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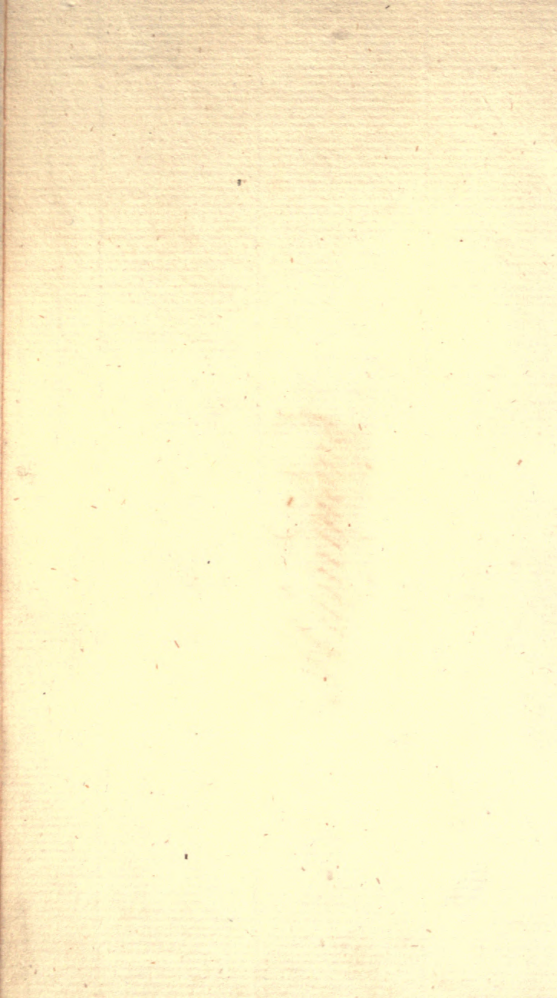
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P O E M S

B Y

D R. D O D D.

Quantum alii tribuunt intempestivis conviviis quantum
denique alexæ, quantum pilæ, tantum mihi egomet ad
hæc studia recolenda sumpsero.

CIC. Orat. pro Arch. Poet.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED BY DRYDEN LEACH;
FOR THE AUTHOR.

M D C C L X V I I .

8

P O E M S

BY

D. R. D. D. D.

Quantum illi tribuit interpetris convivia quantum
denique ales, quantum fides, tantum mihi cogit ad
hac studia recolenda scripto.
C. D. D. D. D. D. D.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY DRYDEN LEACH,

FOR THE AUTHOR.

M DCC LXXII

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1767

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE REV^D. WILLIAM DODD, M. A.
MANY YEARS VICAR OF BOURN IN LINCOLNSHIRE;
WHO DIED AUGUST 8, 1756.

AGED 54:

AND OF ELIZABETH HIS WIFE,
WHO DIED MAY THE 21ST. 1755.

AGED 55.

WORTHY PARENTS,

WHOSE PARTIAL FONDNESS ENCOURAGED,
BUT WHOSE WISE, SOLLICITOUS, AND EVER-VALUED
CARE

ENABLED THEIR SON TO FAR BETTER PURSUITS,
THAN "THIS IDLE TRADE:"

THAT SON,

WITH THE HIGHEST FILIAL VENERATION,
INSCRIBES THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF POEMS,
AS AN HUMBLE, BUT AFFECTIONATE MONUMENT
OF THEIR MERIT, AND OF HIS LOVE.

BEST OF PARENTS!

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!

764468

ADVERTISEMENT.

MOST of the poems in this volume are juvenile performances; the rest, the mere amusement of vacant moments*; never suffered to intrude upon more important hours, or to interrupt better and more useful occupations. Though the author lays no great stress upon them, nor builds any hope of increasing reputation upon their bottom; yet, as many of them have appeared in public, and are scattered through different miscellanies, he was willing to collect them together: and the rather, because he is thus enabled to pay a debt of filial affection; and to leave behind him a little memorial of himself, with those who love him.

Southampton-Row,
February 14, 1767.

* See preface to the Moral Pastorals, page 207.

M

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Mary Hammond Jun^r
Nov 6th 1767

P O E M S.

AN HYMN TO GOOD-NATURE.

INSCRIBED TO OUR REMAINING FRIENDS AT
MARGATE. MDCCLX.

Hilarisque, tamen cum pondere, virtus. STAT.

HAIL, lovely nymph! upon whose dimpled cheek
Sits ever-smiling Candor! thee I wooe
At morn, at eve, and in my mid-day song,
To bless my social walk. — Thou art the sun,
Its light, its lustre to the moral world
Dispensing: darkness broods, and fullen gloom
Spreads her black pall o'er every scene of joy,
Where thy soft eyes with-hold the genial smile.

Lift to thy suitor, nymph; extend thine hand,
White as the swan's soft down, to lead me home,
That I may dwell, for ever dwell with thee;
And hold familiar converse with thy fire

B

Good

Good Sense, alert and vigorous old man :
 And with thy sister Pity oft retire
 Into the lonely grove, to drop the tear,
 To vent the sigh humane! — For thou, sweet nymph,
 Perfection's queen, Good Nature, — thou wast born
 Of Tendernefs, the woodland fair, whom erst
 Strong Sense, thy sire robust, in greenwood shade,
 Fast by a brook, which babbles thro' the dell,
 By russet fern surrounded ; whom he met,
 As wearied from the chace, he fought the stream
 To slake his thirst, and graceful bore his bow
 Unstrung upon his shoulder : — There he met,
 He saw, he lov'd, and to his fond embrace
 Woo'd her, and won ; and cropt the precious rose
 Of her virginity : while Hymen's torch
 Blaz'd with a double splendor : thou, sweet nymph,
 Wast the lov'd produce of their first young blifs ;
 Good Nature, sprung from Tendernefs, the bride,
 And manly Sense, the jolly, happy groom !

Thee, thee, I woo, sweet nymph, at morn, at eve,
 At noon, at mid-day ; for thy tender heart,
 Studious to kindle Satisfaction's glow
 In each rose-tinctur'd cheek, disdains to wound,
 With slightest pain, the humblest ; thou wouldst wipe
 The tear from ev'ry eye ; and even the worm
 Beneath thy feet, compassionate, wouldst save
 From the least pang of corporal sufferance !
 Yet, to the stoic apathy estrang'd,
 Thou canst, with steady courage, probe to th' quick
 The wound thou mean'st to cure ; thou canst reprove
 With all the sweet persuasion of esteem :
 And give a momentary pang, to free

The worthy mind from its ignoble chain.
Tho' on the swiftest wings of panting love
Thou wouldst fly forth to work a brother's weal,
Thoughtless of toil;—yet art thou never led
An easy captive, with compliance mean,
At the soft lure of every syren song,
Which trills delusive: thou art of thy steps
No less observant, than of thy compeers,
Slow chosen, long approv'd; and firm can't stand
The noisy dash of ignorant Vice's waves.
Not so that counterfeit, who oft assumes
Thy name respectful, giglet, light, and base,
Daughter of Folly; whose unmeaning front
Wears the soft simper of perpetual smiles!
Unballasted by virtue, and seduc'd
Ever to follow the gay painted barge,
That with obstreperous tumult spreads its sails,
Its silken sails, as pleasure's gales shall blow
Upon Simplicity's most perilous main;
Improvident of danger; and of chart,
Of compass, and of anchor, madly void!

No, gentle nymph, thy solid, soberer joys,
Approv'd while felt, and pleasing on review,
Thy joys, of soft benignity, I'd taste;
Thy joys,—which give its dignity, its worth
To this life,—painful boon, when discontent
Inverts the prospect-glass, and all things kens
Enlarg'd in foul Malignity's thick mist.
Then, soft Good-Nature, shed, oh shed thy light;
Deign, Nymph, thy vivifying smile; may all
Before my sight be beautified by thee!
Whether in solitude's meandering shades,

Amidst the upland copse, or by the side
 Of sedge-fringed brook, along the mead
 Bedeck'd with flowers, I stray; thou, thou, fair nymph,
 Illume the prospect, thou the upland copse,
 And thou the sedge-fringed brook, or mead,
 Bedeck'd with flowrets, give me to behold
 With placid smiles, and approbation's warmth.

When by my Charmer's side, my bride, my love,
 List'ning I drink the music of her tongue,
 Oh still and e'er be present; give me eyes
 To trace her every amiable perfection;
 To magnify her graces; and to draw
 The veil of fond affection,—fond, not blind—
 O'er her minuter foibles, whence alas!
 Mortality, most refin'd, shall ne'er be free!

And as in love, so teach me to converse
 In friendship's social intercourse; oh teach
 Each action to behold in fairest light:
 Best motives to assign: to palliate faults:
 Exculpate, where I may: and from the worst
 Extract, and hold to view the worthy part:
 While for the best, the generous, and the good,
 With joy exalted, I stand up, and say,
 "Behold his virtues; mark, and imitate."
 —But never may the curse of envy's guilt
 Lead me to pry out littleness and faults,
 Where merit claims my praise: and basely cause
 Even in a nut-shell to comprise the worth,
 While half the world will scarce suffice to hold
 The thousand faults, which my quick-sighted pride
 Discerns in him I envy.—Hence the thought;
 Touch with the lenient balm of thy soft love,

Good-

Good-Nature, gentle Nymph, the heart morose,
 The self-tormenting heart, where thoughts, like these,
 Corrosive gnaw!—Or if, my social friends,
 With whom, regretful, late I intermix'd
 The parting palm,—if hap'ly hearts like these
 Be found amidst the bevy of bright nymphs,
 Or swains assiduous on fair Margate's shore,
 Ah, let us to Good-Nature strait prefer
 A common prayer; that either she would tear
 The black empoison'd drop forth from their breasts:
 Or wash off every tinge, defiling tinge
 Of foul Malevolence, in old Ocean's waves,
 The common purifier of human ills.

So shall a general candor dwell serene
 On every brow; and each, with generous toil,
 Shall labour to diffuse the heart-felt bliss
 Of sweet benevolence: so a dawn of Heaven
 Shall beam upon the mind, where saints feel joy
 Consummate; ever lov'd, because in love
 They ever live harmonious; ever blest,
 For blessing is the business of their lives!

Oh! while on Margate's sea-worn coast you tread,
 And court the rosy nymph, Hygeia † blest,
 To your embraces, in the briny waves:—
 May soft Good-Nature, on each social scheme
 Attend concomitant: whether you tread
 With jocund feet to Draper's *, or Nash-court *:
 Or, with profound amaze, from Light-house *, view
 The vast domain of Neptune, and admire

† Goddess of health.

* * * Places of usual resort near Margate.

His azure waves, fring'd with the silver foam ;
 Whether on sober palfry, or in coach
 Drawn by Margatian steeds, much toil'd, ill fed,
 You visit, or fam'd Ramsgate's rising pier,
 Slow work of public cost : or the vast cliffs
 And scenes romantic of fair Dover view ;
 Whence late, so late, we saw with cheerful eye,
 The chalky face of Gallia's hostile coast,
 Nor felt a terror (sons of dauntless prowess)
 So near us tho' the foe ; — where late we stood
 Mere pigmies on the strand ; and strain'd our sight
 To reach the top of that cloud-vested cliff,
 Meet emblem of his genius *, high who towers
 Above his brother bards, as that white rock,
 Firm-rooted as his fame, rears o'er the rest
 Its fearful nodding summit ! — or if at home,
 In all the elegance of dress, you tread,
 And give a lustre to the sprightly rooms,
 Where beams young Love in many a fair one's eye ;
 Where-e'er you pass ; ah ! may the smiling nymph
 Diffuse her joys emollient ; she can gild
 The gloomiest scenes ; and, perfect chemist she,
 Whate'er she touches turns to purest gold.

Then farewell, oh my friends ! and, ye white cliffs,
 Beneath whose towering height so oft I walk'd
 On the smooth level sand ; while all my soul
 Was wrapt into astonishment and praise
 At thy tremendous works, Maker omnipotent !
 Then farewell, oh my friends ! but thou, lov'd nymph,
 Good-Nature, sprung from Tenderness and Sense,

* Shakespeare.

I bid not thee farewell ; no ; till the hour
When the Great Master summons me to leave
Terrestrial peace and harmony, for peace
And harmony, perennial, in the realms
Of bliss unutterable ; thee will I woo !
Oh, still attend me thro' the walk of life,
Smile on my brow, and triumph in my heart. —
So shall I rest me on the down of peace ;
So shall my weeping friends, when the last sigh
Declares departed life, smiting their breasts
Say — “ Lov'd he liv'd, and loving : — peace to his
shade,
“ Embalm him, Memory, and receive him, Heaven ! ”

T H E

THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

WHEN IN ENGLAND, MDCCXLIX.

TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S COURT.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF HALIFAX.

PRinces, my fair, unfortunately great,
 Born to the pompous vassalage of state,
 Whene'er the public calls, are doom'd to fly
 Domestic blifs, and break the private tie.
 Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
 And love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care.
 Yet conscious virtue, in the silent hour,
 Rewards the hero with a noble dower.
 For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,
 Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.
 But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,
 Still, unprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.
 Tho' virtue's awful form my soul approves,
 'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.
 A private lot had made the claim but one,
 The prince alone must love, for virtue, shun.
 Ah! why, distinguish'd from the happier crowd,
 To me the blifs of millions disallow'd?
 Why was I singled for imperial sway,
 Since love, and duty, point a different way?
 Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
 When duty's victim, love, was doom'd to bleed,

Too

Too well my memory can those scenes renew,
 We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.
 That conscious palm, beneath whose towering shade
 So oft our vows of mutual love were made ;
 Where hope so oft anticipated joy,
 And plann'd of future years the blest employ ;
 That palm was witness to the tears we shed,
 When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.
 Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I press'd,
 And held thee panting to my panting breast.
 Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
 Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.
 Together sinking in the trance divine,
 I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine.
 O ! blest oblivion of tormenting care !
 O ! why recall'd to life and to despair ?
 The dreadful summons came, to part—and why ?
 Why not the kinder summons but to die ?
 To die together were to part no more,
 To land in safety on some peaceful shore,
 Where love's the business of immortal life,
 And happy spirits only guess at strife.
 “ If in some distant land my prince should find
 “ Some nymph more fair, you cried, as Zara kind”—
 Mysterious doubt ! which could at once impart
 Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart.
 Still let me triumph in the fear express,
 The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast ;
 Nor call me cruel, for my truth shall prove
 'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.

Torn from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,
 Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain ;

My father there his struggling sighs suppress,
 And in dumb anguish clasp'd me to his breast;
 Then fought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
 To give the fortitude he could not find;
 Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
 " Thy country's good, said he, be still pursued!
 " If, when the gracious gods my son restore,
 " These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more;
 " If then these limbs, which now in age decay,
 " Shall mold'ring mix with earth's parental clay;
 " Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,
 " Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;
 " From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
 " And reign at once a father and a king."

How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
 Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state!
 Subject alike, the peasant and the king,
 To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.
 From guilt and fraud, that strike in silence sure,
 No shield can guard us, and no arms secure.
 By these, my fair, subdu'd, thy prince was lost,
 A naked captive on a barb'rous coast!

Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round
 My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd;
 No painful labours stretch'd the tedious day,
 On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
 Whene'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
 Where'er I pass'd, a shouting people croud;
 No fears intruded on the joys I knew,
 Each man my friend, my lovely mistress you.
 What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,
 The shouted prince is now a slave unknown;

To watch his eye no bending courtiers wait,
 No hailing crowds proclaim his regal state;
 A slave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,
 To turn, from morn to eve, a burning soil.
 Fainting beneath the sun's meridian heat,
 Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet:
 "Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whose care recalls
 "A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!"
 Unwholsome scraps my strength but half sustain'd,
 From corners glean'd, and even by dogs disdain'd;
 At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
 Who by long use with woe familiar grew;
 Of manners brutish, merciless and rude,
 They mock'd my sufferings, and my pangs renew'd;
 In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,
 And rose to labour with the morning light.

Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,
 Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,
 If heav'n with thee my faithful arms had blest,
 And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,
 Short tho' they were, my soul had never known
 One secret wish to glitter on a throne;
 The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,
 Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
 A monarch still, beyond a monarch blest,
 Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast;
 My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
 Should shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise;
 Thy voice my music, and thy arms should be—
 Ah! not the prison of a slave in me!
 Could I with infamy content remain,
 And wish thy lovely form to share my chain?

Could this bring ease? forgive th' unworthy thought,
And let the love, that sinn'd, atone the fault.

Could I, a slave, and hopeless to be free,
Crawl, tamely, recent from the scourge, to thee?
Thy blooming beauties could these arms embrace?
My guilty joys enslave an infant race?

No: rather blast me lightnings, whirlwinds tear,
And drive these limbs in atoms thro' the air;
Rather than this, O! curse me still with life,
And let my Zara smile a rival's wife:
Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
Nor let me propagate my curse below.

But, from this dreadful scene, with joy, I turn;
To trust in heaven, of me, let Zara learn.
The wretch, the fordid hypocrite, who sold
His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,
That justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,
And death, commission'd, smote him on the deep.
The gen'rous crew their port in safety gain,
And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain;
The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,
In haste commanded, and the slave was freed.
No more Britannia's cheek the blush of shame
Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame:
Propitious gales, to freedom's happy shore,
Waft me triumphant, and the prince restore;
Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
And all the splendor of a court is mine.
Here knowledge too, by piety refin'd,
Sheds a blest radiance o'er my bright'ning mind;
From earth I travel upward to the sky,
I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.

O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
 Such blifsful tidings! they shall foon be thine.
 I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I fee,
 What habits, buildings, trades, and polity;
 How art and nature vie to entertain,
 In public shows, and mix delight with pain.
 O! Zara, * here, a story like my own,
 With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;
 An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
 And, partner in his woes, an Indian maid.
 I can't recall the scene, 'tis pain too great,
 And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.

To write the wonders here, I strive in vain;
 Each word would ask a thousand to explain.
 The time shall come, O! speed the ling'ring hour!
 When Zara's charms shall lend description power;
 When plac'd beside thee, in the cool alcove,
 Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,
 The frequent kifs shall interrupt the tale,
 And looks shall speak my sense, tho' language fail.
 'Then shall the prodigies, that round me rise,
 Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprize;
 Then all my knowledge, to thy faithful heart,
 With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
 Methinks I see thy charming looks express
 Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress;
 As all the windings of my fate I trace,
 And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.

* He alludes to the play of Oroonoko, at which he was present, and so affected as to be unable to continue, during its performance, in the house.

Yet where, alas! has flatt'ring thoughts convey'd
The ravish'd lover, with his darling maid?
Between us, still, unmeasur'd oceans roll,
Which hostile barks infest, and storms controul.
Be calm my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,
And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain:
He rules resistless, and his power shall guide
My life in safety o'er the roaring tide;
Shall bless the love, that's built on virtue's base,
And spare me to evangelize my race.
Farewell! thy prince still lives, and still is free:
Farewell! hope all things; and remember me.

Z A R A,

Z A R A,

AT THE COURT OF ANNAMABOE,

TO THE AFRICAN PRINCE, WHEN IN ENGLAND.

Should I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel;
My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
And doubts ungen'rous chill the glowing line;
Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign?
Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confess.
I give my bosom naked to thy view,
For, what has shame with innocence to do?
In fancy, now, I clasp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
I catch new transport from thy speaking eye;
But whence this sad, involuntary sigh?
Why pants my bosom with intruding fears?
Why, from my eyes, distil unbidden tears?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight?
Oh! art thou safe, on Britain's happy shore,
From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar?
And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain!)
Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?
Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The toils of empire, and the sweets of love?

Hold,

Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fiercest kind!
 Fear heaven's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind;
 A prince, whom no indignities could hide;
 They knew, presumptuous! and the gods defy'd.
 Where'er he moves, let love-join'd rev'rence rise,
 And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes!

Thy breast alone, when bounding o'er the waves
 To freedom's climes, from slavery and slaves;
 Thy breast alone the pleasing thought can frame
 Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came:
 A thousand times I held 'em to my breast,
 A thousand times my lips the paper prest:
 My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
 And "Oh my prince!" died falt'ring on my tongue:
 Fainting I sunk, unequal to the strife,
 And milder joys sustain'd returning life.
 Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head
 Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread.

"Come, come, my prince! my charmer! haste away;
 "Come, come, I cry'd, thy Zara blames thy stay.
 "For thee, the shrubs their richest sweets retain;
 "For thee, new colours wait to paint the plain;
 "For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,
 "The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
 "'Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
 "'Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all—
 "He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
 "He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms:
 "With jocund songs proclaim my love's return;
 "With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.
 "Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,
 "He comes, uniting majesty and love."—

Too soon, alas! the blest delusion flies ;
 Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.
 Ah! why do thy fond words suggest a fear—
 Too vast, too num'rous, those already here !
 Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,
 Of seas which storms controul, and foes infest!
 My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows
 No thoughts but those of storms, and seas, and foes.

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,
 Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run,
 " Where, where's my prince! what tidings have ye
 " brought?"

Of each I met, with pleading tears I fought.
 In vain I fought, some, conscious of my pain,
 With horrid silence pointed to the main.
 Some with a sneer the brutal thought express,
 And plung'd the dagger of a barb'rous jest.
 Day follow'd day, and still I wish'd the next,
 New hopes still flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd ;
 Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came,
 My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.

At length—" O pow'r supreme! whoe'er thou art,
 " Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart ;
 " Since ev'ry clime, and all th' unbounded main,
 " And hostile barks, and storms, are thy domain ;
 " If faithful passion can thy bounty move,
 " And goodness sure must be the friend of love,
 " Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,
 " Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more.
 " O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,
 " And grant thy love to love's availing pray'r.

" Together, then, and emulous to praise,
 " A flow'ry altar to thy name we'll raise;
 " There, first and last, on each returning day,
 " To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,
 Why, when thou went'st, did Zara stay behind?
 How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
 'Midst all the wild anxieties of love?

Had fate in other mold thy Zara form'd,
 And my bold breast with manly friendship warm'd,
 How had I glow'd exulting at thy side,
 How all the shafts of adverse fate defy'd!
 Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
 With thee, oh! had I turn'd a burning foil!
 In the cold prison had I lain with thee,
 In love still happy, we had still been free;
 Then fortune brav'd, had own'd superior might,
 And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why should'st thou bid thy love remember thee?
 Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.
 Each night, the cool Savannahs have I fought,
 And breath'd the fondness of enamour'd thought;
 The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,
 And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe, the tide:
 My breast still haunted by a motly train,
 Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain.
 Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,
 Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline;

Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,
 In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I'd shun.
 When kindly sleep its lenient balm supply'd,
 And gave that comfort, waking thought deny'd.

Last night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,
 The fond, fond fancies of a love-sick heart?
 Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
 And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—
 Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—
 Heav'n's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
 When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
 Which earth receiv'd, and six white coursers drew.
 Then, quick transition, did thy Zara ride,
 Borne to the chariot—wond'rous—by thy side:
 All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
 Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.
 A thousand voices sung—“ All blifs betide
 “ The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride.”
 “ 'Tis done, 'tis done” resounded thro' the skies,
 And quick aloft the car began to rise;
 Ten thousand beauties crouded on my sight,
 Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
 My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,
 And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.
 Come, sweet interpreter, and ease my soul;
 Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.
 Alas! my prince—yet hold, my struggling breast!
 Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.
 “ Hope all, thou say'st, I live, and still am free;”
 Oh then prevent those hopes, and haste to me.
 Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,
 And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.

But that I know too well thy gen'rous heart,
 One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:
 'Tis this, in Britain's happy courts to shine,
 Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—

But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,
Art still thyself, incapable of wrong;
No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd;
'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,
And burns with spotless and immortal fires.
Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise;
And known those joys, what others canst thou prize?
Be jealous doubts the curse of fordid minds;
Hence jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds—

Once more, O come! and snatch me to thy arms;
Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms!
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breast,
Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distress'd;
Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
And oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail.
Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire;
My pen denies my last farewell to write,
Still, still, "return," my wishful thoughts indite.
Oh hear, my prince, thy love, thy mistress call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
Oh! pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole;
And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,
In every line shall bring her to thy view.
Return, return; in love and truth excel;
Return, I write; I cannot add,—farewel.

AN EPISTLE FROM LINCOLNSHIRE,

TO A FRIEND IN THE ARMY.

T WAS vain, my friend, to urge the kind request,
 Or hope one spark of fancy in my breast;
 While plagu'd with doubts, with diagrams and rules,
 The heavy, learned lumber of the schools:
 As soon amidst destruction's thund'ring train,
 While cannons roar'd, and thousands strew'd the plain,
 Cou'd you have scorn'd the horrors of the war,
 Sate down unmov'd, and sung of Kitty C——.
 But now the task with pleasure I pursue,
 And joy to please myself in pleasing you:
 For if you deem compliance forms the song,
 Mere complaisance—you do the muses wrong:
 Much more mistake my bosom's kindling flame,
 Which ne'er was languid to so sweet a theme.
 Nor be it said, a poet wanted fire,
 Where all the graces, all the nine conspire,
 (Fair flesh and blood, not fancy's fabled throng)
 To warm the heart and animate the song.

Chance 'twill sound strange, (then whisper'd let it be.
 It matters not who hears, save you and me :)
 Boeotian fens, where fogs and dulness reign,
 That they the graces, and the nine contain:
 That beauty there enslaves the willing heart,
 Without the prudish elegance of art;
 That modest virtue scorns dissembling there,
 Tremble ye belles, and all ye beaux despair!

What

What tho' no mall with mincing steps they pace,
 Nor glitter in the box with borrow'd grace;
 What, though unlearn'd t' elaborate a figh,
 While in soft strains the softer eunuchs die:
 What tho' to midnight masks they never come,
 Rush to the rout, or riot at the drum:
 Far diff'rent scenes those happy plains engage,
 The joys without the follies of the age.

Is there a sport? that sport fair virtue guides;
 Is there a pleasure? innocence presides:
 Beauty bright blooming leads the train along,
 And sweet good-nature smiles thro' all the throng;
 In human shapes they joy the heart to warm,
 Each steals a J—k—n's, or a B—th's form.

Why were we born a moment's bliss to share,
 And pine away whole ages in despair?
 Why was I blest amidst that happy train,
 So short the blessing, and so long the pain?
 Thus while I write my sick'ning fancy mourns,
 Each fair idea to my view returns:
 E'en now I see the lovely nymphs advance
 Form the gay ranks, and glide along the dance;
 E'en now, admiring each bright maid, I trace,
 And wrapt in wonder cou'd for ever gaze.
 But why, ah why—the blushing lover spare,
 Too well thou know'st—ah! why was Delia there?
 Alas, how chang'd! from what fair glory lost,
 The maiden's envy, and the matron's boast!
 From clime to clime by busy censure borne,
 Contempt's best theme, and sense and reason's scorn:
 Or forc'd, or willing, wav'ring wild, to wed,
 And blooming wither in an old man's bed.

Yet wherefore censure? 'tis in fact to praise;
 (The modish manner of our modern days:)
 Yet hence, gallants, that hapless beauty spare,
 A tear is due from kind compassion there.

Blest were the bards of old who never strove
 Bright maids to celebrate, or chaunt their love;
 But to their aid some willing godhead came,
 And by his loving dignify'd the dame;
 Who lov'd Europa, so extoll'd her charms,
 He brought the very thund'rer to her arms:
 So chaste was Daphne when her lover woo'd,
 He made her fly, when e'en fir Phœbus su'd:
 Nor cou'd the beauteous Ariadne plain,
 But straight kind Bacchus flew to sooth her pain.
 But since plain sense got footing on our ground,
 These gallant tales no more admision found:
 Our squeamish stomachs such rank lies exclude,
 And downright truth must be our only food:
 Think then—so rare true worth on modern soil,—
 How very hard the poets find their toil.

But this with me, you'll answer, nothing weighs,
 Speak downright truth, you'll speak the noblest praise:
 Censure cries out, and growling drops her pen,
 "Reverse each character, 'tis censure then."
 See fiction blushing from her pencil run,
 And own her gaiest tints by B—th's charms outdone.

But soft, my friends, or e'er we speak the rest,
 Indulge our wish, and make the country blest:
 Those nymphs together let us once more view,
 Who fire our fancies and our flames renew:
 Those nymphs! whom youthful Clodio's self has seen,
 Fam'd for the step precise and upright mien!

Whom

Whom ev'n he saw—and in their chorus join'd,
To ease the wond'rous workings of his mind !
Alas how vain !—the fickle damsel flown,
And all his hopes of dear ten thousand gone !
Alas how vain !—ye virgins, aid his pain,
'Tis hard to triumph o'er so meek a swain !

Peace to his soul !—while I my wish renew,
Once more in Lincoln's fens my friend to view :
Then shall the muse with double ardour soar,
Now graces celebrate, now charms explore ;
Then might I hope !—bright beauties, hear my
pray'er—
Conceive the rest—'tis sigh'd and lost in air.

CYDIPPE

CYDIPPE TO LEONZO.

Leonzo by strong pretensions of love, but full of deceit, robbed the chaste Cydippe of her honour. This misfortune hung so heavy upon her, that it brought on her death; in the time of her sickness, to reform Leonzo, and set his crime before his view, she wrote the following epistle.

THINK not I write thy pity to implore,
 Ere this thou read'st—Cydippe is no more:
 For thee alone, ungrateful as thou art,
 To purge thy passions, and amend thy heart;
 For thee alone, the trembling pen I take,
 Willing my woe, thy happiness to make.

Too well, Leonzo, all my heart you know,
 How warm my love, how virtuous, and how true;
 Thy tender sighs my heart's fond pity mov'd,
 And I at first through mere compassion lov'd.
 But as I found thy fondness still the same,
 Still kind thy treatment, and still pure thy flame;
 No more I wish'd, or study'd to be free,
 But frankly all my heart resign'd to thee.
 So true my love, of change I nothing grieve,
 Nor dreaded ought, with thy protection blest.

Shield me just heav'n, Leonzo's self betrays,
 And my pure flame with perfidy repays!
 Ev'n he, my guide, my guardian and my friend,
 Lov'd to assist, and chosen to defend;
 Ev'n he becomes the viper in my breast,
 Despoils my love, and lays my comfort waste!

E

Think

Think what a deed, Leonzo; thou hast done,
 And well, well, weigh the triumph thou hast won.
 Lo, 'tis o'er one — whose heart was all thy own,
 Who lov'd thee well, and lov'd but thee alone ;
 Who for thy sake each hardship would have try'd,
 And pleas'd to make thee happy would have dy'd.
 And her, for one short interval of blame,
 A transient joy that thou shouldst blush to name ;
 Her hast thou robb'd of ev'ry human bliss,
 Fair virtue, soft content, and smiling peace !
 And in return, condemn'd to drag the chain
 Of shame, remorse, and self-consuming pain.

Hadst thou some mean, some unknown maid abus'd,
 Nought could a deed so black have e'er excus'd :
 Oh ! think then how immense the fault must prove,
 When such the base return of virtuous love ;
 When unsuspected, on th' unguarded maid
 Her own protector steals, and all her soul's betray'd.

Beware, ye virgins of false lovers arts,
 You cannot guard too much your gentle hearts :
 The faithless wantons triumph to deceive,
 Laugh at our tears, and joy to see us grieve.

Yet sure, Leonzo, sure it cannot be,
 That all are cruel, all unjust as thee !
 There are — kind heav'n augment the happy few !
 Who scorn the paths which libertines pursue ;
 In whose pure love the virgin may confide,
 But ah, how rare ! — and what to chuse, the guide ?
 By what blest art shall we discern the true,
 From lovers, oh Leonzo, false as you !
 Or how escape, when studious to betray,
 Wild roves the rake thro' pleasures flow'ry way ;

The virgin's anguish, and the parent's tear,
Mirth to his view, and music to his ear!

Ah me, 'tis vain, still many a hapless fair,
Henceforth, like poor Cydippe, must despair:
More false Leonzos to their ruin haste,
And fly to lay each little Eden waste.

Think of the crime, and view, with conscious thought,
My sad distress, by thy unkindness wrought;
Reflect how much I lov'd, and to thy eyes,
Let the dread guilt in all its horrors rise;
Let keen remorse afflict thy tortur'd breast,
And make thee wretched—if 'twill make thee blest.
May'st thou at last the fatal fault erase,
Disarm heav'n's vengeance, and resign in peace!

Farewel—yet think how much Cydippe lov'd,
How much for thee she suffer'd: and be mov'd;
Farewel—remember me, nor hope to find
Repose from ought, but virtue, in thy mind.

A DAY IN VACATION AT COLLEGE.

A MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

WHILE gaily smiling through the wilds of love,
 The laughing hours, and rose-lip'd Hebe leads
 Thee, midst the jolly choir of maidens trim,
 Daughters of pleasance; list, oh list awhile,
 From love and mirth's brisk music, to the strains,
 Hoarse-ecchoing, of thy solitary friend!
 While, how slow pace along his ling'ring hours,
 'Midst Granta's gloomy walls, he sorrowing tells,
 And paints the awful scene! O friend to woe!
 Sad muse, in sable stole right meekly clad,
 Thy melancholy YOUNG who leadeſt forth
 Slow, mournful, musing, to the mirky tomb,
 Midst darkness horrible (save where the moon
 With intercepted light, serves but to make
 The scene more solemn) and his midnight song,
 Grief-dictated, inspireſt—Goddeſs come,
 And thro' the live-long, tedious, lonely day,
 Aſſiſt me while I drag laborious on.

Ah! what avails it, that the ſleepy bell
 Breaks through the ſilence of the morn, and calls
 To ſolitary prayers? ſince there no face
 Of friendly aſpect on my hunger ſmiles,
 Inviting to the breakfast's kind repaſt!
 Chance thro' the ill-frequented houſe of God

The

The meagre visage of a fellow * stares,
 Himself who grudges food: and, diet thin,
 Pines to afford a miserable size †!
 Hence to keen appetite, and hunger strong,
 What hopes can well ‡? reflections thus severe,
 Food to desire, not so to ravenous maws,
 Yet why indulge? since fate's decrees stand fix'd,
 And fruitless 'tis to hope reverse our doom!
 Come then, thou lonely loaf, thou pensive cup,
 And 'midst the tortur'd kettle's hissing plaints,
 Let me eat, sip, and yawn o'er pamphlet dull.
 Where's now the jocund pun, the merry jibe,
 Erst laughter-usher'd midst belov'd compeers?
 Where's now the social walk, the friendly chat,
 As thronging thick to Cloacina's || fane?
 In sort not unressembling Gallic dames
 Of decency nought heedful: how unlike
 The virgin modesty of British maids?
 How pant their little hearts, how glow their cheeks
 With elegance of blushes, if descried
 Of nature's wants ought conscious! oh go on,
 Ye sole sweet cheerers of my musing hours,
 Still delicate, and still by grace refin'd
 Height'ning the marriage bliss, to every joy,
 To every rapture adding new increase.

* A fellow of a college. — See line the 227th.

† A size of bread is half a half-penny roll: a common medium with the small eaters of breakfasts at the university.

‡ A word of Spenser's, Shakespear's, &c. signifying to spring, flow, &c.

|| The goddesses of bogs, &c.

If on my gloom of solitude ere breaks
 Of pleasure glimmering ray, 'tis all from you,
 From sweet reflection on the absent fair,
 Soul of my soul—with whom whyleare when blest,
 How gay was nature, and each scene how trim!
 How chang'd, how alter'd now! for lo! (the morn
 Midst thoughts thus pensive, or midst travelling dull,
 O'er the wild maze of philosophic ground *,
 At length o'erpass) as by the dinner bell,
 Once found most grateful, call'd, the dusty stairs,
 (Despotic empire where Arachne holds
 Her curious webs, midst death-denouncing beats,
 Incessant weaving) as adown I move
 My hunger-stirr'd, yet grief-stay'd languid limbs,

* Philosophy is the reigning study, and principally rewarded at Cambridge. † The following passage from a late learned writer will well explain these lines.

“ It is certain the improvements they do make in learning, especially in mathematical and philosophical learning, are often extraordinary for persons of their age, (meaning the undergraduates at Cambridge) and are usually as great as may reasonably be expected to be made, within the compass of time they commonly reside amongst us. In these respects we have not lost, we have, I think, gained ground of late years: and though I am not sensible that the study of classical learning has declined among us, and should be much concerned if it had; yet I am of opinion, that it would be more attended to, and carried to a much greater height than it usually is, if some public honours were affixed to improvements of that kind, as has already been done to those in philosophy.”

† See considerations on the expediency of making the late regulations at Cambridge, p. 15.

A scene how dull crouds fullen on my view!
 Clos'd every antique window thro' the dome,
 (Black with the smoke of many a rolling year)
 Whence, or in night-cap white, or, some more gay,
 In velvet soft of many a varied hue,
 Peep'd forth, on barber calling shrill and loud,
 Dreading the loss of dinner, numerous heads!
 No barbers trim are now! No more they skim
 The well-shav'd lawn, its beard regardless grows
 To length uncouth, and wild neglected grass
 O'er every plat uncultivated reigns!
 No barbers trim are now! no more with wig
 Well-powder'd, white or brown, of don more grave,
 Or scholar blythe meet emblems, haste those fires
 Of news, and spruce consummators of dress!
 No more the jolly Jips*, with heart a foe
 To thought or sorrow, carol out their songs,
 Loud-echoing thro' the mirth-devoted court,
 As to the butteries, with their paper friend
 Jocund they jog along, and o'er their ale
 Measure their masters merits by their gifts!
 To penury, alas, and pinching want
 Condemn'd, the long vacation loud they curse,

* Are an idle useful set of hangers on the college, who procure ale, peace, &c. by running errands, and doing little services for their masters; and are a degree inferior in place and pre-eminence to the bed-makers: from a regard to the interests of the young gentlemen, the butler seldom permits them to have any thing of him without a note from the giver—which is usually in this form, *a fixe of ale—Williams—loaf and butter, Jackson*: by this the reader will understand what is meant by paper friend.

And

And pray with me, Oötober's bell * to hear,
 To sophs more dread than curfeu! fo thro' life
 The weal of one fill proves another's woe.

Of gracious Alma Mater's desert plight
 Meet representative, yon matron † view,
 With years and labour bent, on lonely step,
 Entrance of stair-case, where her masters lov'd
 Erst won, all pensive plac'd; her heavy head
 Her feeble arm upholds; her heavy heart,
 Ah me, what now remaineth to uphold?

How pleasing late with lusty Sol to rise,
 And to the room of midnight revelry,
 Late jolly feat, repair! there, there what joy
 The ruins of the rout to traverse o'er,
 And with the luscious fragments feast her taste
 Luxurious, and o'erwhelm her thirsty gule!
 Careless of morrow, by the mellow youth
 All things are to her rapine left a prey!
 How pants her heart, while silently secure
 She ravages the scene! and as the bee
 From morning flowers, with honey-loaded thigh
 Hastes happy to the hive—so homeward fares,

* Which rings in that dreadful term, the last before degrec-time, when the sophs, or those who then take their degrees, are in no small terror from moderators, wiffers, or examiners, proctors, philosophy, and fiery trials.

† Meaning an aged bed-maker, for 'tis requisite, and a point of great prudence in the governors of colleges, that the she bed-makers should be both aged and uninviting, lest temptation should cause the younger hearts to wander from the paths of virtue.

With spoils replete, the merry-hearted dame.
 What wonder now she mourns, when revel-routs,
 When feasts and spoils like these are found no more?
 So wept, so griev'd the Macedonian chief,
 When all the world dread ravag'd, and o'er-run,
 No other world remain'd for future deeds,
 Future destruction, blood-shed, spoils, and death!

Scant strew'd with cloth full black its antique boards,
 (For such unphilosophic eyes wou'd deem,
 What tables Granta's wiser sons yclepe,)
 The hall, whence frighted hospitality
 Wan takes her flight, with lonely steps and slow
 Musing I enter, and with sighs behold
 My solitary trencher *! banquets rich,
 And choicest dainties all their relish lose,
 If temper'd not with sweet society!
 Stiff thro' the hall, the lowering of my cap,
 And reverential meek respect demands
 One moving, dull, alone, distressed like me,
 Of big authority, and that great name,
 FELLOW, in Granta's walls sonorous deem'd,
 Full proud, and swoln with mighty littleness!
 Sick of the mimic pageant, down I haste
 My sparing dinner; and full glad avoid
 A wight so hateful to judicious eyes:
 Left to his own dull silence, and to gnaw
 Malign his cancred and perturbed gall
 But as on forest dreary waste and wide,

* That is, — a square piece of deal board, seldom if ever scraped,
 (never wash'd) off which the younger part of the university dine.

The traveller bewilder'd looks agast,
 And doubts which way to turn his sober steed,
 Each equally perplexing, each alike
 Lonely and desert: so from every scene
 Friendly society and comfort fled,
 In hesitation sighing, long I stand,
 Where to direct my faint and feeble feet!
 Along the silent streets, whose awful gloom
 Adds horror to my melancholy soul,
 I steal on unregarded: friendly face,
 Round-cap *, or square, ne'er greet my passing steps
 With salutation pleasing: nor the shops
 Of Thurlbourn, Merrill †—or than those more sweet,
 That, where the beauteous wife's bright visage gives
 Beauty to books, and lustre to their backs,
 One acceptable greeting e'er afford!
 Not one lov'd friend—'tis silence, darkness all!
 And yet awhile, methinks, my cares are still'd,

* The undergraduates, or those who are not dignified with the title of A. B. or any thing similar thereto, in general wear round-caps, not unlike those of the charity-boys, saving that they are black,—the superior orders wear square ones dignified with silken tassels.

† Thurlbourn and Merrill are so well known, we need observe nothing of the honesty or excellence of these eminent booksellers. The third (Mr. Matthews) who is hinted at in the next line, is less famous in public, but renowned within the walls of Granta, for a very pretty wife, whom he had just brought home when this poem was written.

N. B. This circumstance may, in future times, be of no small service to fix the chronology of this poem.

And

And dawn of comfort rays upon my gloom,
 As in profoundest meditation lost,
 Beside the door-case * leaning I behold,
 In fond imagination's eye, the walk
 Hight Regent, by the babbling sophists throng'd,
 For stern dispute in mental armour clad.
 Slow tolls the bell: bright glory holds aloft
 Her splendid crown, where gaily stamp'd in gold,
 Great Wrangler † glows, and panting honour throbs
 In each fierce combatant's aspiring heart!

* Mr. Merrill's shop looks upon the walk commonly called the Regent, which leads to the schools, which before two, (the hour when public exercise is kept in the schools) is generally much thronged by the younger sort, to hear the disputations, but more particularly when any renowned hero is to ascend the rostrum.

† There are twelve of every year constantly honoured with that appellation, as a mark of their superior merit. Many are the privileges they used to enjoy, which by imperceptible degrees, have dwindled away to one only, that of chusing each a squire, and visiting all the fair ladies of the town, from whom they demand—nought but a kiss. And the good-natured ladies never were averse to so laudable a custom. But mark the unkindness of our times! even this privilege is taken away, and the Wranglers must no more joyously ravish the balmy blessings from the coy and straggling fair: scarce a dry eye was seen on the day when the wranglers were last expected, the peeping maidens observed, now and then, one with down-cast looks steal along the streets, and muffle up his inglorious face in dismal black, proper emblem of the cruel destiny.—The year 1750 is, and will be, remembered with grief, by every Cambridge virgin, and future Wrangler.

He comes, behold, the dread decider * comes—
 As from the east the giant-sun breaks forth,
 To run his course, on each beholder's eye!
 He comes, ascend the rostrum, mount on high,
 Great Cato of fair science, and confound
 The syllogistic slaves of cavil fly!
 See the press thickens, hark the fight begins,
 Tongue-doughty—oh, of ignorance ye sons!
 How ill for you in unknown guise they treat
 Of subjects deep, important! else what funds,
 What mighty crops of science might ye reap,
 And grow in wisdom wealthy! so yon son,
 (Or Cambro-Briton, or from northern climes,
 Late footing o'er the hard and pebbly soil)
 As by that pillar leaning, all agape,
 Thus witnessing his wonder and applause,
 Right sapient deems, while in his troubled thoughts
 He scorns the ignorance of northern climes:
 And prickt with emulation hies him home
 To plod o'er hallow'd Euclid's sacred page!
 Not so the happy disputants: releas'd
 And crown'd with high applause, jocund they haste
 To drench their thirsty souls in chearing wine:
 Pleas'd talking o'er the glories of the day,
 And taking off each argument afresh.
 Thus from the chace, around the rosy cups
 The jolly-hearted hunters stun the ear
 With feats atchiev'd by each, while every fence

* Or moderator, whose business it is to be umpire in all academical disputations, to keep up good manners and decency between the combatants.

Again is sprung, each beast again pursued,
And in imagination slain anew.

Where, roving fancy, whither was I borne!—
These active scenes are wrapt in slumber now,
The still schools droop, the desert rostrum mourns;
And pensive silence with her down-fixt eyes
Walks solitary round the forrowing walls.

Vain is it, once the coffee-house supplied
Reviving coffee, or heart-cheering tea,
And with them pamphlets in long happy roll,
Food for the hungry mind! how dreary all
As ent'ring there, I pace along the room!
The languid Dockrill * drops his wonted smiles,
Pale Dockerilla on her elbow leans,
And views the long, long order, shining trim,
(Ah that they shine!) of coffee-pots forlorn!
While each with me in deep complaining joins
And ruminates full sad on happier days.

Vain is the hope for ought of comfort here:
Quick let me wander to those pleasing scenes,
Where nymphs whilome right gaily trimm'd, advanc'd,
And spread their gawdy plumage to the sun.
But vanish'd is the sun from Granta's skies,
With it the summer's vanish'd—and the pride
Of summer, each gay butterfly is gone!
No more the high-arch'd walk of lovely Clare,
No more proud Trinity's delightful round,

* The names of the master and mistress of the coffee-house, commonly called Robin's coffee-house. For the description of an academical coffee-house, we refer the reader to that noble history of Little Pompey.

No more the rural grove of awful Kings,
 Or Johnian scenes for solitude devis'd,
 Are with the bevy bright of gownsmen blythe
 And beauteous ladies, elegantly throng'd.
 No more the Commoner * with gold distinct,

* The before-mentioned history well explains the meaning of this word, chap. XII. book II. ' He was admitted in the rank
 ' of a fellow-commoner, which, according to the definition
 ' given by a member of the university in a court of justice, is one
 ' who sits at the same table, and enjoys the conversation of the
 ' fellows. It differs from what is called a gentleman commoner
 ' at Oxford, not only in the name, but also in the greater privileges
 ' and licences indulged to the members of this order; who do not
 ' only enjoy the conversation of the fellows, but likewise a full
 ' liberty of following their own imaginations in every thing. For as
 ' tutors and governors of colleges have usually pretty sagacious no-
 ' ses after preferment, they think it impolitic to cross the inclina-
 ' tions of young gentlemen, who are heirs to great estates, and
 ' from whom they expect benefices and dignities hereafter, as re-
 ' wards for their want of care of them, while they were under their
 ' protection. From hence it comes to pass, that pupils of this rank
 ' are excused from all public exercises, and allowed to absent them-
 ' selves at pleasure from the private lectures in their tutors rooms,
 ' as often as they have made a party for hunting, or an engagement
 ' at the Tennis-court, or are not well recovered from their evening's
 ' debauch. And whilst a poor unhappy soph, of no fortune, is of-
 ' ten expelled for the most trivial offences, or merely to humour the
 ' capricious resentment of his tutor, who happens to dislike his
 ' face; young noblemen, and heirs of great estates, may commit
 ' any illegalities, and, if they please, overturn a college with im-
 ' punity.'

N. B. Let it be acknowledg'd our Author is rather too severe.

And

And cursing regulations, treads the green,
 With step superior; while perchance his side,
 Some humbler fellow *, very meek, attends,

Full

* A fellow of a college is either a most amiable or a most insignificant character: to the honour of the universities be it spoken, they now abound with as many worthy men, in that station, as can either be desired or expected; and were I not to be suspected of flattery, I would name several, whose names as tutors as well as fellows, do honour to their own colleges, and the university in general: but many too there are of the species mentioned in Pompey the Little, whose insignificancy can never be sufficiently ridiculed, and whose foolish pride never sufficiently humbled.—Let us therefore, with honest Boileau, censuring only to amend, see what is there said of them: ‘ He (Williams, a M. A. and fellow)
 ‘ was in the first place, a man of the most exact and punctilious
 ‘ neatness; his shoes were always blacked in the nicest manner, his
 ‘ wigs powdered with the most finical delicacy, and he would scold
 ‘ his laundress for a whole morning together, if he discovered a wry
 ‘ plait in the sleeve of his shirt, or the least speck of dirt on any
 ‘ part of his linen. He rose constantly to chapel, and afterwards
 ‘ proceeded with great importance to breakfast, which, moderately
 ‘ speaking, took up two hours of his morning; for when he had
 ‘ done sipping his tea, he used to wash up the cups with the most
 ‘ orderly exactness, and replace them with the utmost regularity in
 ‘ their corner-cupboard. After this, he drew on his boots, ordered
 ‘ his horse, and rode out for the air, having been told that a seden-
 ‘ tary life is destructive of the constitution, and that too much
 ‘ study impairs the health. At his return he had barely time to
 ‘ wash his hands, clean his teeth, and put on a fresh-powdered wig,
 ‘ before the college-bell summoned him to dinner in the public
 ‘ hall. When this great affair was ended, he spent an hour with
 ‘ the

Full supple, big with hopes of benefice!

No more * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

No

‘ the rest of the fellows in the common-room to digest his meal,
 ‘ and then went to the coffee-house to read the news-papers; where
 ‘ he loitered away that heavy interval, which passed between dinner
 ‘ and the hour appointed for afternoon tea: but as soon as the clock
 ‘ struck three, he tucked up his gown, and flew with all imaginable
 ‘ haste to some of the young ladies abovementioned, who all esteemed
 ‘ him a prodigious genius, and were ready to laugh at his wit
 ‘ before he had opened his mouth. In these agreeable visits he
 ‘ remained till the time of evening chapel; and when this was over,
 ‘ supper succeeded next to find him fresh employment; from whence
 ‘ he repaired again to the coffee-house, and then to some engage-
 ‘ ment he had made at a friend’s room, to spend the remaining
 ‘ part of the evening. By this account of his day’s transactions,
 ‘ the reader will see how very impossible it was for him to find lei-
 ‘ sure for study in the midst of so many important avocations; yet
 ‘ he made a shift sometimes to play half a tune on the German flute
 ‘ in a morning, and once in a quarter of a year took the pains to
 ‘ transcribe a sermon out of various authors.

‘ Another part of his character was a great affectation of polite-
 ‘ ness, which is more pretended to in universities, where less of it is
 ‘ practised, than in any other part of the kingdom. Thus Williams,
 ‘ like many others, was always talking of genteel life, to which
 ‘ end he was plentifully provided with stories by a female cousin,
 ‘ who kept a milliner’s shop in London, and never failed to let him
 ‘ know by letters. what passed among the great: though she fre-
 ‘ quently mistook the names of the people, and attributed scandal

‘ to

No more 'midst laughter loud, meet scorn of sage,
The thoughtless youth * full idly loll along,

And

' to one lord, which was the property of another. Her cousin how-
' ever did not find out the mistakes, but retailed her blunders about
' the colleges with great confidence and security.

' But nothing in the world pleased him more than shewing the
' univervity to strangers, and especially to ladies, which he thought
' gave him an air of acquaintance with the genteel world; and on
' such occasions, if he could prevail on them to dine with him, he
' would affect to make expensive entertainments, which neither his
' private fortune, or the income of his fellowship, could afford.'

* In an old book I met with the other day, called Micro-Cos-
mographie; or, a piece of the world discovered in essays and cha-
racters. Printed in 1633. I found the following character of an
univervity scholar; which pleasing me much, I did not doubt but it
might also please some of my readers. — The little Book whence
it is taken, is very full of characters, and was so well approved
in its own days, as to run thro' six editions.

' A young gentleman of the Univerfity, is one that comes there
' to weare a gown, and to say hereafter, he has beene at the Vni-
' versity. His father sent him thither, because he heard there
' were the best fencing and dancing schooles, from these he has his
' education, from his tutor the over-sight. The first element of
' his knowledge is to be shewne the colledges, and initiated in a ta-
' verne by the way, which hereafter hee will learn of himselfe.
' The two marks of his seniority, is the bare velvet of his gowne,
' and his proficiency at tennis, where when hee can once play a set,
' he is a fresh-man no more. His study has commonly handsome
' shelves, his bookes neate filke strings, which he shews to his fa-
' ther's man, and is loth to untye or take downe, for fear of mis-

And deem themselves important! here I reign
 Sole monarch; and if nought can give me joy,
 At least am free from ought to raise my spleen.
 Here only am I blest while nature's works,
 And every beauty thro' the laughing fields,
 Contemplating, delighted: while my limbs,
 Beside the gurgling spring, which murmuring rills
 Adown the steep, amidst the whispering breeze
 Soft sighing of the gently waving boughs,
 Indulgently I spread; and feed my thoughts
 With thy perfections and thy works, great king
 Of universal nature;—sure to lead
 To that most perfect loveliest of thy works,
 (Sweet meditation!) her, who holds my heart,
 And is, whate'er has been of beauty feign'd!
 Away, ye sons of midnight revelry,

' placing. Upon foule dayes for recreation, he retyres thither, and
 ' looks over the prety booke his tutor reades to him, which is com-
 ' monly some short history, or a piece of Euphormio; for which
 ' his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His maine loyter-
 ' ing is at the library, where he studies armes and books of honour,
 ' and turnes a gentleman-critick in pedigrees. Of all things hee
 ' endures not to bee mistaken for a scholler, and hates a black suit
 ' though it bee of satin. His companion is ordinarily some stale
 ' fellow, that has beene notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands,
 ' whom he admires at first, afterwards scornes. If hee have spirit
 ' or wit, hee may light of better company, and learne some flashes
 ' of wit, which may doe him knights service in the country here-
 ' after. But he is now gone to the inns of court, where hee stu-
 ' dies to forget, what he learn'd before, his acquaintance and the
 ' fashion.'

Who

Who to a wanton Venus make your court !
 Think not to lure me with those gallant joys,
 More boasted of than known : one hour of love,
 Of innocent delight, of guileless blifs,
 Of converse delicate, refin'd and pure,
 Exceeds your utmost pleasures, and may vie
 With all the transports of lascivious love !

No wonder, Lucy, wrapt in thoughts of thee,
 Quick move along the nimble-footed hours,
 When with thee oft, so oft, too winged prov'd,
 Then fleetier than a snail-pac'd moment now.

The hour of prayer approaches : home I tend,
 And as the silent melancholy court
 Yawning I enter, 'chance a dismal scrape,
 From hand of forlorn Fiddler, wounds my ear,
 And to the scene adds horror. So the howl
 Of triple-mouthed Cerberus bursting dread
 Thro' the dull silence of hell's awful gloom,
 New terror struck thro' pale Æneas' soul
 Dire woe-begone, and made e'en hell more horrible.

The house of prayer, or supper, nought presents
 Or new or meet to mend the dull-spent day :
 How shall the long, long tedious evening pass ?
 Where are the social friends, the flowing cups
 Midst converse pleasing jovially put round,
 Midst mirth and laughter, honest joke and joy ?
 Where is the evening, held more social yet,
 Midst conversation, open'd and refin'd,
 On themes that well might suit an Attic ear ?
 Ah D * * * now where art thou ? blest indeed

In converse with the man *, the world admires.
 And I—small comfort—to reflection left
 Of what I once enjoy'd!—upbraidings hence
 The hours move on, and proud Augusta's walls
 Shall all those comforts to my soul afford,
 Granta unkindly to my wish denies.
 So might mankind be blest: learn, mortals, learn,
 The present state contented to support,
 Let flattering hope the future prospects crown!

Thus in dull round drags on each self-same day,
 And every hour well knows the next's employ;
 The day of God except: then ruling change
 Usurps her wonted sway: The pulpit then
 New fund of matter to engage my soul,
 Or raise my laughter, as with * * fill'd
 * * * * or * * * * graciously supplies.

* Every reader will confess the propriety of what is said of this gentleman, when I tell them the person here meant, is the truly amiable author of *Clarissa*.

* * No particular persons are here meant: every university man can easily supply the vacancies, as no pulpit affords greater variety of excellent, as well as miserable, preachers, than *St. Mary's*.
 —The learned reader will observe how strictly the writer of this piece has complied with the opinions of the ingenious author of the very grave *Scribleriad*. He, in imitation thereof, never deigning to let one smile intrude all the way through; and in so doing, we hope people of true and nicer taste will confess he has hit upon the true burlesque. For in the preface to that poem, saith the writer,——' In a mock-heroic poem, the author should never be seen to laugh, but constantly wear that grave irony, which Cervantes only has inviolably preserved.'

So in our days, when late the parting earth
 Yawn'd, threat'ning dissolution, some with awe,
 With souls religious, felt the warning shock,
 And pick'd morality from every shake.
 While others, looser throng, with laughter vain,
 And idle observation, deem'd it light,
 While with gay pleasures closely compass'd round,
 They rioted in jovisaunce secure,
 And unregarding, or with smiles could hear
 " The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

August 15, 1750.

W I T

W I T R E W A R D E D,

O R T H E D O U B L E T R I U M P H.

A T A L E F O U N D E D O N T R U T H.

AN honest vicar, little known to fame,
Whose wealth was small, whose life was free
from blame;

It chanc'd, in riding on the village road,
Calmly content, and ruminating good;
Was overtook by Morio brisk and gay,
Directed by some scheme the self-same way:
Morio, a youth, who two vain years had spent
At London, and from thence to Paris went;
Proficient he, alike, at either school,
Here he commenc'd, and there completed fool.
He learn'd to hammer "monsieur, voulez-vous,"
And dangle at his back the monkey queue.
He learn'd each folly men of sense despise,
To triumph in himself, and scorn the wise.

He knew the priest, and form'd the deep design,
To play a prank, and bite the grave divine:
To gain his point, he sighing, thus began,
"Well, hard his fate! alas, poor honest man;
"Believe me, sir, at length good Pio's dead;
"The very best of Levi's sons is fled."
Amaz'd the vicar heard, and doubting stands
Till Morio's oath a full belief commands;
No more he doubts, but thinks the tale sincere;
Nor dream'd that moderns would to falsehood swear.

His

His friend a while lamenting on the road,
 Quoth Morio, " doctor, his preferment's good ;
 " That living well would suit — 'sdeath, haste, begone,
 " The bishop can't deny you ; 'tis your own."
 Thoughtful the vicar sat — at length reply'd,
 " Good is my aim, and charity my guide ;
 " With lib'ral hand to ease the widow's toil,
 " Relieve the poor, and bid the wretched smile.
 " For these I'll ask, to these the boon be giv'n,
 " This all my wish, then grant it bounteous heav'n."

See then, by mild credulity betray'd,
 The common failing of an honest head ;
 The priest with diligence, not haste, proceed,
 Half loth to plead his worth, or own his need.
 Tim'rous, at length he beats the bishop's gate,
 The bishop never made his clergy wait ;
 He enters, grave, and at the plenteous board
 Sees the dead rector dining with my lord !
 Amaz'd, asham'd, tho' conscous of no wrong,
 He blushes, bows, and dines and holds his tongue ;
 Pours out a sober cup to church and king,
 Nor wastes one thought upon the trifling thing ;
 A chearful hour he spends, serenely gay,
 Then pays his compliments, and comes away.

Big with delight, exulting in the deed,
 The beau thank'd nature for an able head ;
 The quaint deceit with transport fill'd his soul ;
 And pleas'd, he triumph'd o'er the musty fool ;
 O'er him and all, who sway'd by truth and sense,
 Scorn such low arts, and hate to give offence.
 " This head," he cry'd, then smil'd, and cry'd again,
 " This head was never known to think in vain."

He

He could no more, for words are not design'd
 To paint the raptures of th' unthinking mind.
 But ftrait he glow'd a second prank to try,
 Heated with wit's warm blood and victory.
 So when a fox, with too much cunning wise,
 Scorns the foul trap wherein his ruin lies;
 By one attempt made bold, he quits his fear,
 Nor dreads the loss of tail, or foot, or ear.
 Dangling his cane he rode, then rais'd it high
 Switch'd his gay prancer, and prepar'd to fly:
 To fly, directed by his foolish brain,
 Mad as his horse, and spongy as his cane;
 Triumphant with his embryo scheme he glow'd,
 While idiot laughter echo'd as he rode.

'Twas then sinister omens damp'd his soul,
 The mock of sense, but terror of the fool;
 His filken stockings luckless dirt besmear'd,
 And cross the road the hated hare appear'd:
 A boding raven on his golden hat
 Discharg'd his load, and croak'd the threats of fate.
 Yet not dismay'd, he keeps his purpose still,
 For present joys o'erbalance future ill.

Now to the vicar's villa see him come,
 A small, tho' neat, and well contented home;
 Thither he flew, as one that flies for life,
 And calls with earnest voice the vicar's wife.
 Vicaria soon appear'd; "haste, haste," he cries,
 "In yonder road your helpless husband lies;
 "His leg, alas! thrown by the found'ring jade;
 "I saw him fall; oh! hasten to his aid!—
 "I'll go myself," he said; then turn'd his steed,
 And urg'd the nimble beast with utmost speed.

She heard, astonish'd, the ambiguous tale;
 The blood forsakes her cheeks, her spirits fail;
 Convulsive conflicts tear her tender breast,
 She sinks, she swoons, with thousand fears oppress'd;
 Her maid, her neighbours fly to give her ease,
 And try each art her sorrows to appease.

When men to serious follies will descend,
 We know not where the sad effects may end;
 A serious liar is a dang'rous thing,
 Sharp is his poison, tho' conceal'd his sting.

At length reviv'd, she thus disclos'd her woe,
 " Ah fatal tale, sad, unexpected blow!
 " My husband lies—oh, agonizing grief!—
 " In yonder road—haste, haste, to his relief."—
 Through all that heard, one common sorrow spread;
 They mourn the living vicar as the dead:
 And run in crowds to give him instant aid. }
 The grief was general; for in ev'ry plain,
 A general blessing is an honest man.

Soft as the breezes moving on the sea,
 When waves on waves in circling eddies play;
 Sweet as the air, when Flora spreads around
 Her balmy odours on the painted ground;
 When teeming nature, with her genial pow'r,
 Smells in the rose, and blooms in every flow'r:
 So rural life has ev'ry charm to please,
 Dear hours of genuine innocence and ease:
 New beauties blossom as the old decay,
 And big with pleasure day succeeds to day.
 Can Morio then, midst scenes like these, delight,
 Like a black mildew, to arise and blight?
 Can Morio smile to pain an honest heart,
 And cloud the calms which truth and worth impart!

But see, the storm is o'er, the priest appears,
 And shouts of transport follow floods of tears :
 The happy wife, with pleasure-melted eye,
 Draws near, and kindly testifies her joy.
 The tale was told ; well pleas'd the priest reply'd,
 " I envy not the victor's scheme, or pride ;
 " In thy concern a greater bliss I know,
 " Than all his boasted cunning can bestow."
 But good Vicaria, born of gentle blood,
 At Morio's bold affront with anger glow'd ;
 And with revenge inspir'd the ardent train ;
 But Morio absent, their revenge was vain :
 Yet still the heroine bade the num'rous band
 Keep instruments of discipline in hand.
 So on the seas, no Gallic foe in view,
 Rides Britain's fleet, and burns the British crew
 For future combat, with true courage fir'd,
 Such as by Anson, Warren, Hawke inspir'd.

Seven days were past, when rose the eighth great light,
 Big with the fate of Morio, and of wit.
 Vicaria with delight that morning view'd,
 For all her omens and her dreams were good :
 And now th' auspicious day was almost spent,
 Ordain'd to perfect the renown'd event ;
 When Morio, by his evil genius led,
 Genteely cant'ring towards the village sped.
 With transport she beheld, and out she flies,
 While her shrill voice re-echoes to the skies ;
 Quick at her call the villagers appear,
 Morio rode on, nor knew the danger near ;
 Amaz'd he saw unnumber'd plowmen stand,
 Grasping their long thong'd whips with threaten'g hand :
Amaz'd

Amaz'd he heard incessant clamours found,
 And wit, revenge, and Morio echo round.
 But what were plowmen, whips and clamorous tongues,
 To the dread lashing of the cracking thongs !
 Flight was his only hope, he spurr'd his horse,
 The victors, thronging round, oppose his course.
 Pastorio—give him to the trump of fame,
 While stands the village, live the hero's name ;—
 Pastorio first, disdain'd distant war,
 Rush'd to his side, and with a manly air,
 Seiz'd his neat leg, and dragg'd him to the ground ;
 When fix'd on vengeance croud the women round.
 What tongue can e'er recount, what numbers tell,
 The thousand blows that on the witling fell ;
 In vain he pray'd, in vain he begg'd relief,
 The laughing clowns to all his cries were deaf ;
 Nor pity felt for coat all silver'd o'er :—
 Alas, what muse th' affliction can deplore !
 Strange that for lace no pity they express,
 No kind regard for such a shining dress !

Such was his fate ; and now revenge's fire
 Began to languish, and their rage to tire :
 When thus Vicaria, with contented look,
 And heart benevolent, the crowd bespoke :
 The crowd all listen'd, while two sturdy swains
 Held fast poor Morio, trembling with his pains ;
 “ Friends, neighbours, all, with pleasure I survey
 “ The great event of this auspicious day ;
 “ My hopes are gain'd, and all my wishes crown'd,
 “ Folly's vain son a due reward has found.
 “ Wits hence shall learn to dread their serious lies,
 “ To cheat the honest, and to bite the wife ;

" Wits reign shall cease, for all her sons shall know,
 " Sense, soon or late, retorts a vengeful blow;
 " Sense soon or late, shall o'er their follies soar,
 " And Morio's fate be sung till witlings be no more."
 She ceas'd—A jolly farmer's wife reply'd,
 Laughing, her hands held either shaking side;
 Attention listen'd to the merry dame,
 While thus with rosy looks, she spoke her scheme:
 " Poor youth, I know not but this cruel strife
 " May cost him dear, may rob him of his life:
 " If thus, besmear'd with dirt, from hence we send him,
 " Let us have pity—to yon well attend him;
 " There wash him clean—this kindness will repay
 " His former ills, and wipe his rage away."

She laugh'd aloud; they heard the scheme well pleas'd,
 When from his dirty bed the youth was rais'd:
 All pale he stood, he knew not what they meant,
 Vainly entreating, trembling for th' event.
 Sad sight, behold the queue behind undone,
 His hair dishevell'd, and his beaver gone:
 His shirt all black; the dirt conceal'd the lace,
 And help'd to shew the whiteness of his face.
 Thus in the shades below, dread realms of night,
 Deiphobus surpriz'd the Trojan's fight;
 With wounds all cover'd o'er the hero stood,
 While pale Æneas trembled as he view'd.

But now, my muse, contract thy tedious song,
 Patience must tire whene'er a tale's too long;
 Suffice it in the bucket he was laid,
 Thrice duck'd, and thrice uprear'd his weeping head.
 The vicar, with his pipe, stood looking on,
 And soberly advis'd them to have done:
 They all obey'd, the witling was releas'd,
 And, with Vicaria, all the village pleas'd.

C U P I D · D E T E C T E D:

T O M I S S W - - - - - N.

AS t'other morning over Margate's bay,
 Apollo drove the orient car of day;
 Beneath the canvafs, with enraptur'd eyes,*
 He faw fair W - - - - - n, from the waves arife;
 (His eyes—the queen of love detests their fight—
 Thro' all things pierce, impertinently bright.)
 And as he view'd the virgin's finish'd frame,
 The amorous god foon felt the tender flame;
 Mufic's the food of love—he caught the lyre,
 For ever tuneful with the golden wire;
 And with his flying fingers touch'd the ftrings,
 To his foft ftrains his voice melodious fings;

No, no, mighty Jove, I'd not envy thy portion,
 Thy heaven for Me thou unrivall'd might'ft have,
 Were I but the God, the bleft God of the ocean;
 Were I but of ocean one favorite wave!

That wave which receives and encircles transported,
 Which curls round the wait, and enjoys all the
 charms
 Of her, by each shepherd fo anxiously courted,
 But worthy to gladden a God's rofy arms,

* The reader fould be informed here, that the ladies at Margate bathe in the fea, under an umbrella of canvafs, which is fix'd at the end of the machines.

Hence,

Hence, hence, ye vain suitors!—since Daphne so
charming,

So coyly refus'd and so cruelly fled ;
No nymph, with such passion my bosom alarming,
Seem'd worthy my wish, or seem'd worthy my bed.

Sweet maid, for thy sake, would I leave my high
station,

And a shepherd again on my oaten pipe play.
Or if my bright nymph would prefer elevation,
Come, sit by my side here, and make double day!

To win thee perhaps, I might urge that the glory,
Of Beauty, of wit, and of song are all mine ;
But conscious alas—I disown them before thee ;
Soft song, modest wit, and chaste beauty are thine!

I'll rather avow my sincere adoration,
And wish thee to bless me, my charmer, my bride ;
I'll rather present my unfeign'd and soft passion,
And woo thee to come, and to sit by my side.

The sweets of domestic felicity blooming,
Together we'll crop from affection's sweet grove ;
And each happy morning, its verdure resumming,
I'll place on thy brow a fresh chaplet of love.

Thus sang the God, — and instant gave command,
To bear the tender lay to Cupid's hand ;
That he forthwith to Margate might depart,
And with the song, engage the fair one's heart.

Quick on a sun-beam Æthon shot away,
 To bear to Cupid's hand the tender lay ;
 But vain he sought him in th' Idalian groves,
 Amidst the laughing nymphs, and sporting loves :
 Truant he flies, — his mother strait begun,

“ Midst revel-routs and orgies seek my son ;
 “ No more the Cyprian scenes engage his stay,
 “ The God of wine has led my son astray !” *

Instant as thought the faithful Æthon flies,
 And with the drunken God young Cupid spies ;
 Empurpled were the beauties of his face,
 Each feature flush'd, and bloated every grace.

“ Haste, haste, said Æthon, Phœbus gives command,

“ Bear this soft lay to lovely W - - - - - n's hand !”

“ I know her well, — the fullen boy rejoin'd ;

“ But ah, I hate her for her matchless mind ;

“ Her charms, her sense, too elegant for me ;

“ And, truth to say, she scorns my deity.

“ Scorns my connections with this honest God ; —

“ I hate her, for she's chaste, and wise and good.

“ But since inferior pow'rs must needs obey —

“ Attend me, Discord ; and take thou the lay.”

He spoke indignant ; wav'd his roseat wings,

And to the destin'd fair his message brings ;

He saw her at the brilliant ball appear

The fairest virgin she, where all are fair !

W - - - - - n's lov'd name maliciously eras'd ;

Lucinda's in its stead had discord plac'd :

* See the next poem : the Cupid here mention'd, is the same
 with that whom Clorinda laments.

“ Love-songs, quoth Cupid!—take and read, and guess
“ Whose praise, sweet miss, the amorous lines express :
“ Lucinda—yet ’midst these bright belles to rise,
“ And to eclipse all yours, with her resplendent eyes.”

He spoke, and stern like Ajax’ ghost retir’d ;
We seiz’d the song, with curious ardour fir’d ;
But quick discern’d the little urchin’s art,
And saw the turnings of his envious heart ;
All with one voice the proper nymph assign,
And own Lucinda’s praise, fair W-----n, justly thine,

CLORINDA’S

CLORINDA'S LAMENTATION

ON THE ABSENCE OF CUPID FROM MARGATE.

ARGUMENT.

“ A gentleman, whose beauty and address procured
 “ him the appellation of Cupid from the ladies two
 “ years ago, acted as master of the ceremonies at
 “ Margate, in which capacity he is at present
 “ greatly wanted. Upon this the following lines are
 “ founded.”

AS on the wave-worn coast I lately trod,
 And heard the roarings of the watry God,
 On a lone cliff, with barren sea-weed spread,
 Clorinda sat—I wond’ring saw; and sped
 With zealous haste, to greet the blooming maid. }
 But, as I nearer drew, increas’d surprize
 Sprung from her pensive look and downcast eyes:
 With earnest warmth, “ Ah why, lov’d fair, I cried,
 “ Dost thou from sweet society divide?
 “ Why seek the craggy cliff, and gloomy strand?
 “ Why lean thy head upon thy snowy hand?
 “ And why do looks of sadness, charmer, why,
 “ Thus damp the living lustre of thine eye?”
 “ And can you ask, she said, or want to know
 “ Whence springs my own, and whence each female’s
 “ woe,
 “ That dives for rosy health in Margate’s waves;
 “ That seeks in Margate’s rooms for willing slaves?
 I “ Learn,

“ Learn, learn the truth—and our sad loss deplore—

“ Cupid, capricious God, is here no more!”

All sympathetic, with the maid I sigh’d:

And “ ah capricious cruel Cupid cried !”

“ Who now, said she, shall thro’ the rooms advance,

“ Guide the gay band, and lead the sprightly dance?

“ Who now the graceful minuet direct,

“ And well-chosen partners for the fair select?

“ Who, to the tuneful band, with glove so white,

“ Shall wave, and bid them play each maid’s delight?

“ Or who the tables in the card-room fill,

“ For sober whist, brisk loo, or blythe quadrille?

“ Ah fatal loss! with me that loss deplore!

“ Cupid, capricious God, is here no more!

“ Who now can bear the once-lov’d rooms to tread,

“ Whence with their master, every grace is fled!

“ And where each moment, by each object brought,

“ His lov’d idea lives in every thought!

“ Where all—ah gentle Deity, too plain

“ Confess thy absence, and augment my pain?

“ Silent we sit;—expecting who shall lead—

“ The music’s silent—and the beaux seem dead!

“ Ah fatal loss! with me that loss deplore;

“ Cupid, capricious God, is here no more!

“ Perchance a lonely minuet’s begun—

“ But who shall dance the next, when this is done?—

“ That’s darkness all, and doubt! rank, beauty, grace,

“ Avail not here—Oh come resume thy place;

“ Come gentle Cupid,—see we sit in vain—

“ And briskly move our fans with warm disdain—

“ Far other motions do we wish to prove—

“ Return, and crown our wishes, God of Love!

“ Ah

“ Ah fatal loss, — let us lament no more :
 “ But come, dear Cupid, and our joys restore !
 “ While thou art absent, every scene appears
 “ Dull as my heart, and mournful as my fears :
 “ More loud and boisterous roars th’ indignant sea,
 “ And the rough rocks seem rougher, wanting thee :
 “ Intrepid to the bath I once cou’d hie,
 “ For Love was there : and he could soon descry
 “ The eye’s new lustre, and the cheek’s fresh dye. }
 “ Now, to that bath with timid step I go,
 “ And plunge affrighted to the gulph below ;
 “ With unconcern I leave the dull machine ;
 “ For now — what now avails it to be seen ?
 “ What now avails the cheek’s re-kindled flush !
 “ No love is here — and vain is beauty’s blush !
 “ Oh the sad loss, let us lament no more ; —
 “ Come, come, dear Cupid, and our joys restore !
 “ Return, oh Cupid, God of Love return,
 “ Nor let Clorinda unavailing mourn :
 “ Return, and to the rooms their life restore,
 “ And give to beauty all its former pow’r :
 “ Return, and with thee bring thy bow : for hearts
 “ Our eyes shall furnish out sufficient darts :
 “ Return, or from the cliffs myself along
 “ I’ll cast, like her so fam’d in classic song ;
 “ Or else from hence I’ll go —” “ With me, sweet
 “ maid,”

Seizing the softness of her hand I said, —

“ To yonder rooms, where crowds of suitors wait,
 “ And wonder why Clorinda stays so late :
 “ Where you shall quickly find, that you complain
 “ Of Cupid’s absence, lovely fair, in vain :

“ For Cupid’s absence of no weight can prove,
 “ Where his own mother comes, the queen of love!
 “ And, when th’ unerring shafts herself supplies
 “ By which the throbbing heart delighted dies,
 “ From her own rosy lips, and love-inspiring eyes?” }
 The fair one smil’d :— nor yet withdrew her hand ;
 Nor unreluctant left the barren strand.
 I press’d her lips, her eyes new lustre gain’d ;
 Her cheeks a fresher tint of crimson stain’d :
 And as she pass’d all-graceful up the room,
 In elegance of mein, and beauty’s bloom ;
 The belles with admiration view’d the maid,
 And the rapt beaux in silent awe survey’d.
 While general pleasure speedily declar’d,
 That where his mother smiles, Cupid may well be spar’d.

TO THE AUTHOR OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS THIRD AND FOURTH
VOLUMES.

YES, tney will laugh;—but whom, O S-----e,
enquire?

The wretched fons of vice and foul desire:
To these your page immoral may be dear,
But virtue o'er it sheds the conscious tear:
The wise, the modest, view it with concern;
Detest the matter, and the master mourn.

Is it for this you wear the sacred gown,
To write and live the Shandy of the town?
Is it for this the holy hand was laid,
Thrice awful consecration!—on your head?
Is it for this the sacred page was giv'n
To teach high truths, and point the way to heav'n?
Is it for this, that, trifler loose and vain,
With page unhallow'd, and with pen obscene,
You might against the cause of goodness war,
Soil the pure mind, and truth's fair features mar?

Ah! think what you will surely know too soon,
Tho' some may laugh, none love the loose buffoon:
But of buffoons the scorn and veriest fellow,
Is the buffoon, strange monster—in prunello!
With all your might, tho' you have stretch'd your hand,
To scatter poison, and defile the land;
Yet let me once my gratulations pay,
For that your will exceeds your best essay:

I joy to praise you for your foulest sheet,
 Jests most indelicate, and dearth of wit.
 The time will come, when you with me shall join,
 To bless the blasting of each putrid line :
 For oh the time will come, when you shall feel
 Stabs in your heart more sharp than stabs of steel ;
 When conscience loud, shall thunder in your ear,
 And all your wide-spread ill in horrid form appear !

Prevent the hour, for pity's sake I ask,
 And oh, perform your own advised task ; *
 Search your own heart, you'll find the debt is large,
 And haste, perform the duties of your charge ;
 Leave the vile town, nor wish it in your pow'r,
 To shine the giddy meteor of an hour.

Ah ! you have talents, —do not misapply,
 Ah you have time, —seize, seize it, ere it fly ;
 Strait seize it, for too short you needs must own
 Whate'er of life remaineth to atone
 For all the filth diffus'd, and evil you have done.

* See Sterne's Sermons, Vol. I. Sermon 4th.

A N N E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Language is faint true sorrow to express,
To speak the passion of a wounded soul:
The more we suffer we complain the less,
The rill flows babbling, deep streams silent roll.

The head with mute expressive pity mov'd,
The big tear lab'ring in your people's eye,
Too speakingly proclaim, how much belov'd,
Dear prince, you liv'd, how much lamented die.

In deep suspense, such solemn scenes around,
I stand, where first to touch the lyre of woe;
As leaning on his ax, where trees abound,
The woodman doubts where first to fix the blow.

Oh princefs—yet at that unhappy name
Why does my pen th' ungrateful task deny?
Why spreads a dampy chilnefs o'er my frame,
And tears unbidden croud into my eye?

So tender is the theme, the muses mourn,
And fear to speak, what speaking they must wrong;
For as no words her virtues can adorn,
So is her grief beyond the reach of song.

Oh for the plaintive voice, the mournful tone
Soft-trilling thro' the silence of the night
Of hapless Philomel, when all alone,
On bared bough, she wails her widow'd plight:

Then cou'd my soul in soft complainings tell,
How Frederick lov'd, and how that love was blest:
How dear he liv'd, how dear—and when he fell,
Ah me—what anguish pierc'd Augusta's breast!

Theirs was no common love, no common flame,
Not from the wanton heat of passion sprung,
Whose joy is transient, and whose bliss a name;
Sense tied the knot, which tenderness made strong:

Built on esteem a mutual friendship rose,
Time saw that friendship constantly improve:
And friendship so refin'd, soon fondness grows,
Soon softly mellows into firmest love.

Such, such was their's; but when a beauteous race
Their parent's triumph, and their nation's care,
Was giv'n indulgent to their dear embrace,
How was their mutual love cemented there!

Oh to behold 'em as they pass'd along
With their sweet babes, the lov'd and loving pair:
Their bliss was painted in the gazing throng,
Each eye proclaim'd their happiness sincere.

Britons, alas, no more shall ye survey,
 With longing looks, the lovely glorious fight:
 Heav'n has too soon your favourite snatch'd away,
 The husband's mirror, and the realm's delight.

Who shall presume heaven's awful ways to scan,
 Or reason of its dealings here below?
 Mysterious are its holy ways to man:
 That God is good, is all we need to know.

Weep not, fair princess, nor thy fortune blame,
 Some great reward in future times is thine:
 From earth set free, above yon starry frame
 Thou with thy God and with thy prince shalt shine.

Wait then resign'd the hallow'd will of heav'n,
 Affuage thy tears, and bid thy grief subside,—
 Alas!—how easy consolation's giv'n,
 When swells not full the heart with sorrow's tide!

Tho' much I feel, how deep thy grief to mine!
 How vain the thought to bid thee cease to mourn!
 Thou art a mortal: and to feel is thine;
 It is enough, thy sorrows can be borne.

Where shall thy prattling race their father see,
 So fond, so tender; hapless widow, where?
 Sportive no more shall they ascend his knee,
 Or list their little stories in his ear?

Oft shall thy bosom heave unbidden sighs,
 Oft down thy cheeks shall steal the gushing tears,
 When some fond infant asks, with streaming eyes,
 Why now no more his dear papa appears?

And yet there is who to the name of son*
 Is now no stranger: for, in years tho' green,
 Uncommon sense the blooming prince has shown,
 Britannia's glory in his youth is seen.

Weep, weep, young prince, for thou hast lost a fire,
 Beneath whose hand in virtue thou hadst grown;
 Let then his glories all thy bosom fire,
 And make his ev'ry excellence thy own.

Hear thy fond mother tenderly relate
 Those manly virtues ev'ry Briton lov'd:
 Then weep thy country's loss and father's fate,
 And from his great example rise improv'd.

So when thy grandfire shall to death's sure hand
 At length submit, and double England's woe,
 Another George may sooth the suff'ring land,
 And bring his great forefathers back to view.

But, gracious heav'n, if Britain be thy care,
 Nor yet our crimes have turn'd thy favour hence,
 Awhile our monarch to our wishes spare,
 At once his Nation's glory and defence.

* Our present most amiable Sovereign.

Far from his bed each torturing pang remove,
And doubly fortify his lab'ring soul:
Tho' much he feels, let not the father's love
The father of his country's love controul.

Be his the mighty task his realms to guard,
And "settle sure succession in his line;"
Be ours, great king, thy goodness to reward
With prayers incessant: be our hearts all thine!

There are perchance who wonder I refuse
Aloft to blazon Frederick's lov'd fame:
That were a task wou'd well delight the muse,
For much she joys to dwell upon his name.

But what avails it, Britons, to relate
His public virtues, and domestic worth?
Each Briton knew them, each laments a fate
That tore such matchless virtues from our earth.

Weep all the people when a tyrant dies!
Mourn for a worthless name the general throng!
No, princess, no:—more speak thy people's eyes
Than all the music of applauding song.

What tho' in tented fields, and deeds of war,
Where wide destruction claims the laurel crown,
He never shone, nor drove Bellona's car,
Rattling o'er ruin to procure renown:

A nobler sphere his milder virtues chose,
Another Numa, born to bless mankind;
To conquer in humanity he rose,
And left the glorious madneses behind.

In wide benevolence's ample plain,
He toil'd to make each social art his own,
That Britain might with joy behold the train
Of truth and glory basking round his throne.

But what avail'd his kind parental care,
Or studious labour for his country's weal?
Heav'n deign'd not to bestow such favours here,
And shew'd the more, that we the more might feel.

Severest scourge upon our guilty land,
Whose sapp'd foundations scarce their burden bear,
Loaded with guilt the tott'ring structures stand,
Nod to their fall, and daily ruin fear.

And lo—how cast aside her orb'd shield,
Whereon right plain in speaking brass is view'd,
Her ev'ry son, who dar'd in glory's field
Each honest danger for his country's good:

On the bare ground Britannia lies along,
And leans her head all mournful on her hand,
While clad in sable, melancholy throng
Weeping around fair virtue and her band.

The muses too in silent fort draw nigh,
And pensive with the forrowing maid recline ;
On their soft lutes the strains unfinish'd die,
And to dumb grief they solemnly resign.

Parental fondness drooping sits aside,
With conjugal affection in his hand,
Bends his full eyes expressive on his bride,
Looks their sad loss, and wails the widow'd land.

Freedom, whose adamant bosom knows
From common sufferings nought to touch her breast,
Wild in her sorrow, gives a loose to woes,
For Frederick lov'd her, and she lov'd him best.

Commerce at distance rears her heavy head,
Her sable flag hangs heedless on her knee,
Neglected at her feet her glories spread,
Neglected droops her empire of the sea :

Oft wails she — “ Wherefore do I fondly blame
“ For that a while my sons thy loss shall feel ?
“ Beneath thee nurtur'd, how had rose my fame,
“ For well thou knew'st my worth to Britain's weal.”

Thus as she spoke, methought the western sky
Gay streaks of splendid light illumin'd round ;
When, clad in snowy robes, descend from high
Bright forms, with gold and aramanthus crown'd ;

A car, immortal lustre darting, shone,
Borne in the bosom of a fleecy cloud,
When from the north a PERSONAGE came on,
Divine his look, divine the circling crowd:

Superior glory beam'd from out his eyes:
He mov'd;—the splendid car advanc'd along,
Where as he enter'd, forthwith to the skies
The flashing glory all triumphant sprung.

When 'midst soft melody th' angelic choir
Sooth'd with these accents each desponding breast,
“ Weep not for him, whom heav'nly joys require,
“ Bewail not Frederick, Britons, he is blest.”

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT REVD.

A N T H O N Y E L L I S, D. D.

B I S H O P O F S T. D A V I D ' S, & C.

T O T H E L O R D B I S H O P O F C H E S T E R.

AND must my little store of friends high priz'd,
 Be lessen'd, gracious heaven! silent, I bow!
 But feels the poor man more his one lamb's loss,
 Than many fatlings from his plenteous stalls
 The proud, and wreckless wealthy.—Oh, for thee,
 In wisdom sage, how well could we have spar'd
 Enow of those, who bear in the broad day,
 Their friendship glist'ning on their brows, smile-clad;
 Yet kill with absent stabs; nor hesitate
 To blast young reputation in her bloom!
 Against their breath envenom'd, who, like thee,
 Shall teach to guard! who all the sacred arts
 Of holy, happy, chearful, peaceful life
 With winning grace inculcate!—not alone
 By precept's slow deduction; when we heard,
 We saw; th' example gave the lesson life.

Nor from the golden fleece, from wisdom's tree,
 That with him flourish'd fair, were we restrain'd
 Or by the dragon fierce of stern disdain;
 Or flaming sword of sharp severity.
 Engaging candor, condescension meek,
 And affability, love's parent, bade

Approach:

Approach : we came : and who, or unimprov'd
 Return'd, or without heart-felt pleasure? Him
 Learning herself delighted still to hear,
 And from him gain'd new knowledge ; deeply skill'd
 In theologic science, he could well
 Unfold the secrets of the hallow'd page ;
 Or well assert (for well he knew) the laws,
 The constitution of that happy church,
 Which boasted him a father !* — Just her boast ;
 Yet, Herring †, man of heart benevolent
 And undissembled piety, of soul
 Fit for the joys of heav'n — be thine the praise!
 Thou, watchful, saw'st his worth, and bade it shine
 In fairer day ; saw him in knowledge ripe,
 In piety, in judgment : like thyself,
 As far from wild enthusiasm's stare,
 As superstition's vacant eye ; or look
 Demure of sly hypocrisy. — Peace to you both,
 E'er-honour'd pair ! you reap in golden blifs,
 The meed of your fair virtues, truth and love,
 From the chief shepherd's hand. — Oh how I joy
 To hold the fair examples forth, and shew
 The envious maligners, on whose tongues
 Sits venom'd calumny, that Britain yet
 Hath priests, hath prelates, virtuous, able, good,
 Religion's ornament ! — Yes ; these withdrawn
 She still can boast. — Or if it were allow'd,
 Or ere the sun is set, to sacrifice

* See his Tracts, &c. lately published.

† Late archbishop of Canterbury.

To heroes—Thou, my muse, could'st also boast
 Of HIM, fair candor's patron, who may well
 Claim this just tribute to the friend he gave :
 Noble munificence, to give a friend ;
 And such a friend ! how rare the boon ! of HIM
 Whose winning mild humanity will deign
 From thee to take this little cypress-wreath
 Woven by gratitude, and wet with tears,
 And hang it on his Ellis's lov'd urn !
 But never may sad duty,—oh blest power
 O'er life and death supreme, accept my prayer !—
 Never may duty force me hence to weave
 Another wreath like this, or to lament
 The setting of his sun, who smil'd upon
 My first—on my last labour may he smile !
 And long—when silent o'er my memory
 Oblivion broods—long may he live and shed
 His virtue's influence to bless mankind !

T H E F R I E N D.

AN ELEGY, TO JOHN DORRIEN, ESQ.

THough fortune smile not on my low estate,
 Nor high-plum'd honours on my steps attend:
 Kind heav'n, I thank thee—for the gift is great—
 To sooth my life, that thou hast lent a FRIEND!

Thro' life's lone path, where wilds and weeds abound,
 Where danger's threaten, and where forrows throng;
 Ah me, how sad to plod the weary round,
 And tread in joyless solitude along!

Each lee grows vapid; and the noble mind,
 Prompt to fair actions of renowned meed,
 Sinks listless down; for it despairs to find
 The lenient praise, which crowns the worthy deed.

That lenient praise, which stimulates the heart;
 Yet gives no strength to pride's fantastic reign;
 Which, blushing, from her bower, draws true desert,
 Well pleas'd to toil on virtue's ample plain!

Thrice welcome labour, welcome honest toil;
 Run with delight, my soul, thine arduous race:
 For much-lov'd Dorrien deigns the friendly smile,
 To quicken and invigorate thy pace!

'Tis not the wordy wind of bloated fame,
The many's false and undiscerning praise:
Catch it, ye fools!—one man of worthy name
A generation of the vain outweighs!

Let him approve, whom virtue's self approves;
On whom religion beams her purest ray;
Whom steadfast truth, unbiass'd candour loves,
And by whose side bright merit joys to stay:

Let him approve, in whose capacious breast
Compassion and benevolence reside;
From whose large hand humanity distress
Yet ne'er went weeping, and unsatisfied;

Let him approve—'twill charm the rage of care!
Let him approve—if such a man there be:
Ah Dorrien, to my soul for ever dear,
How blest am I!—for thou, my friend, art HE!

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

IN THE PERSON OF A CLERGYMAN REFERRED
BY HIM.*

NO!—witness, sweet retreat, and every friend,
Who treads the threshold of this place of rest!
Witness, if I be silent, to commend
His bounty, here who gave me to be blest.

Sweeter than softest music to my ear,
His name shall dwell upon my thankful tongue:
And all who see me, shall be sure to hear
Of Henley's praise, my last and earliest song.

Oh could I speak the fulness of my heart!
Oh for a quill from the bold Theban swan!
Yet, yet my theme, without the aid of art,
Might into flame the coldest bosom fan.

He saw me, drooping in affliction's shade,
Beset with painful penury around:
The noble mind oppress'd, and sore dismay'd,
And the sad soul with grief's hard shackles bound!

* This little poem refers to a real fact, an act of high benevolence of the present Lord Chancellor, which struck me much upon hearing it, and occasioned these lines.

He saw me toiling for the scanty meed
 Of hireling pastor, humble and unknown :
 Full hard beset the little race to feed,
 Which waited for their bread from me alone !

Oh painful memory—how oft my breast
 Has heav'd with anguish, when a painful tear
 Has caught my sight, which in her eye express'd—
 My faithful consort, by long truth more dear,

Express'd in her full eye our wants and woes !
 Oh melancholy view, forbear my soul !
 Look there, where chearful thought enraptur'd glows,
 And blest the bounteous Henley for the whole !

He saw: he pitied ! pitied and relieved !
 Unask'd, unsought, he rear'd my drooping head :
 With tendernefs innate he saw, and griev'd,
 And rais'd us, almost rais'd us, from the dead !

I had no friend, to ask or to implore—
 God was my friend, who, in my patron's heart,
 Those virtues planted, which adorn him more
 Than the best honors best of kings impart.

I had no friend, unpitied and undone,
 All hope was hopeless—mifery extreme !
 When lo ! as on the darkness burfts the sun,
 On my diftrefs rose Henley's blessing beam !

Oh beam heart-cheering, which to wretches gives
New life, new light! my children, speak his praise:
Lisp, lisp, my little ones, his name, who lives
To glad the wretched with his golden rays.

Thou too, my faithful confort, in the tale
Join; to the list'ning world we will declare,
How freely, nobly, from deep trouble's vale,
His hand uprais'd to bliss, and fix'd us here!

For me, while words can dwell upon my tongue,
His goodness, honor, strict integrity,
Firm truth, and patriot zeal, shall be my song!
And when that pow'r death's struggles shall deny;

My last, last prayers shall wing their way to heav'n,
Fervent, for blessings on him; on his race!
While to my children this last charge is giv'n,
"In all your hearts be his the foremost place."

THE MAN OF SOUTHGATE.

A P O E M.

— Quem frustra quæfivit Cynicus olim,
Ecce inventus adest —————

SURLY Cynic *, silent be,
Cease your search, and follow me;
Tho', through Greece in vain you ran,
I will lead you to a man.

Thro' the walk, with shrubs o'ergrown,
Scenty shrubs, and flowrets blown,
Mount we yonder green parterre,
Whence the prospect widens far;
Farther yet, and farther shews
Living landschapes, verdant views:
Where the still enraptured sight,
Drinks in draughts of new delight.
Then the limpid rill survey
Thro' the wild that winds its way;
On whose flower-ennamel'd bank,
Weeping willows, oziers dank,
Hang their pensive heads, and say,
Nature's robe is stol'n away,

* The allusion is to the known story of Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, who replied to a person that asked him what he was doing with a lighted torch in his hand in the day-time? "I am seeking for a man."

Stol'n by art, so well express'd,
 All seems nature nicely dress'd.
 Now the river's liquid clue,
 Thro' the mazy wild pursue,
 To the shell-enwoven cave,
 Meditation's living grave:
 Or to the arboret's shaded seat,
 Where love, the boy, delights to meet
 Youth his sister, ever fair,
 Nurtur'd by coy virtue's care;
 Loves to meet, and sport and twine
 Like the rose and eglantine.
 Treading, as on fairy ground,
 To the temple trip it round,
 To the temple consecrate
 To fidelity the mate.
 He and tendernefs the bride
 There in form of doves reside:
 Happy doves, that all the day,
 Live and love, and coo and play;
 Happy doves, that constant ever,
 Love unites, nor death can sever.
 Passing this enchanting place;
 See the mansion shews its face!
 Comely-Cynic, tho' grown old,
 Hospitality behold!
 Constant at the door she stands,
 Smiles, and opes her courteous hands:
 While benevolence, the grace,
 Soft of heart, and sweet of face,
 To the master will attend,
 To the man, her choicest friend;

With whom always she'd remain,
She and all her social train ;
Pity, with the melting eye,
Active worth, humanity ;
Sincerity, rare seen abroad,
And generosity, the god.

Cynic, come, put out your torch,
I have found him ; cease your search !
And the man — tell whom you will —
Is GODIN, upon Southgate Hill.

M

SON-

S O N N E T.

OCCASIONED BY READING "THE TRUTH AND
 "IMPORTANCE OF NATURAL AND REVEALED
 "RELIGION." BY S. SQUIRE, D. D. DEAN OF
 BRISTOL, &c.

MEthought I saw in vision t'other morn,
 Celestial reason in her azure vest:
 A star there was, which blaz'd upon her breast,
 And placid sweetness did her brow adorn.

Firm judgment here, and gentle candour stood,
 With meek-ey'd charity, beside the queen;
 With many graces more; but chief was seen
 Instruction, hand in hand, with public good.

Attendant these on heavenly reason came,
 And on religion's shrine an offering laid;
 I saw it strait her whole attention claim:
 Then what it was, how could I but enquire?
 Instant with rapture, "'tis my son's," she said;
 "The polish'd page of my judicious SQUIRE."

G R A T I T U D E A N D M E R I T.

MERIT and Gratitude, they say,
Met at a court the other day :
“ The mitre, Gratitude, says Merit ;
“ The vacant mitre, who must wear it ? ”
Strait Gratitude, a royal dame,
Her finger fix'd on A——gh's name :
Bright Merit smiling, said, with thee
'Tis virtue always to agree :
But were I granted my desire,
Thou know'st that I shou'd fix on SQUIRE.

S O N N E T.

OCCASIONED BY HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING
SPENSER'S AMORETTI, &c. SET TO MUSIC
BY DR. GREENE.

AH, gentle EDMUND, when thy ditties sweet,
Belinda, music's philomela, sings,
Raptur'd, I own the harmony compleat,
Sweet poesy, sweet fair, sweet voice, sweet strings.

Ah poet, worthy of such minstrelsy ;
Soft minstrelsy such poet meriting !
Midst chill neglect, I wot, and penury,
Thou, Edmund, woud'st have joy'd to hear her sing.

For well I ween, that melody can bring
Composure soft and tranquil to the mind ;
Since I (tho' in nought else thee equalling,
Yet who, like thee, cold praise, and barren find ;))
Can all my ills forget, these strains to hear.
Oh then, dear harmonist, indulge a prayer,
Sing on; and lull to sleep that triple Cerberus, care! }

* Alluding to the following lines of Spenser, in which he speaks
of himself.

So prayen babes the peacock's flarry train ;
And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye ;
But who rewards him e'er the more forthy ?
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain ?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie,
Sike words been winde, and wassen soone in vaine.

TO DANIEL WEBB, ESQ; AT BATH,

ON READING IN MS. HIS DIALOGUE IN FAVOUR
OF BLANK VERSE, &c.

HOW few, oh Webb, by sprightly wit inspir'd,
True judgment guided, and bright genius fir'd;
Above all vulgar prejudice can soar,
And paths untried with daring steps explore!
To custom slaves, they quench the spark divine,
And with faint rays of servile copyists shine.
Oh bane of genius! how the tribe I hate;
What imitator ever yet was great?

Friend of the muses, of true taste the friend,
With joy I read, with rapture I commend;
Proceed; and hurl false taste, th' usurper, down;
And place immortal Shakespeare* on his throne:
Proceed, proceed; and from the power of song
Unloose the Gothic chain, which bound her long;
Which still the tinkling train of rhymers try
Softly to clink, and faster still to tie:
So shall the sister arts thy praise proclaim,
And these shall sing, and those shall paint † thy fame.

* Mr. Webb takes all his examples from Shakespeare.

† See Mr. Webb's excellent treatise on painting.

T O D R. H A Y T E R,

L A T E B I S H O P O F L O N D O N.

NO more, my friend; nor check the honest lay
 Which merit animates the muse to pay;
 What tho' undignify'd by rank or place,
 No titles gild her, and no honours grace;
 Is worth, is truth to rank or place confin'd?—
 Or have they left their seat, the virtuous mind?
 No, no, my friend;—nor will the wise disdain
 The heart's free tribute, as an offering vain.
 Tho' mean the present, which the poor man brings
 To the dread altar of the king of kings;
 Yet pleas'd his grateful piety to own,
 Th' almighty smiles applausive from his throne.

Nor thou, O HAYTER, shalt contemn the song
 Which longs to join the gratulating throng;
 And midst the friendly train, tho' last, appear,
 To pour its best good wishes in thy ear!
 Oh happy in thy monarch's grateful choice!
 Oh happy in thy flock's assenting voice!
 His choice alone were highest dignity:—
 But still to bless thee more—had we been free
 To choose—our choice unanimous had fix'd on thee. }
 What could'st thou more desire to fill thy breast,
 With honest gladness, and with heart-felt rest?
 What more desire to elevate thy name,
 High in the records of immortal fame?

Yet

Yet more thou hast,—triumphant—But, no string
Discordant touch we; while with joy we sing,
And hail thee, pleas'd, to fair Augusta's see:
Where long, ah long triumphant may'st thou be
O'er foes, not less or meaner to engage,—
The family of pain, and cares of age!
Long may'st thou live, a blessing to mankind,
Still, as we've known thee, generous and refin'd:
Foe to all art; good, unreserv'd and free,
Mild without meanness, meek with dignity:
Friend to all science, to all worth a friend,
And lib'ral to assist, as to commend!
Long may'st thou live, and with a ray benign
On the fair cause of pure religion shine.
Long may'st thou live, still chearful and carest,
And long by blessing find thyself most blest.

Thus sung the muse, in artless strains sincere:—
Let truth, her advocate, the numbers bear,
How'er imperfect, well design'd;—and say,
She'll strive to mend them on another day.

PROLOGUE TO MILTON'S COMUS,

PERFORMED BY SOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN, BEFORE
THEIR PARENTS AND RELATIONS.

NOT to outvy the heroes of the stage,
Or rise the little Garricks of the age,
Are our fond hopes, is our attempt design'd,
To narrower, but to nobler views confin'd.
To move with dignity, to speak with ease,
In life alike to profit and to please,
Warms our young breasts, our every bosom fires,
And prompts to toil, which future good inspires.
And can we then, such motives in our view,
Doubt or of candour, or regard from you ?

While virtue's generous pleadings we rehearse,
Fram'd by the blind bard in immortal verse,
From youth unskill'd arise whatever fears,
We know that parents have indulgent ears.
On these we trust our weakness to befriend,
And pardon faults we much desire to mend,
O that in just return for all your love,
Might our improvements with our years improve;
And your fond bosoms glow with generous joy,
While each with rapture hears his darling boy,
Or in Britannia's much lov'd cause harangue,
While on his lips the list'ning senates hang;
Or at the bar, with eloquence divine,
The Murrays of our age conspicuous shine;
Or with persuasion sweet and reason strong,
Confirm the pious and convince the wrong;

And

And bring the erring from the ways they trod
Destructive, home to happiness and God.

Thou blest religion, whatsoe'er's decreed,
What path of life soe'er we chance to tread;
Descend, bright guardian, and with gentle sway
Rule our whole lives, and guide our every way.
Thou too, fair virtue, on our steps attend,
Compassion humanize, and truth befriend.
From youth to manhood may we nobly rise,
Each day more virtuous, and each day more wise;
Glow more and more with generous warmth to prove
Worthy at once of your's, our God's, and country's love!

N

THE

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF THE
ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque filentes
Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia latè,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligineertas.

VIRGIL.

MEAN while Adraftus, with his vanquish'd crew,
Fierce from the field to Aulon's hill withdrew;
Securely screen'd behind its friendly height,
He waits fresh forces to renew the fight:
Warm glows his bosom to revenge the blow,
And rush vindictive on the conquering foe:
† So when a famish'd lion quits his prey,
Repuls'd, and slowly growling stalks away,

Fierce

* This was design'd as a specimen of a translation of the whole work, from prosecuting which, other and better employments prevented.

† Homer and Virgil have both many similies from the retreat of a lion, but I don't remember any that compares the hero to the indignant savage in his den, to which nothing can be superior: In the 11th Iliad, v. 675.

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains,

Repuls'd

Fierce in his den the ground he roaring gnaws,
 Sharpens his teeth, and furious whets his claws:
 Keen as the lightning flash his fiery eyes,
 And the whole flock in bloody fancy dies.

And now Ulysses' son, who, pleas'd, survey'd
 Through all his camp consummate order spread,
 To execute that lov'd design address'd,
 Which secret long had brooded in his breast.
 Hence sprung his cares; — long past for many a night,
 Each dream had brought his father to his sight:
 Just when the stars before the dawn decay,
 And o'er the hills Aurora leads the day,
 Just when soft sleep calls forth his fluttering train
 Of dreams, and hastens to th' Elysian plain:
 Then ever rose Ulysses to his view,
 At break of day, when dreams they say are true.

Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
 Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls:
 Long stands the show'ring darts and missile fires,
 Then sowl'ly slow th' indignant beast retires.

POPE.

An imitation of which is the following from the 9th Æneid, v. 1076.

As when, with tilted spears, the clamorous train
 Invade the brindled monarch of the plain;
 The lordly savage from the shouting foe,
 Retires, majestically stern, and slow:
 Tho' singly impotent the crowd to dare
 Repel, or stand their whole collected war,
 Grim he looks back, he rolls his glaring eye,
 Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly.

PITT.

Naked sometimes the hero he survey'd,
 * In those blest isles for virtuous souls decreed,
 Beside a rill which wanton'd thro' the mead:
 While softly-blushing nymphs around him haste,
 And o'er his limbs the modest mantle cast.
 Now in a dome, where gold and ivory glow,
 He sees him plac'd, and hears his language flow:
 While crown'd with garlands sit the list'ning throng,
 Charm'd with the soft persuasion of his tongue.

Whenever sleep the pious son forsook,
 Such dubious dreams his soul with terror shook:
 † Pensive reflecting—thus he oft complain'd,
 “ What dreams most dreadful could like these have pain'd?
 “ Too plain such scenes of bliss the truth declare,
 “ No more my father breathes this vital air!
 “ To those blest climes remov'd, where virtue's sons
 “ Heaven with eternal peace rewarding crowns:
 “ Those climes with thee methinks I travel o'er!—
 “ And oh how wretched 'tis to hope no more.
 “ Must I then never hence behold thy face,
 “ Nor in these arms my tender fire embrace?
 “ No more thy tongue's mellifluous wisdom hear,
 “ Nor to thy hands the filial kisses bear?
 “ Those hands which never on the madding crew,
 “ The suitor-train shall pour the vengeance due?
 “ To fame shall Ithaca no more return,
 “ But droop in ruins and for ever mourn?

* *Devenere locos lætos, et amoena Vireta
 Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.*

VIRG. B. vi. v. 638.

† *Quæ me suspensam, insomnia terrent* ÆN. iv. 9.

“ Yes;

“ Yes; the dread powers, whose ceaseless hate pursue
 “ The fire, thro’ such vicissitude of woes,
 “ To the sad son these dreams of torture send,
 “ His life’s sole comfort from his heart to rend,
 “ Thence thence that sweet deluder, hope, to tear,
 “ Life of our life, and soother of each care!
 * “ Yet doubtful thus, ’tis anguish to remain;—
 “ Why said I doubtful, when the truth is plain?
 “ Too sure my father treads the realms below;
 “ And to those realms to find his ghost I’ll go:

* Oft since he breath’d his last, in dead of night
 His reverend image stood before my sight:
 Enjoin’d to seek below his holy shade,
 Conducted there by your unerring aid:
 But you, if pious minds by pray’rs are won,
 Oblige the father, and protect the son:
 Your’s is the power; not Proserpine in vain
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign:
 If Orpheus, arm’d with his enchanting lyre,
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire;
 If from the shades below redeem his wife:
 If Pollux off’ring his alternate life,
 Cou’d free his brother, and can daily go
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below:
 Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward cou’d ascend!
 Not less than theirs from Jove my lineage came,
 My mother greater, my descent the same.

VIRG. ÆN. by DRYD. B. vi. v. 17c.

“ If

“ If impious Theseus safe those regions sought,
 “ His soul with injury to Pluto fraught:
 “ Why shou’d a son the dreary journey dread,
 “ By love conducted, and by duty led?
 “ The mighty Hercules descended there:
 “ And tho’ not him, ’tis great like him to dare!
 “ Soft-plaining Orpheus so successful prov’d,
 “ That ev’n the gloomy Monarch’s soul he mov’d,
 “ Inexorable held—till back to life
 “ He to the tender husband gave the wife;
 “ And shall I then of like compassion fear,
 “ When so superior is the loss I bear?
 “ ’Tis fixt—to those dread regions will I fly,
 “ Prepar’d for death, if fate demands to die:
 “ (For why should mortals fear the tyrants blow,
 “ Who daily groan beneath a weight of woe?)
 “ And prove if pitiless, as tales resound,
 “ The pow’rs, who rule the realms of night, are found?
 “ And, oh my father, tho’ my fate denies
 “ That thou on earth shou’d’st bless these longing eyes:
 “ Yet it may chance permit thy son to know
 “ Thy shade—now happy, in the realms below.”

Speaking he wept, and weeping he arose
 The light to seek, and mitigate his woes:
 In vain he fought, while still the torturing dart
 That pierc’d, continued rankling in his heart: *
 And ’midst such anguish he resolv’d to go
 By Acherontia to the realms below:
 ’Twas near the camp: the name a gloomy cave
 To Acheron’s black banks conducting, gave:

* *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

ÆN. iv. 73.

A stream the deities themselves revere,
 An oath they dread, and tremble when they swear.
 * High on a rock was Acherontia plac'd,
 As on the tow'ring oak an eagle's nest :
 Beneath whose feet the horrid cavern lay,
 Whence trembling mortals turn'd with dread away :
 Whence watchful shepherds drove their fleecy care,
 Pois'nous the ground, and tainted all the air :
 For Styx her vapours through the passage crouds,
 Rolls flames on flames, and sulph'rous clouds on clouds :
 There never zephyrs gently-breathing blow,
 Nor herb nor flower around the cavern grow :
 No autumns smile, nor blooming springs return ;
 The parch'd ground languishes, the meadows mourn :
 O'er the dead prospect stretch the wearied eyes,
 Where leafless shrubs alone, or baneful cypress rise.

Vain ev'n at distance Ceres' gifts to share
 The labourers try: in vain the vineyards rear :
 Their sullied streams the drooping Naiads mourn,
 Black noxious waves distilling from their urn :

* Deep was the cave, and downward as it went,
 From the wide mouth a rocky rough descent :
 And here th' access a gloomy grove defends,
 And there th' unnavigable lake extends :
 O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight :
 Such deadly stench from the depth arise,
 And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.

DRYDEN'S VIRG. B. vi. l. 338.

There

* There no sweet warblers told the list'ning grove,
 (No grove was there) the story of their love:
 Beneath a milder sky their loves they sung
 While here alone the raven's croaking tongue, [rung. }
 And owl's more hideous shriek thro' the drear desert }
 Bitter the grass, whereon the flocks that fed,
 Nor wanton skip'd, nor bleating cheer'd the mead:
 His curled front the bull dejected hung,
 Nor with his amorous call the forest rung:
 Pipe, flute and love the languid swains forbear,
 Nor pipe, nor flute, nor Phillis pleases here.

From this destructive cavern frequent came,
 Mix'd with black smoke and sulphur, living flame;
 Whose horrid darkness drove the sun away,
 And brought night's terrors in the noon of day:
 'Twas then the people to their altars flew,
 And solemn pay'd the sacrifices due.
 Tho' thus submissive, oft they strove in vain
 To sooth the tyrants of the infernal plain:
 Who fond of blood, oft cruelly demand
 The young—the flower and glory of the land.

Thro' this drear cave Telemachus decreed
 To find the gloomy mansions of the dead:
 Pallas, whose care the hero still attends,
 Whose Ægis guards him, and whose arm defends, }
 The chief to Pluto's favour recommends.

* Tunc et pestiferi pacatum Limen averni
 Innocui transistæ aves: flatumque repressit
 Amfandus; tacuit fixo torrente Vorago.

CLAUD. Rap. Prof. l. ii. v. 348.

And

And mov'd by her request great Jove commands
 * Hermes—(who daily to grim Charon's hands
 From realms above conveys the flitting train)
 From the stern king safe passport to obtain ;
 Permission for Ulysses' son to tread,
 His wide domain, the dwellings of the dead !

Favour'd by night, Telemachus withdrew,
 And from the camp unseen, unnoted flew :
 And as he mov'd by Luna's glittering light,
 His prayers address that planet of the night ;
 Walking in brightness thro' the dusky sky,
 † In heav'n, on earth, in hell a deity.
 Pious his purpose, and his heart sincere,
 With kind regard the goddesses heard his pray'r.
 The cave approaching, in amaze he found,
 ‡ Trembling beneath his feet the bellowing ground :
 All hell's dread clamours thro' the entrance roar'd,
 And from the heav'ns red fire and lightning pour'd.
 Aghast the son of bold Ulysses stood ;
 Fear freez'd his limbs, and terror chill'd his blood :
 Yet soon his virtue triumph'd:—to the skies
 Speaking he rais'd his pious hands and eyes ;
 “ Great gods, these omens with delight I meet,
 “ Oh still be gracious, and your work compleat.”

* This office of Hermes is too well known to need any passages from ancient authors to explain it — they who think fit, may consult Horace, B. i. Od. 10 and iii, 11. and Virgil, B. iv. 242, &c.

† Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria Virginis ora Dianæ.

V. 511. Æn. 4.

‡ Sub pedibus mugire solum & juga cæpta moveri

Sylvarum —

VIRG. Æn. 6. 256.

O

Thus

Thus as he speaks, his soul new vigour proves,
 And tow'rd the cave with double speed he moves.
 When lo at once the gloomy entrance clear'd,
 The thick smoke flew, the darkness disappear'd ;
 No more around destructive vapours roll,
 Nor pois'nous smells rush sick'ning on the soul :
 Then unattended — for who dares attend ?
 Thro' the dread entrance view the chief descend !
 Two trusty Cretans, who his purpose knew,
 Their friend's descent at distance trembling view ;
 And pour to heav'n those pray'rs they deem in vain,
 For him they dare not hope to view again !

* Mean while the hero wav'd his glitt'ring blade,
 And pierc'd undaunted thro' the fightless shade :

* So his father in the *Odyſſey* on the ſame occaſion, B. ii. v. 28
 and 61.

———From the ſcabbard drew his ſhining ſword :

And —

Swift wav'd his ſaulchion o'er the blood :
 Back ſtarted the pale throngs and trembling ſtood.

POPE.

And the ſybil in the 6th *Æneid* ſays,

Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford,
 Assume thy courage, and unſheath thy ſword.—
 She ſaid, and paſſ'd along the gloomy ſpace ;
 The prince purſued her ſteps with equal pace.

DRYDEN, v. 370.

And again, v. 404. *Æneas*

———Unſheath'd his ſhining ſteel, prepar'd,
 Tho' ſeiz'd with ſudden fear, to force the guard.

DRYDEN.

When

When thro' its horror gleam'd a fainting light,
 As some dim beacon, 'midst the gloom of night:
 He sees the fluttering ghosts around him glide,
 Who, as he flash'd his sword, forsook his side.
 Oblivious Lethe, whose sad stream rolls slow
 In sluggish course, next rises to his view:
 Whose Banks departed souls unnumber'd croud;
 Fruitless their prayers, no passport here allow'd;
 On earth unbury'd since their limbs remain,
 Relentless Charon they beseech in vain:
 Who instantaneous grants, with surly grace,
 The living Grecian in his boat a place.

Telemachus no sooner enters there,
 Than melancholy plainings wound his ear:
 A ghost disconsolate bewail'd his woe,
 Whose cause of grief the hero sought to know,
 And who he was above, that felt so much below. }

“ I once was Nabopharzan, he begun,
 “ The haughtiest king of haughty Babylon:
 “ The spacious east all trembled at my name;
 “ And the world rung with Nabopharzan's fame.
 “ I will'd—and lo—a marble temple stood,
 “ Built by my subjects to their monarch god:
 “ My golden statue 'midst the temple rear'd,
 “ With all the pomp of worship was rever'd:
 “ Perfumes incessant on my altars blaz'd,
 “ And hymns and songs divine the godhead prais'd.
 “ Who dar'd the pleasure of his king controul,
 “ Strait o'er him felt my fury's thunder roll:
 “ Ev'n thought was wearied new delight to find,
 “ To bless my life, and dissipate my mind:

“ And in this state, with youth, with vigour blest,
 “ Yet what felicities had I to taste?
 “ When a false woman, whom I fondly lov’d,
 “ The fancied god a wretched mortal prov’d!
 “ She gave me poison; all my pomp I lost:
 “ My guilt alone accompanies my ghost!
 “ But now in solemn shew around my urn
 “ With well-feign’d grief my flattering subjects mourn:
 “ What tho’ all signs of sorrow they express,
 “ None died less lov’d, and none lamented less:
 “ My friends, my family already deem
 “ My memory disgrace, and hate my name:
 “ Here too already I begin to feel
 “ Foretaste of vengeance, and the pangs of hell.”
 Mov’d at the sight Ulysses’ son began,
 “ Say, ’midst the honours of so proud a reign;
 “ Say, wast thou ever with contentment blest—
 “ Or did the Halcyon peace e’er brood within thy breast?
 “ I knew it not, the hapless king rejoin’d,
 “ Nor ever felt that boasted peace of mind,
 “ Of which the fages tell: ’twas lost to me,
 “ On earth if really such a thing there be!
 “ My heart was ruffled with incessant cares,
 “ Toft midst desires, vain hopes and jealous fears:
 “ My passions still to agitate I fought,
 “ To kill reflection, and to stifle thought!
 “ But reason’s calms were madness to my brain,
 “ And the least interval, an age of pain.
 “ Such was the peace, the pleasure I enjoy’d:
 “ All else seem’d folly; fable all beside.”

Speaking he wept, his narrow soul too mean
 Misfortunes with true courage to sustain:

As abject in adversity, as late
Proud and insulting in his prosperous state.

Near him some slaves obtain'd an equal place,
Murder'd on earth, his obsequies to grace :
These with their prince to Charon Hermes brings,
Their fate reverses, and makes them the kings :
To them all pow'r o'er Nabopharzan gave,
On earth their tyrant, and in hell their slave.

Now they revile "and were not we, they cry,
" Men, like thyself—poor fallen deity !
" How cou'd thy heart such impious pride conceive,
" Thyself a god, vain mortal, to believe !"

With taunting scoffs, then others thus began,
" Well did he judge to lay aside the man ;
" Void of humanity, he could not claim
" Ought human—monster and himself the same !"

Another cries, " alas thy gifts are gone,
" And with thy power thy flatterers are flown ;
" Thou can'st exert thy cruelties no more—
" The slave of slaves ; thy tyranny is o'er :
" Tho' heaven awhile delays th' impending blow,
" Sure falls the stroke, and certain, tho' 'tis slow !"

At these reproaches, with keen anguish prest,
The tyrant, prostrate on his heaving breast,
Fierce gnash'd his teeth, and frantic tore his hair,
And shew'd a thousand acts of mad despair :

" Raise him, ye slaves, indignant Charon cries,
" Let hell behold and vindicate the skies :
" Let every ghost be witness to his woe,
" And view the horrors he receives below :
" Absolving heav'n, which upon earth to reign
" Allow'd a wretch so worthless and prophane.

" And

“ And thou, oh impious Babylonian, know,
 “ These, these are but beginnings of thy woe!
 “ Prepare before dread Minos to appear,
 “ Great judge of hell—oh tremble and prepare!”

Speaking, his boat the living hero bore
 Across the lazy lake to Pluto's shore:

The thronging spectres crouded to the fight,
 A living mortal 'midst the realms of night!
 But scarce he lands or ere they fade away,
 Like night's dark shades before the face of day.

His brow less wrinkled, and less fierce his eyes,
 Thus to the hero smiling Charon cries,

“ Since, favourite mortal, highly lov'd of heav'n,

“ These realms of darkness to thine eyes are giv'n,

“ Where mortals living are denied to tread,

“ Pursue thy way; and thou wilt soon be led

“ To Pluto's throne, great monarch of the dead. }
 “ He will permit thee all his realms to trace,

“ And view each wonder of this secret place:

“ Which 'tis nor mine to tell, nor mine to shew:

“ He will permit thee—favour'd mortal, go!”

He spoke; with haste the chief advanc'd along;

While hovering ghosts on ghosts around him throng:

* Numerous as sands, beside the roaring main,

Or falling leaves, that strew th' autumnal plain:

And

* *Conveniunt animæ, quantas truculentior Ausfer*

Decutit arboribus frondes, aut nubibus imbres

Colligit, aut frangit fluctus, aut torquet arenas.

CLAUDIAN *Rap. Prof.* l. ii. v. 307.

And near him as the silent spectres prest,
 A dread divine o'eraw'd his throbbing breast.
 But when thro' all the dreary regions past,
 He came to Pluto's solemn court at last,
 An awful fear ran shivering thro' his blood,
 And his knees trembled as aghast he stood:
 Scarce from his lips these words distinguish'd broke,
 His every accent falter'd as he spoke.

“ Before thee, dreaded power, a suppliant bends,
 “ Who to thy realms to seek his fire descends:
 “ Oh say, does earth the great Ulysses know,
 “ Or wanders he a shade 'midst shades below?”

* Encircled with the pomp of hell's dread state,
 On throne of ebony grim Pluto fate:
 Pale was his meagre visage and severe,
 His brow was wrinkled with unceasing care:
 Flashing keen fire, his hollow eye-balls roll,
 A living man was anguish to his soul:
 His whole attention Proserpine obtain'd,
 Who shar'd his throne, and o'er his empire reign'd:

Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo

Lapſa cadunt folia ——— *VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 309.*

* Claudian speaking of Pluto in his *Rapt. Prof.* l. i. v. 80, ſays,

Ipſe rudi fultus folio nigrâque verendus

Majeſtate fedet: ſqualent immania ſædo

Sceptra ſitu, ſublime caput mæſtiſſima nubes

Aſperat, & dira riget inclementia formæ.

Terrorem Dolor augebat, tunc talia celſo

Ore tonat, tremefaſta ſilent, dicente Tyranno

Atria—————

She his relentless bosom well cou'd move ;
Such charms has beauty, and such force has love !

* Beneath the throne pale death devouring lay,
Whetting his scythe, and planning future prey:
Around him fly black jealousies and cares,
And fell despair who her own body tears :
Roaring revenge with wounds all cover'd o'er,
And every wound distilling rosy gore :
Hate ; pining avarice on herself who feeds ;
And envy, who at good of others bleeds ;
If impotent to hurt, she raves, she swells,
And her own corse her vengeful fury feels :
Moon-struck ambition, that worst pest of kings,
Whose madding rage confounds all earthly things :
Treason that feeds on blood, yet ne'er can taste
Secure, the horrors of so sad a feast :
Impiety, whose hands the pit prepare,
Down which herself she plunges in despair :

* This train is plac'd by Virgil, not around the throne of Pluto,
but,

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus orci, &c.
Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell :
And pale diseases and repining age,
Want, fear and famine's unresisted rage.
Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep :
With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind.

DRYD. vi. *ÆN.* v. 383.

See Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. i. C. vii. l. 21, where there is a
most noble description of this infernal crew.

Diræ

Dire spectres, hideous ghosts and phantoms dread,
 To fright the living, who assume the dead :
 Dreams of distress, and watchings as severe,
 And every woe and every pain was here.
 In dreadful shew the monsters press along,
 The throne encircle, and the palace throng.
 When thus the monarch spoke ; while all around
 Hell's hollow deep return'd the thund'ring sound :
 " Young mortal, fate has forc'd thee to prophane
 " These sacred regions where the dead remain :
 " Follow thy fate : but whether earth or hell
 " Contains thy father—Pluto will not tell :
 " Since upon earth a king, be first survey'd
 " That part of Tartarus where kings are laid,
 " Whose crimes incur the punishment they share :
 " And next th' Elysian fields demand thy care,
 " Where pious princes due rewards receive :
 " Trace these : fly hence : and strait my confines leave."

Forthwith the hero, with an anxious haste,
 Thro' those vast, void, and boundless spaces past :
 Impatient from the tyrant to remove,
 Below so dreaded, and so fear'd above :
 Impatient from his mind his doubts to drive,
 And know, if yet his father were alive.

Soon to the banks of Tartarus he came,
 Where rose black smoke from streams of living flame :
 Whose stench to earth, if haply reaching, brings
 Immediate death to all terrestrial things :
 With hideous noise the fiery streams descend,
 And the stunn'd ear with loud confusion rend,
 As the red cataracts thunder down the steep,
 And flaming fall amidst th' unbottom'd deep.

Undaunted through the gulph Ulysses' son,
Encourag'd by Minerva, hastens on :

* At first a crowd of wretches rose to view,
Who, poor 'midst wealth, on earth no pleasures knew ;
But rapine, fraud and cruelty employ'd
To gain that Mammon which they ne'er enjoy'd ;
On earth their constant thought, their constant care,
And their eternal condemnation here !

† Numbers of hypocrites, in these abodes,
The curse of mortals, and the hate of gods,
He saw — religion's specious garb who wore,
To cloak their crimes, and gild their vices o'er:
To god-born virtue who the lye had giv'n,
And not abus'd mankind alone, but heav'n :
These 'midst the damn'd severest sufferings find,
As the most mean, and abject of mankind :

* *Hic quibus invisi fatres, dum vita manebat,
Pulsatusve parens, aut fraus innexa clienti :
Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,
Nec partem posuere suis, quæ maxima turba est.
Quique ob adulterium cæsi, quique arma secuti
Impia nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Inclusi pœnam expectant*————— *ÆN. l. 6. 603.*

† For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone ;
By his permissive will, thro' heav'n and earth :
And oft though wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Requiescens her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems ————— *MILTON, B. 3. 682.*

Children,

Children, whose impious hands their parents flew,
 Wives whose fell hate the blood of husbands drew :
 * Traitors, who perjury's black guilt despis'd,
 And solemnly their country sacrific'd :
 All as less guilty, less severely feel
 The torturing horrors of avenging hell !
 And just the sentence, righteous the decrees,
 By the infernal judges past on these ;
 Since to be wicked not enough they deem,
 Unlike the wicked, they would virtuous seem :
 And while deceiving in fair virtue's shew,
 They render virtue's self suspected too.
 On these the gods, whose pow'r they mocking scorn'd,
 The fullest vials of their wrath return'd !

Near these another sort of mortals lie,
 Whose crimes are venial in the vulgar eye ;
 Whom yet the gods with mercy never view,
 But with inexorable wrath pursue.
 These are th' ungrateful, liars, flattery's throng,
 For vice who dar'd to prostitute their tongue ;
 Malicious censurers, who joy to spread
 O'er virtue's living light a baleful shade :
 And all who, urg'd by inconsiderate haste,
 Rashly on things pernicious sentence past ;
 And thence the sons of spotless merit stain'd,
 And the fair fame of innocence profan'd !

But no ingratitude was punish'd here,
 With wrath more hot, and vengeance more severe,

* Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem,
 Imposuit, fixit leges, pretio atque refixit.

Than that against the rulers of the skies——

- “ What, shall a man—the righteous Minos cries,
 “ A very monster ’midst mankind be held,
 “ Who to his friend in gratitude has fail’d;
 “ Whose greatest favours are but light to those
 “ The bounteous hand of providence bestows:
 “ And unchastiz’d shall thankless men defy
 “ The pow’r and righteous justice of the sky;
 “ When life, health, all things from its goodness flow,
 “ And less their parents, than the gods they owe?
 “ The more on earth they triumph, more severe
 “ Is the sure vengeance which awaits them here:
 “ Their guilt must wrath unutterable prove,
 “ And greatly vindicate the powers above.”

As in full state Telemachus survey’d
 The three impartial judges of the dead;
 While they gave sentence on a wretch distress’d,
 To know his crimes the hero made request:
 Quick for himself the criminal began,
 “ Behold a guiltless, unoffending man!
 “ Who yet no evil knew, no crimes pursu’d,
 “ Whose greatest bliss was plac’d in doing good:
 “ My deeds were generous, and from guilt secure,
 “ Just all my dealings, and my conscience pure;
 “ No charge my spotless innocence can fear!
 “ Why thus arraign’d, then guiltless, stand I here?”
 “ Nothing, O man, dread Minos cries, we find,
 “ Deficient in thy duty, toward mankind!
 “ Fool not to know, that less to man He ow’d,
 “ Than to each blessing, but neglected, God!
 “ Knew’st thou not all the virtue that was thine
 “ Flow’d down a present from the pow’rs divine?

“ Why

“ Why then from man so sedulous to claim,
 “ From man—vain nothing, self-approving fame?
 “ And in thyself, ah! why so mad to place,
 “ All as thy own, each heav’n-descended grace?
 “ Mocking the righteous rulers of the sky,
 “ Thyself, vain man, thy own divinity!
 “ They, whose are all things, and who all things know,
 “ Cannot be cheated, or their right forego:
 “ Since heav’n forgetting, thou’rt forgot of heav’n,
 “ And to thy darling self for ever giv’n!
 “ For never real can that virtue prove,
 “ Which is not founded in celestial love!
 “ Blind or to good or evil roams the throng,
 “ Vain in themselves who center right and wrong;
 “ And vice and virtue with indifference blend,
 “ Of each the test their interests, and the end!
 “ Here, blazing bright, upon their follies flows
 “ The light divine, and all their errors shows:
 “ Which oft condemns what they too vainly prize.
 “ And, what they madly censure, justifies.”

Struck with these sounds, so solemn and severe,
 No more the wretch his late lov’d self cou’d bear:
 With fond complacency he views no more
 His every virtue, so admir’d before!
 Wild thro’ his breast despair tormenting flies,
 And his own heart is anguish to his eyes,
 Th’ avenger, as before, the scorner of the skies. }
 Now he beholds the folly of that fame,
 With whole intent he strove from man to claim.
 Chang’d, wholly chang’d, his conscience loud upbraids,
 And on his mind remorse and anguish feeds:

Condemning rise his virtues to his view,
 And shame leads on the late delusive crew.
 Ev'n the fell furies leave the wretch alone,
 And deem their pangs inferior to his own!
 Since from his hated self he ne'er can run,
 The search of others he attempts to shun:
 And hides him in sequester'd gloomy shades;
 But piercing light the thickest gloom invades:
 Bright truth revengeful, with her piercing rays,
 Glows on his guilt, and all his heart displays.
 Whate'er he lov'd, with torturing pain he views,
 As the dire source of his eternal woes.

" Fool that I am, upbraiding oft he cried,
 " My wisdom folly, and my virtue pride:
 " Nor men, nor gods, nor ev'n myself I knew,
 " Ignorant of all things, as of all things true!
 " Fruitless I pac'd o'er error's mazy road,
 " And mis'd the pathway to substantial good;
 " Myself my idol—'twas presumption all—
 " * Just are the gods and merited my fall!"

† At length those monarchs in this dread abode
 View'd the young chief, and trembled as he view'd,
 Who for abuse of pow'r in upper air,
 Repent in pangs, and groan in tortures here:
 Fierce on one hand a vengeful fury yell'd,
 And to their eyes a magic mirror held;
 Where in their full deformity was seen
 Of all their vices the long loathsome train:

* *Discite Justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.*

† See Spenser's *FAIRY QUEEN*, B. i. c. v. S. 46, &c.

There saw they — there, unwilling, forc'd to see
 The fulsome form of that proud vanity,
 Which late exalting swell'd each haughty breast,
 And gave to grossest flattery its zest.
 There, in the tell-truth mirror they espied
 Their sloth, their misplac'd jealousy and pride;
 Their disregard to virtue's golden lore,
 Their pageant pomp, which made their people poor:
 Their dread the voice of honest truth to hear,
 For fools their love, for flatterers their care:
 Their dire hard-heartedness to men, alone
 When born for men, or born to mount a throne.
 Their toils to gratify each meaner sense,
 To nobler deeds their female indolence:
 Their mad ambition false renown to gain
 Thro' seas of blood, and hills of subjects slain:
 And all their cruelties, which constant roll
 In search of joys to lull the wounded soul,
 And drown the calls of conscience, 'midst the cries
 Of weeping wretches, and of sufferers sighs.
 Here, as themselves incessant they survey'd,
 How monstrous was the sight, the scene how dread!
 Not so deform'd the dire chimæra's view,
 Or the fell Hydra which Alcides slew;
 Nor Cerberus himself, tho' ropy gore
 His wide three-gaping throats disgorging pour,
 Poisonous and black, and capable to bring
 All hell's inhabitants to glut his king.

On t'other side a second fury stood,
 From whom, insulting, those encomiums flow'd,
 Which while alive their flatterer's bestow'd.

She plac'd another mirror to their eyes,
 Where, as by flattery feign'd, their forms arise:
 Contrasts so dread they tremble to abide,
 And curse their own mad vanity and pride.

Those kings on earth with fullest praises crown'd,
 Were here most wanting and most wicked found:
 And justly so: for tyranny's bold brood
 Lives far more dreaded than the just and good:
 And shameless from the flatterers of their times
 Drag loud harangues, and truth-dishonouring rhymes;
 Thro' the dire darkness, where no ray was seen,
 Save but to shew the fierce insulting train,
 Their groans rise dreadful, and their tortures sound,
 And anguish echoes thro' the vast profound.
 And as on earth with human lives they play'd,
 And for themselves pretended all things made;
 Now their own slaves their tyrants do they see,
 Nor entertain one hope of being free:
 Fierce from the slaves each lash vindictive flows,
 Groaning they lie, and fruitless wou'd oppose.
 So the resounding anvils still receive
 Each blow the cyclops' ponderous hammers give,
 To work when hasten'd by their limping fire;
 Each furnace glows, and Ætna seems on fire.

Here many a wretch Telemachus survey'd,
 With lowering looks, pale, hideous, and dismay'd;
 Whose outward horrors from their inward springs,
 From conscience, and the soul's corrosive stings:
 Themselves, themselves in vain they sought to fly,
 The more they shun, the torture seems more nigh:
 Nor for their crimes a punishment more dread,
 Than their own crimes, self-torturing do they need;

Before

Before their eyes in fullest pomp they glare,
 And in each aggravating form appear:
 Not less terrific to the troubled sight
 Stalk horrid spectres thro' the gloom of night.
 The vengeful throng the frighted miscreants fly,
 And long, to shun their pow'r, again to die—
 Fate bids them suffer and the gods deny.*

How oft in vain they wish'd, amidst despair,
 Annihilation's dreadful boon to share!
 How oft they call'd upon the deafen'd tide,
 From truth in its abyss their guilt to hide;
 From truth whose lustre, dazzling all their views,
 Avenging shines, and beaming bright pursues:
 Reserv'd for everlasting wrath they lie,
 Which drop by drop distils, and never will be dry!
 That truth they fear'd, their punishment is made,
 And, long unseen, becomes their pest, survey'd!
 Like Jove's blue lightnings blazing thro' the sky,
 Which pass the outward parts regardless by,
 And to a nobler prey direct their road,
 To the warm bowels, and to life's abode.

As metals in the furnace'-flames decay,
 And unconsum'd, dissolving melt away:
 So melt their souls in this avenging flame,
 Destroy'd its texture, yet each sense the same.
 Torn from themselves perpetual terrors reign,
 Nor ease, nor comfort can they ever gain:
 Mad rage, and wild despair, and home-bred strife,
 Serve only to support their wretched life.

* Quam vellent, &c.

Fas obstat, &c.

Æn. l. 6.

Amidst

Amidst these fights, which chill'd the hero's blood,
 And every hair erected, as he view'd,
 Various of Lydia's kings he saw, who prove
 Pangs for the luxury they indulg'd above :
 Who, deaf to glory, and the trump of fame,
 And all those godlike labours empires claim,
 Deaf to their people's good, and country's bliss,
 Lay drown'd in joy, and heart-enslaving ease :
 And on smooth pleasure's lazy couch reclin'd,
 Lull'd in soft indolence the nobler mind.

From every mouth reproaches loudly flew,
 And each at other taunts upbraiding threw :
 'The tortur'd fire thus thunder'd to his son,
 " Did I not warn thee, ere I left the throne ;
 " Did I not warn thee, when the grave in view,
 " Full in my face my crimes upbraiding flew ;
 " From all my errors, and my ills to run,
 " My tyranny and cruelties to shun ?"
 " Ah let me curse, the wretched son replied,
 " Thy cruelty, lust, arrogance and pride :
 " My ruin from thy dire example date,
 " Thy crimes my doom, thy tyranny my fate !
 " I saw thee in enervate pleasures drown'd,
 " And with base sycophants encompass'd round :
 " Hence fond of pleasure like thyself I grew,
 " And hence, like thee, encourag'd flattery's crew ;
 " Caught by their lures, and swelling in my mind,
 " I look'd with low contempt on all mankind :
 " Beneath me all mere beasts of burthen deem'd,
 " No more, than serving to our use, esteem'd.

“ Such

" Such the base tenets thy example taught,
 " By whose superior influence madly caught,
 " To this distress thy tortur'd son is brought!"

}

Reproaching thus, alternate they went on,
 The son his fire, the fire curst his son;
 And now with phrenzy mad for fight prepare,
 Howl, rend, and groan like furies in despair.

Hovering around these wretched monarch's sight,
 Like boding screech-owls in the gloom of night;
 Throng dread suspicions, diffidences vain,
 And false alarms, the pest of each inhuman reign!
 Insatiate thirst of gold's destructive good,
 False glory, wading thro' a sea of blood;
 And vile effeminacy, which destroys
 All solid pleasures, and substantial joys!

Nor punish'd were those impious kings alone,
 For all the evils they themselves had done;
 Omissions too of good were censur'd here,
 As crimes deserving wrath no less severe:
 The several vices in their realms that reign'd,
 Which from the sleeping laws protection gain'd,
 Were all imputed to the sceptred throng,
 From whom neglect, and want of sanction sprung.

But above all, those kings blood-thirsty found
 Rigour most dire, and horror most profound;
 Who o'er their people, with a shepherd's pain,
 Nor watch'd, nor careful fed the subject train:
 But like rapacious Wolves their flocks destroy'd,
 And the wide ruin of their folds enjoy'd!

But that which troubled most the Hero's thought,
 And most compassion in his bosom wrought,

Was to behold in this abyfs confin'd
A number deem'd good kings among mankind;
But now condemn'd to Tartarus and pain,
For suffering o'er them wicked Men to reign:
Here all those crimes their Ministers had done,
Were charg'd and punish'd as the princes' own.
Most of this wretched subject-ridden train,
To vice or virtue had indifferent been;
Great was their weakness: never did they dread
Their lives in ignorance of the truth to lead;
Nor ever relish for true virtue shew'd,
Or plac'd their happiness in doing good!

Octob. 1750.

TO MR. J. ———, ON THE REPORT OF
MISS ———'s MARRIAGE.

—— Ah miser

Quanta laboras in charybdi——

Digne puer meliori flammâ.

HOR.

WHEN first the soul has caught the gentle fire,
And the breast glows with Love and warm desire:
How hard the task, what labours must we prove,
To tell our own, and win the fair one's love!
What doubts, what fears, disdain and anguish try,
How falsely flatter, and how really sigh!

But now suppose the gentle charmer views
Our pains relenting, and relieves our woes;
With mutual flame soft burns her pitying breast,
And each of mutual passion seems possess'd.
Then the warm youth wou'd soar to higher joy;
Pleads his fond flame, and claims the nuptial tie:
In vain he pleads—the wayward virgin sighs,
And what she fondly wishes, coy denies;
By some fell chance the hapless lovers part,
Tear soul from soul, and ravish heart from heart:
Then Cupid frowns, dread absence gloomy reigns,
O'er their sad souls distilling jealous pains:
Censure's at hand; another lover's near—
—Ah cease; Almonzo's torment all is there:
Too cruel fair—ah! why thus cause his woe,
Stop the rash vow—his tender flame you know:
False to his love, why bless another's arms?
Like him none doat on, or deserve your charms.

“ Too

“ Too late advis’d,” the pensive lover said,
 As mournful on his Witham’s banks he stray’d,
 Despair his looks, the prospect spoke despair;
 Fens, fands, and seas! sad emblems of his care!
 “ Yes, Emma, * yes,—by that dear pleasing name,
 “ (Oh falsely yours, for fix’d was Emma’s flame)
 “ By that I swear, had you like her been true,
 “ With joy I’d liv’d a banish’d man for you:
 “ Flown each gay pleasure, every joy denied,
 “ Firm to my fair, and constant at her side.
 “ Thus then is all my tender flame repay’d,
 “ Oh art thou, art thou, too hard-hearted maid;—
 “ And art thou lost for ever to my arms,
 “ Gone, ever gone; Amyntas has thy charms!
 “ Aid me, despair, here every passion move,
 “ To wreak revenge on disappointed love:
 “ Vain thought! she smiles insulting o’er my pain,
 “ And in my rival’s arms exults,—my vengeance vain!
 “ Oh Emma, think, and when that thought shall rise
 “ Can you securely taste your fancied joys?
 “ Think of those scenes where oft we fondly stray’d,
 “ While tales of love the ling’ring sun delay’d:
 “ Think of those flow’ry meads, and silent groves,
 “ Where oft, so oft we whisper’d out our loves:
 “ Where oft we heard the feather’d songster’s lay,
 “ Our lives as sweet, and we as blest as they.
 “ Nor cou’d bleak winter’s frost, or envious snow,
 “ Cool our warm breasts—’twas ever spring with you:

* The lady always wrote under the name of EMMA. See Prior’s Nut-brown Maid.

“ Your tender form defy’d the nipping blast,—
 “ Kind thought—did you with me too summer taste ?
 “ But what are groves or meads, or snow or frost ?
 “ These are forgot, and you are ever lost.
 “ Blest with content, to rural ease inclin’d,
 “ For thee I rous’d, for thee the crowd I join’d ;
 “ Pleas’d, every tempest, every storm to prove,
 “ To crown my labours, and to win my love :
 “ To bless my fair, and round her feet to throw,
 “ The hard-earn’d produce of my prosperous woe.
 “ To make thee sharer of my happier fate,
 “ I wish’d alone and struggled to be great :
 “ But what avails it—that success was mine,
 “ That rich with plenty all my vallies shine :
 “ That o’er my hills, my flocks in thousands stray,
 “ Ah ! what are these—when Emma is away ?
 “ Plenty and flocks, with transport I’d resign,
 “ Too late—had lovely Emma been but mine !
 “ What is my crime ? I never sinn’d in thought,
 “ Love, too much love, false fair, is all my fault,
 “ For this, neglected forrowing and alone,
 “ Fruitless I sigh, and unregarded moan,
 “ Emblem of me on that lone rock confin’d,
 “ Behold yon guiltless sailor left behind ;
 “ With tortur’d ken the gallant ship he sees
 “ Plough the calm main, and triumph in the breeze ;
 “ The crew exulting towards their haven hie,
 “ While he is left alone, to pine, despair and die.”

Thus, to the wind the sad Almonzo raves,
 And tells his anguish to unheeding waves :
 When bleak despair’s drear mansion struck his view,
 Where wild with woe, the wretched lover flew.

’Midst

'Midst bogs and lakes expos'd the ruin stood,
 The winds howl'd round, the atmosphere a cloud ;
 Across a black deep lake a plank was laid,
 The only entrance to the gloomy shade ;
 Females in crowds, who fruitless long had sigh'd
 For wedlock's bonds, and joys those bonds supplied,
 Wrinkled with care, with frowns and crosses bleak,
 In this drear dome their last sad respite seek :
 The queen with transport views the ghastly train,
 Grins horrid smiles, and triumphs 'midst self-pain ;
 Arms with foul spight, ill-nature, and despair,
 And leagues these subjects 'gainst her foes, the fair,
 Amaz'd and musing at the dreary scene,
 Almonzo stood, and reason caught the rein :
 " Emma was fair, and fraught with every grace —
 " Grows not an Emma in some happier place ?
 " Then, such a pleasing sympathy of mind : —
 " Yet still some fair may prove as fondly kind.
 " Emma alone seem'd form'd to bless my flame ; —
 " But, when inconstant Emma's not the same.
 " Then, nymph, adieu ; and tho' my soul must own,
 " Of all I cou'd have lov'd but thee alone ;
 " Cupid will aid, and soon that god will find,
 " If not one fair as thee, more constant one and kind."

Quick from despair Almonzo smiling flies,
 Forgets his anguish, and dispels his sighs ;
 The shining belles explores, who round him move,
 Catches a happier flame, and burns anew with love !

O D E S. O F P I N D A R.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

THE FOURTH OLYMPIC ODE.

S T R O P H E I.

GREAT Jove, whose thunder thro' the skies
With force and speed unwearied flies:—

—For 'tis to Jove the hours belong,

Which roll around the mighty days,

These days that claim the sounding song,

Sacred to Pfaumis' deathless praise:

Immortal are the hero's deeds;

And when a friend's brave toil succeeds,

The tale great souls with joy receive,

And due encomiums gladly give.—

Thou then, great Saturn's greater son,

On Ætna who hast fix'd thy throne;

Where, hundred-headed Typhon prest,

Groans, the hot mountain on his breast:

The choral hymns, whose varied lays

Sing the olympic victor's praise,

And give to virtue, nobly bright,

Eternal lustre, life and light;

Auspicious hear, for Pfaumis' sake;

They want not Grace,—his fame they speak.

* These odes are not translated by Mr. West.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Lo! in his car they cross the plains,
 Where, crown'd with olive, he obtains
 Oh Camarina, for thy state
 Immortal honours, deathless fame!
 Still, still, propitious, kindly fate,
 In all be his success the same!
 For well I know him wise and good,
 Skill'd to train up the courser's brood:
 Nor does of friends a narrow round
 His hospitable kindness bound;
 Wide his benevolence extends,
 And all mankind are styl'd his friends:
 And where, of all the patriot train,
 His country's glory's to maintain,
 Where will another chief appear,
 With heart so warm, and soul so clear?
 — Truth speaks; the muse's sacred verse
 Disdains false praises to rehearse;
 Experience proves the truth she sings,
 At once the test of men and things.

E P O D E.

By this the taunts of Lemnos' haughty dames
 The warlike son of Clymenus disprov'd;
 Who, when contending at the glorious games,
 Swift to the goal before his peers he mov'd,

Panting, as he claim'd the crown,

To Thoas' daughter thus begun :

“ Behold the man whose untried speed you scorn'd,

“ Till by that speed victorious he return'd :

“ And know, this hand can equal deeds perform,

“ And know, with equal fire this heart is warm :

“ Grey hairs may oft the youthful head bestrew,

“ But grace they add, and wisdom to the brow.”*

* See the scholiast on the place.

R 2 THE

THE SIXTH OLYMPIC ODE.

S T R O P H E I.

WHOSE ample soul a glorious fabric rears,
 First to the gorgeous front directs his care:
 Nor art, nor cost, nor gold, nor sculpture spares,
 To give the portico the noblest air:
 That thence the eye enlarg'd, his splendid dome
 May raptur'd with ideal wonder roam.
 So, muse, preparing deathless songs to sound
 On themes, which well those deathless songs may claim,
 With grandest grace be our beginning crown'd,
 Be from the first bright spark conceiv'd the flame!
 Were there a man whose happy lot bestow'd
 In rich Sicilia's plains a fair abode;
 Who shone at glorious Pisa doubly blest,
 Th' olympic victor, and the thunderer's priest:
 Untouch'd by envy's hate or slander's tongue,
 How just were fame like his, how form'd such fame for
 song!

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Such fame, great son of Sostratus, is thine,
 And lo, my muse, that hero is thy theme:—
 Virtue unexercis'd can never shine,
 It tempts no dangers, and shall find no fame:
 But who, like thee, Agesias, dare be great,
 Shall share thy glory, and enjoy thy fate!

Of right to thee that eulogy belongs,
 Which brave Adrastus to the prophet gave
 Whom Jove belov'd ; and, to preserve from wrongs,
 Commanded earth wide-gaping to receive :
 His friend's lov'd corse Adrastus fought in vain
 At Thebes' seven-fold funeral to obtain ;
 And therefore thus with praise embalm'd the dead ;
 " Where is my light, my guide, my glory fled ?
 " Alas, my soldiers, how our loss I moan,
 " The wisest prophet dead, the bravest warrior gone !"

E P O D E I.

Such, mighty hero of my lays,
 Such are thy gifts, and such thy praise !
 I scorn the forms of mean dispute,
 I scorn to cavil and confute :
 All end of strife this oath shall bring,
 Dread witness to the truths I sing ;
 I swear these gifts of right to thee belong,
 And every muse permits the oath, and all confirm the
 song.

S T R O P H E II.

Come then, my soul, bright charioteer,
 The mules, victorious to the car
 Join quick, that while we cross the plain,
 Our labour's summit we may gain :
 And all triumphant mount the place,
 Where shine the hero's god-born race :

To his and their immortal fame,
 The road no courfers know like them;
 That road they trod, when late they won,
 At Pifa's race, the glorious crown:
 Lift up your heads ye gates for these: your heads
 triumphant raise; [praise!
 That they may trace the spacious plain of great Agefias'

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Strait then to fair Eurotas' flood,
 We'll sweep along the sounding road.
 Fair Pitana Eurotas bore
 Saturnian Neptune's paramour.
 He, as immortal tales declare,
 With bright Evadne fill'd the fair:
 Her stolen joys the maid conceal'd
 Till the great months were all fulfill'd;
 In secret then a mother made,
 Her babe she privately convey'd
 To Æpytus, Arcadia's king, its foster-fire to prove:
 Where Phœbus pluck'd her virgin rose, and taught
 Evadne love!

E P O D E II.

From Æpytus in vain she strove
 To hide the produce of her love:
 His soul with rage and anguish fraught,
 The Pythian god the monarch fought;
 There to dislodge his mighty grief,
 And from Apollo find relief.

While

While she unloos'd her various-colour'd zone,
 And in a secret grove brought forth a soul-enlighten'd
 son!

S T R O P H E III.

Hecate and the fates consenting
 To Apollo's fond request,
 All the mother's pangs preventing,
 With the darling offspring blest'd.
 But her heart deep anguish tearing,
 Virtue's blooming blossom gone;
 Thence she flew, detection fearing,
 On the ground she left her son!
 The babe deserted thus, to tend
 Neptune and Sol two dragons send:
 Their charge to feed the bee they spoil,
 And well discharge th' appointed toil.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Homeward Æpytus repairing,
 Claims from his domestic throng
 Fair Evadne's son, declaring
 Him from sage Apollo sprung:
 Prophecy's bright gift possessing,
 Sight to pierce the rolls of fate;
 A perpetual lineage blessing
 With descendents wife and great!
 Such, with enthusiastic joy,
 The prince proclaim'd the god-born boy:

But

But still he spoke, and told in vain
 What none had heard of, none had seen.

E P O D E III.

For Apollo five times his bright journey renew'd
 While the babe lay conceal'd on a violet bed ;
 Where each sweetest flower's choice fragrance bedew'd
 His tender limbs nightly in open air lay'd.
 But when manhood, gaily blooming,
 Spread his rofeat cheeks with down ;
 On his birth divine presuming,
 He to Alpheus' stream hastes down :
 There, midst the silence of the night,
 To Neptune, and the god of light ;
 Their son imploring bow'd :
 " Oh dignify, my fires, your race,
 " Be worthy of my birth some grace,
 " Some glorious boon bestow'd !"

S T R O P H E IV.

Scarce thus the god-born suppliant sighs,
 Or ere his father's voice replies :
 — " Arise my son, and let us trace
 " That great, that glory-destin'd place,
 " Where future triumphs Greece shall share ;
 " Arise my son — and hasten there."
 Speaking he led to Chronion's cloud-capt brow,
 And there with light divine illum'd his soul :
 A two-fold power dark fate's decrees to view
 He gave: and instant thro' his bosom roll,
Enthusiastic

Enthusiastic fires! the prophet glow'd,
 And mystic truths declare the present god!
 But when in future days Alcides came,
 Dread-doing hero, and ordain'd to Jove,
 In wide Olympia's plains, the festal game,
 With rites bespeaking gratitude and love:
 The favor'd seer then found his gifts complete,
 From entrails, and the hallow'd fire
 He read the book of fate!

A N T I S T R O P H E IV.

So will'd the god: and thus thro' Greece
 Of Jamus, the happy race
 For rare felicity were sung:
 Honour rewards fair virtues throng:
 Who tread her paths, bright glory's fane
 Shall reach: his actions prove the man!
 Pale envy's poison taints each noble deed:
 Lo; not even they the vile enchantress shun
 On whom true glory's fost'ring dews are shed,
 In great Olympia's course the contest won!
 'Tis so: thy mother's ancestors bestow'd
 Due rites, Agefias, on the herald god:
 Beneath Cyllene's hoary brow well pleas'd,
 Hermes beheld their warm religious zeal:
 Hermes of contests holy umpire made,
 The kindly guardian of Arcadia's weal:
 And grateful by his fire, the thunderer's aid,
 Thee with so perfect happiness repaid!

E P O D E IV.

I catch the bright flame, and am warm'd with the song !
 Thy praises inspire me to chant forth my own :
 From Thebes, from Metopa, from great Ladon sprung,
 I boast my descent, and I claim my renown :
 There, thrice-happy bard, reclining,
 Themes divine engage my lays :
 Heroes brows immortal binding
 With gay wreaths of blooming praise.
 Hasten then, and rouse the choral throng,
 Æneas, hasten—and be the song,
 With Juno's name begun !
 And let who hear my lays confess,
 That his Bœotia's old disgrace
 Great Pindar's numbers shun !

S T R O P H E V.

Thou art a man the muses love,
 And in their councils hold'st the highest place :
 Declaring thence what they approve,
 Thou shed'st on favor'd bards their choicest grace :
 Turn then—remind the grateful muse
 To sing of beauteous Syracuse,
 To speak renown'd Ortygia's praise,
 Where Hiero the sceptre sways ;
 The rock of justice bears his throne,
 Religion's jewels grace his crown ;
 Behold what glorious structures rise,
 For that dread power, who rules the skies,

For Ceres and her daughter's sake,
Behold — for him and let those structures speak!

A N T I S T R O P H E V.

Already the exulting lyre
The hero's glorious praises has enjoy'd :
Still vibrates every sweet-tun'd wire,
For each his name has known, his fame employ'd :
Oh may no future times decrease
The round of his consummate bliss !
May he with wonted favour view
The hymn to brave Ageſias due ;
Who from maternal climes removes
Arcadia's meads, and peaceful groves ;
In Sicily's bleſt realms to trace
His father's, and a nobler race.
'Tis well, when nightly tempeſts roar,
The ſhip with double anchors to ſecure.

E P O D E T H E L A S T.

May heav'n's wide favour to each realm encrease
Their choſen lot of happineſs and peace :
And oh dread ruler of the boundleſs ſea,
Whoſe voice the tempeſt hears, the waves obey :
Thro' life's rough waves Ageſias ſafely ſteer,
From ſtorms protected, and from quick-ſands clear :
With winds propitious ſwell his happy fails !
And as my ſongs fame's ocean croſs,
Croud glory's favouring gales !

THE SEVENTH PYTHIAN ODE.

S T R O P H E I.

SO nobly whence deduce the song,
 Sacred to Megacles' renown,
 A chief from great Alcæon sprung,
 As from Minerva's mighty town?
 Since where a family so great,
 Thro' Grecia's realms is found;
 And where so truly fam'd a state,
 Thro' earth's capacious round?

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Athens, thy fame to all is known,
 Thy sons by all are prais'd,
 Who, Phœbus, by mad foes o'erthrown,
 Thy hallow'd temple rais'd:
 And, Megacles, to found thy fame,
 Those conquests urge me on,
 By thee, at every glorious game,
 And thy forefa-hers won.

E P O D E

Even five Corinthian palms obtain'd,
 And one at great Olympus gain'd;

At sacred Delphi two :
 Your late success I gladly hail,
 * Yet mourn that envy should prevail,
 O'er fame and men like you.
 Yet trust, your bliss is more secure,
 Your fortune's column stands more sure,
 Round which some winds have blown,
 Than that to heaven its head which rears,
 And tempests unmolested dares,
 Which blow! — and 'tis o'erthrown!

* The original is — το δ' ανυμει

φθονον αμειβομενον

τα καλα εργα — where the scholiast observes

— επιτη νυν ευτυχηθειση τη νικα χαιρω ανυμμαι δε δια τον Ιπποκρατην who, as he adds, died about this time, and was a relation of Agefias. Sedorius, in his translation, follows this explanation of the scholiast.

Unum illud doleo, post tot adorea,

Te læsum Hippocratis morte domestica.

So that in the original, envy must be understood as a personage, who had power to throw in a change, and destroy the felicity of great actions: the poet consoles him upon this, with a piece of morality; assuring him, that the happiness is the most firm, and most flourishing, *μονιμαν η θαλλοισαν*, which is mix'd with some vicissitudes of fortune, which brings *τα η τα*, good and bad — *τοιωτ ουεσι η το, παρ' Ομηρων*, says the scholiast. —

Τον περι μυσ' εφιλησε, διδυ δ' αγαθοντε, κακοντε,

Οφθαλμων μεν αμερσε· διδυ δ' ηδειαν αειδων.

THE NINTH PYTHIAN ODE.

S T R O P H E I.

GLOWING bright with shield of brass,
 Victorious in the Pythian race;
 Great Teleficrates his praise,
 My soul delights to sound in noblest lays.
 Ye Graces aid your poet's song,
 And boldly bear the strain along.
 Spread, spread the bliss, the glory wide,
 Of brave Cyrene's garland and her pride.
 From Pelion's mount where winds perpetual roar,
 Bright-hair'd Apollo fair Cyrene bore
 To those blest realms, where flocks in thousands stray,
 And fullest plenty crowns the smiling plain:
 In golden car he bore the nymph away,
 And gave her o'er the world's third part to reign.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Bright Venus, goddess of the fair,
 Who holds her courts and revels there;
 Smiling receiv'd her Delian guest,
 And breath'd soft love thro' each enamour'd breast.
 While modesty, sweet blushing, spread
 The happy love-expecting bed;
 Where glad Apollo's glowing arms
 Might clasp Hypsæus' blooming daughter's charms.
 From Ocean's monarch was Hypsæus sprung,
 King of the Lapithæ, a warlike throng:

Peneus,

Peneus the God's, Hypsæus Peneus' son,
 Who dalliance with fair Cræusa held
 In Pindus' vale, where he the virgin won,
 And with Cyrene's god-like father fill'd.

E P O D E I.

That father, with industrious care,
 Each female virtue taught the fair:
 But she—a nobler task approving,
 Scorn'd the loom's enervate toys:
 Far from female trains removing,
 Talking banquets, lazy joys:
 With the bow, the quiver arming,
 To the field triumphant flew;
 Where the savage race alarming,
 These her darts unerring flew:
 O'er the hills Aurora rising,
 E'er equipp'd the maid beheld;
 Sleep's emollient bliss despising,
 Early hast'ning to the field:
 No hostile beasts her father's realms annoy'd,
 She clear'd each forest, and each foe destroy'd.

S T R O P H E II.

Once, without help of dart or spear,
 Maintaining an unequal war;
 Phœbus on Pelion's top survey'd
 Engag'd with lion fierce the lovely maid!
 Strait Chiron, call'd he, from his cave,
 Phyllirides, thy bower leave;

Forth,

Forth, forth, dread Centaur from thy bower,
 To view the triumphs of a female power.
 View with what courage she maintains the fight,
 While her great spirit soars beyond her might ;
 She knows not fear : — relate her happy fire,
 What root its birth to branch so glorious gave ?
 What mortal to the honour may aspire,
 Of daughter so undaunted, fair, and brave ?

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

On the virgin, Chiron, say,
 May we soft compulsion lay ;
 Gently force her to our arms,
 And crop her virgin flower, and full-blown charms ?
 Soften'd to smiles his features grave,
 This answer sober Chiron gave ;
 Who love's purer flames would share,
 By sweet persuasion steal upon the fair ;
 And with fond elegance of passion move,
 The yielding fair one to a virtuous love :
 In modest hints first fighting out their flame,
 And delicate alike, tho' bolder grown :
 For gods and men hate those who know not shame,
 But shock the ear with ribbald lewdness' tone.

E P O D E II.

But thou, of truth great Deity,
 Whose proving touch all falshoods fly :

Complaisance alone inspiring,
 Thee hath led to this request :
 Art thou gracious, thou enquiring,
 Whence descends this maiden blest?
 Thou, who all events art knowing,
 Every path that mortals tread ;
 Whence their several fates are flowing,
 Where their several actions lead :
 Whose is wisdom past expressing,
 Knowledge past our power to tell :
 Sooner count we earth's encreasing,
 When her pregnant bowels swell :
 Sooner, when waves roll rough, and tempests roar,
 Number the sands that raging croud the shore.

S T R O P H E III.

All things are open to thine eyes,
 Both where they flow, and whence they rise :
 Yet if, with one so wise and great,
 'Tis granted me, dread king, myself to meet ;
 Hear what the Centaur hath to tell :
 Destin'd the maid's, thou fought'st this vale ;
 Hither thou cam'st, her love to share,
 And to Jove's gardens o'er the seas to bear.
 Thither thy * people from their † isle shall tend,
 And to the vale-surrounded hill ascend ;

* The Spartans. † Thera.

T

Where

Where rule from thee, Cyrene, shall receive!
 Now for thy sake glad Lybia to the fair,
 In golden domes reception waits to give:
 And yield her of her spacious empire share.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

There shall they rule, their laws the same,
 And joint command, and empire claim;
 O'er realms for noblest beasts renown'd,
 O'er fields with fruits and fullest plenty crown'd.
 There with a son shall she be blest,
 Whom, carried from his mother's breast,
 The golden-throned hours shall join
 With mother earth to nurse, and make divine:
 Hermes to them shall bear Apollo's race,
 And on their laps the smiling infant place:
 His rosy lips the well-pleas'd nymphs shall bless,
 With nectar and ambrosia, heavenly food;
 Which, to his fires and grandsires place shall raise,
 And make of men's delight, the man, a god.

E P O D E III.

The fields, the flocks, his care shall claim,
 And Aristæus be his name."
 — Speaking thus, to consummation,
 Chiron instigates the god;
 Swift is each immortal action;
 Swift the flight, and short the road:

Saw that day the deed unended?—

Lybia strait received the pair :

Both the golden bed ascended,

Blest, and both immortal there ;

There her beauteous city guarding,

Fair Cyrene ever smiles.

Her Carneans still rewarding,

In the Pythian's sacred toils.

Thrice blest Carnean, * whose renown can give

Fame to those realms, whence all their fame receive !

* Telephates.

T 2

A N

A N O D E

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

“ WITH awful port and carriage grand
 I saw him lead his gallant band :
 Ocean’s rough waves safely crost,
 I saw him on Germania’s coast,
 There the British colours flying,
 British drums and shouts resound :
 There the British couriers neighing,
 Snuff the air, and paw the ground !
 Still wonder, her finger her ruby lip pressing,
 Sate fix’d in a cloud o’er the throng ;
 As slow, in order just, the heroes march’d along !
 But when thy manly soldier came,
 I saw, I mark’d each speaking face :
 Each eye was fix’d, illustrious dame,
 And every finger mark’d his martial grace !
 Great GRANBY — Rutland’s noble son ;
 Thro’ all the crowd — was heard aloud,
 And every voice and heart was one :
 “ Safety on his helmet play :
 “ Conquest mark his falchion’s way.”

II.

Thus on her couch, while pensive GRANBY lay, —
 Her hand upheld her head with cares oppress :
 What marvel, when her hero was away,
 That tears her eyes, that terror fill’d her breast ?

Thus

Thus spoke the genius of the RUTLAND line :

She heard — she knew — she blest the sound : —

For if old bards have rightly sung,

Deeply read in ancient story :

The guardian genius of each race,

When mortals to appear among,

They disrobe them of the glory,

Which cloaths the splendid children of the skies,

Wove in light, and far too bright,

For dazzled human eyes :

They then assume the form, the grace,

The tone of voice, the turn of face,

And all the manner of the line,

O'er which the laws of heav'n their guardian care assign,

He spoke — she heard, she knew the sound ;

“ And is he safe, she rose, she cried,

“ And is he safe on hostile ground ?

“ Safety on his helmet play :

“ Conquest mark his falchion's way !”

Who can wonder at the throng ; —

Heav'n applaud and hear the song !

Who can wonder — these admire ?

Wherefoe'er my soldier moves,

Every bosom is on fire,

Every eye, that views him, loves !

Tell me, gentle genius, tell,

I a thousand truths wou'd know :

On his cheeks with roseate glow

Still doth health delight to dwell !

Tell me gentle genius tell !

Every grateful truth discover,

Ease the wife, the friend, the lover,

Where's

Where's my hero — ease my care :
Tell me gentle genius, where."

III,

With smiles serene,
Such as ever beaming play
On the brows of spirits blest,
In the realms of endless day,
And diffuse, where'er they move,
Like the gay sun, thro' every breast,
Light and comfort, joy and love !

With smiles serene,
He saw the generous passions as they strove :
He saw applauding, wav'd his head,
With amaranthine flowrets crown'd :
His rich celestial plumage shook, and shed
Ambrosial odours all reviving round :
And thus with tender sympathy address'd,
And thus with tone mellifluous lull'd to rest
The heaven-born passions, all approv'd,
That anxious throbb'd within her breast.

IV.

" Matchless wife — on golden pinion,
Summon'd by thy tender care,
From GERMANIA'S vex'd dominion,
Like a sun-beam thro' the air,
Have I wing'd my azure way ;
Ocean's wide waste
In a moment o'er-past
At the summons of virtue no spirit can stay.

Heaven approves thy sweet concern:

Cease to fear and cease to mourn.

From antient times and annals old,

The care of many a baron bold

Of RUTLAND's gallant line,

Hath claim'd my watchful hand and eye;

To save, to raise in glory high,

The pleasing business mine.

But when the honour of the race,

The high-born heroes I re-trace,

Heroes, who now in golden domes,

Where everlasting pleasure blooms,

Drink the pure nectar of delight,

My charge thro' all the radiant day,

My watch thro' all the night:

None, none amidst them I survey,

Whose generous worth and ample mind,

Noble soul and nature kind,

So well my services repay,

So enkindle each desire,

Higher still to raise and higher

In the sounding song of fame,

As him, to whom the power divine

Has to thy care, bright fair, and mine,

Allotted equal claim!

V.

Now his country calls to arms;

Hush each tender female fear:

Now the generous ardour warms;

Trust him to his guardian's care.

Shou'd

Shou'd the furious battle rage,
 Rank with hostile rank engage :
 At his side attendant ever,
 I from danger will deliver:
 When the glowing ball shall fly,
 Levell'd from the roaring mouth of death :
 I will turn it harmless by,
 And bid it fan him with its guiltless breath.
 When just on his head descending,
 The battle-ax cleaves the air:
 From the fierce ruin defending,
 I will suspend it there.
 Helm, or habergeon may fail,
 Greaves of brass, or coat of mail :
 Trustier armour shall he prove,
 In his GUARDIAN's care and love,

VI.

Nor in the wild rage of the battle alone,
 Shall the banner of safety around him be thrown :
 The sickly troop and pale,
 That on disease's camp attend,
 Not daring to assail
 Whom heav'n and rosy health defend,
 Gnashing their teeth shall growl and fly ;—
 But why, great MARLBOROUGH *, gracious heav'n, ah
 I see his GENIUS stand in speechless trance: [why ?
 Drooping his sky-tinctur'd plumes,
 Inverted his celestial lance!

* The duke of Marlborough died in Germany, 1758.

While tears, such as angels weep,
 Down his bright visage all unbidden creep.
 Oh that every virtue join'd,
 The prudent head, the feeling heart,
 The manly, martial, melting mind,
 Cou'd not arrest awhile th' unerring dart !

VII.

Cou'd not—but why indulge the plaintive mood ?
 Or why the just decrees of God arraign ?

HE wills, and what HE wills, is wise, is good ;
 And who shall dare complain ?

Suffice it, fair one, that to thee

Is given the blest security,
 Ere the gayly circling sun
 Thro' the Zodiac hath run,
 On thy bosom's downy rest,
 On the throbbings of thy breast
 Thy foldier to receive,
 With all the melting bliss
 Chaste affection has to give.

VIII.

Rapturous Hymen then shall come
 Young desire, with purple bloom ;
 Innocence in milk-white vest,
 Truth unzon'd with open breast :
 With all the loves, that crown'd with roses
 Ever dance in jocund play,
 Round the couch on which reposes

The virtuous pair delighted,
 In softest trance united :
 Squint suspicion far a way,
 And all the snaky brood of hell,
 That in the harlot's bought smiles mask,
 And serpentine embraces dwell !

And I, with that illustrious spirit,
 Who preserves the matchless merit
 Of thy high-born house, whose glory
 Liveth long in ancient story,
 Will weave a web of richest texture,
 Of each line's grand intermixture ;
 Which to latest times shall share,
 Our mutual and united love,
 Our mutual and united care.

IX.

Till the happy hour arrive,
 Live resign'd and chearful live,
 Fair blooming branch of SEYMOUR'S stately tree !
 Close by thy hero's side,
 I will preserve, will guard, and guide,
 And safe restore to Britain and to thee !
 And returning, round his head
 My sevenfold shield, of heavenly temper made,
 Impervious to each mortal stroke,
 Will all-protecting spread."

X. Thus

X.

Thus while he spoke,
Attention listen'd on her face:
And every gentle passion strove
To glow with most attracting grace,
Affection, just concern, soft fear, and patriot love:
But judging silence here a sin,
They joined all in one request,
And spoke the burden of her breast:
“ Gentle genius, no delay,
Quickly, quickly then return:
Haste thee, guardian, haste away,
Painful is a moment's stay,
For thy instant departure impatient I burn:
Oh tarry not, but haste and spread
Thy shield, of heavenly temper made,
Blest genius, round my lord's, my lover's valued
head.”

A N O D E.

OCCASIONED BY LADY N—————D'S BEING
PREVENTED BY ILLNESS FROM COMING TO THE
CHAPEL OF THE MAGDALEN-HOUSE.

I.

HENCE, loathed pain ;
With envious disappointment in thy train !
Hence, and cross the frozen seas,
To the northern Hebrides :
Or where th' unfeeling Calmuc stains
With ruthless blood the plunder'd plains !
But no more thy harpy hand
Lay upon N—————d ;
Neither in thine iron chain,
From the pleasing scenes detain,
Where the cherub pity shares
Joy, that pleasure seldom bears
On her gayest smile ; or knows,
When her laughter loudest flows !

II.

Noble spirits, most partaking
Of the pure æthereal flame,
Find the fullest bliss in making
All around enjoy the same.
O how pleasing to dispense
Rays of rich benevolence !

O how godlike to impart
 All the generous feeling heart !
 And with comforts to o'erflow
 All the weeping wants of woe !
 But from vice's filthy jaw,
 But from death and hell to draw ;
 And to plant in virtue's plain,
 And to give to heaven again ;
 These are works which warm the breast
 With the transports of the blest ;
 These, these are works, which time itself defy :
 Built on the boundless base of vast eternity !

III.

Illustrious branch of SEYMOUR's stately tree,
 These are the works, whose captivating form
 Soft-ey'd compassion waits to shew to thee,
 Waits with her own pure flame thy soul to warm :
 Waits to raise the generous sigh,
 To steal a tear from thy bright eye ;
 Drops of melting charity !
 Sighs which please us while they pain,
 Tears which speak the heart humane ;
 Tokens sure of virtue's reign !
 And those will rise, and these will flow,
 When thou with lenient looks shall view,
 The decent throng, in modest guise array'd,
 With humbled heart, and humbled eye,
 The decent throng, so lately lost and dead,
 Wrapt in foul woe, and cloath'd with infamy !

“ Planted

“ Planted now in virtue’s plain,
 “ Now restor’d to heaven again !”

When thou shalt hear their solemn prayers,
 Mix’d with deep repentant tears :

Grateful songs and tuneful praise,
 Pious orgies, sacred lays ;
 Finer pleasures which dispense
 Than the finest joys of sense :
 And each melting bosom move,
 And each liquid eye o’erflow
 With benevolence and love !

IV.

Let the roving talkers boast ;
 Who, themselves to virtue lost,
 Still seducing,
 Still deluding,
 With ungrateful scoffs decry
 Those they won to wanton joy !
 Black’ning the fair female fame,
 With the foul love of lust and shame !
 All their censures to disprove,
 Let them seek this first retreat
 Britons gave to them, whose love
 Gives to life its choicest sweet !
 Then will they view it with abash’d surprize,
 By ruin’d, but returning fair-ones throng’d,
 And own that on themselves, not those they wrong’d,
 The heavy charge retorted doubly lies !
 But, ah ! beware,
 Seducers, that it rests not ever there !

V.

Daughters of Britain's blooming isle,
 Where beauty wears her sweetest smile,
 Where virtue veils in whitest snow;
 And love's own roses fullest blow:
 Ah! gentle fair, accept the tribute due
 To truth, to virtue, and to you!

Lo! conscious of our blame,
 For those, whom pleasure's golden bait
 Has drawn from virtue's sacred seat,
 Through man's seducing flame;
 This house of mercy is procur'd,
 Where, from deceit's sly snares immur'd,
 Fair chastity again may light
 Her late extinguish'd flame!

Aid then, ye lovely ones, the good design,
 So may each pleasure in your dwellings rest!
 The virtuous husband, and the lovely line;
 So may each joy domestic glad each breast!
 But chiefly thou, illustrious SEYMOUR, pour
 Thy fost'ring succours, thy indulgent care:
 Yet, yet but tender is the budding flow'r:
 Thy genial hand's kind tendance let it share!

VI.

And thou, DINGLEY, virtue's friend,
 Son of soft humanity;
 Still thy pleasing charge attend:
 And in the name of charity,

Of

Of returning penitence,
 Liberal benevolence :
 Weeping virtue, heavenly love ;
 This and every fair one move,
 Every British fair renown'd,
 Thro' the globe's capacious round,
 For the pleasures they dispense,
 Beauty, kindness, innocence :
 Ah move them in the generous work to join !
 — But wherefore strive to move ?
 Already every worthy heart is thine.

1759.

S U S P E N C E. A N O D E.

WRITTEN WHILE WAITING FOR THE COMING OF
A LADY.

SHALL I write—or still tormented,
Musing fit, or lonely stray?
Yonder first—no, here contented,
Let me scribble care away.
Poh, 'tis idle—gods, I'll to her,
Venus, Cupid aid! vain fool,
What can they? Go, softly woe her,
Plead, and mingle soul with soul:
Quick adown that walk I'll wander—
Something white; oh sure 'tis she!
Nothing—nothing—ah, Leander,
Doubt is death to Helle's sea.
Watch! thou dotard time, move faster;—
But one hour—I thought it four!
Dull machine—unlike thy master,
Clicking even ever more!
All is hurry—expectation,
Panting, trembles in my breast;
Since I held her hand—vexation,
Thrice ten hundred minutes pass'd!
Come my love, my charmer, bless me,—
Or her thoughts, kind genius, bear!
But oh rather come, release me
From my soul-bewildering fear!

Shall my hand, thy soft hand pressing,
 Aid the pleadings of my heart?
 Hold—hold—torture past expressing—
 Sure—she would not mock my smart!
 Oh 'tis mighty—that same reason,
 Spark divine—lord man's proud boast:
 Love, his subject, rank in treason,
 Hourly makes him quit the coast.
 Little rebel, I'll subdue thee—
 And thy dread companion doubt!
 Nay, my friend, I still will woe thee;
 Drive, but drive that monster out!
 Send him to his proper station,
 Lords, kings, ministers, or court,
 Where the sons of expectation
 Fall of place and promise short:
 Send him to the bishop's palace,
 Where the poor lean curate scouts:
 Or to where, in suff'rings callous,
 Client nine years law-suit doubts:
 Send him just where is your pleasure,
 Admirals, generals, surgeons-hall:
 Playhouse poets, sharks of treasure,
 E, O White's, or good Sir P*.
 Vain, alas, my fond providing,
 See, ah see—he haunts me here:
 And with sneers my cares deriding,
 Points me to the ideal fair:
 Will she come? I fly to meet her:
 Hence, vain muse, your rhymes I throw:
 She comes, 'tis her—thanks, thanks, dear creature!
 Blank—false, she's false—yet—
 Sure she's true!

TO TWO AGREEABLE SISTERS,

WHO DESIRED VERSES OF ME IN THE YEAR 1738.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF YORKSHIRE.

C O U' D I, like Pope, or Swift indite,
 What pleasure, ladies, 'twere to write!
 Like theirs, were my expressions fraught
 With elegance and strength of thought;
 No muse, no goddess I'd require
 To string my harp and tune my lyre;
 Eliza's charms, Eliza's name,
 My lofty lays should give to fame:
 And echo, each harmonious strain,
 With wanton joy, repeat again;
 In flowing numbers while I trace
 The beauties of her matchless face;
 The virtues of her spotless soul,
 Which dart a lustre on the whole;
 Which, when the rose and lily fade,
 Will still embalm the lovely maid;
 Will still endear the marriage state,
 When other charms submit to fate.

Nor should the other darling fair
 Be less the poet's theme and care;
 Bright Patsy! whose engaging face,
 The graces all conspire to grace;
 Less fair the celebrated maid,
 That whilom on * Tweed's borders stray'd;

* See a celebrated song, called Tweed side.

The love and wonder of each swain,
 Who tripp'd it o'er the daified plain.
 No ruffling gusts, no guilty joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy;
 But in her air, and lovely mien,
 The beauties of her soul are seen.

Happy the swain, yea, doubly blest,
 Of either beauteous fair possesst!

T. P.

S T A N -

S T A N Z A S

OCCASIONED BY THE VERSES ON TWO AGREEABLE
SISTERS.

HAPPY poet, pleas'd inditing
Sweet Eliza's heav'nly charms;
Happier far the youth delighting
In the nymph's more heav'nly arms!
Freely sing, thrice blest enjoying
All the transports she can give;
Clasp'd in pleasures never cloying,
Live, O favour'd mortal, live.
But presumptuous, never venture
Patsy's grace divine to sing;
Far below thy verse must centre,
Far too weak thy trembling wing.
Oh what racking tumults seize me!
Oh what pangs of jealous love!
Must another poet please thee?
Can my fair his strains approve?
Can my fair forget the pleasures,
Harmless hours of joy we've seen;
Sweeter far than miser's treasures,
More than halycon seas serene?
Yet, alas! hard fate requiring!
Sad oblivion absence draws;
Loft, forgot, I lie expiring,
Patsy false, the much lov'd cause.

Pity, charming maid, relenting,
 Call to mind thy abject slave,
Smile propitious, smile consenting,
 Give those pleasures once you gave!
Know that Venus, now attending,
 Soon will leave thy form divine,
All thy outward beauties ending,
 Cease to charm, and cease to shine.
Kind the lesson true receiving,
 Kind my heart, my soul return;
Big with love thy bosom heaving,
 Big with love my breast shall burn.
All our youth, one endless blessing,
 Gay transporting joys shall crown;
Solid comforts sure possessing,
 When declining life moves down:
Then new blifs — but, where transporting,
 Idle fancy! wilt thou lead?
See the nymph, her neck retorting,
 Flies, nor deigns to hear thee plead.

A N O D E,

OCCASIONED BY A YOUNG LADY'S LAUGHING AT
ME FOR STAYING FROM AN ASSEMBLY.

OH 'twas hard — nay, cease your smiling,
Prithee laugh not — sure 'twas hard ;
Still feverer, you reviling,
Joys like those to be debarr'd :
Belles in beauty's glitter shining,
Gay delights soft-swimming round ;
Duty's mighty chain confining, —
These I saw, from these was bound !
Hark, with transports softly thrilling,
Music melts each gentle breast,
Sounds once pleasing, sadly chilling,
Tell insulting — thou'rt distrest !
Thus, in cage the goldfinch fighting,
Droops, in summer sun-shine hung ;
Fluttering friends around him flying,
Gayly tune their amorous song ;
There their burnish'd wings displaying,
'Tuning here their notes to love :
He in vain like them essaying
Free to sing, and free to rove.
Cytherea fond attending,
Wou'd young Paris not have gone ?
You, with beauty her's transcending
Sighing view'd I, forc'd to shun.

Ask the failor, if appearing
 Blifs and plenty on the coast,
 From fo sweet enchantments veering,
 Rocks and winds, and waves he'd trust?
 Sight moft cutting! view thofe graces
 Smiling in each dimpled cheek:
 Joy on joy in transport preffes,
 General rapture all things fpeak.
 I fink, I flag: fleep cruel flies me,
 Darknefs, horror round my bed:
 Twelve's fad beats with fears furprize me,
 Ghoffs and goblins, maiden's dread!
 " Sleep, benignant god, receive me;"
 He confents—and all is peace:
 And in kindnefs to relieve me,
 Bore me where my foul found eafe:
 In a grove of myrtle ftraying,
 Thee, my Delia, there I found:
 Cupid too was come a-maying,
 Him we join'd, and mirth went round.
 Sudden wak'd from blifs fo charming,
 (Pleasures oft exchange for pain:)
 Soon the fcene my foul alarming,
 Came that Cupid * and his train;
 And a Venus, Delia, believe me,—
 Fair and form'd in ftamp like thine:
 Cupid's whifpers can't deceive me—
 Both are fifters, both divine.

1748.

* Mifs P's brother, a little boy about three years old.

A T A L E.

OCCASIONED BY THE SAME YOUNG LADY'S REFUS-
ING TO PLAY AT QUADRILLE, WHEN ASK'D BY
A GENTLEMAN.

Carmina non injussa cano.

A MIDST her gay and brilliant court,
Where shining beaux and belles resort;
To hear complaints in mighty state,
Aloft the queen of cards was fate:
When, busy bustling thro' the throng,
With hoop swung high, there came along
A small, important, vengeful ill,
First confidante of queen quadrille:
The lady seem'd quite out of breath,
And vow'd herself fatigu'd to death;
Play'd quick her fan, while heav'd her breast,
And eyes of anger spoke the rest.

“ Well, such a thing,” was first her cry,

“ I tremble for your majesty;

“ Your empire sure can't last a minute,

“ I never thought such rebels in it!”

Strait was the court in such a way —

The queen was fainting “ hartshorn, pray !”

All the choice spirits in a hurry,

The ladies too in such a flurry:

Oh shocking! what can all this bring,

Haste — salts, drops, spirits — any thing!

But now suppose 'em all much better,
 And hear miss MAT. read o'er her letter :
 " Long live and prosper, long the reign
 Of our belov'd, high-favor'd queen :
 Spadill. Bast. Pont. and so forth greeting —
 Whereas (Sept. 4th, our last lov'd meeting,)
 Some subjects loyally intending,
 Your majesty's fair realms extending ;
 Good, honest, staunch and amicable,
 Furnish'd with fish and cards the table :
 And thinking nothing in their way,
 Lo, a fair nymph refus'd to play :
 Nay, and what more the crime compleated,
 Tho' by a gentleman intreated !
 Putting the rest in fear and fret
 Of that day making up a fet ;
 Endangering the state hereby,
 And scandalizing majesty :
 Wherefore we joint petition make,
 The matter you'd in council take ;
 And punish such presumptuous beauty,
 That others hence may know their duty."

" Beauty ! miss MAT. was then the cry,
 " And entrè nous, and let me die,
 " Was whisper'd loud from beau and belle,
 " With stuff, meer stuff, Pha, Bagatelle ;
 " Nonsense! — But pray, to know her better,
 " Describe this beauty, — La, poor creature !"
 " Nay, I confess it is but small —
 " And then her merit, none at all :
 " (With haughty sneer miss MAT. went on)
 " With us, she'd not be look'd upon :

" For

" For tho' hêr eyes are sweetly bright,
 " And would kill thousands, if they might :
 " She keeps them modestly at home,
 " Nor lets their pointed ogles roam :
 " Nor languishings with art bestows
 " On all the circling group of beaux :
 " And tho' her face and every feature
 " Are well enough (there are much better!)
 " Yet she has such an humble soul,
 " So soft, so modest—little fool,
 " I cou'd, methinks, almost despise her,
 " But that all, all — 'tis pity—prize her."

She ended, and in all their ears
 Left such contempt, that thousand sneers,
 With thousand laughs loud issu'd forth,
 With " passing beauty, passing worth,
 To sentence, sentence, haste we duly ;
 Ah ridicule—fine beauty truly !"

'Twere tedious, readers, here to draw
 The various forms of long-breath'd law ;
 Since just the same the women wore 'em
 As the wise brethren of the quorum,
 Tho' chance the shes were wordier, than
 Their winking, wig-wise brethren ;
 For these, to country sessions run,—
 Our sentence first, and we have done :

" To all and singular each one,
 To whom these presents shall be known :
 Whereas a nymph, Prestantia hight,
 In manners' and our queen's despight,
 Has ventur'd hardily to run
 The vengeance of our gracious throne,

Hereby enacting, we command
 Our loyal subjects thro' the land,
 With utmost rigor to fulfil,
 Our just decree, and royal will.

First, we command pale Modesty,
 With down-cast-ey'd Humility,
 That bashful strumpet, Innocence,
 That prude, miss Virtue ; formal Sense ;
 The idiot, laughing child, Good-Nature,
 Proud Honor, Softness, plaguing creature,
 With all the train of such-like Graces,
 With pious eyes, and holy faces,
 Ever to plague her where she goes,
 But chief amidst our friends, the beaux.

Next, that whene'er our friends are met,
 And want one to compleat their set,
 On no conditions whatsoe'er,
 Their compliments be sent to Her.
 And be it specially provided,
 With secrets she be ne'er confided :
 Such as tend chiefly to maintain
 Our loving sifter, Scandal's reign :
 Nor bear a part in prittle-prattle,
 Of rumor-loving tittle-tattle.
 Nor may she feel that warmth of soul
 Shar'd by true subjects on a vole,
 And if she should attempt to play,
 Be beasted all the live-long day :
 And like ourselves, when luck runs cross,
 Frown, snap, snarl, scowl, bounce, fret and tofs :
 May then no smiles her dimples shew,
 No laughter blythe her ivory row ;

Nor well-conducted vengeance dart
 From snow-white hand the gazer's heart.
 And last of all, when thus contemn'd,
 May she for ever be condemn'd
 The sweets of liberty to lose,
 Fast bound in tyrant husband's noose :
 No beau :—a thing of wealth and sense,
 With much of wisdom, and more pence,
 To raise her cares, and drive about
 In chariot with her fee-saw lout ;
 Far from intrigue, dear rout, and drum,
 With husband dull, and duller home :
 And, worst of all, may prattlers many,
 A Gilly, Betsy, Philly, Fanny,
 Torment her, as they do her mother,
 And render her just such another :
 Mad to despise the dear beau-monde,
 For children fair, and husband fond."

Thus spake the learned of the laws,
 The court malicious sneer'd applause ;
 Miss MAT. the sentence seiz'd and kist,
 And strait to B * * n was dismiss.

1748.

HAPPINESS EVERY WHERE.

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S CONDEMNING OUR CHOICE
OF MARGATE FOR A PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Et Ulubris.

HOR.

“ **T**HO’ detestible the place ;
 “ Mean the lodgings, small and base :
 “ Tho’ the croud’d hoy pours forth
 “ Company of little worth :
 “ Coach or chariot, tho’ there’s none
 “ Rattling thro’ the fishing town :” *

Yet Maria, yet my fair,
 Happiness shall find us here.
 Happiness our friend shall be ;
 Ubiquarian Deity !
 There’s the rapture ! in the mind
 Dwells the goddess, unconfin’d :
 Place she scorns ; delighted best,
 When enthron’d within the breast !

Ha—Maria—then I’ve found
 Whence it comes that I am crown’d
 With such sweet serenity
 When accompanied by thee !

* This is supposed to come from the mouth of the objector, but in reality is far from the truth ; since the company is very agreeable, and the carriages and horses so numerous here, that there is not room enough for either ; many being obliged to send them to Ramsgate, and elsewhere. 1762.

Thou

Thou thyself art happiness!
 —From thy constant aim to bless,
 From thy studious zeal to please,
 Cheerful, unaffected ease,
 Smiling brow, and gentle tongue,
 I have known and felt it long.
 And I must—I must be blest,
 For thou reignest in my breast!

Whether then upon the strand
 Arm-in-arm we wond'ring stand,
 And the world of waters see,
 Dread Creator, full of Thee:
 Whether on the sands we rove,
 And talk of Clementina's love*,
 Dropping, for the pious fair,
 Now and then a tender tear:
 Whether o'er the fertile isle
 Pleasing rides our time beguile:
 Whether to the rooms we stray,
 Bright assemblage of the gay,
 Where, in social converse join'd,
 Mirth exhilarates the mind:
 —Every scene shall sure supply
 An exuberance of joy;
 For our constant friend shall be
 Heart-enthron'd Felicity!

There's the rapture!—Thus, my fair,
 Happiness is ev'ry-where.

* Reading Sir Charles Grandison at this time.

V E R S E S,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD, IN TEARS AT THE MAGDALEN HOUSE.

B Right CHARITY, as stories say,
Met BRITAIN'S Genius t'other day;
Both look'd delight, and never wore
A face of greater joy before.

“ How false the stories some have spread
(The last began,) immortal Maid!
How false the tale, that never times
Were spotted with such numerous crimes;
That never days, like these, were known,
With such degenerate weeds o'ergrown!
Hear them, — and Virtue prostrate lies,
While Vice and Folly tyrannize;
Religion's lamp hath lost its light,
No man is good, no deed is right!
But, best of Graces, every day,
In public while you please to stray
Thro' my fair realms, you prove full well
The falshood of the tale they tell.”

Her cheeks in crimson blushes dyed,
The heav'n-born Virgin thus reply'd :

“ Bright Genius of the happiest isle,
That lives in heav'n's auspicious smile;
Ah! wonder not, that, thus carest,
I leave the mansions of the blest;
Delighted thro' thy realms to rove;
— For Love, thou know'st, engages Love.

And

And wherefoe'er I pass along,
 In private or amidst the throng,
 Whether the palace of the great
 I visit, or the humbler seat ;
 A pleasing welcome still attends,
 And all rejoice to be my friends !
 Thus I diffuse my comforts round,
 And offer balm to ev'ry wound :
 Thus universal good supply,
 And wipe the tear from every eye !"

" Ah no, the Genius smiling said,
 I saw but now, immortal Maid,
 The tender tears in plenty flow —
 (Tears drawn by Pity and by you !)
 From her fair eyes, whom, at first look,
 I frankly own that I mistook
 For you yourself ; though pleas'd to see
 'Twas one so near and dear to me."

" I know her well, (the Grace rejoin'd)
 My sister, Pity, form'd her mind ;
 She long has our familiar been :
 —'Tis H***'s countess, that you mean.
 I know the place, the time I know,
 —'Twas at my favourite house below :
 Where many a bright and noble eye
 Have paid their debt to Charity :
 Where e'en your Prince *, you must confess,
 Touch'd with the tender soft distress,

* Prince Edward, who was at the chapel at the same time, with several other of the nobility.

Cou'd not refrain the melting tear,
But own'd, that I indeed liv'd there!"

“ Yes, Charity — with loftier tone,
Britannia's genius then went on ;
That prince I call with pleasure mine,
The more, my friend, as he is thine !
His brother too,— (Thou know'ft him well,
What need for me his worth to tell ?)
Thy Patron * shines ! and long will be
(If heav'n indulge or thee or me)
The friend, the guardian, the defence,
Of Briton, virtue, innocence !
“ Under his illustrious reign,
“ Miftrefs of the fubject main,
“ Glory fhall my fails unfurl ;
“ Courage fhall my thunders hurl ;
“ Peace at home my plains fhall blefs ;
“ Freedom range with happinefs :
“ Labour his founding anvil ply ;
“ Through the loom the fhuttle fly ;
“ Arts their wreath-crown'd head fhall rear ;
“ Virtue their reward fhall bear :
“ Bright religion through the land,
“ Pleas'd, fhall wave her olive wand ;
“ Whilft thou, immortal maid, fhalt be
“ An undivided friend to me ;
“ And fuppliant win th' eternal fmile,
“ That gives its glory to each ifle.”

* His Royal Highnefs the Prince of Wales, our prefent moft gracious Sovereign, has condefcended to become the Patron of that excellent Charity “ The Small-Pox Hofpital.”

S O C I E T Y

A N O D E.

I.

O Sweet Society!
 What is living without thee?
 Solitude hath oft and long
 Been the theme of poet's song:
 And charming solitude
 Is exquisitely fair and good;
 But never, never without thee,
 Best boon of heav'n, O sweet Society!

II.

She too, she shall have the praise
 Of my rude, unlabour'd lays:
 But never to disparage her,
 Elder-born, and fairer far,
 Divine Society!

First, best boon of bounteous heav'n,
 To the lonely mortal giv'n;
 Who not ev'n in Paradise,
 While alone, cou'd taste of blis:
 God himself the truth confest,
 "Man alone cannot be blest."

Woman, dear lovely woman then was giv'n;
 And thus Society began,
 Best boon of bounteous heav'n!

III.

Place me on Gallia's southern plain,
 Where spring and health for ever reign;
 To soft Italia's bosom bear,
 Where summer revels all the year:
 Be every fruit of luscious taste
 On my plenteous table plac'd;
 Wine of ev'ry clime afford,
 Oldest date, and choicest hoard;
 Ev'ry daintiest cate supply
 With of nicest luxury:
 Fountains bubble at my feet;
 Music murmur, soft and sweet:—
 Yet, doom'd these joys alone to prove,
 Without the nymph, I woe and love,
 Divine Society!
 These, and more wou'd I despise
 For northern fogs, and cloudy skies;
 For herbs, and olives, meanest cheer!
 Let but the nymph I love be there,
 Oh best Society!

IV.

Lead me, nymph of graceful mein,
 Lead me to the social train;
 Who, in converse free and gay,
 Pass the jocund hours away;
 Who, with unaffected ease
 Pleasing, study all to please!

Let

Let good sense the fire be there,
 Solid sense, with manly air :
 There be decency, his bride,
 Sweet good-nature by her side ;
 With politeness, welcome guest,
 Lovely female, richly drest.
 Science too, the grave, shall come,
 Deeply learn'd from Greece and Rome :
 And all the arts shall take a place,
 Seated by them ev'ry grace.
 Nor by any means exclude
 Dear religion, mild and good ;
 On whose heav'nly brow is seen
 Peace celestial and serene.

V.

So justly what belov'd
 As converse, thus improving and improv'd,
 Dear social intercourse!
 Let me but happy be,
 Sweet nymph, with love, with friendship, and
 with thee,
 And fortune do her worst !
 And when of thee I've had my fill,
 All unperceiv'd away I'll steal
 To dusky grove, or silent wood,
 To muse and walk
 In sober talk
 With heav'nly-pensive solitude !
 Then shall reason plume her wings ;
 Then, soaring to the king of kings,

Devotion's

Devotion's eye and voice shall rise;
 Thankful for interchanged joys;
 Pleasing thus alike, and good;
 Society and solitude!

VI.

Thus my mind repair'd and chearful,
 Smiling will I haste again
 To the blifs of conversation,
 To the busy hum of men!
 Thankful there for each enjoyment,
 Pleas'd my part in life I'll fill;
 Joy diffusing, while possessing,
 Bleft the most, by blessing still.
 Thankful thus for each enjoyment
 By the hand of heav'n bestow'd,
 Innocence, the feast approving,
 All I'll taste; for all are good.

T H E C U C K O W.

IN a mighty great hurry, the more for he thought
 That something to give us much pleasure he brought,
 Our Peter approach'd—with a bow and a word,
 “ I have brought you a rarity, madam, a bird —
 “ A cuckow, quite fine—I have just knock'd it down:
 “ See the wound on its back! It is worth half a crown.
 “ Please to take it,” quoth he, — and a simper put on,
 Plainly spoke, what a feat, he suppos'd, he had done.

With a tear in her eye MOLLY seiz'd the poor slave,
 And a stroke and a kiss to the flutterer gave.
 Then to Peter, astounded, “ thou cruel, said she,
 Expect nor reward, nor applauses from me;
 What injury, pray, had this innocent done,
 That thus thou shou'd'st treat it?—I pr'ythee begone;
 Learn, learn more humanity:—think what a shame,
 At once a poor bird to enslave and to maim!
 Pretty rogue,—perhaps perch'd on some favourite tree,
 Thy lonely mate droops, and sits longing for thee!
 And ah! were it not for this horrible blow,
 Wing'd with comfort and liberty strait shou'd'st thou go:
 But I'll try to relieve thee, sweet bird, and dismiss—”
 And she strok'd it again,—gave a tear and a kiss:
 Then her maidens croud round with much hurry and care,
 And basket, and flannel, and spirits prepare—
 While Peter sneak'd off—but was heard to complain,
 That oft our best efforts to please are in vain!

Tho' sad was the moral, for him it was good.
 For myself, the transaction with rapture I view'd:
 For oh! my MARIA, what bliss must be mine,
 To reign the sole lord in a bosom like thine!

T H E A P O L O G Y.

T O M I S S I — — — T.

BREAK my word, sweet nymph, with thee —
 Justly may'st thou be severe :
 But ere pass'd the sentence be,
 My defence vouchsafe to hear.

Where the young and gay resort,
 All the purpose is to please ;
 There delight, her smiling court,
 Holds with love, and health and ease.

Moping, melancholy care,
 Languid, heart-depressing pain ;
 Never sure should enter there,
 Sad and fable-suited train !

Grown with these familiar late,
 Complaisant they will not be :
 Nor their fierce attacks abate,
 I — — — t, tho' charm'd by thee !

Why then, when my gladsome heart,
 To delight rejoices most :
 Shou'd I give a moment's smart,
 When the power to please is lost ?

Deem

Deem not therefore, fair one blest
 With a form which speaks thy mind ;
 Deem not this too feeling breast,
 Senseless, or to beauty blind !

From the raptures when I flee
 Of society like thine ;
 Gentle sensibility
 Owns the fault is never mine !

A a

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A S E C O N D A P O L O G Y.

TO MISS I——T.

YOU tell me I flatter—indeed you are wrong—
 But hear my apology, once more in song.
 Very blind, my dear I——t, needs must you be,
 Not the charms of your elegant person to see :
 And we, your associates, must still be more blind,
 Not to see in your person a draught of your mind.

But remember, fair daughter of softest delight,
 The chat which we held in the rooms t'other night : *
 When we noted, how some above others are blest
 With the loveliest form, and most sensible breast ;
 A form, which delights every eye that surveys,
 And a breast, where each passion benevolence sways. †

But these, tho' endowments we highly shou'd prize,
 Will raise no vain pride in the heart of the wise :
 For who can be vain, to his portion that fall
 Superior gifts from the giver of all ?
 No ; the sense of a God to his creature more kind,
 Exalts not, but humbles a rational mind.

When therefore, sweet maid, I bestow the due praise
 On your person and mind, in sincere but rude lays ;
 To virtue exalted I rouse by my strain,
 Not flatter with falsehood, or teach to be vain :

* This was written at a publick place.

You're handsome — you're sensible — humane and good :
But whose is the merit? — oh, give it to GOD !

Because of the highest perfections possess'd,
More humble are angels, and therefore more blest ;
Know then, my fair I — t, know and adore —
If blest like the angels ; like them you owe more :
So follow their pattern ; and thus to outshine
In goodness, as much as in form, will be thine.

A a 2 ON

ON SEEING AN OLD MAN, BEGGING
OPPOSITE AN INN AT HOUNSLOW.

I.

AH me! behold! where, trembling, palsied, poor,
Bent down with years, yon aged father stands!
Plac'd by the public-way, his lips implore
A scanty gift from passing pitying hands!
See, while whirling careles by
Pompous equipages fly,
From his bald head, as it shakes,
His wither'd hand the covering takes;
Holds it forth, and humbly sues,
“ Oh, for mercy don't refuse,
“ From your plenty to bestow
“ Mite on age depress'd with woe!
“ Seventy years have left me here,
“ Friendless, helpless, weak, and bare;
“ Mercy, tender mercy show
“ Upon age depress'd with woe!”

II.

Old fire! Thou need'st not ask of me,
I have an heart which feels for thee!
Feels for myself, and for my kind,
While sad reflection fills my mind!
— After a life of seventy years,
In labour spent, and fraught with cares;
Thus doth the toilsome journey end,
With loss of strength, support, and friend! —

III.

Thou, gracious GOD! whose works all-bounteous prove
 Thy care paternal of the human race,
 Teach me the tokens of thy general love,
 In such an object teach me, Lord! to trace.
 Hail IMMORTALITY! I see
 Its ample proof, old fire! in thee.
 Hail IMMORTALITY! man's pride!
 The God, the God is justify'd!
 Or age, or pain, or want attend
 The mortal at his journey's end,
 Swift shall a mighty change ensue:
 Such miracles the grave can do!

IV.

Yet must the mind for realms of bliss be meet,
 Nor foul or fordid thoughts incrust it o'er.
 How hard for those to scape, whose creeping feet
 Bear them to beg vile alms from door to door!
 Some states there are so wretched — I admire
 How human nature can the weight sustain!
 But quench'd in such is that celestial fire,
 Which gives the generous heart its honest pain.
 Then, hear me, heav'n! whate'er of ills befall,
 Bless'd independence grant me to maintain;
 Come age, with all its woes, I'll bear them all,
 Nor ever impious at thy will complain!
 But take not, never from me take —
 The heart which loves to feel and ache,

Ake

Ake at sorrow's fore distress,
Feel, as quick to aid and blest!
Never to my pow'r deny
Means, the wretched to supply:
Never from my soul remove
The luxury of Christian love!
Then, what thou wilt, or take or give;
For this, this, only, is to live.

TO

TO MISS F**R

WHEN I think, my dear F**R, how rarely we find
 For friendship all proper endowments of mind;
 When I see, with what groveling prospects in view,
 Human creatures self-interest, unceasing, pursue;
 A friend, bosom friend, as belov'd as sincere,
 Must ever the greatest of wonders appear!
 But of wonders, if greatest, it must be confess'd,
 That the blessing's as great, when it can be possess'd:
 For thence such sensations, such high pleasures flow,
 As mean hearts ne'er dream of, as bad hearts ne'er know.

Go on then, dear creature, increase in your love;
 Your friendship—which, heart and pen, see, I ap-
 prove—

Your friendship to her, my lov'd partner and bride,
 Whose worth you have known, and whose truth you
 have try'd.

Go on, well assur'd, that the faith you express,
 Will gain, by exertion, a constant increase;
 Till your hearts, all refin'd, for those regions are meet,
 Where never shall enter chagrin or deceit;
 Where parting or absence shall never be known,
 The cynic's mean jest, or the father's stern frown!
 —But, for evils like these, while on earth you remain,
 Expect them, nay, welcome them, — do not complain:
 They're the terms of our being; — a tax, which all they,
 Whose souls and whose pleasures are godlike, must pay.
 And who, for such gifts, would not pay them with glee?—
 Here, take them, ye censurers, take them from me!

While

While my carriage rolls lightly along the smooth road,
 My pence at the turnpike are freely bestow'd *.
 This tax, YOU, with pleasure, my dear, may lay down,
 Whom many high blessings, distinguishing, crown :
 But two are in chief — the best heaven could send —
 A FRIEND, and a HEART, which can relish that friend :
 That friend, whose warm heart is so much of your own,
 That sometimes I think your dear souls are but one!
 So sensible each, that you both feel too much,
 Like the plant, which shrinks back at the gentlest touch.
 Oh both, in such dearth of sincerity, blest,
 To have found for each other so social a breaff!
 Thrice happy in friendship! — which, while I admire,
 Let me breathe the soft wish, and indulge the desire;
 “ Be my heart with your hearts in triple league ty'd;
 “ And let death, — no, not death the sweet union di-
 “ vide.”

* Written on a journey, in a carriage.

SACRED

SACRED TO HUMANITY.

HOW much one good, well-natur'd deed
Exhilarates the mind!

Self-love should prompt each human heart
To study to be kind!

Remembrance on a little act
Will always smiling look,

Which, though 'twas useful and humane,
Small cost and labour took.

With lov'd MARIA by his side,
As happy as a king,

See! chearful WILLIAM smiling ride,
To taste the balmy spring.

Beside earl TILNEY's park they rode,
Earl TILNEY's, grand and gay!

When lo! within the pales they spy'd
A palmer, poor and gray!

Though aided by his oaken staff,
His feeble knees did bow:

Fatigue, and sad anxiety
Were painted on his brow!

Close by his side his aged dame
Sollicitously trod:

While, less concern'd, their little boy
Came tripping o'er the sod;

He, careless of the wilder'd way,
Which caus'd his parents' woe,

Whistled, and play'd with sportive Tray,
For Tray must with them go!

Our travellers the aged sire

Discern'd approaching soon ;

When strait he doff'd his rustic hat,

And strait he begg'd a boon :

“ Wearied we are, and fore bested,

“ In paths unknown we stray,

“ For kindness, gentry, set us right,

“ And guide us in the way :

“ Bewilder'd in this park, we seek

“ A passage out in vain ;

“ And ah ! I faint : my feeble feet

“ Will scarce my weight sustain !

“ Full many a painful mile we've pass'd

“ Since rose the morning sun !

“ And my poor dame, as well as I,

“ Is now almost fore-done.

“ To Eastern-HAM our course we steer,

“ A daughter lov'd to see ;

“ But where we are, which way to go—

“ Who kens so ill as we !”

“ Alas, old father, WILLIAM cry'd,

“ Indeed your course is wrong ;

“ And either way from out the park,

“ You'll find the journey long !”

“ Woe worth the day — what shall we do ?

“ Then sigh'd the ancient dame ;

“ For my poor husband's wearied quite,

“ So long has he been lame !

“ All winter last, in pain he liv'd,

“ Nor work at all could he !

“ Such fatal sorrow wrought us both

“ His falling from a tree !”

“ WILLIAM !

" WILLIAM! said then MARIA quick,
 — Full was her glistening eye ;
 " Can you not help these poor old folk ?
 " Do, think, my love, and try !"
 " Comfort, said WILLIAM, ancient pair,
 " I comfort see in Time ;
 " Just by the topmost pales are broke,
 " And o'er them you may climb !"
 " Alas, for my old stiffen'd limbs,
 " The aged man reply'd,
 " They cannot bend, I cannot climb,
 " And I am lame beside !"
 Then from his horse did WILLIAM leap,
 As nimbly as a deer ;
 " Come to the pales, I'll help you o'er,
 " Quoth he, good ancient pair !"
 He took the old man in his arms,
 And with much strength and might,
 His helpless stiff limbs dragging drew
 To t'other side outright.
 The aged dame he also help'd,
 Who smooth'd her coats, and o'er
 Was likewise dragg'd full decently,
 As was her spouse before.
 He gave the little boy his hand,
 The fence who lightly sprung :
 Nor Tray, poor Tray, unaided left ;—
 Shall Tray be left, unshung !
 MARIA, with her wonted grace,
 A welcome mite bestow'd ;
 And WILLIAM, with minutest care,
 Directed them the road.

So, forward see the neat old pair
 To HAM direct their way,
 With blessings loading their good friends,
 Their friends as pleas'd as they.

GOOD

G O O D K I N G S H A P P Y.

HOW Providence, with tender care
 Conciliates human things!
 And makes felicity the share
 Of subjects, and of kings!
 These, plac'd in humble rank below,
 Commiserate the great:
 And well can paint the heavy woe,
 Which always follows state!
 " They would not have a throne, they cry,
 " All thorny is a crown:
 " Those, who on flocks contented lie
 " Want not the costly down!"
 Happy—but surely much they err,—
 As worthy kings can tell,
 Who live but favours to confer
 On such as merit well.
 That state is certainly most blest,
 Where most can be bestow'd:
 Then who can doubt, a king's the best,
 Whose heart is great and good?

P O P U L A R I T Y.

A THOUGHT FROM SHENSTONE.

WITH a cynical sneer, you inform me, kind sir,
—And vanity thence, and much weakness in-
fer,—

- “ That I love Popularity!” “ Man, it is true:—
“ You start at my frankness— but, pr’ythee don’t you?
“ Be certain, ’tis planted, the Love in your breast,
“ Of the means to engage, tho’, perhaps, not possess.
“ You redden— I smile—: but, your pardon, I cry—
“ Allow me a question, and make your reply;
“ Find you not in your bosom a reigning desire,
“ To be lov’d by all those you esteem and admire;
“ To be lov’d e’en by all of your nature and kind?”—
“ Yes sure!”— “ POPULARITY then is defin’d.
“ What more than the love of being lov’d is in this?
“ And tell me, sir cynic, is that aught amiss?”

ON SEEING A SINGLE SWAN ON THE
BANKS OF THE AVON.

THOU art the only Swan I see,
On silver Avon's tide :
Sweet Avon, ever may thy stream
In peaceful current glide !
For gentle Shakespeare's youthful feet,
Beside thee frolic rov'd —
Sweet Shakespeare, Avon's single swan,
By every muse belov'd.
Swim on, thou solitary swan,
Sweet Shakespeare's emblem be,
Nor hope to find on Avon's stream,
A silver swan like thee !
But Nature, with exulting pride,
Assumes an higher tone ;
“ No river boasts, I hear her say,
“ A poet like my own.
“ Yet, Avon, with his rustic urn,
“ Must e'er most favour'd be ;
“ For, thence he drank, the eldest child
“ Of Fancy, and of me.

T H E Q U A L I T Y.

QUoth Thomas to William, “that Numskull behold!
 “ How he lolls in his chariot, embellish’d with
 gold!

“ With his sleek courtly slaves in rich liveries behind :

“ Ten thousand a year, with so senseless a mind !

“ How unequal the Deity things doth dispense !

“ Such wealth to a wretch without feeling or sense !”

“ Hold, Thomas, said William, too fast you proceed,

“ You take but one side of the question indeed :

“ Suppose me of power to say to yourself,

“ Here, presto, Sir Murmurer, change with that elf :

“ Give to him, what I gave you, Refinement of Soul,

“ Sense, Feeling, Discernment, Wit, Taste, — quit the
 whole :

“ In an instant, come take his ten thousands, — vile
 pence —

“ Be him, such a dolt, without Feeling or Sense.”

You hesitate, Tom — “ My good friend, he reply’d,

“ I feel, I am wrong; you have truth on your side :

“ The Deity, henceforth, I’ll thank and revere —

“ A Mind is a balance for thousands a year.”

P I O U S M E M O R Y.

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE GRAVES DRESSED
WITH FLOWERS, AT BRECKNOCK IN WALES.

“ **W**Hither away, fair maid?” I cry’d,
As on old HUNDY’S* bank I lay;
When, passing by me, I espy’d
A modest maid in neat array :
Upon her red, but well-turn’d arm,
A little wicker-basket hung ;
With flow’rs of various hues replete,
And branches ever-green and young :
The fragrant bay, the mournful yew,
The cypress, and the box, were there ;
The daisy py’d, the violet blue,
The red pink, and the primrose fair.
“ And why that basket on your arm,
“ With all those fragrant sweets supply’d ?”
With blushing look, and pensive air,
And voice of meekness, soft she sigh’d,
“ To yonder church-yard do I haste
“ To dress the grave where HENRY sleeps ;
“ No maid a truer lover blest,
“ No maid more faithful lover weeps.
“ Stern death forbade us to unite,
“ And cut him down with ruthless blow :
“ And now I speed to deck his grave,
“ As ’tis our weekly wont to do.”

* A river, which runs by Brecknock.

The melancholy custom pleas'd :
 She left me wrapp'd in pensivè thought ;
 Ideas, sad, but soothing, rose,
 When my slow steps the church-yard sought.
 There, kneeling o'er her HENRY'S grave,
 Adorn'd with all her basket's store,
 The rural maiden, sighing, hung,
 Her eyes with tender tears ran o'er.
 She rais'd those eyes, so full of tears,
 Which now and then stole down her cheek ;
 And much to Heav'n she would have spoke,
 — But sorrow would not let her speak.
 Yet, though her thoughts could find no vent,
 There is, who reads each honest mind :
 And the true heart to HIM devote,
 Shall ample satisfaction find.
 Then, gentle maiden ! do not fear,
 Again thy HENRY thou shalt meet :
 Till then thy tender task pursue,
 And strew thy greens and flowers so sweet.
 And you, whom all around I see,
 The same dear, mournful task employ :
 Ye parents, children, husbands, wives,
 The melancholy bliss enjoy !
 Oh ! 'tis delicious to maintain
 Of friends deceas'd a due respect !
 Then bring me flow'ret's, bring me greens,
 Strait shall my parents' grave be deck'd ;
 And many a friend's (whom faithful love
 Still keeps alive within my breast,)
 Luxuriously sad, I'll see
 With choicest garlands weekly dress.

Come,

Come, then, the wicker-basket bring,
 Come, MEMORY, and with me go!
 Each lovely flow'r that breathes the spring,
 AFFECTION'S gentle hand shall strew :
 A mellow tear of soothing woe
 Shall o'er the graves spontaneous fall;
 While Heav'n the heart's still wish shall hear,
 And to each other grant us all.

C c 2 O D E

O D E

WRITTEN IN THE WALKS AT BRECKNOCK.

TO DR. SQUIRE, LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

I.

“ R UDE romantic shades, and woods,
 “ Hanging walks and falling floods!
 “ Now, that gush with foaming pride
 “ Down the rough rock's steepy side:
 “ Now, that o'er the pebbles play,
 “ Winding round your silver way:
 “ Mountains, that in dusky cloud,
 “ High your sacred summits shroud;
 “ Whose variegated sides adorn
 “ Fields, and flocks, and groves, and corn,
 “ And whited cots, beside the steep,
 “ Where health and labour sweetly sleep;
 “ Hail! pleasing scenes!” AMYNTAS cry'd,
 As by old HUNDY'S † gurgling fide,
 In careless fort his limbs he laid,
 The hoar hill hanging o'er his head.

His harp of ancient British sound lay by;
 He seiz'd it rapturous: o'er the strings
 His fingers lightly fly,
 While thus his voice responsive sings:

† See the foregoing poem, p. 193.

II.

- “ From that celestial orb, where, thron’d in light,
 “ Thou dwell’st of powers angelic, first and best;
 “ Oh lovely gratitude! divinely bright,
 “ Descend, in all thy glowing beauties dress’d.
 “ Goddess come, and oh! impart
 “ All thy ardors to my heart;
 “ Take my harp, and touch my tongue,
 “ Give me melody and song:
 “ Softest notes and numbers bring,
 “ ’Tis PALÆMON, that I sing:
 “ GRATITUDE, exalt my lays,
 “ ’Tis my benefactor’s praise!

III.

- “ But where can or numbers, or notes,
 “ Sufficiently pleasing be found,
 “ To express the due sense of his worth,
 “ Who my life with such comforts hath crown’d?
 “ He mark’d the small flock which I fed,
 “ And my diligence gave him delight;
 “ Young shepherd, I’ll help you,’ he said,
 “ And he plac’d me still nearer his sight.
 “ Then he gave me some sheep of my own,—
 “ Oh could I the charge but improve!
 “ ’Twould shew, how I honour’d his gift,—
 “ And would I could merit his love!

“ But

" But sooner this brook at my feet
 " Shall cease in soft murmurs to flow;
 " These mountains shall sooner sink down
 " To a plain with the vallies below;
 " Than mute to his praises, my tongue
 " Shall cease his lov'd name to refound;
 " Or my heart to his favours, so priz'd,
 " Be ever insensible found.

" Oh! may the GREAT SHEPHERD of all
 " His life with rich blessings increase;
 " And sweetly encompass him round
 " With plenty, with health, and with peace.
 " On all that partake of his board,
 " Be happiness largely bestow'd;
 " His wife, be still loving and kind;
 " His children still lovely and good!
 " And — pass'd his benevolent days
 " 'Midst elegant labours of love!
 " Oh late, ye good angels, his soul
 " To the seats of the blessed remove!"

Thus AMYNTAS sung pleas'd to his harp,
 With BRECON's white walls in his view;
 Many poets much sweeter you'll find;
 No poet more honest and true.

MAY, 1764.

G R A T I T U D E. A N O D E.

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN OLD MAN AND
WOMAN PASSING BY ON FOOT UP A STEEP HILL,
IN A VERY HOT DAY, AS THE AUTHOR WAS
TRAVELLING IN AN EASY VEHICLE INTO KENT.

I.

A Wake, awake, the grateful lyre,
With rapture touch each tuneful string;
SPITIT OF LOVE, my voice inspire,
And aid me while the Saviour's praise I sing.

Blessed MASTER, whence to me
All this rich benignity!
Call'd from nothing, form'd from earth,
Thine my being, Thine my birth;
What had I, alas! to claim?
Freely all thy bounties came!
If I wonder, why more free
Flow those bounties, Lord, to me,
Than to thousand' sons of dust,
Who prefer a claim as just?
All researches fruitless prove;
— 'Tis the LORD, and it is Love.

II.

II.

Ah me! Behold yon' brother toil
 Up that sandy hill's high length,
 With feeble steps and slow; the while
 The thirsty sun-beams drink up all his strength!
 And his back a burden bears,
 And his head is white with cares;
 On his cheek sits want, all-pale,
 And his languid eye-balls fail;
 Labour, penury, and he
 Hand in hand, a woeful three!
 Tottering on her staff behind,
 Weak in body, sad in mind,
 Lo—up she drags her weary frame,
 His long-approv'd industrious dame;
 Sighing oft as on she goes,
 Revolving all her long life's woes!

III.

Tell me, oh tell, ye aged pair,
 As my flaunting wheels whirl by,
 Can ye behold me, seated here
 With other than a discontented eye?—
 I marvel not; and, gracious heav'n,
 If aught, sure this may be forgiv'n.
 How they labour! while I ride,
 Dear affection by my side.

Full health mantling in my eye,
 Gladness, peace, vivacity!
 Soothing friendship gives her balm;
 Soft content her happy calm:
 "Plenty wears me at her breast,"
 "Pleasure lulls my soul to rest."
 Every hope and fear flows even,
 From their source, firm faith in heav'n!

IV.

THRICE HOLY!—whence such love to me!
 These, these are thine, as well as I:
 My fellow-christians, dear to Thee—
 For, — ah! for them Thou did'st not scorn to die!
 Let me then the thought improve
 Into Gratitude and Love:
 Come, and make my heart Thy home,
 Humanity, bright cherub, come;
 And my inmost soul impress
 With sympathetic tenderness:
 Time prolong but to bestow
 Balm to every brother's woe:
 Love I ask—may Love be giv'n;
 God is Love, —and Love is heav'n!

Aug. 1760.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY A PRESENT OF A MOSS ROSE-BUD,
FROM MISS JACKSON OF SOUTHGATE.

I.

THE flightest of favours bestow'd by the fair
With rapture we take, and with transport we wear;
But a MOSS-WOVEN ROSE-BUD, ELIZA, from thee,
A well-pleasing gift to a monarch would be :
— Ah! that illness, too cruel, forbidding should stand,
And refuse me the gift from thine own lovely hand!

II.

With joy I receive it, with pleasure will view,
Reminded of thee by its odour and hue ;
“ Sweet rose! let me tell thee, tho' charming thy bloom,
“ Tho' thy fragrance exceeds Saba's richest perfume ;
“ Thy breath to ELIZA's hath no fragrance in't ;
“ And thy bloom is but dull to her cheek's blushing tint.

III.

“ Yet alas! my fair flower, that bloom will decay,
“ And all thy fine beauties soon wither away ;
“ Though pluck'd by HER hand, to whose touch thou
“ must own,
“ Harsh and rough is the cygnet's most delicate down :
“ Thou

“ Thou too, snowy hand;— nay, I mean not to preach;
“ But the ROSE, lovely moralist! suffer to teach.”

IV.

“ Extol not, fond maiden, thy beauties o'er mine,
“ They too are short-liv'd, and they too must decline;
“ And small in conclusion, the difference appears
“ In the bloom of few days, or the bloom of few years!
“ But remember a virtue, the ROSE hath to boast,
“ —Its Fragrance remains, when its Beauties are lost.”

M O R A L P A S T O R A L S.

THE SON.

THE GOOD OLD WOMAN.

THE SERVANT.

THE MOTHER.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE BENEVOLENT MAN.

Aimable en son air, mais humble dans son style,

Doit éclater sans pompe une élégante idylle.

Son tour simple et naïf n' a rien de fastueux,

Et n'aime point l'orgueil d'un vers présomptueux.

Il faut que sa douceur flate, chatouille, éveille :

Et jamais de grands mots n'épouvante l'oreille.

BOILEAU de l'Art Poétique, Chant, second.

MORAL PASTORALS.

THE SON.

THE GOOD OLD WOMAN.

THE SERVANT.

THE MOTHER.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE REVOLVENT MAN.

P R E F A C E.

SOME time since a learned correspondent abroad wrote me word, that GESNER had just published some PASTORAL OF RURAL POEMS, upon a plan entirely new; which, he heard (for my friend had not read them) were of a moral nature; each poem enforcing some virtue, and all of them inculcating, from rural incidents, the whole social system. I was extremely pleased with the information, and very impatient to see the poems, which I ordered immediately, expecting high entertainment: for fond as I have always been of Pastoral Poetry, it has long appeared to me, that the subject has been exhausted, upon the common plan; and that nothing new can be added, after the great masters, who have excelled so much; lavishing all the graces of poetry upon every rural idea proper for the usual kind of pastoral song. There is a time too, I suppose, with us all, when the contentions of DAPHNIS and CORYDON concerning the perfections and beauties of their mistresses, become less important; and surely it is to be wished that other topics, than those of love and song, might employ the pastoral reed.

Full of these ideas, I received GESNER's poems. They are before the public, and in our own language: the readers of them, therefore, will easily imagine that my disappointment was great: for, though there are many pleasing moral allusions in them, yet the generality of them, it must be confessed, are puerile; or at least they come not up, either to the character my friend had given, or to the idea I had formed. GESNER seems to think, that, for pastoral scenes, we must necessarily

cessarily recur to the golden age: I cannot help disagreeing intirely with him in this respect: THEOCRITUS, VIRGIL, and SPENSER, all excellent in this kind of poetry, recurred not to the golden age.—But allowing this to be indispensably requisite in pastoral poetry, no modern, certainly, should attempt it: for there is a peculiar disgust arising in the mind, on perusing the composition of a modern, in which perpetual allusion is made to that heathen system, which we know the modern utterly explodes: we cannot bear to read of Jupiters, Junos, Pans, Fauns, Dryads, and Metamorphoses in a GESNER. In a THEOCRITUS or a VIRGIL they do well: the faith and enthusiasm of the writers give a sanction to their system; and we can read, without offence, what we know was the creed of their times.

But I mean not to enter on a large discussion of this topic; it has been abundantly considered already. PHILLIPS's, GAY's, and POPE's pastorals called forth the attention of the literati to this matter; and they who would see more on the head, may consult the papers and dissertations, which appeared at that period, and on that occasion*.

I am only concerned to lay before the reader a short history of what gave rise to the poems, which at present offer themselves for his entertainment.—Dissatisfied with GESNER, and having my thoughts turned to the subject of pastoral poetry, by means of his book, I sat down to amuse myself during an agree-

* Let me refer particularly to Mr. Johnson on this Subject.

able recess, and a few leisure hours, with writing some pastorals on the plan, which I conceived GESNER had pursued; and which, if he had pursued, he would utterly have precluded any attempt of mine. I formed my plans, as much from nature and real characters as I could: and several incidents in rural life helped me, during my stay in the island of THANET*. Last summer I finished four of the pastorals; which several of my friends approving, at their persuasion I finished the other two, during the same agreeable recess this year †: and must freely acknowledge, that from the ideas, which they necessarily called forth, I received great satisfaction, and had no small pleasure in the composition. What GESNER says of himself, I can in a great measure adopt: “The following poems are the produce of some of the most delightful moments of my life: what situation indeed can be more delightful than that in which our passions are becalmed, and the active imagination transports us, from the grosser

* The incident of the CRADLE, mentioned at the beginning of the fourth pastoral, THE MOTHER; and the circumstance of the Quarrel at the beginning of the fifth pastoral, THE HUSBAND AND WIFE, were real. The character of the Good Shepherd, is drawn from a person in that rank of life in Northamptonshire, in whose conversation, in the fields, the Author hath frequently had great pleasure, and whose praise is beyond all that the pastoral speaks of him. In drawing the picture of THE BENEVOLENT MAN, I am pleased to say, that I have fallen short of my amiable original: and MY GOOD OLD WOMAN will pardon me, if I have not done her the justice she deserves.

† 1763.

scenes of this iron age, to those of an age of gold!— Every description of the charms of tranquillity and happy repose, cannot fail to give pleasure to well-tuned minds; those scenes which poetry borrows from real nature, pleasing us by so much the more, as they seem to bear some resemblance to those situations in which we are the most happy. I sometimes leave the busy world in disgust, and seek relief in the charms of rural solitude: there the surrounding beauties of nature soon divert the disagreeable sensations I brought with me. Enraptured by the variegated prospects, and inspired with a thousand agreeable sentiments, I think myself as happy as a shepherd in the golden age, and as rich as a king.”

My application to business, during the winter, generally obliges me, for the recruiting my health and spirits, to retire for a little time in summer from all employment; and during that period, and that period only, I converse with the MUSE, with whom, at other times, severer and better occupations forbid me any correspondence. This occasional visit, therefore, may, I hope, well be pardoned; and if the present performances, the consequence of such a visit, contain nothing but what may serve the cause of virtue, the most rigid, I may reasonably expect, will not be offended at them. If all the graces and excellencies of poetry are not found in them, let the candid remember, that the author presumes not to affect that high character:— a POET is a rare production; and amongst the number of rhymers and writers, a genuine son of the Muses is but seldom to be found: a SHAKESPEARE, a SPENSER, a MILTON, are the comets of an age.

M O R A L

MORAL PASTORALS.

PASTORAL THE FIRST.

T H E S O N.

T H E N O T.

C O L I N E T.

WHere SARUM's verdant plain extends around,
Like the vast world of waters, without bound;
A turf-built cot, see! THENOT's labour form,
To guard from summer's sun, and winter's storm;
Safe shelter'd there, on rustic pipe he plays,
The while his master's flock securely strays:
A larger flock to field no master leads,
Nor any flock more careful shepherd feeds.

One summer's day, young COLINET, to shun
The melting fervor of the mid-day sun,
In THENOT's coolly hut refreshment sought;
And THENOT's heart, with guileless friendship fraught,
Welcom'd, while room remain'd, each swain with glee,
No snarling cur in lonely manger, he!
Scarce, on the grassy feat, reclin'd, his guest
The hut's reviving cool began to taste,
Ere THENOT cried (for what engrosses thought
By natural instinct to the tongue is brought)
" Oh COLINET, — last night! — But you was there,
" At the sad scene, where clos'd my master's care,
" To earth-cold bed his aged father giv'n,
" Whom his dear love had kept so long from heav'n."

C O L I N E T.

Yes, THENOT, I was there—and, shepherd, say
 Who of the neighbouring hamlets was away?
 Nor—tho' I wish'd within my pensive breast
 To be young PALAMON, so good and blest,—
 Could I refrain from oft-repeated sighs,
 Or stop the tears fast trickling from my eyes!
 Oh, happy son!—what different fates we prove!
 I'm forc'd, my THENOT from a father's love;
 Far from his dear embrace compell'd to roam
 In quest of daily bread, deny'd at home!

T H E N O T.

Let not that grieve you, shepherd—well you know
 What mighty things from small beginnings flow:
 Once, like ourselves, the master, whom we love,
 His fleecy charge to field for others drove;
 Poor was his fire, and “He was forc'd to roam,
 “Like us, in search of daily bread from home:”
 But, faithful to his trust, he rose to fame,
 Which kindly to the 'SQUIRE convey'd his name.
 Industrious shepherds he delights to aid,
 And soon his tenant our young master made.

Scarce was he fix'd—with true affection fraught,
 Ere his old parents from the dale he brought:
 Like that young shepherd, Scripture's book commends,
 Who call'd from Canaan all his house and friends:
 And like that shepherd, he by heav'n is crown'd,
 His crops are plenteous, and his flocks abound.

C O L I N E T.

No wonder, THENOT: the commandment says
 Who love their parents, shall have happy days :
 And well the minister observ'd last night,
 That God in duteous children takes delight ;
 And seldom suffers them on earth to prove
 Want of his favour and paternal love,

T H E N O T.

Is not our PALAMON, a proof, good swain ?
 See those brave sheep, that cover all the plain !
 How white their fleeces, — and what sturdy lambs
 Skip by the sides of their twin-bearing dams :
 Look to his herds, what cows such udders bear —
 And can you match with his the fattening steer ?
 See with what stacks his ample yard is crown'd ;
 Hark, how his barns with constant flails resound !
 Peace in his house hath fix'd her dear abode ;
 His wife is loving, and his children good.
 On all he hath, methinks I read impress,
 “ Thus is the man, who loves his parents, blest ! ”
 — Told I you, Shepherd, how I heard one day,
 (As by the green-wood side I chanc'd to stray)
 His filial blessings on his sleeping fire ?
 — Oh how his goodness did my bosom fire !

C O L I N E T.

Come, let me hear: and I in turn can tell
 Something, will please my THENOT full as well.

T H E N O T.

Returning home one eve, his fire he found
 Beneath an oak reclin'd, in sleep profound:
 The green-sward only was his humble bed,
 His hand the pillow for his hoary head.
 With arms across, the son attentive stood,
 Now, with fix'd eyes his darling father view'd;
 Now rais'd those eyes to Him, who rules above,
 Big with rich tears of gratitude and love!
 " Oh thou, said he, next heav'n rever'd and blest,
 " Sweet is thy slumber — sweet the good man's rest!
 " Thy tottering footsteps hither bent their way,
 " In prayer to spend the still decline of day!
 " And I, thrice happy, in those pray'rs have shar'd,
 " Prayers, which all-bounteous heav'n hath ever heard!
 " Else wherefore thus my farm securely stands?
 " Whence else those fertile crops, which crown mylands?"
 " When, leaning on my arm, with feeble feet
 " Late pass'd my fire to share th' enlivening heat,
 " And view the prospect, which the mid-day yields,
 " Of resting flocks, rich fruits, and fertile fields,
 " Grown grey in peace on these lov'd plains, he cry'd,
 " May peace for ever on these plains reside.
 " Soon o'er far happier plains ordain'd to rove,
 " Oh, blest, for ever blest be these I love!
 " And must I then that hour afflicted view?
 " And bid thee, father, best of friends, adieu!
 " Must I so soon? — But in remembrance dear,
 " O'er thy belov'd remains a tomb I'll rear;
 " And ever yearly at thy shrine will pay
 " Due sacred honours each returning day;

" I'll

" I'll strew my father's grave with flow'rs around,
 " And from defilement guard the hallow'd ground;
 " And—which I know will please his spirit best,
 " Take each occasion to relieve th' oppress,
 " To sooth the sad, and make the wretched blest." }

He paus'd,—and while the tears spontaneous ran,
 With steady gaze, he view'd the good old man :

" How at his ease he sleeps — what placid grace
 " Irradiates soft his venerable face !

" Doubtless his virtuous deeds employ his dreams :

" O'er all his countenance such goodness beams !

" Such peace serene fits thron'd upon his brow :

" Oh, blessing piety!—oh blest man thou !

" — But let me wake thee, lest some dire disease

" Spring from this falling dew, and evening breeze."

Then, stooping down, his cheek he gently prest,
 His much lov'd fire to raise from dangerous rest :

Blessing his son, the much lov'd fire arose,

To find at home less hazardous repose *.

Now, COLINET, in turn, if able, tell
 Something you think will please me full as well.

C O L I N E T.

Not long ago, as happening to pass by,
 I saw him — and a tear o'ercharg'd my eye : —
 Slow lead his weak old fire to share the sun ;
 Whom, having feated, with much speed he run,

* The author claims no merit from this passage, but that of
 a mere versifier: the thought being wholly taken from one of
 GESNER's rural poems, call'd MYRTILLIS.

And from the house a bowl capacious brought
 With warm refreshment for his father fraught :
 With tender care he gave the genial bowl,
 While every gesture spoke his filial soul.
 " Blest son, blest father!" said I, sad, and sigh'd ;
 And full of thought, across the meadow hied.

T H E N O T.

You bring that famous daughter to my thought,
 Who her old father — (as the sermon taught)
 So long with milk from her own bosom fed,
 At dungeons dauntless, nor by death dismay'd*.
 And thus affectionate, if right, I ween
 In such a case our master would have been.

C O L I N E T.

Joy to his life — but joy will sure attend ;
 A friend his conscience, and high heav'n a friend :
 His sons shall bless him, and his grandsons prove
 Zealous to copy and repay his love !

* At the bottom of the print of the Roman Daughter are inscribed these lines :

Hinc pater, hinc natus : charitas me impellit utrinque,
 Sed prius hanc servo, gignere quem nequeo.

E N G L I S H E D.

My child and father vital nurture crave,
 Parental, filial, fondness both would save ;
 But if, a nursling, only one can live,
 I choose to save that life I cannot give. P.

Like

Like some majestic cedar shall he stand,
 His numerous branches spreading o'er the land,
 And, oh ! might COLINET but hope to trace
 His blest example, though with distant pace ;
 Might he but hope his fire again to see,
 And tend his wants, good PALAMON, like thee !
 But, silly shepherd-boy, thy wish how vain—
 Who scarce can't food and sorry raiment gain !

T H E N O T.

Grieve not for that, young swain ; the God, whose
 ways
 Are wise and wonderous, by strange means can raise :
 Bear but an honest heart, and do thy best,
 And to the sovereign shepherd leave the rest !
 I too could wish, perchance, and make complaint ;
 — But there's no jewel, COLIN, like content.

Thus grateful THENOT sung his master's fame —
 When THYRSIS to the hut with CUDDY came :
 Lads, skill'd in singing both : they took their seat,
 And cheer'd the shepherds with their ditties sweet.

PASTORAL THE SECOND.

THE GOOD OLD WOMAN.

S U S A N.

L U C Y.

THE sun declin'd; and ruddy milk-maids found*
 Their evening notice rural E_SHER round,
 Beating their cleanly pails, to field they go,
 And well the pleasing sign their partners know:
 Oft at the stile they wait, and clank the pail;
 And faithful shepherds ne'er are known to fail.

It chanc'd one evening SUSAN of the dell,
 SUSAN mid'st E_SHER's maids who bore the bell,
 Later than usual, by some chance delay'd,
 Tripp'd it alone to milking o'er the mead:
 Rare hap — since, anxious, every shepherd strove
 To walk with SUSAN, and engage her love:
 For the fair features of her modest face,
 Her shape and skin were but her meanest grace;
 Though face more fair ne'er gladden'd shepherd's sight,
 A shape more taper, or a skin more white:
 But, more attracting far, the maid possest —
 A heart so tender in her gentle breast,
 So sweet her manners, and so free from guile,
 Such soft good-nature spok'd in every smile,

* It is a common custom, in many country villages, for the milk-maids, when they go a milking, to summon their companions, by beating a kind of tat-too on their pails with their skimming-dishes.

So much she fought to comfort, please and aid,
 That old and young alike esteem'd the maid.
 And ever, as she smiling pass'd along,
 This was the language of each heart and tongue ;
 " Be blest, dear SUSAN! may our village see
 " Another GOOD OLD WOMAN live in thee!"
 For through the village was her grand-dame known
 More by this appellation, than her own ;
 By all, with reverence lov'd : and happy SHE
 Each truth important from her lessons drew.

As to the brook she came, which murmuring leads
 Its winding current through the freshen'd meads,
 Just on the bridge she LUCY met—whose care
 Her eye and cheek too speakingly declare!
 For hapless LUCY, with sad sorrow strove
 To banish from her heart a worthless love.

" Ah LUCY, SUSAN cried, confess the truth ;
 " Knit you those stockings for some favourite youth?"
 — For then did LUCY's careful hands compose
 From the best yarn, a pair of milk-white hose.

L U C Y.

No, SUSAN! no, let happier girls approve
 By pleasing gifts their well-accepted love :
 Your LUCY no such gentle lot enjoys ;
 Her hands not LOVE, but GRATITUDE employs.

S U S A N.

Oh sweet employ! for what can make us blest,
 Like the good feelings of the grateful breast?
 Love has its joys,—and, LUCY, it has pains ;
 But Love, with Gratitude triumphant reigns.

Your work is neat — the yarn, strong, white and
clean: —

But say, for whom do you this present mean?

L U C Y.

For her, whose kind advice and tender care
Preserv'd me from destruction's artful snare;
From that vile shepherd, who, insidious, strove
Wedded to win me to a wedded love!
Ah, hard of heart, and cruel to deceive;
And simple I, so quickly to believe!
You know the tale — and therefore can divine
For whom this little tribute I design —
By far too mean: — a better could I give,
A better far, you know, she should receive.
But sooner shall this river backward run,
And sooner where he sets, shall rise the sun;
Sooner these sheep shall change their wool for hair,
And those sweet lambs, like wolves, their mothers tear;
Than ever LUCY's heart forgetful prove
Of all our GOOD OLD WOMAN's care and love!

S U S A N.

You cannot wonder, LUCY, that I hear,
With joy, the praises of a friend so dear:
— But truth it is, she lives on every tongue,
Alike the fav'rite of the old and young.

L U C Y.

What marvel, SUSAN, that the old revere
Wisdom, which dignifies the hoary hair?

Goodness

Goodness unfeign'd, which vice itself might charm,
 And piety, which coldest hearts would warm.
 What marvel, that the young admiring see
 Youth's sweetness, mix'd with age's gravity?
 Such tender care their pleasures to encrease;
 Pleasures compleat of innocence and peace:
 Such anxious zeal, those dangerous paths to show,
 Which, seeming lovely, lead to certain woe!

S U S A N.

Remembers not my LUCY well the day
 When you all chose me lady of the May;
 How to our sports she came, with smiling face,
 And, pleas'd to view our pastime, took her place?—
 Her presence joy diffus'd: the shepherds strove
 Who most should win her notice and her love:
 The maidens danc'd with rapture in her sight;
 To gain her notice was to gain delight:
 How high our mirth! and yet how decent all!—
 Not one foul word ev'n CORNISH NED let fall!
 What pow'r has genuine goodness!—and you know,
 When from the gladsome plain she rose to go,
 All round her came, and thanks and blessings shed,
 Innumerable, on her ancient pious head:
 While thus she, tenderly, herself express'd,
 “Children, farewell: be innocent and blest!”

L U C Y.

In age, how rarely, SUSAN, do we find
 These pleasing qualities so sweetly join'd!
 Too oft moroseness dwells with wrinkled care,
 Envyng those pleasures it no more can share;

Old MOPSA shews it, — whose ill-boding tongue
 For ever croaks, that all we do is wrong —
 Malevolent and harsh, you hear her praise
 Times which are past, and censure present days.
 — Ah how unlike! — No sentiments severe
 From your good grand-dame on the age we hear :
 Unless perchance some folly to explode,
 To guard from vice, or to inculcate good,
 Tales of past times she tells ; which old and young,
 Attentive hear, nor ever think too long.
 — Well — Let me own, that nothing can engage
 My heart and love, like wise and chearful age !

S U S A N.

'Then, then for ever in my LUCY's heart
 Must my lov'd mother claim an ample part ;
 Her wisdom all the hamlets round confess ;
 Your own experience, LUCY, speaks no less :
 Nay, sigh not, maiden, but rejoice to think
 Her counsel sav'd you from destruction's brink :
 Learn chearfulness from her ; and learn the way
 By which serene she regulates each day.
 To GOD her first, her earliest duty giv'n,
 Each hour glides on, dependent upon heav'n :
 Each social office happily discharg'd,
 To all the world her heart humane enlarg'd,
 She lives to bless, — far as her pow'r extends,
 The best of Christians, and the first of friends.

L U C Y.

Yes, SUSAN, yes, I know how she imparts
 The balm of comfort to afflicted hearts :

I know

I know with what delight she brings relief
 To beds of sickness, and the house of grief:
 When late the rot consum'd our flocks around,
 When just before the murrain spread the ground
 With carcases of cattle — strangely dead!
 And ev'ry farmer hung his drooping head:
 Remember, how from house to house she went,
 Consoling all, and ministr'ring content:
 That — to the stroke of Providence resign'd,
 A murmurer 'mongst us it was hard to find!
 Ah blest good woman! — and for private deeds,
 How much her merit all our praise exceeds!
 I saw her enter yesterday the door,
 Where lies unhappy LOBBIN, sick, and poor:
 My heart rejoic'd — if envious I could be,
 SUSAN, of girls I most should envy thee!

S U S A N.

Much am I blest, my LUCY: may I prove
 Worthy the dear example which I love!
 With steps, howe'er unequal, may I tread
 The peaceful paths, where she delights to lead!
 And if — But shepherds flatter, — and to me
 They've learn'd, no flattery can so welcome be —
 Yet if my PERSON any semblance bears,
 Oh may my MIND and DEEDS resemble hers!

But, on this theme, forget I time and place,
 And see, the evening sun declines apace:
 She'll think me long: — I must to field away —

L U C Y.

Let me not cause her pain, or urge your stay,
 Tho' more, much more, methinks I had to say.

But with my present I'll to-morrow come,
 'Twill then be finish'd; and you'll be at home?
 Our conversation so we may renew—
 Your hand, dear SUSAN—best of girls—adieu!

God blefs my dearest LUCY, SUSAN cry'd;
 Then, smiling, cross'd the bridge, and field-ward hy'd.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL THE THIRD.

T H E S E R V A N T.

L O B B I N.

P E R I G O T.

A H PERIGOT, my lad,—why stand you here?
 Thus leaning on your crook, and full of care.
 Come doff your doublet, take your best array,
 Make haste, and share the pastime of the day.

P E R I G O T.

See, LOBBIN, what a numerous flock I keep;
 And see, how much the flies torment the sheep:
 They gad about so much, that Tray and I
 Have work enough all day to keep them nigh:
 And almost every minute, as you view,—
 Look there—a plague on that old black-fac'd ewe,
 She always leads them wrong:—hark—fetch 'em,
 Tray:
 I cannot keep them from the wheat away.
 Oh that the time of harvest were but come,
 Then might I sit at ease, and see them roam!

L O B B I N.

Phoh! Shepherd, never mind, they do no harm;
 Or corn or grafs, 'tis all your master's farm.
 What matters which they eat—or how they're fed?
 Come, come, let's hasten to DUKE WILLIAM's head:
 Besides the hat at nine-pins, all who choose
 May run in sacks, boy—for a pair of shoes,

G g

New,

New, neat's-skin, and well-nail'd, — but, better still,
 Our SURRY DICK has challeng'd KENTISH WILL
 To try a bout at single-stick, they say ;
 Then, PERIGOT, — what lad would be away ?

P E R I G O T.

'That lad am I ; — for tho' — as you can tell
 At nine-pins few could PERIGOT excel :
 Tho' well I lov'd our village sports to share,
 The first, in merriment, at wake or fair ;
 My duty, LOBBIN, now I better know,
 Than to forsake my charge, and idling go
 At every call, without my master's leave,
 Wasting the moments I can ne'er retrieve ;
 And bringing home at night — the spend-thrift's part,
 A muddled head, and discontented heart.

L O B B I N.

Rare maxims truly ! and where got you these ?
 Preach to your sheep, my boy, and talk to trees !
 Our shepherd lads will only laugh to hear
 — A master's interests to our sports prefer ! —
 That will not LOBBIN, ever : for I trow
 They to our sports such preference will not shew.
 Then be they pleas'd or not, I'll have my day :
 For if one will not do, another may.

P E R I G O T.

Rare maxims too ! but know an honest swain
 Hears and rejects such maxims with disdain !
 Remember, lad, a saying of your own,
 “ No moss is gather'd by a rolling stone :”

So once you told me, with a piteous face,
 When, wand'ring up and down, from place to place,
 Your purse was empty, and your cloaths were naught,
 And your vain heart was humble, as it ought.
 Now, since at ARGOL's board you live so well,
 Your naughty heart again begins to swell.
 But, swain, be careful, or too sure you'll find,
 You sow the billows, and will reap the wind!

L O B B I N.

Something I reap—for on my back I bear
 Cloaths, full as good as thou didst ever wear:
 My hat's as fine, my stockings are not worse,
 And here, here's money, grey-beard, in this purse!
 So cease your saws:—To-day's delights I'll share;
 The doubtful morrow for itself may care!

P E R I G O T.

Ah silly swain,—and to the future blind,
 Sure some black DEMON hath possess'd your mind!
 For grant—tho' LOBBIN, I have doubts and fears,—
 Your honest hire in that same purse appears:
 Yet what you boast is all that you possess;
 And how you long to make that little less!
 But think, my friend, from service if dismiss,
 Where will you live, and how will you subsist?
 Will the old landlord at yon same DUKE'S HEAD,
 Who courts your money now, then give you bread?
 No, no, be sure, he'll turn you from his door,
 When once he finds you penniless and poor.
 Or, if by sickness to your bed confin'd,
 What secret anguish will oppress your mind,

To view no hospitable maſter nigh,
 No gentle miſtreſs with a pitying eye,
 Anxious their good domeſtic to reſtore,
 Repaying thus each ſervice o'er and o'er.
 Oh pleaſing ſtate! — how different thine, to moan
 Sick, faint, and poor, neglected and alone.

L O B B I N.

No fancy'd ills, impoſſible and vain,
 Diſturb my peace, or give a moment's pain :
 We ſhall catch larks, my lad, when fall the ſkies ;
 So ſave your breath, nor be ſo wondrous wiſe :
 For, think not, friend, to teach ME what to do ;
 I can both read and write as well as you.

P E R I G O T.

So much the worſe ; — the pow'r without the will
 But makes your guilt and folly greater ſtill :
 For read you ne'er ſo well, you never look,
 I know it, LOBBIN, in that HOLY BOOK,
 Which brings ſuch bleſſed tidings to our ears,
 So warms our hopes, and diſſipates our fears !
 Where we are taught, that, provident o'er all,
 Rules the dread Sov'reign of the ſubject ball,
 A general father ; whoſe impartial care
 Alike the maſter and the ſervant ſhare :
 Their lots, tho' different here, the ſame their fate
 In the high manſions of a future ſtate ;
 If firm fidelity they learn to ſhow
 In all the duties of their place below.

Chear'd by this thought, no labours ſeem ſevere
 Thro' the long watchings of the toilsome year :

Led by this hope, I live, with constant eye
 To Him my mighty master in the sky:
 And humbly still endeavour to approve
 By faithfulness on earth, my heav'nly love.

Thus pass I, like a pilgrim, on my way,
 Hoping for better things some future day:
 Like those blest shepherds, who in tents abode,
 Strangers on earth, but denizens with GOD;
 Who now rejoice, their faith's high end attain'd,
 With HIM, who not the shepherd's name disdain'd,
 HIM, who his chosen flock not only fed,
 But for that flock — oh gracious Shepherd — bled!

L O B B I N.

Why PERIGOT, my lad, thy flock forsake,
 And like the cobbler DICK, to preaching take;
 Get a joint stool, like his: thou'lt drive a trade,
 Nor him alone, but thou wilt much exceed
 The bawling parson, who, the other day,
 So long on our wind-mill did sing and preach and pray!
 There thou hast learnt this gravity, I trow,
 And rather after him would'st, groaning, go,
 Than share the pastimes at the house below.

P E R I G O T.

Spare your vain jibes, for, shepherd, be it known,
 I gad not after preachers up and down:
 Nor time have I, nor need, — content to hear,
 Two sermons every Sabbath thro' the year:
 And our good vicar — But why tell it thee,
 Who'd'st rather sleep, than at a sermon be?

—Well,

— Well, well, laugh on:—but they who win should
jest;

And sure I am, that PERIGOT is blest
Far beyond LOBBIN in his present state.

In future hopes the difference how great!

— My master's love by confidence is shown,

And all his interests thus become my own:

One of his household, his delights I share;

And feel his pleasure, as I feel his care.

Dear are his children; dearer still they prove,

As I experience their unartful love:

And dearer yet they grow, when pleas'd I find

Their gentle mother to my wants so kind.

Connected thus, I act a social part,

And live a life quite suited to my heart!

No solitary elf,—and here I trust

At length to mingle with my native dust:

Rejoic'd if, like PETRUCHIO*, who of late

In his good master's house resign'd to fate,

I too,— thrice happy,— should my master have,

With all his family, attend my grave;

Smiting their breasts, and saying, with a tear,

“ A good and faithful servant resteth here.”

This be my praise; and for this praise I'll live:

Your pastimes, LOBBIN, no such joys can give.

L O B B I N.

Why, PERIGOT, 'tis truth:—you touch my heart;
Shepherd, indeed you chuse the better part,

* See the “ Reflections on Death.” Chap. xvi.

I'll think to-morrow well of what you say, —
 —But can't forego—the pleasures of to-day!

Thus, with a laugh, the dolt departing cry'd;
 While the good shepherd shook his head, and sigh'd!

PASTORAL

PASTORAL THE FOURTH.

T H E M O T H E R.

ÆGON.

ARGOL.

NOW, with their sickles on their shoulders plac'd,
The reapers to the field delighted haste ;
The falling wheat fills each industrious hand,
And the brown shocks adorn the laughing land.

It chanc'd, as ÆGON, who, worn out with toil,
Sequester'd lives, in THANET's fertile isle ;
Fair isle, for plenty fam'd, whose white cliffs round,
Roar the wild waves of ocean's realms profound :
“ Of life meet emblem,” oft the sage would cry,
Those waves when viewing with a thoughtful eye :

As from his little cot one morn he far'd,
To view the labours he no longer shar'd ;
On the wheat-field, with wonder and delight,
He saw a pleasing, but unusual sight ;
A cradle caught his view ! — with eager pace
Tho' tottering on his staff, he sought the place ;
And with his wither'd hand, slow turn'd aside
The humble curtains, where he strait espy'd
A little innocent, in slumber lay'd !
He look'd — and smil'd, and shook his snowy head ;
“ Ah lovely babe, I too am helpless grown,
“ Thy state, said he, resembles much my own.”

Full of the ills of infancy and age,
A thousand thoughts his busy mind engage :
When, turning at the stubble's rustling sound,
The reaper, ARGOL, just at hand he found :

ARGOL,

ARGOL, a swain of manly sense possess,
 Of upright heart, and sympathetic breast.
 " ARGOL, said he, for three-score years and more
 " My scythe and sickle in these fields I bore;—
 " And let me tell thee, lad, but few could claim,
 " For handling either a superior fame:
 " But thro' these years, if mem'ry serves me right,
 " Ne'er saw I in the fields so sweet a sight;
 " Behold that babe! what innocence is spread
 " O'er its lov'd face—what lively white and red!
 " How came it here, and who the infant keeps,
 " Insensible of danger, while it sleeps?
 " False could a mother prove to such a care,
 " Angels themselves would watch delighted there."

A R G O L.

Look, ÆGON, 'midst the reapers you survey
 A woman bear the burden of the day:
 Mark how she toils—by true affection drawn,
 The same to setting Sun from rising dawn!
 In her the mother of the babe you see—
 Sweet infant, that, and sweeter mother, she:
 The wife of honest THYRSIS; him you know,
 Who feeds the flock of MYCO there below.

Æ G O N.

Then, lovely babe, thy lot is truly blest,
 Sleep on secure; of mothers thine the best!
 ARGOL, I know her well; and oft employ'd
 (While greater strength my feeble frame enjoy'd,
 And I so far could walk) a pleasing hour,
 In their neat cot—but now I want the power:

So weak I'm grown — 'tis time to quit the stage ;
 Sad is the burden, son, of helpless age !
 And ah, poor babe, what storms remain for thee
 To weather out on life's tempestuous sea !
 Just launch'd upon its waves, wild, deep and wide ; —
 While I (thank heav'n) almost in harbour ride !
 Thy mother's cares, 'tis true, thy course will aid ;
 But all her cares that dangerous course will need.

A R G O L.

ÆGON, on life whatever perils wait,
 You know, we should not murmur at our state :
 Much reverence and gratitude we owe
 To Him, who fix'd us in our rank below :
 And tho' 'tis certain, storms and rocks abound
 In yon wide waters, yet a way is found
 For ponderous vessels, which the pilot's hand
 Safely directs to ev'ry distant land.
 So is it said, — “ if good instructions show
 “ The path of wisdom, where the child should go ;
 “ Early train'd up, and travell'd in the way,
 “ Ne'er from the track deluded will he stray.”
 And well, we know, our THYRSIS' careful wife
 Directs her children in the road of life :
 You've seen her house, and therefore you can tell
 How much in reading, working, they excel ;
 How humble and good-manner'd, clean and neat, —
 On THANET's isle such children you'll not meet.

Æ G O N.

ARGOL, thy words are wise : go on, young swain,
 And every day increase of wisdom gain ;

Age, 'tis its weakness — full of aches and pains,
Thinks of life's numerous evils, and complains.

I'll tell thee, ARGOL, if each mother strove
To train her children in their Maker's love ;
To teach those duties, which their place demands,
To give them honest hearts, and working hands,
Like her, whose little babe lies sleeping here ;
Lefs might we then life's vent'rous voyage fear.
Yes ; I have seen her, with her children round,
(And in the sight serenest pleasure found)
Divide their several tasks with mild command,
And give to industry each little hand ;
While she, good mother, casts on each a look,
Their sole instructress or at work, or book :
So the fond hen, which to my mind she brings,
Her chickens feeds, and broods beneath her wings.

In church, — for never on a Sabbath-day
Is THYRSIS, or his family away, —
How pleasing is the sight ! all neat and clean,
Alike are parents and their children seen ;
And their behaviour — a reproof how true
To farmer BROWN'S young loobies in next pew !

I've wonder'd oft, how this industrious wife,
Amidst the labours of domestic life,
Such time and pains can to her children spare ;
Cloath with such neatness, teach them with such care :
While almost all the cottage bairns around
In dirt, and rags, and ignorance are found !
Yet THYRSIS earns not more than other swains ;
And tho' she labours with the utmost pains,
Scanty, at best, GOD knows, are women's gains. }

A R G O L.

ÆGON, when anxious, as we ought, to live ;
 What cannot chearful induftry atchieve ?
 And fhall we doubt, when, for our daily food
 We ufe thofe means, which Faith pronounces good,
 That He, who feeds the ravens when they cry,
 Will not behold us with propitious eye ?
 If Birds are from our Father's bounty fed,
 Will He from Children hold their needful bread ?
 Full of this faith, the cordial of the heart,
 Our couple firft to heav'n perform their part :
 At morn and eve the fuppliant knee they bend,
 While round their little lifping-ones attend :
 Then, looking ftill to GOD, with chearful eye,
 To their life's labour gladly they apply.

'Twas but laft fummer MIRA learn'd to wield
 The dented fickle in the wheaten field ;
 A toil too hard for women, as we thought,
 'Till MARIAN, from the North, the cuftom brought :
 Soon as ſhe ſaw that lafs the fickle ply,
 Joyful ſhe cry'd — “ I too my ſtrength will try :
 “ The fickle will I take, and do my beft,
 “ My poor endeavours may perchance be bleſt :
 “ 'Twill make me happy but a mite to earn ;
 “ And ev'ry art of induftry I'd learn :
 “ For, ſhall my THYRSIS, thro' the painful year,
 “ No repite know, but toils inceffant bear,
 “ Nor I thoſe toils, thoſe pleaſing toils partake,
 “ For my ſweet babes, and for my husband's ſake ?
 “ Oh could I, much-lov'd maſter of my heart !
 “ In all thy labours bear an equal part ;

“ Could

" Could I, dear pledges of our faithful love!
 " For you successful in my labours prove;
 " Labours would quickly lose their name with me,
 " And hardest toils sincerest pleasures be!
 " Blest hope! — blest MARIAN, to the field I go,
 " To thee the hope, to thee the art I owe!"

Thus led by lovely virtue's pure intent,
 The joyful mother to the reapers went:
 And sure that GOD, who virtue loves to bless,
 Crown'd her approv'd endeavour with success:
 For thro' the harvest cheerfully she wrought,
 And home more hire than any reaper brought:
 For short of others tho' her strength might fall,
 In application she excell'd them all!
 No loit'rer: every moment she'd improve;
 Such is the force of true maternal love!
 Now that the harvest is again come round,
 Again, fair reaper, in the field she's found:
 And with her, as you see, this pretty guest,
 Who waits for succour from her plenteous breast:
 THYRSIS each morn to field the cradle brings;
 And thus the babe, beneath its mother's wings,
 Due nourishment supply'd, securely sleeps,
 Uninterrupted, while the matron reaps!

Æ G O N.

True mother, — who herself the food supplies,
 The daintier lady to her child denies:
 By lust, or pride, or folly led astray,
 Unnatural more, than monsters of the sea!
 Cruel alike both to themselves and young,
 Such mothers merit scorn from ev'ry tongue:

Why

Why doth the great Creator, wise and good,
 Fill their fair breasts with such salubrious food,
 That food if to their offspring they refuse,
 And fores and sickness before duty chuse ?
 Oh MIRA, beyond these, how art thou blest,
 Thy infant pressing fond thy yielding breast !
 With such a woman, ARGOL, let me say,
 'Tis joy to share the labours of the day.
 Sure, sensible of this, they all unite
 To make her toils, deserving mother ! light :
 Sure, by each nameless, by each gentle care
 They mitigate the ills she needs must bear ?

Just as he spoke, the smiling mother came,
 Sweet was her aspect, and her words the same :
 Her tenderness diffus'd a nameless grace
 O'er the fair features of her blooming face,
 While at the cradle's side she anxious stood ;
 When the just-waken'd babe its mother view'd ;
 And, smiling, with an eager joy, expands,
 Sweet innocent ! its little dimpled hands.
 With rapt'rous bliss she caught it to her breast,
 And on the stubble-ground sat down to rest :
 The crowing infant to the nipple clung, —
 While o'er it with fond joy the ravish'd mother hung !

The good old man, enchanted with delight,
 Cry'd, " ARGOL, there, — there, ARGOL, is a sight !
 " Blest mother ! may thy labours prosperous prove :
 " May all thy children well repay thy love !"
 More he'd have said ; but lo ! a tear would start,
 And all his soul rose throbbing in his heart :
 The mother, pleas'd, beheld his burden'd eye,
 And thank'd him with a tear of social joy.

PASTORAL THE FIFTH.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

CHARLOTTE.

ELIZA.

AS, arm in arm, to scent the fragrant air
 From blossom'd beans which evening breezes bear,
 Fair CHARLOTTE and her friend ELIZA rove,
 Maids fam'd for beauty both, and form'd for love ;
 Just at the village end, with trembling fear,
 Rough sounds contentious, and shrill cries they hear :
 Tho' frighted, they advance ; when, painful fight !
 They view their neighbour SIMS prepar'd for fight ;
 With passion raging, and by liquor fir'd,
 The single combat furious he desir'd :
 While, bath'd in tears, his tender wife withstands,
 And cries, and trembles, as she holds his hands ;
 Her little strength well nigh exhausted, pleads,
 While her fond heart with racking anguish bleeds ;
 And, fruitless ev'ry winning motive found,
 Points to their boy, their infant, on the ground ;
 Pledge of their mutual faith :—“ Ah, cruel, see,
 “ And pity him, if you'll not pity me !
 “ See, while I hold you, where your baby lies :
 “ Hard-hearted, turn, and view his streaming eyes.”
 Thus as she spoke, he turn'd :—an aspect mild
 His fierce looks soften'd as he view'd the child :
 Strait from his eyes the tears paternal start,
 And all the father fill'd his melting heart :
 Then nature triumph'd ; to the child he sprung ;
 Around his neck the child affrighted clung.

The

The lovely maidens, at the fight well pleas'd,
 With zeal humane the soft occasion seiz'd ;
 And with the weeping wife assiduous join'd
 To urge each motive which might fix his mind :
 Nor urg'd in vain ; persuaded he retreats,
 While his big heart with varying passions beats :
 And, thoughts of vengeance lab'ring in his breast,
 He sinks, exhausted, to refreshing rest.

As now their walk intended they pursue,
 " Here, CHARLOTTE, with a sigh said BETSY, view,
 " View, CHARLOTTE, what corroding sorrows wait
 " Poor helpless women in the marriage state !
 " Alas for us, in ev'ry state distress,
 " When marry'd, wretched ; when alone, unblest !"

C H A R L O T T E.

Hard lot, my BETSY : yet I'd rather bear
 The taunts for ever, which old maidens share,
 Than live enslav'd throughout a wretched life,
 The drunkard's, rake's, or tyrant's weeping wife !

E L I Z A.

But girls, in our degenerate days, who wed,
 Must with such vile associates share their bed :
 So void of principle our youth are grown —
 They ape the manners of the wicked town !
 Lords to their tenants have their vices taught,
 And sons and servants have th' infection caught.
 Can they but drink and riot, rake and fight ;
 They scoff with careless scorn at what is right.

C H A R L O T T E.

C H A R L O T T E.

How great the risk which girls in marriage run!
 And yet, how great their haste to be undone!
 But sure the more the danger which we dare,
 The greater in our choice shou'd be our care.
 Yet to our sex impartial if we be,
 We shall not find them from just censure free:
 Were they to virtue constant in their choice,
 Gave they their hands, where reason gives her voice;
 Were they more nice, distinguishing, retir'd,
 The men to emulation wou'd be fir'd;
 For they, be sure, will cultivate the arts,
 They find most likely to engage our hearts.

E L I Z A.

I know not this: but, CHARLOTTE, well I know,
 Men are perfidious, women are not so:
 For one bad woman, who shall faithless prove,
 Or to her marriage faith, or plighted love,
 An hundred men: — tho' yet so young a maid,
 I've cause, you know, their falsehood to upbraid.

But, CHARLOTTE, say, shall I myself accuse,
 Because I listen'd to young WILLIAM's vows:
 Because I thought incapable of wrong
 His heart so seeming honest from his tongue?
 Because I gave him all my heart! — false swain,
 Or pay thy vows, or give my heart again!

C H A R L O T T E.

Fear not, my BETSY; you will shortly find
 Returning WILLIAM to your wishes kind:
 And, blest with him, a pattern may you prove
 Of conjugal fidelity and love!
 Like that blest pair, who live at yonder farm—
 Oh how the thoughts of them my bosom warm!
 Yes, my dear friend, if, from the former fight,
 Marriage appears in fables all bedight;
 Turn to that pair, in yon dear mansion blest,
 And marriage seems of ev'ry state the best!
 This happy pair, their fondness to express,
 Labour to build each others happiness.
 No separate joys, no separate cares they know,
 But share in pleasure, as they share in woe:
 Woe! They have none: imparted 'tis no more;
 While thus their joys are doubled o'er and o'er,
 Blest pair! your loves with rapture, I review,
 For sure all Eden is restor'd to you!

E L I Z A.

I wonder not, my CHARLOTTE, you are fir'd,—
 Who ever knew that pair, and not admir'd?
 And who cou'd fail the highest blifs to prove,
 If such an husband crown'd her faithful love?
 Whene'er his wife is mention'd, you may spy
 Bright satisfaction glisten in his eye:
 Of her perfections with delight he tells;
 And on her praise with tongue enraptur'd dwells.

Where'er

Whene'er he goes to market, or to fair,
 You never find him idly loit'ring there :
 Much more in alehouse, treasuring for his wife
 Vile drunkenness at night, and noisy strife :
 His business done, you'll see him homeward haste
 Well knowing that he comes a grateful guest ;
 And joy'd to think, within his honest mind
 He brings the pleasure, which he's sure to find.

C H A R L O T T E.

While to the husband just, my BETSY, pray,
 To equal merit, equal honour pay :
 For wives contribute not than husbands less,
 Sure, my good friend, the marriage state to bless :
 Oft find we, if good husbands make good wives,
 These, in return, reform bad husbands' lives.
 But, for our friends, it well may be confess'd,
 If blest the wife, not less the husband's blest ;
 Affectionate and mild you see her share
 One only pleasure, as one only care.
 Can she but crown her husband with content,
 Make light his troubles, or his joys augment ;
 She little heeds for all the world beside ;
 Fond as at first, and as at first a bride ;
 A bride in neatness, ever nice and clean,
 The heart she won, still studious to retain !
 And, happy in her husband's high esteem,
 She lives, and thinks, and breathes alone for him !
 Ne'er in her husband's absence is she found
 A gossip, tattling all the village round :

Fomenting strife, and making many a foe :
 Nor runs she gadding to each simple show.
 By better means his absence she beguiles,
 By needful business, and domestic toils :
 Causing with transport his big heart to burn,
 When, pleas'd surveying on his glad return,
 His decent household in fair order dress'd ;
 He clasps his wife delighted to his breast,
 Thanks her kind care, and reads in her full eyes,
 That toils thus recompenc'd are truest joys !

E L I Z A.

Sure this blest pair, who, "link'd in friendship's tye,
 Live each for each, as each for each wou'd die"
 Kind nature form'd to make each other blest !—
 Or sure the halves have met for once at least !*

CHARLOTTE, you know the tale: my WILLIAM'S
 lays,

When WILLIAM'S verse could speak of BETSY'S
 praise,

Told it us sweetly once,—alas, in better days !

C H A R L O T T E.

Ah BETSY ! and full oft the halves would meet,
 Were women in their choice but more discreet :
 But if vile avarice or strong passion lead
 The willing victim to the nuptial bed ;
 Or if that heart licentious rakes obtain,
 Which modest merit fruitless strives to gain ;

* Alluding to Plato's Notion.

No wonder wedlock is a state accurst;
 For the best things corrupted, are the worst.
 Bad men, or fools, the idiot, or the rake,
 No woman happy ever yet cou'd make:
 Nor e'er unhappy, he, whose manly breast,
 With sense, with softness, with religion's blest.

E L I Z A.

Poor women!—'tis a maxim then with you,
 That all their sorrows to themselves are due:
 That neither heav'n nor man the blame must bear,
 The woes of wedlock when they're doom'd to share:
 Oh, CHARLOTTE, you are partial to the men! —
 Yet freely will I own,—not one in ten
 Of our poor sex such miseries would prove,
 If interest less, and more consulting love.
 Wretch that she is, who must not her despise,
 That MACRA, who in arms decrepit lies,
 (Spring with old winter,) only to be seen
 Drest in fine cloaths, the paltry village queen!

C H A R L O T T E.

Scorn to all such! and let all such be told,
 They are but lawful prostitutes for gold:
 Fools! all true blis for splendor to forego:
 A life of penance for a day of show!
 Love, of each pleasure the perpetual spring,
 True love, my BETSY, is a different thing:
 The heart's dear union, youth with youth combin'd,
 Truth meeting truth, and mingling mind with mind!

Thus

Thus highest pleasures rise to pure esteem,
 And hence of rapture flows the sparkling stream !
 Hence too of virtue wells the living flood,
 For “ who, in marriage, in each state are good.”
 'Tis neighbour WATSON's saying, — and we prize
 Her sayings, BET, for neighbour WATSON's wife —
 And never did she know thro' her long life,
 On either side, a husband or a wife,
 Who in connubial tendernefs excell'd,
 And yet in other social duties fail'd.

E L I Z A.

Our neighbours, CHARLOTTE, in the vale below,
 This pleasing truth in liveliest colours show :
 For not in marriage do they shine alone,
 The praise of every virtue is their own :
 And the same goodness which inclines their breast
 To make and to preserve each other blest ;
 Prompts them alike to spread their comforts round ;
 For private good such hearts can never bound !
 Parents more fond 'twere difficult to find,
 Or neighbours more solicitously kind :
 Few to their servants such attention give,
 And none the wretched with more alms relieve !
 Then, for Religion, 'tis their joy : — One day,
 Thus with delight, I heard our neighbour say,
 “ BETSY, we're not ashamed, my wife and I,
 To kneel together to the throne on high :
 Thence springs our blessings : and be sure, my fair,
 They cannot fail, who seek for blessings there :

But

But they who wed, will curse their hapless fate,
If HE's despis'd, who first ordain'd the state."

Oh sacred state ! oh blest connubial love !
In thy sweet train the smiling virtues move ;
All fond to croud, and act the fairest part,
Where truth affectionate blends heart with heart !

Thus as she spoke, her face deep blushes dress,
While all-tumultuous throb'd her panting breast ;
For lo ! her WILLIAM o'er the stile just by
Leap'd, laughing love and transport in his eye :
He hastes and greets the maids ; and tells his tale,
Why so long absent in the distant dale :
And ah, that prevalent the story prov'd
With BETSY, who can wonder that has lov'd ? —
Cheerful and pleas'd they pass'd the field along,
While many a sky-lark treated them with song :
Much of true love, of marriage more they talk'd ;
And oft again to these same Meadows walk'd ;
'Till came the happy day, when, joyful found !
The merry bells declar'd the village round
That their fond hands in wedlock were combin'd,
Whose hearts had long in tender love been join'd.
Great (says my legend) was the joy that day ;
The shepherds blest it, and each nymph look'd gay :
With flow'ry chaplets every crook was crown'd,
And every brow with rosy wreaths was bound :
They danc'd upon the green till night drew on ;
When other rites were needful to be done :
Thrown was the stocking, ceremonies o'er,
And clos'd by jocund maids the sacred door.

And

And farther still, the rural story goes,
 That long the lovers liv'd in sweet repose;
 For tender truth, and virtuous faith renown'd;
 Blessing and blest — a smiling race around:
 And to the present hour this verse is read,
 On the plain grave-stone o'er their relics lay'd:

“ To these, whom death again did wed,
 The grave's the second marriage-bed:
 For tho' the hand of fate cou'd force
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce;
 It cou'd not sever man and wife,
 Because they both liv'd but one life.
 Peace, good reader, do not weep:
 Peace, — the lovers are asleep.
 They, sweet turtles, folded lie
 In the last knot that love cou'd tie.
 Let them sleep; let them sleep on,
 'Till this stormy night be gone;
 And the eternal morrow dawn; —
 Then the curtain will be drawn;
 And they'll wake into a light,
 Where day shall never die in night.”

* See Crashaw's Poems.

PASTORAL THE SIXTH.

THE BENEVOLENT MAN.

WILLIAM.

JOSEPH.

Carelessly spread beneath a willow tree,
 On the cool margin of the sedgy LEE,
 WILLIAM, the shepherd, watch'd his fleecy care,
 Tuning his flute to many a rustic air:

His faithful dog lay by him on the ground,
 And chirping grasshoppers leap'd lightly round.
 When o'er the path-way to the bridge that leads,
 Bedight in Sunday suit, a neighbour speeds;
 Whose hand supports well-pleas'd his little son,
 By him with step unequal tripping on.

“JOSEPH, Where haste you, with such speed, my friend?”

Quoth WILLIAM, on his elbow as he lean'd:

“And why thus drest?—my little JOSEPH too—

“What all this hurry the fine shew to view!”

J O S E P H.

No, WILLIAM—in such times of general need,
 With such a family as mine to feed,
 'Twou'd ill become me, sure, to make such haste
 My time and money at vile shews to waste:
 Far better business, thanks to gracious heav'n,
 The speed you notice to my feet has giv'n!

K k

WILLIAM.

W I L L I A M.

What better business, JOSEPH? let me hear,
That in your pleasure I at least may share?

J O S E P H.

Why, our good squire—may heav'n indulgent shed
Ten thousand blessings on his bounteous head—
Desirous to diffuse amidst our youth,
With learning's light, the light of heavenly truth;
And knowing well our poverty and pains,
How hard our labour, and how small our gains;
Wisdom and pity ruling in his soul
For our poor children has endow'd a school!
And JOSEPH here—God's blessing on the boy,—
Is chosen, WILL, the bounty to enjoy!
A toward lad,—he'll take his learning well,—
'Twill please the 'squire to see him, I can tell:
And so I speed, as 'tis my place you know,
At once to thank him, and my son to show.

W I L L I A M.

My fancy often on the thought hath run,
That our good squire resembles much the sun;
Who sheds on all around his rays divine,
Imparting life and lustre where they shine.
So do his hands on all around dispense
The blessed beams of warm benevolence:
In good unwearied, he exerts each art
To bless the life, and meliorate the heart;

The body's woe now studious to relieve,
 Now, due instruction to the mind to give.
 —Yes, JOSEPH, of his school, I've heard before;
 And, if in merit aught could raise him more,
 This his last effort wou'd, methinks, approve
 His goodness most, and most engage our love.

J O S E P H.

I, who ne'er knew of learning the delight—
 Alas, for me! who neither read nor write—
 The more this great misfortune I deplore,
 I feel his institution's worth the more.
 Oh what so blest, so useful and benign,
 As on the darken'd mind with truth to shine:
 To ope the door, by which the soul may rise
 From the dark dungeon, where blind ign'rance lies:
 May learn its duty, and securely tread
 The paths, that to eternal glory lead!
 —Blest knowledge! and blest charity! which brings
 The envied pow'r to know such mighty things!
 Blest man! whose hands such benefits impart,
 What joy must live triumphant at his heart!
 He's like the sun—and like the morning dew,
 Warming, my WILLIAM, and refreshing too!

W I L L I A M.

Refreshing, JOSEPH? yes, he ne'er affords
 Inactive wishes in unmeaning words:
 Nor mocks the painful tenderness of grief
 With empty sighs—the shadows of relief!

To all his bounty freely is display'd,
 Who want his pity, or who seek his aid!
 And with such kind humanity he gives,
 As much his manner as his gift relieves!
 Nay, by his person he contributes more,
 Than by his purse, to benefit the poor:
 Our humble cots he'll enter, and enquire
 What ills we suffer, or what good desire.
 Do hapless losses cause our anxious cares?
 Those losses to our comfort he repairs:
 Is there a quarrel?—soon he bids it cease,
 And sooths the jarring parties into peace:
 Are faithful pairs thro' poverty denied
 The comforts, which by wedlock are supplied?
 The virtuous maid he portions, and surveys,
 With joy, their bliss, and race, in future days.
 Do any on the bed of sickness lie?—
 Fit food and med'cine his kind hands supply.
 Do any smart beneath affliction's rod?
 He sooths their sorrows, and conducts to God,
 The loving parent of the human race,
 Whose frown is mercy, and whose scourge is grace.
 Ne'er by that house of refuge for the poor,
 "Where age and want sit smiling at the door;"
 That house, the labour of his bounteous care,
 I never pass without a grateful tear:
 Involuntary swells my rising breast,
 And the good founder with a sigh is blest:

Who, with such comfort, when all comfort flies,
Unfriended, helpless, feeble age supplies!

J O S E P H.

Young as you are, and stranger to the pain
By which poor men their families maintain;
A stranger, WILLIAM, to the torturing smart,
Which tears a tender father's bleeding heart,
While round his children croud, with weeping woe,
Asking the food, he hath not to bestow:
You cannot even guess, and I want words
To tell the rapture, which a gift affords,
By the still hand of modest mercy giv'n,
Just in due season, as if dropt from heav'n!
— Oh, WILLIAM, many such, the season past,
When famine almost laid our village waste,
On secret wings to my poor cottage flew,—
But well from whence they took their flight I knew!

W I L L I A M.

Mark you this river, how serene and slow
Its deep still waters thro' the meadows flow:
While in our village the small shallow rill
For ever prattles down the pebbly hill.
In one an image of the squire is seen,
In t'other of that Braggard, proud and vain;
Who hates our master:— for his cancred breast
By the foul fiend of envy is possess'd!

J O S E P H.

Alas, good WILLIAM! 'tis a grief to see,
 That whitest virtue cannot censure flee :
 'Tis nothing strange, that Devils God shou'd hate :
 But that frail creatures, in the self-same state,
 Alike dependant, form'd alike to share
 The sad vicissitude of grief and care ;
 That mortal men in enmity should swell
 'Gainst those in deeds of mercy who excell ;
 Who strive, with pure benevolence refin'd,
 To soften all the sufferings of their kind :
 This sure is strange — and stranger still, to view,
 What late example here has prov'd too true ; —
 Those who the common bounty need, and share,
 So mutually malicious and severe.

W I L L I A M.

You hint the poor blind widow — sad to think,
 That she who stood on desperation's brink,
 Blind, helpless, friendless, four young orphans round,
 Now by our squire's kind aid with comfort crown'd ;
 That she the malice of the poor shou'd raise ;
 That he shou'd lose the just reward of praise !
 But what is human praise, or human blame ?
 To heav'ns blest candidate no doubt the same :
 Let God approve the action — for the rest,
 He'll find applause sufficient in his breast.

J O S E P H.

And yet, methinks, it is but just to shew
 To goodness the respect to goodness due :
 Frail as I am, cou'd I diffuse my store,
 Just praise, I own, wou'd stimulate me more ;
 I cannot, therefore, without scorn behold,
 Those who, to merit like our squire's, are cold :
 Unfeeling hearts ! but whose licentious tongues
 Could blame that deed, to which all praise belongs,
 Are devils, and not men — are devils drest
 In human shape, without a human breast :
 For is not man from fiends infernal known
 By godlike, great benevolence alone ?

W I L L I A M.

Yes, 'tis benevolence that makes him man,
 And more will make him, clos'd life's little span ;
 Make him an angel ; as on earth 'twill give
 Foretaste of joys, which angels selves receive :
 For with benevolence true pleasure dwells,
 Each grace that glows, each virtue that excels !
 — Oh happy they, in state exalted plac'd,
 Philanthropy's soul-warming joys to taste :
 We, JOSEPH, thrown beneath in life's low vale,
 At distance only can the glory hail !
 For this we'll thankful be, and do our part ;
 If not the pow'r, bless God, we have the heart !

J O S E P H.

Much rather, WILLIAM, would I live possess
 Of empty hands, and sympathetic breast,
 Than like old OSTENTATIOUS on the hill,
 Possess the mighty pow'r without the will.
 But "all have pow'r, in life however low,
 "Kind acts of mercy and of love to show,"
 To farmer JOHNSON once our squire reply'd,
 Who mourn'd the power of doing good deny'd.
 True were his words; for in each state we need,
 And therefore shou'd afford each other aid;
 In Christian kindness let us do our best,
 God knows our strength, and will excuse the rest:
 You well remember, where a widow poor
 Gave with a mite, than all the wealthy more.

W I L L I A M.

How blest a truth! — with right intention giv'n,
 A cup of water shall be mark'd in heav'n!
 See, 'tis not then the quantity, but heart,
 To acts of love which merit can impart.
 Blest truth, my JOSEPH! — thus may we excell,
 And poor in wealth, be rich in doing well.

J O S E P H.

But WILLIAM, think, what joy must he possess,
 Who with the power, as well as heart to bless,
 To all his high benevolence extends,
 The wretched comforts, the oppress'd defends;

The naked cloaths, the hungry fills with food —
 In love unwearied, uniform in good!
 Let praise or censure on his deeds descend,
 Let disappointment or success attend:
 Still he goes on — and views with just regard,
 That God, whose approbation is reward.

W I L L I A M.

JOSEPH, you've trac'd the cause, from whence proceeds
 His uniformity in virtuous deeds:
 For stedfast at one mark whoever aim,
 Thro' life's whole circle will be found the same!
 — JAMES, who from London t'other day came down,
 Told me our squire is more esteem'd in town
 For his good actions than amongst us here,
 For not a charity but knows him there.
 There, where the children of the poor are fed,
 At once with heav'nly, and with earthly bread:
 Where pain, and all the family of grief,
 From skilful med'cine find humane relief:
 Where safely screen'd in hospitable cells,
 From human view, pride-humbling phrenzy dwells:
 Where lab'ring women 'midst their pangs can smile,
 And bless the charity which sooths their toil:
 Where infants, rescued from an earthly grave,
 The tender mercy hymn which stoop'd to save:
 Where penitents with tears redeem their shame,
 Restor'd to God, their parents, and to fame.
 Wherever good is done, or good design'd,
 His aid benignant you are sure to find:
 The doleful prisons too, they tell me, share
 His kindly visits, and indulgent care:

Nay, and JAMES found it out, that oft he sends
 Young men of toward parts, with meaner friends,
 To school and college, where his aid provides
 Tutors and learning, and all means besides.

J O S E P H.

A wond'rous man!—if all the world he knew,
 To all the world humanity he'd shew:
 No sect or party-principles confine,
 The glowing radiance of his love divine:
 A man, a fellow-creature, and distrest,
 Is plea sufficient to affect his breast.

W I L L I A M.

Yet, JOSEPH, I have heard that his estate,
 For one so rich in bounty, is not great:
 Not half so great as his, of whom before
 We spoke,—in money rich, in goodness poor!
 But right œconomy, with great or small,
 Doubles the income, and is all in all.

J O S E P H.

Ah, WILLIAM—but God's blessing is much more,
 For this augments, nay, doubles all our store:
 Who dare be bounteous, God will surely bless
 With constant succour, and tenfold increase:
 Their cruse o'erflowing, and augmented meal,
 Miraculously blest, shall never fail!
 Our good man proves it—and besides he flies
 Those scenes of ill, whence vast expences rise:
 He wastes no fortune on devouring vice,
 On dogs or horses, women, cards or dice.

The little boy, who much attention pay'd
 To this encomium, which the shepherds made;
 Cried, "father, 'midst his praise, you sure forget
 "The church, our squire hath made so fine and neat."
 "Right, my good boy, said WILLIAM, this too shows,
 "The living fountain whence his goodness flows:
 "For love of God must kindle virtue's flame,
 "Or all benevolence becomes a name!"

Thus as he spoke, a straggling ewe, which stood
 Too near the faithless margin of the flood,
 Tumbled adown the bank into the deep,
 When WILLIAM cried—"alas, alas, my sheep—
 "One of the best of all my flock!—if drown'd—
 "I'm ruin'd—for 'tis worth above a pound!"
 JOSEPH beheld it, nor delaying stood,
 But leap'd, tho' Sunday-drest, into the flood,
 And caught the ewe; when anxious WILLIAM came,
 Lean'd down, and safe receiv'd it from the stream:
 Then gave his hand with many a hearty thank,
 And, lifting JOSEPH up the slippery bank,
 Strait he conducts him to his cot just by,
 And changes all his dripping cloaths for dry.
 Then to young JOSEPH, "for your father's sake,
 "This little hautboy as a present take:
 "The rings are brass, and boxen is the wood;
 "Try it, my lad, you'll find the sound is good:
 "And always, when you touch it, bear in mind,
 "'Twas by the best means gain'd,—by being kind."

DIGGON DAVY'S RESOLUTION ON THE
DEATH OF HIS LAST COW.*

A PASTORAL.

DIU MELIORA PIIS, ERROREMQUE HOSTIBUS ILLUM.
VIRG.

DIGGON DAVY. COLIN CLOUT.

BENEATH an hawthorn bush, secreted shade,
The herdsman, DIGGON, doleful ply'd his spade;
† The deep'ning grave conceal'd him to the head;
Near him his cow, his favourite cow, lay dead:
When o'er the neighb'ring stile a shepherd came,
The herdsman's friend, and COLIN was his name:
Touch'd with the sight, the kind and guileless swain,
Sigh'd, shook his head, and thus express'd his pain.

C O L I N.

How! MULLY gone! — the sad mischance I rue!
Ah! wretched DIGGON, but more wretched SUE!

* This pastoral was first written and published in the year 1747, when the distemper reigned amongst the horned cattle; and with a view to satisfy a friend that Virgil had accurately described the same malady.

† — Humo tegere, ac foveis abscondere discant.

VIRG. Geor. III. v. 558.

D I G G O N.

* How could I hope, where such contagion reigns,
 Where one wide ruin sweeps the desert plains;
 Where every gale contains the seeds of death,
 That DIGGON's kine should draw untainted breath?
 Vain hope, alas! if such my heart had known,
 Since MULLY's gone, the last of all my own.
 No more shall SUSAN skim the milky stream,
 No more the cheese-curd press, or churn the cream;
 No more the dairy shall my steps invite,
 So late the source of plenty and delight:
 Thither no more with SUSAN shall I stray,
 Nor from her cleanly hands receive the whey.
 Sad plight is ours! nor ours alone; for all
 Mourn the still meadow, and deserted stall.

C O L I N.

But have you, DIGGON, all those methods try'd,
 By book-learn'd doctors taught, when cattle dy'd?
 Or, tho' no doctor's remedies prevail,
 Does the good bishop's fam'd tar-water fail?

D I G G O N.

† Each art I try'd, did all that man could do;
 Med'cines I gave, like poison med'cines flew:

* — Hic morbo cæli miseranda coorta est
 Tempestas. ——— Ib. v. 478.

† Profuit inserto Latices infundere cornu
 Lenæos: ea visa salus morientibus una.
 Mox erat hoc ipsum exitio ——— v. 509.
 Quæsitæque nocent artes; cessere Magistri
 Phyllirides Chiron, Amythaoniusque Melampus, v. 549.

The bishop's drink, which snatch'd me from the grave,
 Giv'n to my cow, forgot its power to save.
 The dire disease increas'd by swift degrees,
 Till death freed MULLY; death! which all things frees.

C O L I N.

I would not, DIGGON, now your grief renew,
 Yet wish to hear her sickness trac'd by you;
 How first it seiz'd her, and what change its rage
 Relentless wrought in each successive stage.

D I G G O N.

* Dejected first she hung her drooping head,
 Refus'd her meat, and from her pasture fled;
 † Then dull and languid seem'd her plaintive eye,
 Her breath grew noisome, and her udder dry.

* *Sin in processu, cœpit crudescere morbus.*

† *Tum vero ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
 Spiritus interdum gemitu gravis: imaque longo*

Ilia singultu tendunt: it naribus ater

Sanguis & obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua, v. 504.

*— Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt
 Prata movere animum ————— at ima*

Solvuntur latera, atque oculos stupor urget inertes, v. 519.

Nam neque erat coriis usu. — v. 559.

Dii meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum! v. 513.

Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ, VIRG. Ecl. I. 75.

Carmina nulla canam. ————— v. 78.

At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus afros, &c. ib. v. 65.

———— Duri me martis in armis

Tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostes. Ecl. X. v. 44.

Erst sweet that breath as morning gales in May,
 And full that udder as of light the day.
 Scorch'd with perpetual thirst, short sighs she drew,
 Furr'd was her tongue, and to her mouth it grew:
 Her burning nostrils putrid rheums distill'd,
 And death's strong agonies her bowels fill'd;
 Each limb contracted, and a groan each breath,
 Lost ease I wish'd her, and it came in death:
 Cast out, infected, and abhorr'd by all;
 See how the useful, and the beautecus fall!
 Not ev'n her skin — when living, sleek and red,
 Can aught avail me, COLIN, now she's dead.

C O L I N.

May heav'n, relenting, happier days bestow,
 Suspend the rod, and smile away our woe!
 But if in justice for our crimes we smart,
 If with affliction heav'n corrects the heart,
 'Tis ours, submissive to receive the stroke,
 Since to repine is only to provoke.

D I G G O N.

Hard is the task from murmurs to refrain,
 Ev'n blessings past increase the present pain.
 Once in these vales my lowing herds were fed,
 My table plenty crown'd, and peace my bed;
 My jocund pipe then tun'd to amorous lays,
 A kiss repaid me for a lover's praise.
 Blest times, farewell! no more those herds are found,
 No more my table is with plenty crown'd;
 No more my bed the sleep of peace bestows,
 No more my jocund strain melodious flows:

A lover's praise a kiss rewards no more,
Joy spreads his wanton wings, and leaves the shore:
Pale want remains, with all her meagre train,
And only sighs are echoed o'er the plain.

— Far hence I'll fly, this rustic garb foregoe,
And march in red, a soldier to the foe:
The French, whose bosoms Papish plots conceal,
My hand, made heavy by distress, shall feel;
On Flander's plains I'll lose domestic care,
Desperate thro' want, and mighty thro' despair.
And there, if heav'n at length my labours crown,
I'll sow false Frenchmen, and I'll reap renown.

SUSAN, farewell!——

C O L I N.

—'Sdeath! yonder o'er the mead
The squire's curs'd mastiff scours with headlong speed!
See how my flock in wild confusion flies—
Zooks, if I catch him—by this hand he dies.

SUSAN

S U S A N A N D R O S A L I N D.

A P A S T O R A L.

D I G H T in their best array, with blithsome mien,
 The village youth now frolic on the green;
 To various sports, which these and those promote,
 The live-long Whitsun-holy-day devote:
 Here nymphs and swains to rustic measures dance,
 Snatch the stol'n kiss, and interchange the glance;
 While hum'rous HOBBINOL aukward anticks plays,
 And moves loud laughter, as he threads the maze.
 Some with tough cudgels seek the prize to win,
 Some run, some leap, some wrestle;—and some grin:
 The happy happier by the season grew,
 But, ah! more wretched ROSALIND and SUE;
 Sad SUE and ROSALIND together stray'd
 From these gay crowds, and trod the lonely glade;
 Tir'd, and beneath an ancient oak reclin'd,
 Alternate thus each eas'd a love-sick mind.

S U S A N.

Once at the foot of this o'ershadowing tree
 I sat with LUBBERKIN, my seat his knee;
 He sung me ballads, which my kiss repaid,
 And laughing SUSAN was an happy maid:
 But true I wot that ancient saying, ROSE,
 “ The greatest glee forebodes the sharpest woes; ”
 I find it true by sad experience now,
 Since faithless LUBBERKIN forgets his vow.

R O S A L I N D.

More wretched I, inconstant have I been;
 And what in love is half so great a sin!
 Remorse and anguish on my vitals prey—
 No lover comes for him I chas'd away:
 Alone I wander, and in secret sigh,
 And mem'ry brings my fault for ever nigh.
 I wish, alas! but still I wish in vain,
 The joys I flighted wou'd return again:
 Lost by my fault, a keener pang I prove,
 And pine with all that punishes in love.

S U S A N.

Late as I went to market in the cart,
 I heard a drum—it chill'd me to the heart.
 My boding breast presag'd some mischief nigh,
 And my limbs trembled, tho' I knew not why:
 But when I saw the gaudy serjeant stand,
 And holding, lovely LUBBERIN! thy hand,
 In Sunday suit, and as a bridegroom gay,
 My strength forsook me, and I swoon'd away.—
 Still, still his looks shall faithful memory bear;
 Ah! still the pleasure and the pain I share.
 His hat, which ever, till that morn, he wore
 Flapp'd on all sides, or flapp'd at least before,
 Now smartly cock'd, and smartly worn, display'd
 One eye-brow, one was hid beneath the shade;
 A green cockade adorn'd the button-side,
 And his face flush'd with mingled joy and pride:
 His dark brown hair, which hung uncomb'd so late
 O'er his broad shoulders, negligent and straight,
 Now ty'd behind, and curl'd at either ear,
 Look'd like the captain's, who call'd JOAN "my dear."

I gaz'd with pleasure, but the pleasure fled,
 When soon he follow'd where the serjeant led;
 No more returning:—now the dangerous sea
 Flows a wide waste 'twixt LUBBERKIN and me:
 On foreign lands my absent soldier's laid,
 And wanton's pleas'd with some outlandish maid.
 Oh happy fair! O LUBBERKIN, untrue,
 How could'st thou list, and how forget thy SUB!

R O S A L I N D.

When fond AMYNTAS woo'd me to be blest,
 I mock'd his passion with a taunting jest:
 In vain his faithful passion persever'd;
 I heard him not, or slighted if I heard:
 But when light ROGER, fam'd for guileful art,
 Woo'd me, alas! I gave him all my heart.
 Sweet was his converse to my list'ning ear,
 And fondly I believ'd his vow sincere.
 AMYNTAS left me with a just disdain,
 Nor cou'd his absence give my breast a pain.
 But, as to milk (ill luck wou'd have it so)
 Thro' goodman HODGSON'S close I chanc'd to go,
 I caught young ROGER, 'midst the osiers laid,
 I caught him, SUSAN, with the parson's maid!
 She fled;—he smil'd; and, mad with rage, I cry'd,
 "Henceforth approach me not;"—and he comply'd.

S U S A N.

Peace may return; and from the distant shore
 My soldier never to forsake me more.
 O come, my LUBBERKIN! and blest'd with thee,
 I'll join at Christmas in the general glee.

Thou, skill'd in feats of war, shalt win the prize,
Engage all wishes, and attract all eyes:
My envy'd arms shall hold thee to my breast,
And love and pride shall join to make me blest.

R O S A L I N D.

Oh! would AMYNTAS but return, he'd find
His grateful ROSALIND for ever kind.
Where, gentle shepherds! does my shepherd stray?
I'll track his steps thro' ev'ry winding way;
Thro' every vale I'll haste; nor will I dread
The thickest woods and darkest groves to tread;
And when the briars my tender feet shall wound,
The blood, where'er I pass, shall mark the ground.
This, when he sees, relenting shall he say,
At length her pains have wash'd her faults away.
Then—but what arts shall sooth the cheerless day,
Till happier hours our sorrows shall o'erpay?—

S U S A N.

Let not the heart with hopeless anguish bend;
Soon changing fortune shall our loves befriend:
At the squire's wedding will I slyly take
Three broken morsels of the bridal cake:
Dame DOBSON'S wedding ring I'll borrow too,
And thrice three times I'll pass the morsels thro'.
Beneath thy pillow and my own when laid,
Such dreams shall rise as sooth the love-sick maid;
Such dreams as promise more substantial bliss,
The real lover, and the waking kifs.

Pleas'd with the flattering thought, they seek their cot,
A while the pains of hapless love forgot.

T H E P A R S O N S.

A N E C L O G U E *.

A Small neat house, and little spot of ground,
 Where herbs and fruits, and kitchen stuff were found,
 The humble vicar of NORTH-WILFORD blest'd,
 Small was his living—but his heart at rest:
 Unseen, unblam'd, he pass'd his time away,
 He smook'd or rode, or mus'd, or walk'd all day:
 Thro' all the year no anxious cares he knew,
 But just at Easter, when he claim'd his due;
 And then the surly rusticks churlish pride
 His well earn'd tythes disputed or denied.
 The vicar, still preferring want to strife,
 Gave up his dues to lead a peaceful life.
 His garden once in pensive mood he sought,
 His pipe attended, as a friend to thought;
 And while the smook in eddies round him play'd,
 A neighb'ring vicar ent'ring he survey'd:
 One like himself, a downright honest priest,
 Whose love of peace his scanty dues decreas'd.

Suppose the little ceremonies done,
 And all the rites of lighting pipes begun;
 Suppose the whiffs in sober fort flow round,
 And both in musing very deeply drown'd;

* This little poem was written at the request of the author's
 ever-honoured father, a worthy country vicar, who felt much from
 the evil here hinted at.

For

For so it was — 'till thus the first good man,
Fetch'd a deep whiff, and anxiously began.

F I R S T P A R S O N.

Wou'd God, my friend! his goodness had assign'd
Some lot more suited to my feeling mind:
Less tho' my income, if from torture free,
Content would well supply the loss to me:
For all the PENCE, the little dues I glean,
Or raise my scorn, my pity, or my spleen.
I'll tell thee — but e'en now a neighbour came,
Pale want diffus'd o'er all his meagre frame;
Five pence the sum, he gave a shilling o'er,
Kind shook his head, and wish'd he cou'd do more:
I turn'd away, nor cou'd from tears refrain;
'Twas death to take it, — to refuse it vain.

S E C O N D P A R S O N.

Such gentle manners more affect the mind
Than the rough rudeness of the baser kind:
Just ere I came, a rustick braggart elf,
Proud of his purse, and glorying in his pelf,
Approach'd, and bold demanded what to pay,
“ What claims the priest, whom we maintain to pray?”
Th' account he gave me of his stock, I knew
Was half curtail'd, and scarce one number true;
Howe'er my silence favour'd the deceit,
And, fond of quiet, I conceal'd the cheat:
Yet when the small, the half-demand I made,
He bullied, swore, and damn'd the preaching trade;
All God's good household with irreverence curs'd,
And me with foul abuse as far the worst!

Thou

Thou know'st, my friend, what agonizing smart,
Such brutal outrage gives the tender heart.

F I R S T P A R S O N .

Too well, alas! too fatally I know—
From whence these complicated evils flow;
From tythes, from tythes, the clergy's woes arise,
They mar religion, nay, they rob the skies.

Would God our monarch's ever-gracious hand
In this wou'd deign to bless the wretched land:
Wou'd God, the tythes, like taxes might be paid,
A fix'd revenue by some statute made:
How then wou'd blest religion rear her head!
How thro' each village kindly virtue spread!
What souls with heav'nly comforts would be blest!
How happy, then, parishioners and priest!

Thus of true grievances the priests repin'd,
And with their own spoke all their brethren's mind.
When toll'd the bell, and to the church slow move
Six virgins, bearing one who died for love.
The grave debate was silenc'd by the bell;
The vicars rose, and kindly took farewell.
The first his sermon seeks, and hastes away
The last sad duties to the dead to pay:
From love he much advis'd the youthful throng,
Drew tears from all, and pleas'd, tho' preaching long:
While slow his brother on his easy pad,
Pac'd home full grave, and ruminating sad.

F I N I S .

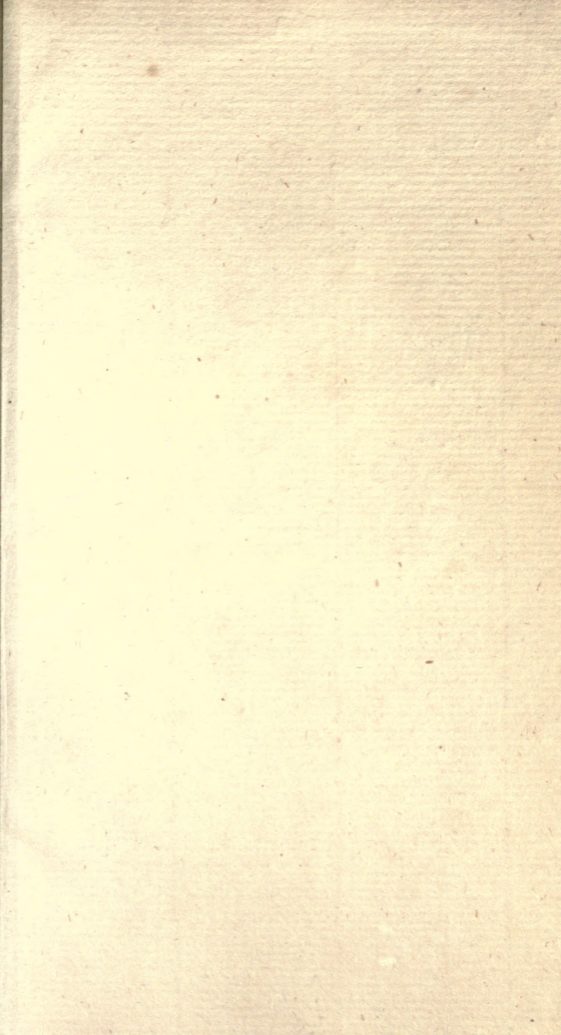
I don't know, my friend, what agonizing fears
Each mortal courage gives the tender heart.

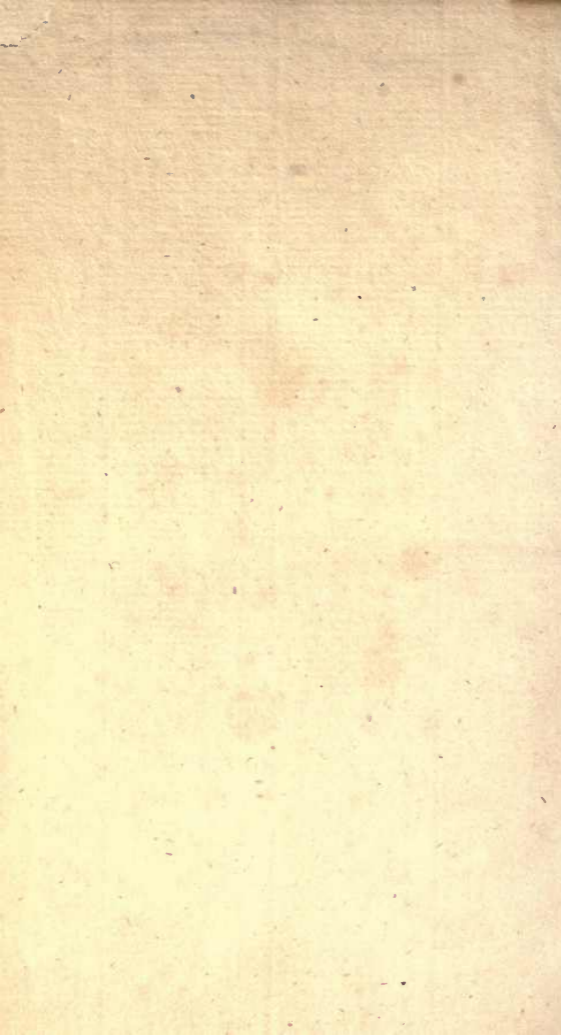
FIRST PARSON

The well, alas! too fairly I know —
From whence these complicated evils flow
From tythes, from tithes, the clergy's woe arise,
They meet religion, ways, they rob the life.
Would God our monarch's every-gracious hand
In this would deign to bid the wretched land:
Would God, the tythes, like taxes might be paid,
A tax'd revenue by some statute made:
How then would bid religion rear her head!
How then, each village kindly virtue spread!
What fools with heav'nly comfort would be blest!
How happy, then, parishioners and priests!
Thus of our grievances the priests would say,
And with their own souls all their parish pay;
When toll'd the bell, and to the church they move
Six virgins, bearing one who bid for love.
The grave debate was held by the bell;
The virgins rose, and kindly took farewell;
The first his former faith, and bid away;
The last his choice to the end to pay;
From love he much desired the virgins' love;
Drew tears from all, and shrank, the pressing love;
While how his brother on the spot
Fled home full grave, and unamused.









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