
 Full oft invoc'd, took pity on the fair,
 She, from the regions of eternal day,
 To Paphos on a visit wing'd her way.

The queen of beauty saw, with wondering eye,
 Wisdom, bright regent, and her chariot, nigh,
 When thus aside — “ What cause can Pallas move,
 “ That Prude divine, to grace the court of Love?
 “ Why this high honour from th' imperial dame,
 “ Whose cold virginity defies our flame?”

She rung the bell—a thousand Cupids hear,
 A thousand Cupids at the porch appear,
 Vying they seem to wage a sportive war,
 Who first shall help the Goddess from her car.
 “What favour can Minerva ask from Love?”
 Said Venus to the head-sprung child of Jove,
 “Since Wisdom solemnly disowns his sway,
 “And rarely deigns to trifle time away.”
 “Oh! Goddess, you mistake, Minerva cried,
 “Apollo’s self the pleasing smart has tried,
 “Fair Daphne’s name in capitals he wears,
 “The posy of the ring which binds his hairs;
 “A sprig of laurel in his bosom too,
 “For Love the power of Wisdom can subdue;
 “But not for man Minerva sues your grace,
 “I beg a favour for the female race;
 “A boon, which Cupid and his Loves may grant,
 “Your son ne’er frown’d upon a woman’s want.
 “The maids of industry, whom I protect,
 “And next to wisdom’s sons esteem my sect,
 “Have long implor’d me to remove a pain
 “From fingers wounded with a guiltless stain,
 “Not reputation’s wound, which few can bear,
 “Is half so painful to my darling fair:
 “An implement there is, a female toy,
 “Sharp as the arrow of your one-eyed boy,
 “With this the sisters of my art have led
 “Long-time, with pleasing toil, the ductile thread,
 “But

“ But pleasing toils are mingled still with pain,
 “ Such is the chequer'd lot of human gain —
 “ The useful toy, fallacious to its trust,
 “ Oft at the head has thro' the finger burst,
 “ Whence trickling ichor issues from the wound,
 “ Tho' guarded well with leaves, or paper round —
 “ This is the implement — behold the head !
 “ From which the purest virgin blood is shed ;
 “ I had, myself, to Mulciber applied,
 “ But toys, like these, are more to Love allied ;
 “ Vulcan, on sight, would take it for a dart,
 “ And, seen, refer me to young Cupid's art :
 “ Therefore to Love I supplicate alone,
 “ And at his footstool beg the gracious boon,
 “ That, corresponding to the needle's head,
 “ A guard be form'd, which should the finger wed,
 “ To shield th' industrious fair from future harm.”
 To whom Love's Queen, with glowing friendship
 “ Be thine to think how Venus to oblige, [warm,
 “ Who highly honours Wisdom's sovereign liege,
 “ Be her's to speak, and Venus shall attend
 “ To every mandate of her lovely friend.”

Scarce had she spoke, when empty-quiver'd came
 The potent God of every softer flame,
 “ Mama, he cried — I've emptied all my store,
 “ And now am come to forge ten thousand more.
 “ In Mecklenburg I've lodg'd a golden dart,
 “ And left its fellow in Augusta's heart ;

“ And, laughing, ran away — the last I shot,
 “ Not easily the sting will be forgot,
 “ Hymen shall celebrate their nuptials soon,
 “ Or else my bow and arrow’s out of tune.”

Here interrupted Love’s imperial queen,
 (For shy Minerva ran behind the skreen) [power?
 “ Who do you think, you wanton, claims your
 “ No less than wisdom’s Goddess, and this hour —
 “ This precious hour bright Wisdom claims your
 “ Appear, Minerva, from behind yon shade;” [aid,
 At sight of Wisdom Cupid scrap’d a bow,
 Half smile, half frown, contending on his brow,

“ My dear, Minerva cried, my dimpled boy,
 “ For what you told Mama, I give you joy,
 “ And honour you for those well-chosen darts
 “ Infix’d so wisely in two royal hearts,
 “ There may I safely with thy conquests join,
 “ Their heads belong to me — their hearts be
 “ thine —

“ I’m come to beg a boon — you’ll not deny?
 “ ’Tis for your favourite women I apply;” —
 She then produc’d the needle to his view,
 Alas! the well-known instrument he knew.

“ And what am I to do with this?” says Love,
 “ Is it a doughty thunderbolt of Jove,
 “ With which, when you first started from his brain,
 “ You sagely thought man’s vices to restrain?”

He jesting spoke — Minerva understood,
 And, spite of wisdom, anger flush’d her blood.

"Nay, be not angry, bright, sagacious dame,"
 Sly Cupid cried — "my Psyche has the same,
 "Ten thousand of such toys my art has form'd
 "Long since—when in my forge the steel I warm'd;"
 "No,"— smiling answer'd the all-sapient queen,
 "I want a guard, or shield, to intervene,
 "To save the finger from the poignant smart,
 "No shield but mine, I know, can turn thy dart."

To whom young Cupid—stifling here a laugh,
 "You over-rate my wisdom, now, by half:
 "Myriads of shields, adapted to the use,
 "Long since for women did my skill produce;
 "Thimbles you mean, well known to every maid,
 "Long since my forges form'd the bright parade,
 "Wisdom not always knows what Love has done,
 "Tho' bright Minerva mocks at Beauty's son,
 "Secreted still be all her wiles from me,
 "And Love's arcanas be conceal'd from thee,
 "Just vengeance for Arachne's wretched doom!
 "For Love now guides the needle and the loom;"

He laugh'd—a thousand Loves the banter join,
 Which half abash the Goddess, tho' divine,
 Her car precipitate she mounts, and flies
 To seek her own dominion in the skies;
 Foil'd by the God, to him she left the care
 Of every toy, which decorates the fair;
 And Love shall reign in spite of Wisdom's rules,
 And Love shall prove her wisest sages—fools.

FIRE, WATER, AND REPUTATION.

BY THE SAME.

NICE to the touch, as ermine chaste,
 Sweet reputation soon is lost,
 Before detraction's beam 'twill waste,
 And prove us bankrupts to our cost.

How strictly then should prudence guard
 This rich, invaluable gem?
 Whence honour sprouts, the bright reward,
 Full-blowing from so frail a stem.

To prove my moral staunch and true,
 Three travellers once took the road,
 Each had a separate point in view,
 And each, no doubt, his own abode.

One was the element of Fire,
 A right, choice spirit of the age,
 The boon companion of desire,
 And well adapted to engage.

Water, a smooth deceitful spark,
 Walk'd with him—and you'll say that's strange,
 But, stranger, met in Noah's ark—
 And any novelty for change.

The third was Reputation, sweet
 As violet, or damask rose,
 They talk'd of Britain's conquering fleet,
 And who were friends, and who were foes.

At length three roads appear'd in view,
 Alas! the dearest friends must part;
 A future commerce to renew,
 They ask'd each other's trade, or art;

By what sure tokens each may find,
 Upon enquiry, one another,
 If, haply, each were so inclin'd,
 On meeting, to salute his brother.

Warmest in converse, Fire began,
 " My friends, I part with you in pain,
 " By country, I'm an African,
 " And, sometimes, traffic to New Spain.

" In Nature's works I range at large,
 " A tyrant-master, unconfin'd;
 " The servant's duty I discharge,
 " When due restraints, compulsive, bind.

" I'm oft produc'd from flint and steel;
 " For smiths I heat the temper'd bar,
 " For cooks I dress the splendid meal,
 " And roar, like thunder, in the war.

- “ In faction’s voice I’m loud and high,
 “ In love, I kindle chaste desire,
 “ When smoke appears, suspect me nigh,
 “ Tho’ frequently I prove false fire.
- “ From heaven Prometheus stole my ray,
 “ To man imparted as a gift,
 “ I’m gently lambent when I’m Gay,
 “ But keen, and brightest when I’m Swift.
- “ You cannot mis me by these marks,
 “ Such are the characters I bear,
 “ Like Beauty, I have many sparks,
 “ Most apt to catch, if tinder’s near.”
- “ My varied shape, a thousand ways,
 “ Says Water, may be soon mistook,
 “ When winter’s freezing fetters glaze,
 “ ’Tis hard to know me in the brook.
- “ Chang’d in my nature, now in snows
 “ I fall — now murmur in the rill,
 “ In hail or fleet, as Boreas blows,
 “ I drop — and yet I’m Water still.
- “ I stand unmov’d in stagnant pool,
 “ In crystal lakes have little motion,
 “ In baths I’m warm — in fountains cool,
 “ Seldom at quiet in the Ocean.

“ Whene’er you spy the willow green,

“ Believe my banks are very near ;

“ Or where the waving flag is seen,

“ Suspect my Naiads to be there.

“ I’m known to all by different names,

“ Of high distinctions vainly fond,

“ I’m call’d a river, in the Thames,

“ In pleasure-gardens, I’m a pond.

“ I’m salt, or sweet, in sea, or stream,

“ I’m often muddy, often clear,

“ And vary, like the poet’s theme,

“ As Dulness, or the Muse is near.

“ You’ll know me first—by Adam’s wines,

“ My stages too are worth recounting,

“ You’ll find me at two constant signs,

“ Well known—the rainbow, and the fountain.”

“ Alas ! sweet Reputation cries,

With folded hands, and candid air,

“ Unlike you both in shape, or size,

“ I’m sought with pain, and found with care.

“ Ah me ! if I but go astray,

“ Or miss my path, on fairy-ground—

“ If Reputation lose her way,

“ ’Tis ten to one she’s never found.”

A D I A L O G U E

IN THE SENATE HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY THE LATE NICH. HARDINGE, ESQ.

STRANGER.

WHose is this image? **BEADLE.** Academic
Glory.

S. Is she a maid or matron, Whig or Tory?
What quarry could produce so huge a block?
What engines heave her from her native rock?
What vehicle the ponderous marble bear? [there?
Who bought her, who transform'd, who plac'd her

B. Who plac'd her there! A mason. **S.** Whose
design

Contriv'd her statue's architecture? **B.** Mine.

S. Who thus her pedestal with Latin grac'd?
Who taught her thus to speak in words unchaste?
"Come all, come all, partake my ample treasure,
"Who best deserve the palm!"* Is that her pleasure?
Her youths invites she thus? **B.** The line, they say,
Is borrow'd, word for word, from Virgil's lay.
Poems I study not; I seek, I own,
Vitruvian art, Vitruvian style alone;

* Cuncti adfint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.

But

But to my Johnian friends I give due credit,
 And they in Virgil or in Maro read it :
 Virgil unchaste ! Is your's a true translation ?
 You differ surely from the congregation !

S. The congregation, Sir ! Did Alma Mater
 A deity by solemn grace create her ?
 And place her opposite to George's view,
 Fix'd in the place to George the second due ?

B. Some mysteries, from curious eyes conceal'd,
 To clerks alone and churchmen are reveal'd.
 Tho' Whigs and Wits her origin suspected,
 And still enquire by whom she stands erected,
 Faction to shake her base conspires in vain ;
 A Deity she is, and shall remain.

What tho' her brawny limbs, and stately size,
 Taste, and virtù, and elegance despise,
 To us her shape unzon'd, unclasp'd by boddice,
 And more than virgin stride, declare the Goddess.

S. To Dian's image thus, with pomp array'd,
 Their ardent vows Ephesian zealots paid ;
 Tho' conscious whence the fusile ore was brought,
 What craftsman's skill the ductile figure wrought,
 The work divine, with transport they commended,
 Which, as they feign'd, from Jove himself descended.

B. What Glory was, why seek her sons to know ?
 See what alluring gifts she proffers now !
 Caps to the learn'd, a mitre to the sleek
 And white-glov'd chaplain, who forgets his Greek ;

To

To heads, repose ; to bards, Parnassian bays ;
To all, or worthy or unworthy, praise.

S. What mean those types that lurk beneath her
Emblems ill-hid by ignorant deceit ? [feet,
What means that civic crown ? Are these rewards
For sage divines, philosophers, and bards ?

B. Nor smiles on these alone the Goddess ; she,
Propitious queen ! some boon reserves for me.
If Annesley's friend, * who learning's giant slew,
A convert deem'd, preferr'd to honours new,
Laughs in his sleeves of lawn, and shakes his sides,
Eats, drinks, and marries, age and care derides,
Why may not I, by her cares inspir'd,
By jovial port, and just ambition fir'd,
Claim from her patroness an equal grace,
And for a Headship change the Beadle's mace ?

S. Her gifts I envy not ; but wonder more
So partially she deals her bounty's store ;
Hardinge, whose merit friends and foes confess'd,
By her repulse defeated, sinks oppress'd. †

B. So perish all, who insolently dare,
Snatch'd from our champion's crest, a plume to wear !

* Bishop Gooch, master of Caius college, was vice chancellor when Dr. Bentley was degraded.

† Mr. Hardinge, of King's college, (author of this poem) had a dispute with the university about the non-performance of some divinity exercise.

Our frantic foes, who, late with towering pride,
 The Church, the Prince, and Rutherford defied,
 Now in luxurious ease supinely sleep,
 Nor discipline retain, nor vigils keep :
 We, in firm phalanx join'd, a chosen few,
 With scatter'd troops successful war renew ;
 Rise by defeat, and, from the victor's brow,
 Steal the fresh garland of his Delphic bough,
 Triumphal wreaths around our temples twine,
 And consecrate our spoils at Glory's shrine.

S. But what if Granta, rous'd by honest shame,
 Should haply wake, and vindicate her fame ;
 Precipitate this Demon from her throne,
 And vengefully eject this load of stone !

B. Urg'd by unjust reproof, I shall unfold
 A tale, perhaps not lawful to be told.
 Her from the solid substance, vast and rude,
 First into Fame a painful sculptor hew'd ;
 Her head a trumpet, wings her shoulders bore,
 This wrinkled robe thus channel'd then she wore ;
 Deck'd with fit attributes in front and rear,
 Expos'd to view, she charm'd a gazing * peer ;
 Who only disapprov'd her wings and trump,
 And made some small objections to her rump.
 These faults corrected, strait at C ——— s rear'd,
 Mix'd in a grove of statues she appear'd ;

* Duke of C ——— s.

There

There Marlborough's form she lovingly beheld,
 And, wreath'd for him, a civic chaplet held :
 But when, invok'd by Cock's enchanting tone,
 As at Amphion's call, each sculptur'd stone
 Obsequious trembled at his hammer's sound,
 And fled, so summon'd, that unhappy ground,
 A youth, * to Phœbus and the Muses dear,
 To Granta's voice, who lent a filial ear ;
 For her a destin'd gift this idol bought,
 And, pleas'd, to her his votive image brought :
 Doubtful at first what Nymph's, what Heroine's
 What Queen's was best adapted to the dame ; [name,
 At length, by vote unanimous, we made her
 A sovereign Goddess, and as such display'd her :
 But fearing lest the Senate should disown,
 As George's friends, his adversary's stone,
 Inscrib'd with bits of verse, and scraps of prose,
 (The verse at least is classical) we chose
 To make and call her Academic Glory,
 Still in disguise a queen, and still a Tory.

S. Approv'd the Senate this transfiguration,
 Or licens'd by decree the consecration ?

B. Not by decree ; but when malignant † W — ,
 Eager in hope, impatient of delay,

* Peter Burrel, esq. of St. John's.
 of Queen's college.

† A gentleman

A dapper, pert, loquacious, busy elf,
 More active for the public than himself,
 Ran to and fro with anxious looks, and prated,
 And mov'd that hence she might be soon translated,
 Dissenting from their friends, a wise majority
 Supported us, and her, by their authority :
 And who shall now remove her from the scene,
 Or dare to drive her from the Muses? S. Keene. •
 So when the father of his country fled,
 By fear of tribunitial rage misled,
 On exil'd Cicero's devoted floor
 Clodius uprais'd his Tanagræan whore :
 Th' indignant Senate saw, with patriot eyes,
 A harlot cloath'd in Liberty's disguise :
 But, when again to Latian skies restor'd,
 Her joy and guardian grateful Rome ador'd,
 Their antient seat, by her abode profan'd,
 His household gods with dignity regain'd.

• Vice-chancellor in 1751. and bishop of Chester.

WRITTEN AT CLARE HALL IN
CAMBRIDGE,

UPON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE REV.
DR. CHARLES MORGAN, MASTER OF THAT
COLLEGE, WHO DIED APRIL XX, MDCCXXXVI.

WHere free from sense, intrench'd in earth no
more,

The soul unbodied gains its native shore :
Where Truth's uncloying banquet, ever new,
Opens the depths of science to its view ;
No longer on the verge it darkly strays,
But mystic Nature from within surveys ;
Nor wants the telescopic glass to trace
God's power, and wisdom, thro' the boundless space ;
Where doubts no more, nor mysteries confine
Its powers enlarg'd, its nature all divine, —
He's gone — and there erects his deathless head —
How vain our sorrows which lament him dead !
Where Clarke, Boyle, Newton, — each exalted
mind —

Each, while on earth, who dignified their kind —
Immortal now, with full fruition blest,
See Truth in native beauty stand confest.

While some contemplative their charms admire,
The Good Supreme their rational desire :

Others,

Others, as erst, in sweetest converse join;
 For purest friendship dwells in breasts divine:
 Sudden, a venerable Shade is seen
 Of mildest dignity, and front serene:
 Th' august assembly rise—See Clarke attend,
 Joyful, to welcome first his much-lov'd friend:
 Hail Thou! whose presence joys the sons of God,
 Who, pious, have the paths of science trod.
 Behold for Thee, on Newton's own right hand,
 For Thee prepar'd, that throne of glory stand:
 'Twas thine, exalted Genius! to disclaim,
 With just contempt, the breath of mortal fame;
 To nobler beings are thy praises known,
 Where Truth and Newton worlds unnumber'd own.

THE MINISTER OF STATE.

A PANEGYRIC.

OCCASIONED BY READING A LATE POEM, ENTITLED, THE MINISTER OF STATE, A SATIRE.

BY P. P—S.

“UNgrateful Rome!”—the generous Scipio
said,

And in retirement's shade conceal'd his head.

Ungrateful Britain!—might the Patriot say,

Or, if he will not speak it, others may :

Say, will thy generous heart the Muse permit

Merit and Thee to sing, exalted Pitt ;

While, fir'd with honest rage, she sighs to see

Base Scandal dart her venom'd tongue at thee ?

She must ; she dares th' attempt, however new,

To give her warmest praise, where praise is due ;

She burns—indeed unfashionably fir'd,

She burns to praise the minister retir'd.

Here needs not fiction gild the face of truth,

Thy voice inspirited our generous youth,

That bad at once their glittering falchions glow,

And cast a dreadful gleam upon the foe.

Ere

Ere this Britannia hung her drooping head,
 And inly mourn'd her antient spirit fled,
 Ere this how idly did her navies sweep,
 In uselefs pageantry, the silent deep ?
 And, as they sail'd along, th' insulting foe
 Smil'd at the scene, and mock'd the harmlefs show ;
 But when on thee the sovereign fix'd his choice,
 With joy reviving, Britons heard thy voice,
 Wing'd at thy word the conquering navy flies,
 And shouts of victory rend the echoing skies,
 Fresh schemes of honour every bosom fill,
 While Expectation holds Attention still ;
 The trembling French dread every deep-laid plan,
 And, while they curse the foe, admire the man.
 Ere this, see France, vain, insolent, and proud,
 With hostile threats distress the timid crowd ;
 Fear seiz'd each trembling breast, th' alarm began,
 Thro' every heart the mean infection ran ;
 To save that land they call'd a foreign friend,
 Which Britons were unable to defend.
 Days of disgrace ! which call the scalding tear
 Down the pale cheek, and wound the tingling ear ;
 Oh be the deed forgot ! — with honest rage
 May history from her annals rend the page,
 When thus no bosom seem'd with ardor fir'd,
 And Britain's courage — only not expir'd !
 Say, shade of Wolfe, on that ensanguin'd plain,
 Which ever shall thy memory retain,

Where, while thy bosom pour'd the purple tide,
 Fair Victory stood weeping by thy side,
 Glow'd not thy heart with Pitt's august design,
 ('Twas his to form, to execute was thine)
 That gave proud Gaul Britannia's strength to know,
 Which fell with mighty ruin on the foe?

I see, I see the sacred shade advance,
 Bright flash his lightning eyes, quick gleams his
 quivering lance,

How stern the Hero's awful form appears,
 While these indignant accents pierce my ears:

“ Youth, how lamented on these plains I fell,
 “ Let Britain's voice, that wept in triumph, tell;
 “ Let the same voice, which gratitude once fir'd,
 “ Speak the strong joy which patriot-worth inspir'd!
 “ But oh the change!—If gratitude be dead,
 “ In vain the Patriot plann'd, the Hero bled;—
 “ No, not in vain:—for benefits will last,
 “ However faction rage, or malice blast.
 “ Ungrateful land! if thus his godlike mind
 “ The mean return of tainted slander find,
 “ My generous ardor may have found the same,
 “ And courage may be sunk in folly's name;
 “ I bless, when such ingratitude I see,
 “ The death that snatch'd me from a land like thee.”

He said; and vanish'd into empty air,
 The sounds yet murmuring on th' attentive ear:

Oh

Oh much-lamented Shade! tho' just thy rage,
 While scandal taints the venal poet's page,
 Yet grant a gracious smile, if one remains
 Who pours his honest, tho' his humble strains,
 To pay th' important debt, tho' all unfit,
 The debt of gratitude, to thee and Pitt.
 Thy heart, great George, with virtue's lore enlarg'd,
 This generous debt of gratitude discharg'd;
 Then sure the sons of slander must agree,
 Who wound Pitt's merits, glance the dart at thee.

Who but remembers, (ah, who can forget!)
 When faction's rage distress'd the tottering state,
 When discontent thro' every bosom spread,
 And, torn by parties, Britain's vitals bled?
 A hateful scene!—the Patriot then arose,
 At once the wounds of fell division close;
 On Britain's shore fair Union took her stand,
 And wide diffus'd her blessings o'er the land,
 Ere scandal lay dispirited and dead,
 And murmuring faction hid her horrid head:
 Blest days!—O much-lov'd Britain still 'tis mine
 To wish such halcyon days be ever thine!

Why need I paint the virtues of his heart,
 Where rigid honour fills the largest part?
 The virtues of his heart are not unknown—
 These his disgusted enemies will own:—
 And let not Falshood's voice my verse defame,
 And stain fair Truth with Flattery's odious name;

When place and power obey'd the Statesman's will,
 The generous Muse ne'er tried her trembling quill;
 For tho' each action heart-felt joy inspir'd,
 Each action still in silence she admir'd.

And now no statesman's character I blast,
 Nor blame the present, tho' applaud the past,
 Exalted merit still to praise be mine,
 * * * * *, to blast bright characters be Thine.

When rolling time has bid our passions cease,
 And hateful faction shall be hush'd to peace,
 Then future ages shall his virtues know,
 And wonder such a Statesman found a foe;
 In honour's fane (a noble group!) shall sit
 Immortal Tully, Walsingham, and Pitt;
 While History shall raise her trump on high,
 And spread his praises round the vaulted sky,
 Shall on her fairest page inscribe his name,
 And give the roll to everlasting fame.

A

A JOURNEY TO DONCASTER,

OR

A CURIOUS JOURNAL OF FIVE DAYS, WRITTEN
WITH A PENCIL IN A CHAISE.

DEAR ANNE,

IN prose I've wrote you many a journal
Of travels, which I hope you'll burn all,
And now for once I write in rhyme
To tell you how I spend my time,
And what adventures may ensue
While I am hasting down to you.

On Sep. the second day I went
To London from my house in Kent;
And, as good luck would have it, found
A friend for shire of Ebor bound:
It proving temperate, pleasant weather,
We soon agreed to go together,
And for our ease, o'er turnpike-ways,
To travel down in my post-chaise.
By learned men it is agreed,
Poets should ride the winged steed;
And therefore, thus says Betty Martin,
"Thou art no poet, that's most certain."

Thro' Kentish-town, up Highgate-hill,
 Our horses move—against their will ; A
 And, while they snuff the wholesome wind,
 We cast a parting look behind,
 Pleas'd t' have left yon sable cloud,
 That buries millions in its shroud ; A
 Alas ! they toil, the sons of care !
 And never breathe the purer air.

Thy common, Finchley, next we measure,
 Whose woodland views would give us pleasure,
 But that they many a wretch exhibit,
 Too near 'the high road, on a gibbet ;
 Hence men may guess, without much skill,
 Here have been rogues—and may be still.
 High-Barnet pass'd, we reach the plain,
 Where Warwick, haughty earl, was slain :
 So perish all, as Warwick fell,
 Who 'gainst their lawful liege rebel !
 Ah ! passing strange, that one sweet flower
 Should kindle all the rage of power !
 Yet England oft has wail'd her woes,
 And wept the colours of the rose.
 With hungry appetites we hie on,
 Where Hatfield shows the Silver Lion ;
 But, lo ! nice steaks from rump of beef
 Will soon afford us kind relief ;
 Of good old Port we drink a quart,
 Discharge our reckoning, and depart.
 Thro' sandy lanes, and deep defiles,
 Where ray of Phœbus never smiles,

(Save on that beam-illum'd dwelling,
Where Young delights the Muse at Welling)

We march as gently as we can,
And reach at Stevenage the Swan :
A well-fed pullët, roasted nice,
And of high-season'd ham a slice,
Of suppers could not prove the worst—
Warm negus gratified our thirst :
At ten the welcome down we prest,
And wooed the kindly Power of rest.—

With early dawn we mount the chaise,
And Phœbus smiles in friendly rays :
O'er finest turnpike-road we bowl,
The wheels, the numbers gently roll,
Speed swift to Baldock down the hill,
Where liv'd sweet Polly of the Mill,
But now the lovely Polly's gone,
Rival of Venus! —so drive on.
Thro' villages, o'er plains we ride,
Where Ouze conducts his silver tide ;
So slow his winding waters stray,
He seems to linger on his way,
As loth to leave the pleasing scene
Of woods, corn-fields, and pastures green :
Thus man, low-grövellling, like the river,
Would loiter in this life for ever ;
So beautiful these scenes appear,
He thinks it better to be here,

Than

Than try that country, from whose bourne
 No pale-eyed travellers return.
 At Eaton next, by twelve a clock,
 We bait our horses at the Cock :
 Then leave awhile the public road,
 To take with friends a night's abode :
 This visit comes in due succession,
 And therefore deem it no digression.
 Thence cross corn-fields our way explore,
 Where chariots never went before ;
 Thro' rushy swamps, and bogs we pass,
 And came to * Beggary at last :
 Even then we did not know our doom,
 For worse misfortunes were to come :
 Fain would we thro' the pastures ride ;
 Our entrance gates and locks denied :
 Thro' that deep lane, where many a slough
 Would spoil a horse, or hide a cow,
 Pass on we must, if we intend
 To pay our visit to a friend :
 True friendship has a bias strong,
 It drove us thro' the mire along,
 O'er banks and ridges, till, at last,
 It fairly set the carriage fast—
 What's to be done ?—with might and main
 We haul'd it on the land again :

* The name of a small hamlet.

At

At length, with fear and wild amaze,
 We crawl'd thro' safely with the chaise;
 Now on the precipice's edge,
 Now bounc'd against a quickset hedge,
 And, by a wondrous kind of fate,
 By four arriv'd at P---'s gate;
 Whose entertainment, neat and kind,
 Soon put these dangers out of mind:
 With social friends we pass the day,
 And gaily laugh'd our cares away—

At six we march, but first provide,
 To shun bad roads, a faithful guide;
 And shortly, o'er the rising steep,
 We saw the spire of Bugden peep:
 At breakfast near an hour we waste,
 'Twas coffee, grateful to the taste,
 With dulcet cream, and nut-brown toast;
 Then bid a Valeas to our host.
 O'er level roads we drive amain,
 Roads as the well-roll'd terrace plain,
 And soon reach'd Stilton safe and well—
 We chose the inn that bears the Bell.
 On mutton, charming food! we dine,
 And cheer our hearts with generous wine;
 But long, alas! we must not stay—
 Life flies with rapid wing away;
 'Tis but a march that we must make;
 'Tis but a journey we must take:

Here

Here we can fix no firm abode,
 Nor loiter long upon the road ;
 But must, with vigilance, attend
 Still to our journey, and its end.
 At Stamford next, with spirits light,
 The Bull receives us for the night ;
 Smelts and a rabbit was our food ;
 The bill was cheap, the wine was good.
 Our wheels next morning early found
 O'er rough, thro' truly Roman ground ;
 Th' immense Vestigia, still compleat,
 Prove that the Romans once were great :
 By ten, at Grantham we admire
 The noble church, the lofty spire ;
 Sarum's alone is two feet higher.
 Here, what before I ne'er had seen,
 I saw fair Venus, Beauty's Queen ;
 Sweetly she smil'd with graceful look,
 In shape of Lady Mary C—.
 Our breakfast done, in haste we went
 To Newark on the banks of Trent ;
 There staid a little to regale
 On cold roast-beef and humming ale,
 Thence thro' a tedious, sandy way
 We labour'd, and at Carlton lay :
 With friends we drain'd the cheerful bowl,
 And supt on mutton and broil'd fowl,

And

And eels that gave us much content,
 Delicious eels — the eels of Trent.
 Next morn thro' wretched roads we steer,
 Yet pay at turnpikes devilish dear :
 The purple heath we travers'd o'er,
 And stopt at Barnby on the Moor ;
 Thence into honest Yorkshire ventur'd,
 Which first we at fair Bawtry enter'd :
 By three to Doncaster we came,
 A town polite, of antient fame ;
 There will the Muse awhile unbend,
 And there this tedious journal end,
 Wrote, dearest Anne, at your commands,
 And now it flies to kiss your hands.

Sep. 6, 1759.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

BY THE LATE MR. EDWARDS.

TO THE REV. MR. LAWRY, PREBENDARY OF
ROCHESTER.

LAwry, whose blisful lot has plac'd thee near
 To Wisdom's house, where thou may'st rightly
 Of the best means in virtue to excel, [spell
 Science, which never can be priz'd too dear;
 Where thy * great Patron, tho' in life severe,
 Is candid and humane, in doing well
 Constant and zealous, eager to repel
 Evil by good, in word and deed sincere;
 In this fair mirror see thy duty clear,
 Practice enforcing what his precepts teach,
 This great example study night and day;
 If faithful thus thy Christian course thou steer,
 Tho' such perfection thou should'st fail to reach,
 The generous effort sure rewards will pay.

* Dr. Herring, archbishop of Canterbury.

THE SENTIMENTS OF TRUTH;
AN EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE SONS OF BRITAIN.

BY MR. P——Y.

YE generous Britons, sons of fair renown,
With mute attention deign to lend an ear:
As late reclin'd beneath a spreading oak,
Musing intent on Albion's happy isle;
A sudden slumber gently seal'd my eyes,
And wrapt my wearied limbs in soft repose;
Excursive Fancy wing'd her agile flight
Thro' the aerial mansions of the world;
Instant appear'd, portray'd upon my mind,
The fair Urania, clad in candid robe;
And bright around, in beauteous order rang'd,
A crowd of Britons rising to my view;
A gentle murmur, first, distinct was heard—
The Goddess wav'd her wand—a pause ensued—
Silent in expectation now they sat,
When thus her sentiments she mildly spoke:

“Fam'd Albion's sons, whose rock-encircling
“Emblem of virtues in your noble race, [coast,
“Repels each boisterous billow of the deep,
“And stands triumphant o'er the bounding main:

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I

“You

“ You who, to vindicate your regal right,
 “ That right divine by every kingdom claim’d,
 “ In dreadful thunder shook the distant poles,
 “ While trembling regions heard the horrid sound;
 “ Let not Contention, hell’s destructive fiend,
 “ Excite commotion, and your peace destroy;
 “ Let not Ambition’s vile, ignoble train,
 “ The groveling arts of dark dissimulation,
 “ Pride, pique, or interest, e’er delude your steps;
 “ But let benevolence your souls command,
 “ Your darling passion by your foes confess’d.
 “ Can you, who brave repell’d th’ insidious foe,
 “ And nobly humbled their imperious crest;
 “ Can you, so high-renown’d for martial deeds
 “ And fair emprise, to discord fall a prey?
 “ Instant renounce each stupor of the soul,
 “ And virtuous dare the fam’d Britannia’s weal.
 “ Remember Rome, august, imperial Rome —
 “ She long in virtue’s cause resplendent shone:
 “ Fragrant she bloom’d, and flourish’d wondrous
 “ ’Till pomp, vile luxury, corruption fell, [fair,
 “ And Hydra Faction, with malignant breath,
 “ Tumbled, with cumbrous fall, her eagle-head!
 “ This world’s dread empress, renown’d for learning;
 “ For arms, arts, virtuous deeds, without compeer.
 “ Now how inglorious! how supinely sunk!
 “ Fallen from her high estate, and grovelling in the
 “ Since reason’s lamp illuminates the mind, [dust.
 “ And

“ And cogent proves eternity to man ;
 “ Since justice too, eternal, will require
 “ Strict retribution for offences past ;
 “ Serious reflect on God’s supreme decrees,
 “ And learn obedience to his great commands :
 “ For what avail earth’s pageant pomp and joys
 “ In that dread hour when death terrific comes. —
 “ The gaudy title, filken dalliance,
 “ And life too gaily spent, will but torment,
 “ Not calm the mind, in that tremendous moment !
 “ Let then your civil broils and discord cease ;
 “ Enjoy the fruits of your well-earn’d renown ;
 “ Cast off each vice, each poisonous dreg of life ;
 “ Fly fell corruption, taint of generous minds,
 “ Lest her corroding hand your frame dissolve,
 “ And bury in the dust your antient toil :
 “ But if, unheeded, exhortation pass,
 “ Britannia, now so fam’d, will sure imbibe
 “ A deeper stain than Afric’s tawny sons !”

She said ; then instant vanish’d into air,
 When Morpheus soon his guardian post resign’d,
 And memory, faithful, stamp’d upon my mind
 The sage instructions of the meek-eyed fair.

ON THE NUPTIALS OF LORD GREY, AND
LADY HARRIOT BENTINCK.

BY MRS. P——Y.

HYmen (neglected God) this day appears
In blaze of glory, as in earlier years;
When innate worth alone th' affections sway'd,
Nor wealth the youth, nor pomp allur'd the maid;
'Titles and grandeur, "trifles light as air,"
Were not essentials to the well-match'd pair;
But when indulgent heaven benignly joins
To title, virtues that e'en wealth refines;
When noble birth adorns a nobler heart,
Which joys th' intrusted blessings to impart,
Copies the great Commander of the sky,
And wipes Affliction's tear from Virtue's eye?
How fair's the lot? — we see, and wondering trace
These glowing virtues stamp'd on Stamford's race:
A bright compeer in worth and noble fame,
Hark! radiant Truth re-echoes Bentinck's name.

Auspicious morn! for ever gay appear,
Clad in the brightest livery of the year;
Joyful may circling hours thy ides relate,
Which saw united Grey and Bentinck's fate;
Long be their years, to grief and pain unknown,
And may each parent virtue be their own.

A

A N U P T I A L - C A R D,

SENT TO A YOUNG COUPLE ON THEIR WED-
DING-DAY, JULY XXIII, MDCCLXIII.

BY THE SAME.

Gladly the call of friendship I obey,
And gratulating hail your nuptial day.
May life's small circle ever bright appear,
Fair as the morn that gives you all that's dear;
May tender friendship (guardian power of Love)
Attendant wait you, and each act approve;
Scan both your merits with a partial eye,
And, if a fault should rise, each pass it by:
Would you with joy still view your wedding-day,
Not only both must love, but both obey.

HORACE,

HORACE; ODE XIV. BOOK II.

IMITATED BY JOHN, EARL OF CORKE.

HOW swift, alas! the rolling years
 Hasten to devour their destin'd prey!
 A moth each winged moment bears,
 Which still in vain the stationers
 From the dead authors sweep away;
 And troops of canker-worms, with secret pride,
 Thro' gay vermilion leaves, and gilded covers glide.

Great Bavius, should thy critic vein
 Each day supply the teeming press,
 Should'st thou of ink whole rivers drain,
 Not one octavo shall remain,
 To show thy learning and address:
 Oblivion drags them to her silent cell,
 Where brave king Arthur and his nobles dwell.

Authors of every size and name;
 Knights, 'squires, and doctors of all colours,
 From the pursuit of lasting fame,
 Re-living, there a mansion claim:
 Behold the fate of modern scholars!
 Why will you then, with hope delusive led,
 For various readings toil, which never will be read?
 With

With silver clasp, and corner-plate,

You fortify the favourite book :

Fear not from worms or time your fate !

More cruel foes your works await :

The butler, with th' impatient cook,

And pastry-nymphs, with trunkmakers, combine

To ease the groaning shelves, and spoil the fair design.

HORACE, ODE XXX. BOOK I.

IMITATED IN THE PERSON OF GENERAL

CH——LL.

BY DR. BROXHOLM.

O Venus ! Joy of men and gods,
 Forfake, for once, thy blest abodes,
 And deign to visit my land ;
 Quit Paphos and the Cyprian isle,
 On thy fond votary kindly smile,
 And come to my Duck Island.

Thee, Goddess, thee, my prayers invoke,
 To thee alone my altars smoke ;

O treat me not with rigour :

Thy wanton son bring with thee too,

My dying embers to renew,

And give me back my vigour.

Bring, too, the Graces to my arms,
 Girls that are prodigal of charms,
 Of every favour lavish :
 Yielding and melting let them be ;
 Consider, I am sixty-three,
 And that's no age to ravish.

Let jòcund Health attend thy train,
 Much wanted by thy crazy swain ;
 And, gentle Venus, pr'ythee,
 To crown thy gifts, and ease my pain,
 (Since Ward has labour'd long in vain)
 Let Mercury come with thee.

A

A SUBURBIAN PREACHMENT.

A Reverend doctor, preaching in the suburbs,
 About whose debts arose some plaguy hubbubs,
 Thus, for his text, these pleasing words let fall,
 "Have patience with me, and I'll pay you all"
 With joy-pricktears the rough Burroughnians stand,
 And deem'd the day of ballancing at hand:
 On his first Head his reasons were so strong,
 They sat with patience, tho' he preach'd so long:
 "And now, says he, I come to "pay you all"—
 "Great is your patience, and my merit small—
 "T' abuse that noble virtue were a crime—
 "So I'll defer it to — another time."

T O T H E M E M O R Y

OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER,
MDCCLXVIII.

BY N. COTTON, M. D. OF ST. ALBAN'S.

Patient to hear, and bounteous to bestow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;
Studious to act the self-approving part,
That midnight music of the honest heart;
These silent joys th' illustrious youth possess,
This cloudless sunshine of th' un sullied breast:
From pride of peerage, and from folly free;
Life's early morn fair Virtue gave to thee.
The tear no longer stole from Sorrow's eye,
And Poverty rejoic'd, when he was nigh;
Like Titus, knew the value of a day,
And Want went smiling from his gates away.
Titles and rank are borrow'd from the throne:
These honours, Egerton, were all thy own.

EPI-

E P I T A P H O N

KING THEODORE BARON NEUHOFF,

IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH-YARD, WESTMINSTER.

Near this place is interr'd
 Theodore, king of Corfica,
 Who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756.
 Immediately after
 Leaving the King's Bench prison,
 By the benefit of the act of insolvency:
 In consequence of which
 He resigned his kingdom of Corfica
 For the use of his creditors.

THE grave, great teacher, to a level brings
 Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
 But Theodore this moral learn'd, ere dead;
 Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
 Bestow'd a kingdom, but denied him bread. }

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V O L. X.

F O R O C T O B E R.



T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.

CONTAINING
A C O L L E C T I O N
Of scarce and valuable
P I E C E S O F P O E T R Y :

With Variety of
ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS,
BY THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.

Written and Selected
By **FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.**
And **WILLIAM WOTY.**

I N . T W E L V E V O L U M E S .

L O N D O N :
Printed by **DRYDEN LEACH;**
For **J. COOTE,** at the King's Arms, in Pater-noster-Row.

MDCCLXIII.

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T H E
P O E T I C A L C A L E N D A R .

O C T O B E R . A N O D E .

THE naked grove now shivers at the blast,
While his green mantle on the ground is cast.
Bleak are the prospects of the widow'd trees,
Mourning their faded glories in the breeze ;
Hark ! where the barns conceal their yellow stores,
Echo repeats the labour of the floors !

Like a young thresher, on the neighbouring hill,
Her mimic strokes the distant woodlands fill ;
Now in the Scorpion, Phœbus rules the day,
And Summer's painted foliage fades away,
Shorn is the verdure of the hazel-shade,
While the gale brushes o'er the auburn glade ;

Now, ye autumnal beauties, mourn the time
Mispent in prudery, while you pass'd your prime !
And, ere the plum is of its blue bereft,
Be frugal of the golden hour that's left ;
Yon stately pine late triumph'd in its shade,
But mark, in Autumn, how its honours fade !

The skies, prophetic of stern Winter, wear
 A sadder robe—and nipping is the air ;
 Now to the thirsty root the sap descends,
 Tho' still the bough, with golden fruitage, bends.
 Still the hale jasmine boasts its white and green,
 And annuals triumph o'er the withering scene ;

Now teem the cyder-vats with apple-wine,
 And emulate the nectar of the vine ;
 While ripe Pomona labours to produce
 A cooling beverage for the Summer's use,
 The fervor of the heated swain to cool,
 While the proud dog-star holds his tyrant-rule ;

Will Myra from her plighted promise range ?
 Shall Love's affections with the weather change ?
 No ; tho' around dismantled forests pine,
 And the gay fields their velvet gloss resign,
 Reverse of Autumn, she shall never fade,
 But ardent Truth embower us with its shade.

THE

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

We all do fade as a leaf.

ISAIAH.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn found ;

“ Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 “ ’Till like us he blighted fell,
 “ Hear the lecture we are reading,
 “ ’Tis alas ! the truth we tell.

“ Virgins, much, too much presuming,
 “ On your boasted white and red,
 “ View us late in beauty blooming,
 “ Number'd now among the dead.

“ Griping misers, nightly waking,
 “ See the end of all your care,
 “ Fled on wings of our own making,
 “ We have left our owners bare.

“ Sons of honour, fed on praises,
 “ Fluttering high in fancied worth,
 “ Lo ! the fickle air that raises,
 “ Brings us down to parent earth.

“ Learned fophs, in systems jaded,
 “ Who for new ones daily call,
 “ Cease at length, by us persuaded—
 “ Every leaf must have its fall.

“ Youths, tho’ yet no losses grieve you,
 “ Gay in health and manly grace,
 “ Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 “ Summer gives to Autumn place.

“ Venerable fires, grown hoary,
 “ Hither turn th’ unwilling eye,
 “ Think, amidst your falling glory,
 “ Autumn tells a Winter night.

“ Yearly in our course returning,
 “ Messengers of shortest stay,
 “ Thus we preach this truth concerning,
 “ Heaven and earth shall pass away.”

“ On the tree of life eternal,
 “ Man, let all thy hopes be stay’d,
 “ Which alone, for ever vernal,
 “ Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”

THE

THE DECLINE OF AUTUMN.

BY W. W.

THE bosom of earth is all matted with leaves,
 The honours of Autumn decay ;
 Brown Ceres no longer exhibits her sheaves,
 To the golden-eyed monarch of day.
 With dissonant guns hills and vallies resound,
 The swains thro' the coppices rove ;
 The partridges bleed on the arable ground,
 The pheasants lie dead in the grove.

The coats of the hedges look languidly green,
 The swallows relinquish the meads ;
 Rude winter approaches with horrible mien,
 The flowrets give place to the weeds.
 The sun too is lazy, and slumbers abed,
 As loathing so early to rise :
 When risen, how dim looks his vapoury head !
 How faint he illumines the skies !

No more on the poles hang the clustering hops,
 Or form a magnificent shade ;
 No more on their skirts shine the showery drops,
 For Autumn, their nurse, is decay'd.

The gale that was wont to approach me so kind,
 Grows sharp, and flies hastily by,
 To give me sweet kisses no longer inclin'd,
 It bids the tear start from my eye.

O! see, while I speak, from the gun's levell'd aim
 Death pierces the birds of the air!
 Ye rovers, will nothing your conduct reclaim,
 And move your hard bosoms to spare?
 No, nothing—ye cry with unanimous voice,
 While ridicule falls from your tongue:
 Ye think not, ye cruel ones, as ye rejoice,
 How once the poor innocents sung.

To others such barbarous sports I resign,
 And fly to my Florimel's arms;
 Her sanctified love shall be totally mine,
 For virtue adds force to her charms.
 On the base of religion, my fair, let it rise!
 To crown us with blessings 'twas given,
 To bid our souls mount from the earth to the skies,
 And give us a foretaste of heaven.

A FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

AN ELEGY.

A Dieu fair spring ! adorn'd with chaplets gay,
 Ye fields and vernal landscapes all adieu,
 Bright summer and the long transparent day,
 No more I hail the scented groves and you.

Farewell the walk where crystal rivulets glide,
 Where slender osiers waft the healthful gale,
 Where insects float along the silver tide,
 And silent rapture haunts the fruitful vale.

Where purple-lawns salubrious odours spread, [dye,
 Where heath-shrubs blossom wild with languid
 Where round the hedge unbought perfumes are shed,
 And native beauty courts the roving eye.

Where hawthorns bud, and velvet cowslips grow,
 Where verdant banks put forth the painted weed,
 Whose vivid hues eclipse th' embroider'd bean,
 And the proud flaunters of the Park exceed.

Where Solitude unfolds her matchless charms,
 And meek Content assumes her happy reign,
 Where jocund Plenty crowns the rising farms,
 And fills the storehouse of the village-swain.

How fresh past pleasures dance before the mind,
 Renew'd in thought by winter's coming train,
 That now, like vapours on the broad-wing'd wind,
 Haste to deface the beauty of the plain.

I see, with memory's retrospective eye,
 Each rivulet's polish'd current smoothly flow,
 See blithsome May hang pearly blossoms high,
 And richly dress the flowery meads below.

See nodding orchards wave their plummy pride,
 See gardens grac'd with all the tints of spring,
 Enamell'd beds their tender foliage hide,
 'Till genial suns a warmer season bring.

What scenes can equal summer's bright display,
 When swift Aurora drives her early car,
 When glowing Phœbus gives the blushing day,
 And sends his boundless influence wide and far.

How sweet to see the flocks that crop their food,
 And skip in wanton sport around the field,
 Glad to present their bleating gratitude,
 For the green pasture that the meadows yield.

To hear the wakeful shepherd's homely strain,
 Breathe welcome sonnets to the rosy beam,
 While slumbering towns in leaden sleep remain,
 And lose substantial pleasures for a dream.

To tread betimes the neighbouring lanes, and view
 (Ere scorching heat rides on the noon-tide air)
 The grafs, the trees, the vallies rob'd in dew,
 And garden plants the liquid garment wear.

There oft at morn I tun'd the rural lay,
 And with my Sylvia gently fray'd along,
 The birds fat mute on every leafy spray,
 While listening echo catch'd the flowing song.

There silent mus'd on Shakespear's tragic page,
 Of Milton learn'd to scale the azure road,
 Chanted Mæonides' poetic rage,
 And read, O Pope! thy equal thoughts of God.

Admir'd great Thomson's active skilful muse,
 That in such easy numbers scans the globe,
 Such lively colours Albion's spring renews,
 And paints the beauties of her vernal robe.

There, when the lark began her warbling song,
 And shook her pinions for the morning flight,
 Rais'd the loud chorus of the feather'd throng,
 And tower'd beyond the farthest reach of sight.

The tuneful black-bird whistling to his mate,
 Far o'er the lonely forest thrill'd the note,
 And cheerful linnets in the woods, elate,
 Rejoin'd the melting music of his throat.

Our praise reap'd fervor from the general glow,
 The pious airs inspir'd the heavenly flame,
 The thrush's plaint, the cattle's meaning low,
 With grateful joy our swelling hearts o'ercame.

Nor less at eve the rural mansions please,
 Or rural virtues charm th' exalted soul,
 Whose powers not yet enervated by ease,
 Like Newton, grasp creation's ample whole;

In search of learning's gifts unwearied roam,
 Th' illumin'd spaces of the milky way,
 Traverse th' infinitude of nature's dome,
 The earth, its snow-top'd mountains, and the sea;

In every part discover wisdom's hand,
 Find Deity inscrib'd on all around,
 Omnipotence and love from strand to strand,
 Far as th' encircling ocean's utmost bound.

For such, O spring! thy fragrant breezes blow,
 Thy new-born flowers expand the crimson leaf;
 Thy rays, O summer! golden prospects show,
 And tinge the grain of Ceres' pointed sheaf.

For such, mild autumn rears the shooting vines,
 Bids juicy clusters swarm the shaded wall,
 Enriching crops o'erhang her wheaten mines,
 And ripen'd fruits from bending branches fall.

To such, even winter's jarring winds convey,
 The gladsome tidings of eternal peace :
 And storms, and clouds, that others bliss allay
 Their hope, their strength, their fortitude increase.

A FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER.

A Dieu! the pleasing rural scene,
 Thick shades and meadows fair and green,
 The field adorn'd with sheaves of corn,
 The walk at early hour of morn.

Behold! with green no meads are clad,
 Behold the thrush sits mute and sad :
 No lively songster's warbling throat
 Pours joy, pours music in his note.

How bare, how naked seems yon bed!
 The pink is gone, the tulip dead :
 Where is the gay, the odorous flower,
 That lately blush'd in yonder bower?

So fade the glories of the year,
 They blossom fair, and disappear ;
 And (melancholy truth!) fond man!
 Thy life's a flower, thy days a span!

Almighty Sovereign, bounteous Power,
Whom every clime and tongue adore :
Whose wisdom this vast system plann'd,
And form'd the sea, and form'd the land ;

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
Parent of circling seasons Thou !
Hasten far happier days—and bring
“ One glorious and eternal spring !”

ON

ON SEEING A ROSE IN OCTOBER.

THrice happy flower, what heavenly aid
 Supports thy strength, while others fade?
 What quickening spirit makes thee blow,
 While all thy sisters droop below?
 Sure there's a spark of heavenly flame,
 That shoots its warmth throughout thy frame;
 Some inborn essence most refin'd,
 Some genial virtue good and kind,
 That makes thy blushing beauties blow,
 And thy mellifluous sweets to flow;
 That gives new life, and rears thy head,
 When all thy beauteous race lie dead.

Thou, charming rose! art now most rare,
 And would'st be quite beyond compare;
 But that my Delia, but that she,
 Is lovely, fair, and sweet like thee:
 Like thee, when other beauties pine,
 She glows with virtue, and shall shine;
 Deep in the heart the blessing lies,
 The spark divine that never dies:
 Which (when the frost of age invades,
 When on her cheek thy picture fades)
 Shall give new grace, new life, new air,
 And make her eminently fair.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF DR. PARNE,

FELLOW OF TRIN. COL. CAM.

AT length, poor suffering wretch, thy pangs are
e'er,

Death seals thy eyes, and thou shalt groan no more ;
No more shall misery reach thy tortur'd breast,

Nor life's low cares disturb thy settled rest :

From pride, ambition, envy, malice free,

Thou feel'st no more the gripes of penury,

Nor all the thousand pains of sad mortality.

Yet sure some decent honours to thy shade,

From learning's sons some tribute might be paid :

In the last office might there not have been

Some added grace to solemnize the scene ? *

Some plaintive Muse to deck thy empty bier,

Some pitying friend to drop the tender tear :

But foes pursued thee to thy latest breath,

And malice left thee not a friend in death.

* The doctor was buried in the college chapel: It is usual, on the death of any Fellow, to carry an empty bier, with a pall over it, round the Quadrangle, the Choir walking before it, and all the members of the society behind: Verses on the deceased are usually fixed to the pall, and thrown into the grave:—But these ceremonies were omitted.

One eye alone I saw with sorrow flow,
 In artless full simplicity of woe ;
 The faithful * rustic wept ; and only he
 Reproach'd the croud for lost humanity.
 Despis'd, unfelt for, unlamented lay,
 In the rude grave, th' unanimated clay.
 And yet this trampled corse had once a name,
 Once was no stranger to the voice of fame ;
 This thing despis'd was once with genius fir'd,
 Nay, by the adverse Bentley was admir'd ;
 'Midst Granta's sons but lately fill'd the chair,
 Graceful, as when her Whalley's self was there.
 Foe to himself alone, his open mind [kind ;
 Embrac'd, and lov'd, and would have serv'd man-
 But niggard Fortune acts by partial rules,
 And oft her bounty showers on knaves and fools ;
 Once she could smile on him with glimmering ray,
 But clouded o'er the evening of his day ;
 In life's decline no healing comfort gave,
 But sunk his soul with sorrow to the grave.
 By hopes too sanguine led, he met the fate
 Of all who seek the rich, and trust the great.
 He went, he bow'd, he heard, and he believ'd ;
 Was courted, flatter'd, promis'd, — and deceiv'd ;

* A country boy that waited on the Doctor, who was observed to cry all the time.

Find we then most to pity or to blame?
 Shall we reward with praise, or brand with shame?
 If livelier parts to venial faults betray,
 Must censure wipe his merits quite away?
 If meagre want, with deep affliction join'd,
 Subdue the reason, and unhinge the mind,
 Shall we, officious, every blot reveal,
 And judge him with uncharitable zeal?
 Or kindly weep for Nature thus decay'd,
 And o'er his failings cast a friendly shade;
 To future ages bid his virtues bloom,
 And bury all his follies in the tomb.

1751.

FABLES

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

BY J. H. S. ESQ.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXI.

FABLE I.

THE RIVER WITH A PETITION.

A Ccording to the Romish creed,
 I speak of Rome two thousand years ago,
 The life that they suppos'd the Gods to lead,
 You would not chuse to undergo.
 Jupiter's businefs, day and night,
 Was to attend with open ears and eyes,
 And to write down, as fast as he could write,
 All the impertinence that men devise.
 Besides mens fopperies and ravings,
 The women had so great a share,
 That their absurdities and cravings
 Omnipotence alone could bear.
 And furthermore, to try his patience,
 He heard the prayers and fanciful distresses
 Of all his children and relations,
 And of his wife and his mis-tresses.

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Once

Once on a time, if you'll believe tradition,
 A river in great tribulation,
 To Jupiter presented a petition,
 With an expostulating exhortation ;
 Whereby, if the petitioner's refus'd,
 He has a right to think himself ill-us'd ;
 A form of prayer contriv'd for execution,
 Exactly like a double-barrell'd gun,
 Which if you fire with resolution,
 You have another chance when one is done,
 So far from killing two birds with one stone,
 An art that's very little known ;
 All the petitioner desir'd to do,
 Was to kill one with two.
 Now this petition shew'd how the petitioner,
 For his fidelity, zeal, and devotion,
 Had been appointed a commissioner
 Of the revenues of the Ocean,
 Which he collected with great pains,
 And sent in good and current cash,
 But, for his trouble and clear gains,
 The Sea return'd adulterated trash :
 Wherefore he pray'd,
 Exhorted and submitted,
 That all the sums the Ocean paid,
 Shall for the future be remitted,
 And issued fair,
 Without debasement or impair.

Un-

Ungrateful Thames! the God replied,
 Without that mixture and alloy,
 Which the Sea pours into thee every tide,
 Thy beauty and thy strength would wear away.

Without his aid thou wouldst remain
 Like Tiber, or the poor pretending Seine,
 Led thro' parterres, or rolled down a cascade,
 Confin'd to vanity, and lost to trade.

'Tis thus the Highlander complains,
 'Tis thus the Union they abuse
 For binding their back-sides in chains,
 And shackling their feet in shoes:
 For giving them both food and fewel,
 And comfortable cloaths,
 Instead of cruel oat-meal gruel;
 Instead of rags and heritable blows.

Luxury every day grows stronger;

The Highland fair

Beholds her lover now no longer

Trotting with his buttocks bare.

Thus Doctor Brown was taken with the spleen,
 And fancied we were all undone,
 Raving about a carpet and a screen,
 And out of temper with the sun:

Because it is a crime,

As he supposes,

For men to run in winter time
 Into the sun to warm their noses.

'Tis an egregious want of sense,
 A want of taste, and want of shame,
 To fancy universal affluence
 And luxury the same.

In spite of Doctor Brown's discerning,
 The term of universal will agree,
 As well with his benevolence and learning,
 As universal suit with luxury.
 He may perceive, if he be so inclin'd,
 Like his discernment, luxury's confin'd.
 For as the gout torments the hands and feet,
 To ease the nobler stomach and the head,
 So luxury, to gratify the great,
 Insults and robs the labourer of his bread.
 Luxury in a state is a disease,
 Because 'tis partial, and obstructed wealth,
 But universal affluence and ease
 Is universal happiness and health.

FABLE

F A B L E II.

THE PHOENIX AND HER LOVERS.

THat every female's a coquette,
 I could as safely swear upon a book,
 As I could safely bet,
 That every Frenchman is a cook.
 A Phœnix, daughter of the Sun,
 Chaste as a Vestal, modest as a Nun,
 Added such merit to her birth,
 That not a bird, tho' of the highest fashion,
 No feather'd coxcomb of the earth
 Ventur'd to declare his passion.
 They all agreed
 No earthly bird was worthy of her love;
 None but a bird of the celestial breed,
 An angel from above.
 The Phœnix liv'd so long a maid,
 'Till all her gaiety and bloom
 Began to fade,
 And favour of the tomb.
 She mop'd, grew splenetic, and tir'd
 Of so much awe and so much state,
 Se long'd like other birds to be admir'd,
 Like other birds she long'd to find a mate.

At last she issued out a proclamation
 To summon the male birds of every nation ;
 Perhaps this summons, and this longing,
 Was a political machine,
 Just like the lovers that came thronging,
 Summon'd by our virgin queen.

Now, from all quarters,
 The birds appear'd in their best cloaths ;
 Nobles in stars and garters,
 Curled and embroider'd beaux.
 Some stately, others light and gay,
 One cooed, another sung and flatter'd,
 Some, like the Magpie and the Jay,

For ever chatter'd.
 About the inner ring,
 Where all the birds of figure press,
 A bat whirl'd round with leathern wing,
 To show his shape and his address,
 Offering his heart, his eyes and wings to boot,
 At which there rose an universal hoot.

The Phoenix answer'd in the tone,
 And in the self-same manner languish'd,
 As queen Elizabeth, when she was shown
 A taylor by her beauty vanquish'd ;
 Take courage man, says she,
 For if I needs must have a taylor,
 I promise, without failure,
 To marry none but thee.

And

And as the queen coquetted at an age

When other queens are tame,

'Till she went off the stage,

The Phoenix did the same.

She died a great coquette, and, what is more,

Rose from the grave a greater than before.

The Phoenix and self-love are the same beast,

Within the human breast,

Which poets feign the spicy east,

She builds her solitary nest ;

From whence, with every gale of wind,

The traveller may smell the mind.

Her lovers are our passions ; these she meets,

Either by appointment or by chance,

Which if she can't indulge, she treats

With smiles and complaisance.

And as the Phoenix, from her ashes rais'd,

Returns as blooming as a bride,

So when we think it dies, the Lord be prais'd,

Self-love springs up again with double pride.

'Tis a determin'd case,

None but ourselves can occupy our place.

For this same reason, physical and clear,

Each individual of us all

Is that same Phoenix, without any peer,

On this terrestrial ball.

A Lover is a mad-man, and a miser

Not one jot wiser.

Let any try, except a lover,
 Or one devoted to his self,
 Whether in all the world they can discover
 Another self.

F A B L E III.

THE DUCKLINGS AND THE WISE BIRDS.

A Hen, one evening to enjoy the cool,
 Was walking with a brood of ducklings cal-
 Just like a mistress of a boarding-school, [low,
 With misses green and yellow.
 As she was tutoring and schooling
 This bird for loitering, and that for fooling,
 Behold a fish-pond so alluring,
 That, spite of her remonstrances and cackle,
 They ventur'd their whole stock without enfuring,
 Trusting to their oars and tackle.
 The hen kept scolding like a drab,
 Cursing her rebellious race ;
 We're not thy children, cried a pert young squab,
 If we were chickens, we should have more grace ;
 On Nature we depend,
 Our course she steers,
 Nature's a safer guide, and better friend
 Than any dotard's fears.

Close

Close by the pond, an antient tower
 Lifted its venerable head,
 A college and sequester'd bower,
 Where owls for ages had been bred ;
 An old professor, a great clerk,
 Taught them their talents to display,
 To keep their eyes wide open in the dark,
 And shut them in the face of day.
 To think abstractedly, to reason deep,
 And to declaim, 'till all the world's asleep.
 These students from the tower saw our young folks,
 Our bold adventurers under sail,
 They heard their clamorous mirth and jokes,
 And heard their nurse's fruitless wail.
 Observe, says one more learned than the rest,
 These birds by instinct know the season
 To sail, to eat, to go to rest,
 Just as we know by argument and reason.
 We know from reason and experience both,
 We see it every hour ;
 That governors are loth
 To part with power.
 Yon hen which you all hear,
 In such a fright,
 Undoubtedly affects that fear,
 To keep her pupils always in her sight.
 From the same principle, for the same end,
 Our tutor keeps us all thus pen'd :

Preaching

Preaching that we must not pretend to fly,
 We are too weak, it is too soon,
 Which I'll demonstrate to be a lye,
 As clear as the sun at noon.

Feet, said the subtle Owl,
 Are not the things,
 That constitute the essence of a fowl,
 So much as wings.

Whatever is essential to our make
 We soonest learn, and feldomest mistake.
 Hence that pathetic prayer, that tender call,
 By which we get our wants dispatch'd,
 Is so essential above all,
 That we all speak the moment we are hatch'd.
 Nature, benevolent and wise,
 Opens our mouths much sooner than our eyes.
 By parity of reason meet,
 Our wings and pinions should be ready
 Long time before our heads and feet
 Are firm and steady.

Therefore 'twill follow like a chain,
 That as we walk, you must confess,
 With little giddiness and pain,
 If we attempt it, we must fly with less.
 This reasoning philosophic wight
 Convinc'd his brethren one and all :
 With one accord they took their flight,
 And fatal and untimely was their fall.

None

None of them reason'd any more,
 The young logicians lay like wrecks,
 Drown'd in the pond, or scatter'd on the shore,
 With mangled limbs, and broken necks.
 Bred in a court, or some gay city,
 The ducklings are those thoughtless spritely fools,
 O Cambridge is it not a pity,
 Strangers to thee and to thy schools!

F A B L E IV.

LA NOBLESSE DE FRANCE.

THE FIGHTING COCK AND THE CRAVEN.

A Cock, an officer of foot,
 In France retir'd into a village,
 Where he did nought but crow and strut,
 And live by pillage.
 Whene'er he had a mind
 To take his pastime with the fair,
 He was not to one wife confin'd,
 Nor to a pair,
 But, like a lord,
 Had half a dozen both at bed and board.

He

He spied a barn-door fowl one day,
 Cram'd from the rump up to the gullet,
 In amorous dalliance and play
 With a young pullet.

His robes and train, his senatorial cap,
 His size almost the size of geese,
 Show'd that he had been nurtur'd in the lap
 Of peace.

Bred for the bench and presidential chair,
 He judg'd, he roosted, and digested there.
 The military cock took as much pleasure
 As an unlucky page,

To see the magistrate employ his leisure
 So much below his dignity and age.

He that should set a good example!
 Be virtuous and discreet!

To tread on modesty, and trample
 Chastity beneath his feet!

Fine times, says he, when judges run
 Seducing maidens in the open sun!

This wanton fit

Comes of intemperance and over-eating;
 Which, as it soon will bring you to the spit,
 Shall save your reverence from a beating.

To this reproof,

With a sly sneer, the judge replied aloof:
 'Tis true, that I and all my brood,
 When we have run the race assign'd,

Shall

Shall have the honour to become the food
 And comfort of mankind.
 An unexpected death
 Shall gently steal, not force away our breath.
 Good colonel, you are mightily mistaken,
 It is not owing to respect, in deed,
 That you are neither boil'd, like us, with bacon,
 Roasted nor fricasseed.
 But tho' your flesh be men's aversion,
 Yet it contributes much to their diversion ;
 They give you barley, bread, and oats,
 Because they take great pleasure and delight
 To see you fight ;
 To see you cutting one another's throats.
 If you escape, and are not slain in war,
 You are in a worse plight by far.
 Amongst the hogs,
 Wounded and lame, you're on a dunghill cast,
 By wanton boys and puppy dogs :
 Worried or teaz'd to death at last.
 In France the land-tax is not as 'tis here,
 A tax where you appeal and squabble ;
 There the nobility go free and clear,
 Like the rascality and rabble.
 The same exemption pards and tygers own ;
 And the base polecat caught in gins :
 Their flesh and bone we let alone,
 And ask them nothing but their skins.

FABLE

F A B L E V.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.

Interest fascinates both age and youth,
 And, with a glance of her bewitching eye,
 Can make a minister speak truth,
 Or make a mighty monarch tell a lye.
 She can set brothers by the ears,
 And, what you'll scarce believe perhaps,
 Make sisters as harmonious as the spheres,
 And live together without pulling caps.
 'Tis she gives every one her place,
 Oft, like a blundering marshal at a feast,
 Joining a scoundrel to his grace,
 An atheist to a priest.
 Interest well understood,
 Made Solomon, makes Melcomb now declare
 That life is only good
 To eat and drink, and laugh, and banish care.
 Close by a kitchen fire, a dog and cat,
 Each a famous politician,
 Were meditating, as they sat,
 Plans and projects of ambition.
 By the same fire were set to warm
 Fragments of their master's dinner;
 Temptations to alarm
 The frailty of a finner.

Clear prurient water stream'd from Pompey's jaws,
 And Tabby look'd demure, and lick'd her paws ;

And as two plenipos,

For fear of a surprize,

When both have something to propose,

Examine one another's eyes ;

Or like two maids, tho' smit by different swains,

In jealous conference o'er a dish of tea,

Pompey and Tabby both, cudgell'd their brains,

Studying each other's physiognomy.

Pompey, endow'd with finer sense,

Discover'd, in a cast of Tabby's face,

A symptom of concupiscence,

Which made it a clear case.

When, strait applying to the dawning passion,

Pompey address'd her in this fashion :

Both you and I, with vigilance and zeal,

Becoming faithful dogs, and pious cats,

Have guarded day and night this common-weal

From robbery and rats,

All that we get for this, heaven knows,

Is a few bones and many blows.

Let us no longer fawn and whine,

Since we have talents and are able ;

Let us impose an equitable fine

Upon our master's table,

And

And, to be brief,
 Let us each chuse a single dish,
 I'll be contented with roast beef,
 Take you that turbot—you love fish.
 Thus every dog and cat agrees,
 When they can settle their own fees.
 Thus two contending chiefs are seen,
 To agree at last in every measure ;
 One takes the management of the marine,
 The other of the nation's treasure :
 Thus L—g retir'd, thus even P—t
 His popularity resign'd,
 For a tid-bit,
 A pit-tance suited to the patriot's mind.

FABLE

F A B L E VI.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

With malice fell
 A spider watch'd within his cell,
 Ready to fally,
 The unwary traveller to soufe,
 Like a Jew-broker in the Alley,
 Or a Dutch merchant in his counting-house,
 Like them he corresponded far and near,
 And tho' his trade was intricate and dark,
 He manag'd his affairs, and kept all clear,
 Without a partner or a clerk.
 A petit maitre, an active bufling fly,
 Thinking to scamper unmolested,
 With airy equipage as he pafs'd by,
 By cruel Cacus was arrested.
 Furnish'd with that undaunted fenfe,
 Which only courts and camps can teach,
 Having no weapon or defence,
 Except his instrument of fpeech,
 The fly, with flattering foporific ftrains,
 Tried to benumb the spider's brains :
 Hearing fuch daily praife beftow'd,
 Upon your elegance in weaving,

I came to visit your abode,
 Which is magnificent beyond believing :
 And now I am convinc'd, if you will drop
 The linen trade,
 And take to weaving velvets and brocade,
 The fallad-eaters soon must shut up shop,
 Change but your diet, and, like their's, your taste
 Will grow refin'd, correct and chaste.
 As I have studied every herb and leaf,
 That's either noxious or good to eat,
 Make me your caterer in chief,
 And pourveyor of all your meat.
 Send me this instant, in a trice
 I'll bring you something savoury and nice.
 Seeing the spider smile and grin,
 He found his plot would not succeed,
 It was too thin,
 For one of that sagacious breed,
 On which he fell a vapouring and buzzing,
 Swearing the drones would take the alarm,
 And come to the assistance of their cousin
 With an enormous swarm.
 The drones and I are no such strangers,
 We know, said Cacus, what we both can do,
 They are too wise to run their heads in dangers,
 For such a busy meddling fool as you :

But,

But, since you come to spoil our manufacture,
 And poison honest traders,
 I'll hang you like a malefactor,
 To terrify invaders.
 No sooner said than done,
 He knock'd him down, and hung him in the sun.
 The spider's a negotiator,
 And an ensnaring captious debater,
 Obdurate, subtle and alert,
 The fly a coxcomb and a prater,
 Teazing and pert.
 Tho' all such characters I hate,
 And from my soul despise,
 May we have many spiders in the state,
 When we are plagued with French and Spanish flies.

F A B L E VII.

THE WILD DUCKS AND THE WATER SPANIEL.

After a tedious flight,
 Of many a stormy day and night;
 A flock of wild ducks sailing up and down,
 Upon a lake were making merry;
 Like sailors, in a sea-port town,
 Just arriv'd from Pondicherry.
 A swan too stately for sport,
 To shew herself was all her view,
 Had undertaken to escort
 The jovial crew.
 Swelling and bridling
 With all the airs of a fine dame at court;
 Turning about and sidling,
 Advancing, and then stopping short.
 Displaying in her features
 Contempt and insolent dejection,
 To signify that those strange creatures
 Were forc'd upon her for protection.
 I must confess, amongst mankind
 I have seen swans as foolishly inclin'd.
 At Paris on the Seine,

I've seen a French marquee conduct a pair
 Of German barons to the fair
 Of Saint Germaine,
 Strutting before them, tossing up his head,
 Then looking back, and lowering his crest,
 The barons were so awkward, so ill-bred,
 And so ill-dress'd.
 Have you not seen a new-made peer
 With equal pride, but greater trepidations,
 Observing in his rear
 A troop of country relations,
 Run up Saint James's-street, and, at two leaps,
 Take Arthur's steps ?
 Those steps as terrible as the Tarpeian,
 From whence with one black ball you're hurl'd
 Into another world
 Amongst the damn'd Plebeian.
 Perhaps this grave and solemn swan
 Dislik'd the company of those wild-ducks,
 Just as a prude, or sober man,
 Dislikes the company of bucks.
 For while they made more noise and riot
 Than twenty justices of peace,
 The swan was serious and quiet,
 As captain Gander marching with his geese,
 Marching to the field,
 With gorget and a wooden shield.

About the middle of the lake,
 Upon the banks, a water-spaniel lay,
 Looking out for duck or drake,
 Or any lawful prey,
 And as the captain of a privateer
 Lies by,
 Nor offers to bear down, nor gives a cheer,
 'Till his expected prize begins to fly,
 Close to the shore the spaniel let them fail,
 And rush'd into the lake when they turn'd tail,
 Snorting and snoring ;
 Pursuing them with all his force,
 Swearing and roaring
 'Till he was hoarse ;
 He turn'd and veer'd,
 Now made a stretch, and then a tack ;
 Now snapp'd, and now they disappear'd,
 And rose again a long way back :
 'Till the poor spiritless exhausted brute
 Was forc'd to give up the pursuit.
 And as the French to Toulon ran,
 And left the Spaniards in a scrape,
 The moment that the fray began
 The swan made her escape.
 Quite out of reach,
 A roan duck on the beach,
 Under a shed,
 Consider'd the whole scene with wonder,

Just

Just like Caligula under the bed,
Studying the cause of lightning and thunder.

As the victorious crew pass'd by in order,

He made them an oration ;

The roan duck being the recorder,

Or burgomaster of the corporation.

Leave your abandon'd lives,

Roving like pirates and Jews,

Come hither with your children and wives,

And settle peaceably in our mews.

We'll take you without any fuss,

Here we have neither law nor code,

You're only tied to copy us,

And go by custom and the mode ;

You shall be fashionably dress'd,

Protected, treated, and carefs'd,

A friseur, with an instrument of steel,

Shall shape your wings and your toupee,

Make them fit perfectly genteel,

Easy and free.

As to the rest, you may gather from my looks

Whether the air is good,

And whether we have wholesome food,

Or tolerable cooks.

Peace, wretch, the chieftain of the ducks replied,

Nor with thy venal breath offend the brave,

Freedom is as much our pride,

As 'tis thine to be a slave.

We neither injure nor provoke ;
 We neither fear great nor small,
 Because we scorn to yield to any yoke,
 We are hated by them all.
 From pole to pole pursued,
 From pole to pole,
 Our enemies have every soul
 Been baffled and subdued.
 Lords of three elements, we can maintain
 Our freedom and possessions,
 With the same ease that we disdain
 Thy offers, and insidious professions.
 In our own virtue we confide,
 On others how can we rely ?
 When fear or hope, envy or pride,
 May turn a friend into a false ally.
 Those who depend on others ;
 Whether on males or females they depend,
 Will find the swan has many brothers,
 And sisters without end.

THE

THE ADVICE OF AN OLD SPANIEL.

A Certain dog of middling birth,
 Frolicksome and full of play :
 Even in the height of all his mirth,
 Delicate, as well as gay :
 With far more feeling for his friend,
 Than they could either taste or comprehend. —
 Being thrown into the world betimes,
 Betimes discover'd it was all a cheat,
 Yet not so dangerous for odious crimes,
 As odious for malice and deceit,
 Oft, when he meant to have amus'd
 His friends with a conceit, or harmless jest,
 By many he was snarl'd at and abus'd,
 And slighted even by the best.
 Oft, when half-starv'd, he found a bone,
 Or something hid,
 Instead of eating it alone,
 As others did,
 He ran to share his daily bread,
 Unfought ;
 With those that were much better fed
 Than taught,
 His daily bread they seiz'd ;
 And drove him from their mess,
 More disappointed and displeas'd
 With their ingratitude than his distress.

It is a maxim amongst dogs,
 When they have the address and skill,
 To slip their collars and their clogs,
 And leave their friends that use them ill.
 To avoid anxiety and strife
 Tray was resolv'd to try a country life.
 A country dog, I think,
 Is exactly like a country squire,
 They both are only fit to sleep and stink
 By their own fire,
 And when awake are only good
 To yelp and halloo in a wood.
 Their joys,
 And conversation are the same,
 'Tis all a clamour and a noise,
 And all the noise and clamour about game.
 Three words compose their whole vocabulary,
 A fox, a hare, and a fine scenting day,
 Whether they are serious or merry,
 'Tis all they have to say :
 In short they never are so entertaining,
 As when they're fast asleep, or feigning.
 To quit such friends as these,
 One would not grieve,
 Tray parted from them with great ease,
 Without so much as taking leave,

Consults

Consults his grandfire, by profession,
 A spaniel ;
 For judgment and discretion,
 A perfect Daniel.
 Benign and mild ;
 He heard his grandson's grievances, and smil'd.
 Grandson, said he, I do conceive,
 If you had known the world, and how things go,
 But half as much as you believe ;
 Which is twice as much as I believe you know ;
 You would not have complain'd,
 That dogs behave to one another,
 When they are unchain'd,
 Like every creature to his brother.
 Say, dupe of a rash confidence and trust,
 If you lie open and unguarded,
 Is it not just,
 That vigilance should be rewarded ?
 'Twas neither Nature's call,
 Nor my instruction,
 To trust your friends at all ;
 Much less, to trust them to your own destruction :
 A painful and severe attention,
 Is but a necessary fence,
 To every dog of sense,
 Against deceit and circumvention,

A

A talk from which you hop'd to be reliev'd
 By trusting to your friends :
 You are deceiv'd,
 Acting as much as they for your own ends,
 All the world knows,
 That friendship's a meer sound ;
 A sound that hardly can impose
 Upon a puppy hound.
 Nature is not to blame,
 Flatter'd by cunning, indolence invented
 That foolish name,
 By which so many fools are circumvented.
 Happiness you'll seldom find,
 Unless you learn
 To have no weighty interest, or concern,
 With those of your own kind.
 Unless you learn, (if it is not too late)
 That they are neither worth your love nor hate.

A

A PRESENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH
A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

BY ———.

FELLOW OF ——— CAMBRIDGE.

TO please the Fair, what different ways
Each lover acts his part ;
One tenders snuff, another praise,
A toothpick, or a heart !

Alike they all, to gain their end,
Peculiar arts disclose ;
While I, submissive, only send
An humble pair of hose.

Long may they guard, from cold and harm,
The snowy limbs that wear 'em,
And kindly lend their influence warm
To every thing that's near 'em.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
Nor move your indignation,
If I a little partial seem'd
In gifts or commendation :

Each

Each fair perfection to display
 Would far exceed my charter,
 My humble Muse must never stray
 Above the knee or garter.

And who did e'er a subject view
 So worthy to be prais'd,
 Or from so fair foundation knew
 So fine a structure rais'd ?

Thou learned leach, sage Kember, say,
 (In spite of drugs and plaisters)
 You who can talk the live-long day
 Of buildings and pilasters :

You who for hours have rov'd about
 Thro' halls and colonades,
 And scarce would deign to tread on aught
 But arches and arcades :

Did you, in all your mazy rounds,
 Two nobler pillars view ?
 What yielding marble ere was found
 So exquisitely true ?

The swelling dome, with stately show,
 May many fancies please,
 I view content what lies below
 The cornice of the frieze :

The lovely twins, so white so round,
 That bear the noble pile,
 Must soon proceed from Venus' mound,
 Or from Cythera's isle.

Propitious Fates preserve them safe,
 And keep them close together,
 And grant they may the malice brave
 Of man as well as weather.

From luckless love, or rancour base,
 May never harm attend 'em,
 And grant, whatever be the case,
 That I may still defend 'em.

By gentle, generous love, 'tis true,
 They never can miscarry,
 No ill can come, no loss ensue
 From honest, harmless Harry.

But should a knight of greater heat
 Precipitate invade,
 Believe me, Bell, they then may need
 Some seasonable aid.

O may I ready be at hand
 From every harm to screen 'em,
 Then, Samson-like, I'll take my stand,
 And live, or die between 'em.

THE COPPER FARTHING.

BY MRS. PENNINGTON. *

HAppy the boy, who dwells remote from school,
 Whose pocket or whose rattling box contains
 A copper farthing! he nor grieving hears
 Hot cheefe-cakes cried, nor savoury mutton-pies;
 But with his play-mates, in the dusk of eve, [hies;
 To well-known blacksmith's shop, or churchyard
 Where, mindful of the sport that joys his heart,
 Marbles or chuck, he instantly begins,
 With undissembled pleasure in his face,
 To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump:
 While I, confin'd within the hated walls
 Of school, resounding with a clamorous din,
 By still more hated books environ'd, I,
 With tedious lessons and long task to get,
 My dismal thoughts employ; or wield my pen
 To mark dire characters on paper white:
 Not blunter pen or stranger character
 Uses the sage, a chiromancer hight,
 Sprung from Egyptian king, and swarthy race,
 Amenophis or Ptolemy, when he,
 In search of stolen calf, or money lost,

* See her character in Poet. Cal. vol. 7. p. 30.

For

For wondering ploughman does his art employ ;
 Or for the wish'd return of sweet-heart dear,
 Or apron fine, purloin'd from hawthorn hedge,
 For country-maid consults directing stars,
 Gemini, Taurus, or chill Capricorn.

Thus while my lingering hours I joyless spend,
 With magisterial look, and solemn step,
 Appears my schoolmaster, tremendous wight,
 Dreaded by truant boys ; how can I 'scape
 'Th' expected punishment for task ungot ?
 Aghast I stand, nor fly to covert bench,
 Or corner dark, to hide my hapless head ;
 So great my terror, that it quite bereaves
 My limbs the power to fly ; slow he ascends
 Th' appointed seat, and on his right-hand lies
 The bushy rod, compos'd of numerous twigs,
 Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow,
 Which to the flesh of idle boys portends,
 For the neglected task, a poignant smart ;
 And with him comes another mighty elf,
 Yclep'd an usher ; ah terrific name
 To lesser wights ! who, if they haply place
 In station wrong, pronoun or participle,
 Strait, by the magic of his voice, are rais'd
 In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
 Where they, reluctant, various torments bear,
 'Till by their dolorous complaints, that pierce the skies,
 They draw kind Pity, moist-eyed Goddess, down,

To heal, with balm of sympathy, their woe.
 Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
 For, when ye wot not, much he marks your ways,
 And in his mind revolves disastrous deeds
 Against th' unwary wretch. So story tells,
 That chanticleer, on dunghill's top elate,
 With haughty step, and watchful eye askance,
 Each tiny prominence he views, where haply he
 May find conceal'd delicious grub or worm,
 To which his maw insatiate forebodes
 Certain destruction, while behind or bush
 Or pale, encompassing the farmer's yard,
 Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty wile
 'T' ensnare the feather'd race, who, if they stray
 Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
 He strait purloins them from her careful wing,
 With his sharp teeth torments their tender frame,
 And with the crimson gore distains their sides,
 Relentless; nor can all the piercing cries
 Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unfledg'd,
 His heart obdurate move; instant he tears
 Each trembling limb, devours the quivering flesh,
 Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feast,
 Save a few fluttering feathers scatter'd round,
 (That, with their varied plumage, whilom deck'd
 'The slaughter'd prey) to tell the hapless tale.

Thus

Thus joyless do I spend those hours the sun
 Illuminates; and when the silver moon
 Her gentle ray dispenses, and invites
 The swains and maids to mix in jovial dance,
 Around the towering may-poles of the green,
 Where each gay ploughman does his partner chuse
 As love or fate directs; or o'er the lawn
 The needle thread, or tofs the bounding ball,
 All cheerless I, nor dance nor pleasing sport,
 Nor social mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale,
 Partake; but, on her drooping raven wing,
 Sad melancholy hovers o'er my head,
 Pale envy rankles deep within my breast,
 And baneful venom sheds. Grim horror too
 Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
 With tales of gliding sprites, in milk-white shrouds
 Array'd, and rattling chains and yelling ghosts
 Irascible! or Fancy, mimic queen,
 To swift imagination's eye presents
 A group of tiny elves, in circling dance,
 Or luscious feast employ'd; such elves as danc'd
 When Oberon did fair Titania wed;
 While I, in wishes impotent and vain,
 For liberty, dear object of my hopes,
 The tedious moments spend; or if, perchance,
 Morpheus invok'd, my heavy eyelids close,

Dear liberty still haunts my sleeping thoughts,
 And in a short-liv'd dream those joys I taste,
 Which waking are denied ; and beat the hoop
 With dexterous hand, or run with feet as swift
 As feather'd arrow flies from archer's bow ;
 'Till, from my slumber wak'd, too soon I find
 It was illusion all, and mockery vain.

Thus, comfortless, appall'd, forlorn, I pass
 The tardy hours; nor of those viands taste,
 Which are on other boys full oft bestow'd
 In plenteous manner, by the liberal hand
 Of friend indulgent; apple-pye, or tart,
 Or trembling custard of delicious gout,
 Or frothy syllabub in copious bowl :
 Hard fate for me ! yet harder still betides
 Me, hapless youth ! my faithful top, that oft
 Has cheer'd my drooping spirits, and reviv'd
 My saddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement
 It spins, and sleeps, and to its master's hand [smooth
 Does ample justice, now, alas ! become
 To all the rude inclemencies of weather,
 To time and destiny's relentless doom
 A miserable victim, quite decay'd
 With many services, and cleft throughout,
 All useless lies ; ah ! sight of saddest woe
 To wretched me, of every hope bereft,

Of

:

Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch,
Who near or Ætna or Vesuvius dwells,
Beholds the sulphurous flames, the molten rocks,
And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet,
'Till, with a horrid yawn, it opens wide
Before his eyes, all glaring with affright ;
Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, house,
With all his soul held dear, his lovely wife,
And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come ;
All, all are lost, in ruin terrible !

NEW-MARKET. A SATIRE.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
 Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
 Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
 Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
 Of each fond frolic what the source and end,
 His sole and first ambition what? — to spend.

Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks most dainty dupes,
 Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in soups.
 This coxcomb doats on fiddlers, till he sees
 His mortgag'd mountains destitute of trees;
 Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can move,
 With mightier force than those of Greece, the grove.
 In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
 Marmoreo from the classic tour returns;
 So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh —
 He cares not — if his * Cæsars be but safe.
 Some tread the slippery paths of love's delights,
 These deal the cards, or shake the box at White's.
 To different pleasures different tastes incline,
 Nor the same sea receives the rushing swine.
 Tho' drunk alike with Circe's poisonous bowl,
 In separate sties the mimic monsters roll.

* Antique medals.

But

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
 How best ye may disgrace your prudent fires ;
 How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
 Be damn'd at once to ruin — and to fame ;
 By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
 O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground !
 Where fam'd New-Market spreads her tempting
 There let the chosen steed victorious strain ; [plain,
 Where not * (as erst was sung in manly lays)
 Men fly to different ends thro' different ways ;
 Thro' the same path, to the same gaol ye run,
 And are, at once, undoing and undone.
 Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and estate,
 Lose all at once — for what ? — to win the plate :
 All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
 To your own beasts, Actæon-like, a prey.

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
 When the good knight at last retir'd to rest !
 Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
 Each pleasing prospect of the spacious Park :
 That Park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
 Those beauties less the work of art than age ;

* Alluding to those well-known lines of Sir John Denham,
 in Cooper's Hill, on London.

“ — Thro' several ways they run,

“ Some to undo, and some to be undone.”

In simple state, where genuine Nature wears
 Her venerable drefs of antient years ;
 Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
 The rude, the gay, the graceful and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
 And form dark groves, which Druids might adore ;
 Pride and support of Britain's conquering crofs,
 Which distant ancestors saw crown'd with mofs :
 With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
 Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green :
 'There the full stream, thro' intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
 Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.
 And see the good old feat, whose Gothic towers
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers ;
 Whose rafter'd hall the crouding tenants fed,
 And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread :
 Where garter'd knights, with peerless beauties
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd ; { join'd,
 Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral * masque.

But

* It was a fashionable practice among our antient nobility and gentry, of both sexes, to perform ; especially in entertainments

But vain all antient praise, or boast of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
 Hilario bets — Park, house dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung, high trophied rooms
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies.
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or player.
 At length, the scorn, the shame of Man and God,
 Is deem'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.
 Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the lifted plain !

ments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or
 rational method of spending an evening than this. Milton's
 Comus was thus exhibited at Ludlow-Castle, in the year 1631.
 See Ben Johnson's Masques.

Not

Not more fantastic * Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magic horse,
 He pierc'd heaven's opening spheres with dazzled
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies. [eyes,
 Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed,
 Of young adventurers, on the Muse's steed ;
 For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
 And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, soft son of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus had eat firloins in peace :
 Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toils or wife,
 The mild October of a rural life :
 Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
 Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaff, thy palms, Portmore,
 Tempt him to rein the steed, and stake his store.
 Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
 Amid the lists our hero takes his stand ;
 Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes that witness huge dismay ;
 When lo ! the chance of one unlucky heat,
 Strips him of game, strong beer, and sweet retreat.
 How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.—

* Clavileno. See Don Quixote.

The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with dullness, and with hunger curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold;
 (For some perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough, by a lucky bet,)
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern Phaetons usurp the reins,
 And scour in rival race New-Market's plains.
 See side by side, the Jockey and Sir John,
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
 For oh, my Muse, the deep-felt bliss how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!

See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy Members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
 "Is Bedlam or the Commons all broke loose?"
 Such noise and nonsense, betting, damning, sinking,
 Such emphasis of oaths, and claret-drinking!
 Like school-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
 Proud from a well-bred thing to risque their necks.
 The warrior's scar not half so graceful seems,
 As, at New-Market, dislocated limbs.

Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:

With

With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide :
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate,
 Guide the nice conduct of a daring match, [watch.
 And o'er th' equestrian rights, with care paternal,
 Mean time, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise :
 No more in Senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause :
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but New-Market's * Stand.

Are these the sage directive powers design'd,
 With the nice search of a sagacious mind,
 In judgment's scales, the fate of realms to weigh,
 Britannia's interest, trade, and laws survey ?
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are cross'd,
 Or when a nation, or a match is lost ?
 Who dams and fires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's kings the sacred race :
 Think London journies are the worst of ills,
 And set their hands to articles for bills :

* A kind of scaffold, where is held a consistory, made up of several very eminent gentlemen, for determining doubtful cases in the race, &c. This place might not improperly be called, a Pandæmonium.

Strangers

Strangers to all historians sage relate,
 Their's are the memoirs of th' equestrian state :
 Unskill'd in Albion's past and present views,
 Who * Cheny's records for Rapin peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge ;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs ;
 See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad :
 Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide, with equal reins, a Steed and State.

How would a virtuous † Houhnhym neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein ;
 Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
 And robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each fordid toil of servile life.
 Yet oh, what rage would touch his generous mind,
 To see his sons of more than mortal kind ;
 A kind, with each ingenuous virtue blest,
 That fills the prudent head, or valorous breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race ;

* The accurate and annual author of an historical list of
 the running-horses, &c.

† Vide Gulliver's travels, voyage to the Houhnhym.

In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo-'squire.

How are th' adventurers of the British race
Chang'd from the chosen chiefs of antient days ;
Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honest thirst,
Divinely labour'd in the Pythian dust.
Theirs was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
Theirs was the Theban bard's recording song.
Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
Slaves to each vulgar vice that stains the mind,
Our British Therons issue to the race,
Of their own generous courfers the disgrace.
What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds,
They won no bets — but then they soar'd to gods ;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all the united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece ! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy solemn scenes, and awful visions rise,
In antient grace, before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While sage Lycurgus pours the mild harangue ;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her * fated Hero's flashing spear.
Here, hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureat walks of sweet Iliffus spring :

* Leonidas.

And

And lo where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe. —

Yet ah! no more the feat of art and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms,
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Gothic rage,
Has blasted all the bays of antient age;
No more her groves by sacred feet are trod,
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fallen is fair Greece! by luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivall'd Græcia's praise,
Great Nurse of works divine! yet oh! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my Country, share.
Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henry's rear,
With Spartan fortitude, the British spear;
Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed,
Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

A R E F L E C T I O N

ON SEEING THAT EXCELLENT PICTURE OF BELISARIUS, DRAWN BY VANDYKE.

POor, blind, and old, see! Belisarius led
 An alms to ask of those his bounty fed:
 Whom he defended, by his lord beknave'd;
 And circumvented by the wretch he fav'd!
 Do such things startle you? rash thoughts suspend,
 Judge not appearances, but mark the end.
 What if the present is alone reveal'd,
 And all beyond it prudently conceal'd;
 What if the clue, when life's last thread is spun,
 Should to a farther, more extensive, run;
 If here varieties disorders seem,
 Hereafter make a more consistent scheme;
 Why inequalities confusion call?
 'Tis providence in nature, God in all;
 * This shows the value of all earthly things,
 A great man's favours, or the smiles of kings;
 On fortune's slippery ground, who stand elate,
 This day the marks of love, the next of hate.

* The picture.

THE

THE HERTFORDSHIRE GROVE.

BY J. D.

When evening gales allay the summer's heat,
 With pleasure I repair to this retreat, [bleat:
 While birds around me sing, and flocks around me

They who retirement love this grove revere,
 On every side hills crown'd with woods appear,
 There venerable elms, majestic beeches here.

Hark! how the feather'd choir their notes prolong!
 The mournful thrush bewails her captive young,
 And Philomela bears the burden of the song.

The joyful shepherds, whistling, home repair,
 Horses and steers th' approach of night declare,
 For shepherds, horses, steers, their daily tasks forbear.

See where the hare just ventures out to graze,
 Cautious each hedge and thicket she surveys,
 And thro' the brakes and meadows timorously strays!

Here Contemplation dwells with look serene,
 Here dwells Content, that enemy to spleen,
 And oft by poets here the tuneful Nine are seen.

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F

Ye

Ye silent, venerable glades, all hail!
 Where sweets of blossom'd limes the smell regale,
 Where beauty on each side and dignity prevail.

But hark! the crickets chirp, and warn my Muse
 To quit these solemn shades: fresh fall the dews,
 And glow-worms o'er the lawn a glimmering light
 diffuse.

THE MIDDLESEX GARDEN.

TO MISS H—. IN KENT.

BY THE SAME.

ON a clear fountain's shady brink,
 Where flowers spontaneous grow,
 Pleas'd I peruse your lines, and think
 Of you and B—chb—h.

Imagination for my guide,
 On Fancy's wings I soar,
 And in your verse I seem "to ride
 " Along th' enamell'd shore."

My rhymes, by your example led,
 I once again renew:
 How can my Muse refrain to tread
 The path explor'd by you!

The beauties of the scenes in sight
 She tempts me to rehearse ;
 The beauties of these scenes invite
 The culture of my verse.

Where'er I turn my eyes around
 Unnumber'd charms I view ;
 Here trees with fruits delicious crown'd,
 There flowers of various hue.

A fountain here invites repose,
 And, waving over head,
 Tall firs, in venerable rows,
 Afford a chequer'd shade.

Behold the ivy and the vine
 Together interwove ;
 See fragrant honey-suckles twine
 To form a rich alcove !

The charms of Nature and of Art
 United here we see ;
 Order appears in every part,
 Mix'd with Variety.

Neatness in white apparel here,
 And Delicacy dwell ;
 The notes of birds regale my ear,
 The sweets of flowers my smell.

The leaves and grafs appear fo green,
 The birds fo blithely fing,
 That I can scarce difcern between
 The autumn and the fpring.

But foon will winter ftrip the woods,
 And frow with leaves the ground,
 And foon in icy chains the floods
 By winter will be bound.

And hark! even now the winds advife
 Thefe shady banks to fhun;
 Then ceafe, my Mufe, quick let us rife,
 And bask in open fun.

KEN-

KENSINGTON GARDENS. A PASTORAL.

BY THE SAME.

When now the spring had burst, with genial
 power,
 Each rosy bud, and open'd every flower,
 Thrown his green mantle on the fields and woods,
 And brush'd, with balmy gales, the curling floods,
 Scarce had the sun dispers'd, with early ray,
 The shades of night, and shed the dawn of day,
 Scarce had the flocks their dew-dipt fleeces dried,
 Or silent anglers reach'd the glassy tide,
 When to those bowers, which oft a monarch's care
 With Britain's bliss, and Europe's ballance share,
 To Kensington's fair bowers, by Love inspir'd,
 With lonely step a pensive swain retir'd,
 While the blithe bullfinch tun'd his mellow lay,
 And the shrill blackbird whistled from the spray.

O for that Muse which first, in nervous strains,
 Display'd the splendor of these fairy plains,
 Where, by the moon, the dancing Fays were seen,
 And royal Kenna glimmer'd on the green,
 Eugenia then with equal charms should shine,
 And Tickell's Kensington should yield to mine,
 While, in a brake conceal'd, I now disclose
 What there I heard, and tell the shepherd's woes.

“ Ah! what avails it me that Nature spreads
 “ Ambrosial fragrance o’er the verdant meads,
 “ That from each bush melodious murmurs fly,
 “ And soft aerial music fills the sky!
 “ Nature, in vain your fragrant flowers you spread,
 “ In vain your songsters warble o’er my head,
 “ Nor flowers my eye, nor music charms my ear,
 “ Not Eden’s self can please ’till Eve appear.
 “ Blest with Eugenia, were I doom’d to seek
 “ The barren hills of Scotland or the Peak,
 “ By Fortune’s frown to dreary deserts sent,
 “ The Fells of Westmorland, or Wealds of Kent,
 “ Even Fortune’s frown her presence would beguile,
 “ And make bleak hills and dreary deserts smile,
 “ Invest each barren plain with bloomy pride,
 “ And give those charms which Nature has denied.
 “ But far from her I seek these lonely bowers,
 “ And sooth with rural tasks the tedious hours;
 “ Pluck the pale primrose from its velvet bed,
 “ Or stray where cowslips hang the dewy head,
 “ And, pensive, listen to the rustic lay
 “ Of jocund mowers chanting o’er their hay:
 “ Now, wrapt in thought, and lost in devious shades,
 “ With tuneful bards I court th’inspiring Maids;
 “ With Thomson thro’ each varying season rove,
 “ Or mourn with Lyttelton in Hagley’s grove;
 “ Yet even their numbers my distress renew,
 “ In Lucy my Eugenia’s mind I view,

“ Or

“ Or in Lavinia’s blushing beauties trace
 “ The glowing charms that deck her polish’d face,
 “ And must these glowing charms, I sighing cry,
 “ Still be reveal’d alone to fancy’s eye?
 “ Now, pleas’d, I listen to the feather’d throng,
 “ While Love inspires, and Nature tunes the song:
 “ The lark, sweet leader of the glossy train,
 “ Tells his shrill tale of love, nor tells in vain;
 “ Hoarse thro’ the wood the turtle strains her throat,
 “ And cooes responsive to the ring-dove’s note;
 “ While the blithe linnet, in yon hawthorn-spray,
 “ Delighted twitters her ecstatic lay:
 “ To this soft theme each rising morn attends,
 “ And evening hears it when her dew descends:
 “ And can Eugenia, whom all charms adorn,
 “ As evening mild, unclouded as the morn,
 “ Sweet as the lark, high-pois’d in early air,
 “ And as the linnet’s downy plumage fair,
 “ Can she her lover still regardless view,
 “ Nor crown a passion like the turtle’s true?
 “ Oft to these plains enamour’d I retire,
 “ Where thy proud turrets, Holland-House, aspire,
 “ Where Addison, with courtly Warwick, stray’d,
 “ Or with his Tickell moraliz’d the shade:
 “ Here, on the prospect gazing with delight, [sight;
 “ Hills, woods, and vallies, strain my wondering
 “ Here, tipt with gold, the glittering villas rise,
 “ There, lost in smoke, they mingle with the skies:

" But short the pleasure which these plains attends,
 " Vain the delight which even this prospect lends ;
 " Birth, riches, grandeur, with contempt I view,
 " And wisdom, goodness, truth alone pursue ;
 " I boast a love whose flame these objects guide,
 " Nor envy Addison his titled bride ;
 " And undelighted all this landscape see,
 " While every thought, Eugenia, turns on thee,
 " And no kind vista points the fair retreat,
 " Where all these virtues now have fix'd their seat.
 " But see ! the lightning's momentary gleam
 " Darts thro' the trees, and glimmers on the stream,
 " And distant thunders, with an ample growl,
 " From themes of love and sorrow rouse my soul.
 " Then cease, fond swain ! for hark ! even now above
 " Heard is your sorrow, and approv'd your love ;
 " The sympathizing clouds condole your pain,
 " With you they murmur, and with you complain ;
 " The soothing breezes to your sighs reply,
 " And pitying drops soft trickle from the sky.
 " Then fly, fond shepherd, from this gloomy grove,
 " And seek the covert of yon close alcove ;
 " There, from all storms, a shelter you may find,
 " But Love, that raging tempest of the mind."

FARE-

FAREWELL TO HOPE. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

Hope, sweetest child of Fancy born,
 Tho' transient as the dew of morn,
 Thou who canst charm, with sound and light,
 The deafen'd ear, and darken'd sight,
 And in dry deserts glad the swains
 With bubbling springs, and cultur'd plains;
 No more invent thy airy schemes,
 Nor mock me with fantastic dreams;
 No more thy flattering stories tell,
 Deceitful prattler, Hope, farewell!

Adieu the pleasing prospect, plann'd
 By Fancy's fair delusive hand!
 No more that momentary ray,
 Which gilds by fits a showery day,
 Shall show me, in a distant grove,
 Health, friendship, peace, content and love;
 While many a nymph, and many a youth,
 By Hymen join'd, and crown'd by Truth,
 On verdant hillocks danc'd and play'd,
 Or warbled in the hawthorn shade.

No more, with sweet endearing talk,
 Shalt thou beguile my vernal walk;

No

No more, as thro' the wintry vale,
 We journey on, with many a tale
 Of fancied pleasure, cheer the day,
 And strow with flowers the rugged way,
 Still pointing to that rural cell
 Where Innocence and Stella dwell ;
 Charm with the bubbling of a rill,
 That gushes from the neighbouring hill.

O let me now in silence rove
 Thro' yon sequester'd cypress grove,
 Where, crown'd with leaves of baleful yew,
 And circled by a Stygian crew,
 (When, from the ivy-mantled tower,
 The cock proclaims the midnight hour)
 Pale Melancholy takes her round,
 And o'er the mouldering, hallow'd ground
 Where lovers lie, desponding stands,
 And, dumb with pity, wrings her hands.

While thus, with gloomy thought oppress'd,
 Heart-piercing sorrow heav'd my breast,
 A heavenly form swift gliding by,
 With healing comfort in her eye,
 A look of winning softness cast,
 And thus address me as she pass'd :
 " Mortal, be wise ! and, even in death,
 " Let Hope receive thy parting breath !
 " Securely trust my guardian care,
 " And, led by Reason, shun Despair."

ON A LADY'S SENDING THE AUTHOR
A RIBBON FOR HIS WATCH.

BY THE SAME.

NO fabled knight, in days of yore,
A trophy with more pleasure wore,
Or flowery chaplet in a grove
By some distinguish'd damsel wove,
To grace the warrior's shield decreed,
Or swell the trappings of his steed,
Nor Fielding's * Hero, at the sight
Of Sophy's name, felt more delight,
Or more rejoic'd the muff survey'd,
Which on her arm the Fair display'd,
Than I this ribbon, form'd to deck,
With jetty pride, Narcissa's neck.

Instruction too this gift attends,
For even the least a moral lends;
The smallest insect of a day,
That only flutters to decay,
May bring important truths to view,
And teach us that we're mortal too.
When-e'er I turn my curious eye,
To see how swift the minutes fly,

* Tom Jones, then just published.

Strait

Strait will your lov'd idea rise,
 And bid me those swift minutes prize.
 Thus warn'd, your conduct I'll pursue,
 And own my Guide and Genius you,
 Who ne'er neglect the present hour,
 But snatch the moments in your power,
 And, as the Sister Arts inspire,
 The pencil dip, or string the lyre,
 Or, pleas'd, the vacant mind unbend
 In converse with a learned friend,
 Conscious that time flies fast away,
 Nor can your worth prolong its stay,
 Thus if I learn, my Fair, from you,
 Whene'er this jettty string I view,
 Wisely the minutes to enjoy,
 And in improving arts employ,
 Much by this ribbon I shall gain,
 And you'll not think it given in vain.

ON SEEING CAPT. CORNWALL'S

MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

BY THE SAME.

THU' Britain's Genius hung his drooping head,
 And mourn'd her antient naval glory fled,
 On that fam'd day when France, combin'd with
 Strove for the wide dominion of the main, [Spain,
 Yet, Cornwall, all, with grateful voice, agree
 To pay the tribute of applause to thee :
 When his bold chief, in thickest fight engag'd,
 Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
 With indignation mov'd, he timely came
 To rescue from reproach his country's fame ;
 Success too dearly did his valour crown,
 He sav'd his leader's life — and lost his own.
 Her warlike son Britannia thus repays,
 That latest times may learn the Hero's praise,
 And chiefs, like him, shall unrepining bleed,
 When Senates thus reward the glorious deed.

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO AMALASONT,
QUEEN OF THE GOTHS.

A MS. TRAGEDY BY MR. HUGHES.

BY THE SAME.

OFT have the Chiefs, that deck the letter'd age
Of Greece and Rome, adorn'd the British stage;
To-night, majestic in distress, is seen
A brave, a generous, tho' a Gothic queen;
Who strove to polish with each milder grace,
And soften into men that savage race.
Rever'd at home, abroad with conquest crown'd,
A foe more dangerous in her court she found;
For Love, that tyrant, whose despotic sway
Alike the cottage and the throne obey,
With the bright lustre of a Hero's charms,
By stealth her soft, unguarded bosom warms;
Each answering heart in silken fetters binds,
And forms that tender sympathy of minds,
Which lovers only feel; that source of joy,
Which nought but jealousy can e'er destroy.

So far'd the Heroine, whose untutor'd bands
Struck terror into distant, polish'd lands;
Unskill'd in arts refining to enslave,
• Tho' plain their habits, yet their hearts were brave;
They

They learn'd one science only, — to subdue,
 Nor softer music than the trumpet knew ;
 And these, while Rome, to luxury a prey,
 In sloth and folly languish'd life away,
 Swift as a mountain-torrent, rushing forth
 From the bleak caverns of their native North,
 Chas'd learning's votaries from their classic plains,
 And bound the rulers of the world in chains.

Britons, by such examples warn'd, beware,
 Nor share their vices, lest their fate ye share :
 'Twas luxury fore-ran the Grecian doom,
 'Twas luxury that min'd the walls of Rome ;
 The servile state of those fam'd empires view,
 But think, O think, they once resembled you.

E P I G R A M S.

BY THE SAME.

IN soft Narcissa's form united shine
 Such female ease, and majesty divine,
 That each beholder must with awe declare
 Apelles' Venus was not half so fair :
 But when the stores of judgment, wit, and sense,
 Her lips with graceful modesty dispense,
 Each hearer owns, with pleasure and surprize,
 That Homer's Pallas was not half so wise.
 These different charms such different passions move,
 Who sees must reverence, but who hears must love.

ON

O N A L A D Y ' S

HURTING HER HAND WITH THE AUTHOR'S
SWORD.

A Fate like mine, as poets sing,
The son of Tydeus found,
Who durst on Beauty's Queen inflict
A sacrilegious wound.

But deeper is the wound I feel,
And keener is the smart,
Since Venus' self must own the hand
Less tender than the heart.

O N T H E T W O N A V A L V I C T O R I E S

O F M D C C L I X .

What wonders brave Hawke and Boscawen
have done!
The one burnt the Ocean, the other the Sun.*

* The French admiral's ships, so called.

THE

HORACE, SAT. VII. BOOK II. IMITATED.

BY THE LATE MR. CHRIST. PITT.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS
SERVANT.

To enter into the beauties of this satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the feasts of Saturn, wore their masters habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.

P. What knave is that? my rascal!

S. Sir, 'tis I,

No knave, nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.

P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.

S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some for ever,
And some, like Wharton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his shirt;
Roar with the rakes of state a month; and come
To starve another in his hole at home.

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So

So rov'd wild Buckingham, the public jest,
 Now some Innholder's, now a monarch's guest;
 His life and politics of every shape,
 This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
 The gout in every limb from every vice,
 Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
 Some wench for ever; and their sins on those,
 By custom, fit as easy as their cloaths.
 Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
 And in that point are madder than the devil:
 For they——

P. To what will these vile maxims tend?
 And where, sweet fir, will your reflections end?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.

S. You praise low-living, but you live at large.
 Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
 Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
 Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
 But, without business, you're again in town.
 If none invite you, fir, abroad to roam,
 Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home!
 And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
 Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
 From * Encombe, John comes thundering at the
 With "Sir, my master begs you to come o'er, [door,

* The seat of John Pitt, esq. in Dorsetshire.

" To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,
 " Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites."
 Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all.
 " And where, you rascal, are the spurs," you cry ;
 " And O ! what blockhead laid the buskins by ?"
 On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No matter whether on four legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath,
 All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death :
 Wildly thro' Wareham streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the dogs and voters in the town ;
 Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
 That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad.
 And all this furious riding is to prove
 Your high respect, it seems, and eager love :
 And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
 Banks, Shaftesbury, Dodington may fend in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
 And bless the moment that you turn your back.
 As for myself, I own it to your face,
 I love good eating, and I take my glass :
 But sure 'tis strange, dear sir, that this should be
 In you amusement, but a fault in me.
 All this is bare refining on a name,
 To make a difference where the fault's the same.
 My father sold me to your service here,
 For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.

A livery you should wear as well as I,
 And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
 You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,
 Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
 Yourself, good sir, are play'd by your desires,
 A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?

S. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he :
 All else are slaves alike, the world around,
 Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground :
 He, sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
 And (greater still) is master of himself :
 Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the interests of the world :
 And while that world turns round, entire and whole
 He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul ;
 In every turn of fortune still the same,
 As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame :
 Collected in himself, with godlike pride,
 He sees the darts of envy glance aside ;
 And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempests blow,
 Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
 One such you know, a layman, to your shame,
 And yet the honour of your blood and name.
 If you can such a character maintain,
 You too are free, and I'm your slave again.

But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,
 More than myself, to see two drunkards fight ;

“ Fool,

“ Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead,” or such names are mine :

“ Your’s are “ a Connoisseur,” or “ Deep Divine.”

I’m chid for loving a luxurious bit,

The sacred prize of learning, worth and wit :

And yet some sell their lands these bits to buy ;

Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury ?

I’m chid, ’tis true ; but then I pawn no plate,

I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.

Besides, high living, sir, must wear you out

With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.

By some new pleasures are you still engros’d,

And when you save an hour, you think it lost.

To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,

And like all company, except your own.

You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme :

Why ? — but to banish thought, and murder time.

And yet that thought, which you discharge in vain,

Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone, —

S. For what ?

P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun :

I’ll shoot the dog.

S. Lord ! who would be a wit ?

He’s in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork ;
For once I’ll set your lazy bones to work.

Fly, or I’ll send you back, without a groat,

To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.

HORACE, EPIST. IV. BOOK I. IMITATED.

BY THE SAME HAND.

TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

— To all my trifles you attend,
 But drop the critic to indulge the friend ;
 And with most Christian patience lose your time,
 To hear me preach, or pester you with rhyme.
 Here with my books or friends I spend the day,
 But how at Kingston pass your hours away ?
 Say, shall we see some plan with ravish'd eyes,
 Some future pile in miniature arise ?
 (A model to excel, in every part,
 Judicious Jones, or great Palladio's art ;)
 Or some new bill, that, when the house is met,
 Shall claim their thanks, and pay the nation's debt ?
 Or do you study, in the silent wood,
 The sacred duties of the wife and good ?
 Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the whole
 With a strong body, and as firm a soul :
 The praise is your's to finish every part
 With all th' embellishments of taste and art.
 Some see, in canker'd heaps, their riches roll'd,
 Your bounty gives new splendor to your gold.

Could

Could your dead father hope a greater bliss,
 Or your surviving parent more than this ?
 Than such a son—a lover of the laws,
 And ever true to honour's glorious cause ;
 Who scorns all parties, tho' by parties fought ;
 Who greatly thinks, and truly speaks his thought,
 With all the chaste severity of sense,
 Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence.
 So, in his youth, great Cato was rever'd,
 By Pompey courted, and by Cæsar fear'd ;
 Both he disdain'd alike with godlike pride ;
 For Rome and Liberty he liv'd—and died !
 In each perfection as you rise so fast,
 Well may you think each day may be your last :
 Uncommon worth is still with fate at strife,
 Still inconsistent with a length of life.
 The future time is never in your power,
 Then 'tis clear gain to seize the present hour :
 Break from your serious thoughts, and laugh away,
 In Pimpern walls, one idle easy day.
 You'll find your rhyming kinsman well in case,
 For ever fix'd to this delicious place ;
 Tho' not like Lynch with corpulence o'ergrown ;
 For he has twenty cures—and I but one.

HOR. EPIST. XVIII. BOOK I. IMITATED.

BY THE SAME HAND.

TO MR. SPENCE, WHEN TUTOR TO THE EARL
OF MIDDLESEX.

S PENCE, with a friend you pass the hours away
In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay :
You ever differ'd from a flatterer more
Than a chaste lady from a flaunting whore.

'Tis true, you railled every fault you found,
But gently tickled, while you heal'd the wound :
Unlike the paltry poets of the town,
Rogues, who expose themselves for half a crown ;
And still obtrude on every soul they meet
Rudeness for sense, and ribaldry for wit :
Who, tho' half-starv'd, in spite of time and place,
Repeat their rhymes, tho' dinner stays for grace ;
And, as their poverty their dresses fit,
They think of course a sloven is a wit :
But sense (a truth these coxcombs ne'er suspect)
Lies just 'twixt affectation and neglect.

One step still lower, if you can, descend
To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend ;
That moving shade, that pendant at his ear,
That two-legg'd dog, still pawing on the Peer :

Studying

Studying his looks, and, watching at the board,
 He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord ;
 And, tickled to the soul at every joke,
 Like a pres'd watch repeats what t'other spoke :
 Echo to nonsense ! such a scene to hear !
 'Tis just like Punch and his interpreter.

On trifles some are earnestly absurd ;
 You'll think the world depends on every word.
 " What ! is not every mortal free to speak ?
 " I'll give my reasons, tho' I break my neck."
 And what's the question ? if it shines or rains,
 Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Stains ?

The wretch, reduc'd to rags by every vice,
 Pride, projects, races, mistresses, and dice,
 The rich rogue shuns, tho' full as bad as he,
 And knows a quarrel is good husbandry.
 " 'Tis strange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf ;
 " I'm sure, I thought you wiser than myself :"
 Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late ;
 " Retrench, or rather mortgage your estate :
 " I can advance the sum — 'tis best for both —
 " But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth."

A minister, in mere revenge and sport,
 Will give his foe a paltry place at court :
 The dupe, for every royal birth-day, buys
 New horses, coaches, cloaths, and liveries ;
 Plies at the levee ; and, distinguish'd there,
 Lives on the royal whisper for a year.

His

His mistress shines in Brussels and brocade ;
 And now the wretch, ridiculously mad,
 Draws on his banker, mortgages, and fails,
 Then to the country runs away from jails.
 There, ruin'd by the court, he sells a vote
 To the next burghers, as of old he bought ;
 Rubs down the steeds, which once his chariot bore,
 Or sweeps the borough, which he serv'd before.

But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
 Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend :
 Then take advice ; and preach not out of time,
 When good lord Middlesex is bent on rhyme.

Their humour check'd, or inclination crost,
 Sometimes the friendship of the great is lost :
 With innocent amusements still comply,
 Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by :
 For your reward you gain his love, and dine
 On the best venison, and the best French wine.

Never in wine, or wrath, betray your trust ;
 Be silent still, and obstinately just :
 Explore no secrets, draw no characters ;
 For echo will repeat, and walls have ears :
 Nor let a busy fool a secret know ;
 A secret gripes him 'till he lets it go :
 Words are like bullets, and we wish in vain,
 When once discharg'd, to call them back again.

Defend, dear Spence, the honest and the civil,
 But to cry up a rascal—that's the devil.

Who

Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
 At the same time protects and guards his own :
 For as with houses so it fares with names,
 A shed may set a palace all on flames :
 The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
 And mounts at last into a general blaze.
 'Tis a fine thing, some think, a lord to know ;
 I wish his tradesmen could but think so too.
 He gives his word — then all your hopes are gone :
 He gives his honour — then you're quite undone.

Most folks so partial to themselves are grown,
 They hate a temper differing from their own.
 The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
 And formalists pronounce the witty mad :
 The sot, who drinks six bottles in a place,
 Swears at the flinchers who refuse their glafs.
 Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd man,
 Comply with every humour that you can.

Pope will instruct you how to pass away
 Your time like him, and never lose a day ;
 From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
 To all mankind, as to yourself, a friend ;
 And sacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
 To lead a life with morals like his own.

When to delicious Pimpern I retire,
 What greater bliss, my Spence, can I desire ?
 Contented there my easy hours I spend
 With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.

There

There I can live upon my income still,
 Even tho' the house should pass the Quaker's bill :
 Yet to my share should some good prebend fall,
 I think myself of size to fill a stall :
 For life, or health, let heaven my lot assign,
 A firm and even soul shall still be mine.

HOR. EPIST. XIX. BOOK I. IMITATED.

BY THE SAME HAND.

TO MR. LOWTH.

'TIS said, dear sir, no poets please the town,
 Who drink mere water, tho' from Helicon :
 For in cold blood they seldom boldly think ;
 Their rhymes are more insipid than their drink.
 Not great Apollo could the train inspire,
 'Till generous Bacchus help'd to fan the fire :
 Warm'd by two gods at once, they drink and write,
 Rhyme all the day, and tipple all the night.

Homer, says Horace, nods in many a place,
 But hints he nodded oftner o'er the glass.
 Inspir'd with wine old Ennius sung and thought
 With the same spirit that his heroes fought :
 And we from Johnson's tavern-laws divine,
 That Bard was no great enemy to wine.

'Twas

'Twas from the bottle King deriv'd his wit,
 Drank 'till he could not talk, and then he writ.

Let no coif'd serjeant touch the sacred juice,
 But leave it to the bards for better use :
 Let the grave judges too the glafs forbear,
 Who never sing, and dance but once a year.
 This truth once known, the poets take the hint,
 Get drunk or mad, and then get into print :
 To raise their flames indulge the mellow fit,
 And lose their senses in the search of wit :
 And when, with claret fir'd, they take the pen,
 Swear they can write, because they drink like Ben.
 Such mimic Swift or Prior to their cost,
 For, in the rash attempt, the fools are lost.
 When once a genius breaks thro' common rules,
 He leads a herd of imitating fools.
 If Pope, the prince of poets, sick a-bed,
 O'er steaming coffee bends his aching head,
 The fools, in public, o'er the fragrant draught,
 Incline those heads that never ach'd or thought ;
 This must provoke his mirth or his disdain,
 Cure his complaint—or make him sick again.

I too, like them, the poet's path pursue,
 And keep great Flaccus ever in my view ;
 But in a distant view — yet what I write,
 In these loose sheets, must never see the light ;

Epistles

Epistles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
 Things that are born, and die in half an hour.
 "What! you must dedicate," says sneering Spence,
 "This year, some new performance to the prince:
 "Tho' money is your scorn, no doubt, in time,
 "You hope to gain some vacant stall by rhyme;
 "Like other poets, were the truth but known,
 "You too admire whatever is your own."

These wise remarks my modesty confound,
 While the laugh rises, and the mirth goes round;
 Vex'd at the jest, yet glad to shun a fray,
 I whisk into a coach, and drive away.

AN

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, EPIST. X. BOOK I.

BY THE SAME.

HHealth from the bard who loves the rural sport,
 To the more noble bard that haunts the court :
 In every other point of life we chime,
 Like two soft lines when coupled into rhyme.
 I praise a spacious villa to the sky,
 You a close garret full five stories high ;
 I revel here in Nature's varied sweets,
 You in the nobler scents of London streets.
 I left the court, and here, at ease reclin'd,
 Am happier than the king who stay'd behind :
 Twelve stifling dishes I could scarce live o'er,
 At home I dine with luxury on four.
 Where would a man of judgment chuse a seat,
 But in a wholesome, rural, soft retreat ?
 Where hills adorn the mansion they defend ?
 Where could he better answer Nature's end ?
 Here from the sea the melting breezes rise,
 Unbind the snow, and warm the wintry skies :
 Here gentle gales the dog-star's heat allay,
 And softly breathing cool the sultry day.

How

How free from cares, from dangers and affright,
 In pleasing dreams I pass the silent night !
 Does not the variegated marble yield
 To the gay colours of the flowery field ?
 Can the New-River's artificial streams,
 Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
 In many a winding rusty pipe convey'd,
 Or dash'd and broken down a deep cascade,
 With our clear silver streams in sweetness vie,
 That in eternal rills run bubbling by ;
 In dimples o'er the polish'd pebbles pass,
 Glide o'er the sands, or glitter thro' the grass ?
 And yet in town the country prospects please,
 Where stately colonnades are flank'd with trees :
 On a whole country looks the master down
 With pride, where scarce five acres are his own.
 Yet Nature, tho' repell'd, maintains her part,
 And, in her turn, she triumphs over art ;
 The hand-maid now may prejudice our taste,
 But the fair mistress will prevail at last.
 That man mult smart, at length, whose puzzled fight
 Mistakes in life false colours for the right ;
 As the poor dupe is sure his loss to rue,
 Who takes a Pinchbeck guinea for a true.
 The wretch, whose frantic pride kind fortune crowns,
 Grows twice as abject when the goddess frowns ;
 As he, who rises when his head turns round,
 Must tumble twice as heavy to the ground.

Then

Then love not grandeur, 'tis a splendid curse ;
 The more the love, the harder the divorce.
 We live far happier by these gurgling springs,
 Than statesmen, courtiers, counsellors, or kings.
 The stag expell'd the courser from the plain ;—
 What can he do ?—he begs the aid of man ;
 He takes the bit, and proudly bears away
 His new ally, — he fights, and wins the day :
 But, ruin'd by success, he strives in vain
 To quit his master, and the curb again.
 So from the fear of want most wretches fly,
 But lose their noblest wealth, their liberty ;
 To their imperious passions they submit,
 Who mount, ride, spur, but never draw the bit.
 'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your shoe,
 A large may wrench, a small one wring your toe :
 Then bear your fortune in the golden mean—
 Not every man is born to be a Dean ;
 I'll bear your jeers if ever I am known
 To seek two cures, when scarce I merit one.
 Riches, 'tis true, some service may afford,
 But oftner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
 Money I scorn, but keep a little still,
 To pay my doctor's, or my lawyer's bill.
 From Encombe's soft romantic scenes I write,
 Deep sunk in ease, in pleasure, and delight :
 Yet, tho' her generous lord himself is here,
 'Twould be one pleasure more, could you appear.

THE INVITATION,

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND AT COURT.

BY THE SAME.

IF you can leave for books the crouded court,
 And generous Bourdeaux for a glass of Port,
 To these sweet solitudes, without delay,
 Break from the world's impertinence away.

Soon as the sun the face of nature gilds,
 For health and pleasure will we range the fields;
 O'er her gay scenes and opening beauties run,
 While all the vast creation is our own.
 But when his golden globe, with faded light,
 Yields to the solemn empire of the night;
 And, in her sober majesty, the moon
 With milder glories mounts her silver throne;
 Amidst ten thousand orbs with splendor crown'd,
 That pour their tributary beams around,
 Thro' the long level'd tube our strengthen'd sight
 Shall mark distinct the spangles of the night;
 From world to world shall dart the boundless eye,
 And stretch from star to star, from sky to sky.

The buzzing insect families appear,
 When suns unbind the rigour of the year;

Quick

Quick glance the myriads round the evening bower,
 Hosts of a day, or nations of an hour.
 Astonish'd we shall see th' unfolding race,
 Stretch'd out in bulk, within the polish'd glass;
 Thro' whose small convex a new world we spy,
 Ne'er seen before, but by a seraph's eye!
 So long in darkness, shut from human kind,
 Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
 But in one peopled drop we now survey,
 In pride of power, some little monster play;
 O'er tribes invisible he reigns alone,
 And struts a tyrant of a world his own.

Now will we study Homer's awful page,
 Now warm our souls with Pindar's noble rage:
 To English lays shall Flaccus' lyre be strung,
 And lofty Virgil speak the British tongue.
 Immortal Virgil! at thy sacred name
 I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
 With eager hopes this moment I aspire
 To catch, or emulate thy glorious fire;
 The next pursue the rash attempt no more,
 But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore;
 By thy strong genius overcome and aw'd!
 That fire from heaven! that spirit of a God!
 Pleas'd and transported with thy name I tend
 Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
 And from my first design, by rapture led,
 Neglect the living poet for the dead.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

ADVISING HIM TO BUILD A BANQUETING-HOUSE
ON A HILL THAT OVERLOOKS THE SEA.

From this tall promontory's brow
You look majestic down,
And see extended wide below
Th' horizon all your own.

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills ;
There the vast sky and sea profound
Th' increasing prospect fills.

O bid, my friend, a structure rise,
And this huge round command ;
Then shall this little point comprise
The ocean and the land.

Then you, like Æolus, on high,
From your aerial tower,
Shall see secure the billows fly,
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You, with a smile, their rage despise,
'Till some sad wreck appears,
And calls, from your relenting eyes,
The sympathizing tears.

Thus may you view, with proud delight,
 While winds the deep deform,
 ('Till human woes your grief excite)
 All nature in a storm.

Majestic, awful scene! when hurl'd,
 On surges, surges rise,
 And all the heaving watry world
 Tumultuous mounts the skies.

The seas and thunder roar by turns,
 By turns the peals expire;
 The billows flash, and ether burns
 With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempests cease,
 The mighty rage subsides;
 Old ocean hush'd, in solemn peace,
 Has still'd the murmuring tides.

Spread wide abroad, the glassy plain,
 In various colours gay,
 Reflects the glorious sun again,
 And doubly gilds the day.

Th' horizon glows from side to side,
 And flames with glancing rays;
 The floating, trembling, silver tide,
 Is one continual blaze.

Your eyes the prospect now command,
 All uncontroul'd and free,
 Fly like a thought from land to land,
 And dart from sea to sea.

Thus, while above the clouds we sit,
 And, innocently gay,
 Pass in amusements, wine, or wit,
 The sultry hours away.

Sometimes, with pity, or disdain,
 In thought a glance we throw
 Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
 In yonder world below.

We see, from this exalted seat,
 (How shrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
 The little person of the great,
 As little as his mind.

See there — amidst the crowds our view
 Some scatter'd virtues strike;
 But those so throng'd, and these so few,
 The world looks all alike.

Yet, thro' this cloud of human kind,
 The Talbots we survey,
 The Pitts, the Yorks, the Seckers find,
 Who shine in open day.

T O T H E S A M E,

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

O'ER curious models as you rove
 The vales with piles to crown,
 And great Palladio's plans improve
 With nobler of your own ;

O bid a structure o'er the floods
 From this high mountain rise,
 Where we may sit enthron'd like gods,
 And revel in the skies.

Th' ascending breeze, at each repast,
 Shall breathe an air divine,
 Give a new brightness to the taste,
 New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
 For banquets more refin'd,
 The works of each immortal wit
 The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page
 Our towering thoughts shall raise,
 Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
 Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thoughts the Sea
 Shall entertain the mind,
 While we the rolling scene survey,
 An emblem of mankind.

Where, like sworn foes, successive all,
 The furious furies run,
 To urge their predecessor's fall,
 Tho' follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
 Engag'd in dark dispute,
 The skuttles cast their ink around
 To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrewd directors, thrive,
 Like lawyers, rob at will ;
 Where flying-fish, like trimmers live ;
 Like soldiers, sword-fish kill.

Where on the less the greater feed,
 The tyrants of an hour,
 'Till the huge royal whales succeed,
 And all at once devour.

Thus in the moral world we now
 Too truly understand,
 Each monster of the sea below
 Is match'd by one at land.

ON MRS. WALKER'S POEMS,

PARTICULARLY THAT ON THE AUTHOR.

Blush, Wilmot, blush; a female muse,
 Without one guilty line,
 The tender theme of love pursues
 In softer strains than thine.

'Tis thine the passion to blaspheme,
 'Tis her's with wit and ease
 (When a mere nothing is the theme)
 Beyond thyself to please.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
 Whose merit has prevail'd;
 For what male poet can succeed,
 If Rochester has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
 And has not yet thought fit,
 In his high wisdom, to impose
 A salue law on wit;

Since of your rights he takes no care,
 Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays;
 'Tis hard!—but let the women wear
 The breeches and the bays.

VÉRSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET,

WORKED BY THE YOUNG LADIES AT KINGSTON.

WHen Pallas saw the piece her pupils wrought,
She stood long wondering at the lovely draught :

“ And, Flora, now (she cried) no more display
Thy flowers, the trifling beauties of a day :
For see ! how these with life immortal bloom,
And spread and flourish for an age to come !
In what unguarded hour did I impart
To these fair virgins all my darling art ?
In all my wit I saw these rivals shine,
But this one art I thought was always mine :
Yet lo ! I yield ; their mistress now no more,
But proud to learn from these I taught before.
For look, what vegetable sense is here !
How warm with life these blushing leaves appear !
What temper'd splendors o'er the piece are laid !
Shade steals on light, and light dies into shade.
Thro' heaven's gay bow less various beauties run,
And far less bright, tho' painted by the sun.
See in each blooming flower what spirit glows !
What vivid colours flush the opening rose !
In some few hours thy lilly disappears ;
But this shall flourish thro' a length of years,

See

See unfelt winters pass successive by,
 And scorn a mean dependence on the sky.
 And oh! may Britain, by my counsels sway'd,
 But live and flourish, 'till these flowers shall fade!
 Then go, fond Flora, go, the palm resign
 To works more fair and durable than thine:
 For I, even I, in justice yield the crown
 To works so far superior to my own."

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

ON this fair ground, with ravish'd eyes,
 We see a second Eden rise,
 As gay and glorious as the first;
 Before th' offending world was curst.
 While these bright nymphs the needle guide,
 To paint the rose in all her pride,
 Nature, like her, may blush to own
 Herself so far by art outdone.
 These flowers she rais'd with all her care,
 So blooming, so divinely fair!
 The glorious children of the sun,
 That David's regal heir out-shone,
 Were scarce like one of these array'd;
 They died, but these shall never fade.

ON

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

— Pendent opera interrupta —

Should some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
 Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
 With all his postures, in one motley plan,
 The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man;
 Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
 And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
 While monster crouds on monster thro' the piece,
 Who' could help laughing at a sight like this?
 Or as a drunkard's dream together brings
 A court of coblers, and a mob of kings;
 Such is a sermon, where, confus'dly dark,
 Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and
 So eggs of different parishes will run [Clarke,
 To batter, when you beat six yolks to one;
 So six bright chymic liquors if you mix,
 In one dark shadow vanish all the six.

This licence priests and painters ever had,
 To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;

For

For those can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
 Nor these paint tygers in an afs's skin;
 No common dauber in one piece would join
 A fox and goose, — unless upon a sign.

Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
 And then conclude divinely with their own;
 Like oil on water mounts the prelate up,
 His grace is always sure to be at top;
 That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
 And shine more strongly thro' a mine of lead.
 With such low arts your hearers never bilk,
 For who can bear a fustian lin'd with silk?
 Sooner than preach such stuff, I'd walk the town,
 Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown;
 Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
 For pence, and bury for a groat a head.

Some easy subject chuse, within your power,
 Or you will ne'er hold out for half an hour.
 Still to your hearers all your sermons fort;
 Who'd preach against corruption at a court?
 Against church power at visitations bawl?
 Or talk about damnation at Whitehall?
 Harangue the Horse-guards on a cure of souls?
 Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls?
 Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Pauls?
 Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet,
 To rave at usurers in Lombard-street?

Begin.

Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
 Set out in this high prancing stumbling style:
 "Whoever with a piercing eye can see
 "Thro' the past records of futurity?"
 All gape, no meaning:—the puff orator
 Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour,
 Truth and the text he labours to display,
 Till both are quite interpreted away:
 So frugal dames insipid water pour,
 Till green, bohea, or coffee are no more.
 His arguments in giddy circles run
 Still round and round, and end where they begun:
 So the poor turnspit as the wheel runs round,
 The more he gains, the more he loses ground.
 No parts distinct, or general scheme we find,
 But one wild shapeless monster of the mind:
 So when old bruin teems, her children fail
 Of limbs, form, figure, features, head or tail;
 Nay, tho' she licks the ruins, all her cares
 Scarce mend the lumps, and bring them but to bears.

Ye country vicars, when you preach in town
 A turn at Paul's, to pay your journey down,
 If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
 Lay by the little band, and rusty wig:
 But yet be sure, your proper language know,
 Nor talk as born within the sound of Bow.
 Speak not the phrase that Drury-lane affords,
 Nor from Change-alley steal a cant of words.

Coachmen

Coachmen will criticise your style, nay further,
 Porters will bring it in for wilful murder :
 The dregs of the canaille will look askew
 To hear the language of the town from you ;
 Nay, my lord mayor, with merriment possest,
 Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
 And jog the aldermen to hear the jest.

* * * * *

A N E P I T A P H

INSCRIBED ON A STONE, THAT COVERS HIS
 FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER.

YE sacred spirits ! while your friends distress'd
 Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd ;
 O let the pensive Muse inscribe that stone,
 And with the general sorrows mix her own :
 The pensive Muse ! — who, from this mournful hour,
 Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more !
 Of love, of duty this last pledge receive ;
 'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

EPI-

E P I T A P H O N D R. K E I L,

THE LATE FAMOUS ASTROLOGER.

Beneath this stone the world's just wonder lies,
 Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious
 Around the stars his active soul had flown, [skies;
 And seen their courses finish'd ere his own:
 Now he enjoys those realms he could explore,
 And finds that heaven he knew so well before.
 He thro' more worlds his victory pursued
 Than the brave Greek could wish to have subdued;
 In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
 Then stop'd, — for Nature could afford no more.
 With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride,
 He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and died.

N. B. All the pieces, from page 100 to this inclusive, were written by Mr. C. Pitt.

PART OF SAT. VI. BOOK II. OF HORACE,
TRANSLATED.

BEGINNING AT, PERDITUR HÆC INTER MISERO
LUX, NON SINE VOTIS, &c.

Consum'd in trifles, thus the golden day
Steals, not without this ardent wish, away;
When shall I see my peaceful country farm,
My fancy when with antient authors charm?
Or, lull'd to sleep, the cares of life elude
In sweet oblivion of solicitude?
O, for those beans which my own fields provide!
Deem'd by Pythagoras to man allied;
The favoury pulse serv'd up in platters nice,
And herbs high-relish'd with the bacon slice!
O, tranquil nights in pleasing converse spent,
Ambrosial suppers that might gods content!
When with my chosen friends (delicious treat!)
Before the household deities we eat;
The slaves themselves regale on choicest meat. }
Free from mad laws we sit reclin'd at ease,
And drink as much, or little, as we please.
Some quaff large bumpers that expand the soul,
And some grow mellow with a moderate bowl.
We never talk of this man's house or vill,
Or whether Lepos dances well or ill:

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I

But

But of those duties which ourselves we owe,
 And which 'tis quite a scandal not to know :
 As whether wealth or virtue can impart
 The truest pleasure to the human heart :
 What should direct us in our choice of friends,
 Their own pure merit, or our private ends :
 What we may deem, if rightly understood,
 Man's sovereign bliss, his chief, his only good.

Mean-time my friend, old Cervius, never fails
 To cheer our converse with his pithy tales :
 Praise but Arellius, or his ill-got store,
 His fable thus begins : “ In days of yore
 A country mouse within his homely cave
 A treat to one of note, a courtier, gave ;
 A good plain mouse our host, who lov'd to spare
 Those heaps of forage he had glean'd with care ;
 Yet on occasion would his soul unbend,
 And feast with hospitality his friend :
 He brought wild oats and vetches from his hoard ;
 Dried grapes and scraps of bacon grac'd the board :
 In hopes, no doubt, by such a various treat,
 To tempt the dainty traveller to eat.
 Squat on fresh chaff, the master of the feast
 Left all the choicest viands for his guest,
 Nor one nice morsel for himself would spare,
 But gnaw'd coarse grain, or nibbled at a tare.
 At length their slender dinner finish'd quite,
 Thus to the rustic spoke the mouse polite :

‘ How

- ‘ How can my friend a wretched being drag
 ‘ On the bleak summit of this airy crag ?
 ‘ Say, do you still prefer this barbarous den
 ‘ To polish’d cities, savages to men ?
 ‘ Come, come with me, nor longer here abide,
 ‘ I’ll be your friend, your comrade, and your guide.
 ‘ Since all must die that draw this vital breath,
 ‘ Nor great nor small can shun the shafts of death ;
 ‘ ’Tis ours to sport in pleasures while we may ;
 ‘ For ever mindful of life’s little day.’

These weighty reasons sway’d the country mouse,
 And light of heart he sallied from his house,
 Resolv’d to travel with this courtly spark,
 And gain the city when securely dark.

Now midnight hover’d o’er this earthly ball,
 When our small gentry reach’d a stately hall,
 Where brightly glowing, stain’d with Tyrian dye,
 On ivory couches richest carpets lie ;
 And in large baskets, rang’d along the floor,
 The rich collation of the night before.
 On purple bed the courtier plac’d his guest,
 And with choice cates prolong’d the grateful feast ;
 He carv’d, he serv’d, as much as mouse could do,
 And was his waiter, and his taster too.
 Joy seiz’d the rustic as at ease he lay ;
 This happy change had made him wondrous gay —
 When lo ! the doors burst open in a trice,
 And at their banquet terrified the mice :

They start, they tremble, in a deadly fright,
 And round the room precipitate their flight ;
 The high-roof'd room with hideous cries resounds
 Of baying mastiffs, and loud-bellowing hounds :
 Then thus the rustic in the courtier's ear ;
 ' Adieu ! kind sir ! I thank you for your cheer :
 ' Safe in my cell your state I envy not ;
 ' Tares be my food, and liberty my lot !" F.

A PARODY ON THE CITY AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Country vicar in his homely house,
 Pleas'd with his lot, and happy in his spouse,
 With simple diet, at his humble board,
 Once entertain'd the chaplain of a lord ; —
 He gave him (all he could) a little fish,
 With sauce of oysters, in no silver dish ;
 And, for the craving stomach's sure relief,
 The glory of Old England, rare Roast-beef,
 Horse-radish and potatoes, Ireland's pride ;
 A pudding too the prudent dame supplied :
 Their cheering beverage was a pint of port
 (Tho' small the quantum) of the better sort ;
 But plenty of good beer, both small and stout,
 With wine of elder to prevent the gout.

The

The vicar hop'd, by such a various treat,
 To tempt his scarf-embellish'd friend to eat ;
 With nicest bits provok'd his guest to dine,
 He carv'd the haddock, and he ferv'd the wine :
 Content his own sharp stomach to regale
 With plain, substantial roast-meat, and mild ale.
 Our courtly chaplain, as we may suppose,
 At such old-fashion'd commons curl'd his nose ;
 He tried in vain to piddle, and, in brief,
 Pish'd at the pudding, and declin'd the beef ;—
 At length, their homely dinner finish'd quite,
 Thus to the vicar spoke the priest polite :

‘ How can my brother in this paltry town
 ‘ Live undistinguish'd, to the world unknown ?
 ‘ And not exalt your towering genius higher,
 ‘ Than here to herd with country clown—or squire ;
 ‘ Stunn'd with the discord of hoarse cawing rooks,
 ‘ The roar of winds, the dissonance of brooks,
 ‘ Which discontented thro' the valley stray,
 ‘ Plaintive and murmuring at their long delay.
 ‘ Come, come with me, nor longer here abide ;
 ‘ You've friends in town, and I will be your guide :
 ‘ Soon great preferment to your share will fall,
 ‘ A good fat living, or perhaps—a stall.’

These weighty reasons sway'd the vicar's mind—
 To town he hied, but left his wife behind :—
 Next levee-day he waited on his Grace,
 With hundreds more, who bow'd to get a place ;
 Show'd

Shov'd in the croud, he stood amaz'd to see
 Lords who to Baal bent the supple knee,
 And doctors sage he could not but admire,
 Who stoop'd profoundly low — to rise the higher.
 So much of ermine, lace, beaus, bishops, young and
 'Twas like a cloud of fable edg'd with gold: [old,
 By turns his Grace the servile train address'd,
 Pleas'd with a smile, or in a whisper blest.
 Sick of the scene, the vicar sought the door,
 Determin'd never to see London more ;
 But, as his friend had pleas'd the hour to fix,
 First went to dinner to my Lord's at six ; —
 He knock'd — was usher'd to the room of state,
 (My Lord abroad) and dinner serv'd in plate ;
 Which, tho' it seem'd but common soup and hash,
 Was really callipee and callipash,
 (The relicks of the gaudy day before)
 What Indians eat, and Englishmen adore ;
 With bright champaign the courtier crown'd the
 Sooth'd his own pride, and gratified his guest: [feast,
 All this conspir'd our Stoic to controul,
 And warp't the steady purpose of his soul —
 When lo! the cry of fire creates amaze —
 “ The next house, Lady Riot's, in a blaze ” —
 Aghast the vicar stood, in wild affright,
 Then briefly thus address'd the priest polite :
 “ Adieu, my friend — your state I envy not —
 “ Beef, liberty, and safety be my lot.”

F.

HORACE, EPIST. V. BOOK I. IMITATED.

TO JOHN H—H, ESQ.

IF you, dear sir, will deign to pass a day
 In the fair vale of Orpington and Cray,
 And live for once as humble vicars do ;
 On Thursday let me see you here by two.
 Expect no niceties my plates to foul,
 But Bansted mutton, and a barn-door fowl.
 My friends with generous liquors I regale,
 Good port, old hock, or, if they like it, ale ;
 But if of richer wine you chuse a quart,
 Why bring, and drink it here—with all my heart.
 Plain is my furniture, as is my treat,
 For 'tis my best ambition, To be neat.
 Leave then all fordid views, and hopes of gain,
 To mortals miserable, mad, or vain ;
 Put the last polish to th' historic page,
 And cease awhile to moralize the age.
 By your sweet converse cheer'd, the live-long day
 Will pass unnotic'd, like the stream, away.
 Why should kind Providence abundance give,
 If we, like niggards, can't afford to live ?
 The wretched miser, poor 'midst heaps of pelf,
 To cram his heir, most madly starves himself—
 So will not I—give me good wine and ease,
 And let all misers call me fool that please.

What cannot wine? — it opens all the soul ;
 Faint Hope grows brilliant o'er the sparkling bowl :
 Wine's generous spirit makes the coward brave,
 Gives ease to kings, and freedom to the slave :
 Bemus'd in wine the Bard his duns forgets,
 And drinks serene oblivion to his debts :
 Wine drives all cares, and anguish from the heart,
 And dubs us Connoisseurs of every art :
 Whom does not wine with eloquence inspire?
 The boufy beggar struts into a squire.
 This you well know — to me belongs to mind
 That neatness with frugality be join'd ;
 That no intruding Blab, with itching ears,
 Darken my doors, who tells whate'er he hears ;
 Two D—s, each a poet, with me dine,
 Your friends, and decent C—n, a divine :
 There's room for more — so to complete the band,
 Your wife will bring fair * Innocence in hand.
 Should Cave want copy, let the teaser wait,
 While you steal secret thro' the garden gate.

F.

* The name of a very agreeable young lady.

SALT

S A L T W A T E R.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE NAVY.

O ! sure the greedy wretch is pent
 In endless chains of deep damnation,
 Who first to plague us did invent
 The curst art of navigation.

When to the wind we spread our sails,
 Upon the pathless ocean strolling,
 Cramm'd in a tub, stuck full of nails,
 Like Regulus we die with rolling.

A plague upon the nauseous brine,
 What benefit receive we from it ?
 Unless with rank disease we pine,
 And use it for a purge or vomit.

While Eve in innocence did dwell,
 Her water in fresh rills descended,
 But soon as she to folly fell,
 The violet stream with brine was blended.

The race of men in antient times
 Were bent on rapine, and on slaughter,
 When heaven, incens'd at their crimes,
 Decreed their deaths, and sent salt water.

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K

And

And when those heavy judgments past
On Ægypt, for her plagues renowned,
Salt water was reserv'd the last,
And Pharoah and his host were drowned.

When we who now are turn'd to fish,
And with the scurvy grown all scaly,
And made for shark a curious dish,
While over-board we're tumbled daily:

May you who on the land abide
Our element to mourn us borrow,
Let fall of tears a briny tide,
Salt water is the mark of sorrow.

CON-

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MAR 24 1938



