

Uniform Binding 1827

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

846

RICHARD SAVAGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

-----No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd. BASTARD.
Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?-----
Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray
In the low-purpos'd loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain?
Or, once licentious, heav'nly truths profane?
Never-----

WANDERER.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JOHN BELL,
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BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1791.



CONTAINING HIS

WANDERER,
EASTARD,
PROGRESS OF A DIVINE,
PUBLIC SPIRIT,

POET'S DEPENDENCE,
LONDON AND BRISTOL,
VALENTINE'S DAY,
VOLUNTEER LAUREATS,

&c. &c. &c.

O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the Muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still compar'd with active life;
To prove by these the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n Calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspires and adorns the thinking mind.

WANDERER.

L O N D O N :

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1791.



TO THE RIGHT HON.

JOHN LORD VISC. TYRCONNEL,

BARON CHARLEVILLE, AND LD. BROWNLOWE, K. R.

MY LORD,

PART of this Poem had the honour of your Lordship's perusal when in manuscript, and it was no small pride to me when it met with approbation from so distinguishing a judge: should the rest find the like indulgence, I shall have no occasion (whatever its success may be in the world) to repent the labour it has cost me.—But my intention is not to pursue a discourse on my own performance; no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out sentiments that relate to your Lordship's goodness, the generosity of which, give me leave to say, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependence on the great, in former times, generally terminated in disappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called such) was, in its very nature, ungenerous: it was perhaps withheld, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till those who lingered in the want of it grew almost past the sense of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous act of guilt in the receiver, the consequence of which was remorse and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependence on your Lordship and the present Ministry is an assurance of success. I am persuaded distress, in many other instances, affects your soul with a compassion

that always shews itself in a manner most humane and active; that to forgive injuries and confer benefits is your delight; and that to deserve your friendship is to deserve the countenance of the best of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordship's conversation (permit me to speak but justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive as well as entertaining parts of literature; it is to be furnished with the finest observations upon human nature, and to receive from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning candour, the worthiest and most polite maxims—such as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could also take notice of your many public-spirited services to your country in parliament, and your constant attachment to Liberty and the royal illustrious house of our most gracious sovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the noblest and fittest orators to speak your praise, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordship's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been so lately shed upon me, and then, if my future morals and writings shall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I must acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordship's goodness to me. I must, in fine, say with Horace,

Quod spiro, et placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.

I am, with the highest gratitude and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most dutiful and devoted servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

MISCELLANIES.

THE WANDERER.

A VISION

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave surgit.

VIRG.

CANTO I.

F AIN would my verse, Tyrconnell! boast thy name,
Brownlowe! at once my subject and my fame.
Oh! could that spirit which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness
 charms;

That various worth! could that inspire my lays, 5
Envy should smile, and Censure learn to praise:
Yet, tho' unequal to a soul like thine,
A gen'rous soul, approaching to divine!
When bless'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, tho' hazardous my flight. 10

O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the Muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still compar'd with active life;

B ij

To prove by these the sons of men may owe 15
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n Calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, Contemplation! whose unbounded gaze,
Swift, in a glance, the course of things surveys, 20
Who in thyself the various view canst find
Of sea, land, air, and heav'n, and human-kind;
What tides of passion in the bosom roll,
What thoughts debase and what exalt the soul;
Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will, 25
All thou survey'st with a creative skill!
Oh! leave a while thy lov'd sequester'd shade;
A while in wintry wilds vouchsafe thy aid;
Then waft me to some olive bow'ry green,
Where, cloth'd in white, thou shew'st a mind serene;
Where kind Content from noise and court retires, 31
And smiling sit while Muses tune their lyres:
Where Zephyrs gently breathe, while Sleep profound
To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep on a treasure of bright dreams reclines 35
By thee bestow'd; whence Fancy colour'd shines,
And flutters round his brow a hov'ring flight,
Varying her plumes in visionary light.

The solar fires now faint and wat'ry burn,
Just where with ice Aquarius frets his urn; 40
If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.

When Frost and Fire with martial pow'rs engag'd,
Frost, northward, fled the war unequal wag'd;
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight, 45
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night;
O'er cheerless scenes, by Desolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd;
One clay-cold hand his crystal beard sustains,
And, sceptred, one o'er wind and tempest reigns;
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm 51
The blossom'd fruit, and flow'ry Spring deform;
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
Dim-gleaming all the light that wanders here;
His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age: his
A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death! [breath

Far hence lies, ever freez'd, the northern main, 56
That checks, and renders navigation vain,
That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day, 60
And, stretching eastward, half the world secures,
Defies discov'ry, and like time endures!

Now Frost sent Boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines, 65
Tho' here the brook or lake his pow'r confines,
To rocky pools, to cataracts, are unknown
His chains—to rivers rapid like the Rhone!

The falling moon east, cold, a quiv'ring light,
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk—pale Night

Retir'd ! the dawn in light gray mists arose ! 71
Shrill chants the cock !—the hungry heifer lowes !
Slow blush yon breaking clouds—the sun's uproll'd !
Th' expansive gray turns azure chas'd with gold !
White-glitt'ring ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams ! 76

O Contemplation ! teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore ;
From Sleep a dream distinct and lively claim ;
Clear let the Vision strike the moral's aim ! 80
It comes ! I feel it o'er my soul serene !
Still Morn begins, and Frost retains the scene !

Hark !—the loud horn's enliv'ning note's begun,
From rock to vale sweet-wand'ring echoes run !
Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar ! 85
Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war !
Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray !

Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-
Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood ! [brood,
At Babel thus, when Heav'n the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thousand diff'rent jargon sounds, 92
Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear ;
All stare ! all talk ! all mean ! but none cohere !
Mark ! wily fowlers meditate their doom, 95
And smoky Fate speeds thund'ring thro' the gloom !
Stopp'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, flutt'ring, fall and die !

Still Fancy wafts me on ! deceiv'd I stand,
Estrang'd, advent'rous on a foreign land ! 100
Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown !
Where shall I turn, a Wand'rer ! and alone ?

From hilly wilds, and depths where snows remain,
My winding steps up a steep mountain strain;
Emers'd a-top, I mark the hills subside, 105
And tow'rs aspire but with inferior pride.
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground ;
Hoarse, and direct, a blust'ring north-wind blows ;
On boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crisped snows ;
Tangles of frost half fright the wilder'd eye, 111
By heat oft' blacken'd like a low'ring sky :
Hence down the side two turbid riv'lets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cataract roar ;
While pleas'd the watry progress I pursue, 115
Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view ;
In form an amphitheatre they rise,
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies :
There the dimm'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails ! 120
Thither these mountain streams their passage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake !
The lake, high swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd store deriv'd a river flows,
Which deep'ning, travels thro' a distant wood, 125
And thence emerging, meets a sister-flood ;

Mingled they flash on a wide-op'ning plain,
And pass yon city to the far-seen main.

So blend two souls by Heav'n for union made,
'And strength'ning forward lend a mutual aid, 130
And prove in ev'ry transient turn their aim
Thro' finite life to infinite the same.

Nor ends the landscape—Ocean, to my sight,
Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
In prospect lessen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd high,
Stretch a cross ridge, and bar the curious eye; 136
There lies obscur'd the rip'ning diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral's rent away:
In conic form there gelid crystal grows:
Thro' such the palace-lamp gay lustre throws! 140
Lustre which, thro' dim night, as various plays
As play from yonder snows the changeful rays!
For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize;
Thro' these the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye 145
Measure known stars, and new remoter spy:
Hence Commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years:
Hence Halley's soul ethereal flight essays;
Instructive there from orb to orb she strays, 150
Sees, round new countless suns new systems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
And peasants search for herbs of healthful green;

Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies, 155
Like youth extended cold in Death's disguise :
There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
Incap'd secure th' exulting eagle dwells :
And there, when Nature owns prolific spring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coast the far-far'd fish descry, 161
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye,
While shells a scatter'd ornament bestow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the show'ry bow.
Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind,
In future caldrons useful texture find, 166
Till on the surface thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and, brightning, hardens into glass.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave ; 170
Tho' lash'd by storms which naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn ;
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.

Now veers the wind full east; and keen and sore
Its cutting influence aches in ev'ry pore. 176
How weak thy fabric, Man!—A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan:
A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize,
Swift kindred fibres catch; (so frail our ease!) 180
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd and unasswag'd,
They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!

From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!—
And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! scarcer thro' my veins it glides!
Sure on each blast a shiv'ring ague rides! 186

Warn'd, let me this bleak eminence forsake,
And to the vale a different winding take!
Hark I descend; my spirits fast decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way. 190

Close with this stage a precipice combines,
Whence still the spacious country far declines:
The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
And men diminish, as at noon their shades!
Thick on this top, o'ergrown, for walks are seen 195
Gray leafless wood, and winter-greens between!
The redd'ning berry deep-ting'd holly shows,
And matted missletoe the white bestows!
'Tho' lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
'Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots, 200
These boughs the silenc'd shiv'ring songsters seek,
These foodful berries fill the hungry beak!

Beneath appears a place all outward bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of Despair!
The water of the mountain road, half stray'd, 205
Breaks o'er it wild, and forms a brown cascade.

Has Nature this rough naked piece design'd
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has. Approach'd appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent; 210

And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hast'ning near:
A death-like chillness whwarts my panting breast:
Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confest!
Of youth his form!—but why with anguish bent?
Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent? 216
Yet Patience, lab'ring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair;
Compassion in his eye surveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief. 220
“ Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,”
He says, “ nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
“ All fear forget—Each portal I possess
“ Duty wide opens to receive distress.”
Oblig'd I follow, by his guidance led, 225
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene
Thro' rifts, each forming a perspective scene. 230
In front a parlour meets my ent'ring view,
Oppos'd a room to sweet refection due:
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Thro' the bor'd rock above the smoke expires:
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread, 235
Crown'd with a heapy fanister of bread:
A maple cup is next dispatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring:

Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine; 240
And sav'ry cates, upon clear embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd pow'r,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.

The hermit thus: "Thou wonder'st at thy fare:
" On me yon city, kind, bestows her care: 246
" Meat for keen famine, and the gen'rous juice
" That warms chill'd life, her charities produce.
" Accept without reward: unask'd 'twas mine:
" Here what thy health requires as free be thine. 250
" Hence learn that God, (who, in the time of need,
" In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
" Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
" His second means, to succour man distress."
He paus'd; deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd;
Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd: 256
" I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
" By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English born.
" Of England!—To me the British state
" Rises, in dear memorial, ever great! 260
" Here stand we conscious—diffidence suspend!
" Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muse extend
" To grots, where Contemplation smiles serene,
" Where angels visit, and where joys convene!
" To groves where more than mortal voices rise,
" Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies? 266

“ This caye—yon’ walks—But, ere I more unfold,
“ What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold?
“ Think subjects of thy toil: nor wond’ring gaze;
“ What cannot Industry completely raise? 270
“ Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
“ By Industry is all with beauty crown’d!
“ He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
“ Hues the hard rock, or harrows up the plain; 274
“ He forms the sword to smite; he sheaths the steel;
“ Draws health from herbs, and shews the balm to
“ Or with loom’d wool the native robe supplies, [heal;
“ Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
“ Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
“ Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway; 280
“ Hence golden Commerce views her wealth increase,
“ The blissful child of Liberty and Peace:
“ He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ’d,
“ Fills with soft fertile mould the sterile void; 284
“ Slop’d up white rocks small yellow harvests grow,
“ And green on terrac’d stages vineyards blow!
“ By him fall mountains to a level space,
“ An isthmus sinks, and sunder’d seas embrace!
“ He founds a city on the naked shore,
“ And Desolation starves the tract no more: 290
“ From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
“ Where wide they foam’d her towns and traffics
stand;
“ He clear’d, manur’d, enlarg’d the furtive ground,
“ And firms the conquest with his fencible mound:

“ Ev’n mid the wat’ry world his Venice rose, 295

“ Each fabric there as Pleasure’s seat he shows !

“ There marts, sports, council, are for action sought,

“ Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.

“ What wonder then I, by his potent aid,

“ A mansion in a barren mountain made? 300

“ Part thou hast view’d—If further we explore,

“ Let Industry deserve applause no more.

“ No frowning care yon’ bless’d apartment sees,

“ There Sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease : 304

“ Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper’d
wealth,

“ There shed the smiles of Innocence and Health.

“ Mark!—here descends a grot, delightful seat!

“ Which warms ev’n winter, temper’s summer heat!

“ See!—gurgling from a-top a spring distils !

“ In mournful measures wind the dripping rills ; 310

“ Soft cooes of distant doves, receiv’d around,

“ In soothing mixture swell the wat’ry sound ;

“ And hence the streamlets seek the terrace’ shade,

“ Within, without, alike to all convey’d.

“ Pass on—New scenes, by my creative pow’r, 315

“ Invite Reflection’s sweet and solemn hour.”

We enter’d where, in well-rang’d order, stood
Th’ instructive volumes of the wise and good.

“ These friends,” said he, “ tho’ I desert mankind,

“ Good angels never would permit behind. 320

“ Each genius youth conceals or time displays

“ I know ; each work some seraph here conveys ;

“ Retirement thus presents my searchful thought
“ What Heav’n inspir’d, and what the Muse has
“ What Young satiric and sublime has writ, [taught;
“ Whose life is virtue, and whose Muse is wit. 326
“ Rapt I foresee thy Mallet’s * early aim
“ Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame :
“ Sweet fancy’s bloom in Fenton’s lay appears,
“ And the ripe judgement of instructive years : 330
“ In Hill is all that gen’rous souls revere,
“ To Virtue and the Muse for ever dear :
“ And, Thomson ! in this praise thy merit see ;
“ The tongue that praises merit praises thee. 334
“ These scorn,” said I, “ the verse-right of their
“ Vain of a labour’d languid, useless page ; [age,
“ To whose dim faculty the meaning song
“ Is glaring or obscure when clear and strong ;
“ Who in cant phrases gives a work disgrace,
“ His wit and oddness of his tone and face ; 340
“ Let the weak malice, nurs’d to an essay,
“ In some low libel a mean heart display ;
“ Those who once prais’d, now undeceiv’d, despise,
“ It lives contemn’d a day, then harmless dies.
“ Or should some nobler bard their worth unpraise,
“ Deserting morals that adorn his lays, 346
“ Alas ! too oft’ each science shews the same,
“ The great grow jealous of a greater name.
“ Ye Bards ! the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock ;
“ Has not a Stillingfleet oppos’d a Locke ? 350

* He had then just written *The Excursion*.

- “ Oh! still proceed, with sacred rapture fir’d ;
“ Unenvy’d had he liv’d if unadmir’d.
“ Let Envy,” he reply’d, “ all ireful rise,
“ Envy pursues alone the brave and wise ;
“ Maro and Socrates inspire her pain, 355
“ And Pope the monarch of the tuneful train !
“ To whom be Nature’s and Britannia’s praise !
“ All their bright honours rush into his lays !
“ And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
“ Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel ! 360
“ Tho’ gay as Mirth, as curious Thought sedate,
“ As Elegance polite, as Pow’r elate ;
“ Profound as Reason, and as Justice clear ;
“ Soft as Compassion, yet as Truth severe ;
“ As Bounty copious, as Persuasion sweet, 365
“ Like Nature various, and like Art complete ;
“ So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
“ His life is almost equall’d by his Muse.
“ O Pope!—since Envy is decreed by Fate,
“ Since she pursues alone the wise and great, 370
“ In one small emblematic landscape see
“ How vast a distance ’twixt thy foe and thee !
“ Truth from an eminence surveys our scene,
“ (A hill, where all is clear and all serene) 374
“ Rude earth-bred storms o’er meaner vallies blow,
“ And wand’ring mists roll, black’ning far below ;
“ Dark and debas’d, like them, is Envy’s aim,
“ And clear and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.”

Thus I. "From what dire cause can envy spring?
"Or why embosom we a viper's sting? 380
"Tis Envy stings our darling passion pride."
"Alas!" the man of mighty soul reply'd,
"Why chuse we mis'ries? Most derive their birth
"From one bad source—we dread superior worth;
"Preferr'd, it seems a satire on our own; 385
"Then heedless to excel we meanly moan:
"Then we abstract our views, and envy show,
"Whence springs the mis'ry Pride is doom'd to
know.

"Thus folly pain creates: by wisdom's pow'r
"We shun the weight of many a restless hour. 390
"Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
"Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
"I of the whole am part—the joy men see
"Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
"Why should I then of private loss complain? 395
"Of loss that proves perchance a brother's gain?
"The wind that binds one bark within the bay
"May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
"If rains redundant flood the abject ground, 399
"Mountains are but supply'd when vales are drown'd;
"If with soft moisture swell'd the vale looks gay,
"The verdure of the mountain fades away.
"Shall clouds but at my welfare's call descend?
"Shall Gravity for me her laws suspend?
"For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear?
"Or motion not subsist to influence air? 406

“ Let the means vary, be they frost or flame,
“ Thy end, O Nature ! still remains the same.
“ Be this the motive of a wise man’s care—
“ To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear.” 410

CANTO II.

WHILE thus a mind humane and wise he shows,
All eloquent of truth his language flows :
Youth, tho’ depress’d, thro’ all his form appears,
Thro’ all his sentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—“ Yet farther industry behold, 5
“ Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold.
“ Enter my chapel next—Lo ! here begin
“ The hallow’d rites that check the growth of sin.
“ When first we met, how soon you seem’d to know
“ My bosom, lab’ring with the throbs of woe ! 10
“ Such racking throbs !—Soft ! when I rouse those
cares,
“ On my chill’d mind pale Recollection glares !
“ When moping Frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
“ Here prudent labours chas’d her pow’r away.
“ Full, and rough-rising from yon’ sculptur’d wall, 15
“ Bold prophets nations to repentance call ! [groan !
“ Meek martyrs smile in flames ! gor’d champions
“ And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone !
“ Next shadow’d light a rounding force bestows,
“ Swells into life, and speaking action grows ! 20

- " Here pleasing melancholy subjects find
" To calm, amuse, exalt, the pensive mind !
" This figure tender grief like mine implies,
" And semblant thoughts that earthly pomp despise.
" Such penitential Magdalenè reveals ; 25
" Loose-vell'd, in negligence of charms she kneels :
" Tho' dress, ne'er stor'd, its vanity supplies,
" The vanity of dress unheeded lies :
" The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
" As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps ; 30
" One hand her bosom smites, in one appears
" The lifted lawn that drinks her falling tears.
" Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
" True fortitude assumes the patient mind :
" Such prov'd Messiah's, tho' to suff'ring born, 35
" To penury, repulse, reproach, and scorn.
" Here, by the pencil, mark his flight design'd,
" The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
" Who feeds the child : her looks a charm express,
" A modest charm ! that dignifies distress : 40
" Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
" Which angels to her busied consort bend :
" Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
" 'Trifles, concerning Him, all heav'n concern'd.
" Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires ; 45
" See ! the white form in a bright cloud aspires !
" Full on his followers bursts a flood of rays,
" Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze !

- “ Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
“ Unsuff’rable, magnificent, and near! 50
“ What scene of agony the garden brings!
“ The cup of gall! the suppliant King of kings!
“ The crown of thorns! the cross, that felt him die!
“ These, languid in the sketch, unfinish’d lie.
“ There, from the dead centurions see him rise, 55
“ See! but struck down with horrible surprise!
“ As the first glory seem’d a sun at noon,
“ This casts the silver splendour of the moon.
“ Here peopled day th’ ascending God surveys!
“ The glory varies as the myriads gaze! 60
“ Now soften’d, like a sun at distance seen,
“ When thro’ a cloud bright-glancing, yet serene!
“ Now fast-increasing to the crowd amaz’d,
“ Like some vast meteor high in ether rais’d!
“ My labour yon’ high-vaulted altar stains 65
“ With dies that emulate ethereal plains:
“ The convex glass, which in that op’ning glows,
“ Mid circling rays a pictur’d Saviour shows!
“ Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
“ Back from the God a show’ry radiance fall: 70
“ Lightning the scene beneath, a scene divine!
“ Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingl’d shine!
“ Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
“ Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound;
“ The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly, 75
“ Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high.

“ This monumental marble—this I rear
“ To one—Oh ! ever mourn’d !—Oh ! ever dear.”
He stopp’d—pathetic sighs the pause supply,
And the prompt tear starts, quiv’ring on his eye ! 80
I look’d—two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag’d Beauty stretch’d at length between.
Near the wept fair her harp Cecilia strung,
Leaning from high a list’ning angel hung ;
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains, 85
A phoenix with irradiate crest sustains :
This grac’d one palm, while one extends t’ impart
Two foreign hands that clasp a burning heart :
A pendent veil two hov’ring seraphs raise,
Which op’ning heav’n upon the roof displays ; 90
And two, benevolent, less distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll’d :
These from the heart, by Friendship held, arise,
Odorous as incense gath’ring in the skies.
In the fond pelican is love exprest, 95
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hov’ring hang in air,
One by a falcon struck—In wild despair
The hermit cries—“ So death, alas ! destroys
“ The tender consort of my cares and joys.” 100
Again soft tears upon his eyelid hung,
Again check’d sounds dy’d, flutt’ring on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmost thought I know ;
Too well ev’n silence tells the story’d woe ;

To his my sighs, to his my tears, reply ; 105
I stray o'er all the tomb a wat'ry eye.

Next on the wall her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd ;
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below. 110

In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
One shews her breast, in rapture one expands !
This the fond hermit seiz'd—o'er all his soul
The soft, wild, wailing, am'rous passion stole !
In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep, 115

Then turn away, a while dejected weep ;
Then he reverts them ; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.

“ Where now is my philosophy ? ” he cries,
“ My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies ! 120

“ Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know ?

“ Was it, ye cruel Fates ! t' imbitter woe ?

“ Why would your bolts not level first my head ?

“ Why must I live to weep Olympia dead ?

“ —Sir, I had once a wife ! fair bloom'd her youth,

“ Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth ! 126

“ Oh ! she was dear ! how dear what words can say ?

“ She dies !—my heav'n at once is snatch'd away !

“ Ah ! what avails that by a father's care

“ I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir ? 130

“ That early in my youth I learn'd to prove

“ Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove ?

- " That in the senate eloquence was mine ?
" That valour gave me in the field to shine ? {all
" That love shower'd blessings too--far more than
" High-rapt Ambition e'er could happy call ? 116
" Ah !—what are these, which ev'n the wise adore ?
" Lost is my pride !—Olympia is no more !
" Had I, ye persecuting Pow'rs ! been born
" The world's cold pity, or at best its scorn ; 140
" Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft,
" To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left,
" Patience or pride to this relief supplies,
" But a lost wife !—there ! there distraction lies !
" Now three sad years I yield me all to grief, 145
" And fly the hated comfort of relief :
" Tho' rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat,
" (My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat ;
" Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
" Despair and Horror lead the cheerless way ! 150
" My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
" Life, injur'd life ! must wish the passion less.
" Olympia !—My Olympia's lost ! (I cry)
" Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply !
" Louder I make my lamentable moan, 155
" The swelling echoes learn like me to groan ;
" The ghosts to scream, asthro' lone aisles they sweep,
" The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep !
" Now grief and rage, by gath'ring sighs suppress,
" Swell my full heart, and heave my lab'ring breast ;

“ With struggling starts each vital string they strain,
“ And strike the tott’ring fabric of my brain : 162
“ O’er my sunk spirits frowns a vap’ry scene,
“ Woe’s dark retreat, the madd’ning maze of spleen!
“ A deep damp gloom o’erspreads the murky cell ;
“ Here pining thoughts and secret terrors dwell : 166
“ Here learn the great unreal wants to feign,
“ Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain ;
“ Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguil’d,
“ Looks dark as Ignorance, as frenzy wild ! 170
“ Here first Credulity on Reason won,
“ And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun :
“ Here Love impearls each moment with a tear,
“ And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear !
“ Fantastic lightnings, thro’ the dreary way, 175
“ In swift short signals flash the bursting day ;
“ Above, beneath, across, around, they fly,
“ A dire deception strikes the mental eye !
“ By the blue fires pale phantoms grin severe,
“ Shrill fancy’s echoes wound th’ affrighted ear, 180
“ Air banish’d spirits flag in fogs profound,
“ And, all obscene, shed baneful damps around ;
“ Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,
“ Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind ! 184
“ Loud laughs the hag—she mocks complaint
“ Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day : [away,
“ Swarms of wild fancies, wing’d in various flight,
“ Seek emblematic shades and mystic light :

"Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car,
"These nod from thrones; those thunder in the war;
"Till tir'd, they turn from the delusive show, 191
"Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe!
"Here the long hour a blank of life displays,
"Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
"A fiend in evil moments ever nigh, 195
"Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
"Her eye all red and sunk—a robe she wore
"With life's calamities embroider'd o'er;
"A mirror in one hand collective shows,
"Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes : 200
"This endless foe to gen'rous toil and pain
"Lolls on a couch for ease, but lolls in vain;
"She muses o'er her woe embroider'd vest,
"And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
"To shun her care the force of sleep she tries. 205
"Still wakes her mind, tho' slumbers doze her eyes;
"She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
"With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
"Now eyes the sun, and curses ev'ry ray,
"Now the green ground, where colour fades away :
"Dim spectres dance : again her eye she rears ; 211
"Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpl'd
tears ;
"Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
"Her brow half bursts with agony of thought :
"From me," she cries, "pale Wretch ! thy comfort
"Born of Despair, and Suicide my name ! [claim,

“ Why should thy life a moment’s pain endure? 217
“ Here ev’ry object proffers grief a cure.” [shoot;”
“ She points where leaves of hemlock black’ning
“ Fear not! pluck! eat,” said she, “the sovereign root!
“ Then Death revers’d shall bear his ebon lance, 221
“ Soft o’er thy sight shall swim the shadowy trance;
“ Or leap yon’ rock, possess a wat’ry grave,
“ And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
“ Or mark—this poniard thus from mis’ry frees!”
“ She wounds her breast—the guilty steel I seize. 226
“ Straight where she struck a smoking spring of gore
“ Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson’d floor.
“ She faints, she fades!—calm thoughts the deed re-
“ And now, unstartling fix the dire resolve; [volve,
“ Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
“ Winning and kind, like my Olympia smiles! 232
“ He points the passage to the seats divine,
“ Where poets, heroes, sainted lovers shine.”
“ I come Olympia!—my rear’d arm extends; 235
“ Half to my breast the threat’ning point descends;
“ Straight thunder rocks the land, new lightnings
 play,
“ When, lo! a voice resounds”—“ Arise! away!
“ Away! nor murmur at th’ afflictive rod,
“ Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God! 240
“ Fly’st thou from Providence for vain relief?
“ Such ill-sought ease shall draw avenging grief.
“ Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
“ And zeal by persecution’s rage refines,

"By woe the soul to daring action swells; 245

"By woe in paintless patience it excels;

"From patience prudent, dear, experience springs,

"And traces knowledge thro' the course of things.

"Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,

"Renown—whate'er men covet and caress." 250

The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice,

"Would'st thou be happy? straight be death thy
choice.

"How mean are those who passively complain,

"While active souls, more free, their fetters strain?

"Tho' knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,

"Renown—whate'er men covet and caress, 256

"On earth success must in its turn give way,

"And ev'n perfection introduce decay:

"Never the world of spirits thus—their rest

"Untouch'd, entire,—once happy, ever blest!" 260

Earnest the heav'nly voice responsive cries,

"Oh! listen not to subtilty unwise;

"Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,

"Heav'n grants to prop thy virtue ere too late.

"Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,

"Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore, 266

"There in a cell thy last remains be spent;

"Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!"

"I heard, obey'd, nor more of Fate complain'd;

"Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd:

"Soon to a yawning rift Chance turn'd my way, 271

"A den it prov'd where a huge serpent lay;

“ Flame-ey’d he lay :—he rages now for food,
“ Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood.
“ His bulk, in many a gather’d orb uproll’d, 275
“ Rears spire on spire. His scales, bedrop’d with gold,
“ Shine burnish’d in the sun. Such height they gain,
“ They dart green lustre on the distant main.
“ Now wreath’d in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
“ Furious to fix on my unshielded breast ! 280
“ Just as he springs my sabre smites the foe ;
“ Headless he falls beneath th’ unerring blow !
“ Wrath yet remains, tho’ strength his fabric leaves,
“ And the meant hiss the gasping mouth deceives,
“ The length’ning trunk slow-loosens ev’ry fold, 285
“ Lingers in life, then stretches stiff and cold.
“ Just as th’ invet’rate son of mischief ends,
“ Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends :
“ I hail this omen ; all bad passions cease,
“ Like the slain snake, and all within is peace. 280
“ Next to religion this plain roof I raise,
“ In duteous rites my hallow’d tapers blaze ;
“ I bid due incense on my altars smoke,
“ Then at this tomb my promis’d love invoke. 294
“ She hears, she comes !—My heart what raptures
“ All my Olympia sparkles in the form ! [warm !
“ No pale, wan, livid, mark of death she bears ;
“ Each roseate look a quick’ning transport wears :
“ A robe of light, high wrought, her shape invests,
“ Unzon’d the swelling beauty of her breasts : 300

" Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
" In her fair hand Love's branch of myrtle blooms :
" Silent a while each well-known charm I trace,
" Then thus—" while nearer she avoids th' embrace,
" Thou dear deceit!—must I a shade pursue? 305
" Dazzled I gaze—thou swimm'st before my view!
" Dipp'd in ethereal dew, her bough divine
" Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the
 shine :
" Still thus I urge, (for still the shadowy bliss
" Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss,)
" Oh! fly not—fade not; listen to Love's call: 311
" She lives! no more I'm man!—I'm spirit all!
" Then let me snatch thee!—press thee!—take me
" Oh! close!—yet closer!—closer to my soul! [whole!
" Twice round her waist my eager arms entwin'd,
" And twice deceiv'd my frenzy clasp'd the wind!
" Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy husband kneel,
" And judge, O judge! what agonies I feel!
" Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
" Take Horror's shape, and fright me to despair! 320
" Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
" Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
" But mock not thus!"—"Alas! (the charmer said,
Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd)
" Alas! no more eluded strength employ 325
" To clasp a shade!—what more is mortal joy?
" Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
" One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!

- “Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possest)
“Supremely curs’d from being greatly blest; 330
“For, oh! so fair, so dear, was I to thee,
“Thou hadst forgot thy god to worship me;
“This he foresaw, and snatch’d me to the tomb;
“Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
“Think me not lost; for thee I Heav’n implore, 335
“Thy guardian angel, tho’ a wife no more.
“I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
“Hint the pure thought, and frame the heav’nly
 dream;
“Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
“In Music’s voice I wake thy mind to pray’r. 340
“By me thy hymns, like purest incense rise,
“Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the Skies.
“And when that form shall from its clay refine,
“ (That only bar betwixt my soul and thine)
“When thy lov’d spirit mounts to realms of light,
“Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight; 346
“Mingled we’ll flame in raptures that aspire
“Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.”
“She ended: still such sweetness dwells behind,
“Th’ enchanting voice still warbles in my mind:
“But, lo! th’ unbody’d vision fleets away— 351
“—Stay, my Olympia—I conjure thee, stay!
“Yet stay—for thee my mem’ry learns to smart;
“Sure ev’ry vein contains a bleeding heart!
“Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day 356
“Than love so pure, so vast, as mine decay:

" From the same heav'nly source its lustre came,
" And glows immortal with congenial flame. "
" Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn :
" Sweet mistress of my soul ! return, return. 360
" " Alas!—she's fled—I traverse now the place
" Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace :
" Now o'er the tomb I bend my drooping head,
" There tears the eloquence of sorrow shed ;
" Sighs choke my words, unable to express. 365
" The pangs, the throbs, of speechless tenderness.
" Not with more ardent, more transparent flame
" Call dying saints on their Creator's name
" Than I on her's ;—but thro' yon yielding door
" Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor : 370
" The roof swift kindles from the beaming ground,
" And floods of living lustre flame around :
" In all the majesty of light array'd,
" Awful it shines !—'tis Cato's honour'd shade !
" As I the heav'nly visitant pursue, 375
" Sublimar glory opens to my view.
" He speaks—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
" His thoughts !—they leave me fir'd with patriot
" More than poetic raptures now I feel, [heat,
" And own that godlike passion public zeal ! 380
" But from my frailty it receives a stain,
" I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain ;
" And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
" And would in scenes of action foremost glow ;

- “ Where proud Ambition points her dazzling rays,
“ Where coronets and crowns attractive blaze, 386
“ When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
“ And lures me back to solitary love
“ She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
“ That genuine greatness shuns the being great; 390
“ That mean are those who false-term’d honour prize,
“ Whose fabrics from their country’s ruin rise;
“ Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair,
“ Who to enjoy the vineyard wrong the heir. 394
“ I hear!—thro’ all my veins new transports roll;
“ I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul :
“ Ravish’d I gaze!—again her charms decay ;
“ Again my manhood to my grief gives way !
“ Cato returns—Zeal takes her course to reign !
“ But zeal is in ambition lost again ! 400
“ I’m now the slave of fondness—now of pride !
“ —By turns they conquer and by turns subside !
“ These balanc’d each by each, the golden mean
“ Betwixt them found gives happiness serene ;
“ This I’ll enjoy!”—He ended!—I reply’d, 405
“ O Hermit ! thou art worth severely try’d !
“ But had not innate grief produc’d thy woes,
“ Men, barb’rous men ! had prey’d on thy repose.
“ When seeking joy we seldom sorrow miss,
“ And often mis’ry points the path to bliss. 410
“ The soil most worthy of the thrifty swain
“ Is wounded thus ere trusted with the grain ;

"The struggling grain must work obscure its way
"Ere the first green springs upward to the day ;
"Upsprung, such weedlike coarseness it betrays
"Flocks o'er th' abandon'd blade permissive graze,
"Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
"And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year." 418

CANTO III.

THUS free our social time from morning flows
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend : "Behold the light's decay ;
"Back to yon city let me point thy way.
"South-west, behind yon' hill, the sloping sun 5
"To ocean's verge his fluent course has run ;
"His parting eyes a wat'ry radiance shed,
"Glance thro' the vale, and tip the mountain's head,
"To which oppos'd the shadowy gulfs below,
"Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow. 10
"Now dance the stars where Vesper leads the way,
"Yet all faint glimm'ring with remains of day ;
"Orient the queen of Night emits her dawn,
"And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn :
"Up the blue steep her crimson orb now shines, 15
"Now on the mountain top her arm reclines,
"In a red crescent seen : her zone now gleams,
"Like Venus, quiv'ring in reflecting streams :

“ Yet redd’ning, yet round burning up the air,
“ From the white cliff her feet slow-rising glare! 20
“ See! flames condens’d new vary her attire
“ Her face a broad circumference of fire:
“ Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
“ Thro’ ranks of pines her broken lustre plays;
“ Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
“ And, glitt’ring, sports upon the spangled snows.
“ Now silver turn her beams!—yon’den they gain;
“ The big rous’d lion shakes his brindled main.
“ Fierce, fleet gaunt monsters, all prepar’d for gore,
“ Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-resounding
 roar.

O dire presage!—But fear not thou my Friend!
“ Our steps the guardians of the just attend. 32
“ Homeward I’ll wait thee on—And now survey
“ How men and spirits chase the night away!
“ Yon’ nymphs and swains in am’rous mirth advance;
“ To breathing music moves the circling dance: 36
“ Here the bold youth in deeds advent’rous glow,
“ Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
“ Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
“ Shot his light car along in swifter pace. 40
“ Here the glaz’d way with iron feet they dare,
“ And glide, well-pois’d, like Mercuries in air,
“ There crowds, with staltie tread and levell’d eye,
“ Lift and dismiss the quoits that whirling fly.
“ With force superior, not with skill so true, 45
“ The pond’rous disk from Grecian sinews flew.

"Where neighb'ring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
"Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensile plain,
"Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
"The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound! 50
"Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate rise,
"And deaf'ning clangour thunders up the skies."

Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd from scene to scene:
Fast wore the night: full long we pac'd our way; 55
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay:
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke:
"Yon' amber-hu'd cascade, which fleecy flies
"Thro' racks, and strays along the trackless skies,
"To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring; 61
"Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
"Measur'd to pipe or harp—and next they stand,
"Marshall'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
"In frost-work now delight the sportive kind, 65
"Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.

"Hark! the funeral bell's deep-sounding toll
"To bliss, from mis'ry, calls some righteous soul!
"Just freed from life, life swift-ascending fire, 69
"Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
"Light claps its wings!--it views, with pitying sight,
"The friendly mourner pay the pious rite; [air,
"The plume high wrought, that black'ning nods in
"The slow-pac'd weeping pomp, the solemn prayer,

“ The decent tomb, the verse that Sorrow gives, 75

“ Where to remembrance sweet fair Virtue lives.

“ Now to mid heav’n the whiten’d moon inclines.

“ And shades contract, mark’d out in nearer lines,

“ With noiseless gloom the plains are delug’d o’er;

“ See!—from the north what streaming meteors pour!

“ Beneath Boötes springs the radiant train, 81

“ And quiver thro’ the axle of his wain.

“ O’er altars thus, impainted, we behold

“ Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.

“ Cross ether swift elance the vivid fires! 85

“ As swift again each pointed flame retires!

“ In Fancy’s eye encount’ring armies glare,

“ And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl’d in air!

“ Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,

“ A monarch ruin’d, or unpeopled state. 90

“ Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise

“ To them wild omens! science to the wise!

“ These mark the comet to the sun incline,

“ While deep-red flames around its center shine!

“ While its fierce rear a winding trail displays, 95

“ And lights all ether with the sweepy blaze!

“ Or when, compell’d, it flies the torrid zone,

“ And shoots by worlds unnumber’d and unknown,

“ By worlds, whose people, all aghast with fear,

“ May view that minister of vengeance near! 100

“ Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,

“ Decays, and darkens ’mid involving frost!

“ Or when it, sun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
 “ And burns imperious on th’ ethereal plain,
 “ The learn’d one curious eyes it from afar, 105
 “ Sparking thro’ night a new illustrious star.”

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
 The various talk—the city near in view.

“ Here from still life,” he cries, “ avert thy sight,
 “ And mark what deeds adorn or shame the night;
 “ But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly, 111
 “ Where Decency forbids Inquiry’s eye:
 “ Man were not man without love’s wanton fire,
 “ But reason’s glory is to quell desire.
 “ What are thy fruits, O Lust! short blessings,
 bought

“ With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought; 116
 “ Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
 “ Doom’d for another’s crimes thro’ life to mourn,
 “ Or murder’d to preserve a mother’s fame,
 “ Or cast obscure, the child of want and shame! 120
 “ False pride! what vices on our conduct steal,
 “ From the world’s eye one frailty to conceal!
 “ Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! those words command;
 “ So near shall Cruelty and Mother stand?
 “ Can the dove’s bosom snaky venom draw? 125
 “ Can its foot sharpen like the vulture’s claw?
 “ Can the fond goat, or tender fleecy dam,
 “ Howl like the wolf, to tear the kid or lamb?
 “ Yes, there are mothers”—There I fear’d his aim,
 And, conscious, trembled at the coming name; 130

Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd;
Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd.

That tenderness which ties of blood deny
Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye. 134

Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to gen'ral views
Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

“Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
“Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
“From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
“Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly: 140
“There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
“And fortune, health, and dearer time, destroys;
“Soon Death's dark agent to luxuriant Ease
“Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.

“O Man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state;
“Thy thoughts, first-rank'd, were sure design'd the
great; 146

“Passions plebeians are, which faction raise;
“Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze;
“Then giddy Anarchy's rude triumphs rise;
“Then sov'reign Reason from her empire flies: 150
“That ruler once depos'd, Wisdom and Wit
“To Noise and Folly, Place and Pow'r submit;
“Like a frail bark the weaken'd mind is tost,
“Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.

“The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir, 155
“And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care:
“His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
“Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave!

“ For this low thoughted craft his life employ’d ;
“ For this, tho’ wealthy, he no wealth enjoy’d ; 160
“ For this he grip’d the poor, and alms deny’d,
“ Unfriend liv’d, and unlamented dy’d.
“ Yet smile, griev’d shade ! when that unprosp’rous
store
“ Fast lessens when gay hours return no more ;
“ Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall, 165
“ Men once oblig’d, like him, ungrateful all !
“ Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
“ And prove his only wise, unflatt’ring friend.
“ Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport, 169
“ While plotting Mischief keeps reserv’d her court.
“ Lo ! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
“ Stream flames voluminous enwrapp’d with smoke !
“ In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tow’r,
“ Lean on its brow, and, like destruction, low’r !
“ From the black depth a fiery legion springs ; 175
“ Each bold bad spectre claps her sounding wings :
“ And straight beneath a summon’d trait’rous band,
“ On horror bent, in dark convention stand :
“ From each fiend’s mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
“ Glides thro’ the roof, and o’er the council glows :
“ The villains, close beneath th’ infection pent, 181
“ Feel, all possess’d, their rising galls ferment,
“ And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
“ For rapine, blood, and devastation dire !
“ But Justice marks their ways ; she waves in air 185
“ The sword high-threat’ning, like a comet’s glare.

“ While here dark Villany herself deceives,
“ There studious Honesty our view relieves.
“ A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room
“ Scatt’ring thin rays, just glimmers thro’ the gloom:
“ There sits the sapient bard in museful mood, 191
“ And glows impassion’d for his country’s good;
“ All the bright spirits of the just, combin’d,
“ Inform, refine, and prompt his tow’ring mind!
“ He takes the gifted quill from hands divine, 195
“ Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
“ Now rapt, now more than man!—I see him climb
“ To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
“ I see him now o’er nature’s works preside!
“ How clear the vision! and the scene how wide! 200
“ Let some a name by adulation raise,
“ Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise,
“ My Muse,” he cries, “ a nobler prospect view!
“ Thro’ Fancy’s wilds some moral’s point pursue,
“ From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
“ As from black Chaos rose resplendent day; 206
“ Awake Compassion, and bid Terror rise;
“ Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes;
“ So pamper’d Pow’r, unconscious of distress,
“ May see, be mov’d, and, being mov’d, redress. 210
“ Ye Traitors! Tyrants! fear his stinging lay;
“ Ye Pow’rs unlov’d, unpity’d in decay!
“ But know, to you sweet-blossom’d Fame he
 brings,
“ Ye Heroes, Patriots, and paternal Kings!

“ O Thou! who form’st, who rais’d the poet’s art,
“ (Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart; 216
“ If wailing Worth can gen’rous warmth excite,
“ If verse can gild instruction with delight,
“ Inspire his holiest Muse with orient flame,
“ To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim! 220
“ But, O my Friend! mysterious is our fate;
“ How mean his fortune, tho’ his mind elate!
“ Æneas-like he passes thro’ the crowd,
“ Unsought, unseen, beneath misfortune’s cloud!
“ Or seen with slight regard; unprais’d his name;
“ His after-honour, and our after-shame. 226
“ The doom’d desert to Av’rice stands confest,
“ Her eyes averted are, and steel’d her breast:
“ Envy asquint the future wonder eyes;
“ Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies; 230
“ While coward Censure, skill’d in darker ways,
“ Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
“ Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
“ Unjust derision too!—that tongue of gall!
“ Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endu’d,
“ Usher’d by Pride, and by Reproach pursu’d; 236
“ Forc’d Pity meets him with a cold respect,
“ Unkind as Scorn, ungen’rous as Neglect.
“ Yet, suff’ring Worth! thy fortitude will
“ shine;
“ Thy foes are Virtue’s, and her friends are thine!
“ Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown,
“ Thy treasure prudence, and thy claim renown;

- “ Myriads unborn shall mourn thy hapless fate,
“ And myriads grow by thy example great !
“ Hark ! from the watch-tow’r rolls the trumpet-
 sound, 245
“ Sweet thro’ still night proclaiming safety round !
“ Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
“ To aid some orphan of its race distress,
“ Safe winds him thro’ the subterraneous way,
“ That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin gray,
“ And marks the wealthy unsuspected ground, 251
“ Where, green with rust, long-bury’d coins abound.
“ This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
“ Saw those the living trusted wrong the dead ;
“ He saw, by fraud abus’d, the lifeless hand 255
“ Sign the fale deed that alienates his land ;
“ Heard on his fame injurious censure thrown,
“ And mourn’d the beggar’d orphan’s bitter groan :
“ Commission’d now the falsehood he reveals,
“ To justice soon th’ enabled heir appeals ; 260
“ Soon by this wealth are costly pleas maintain’d,
“ And by discover’d truth lost right regain’d.
“ But why (may some inquire) why kind success,
“ Since mystic Heav’n gives mis’ry oft to bless ?
“ Tho’ mis’ry leads to happiness and truth, 265
“ Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
“ Unstrengthen’d virtue scarce his bosom fir’d,
“ And fearful from his growing wants retir’d.
“ Oh ! let none censure, (if untry’d by grief,
“ If, amidst woe, untempted by relief) 270

- “ He stoop’d reluctant to low arts of shame, [name.
“ Which then, ev’n then! he scorn’d, and blush’d to
“ His own sees and makes th’ imperfect Worth its care,
“ And cheer’d the trembling heart unform’d to bear.
“ Now rising fortune elevates his mind, 275
“ He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
“ So in some engine that depletes a vent
“ If unrespiring is some creature pent,
“ It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
“ Sad o’er the sight swim shadowy mists of death:
“ If then kind air pours pow’rful in again, 281
“ New heats, new pulses, quicken ev’ry vein;
“ From the clear’d, lifted, life-rekindled eye
“ Dispers’d, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
“ From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
“ And o’er their bodies hang with wistful eyes, 286
“ Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
“ With howling wolves, their screams with scream-
ing owls.
“ The interval ’twixt night and morn is nigh,
“ Winter more nitrous chills the shadow’d sky: 290
“ Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
“ Nor smoking breathe along the whiten’d scene;
“ While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
“ Like veins blue-winding on a fair one’s arm.
“ Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his power,
“ And broken slumbers drag the restless hour: 296
“ The murder’d seems alive, and ghastly glares,
“ And in dire dreams the conscious murd’rer scares;

“ Shews the yet-spouting wound, th’ ensanguin’d
floor,

“ The walls yet smoking with the spatter’d gore.

“ Or shrieks to dozing Justice, and reveals 301

“ The deed which fraudulent art from day conceals;

“ The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,

“ Where the disfigur’d corpse unshrouded lies;

“ The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain’d,

“ Pale Guilt starts self-convicted when arraign’d.

“ These spirits Treason of its pow’r divest,

“ And turn the peril from the patriot’s breast :

“ Those solemn thoughts inspire, or bright descend

“ To snatch in vision sweet the dying friend. 310

“ But we deceive the gloom ; the matin bell

“ Summons to pray’r!—Now breaks th’ enchanter’s
spell !

“ And now—But yon fair spirit’s form survey!

“ ’Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away!

“ I haste!—I fly!—Adieu!—and when you see 315

“ The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:

“ Tell him my Tale, and be his pain carest ;

“ By love I tortur’d was, by love I’m blest.

“ When worshipp’d woman we entranc’d behold,

“ We praise the Maker in his fairest mould; 320

“ The pride of nature, harmony combin’d,

“ And light immortal to the soul refin’d !

“ Depriv’d of charming woman ! soon we miss

“ The prize of friendship and the life of bliss ! 324

" Still thro' the shades Olympia dawning breaks !
" What bloom, what brightness, lustres o'er her
" A voice she calls !—I dare no longer stay ! [cheeks !
" A kind farewell—Olympia ! I obey."
He turn'd, nor longer in my sight remain'd ;
The mountain he, I saw the city gain'd. 330

CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway !
Still on strange visionary land I stray :
Now scenes crowd thick, now indistinct appear,
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year.
Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws ;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws ; 6
From vernal heat pale Winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a watry eye,
Then with an aguish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes, 10
Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in sharp livid looks contracts the face ;
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away,
Such slipp'ry paths Ambition's steps betray :
Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees, 15
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze ;
Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
Like fame's, obscur'd amid the whit'ning clouds,
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd ;
Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd ; 19

Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
A waste, pale glimm'ring, like a moon that wanes,
A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
It cracks!—vast floating mountains beat the shore!
Far off he hears those icy rains roar, 26
And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near, the rushing torrents sound,
And one great rift runs thro' the vast profound 30
Swift as a shooting meteor, groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder thro' a rending cloud.
The late dark pole now feels unsetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to Frost he goes, 35
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows;
Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
Few men, unsocial those—a barb'rous race!
At length the cave appears, the race is run;
Now he recounts vast conquests lost and won, 40
And taleful in th' embrace of Frost remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmest influence glows :
From glowing Cancer fall'n, the king of day 45
Red thro' the kindling Lion shoots his ray :
The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.

'Tis day-spring. Now green lab'riths I frequent,
Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content. 50

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends;
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to worlds sublime:
Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire, 55
Like Envy, rears in many a scaly spire;
Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the Morn, in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle and a purple vest, 60
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay:
Collected, now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distill:
The songful Zephyrs, and the laughing Hours, 65
Breathe sweet, and strew her op'ning way with
flow'rs.

The chatt'ring swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return with plenteous fare:
So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills with big hopes his infant's tender cries. 70

Yonder two turtles o'er their callow brood
Hang hov'ring ere they seek their guiltless food;
Fondly they bill: now to their morning care,
Like our first Parents, part the am'rous pair;
But, ah!—a pair no more!—With spreading wings
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs; 76

Steady he sails along th' aerial gray,
Swoops down, and bears yon tim'rous dove away.
Start we who, worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human-kind ! 80

Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd
prey :

Rooks from their nodding nests black-swarming fly,
And in hoarse uproar tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the Sun 85
Is warn'd the blue ethereal steep to run ;
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure
plays ;

The liquid floor, inwrought with pearls divine, 91
Where all his labours in Mosaic shine :

His coronet a cloud of silver white,
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Vary'd with gems, all heav'n's collected store ! 95
While his loose locks descend, a golden show'r.

If to his steps compar'd we tardy find
The Grecian racers who outstripp'd the wind,
Flest to the glowing race behold him start !
His quick'ning eyes a quivering radiance dart, 100
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.

The sun-flow'r now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
What ray creative pow'r his presence brings! 105
Hills, lawn, lakes, villages—the face of things;
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd
Instant begins in colours to exist!
But absent these from sons of Riot keep,
Lost in impure unmeditating sleep. 110
T' unlock his fence the new ris'n swain prepares,
And ere forth-driv'n recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold,
But by the pastor not in vain defy'd, 115
Like our arch foe by some celestial guide.

Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey,
Bask'd in the sun his skin reflects the day;
He sees yon tow'r-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy tide. 120

The wat'ry herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flow'rs
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly
show'rs.

Hail, glorious Sun! to whose attractive fires
The weaken'd vegetative life aspires;
The juices wrought by thy directive force 125
Thro' plants and trees perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk, or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flow'ry blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit. 130

From thee, bright universal Powr! began
Instinct in brute, and gen'rous love in man.

Talk'd I of love?—Yon swain, with am'rous air,
Soft swells his pipe to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks, then, list'ning as he plays, 135
Steals in the running brook a conscious gaze.

The trout, that deep in winter ooz'd remains,
Upsprings, and sunward turns its crimson stains.

The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd,
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast, 140
Seek their small vaulted labyrinths in vain,
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;
Red massacres thro' their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.

The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd, 145
And all the live-long night his net work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away,
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.

Near Neptune's temple, (Neptune's now no more)
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore, 150
In sportive rings the gen'rous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human kind:
Dear, pleasant friendship!—See! the pile commands

The vale, and grim as Superstition stands! 154
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green
With hollows carv'd for snakes and birds obscene.

O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell and man to praise.

When mould'ring thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay ; 160
Where Ignorance and scorn the ground shall tread,
Where Wisdom tutor'd and devotion pray'd,
Where shall thy pompous works our wonder claim ?
What but the Muse alone preserve thy name ?

The sun shines broken thro' yon arch that rears
This once round fabric, half depriv'd by years, 166
Which rose a stately colonade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found ;
In fragments these the fall of those forebode
Which nodding, just upheave their crumbling load.
High on yon column, which has batter'd stood, 171
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aerial nest,
By her at liberty and peace carest ;
She flies the realms that own despotic kings, 175
And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings :
The roof is now the daw's or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant,
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes flutt'ring by. 180

An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel thro' a ruin'd arch betray'd ;
Whirl'd down a steep, it flies with torrent force,
Flashes and roars, and ploughs a devious course.

Attracted mists a golden cloud commence, 185
While thro' high-colour'd air strike rays intense :

Betwixt two points, which yon' steep mountains
show,

Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads length'ning in the rock—be this my seat.
Heat never enters here, but Coolness reigns
O'er Zephyrs, and distilling wat'ry veins.
Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age ; 194
Thro' days, months, years, thro' times whole course
And present stand, where time itself begun. [I run,

Ye mighty Dead ! of just distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts ! (ye bright Instructors !) here I claim :
Here ancient knowledge open's Nature's springs,
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings ; 200
Hence Contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind.
O lov'd Retreat ! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in pow'r to see,
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee. 206

Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
While in Death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear !—Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn. 210
Wild his complaint ! nor sweeter Sorrow's strains
When Singer for Alexis lost complains.
Each friend condole, expostulates, reproves ;
More than a father raving Tully loves ;

Or Sallust censures thus—Unheeding blame 215
He schemes a Temple to his Tullia's name.

Thus o'er my hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's Tomb, his moving Tale,
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast, 220

But, hark! a sudden pow'r attunes the air;
Th, enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they sink or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks
prolong.

I listen'd, gaz'd, when wondrous to behold! 225
From ocean steam'd a vapour, gath'ring roll'd;
A blue round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame:
Full-orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming sight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood!—amaz'd I still remain! 231

What earthly pow'r this wonder can explain?
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away;
My eyes restor'd a mortal form survey.
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he!—"All hail!" he cries,
"I see, and would alleviate thy surprise." 236
"The vanish'd meteor was Heav'n's message meant
"To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
"Hear, then: In this sequester'd cave, retir'd,
"Departed saints converse with men inspir'd: 240
"'Tis sacred ground, nor can thy mind endure,
"Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.

- “ Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
 “ O’er yonder lawn; there find the heav’n-born
 Muse!
 “ Or seek her where she trusts her tuneful tale 245
 “ To the mid silent wood or vocal vale;
 “ Where trees half check the light with trembling
 shades,
 “ Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
 “ Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
 “ The landscape vary’d at each less’ning end; 250
 “ She, only she, can mortal thoughts refine,
 “ And raise thy voice to visitants divine.” 252

CANTO V.

WE left the cave. “ Be Fear,” said I, “ defy’d!
 “ Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.”

By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
 Whose summit yields a prospect o’er the plain;
 There, bench’d with turf, an oak our seat extends, 5
 Whose top a verdant branch’d pavilion bends;
 Vistas with leaves diversify the scene,
 Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.

Now from the full-grown day a beamy show’r
 Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flow’r; 10
 Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
 Various as light, and countless as its rays;

They dance on ev'ry stream, and pictur'd play,
Till by the wat'ry racer snatch'd away.

Now from yon' range of rocks strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flow'ry plains around ; 16

King-cups beneath far striking colours glance,
Bright as th' ethereal glows the green expanse :
Gems of the field !—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these effulging yellow streams of light: 20

From the same rocks fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source ;
Thro' her clear channel shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands like gold the liquid crystal rolls ;

Dimm'd in yon coarser moor her charms decay, 25
And shape thro' rustling reeds a ruffled way ;
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw ;
Now lost she seems thro' nether tracks to flow,

Yet at yon point winds out in silver state,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate. 30

In length'ning rows prone from the mountains run
The flocks—their fleeces glist'ning in the sun ;
Her streams they seek, and 'twixt her neighb'ring
Recline in various attitudes of ease ; [trees

Where the herds sip the little scaly fry 35
Swift from the shore in scatt'ring myriads fly.

Each liv'ry'd cloud that round th' horizon glows
Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose:
The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bow'r,
And circling settles, and despoils the flow'r : 40

Melodious there the plummy songsters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat :
Neat polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay,
Time-batter'd tow'rs frown awful in decay ;
The sun plays glitt'ring on the rocks and spires, 45
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here Mirth and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light measures turn the swimming dance ;
Sweet slow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears ;
Here Meditation shines, in azure drest,
All starr'd with gems ; a sun adorns her crest :
Religion, to whose lifted raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hosts descend from op'ning skies ;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight,
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight ; 56
Whose brow is majesty, whose bosom peace,
Who bade Creation be, and Chaos cease ;
Whose breath perfumes the spring, whose eye divine
Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine ; 60
Here in thy likeness, fair Ophelia ! * seen,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green :
Next her Description, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive Muse ;
The Muse !—she comes ! refin'd the Passions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great ; 66

* Mrs. Oldfield.

The Muse ! a thousand spirits wing the air
(Once men, who made like her mankind their care)
Enamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstasy her solemn song. 70

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind :
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry-heat, or ev'ning's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm or calm, the gleby ground, 75
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine ;
Bacon and Newton in her thought conspire,
Nor sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre. 80

My Hermit thus : " She beckons us away ;
" Oh ! let us swift the high behest obey !"

Now thro' a lane, which mingling tracks have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay, 85
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes ;
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays,
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze ; 90
Each a wild length of melody pursues,
While the soft murm'ring am'rous wood-dove cooes ;
And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm, 95
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform ;
So loud thro' air unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once in discord drown'd :
From yon dark cypress croaks the raven's cry,
As dissonant the daw, jay, chatt'ring pie ; 100
The clam'rous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharp'ning shriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's preferr'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd ;
Fast by a meagre mendicant we find, 105
Whose russet rags hang flutt'ring in the wind :
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor Wretch !—is this for charity his haunt ?
He meets the frequent slight and ruthless taunt. 110
On slaves of guilt oft' smiles the squand'ring peer,
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain Thing ! in what dost thou superior shine ?
His our first sire ; what race more ancient thine ?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw 115
From men whose influence kept the world in awe ;
Whose worthless sons, like thee perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish by the course of things,
While his from beggars reascend to kings. 120
Now, Lazar ! as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.

When I view Greatness I my lot lament ;
Compar'd to thee I snatch supreme content :
I might have felt, did Heav'n not gracious deal, 115
A fate which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But, soft ! the cripple our approach describes,
And to the gate, tho' weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say, 130
" Here, Friend !—this little copper alms receive,
" Instance of will, without the pow'r to give,
" Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
" How must we grieve when Learning meets neglect ?
" When godlike souls endure a mean restraint ; 135
" When gen'rous will is curb'd by tyrant Want ?
" He truly feels what to distress belongs
" Who to his private adds a people's wrongs ;
" Merit's a mark at which disgrace is thrown,
" And ev'ry injur'd virtue is his own : 140
" Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
" Yet there weep wounds they are deny'd to cure ;
" Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
" And tho' depress'd superior to their fate.
" Minions in pow'r, and misers 'mid their store, 145
" Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
" What's pow'r or wealth ? were they not form'd for
" A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade ? [aid,
" In pow'r we savage Tyranny behold,
" And wily Av'rice owns polluted gold. 150

“ From golden sands her pride could Libya raise ?
“ Could she who spreads no pasture claim our praise ?
“ Loath’d were her wealth where rabid monsters
 breed,

“ Where serpents, pamper’d on her venom, feed ;
“ No shelt’ry trees invite the Wand’rer’s eye, 155
“ No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply ;
“ On her vast wilds no lovely prospects run,
“ But all lies barren, tho’ beneath the sun.”

My Hermit thus. “ I know thy soul believes
“ ’Tis hard Vice triumphs, and that Virtue grieves;
“ Yet oft’ affliction purifies the mind, 161
“ Kind benefits oft’ flow from means unkind.
“ Were the whole known that we uncouth suppose,
“ Doubtless would beauteous symmetry disclose.
“ The naked cliff, that singly rough remains, 165
“ In prospect dignifies the fertile plains ;
“ Lead-colour’d clouds, in scatt’ring fragments
 seen,

“ Shew, tho’ in broken views the blue serene.
“ Severe distresses industry inspire ;
“ Thus captives oft’ excelling arts acquire, 170
“ And boldly struggle thro’ a state of shame
“ To life, ease, plenty, liberty and fame.
“ Sword-law has often Europe’s balance gain’d,
“ And one red vict’ry years of peace maintain’d.
“ We pass thro’ want to wealth, thro’ dismal strife
“ To calm content, thro’ death to endless life. 176

“ Libya thòu nam’st—Let Afric’s wastes appear
“ Curs’d by those heats that fructify the year,
“ Yet the same suns her orange groves befriend,
“ Where clust’ring globes in shining rows depend:
“ Here when fierce beams o’er with’ring plants are
roll’d, 181

“ There the green fruit seems ripen’d into gold :
“ Ev’n scenes that strike with terrible surprise
“ Still prove a God just, merciful, and wise:
“ Sad wintry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring 185
“ The milder beauties of a flow’ry spring.
“ Ye sulph’rous fires ! in jaggy lightnings break;
“ Ye thunders rattle ! and ye nations shake !
“ Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear ! 189
“ Deep crack the rocks ! rent trees be whirl’d in
air !

“ Rest at a stroke some stately fane we’ll mourn,
“ Her tombs wide-shatter’d, and her dead upturn;
“ Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
“ Rack’d earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn;
“ Then all were lost ! -- Or should we floating view 195
“ The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew;
“ Plague, Fever, Frenzy, close engend’ring lie,
“ Till these red ruptures clear the sully’d sky.”

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell’d tracts to various uses wrought : 200
Here hard’ning ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold ;

Here swelling pease on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flow'rs of red and azure shine between,
Whose waving beauties, heighten'd by the sun, 205
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run :
There the next produce of a genial show'r,
The bean fresh blossoms in a speckled flow'r,
Whose morning dew, when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind : 210
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain :
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield :
The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd, 215
Full in the midst starts up a silky shade :
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds ;
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds :
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave :
Hence to adorn the fair in texture gay 221
Sprigs, fruits, and flow'rs, on figur'd vestments play ;
But Industry prepares them oft to please
The guilty pride of vain luxurious ease.

Now frequent dusty gales offensive blow, 225
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift. Near down th' ethereal steep
The lamp of day hangs hor'ring o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes up ether roll'd,
Project long shaggy points deep-ting'd with gold :

Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye, 231
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye;
Their blue-veil'd yellow thro' a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green;
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens as the heat declines. 236

Yon crooked sunny roads change rising views
From brown to sandy-red and chalky hues:
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing
steeds, 240
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke, along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd
streams,

This way and that they diff'rent points pursue, 245
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view:
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of Heav'n in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums and fruits, with jewels rocks,
Plains with flow'rs, herbs, and plants, and bees,
and flocks; 250

Mountains with mines, with oak and cedar woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods;
In dark'ning spots, 'mid fields of various dyes,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies,
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display, 255
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay,

And thickset hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green; 260
The native strawberry red-rip'ning grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose:
There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd:
'Twixt ferns and thistles unsown flow'rs amuse, 265
And form a lucid chase of various hues,
Many half gray with dust; confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wand'ring eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flow'ry plain,
The Muse preceding with her heav'nly train: 270
When, lo! the Mendicant, so late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find;
And yet a view more strange our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands:
O'er skin late wrinkled instant beauty spreads, 275
The late dimm'd eye a vivid lustre sheds;
Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline,
And rags, now chang'd, in regal vestments shine.

The Hermit thus. "In him the Bard behold,
"Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
"The Bard whose want so multiply'd his woes, 281
"He sunk a mortal and a ceraph rose.
"See! where those stately ewe-trees darkling grow,
"And waving o'er yon graves brown horrors
throw,

“ Scornful he points—there, o’er his sacred dust 285

“ Arise the sculptur’d tomb and labour’d bust;

“ Vain pomp! bestow’d by ostentatious Pride,

“ Who to a life of want relief deny’d.”

But thus the Bard. “ Are these the gifts of state?

“ Gifts unreceiv’d!—These? ye ungen’rous Great!

“ How was I treated when in life forlorn? 291

“ My claim your pity, but my lot your scorn!

“ Why were my studious hours oppos’d by need?

“ In me did poverty from guilt proceed?

“ Did I contemporary authors wrong, 295

“ And deem their worth but as they priz’d my song?

“ Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray

“ In the low-purpos’d loud polemic fray?

“ Did e’er my verse immodest warmth contain?

“ Or, once licentious, heav’nly truths profane? 300

“ Never.—And yet when envy sunk my name,

“ Who call’d my shadow’d merit into fame?

“ When, undeserv’d, a prison’s grate I saw,

“ What hand redeem’d me from the wrested law?

“ Who cloth’d me naked, or when hungry fed? 305

“ Why crush the living? why extoll’d the dead?—

“ But foreign languages adopt my lays,

“ And distant nations shame you into praise.

“ Why should unrelish’d wit these honours cause?

“ Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause:

“ Or think you thus a self-renown to raise, 311

“ And mingle your vain glories with my bays?

“ Be your’s the mould’ring tomb ! be mine the lay
“ Immortal ! ” — Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
Tho’ words like these unletter’d pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech. 316
Tho’ now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care ;
To walk disguis’d, an object of relief,
A learn’d, good man, long exercis’d in grief ; 320
Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home ;
Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand,
Beseeching Pity’s eye and Bounty’s hand ;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request, 325
Wand’ring from court to court, a king distrest.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of Woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that gen’rous glow,
Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy and fame. 330
Oft, as when man in mortal state depress’d,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confess’d,
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of woe ;
Patience ! that softens ev’ry sad extreme, 335
That casts thro’ dungeon-glooms a cheerful gleam,
Disarms Disease of pain, mocks Slander’s sting,
And strips of terrors the terrific king,
’Gainst Want a sourer foe, its succour lends,
And smiling sees th’ ingratitude of friends. 340

Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd,
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When watry structures, seen cross heav'n t'ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glitt'ring side 345
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide;
She sees good angels genial show'rs bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow:
They smile upon the swain; he views the prize,
Then grateful bends to bless the bounteous skies. 350
Some winds collect and send propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails,
There ever wafting, on the breath of Fame,
Unequall'd glory in her sov'reign's name:
Some teach young Zephyrs vernal sweets to bear,
And flote the balmy health on ambient air; 356
Zephyrs that oft, where lovers list'ning lie,
Along the grove in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers that abstract the soul. 360
Some range the colours as they parted fly,
Clear pointed to the philosophic eye;
The flaming red that pains the dwelling gaze,
The stainless lightsome yellow's gilding rays,
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows, 365
And to kind mixture lawny lustre owes;
All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye,
The bright transparent blue, that robes the sky;

And indigo, which shaded light displays,
 And violet, which in the view decays : 370
 Parental hues, whence others all proceed,
 An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed,
 Unravell'd, variegated lines of sight,
 When blended dazzling in promiscuous white.
 Of thro' these bows departed spirits range, 375
 New to the skies, admiring at their change;
 Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
 Behold a second blank in second birth;
 Then, as yon seraph-bard fram'd hearts below,
 Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show,
 New saints he tutors into truth refin'd, 381
 And tunes to rapt'rous love the new-form'd mind:
 He swells the lyre, whose loud melodious lays
 Call high hosannas from the voice of praise;
 Tho' one bad age such poesy could wrong, 385
 Now worlds around retentive roll the song;
 Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
 Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.

Thus he who once knew want without relief
 Sees joy resulting from well-suff'ring grief. 390
 Hark! while we talk, a distant patt'ring rain
 Resounds:—See! up the broad ethereal plain
 Shoots the bright bow!—the seraph flits away;
 The Muse, the Graces, from our view decay.

Behind yon western hill the globe of light 395
 Drops sudden, fast pursu'd by shades of night.

Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulph'rous car-like clouds upflew !
What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view !
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes, 401
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems ;
But Justice, rouz'd, superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys :
Discord she wills ; the missile ruin flies ; 405
Sudden unnatural debates arise,
Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
Dark-hinted mutt'rings, and avow'd distrust ;
To secret ferment is each heart resign'd,
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind : 410
They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
And wrath to wrath oppose and (guile to guile ;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray ;
Each dire device starts naked into day ;
They feel confusion in the van with fear ; 415
They feel the king of Terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by diff'rent motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one Revenge inspir'd :
The third, O Mammon ! was thy meaner slave :
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave. 420

Florio, whose life was one continu'd feast,
His wealth diminish'd and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp and equipage his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires ;

He, to repair by vice what vice has broke, 425
Durs with bold treasons Judgment's rod provoke:
His strength of mind, by lux'ry half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe where deep he stands involv'd:
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies,
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries, 430
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself, then thinks alone on life:
He rolls red swelling tearful eyes around, 435
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground:
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancy'd axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope inquires, stops short with fear,
Entreats ev'n flatt'ry, nor the worst will hear; 440
The worst, alas! his doom—What friend replies?
Each speaks with shaking head and downcast eyes:
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear,
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear,
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown 445
Comes thund'ring in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough struck thro' and thro', in ghastly stare
He stands transfix'd, the statue of Despair;
Nor aught of life nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes: 450
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams;
That past—collected in himself he seems,

And with forc'd smile retires—His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.

If with himself at variance ever wild, 455
With angry Heav'n how stands he reconcil'd?

No penitential prisons arise,

Nay, he obtests the justice of the Skies.

Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life, he moans,

His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans, 460

To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,

Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors;

To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,

One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.

At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies, 465

But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,

Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,

Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy:

Proud palaces their glitt'ring stores display;

Gain he pursues, and Rapine leads the way. 470

What gold! what gems!—he strains to seize the prize;

Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies!

Conscious he cries—"And must I wake to weep?

"Ah! yet return, return delusive sleep!"

Sleep comes, but liberty no more—Unkind, 475

The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.

Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call,

Wide-flying portals seem unhing'd to fall,

Then close with sudden claps, a dreadful din!

He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within. 480

His genius flies—Reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? what, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, tho' shameful death?
Rash, horrid thought! yet, now afraid to live, 485
Murd'rous he strikes—May Heav'n the deed forgive!

Why had he thus false spirit to rebel,
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were his success, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe. 490
Heav'n this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life mispent.

Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground,
Full in the centre of three meeting ways, 495
Stak'd thro' he lies—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.

Near yonder fane, where Mis'ry sleeps in peace,
Whose spire fast-lessens as these shades increase,
Left to the north, whence oft-brew'd tempests roll,
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo! of thy soul, 500
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of pow'r, thro' him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood:
In pow'r, vindictive actions were his aim, 505
And patriots perish'd by th' ungenrous flame.
If the best cause he in the Senate chose,
Ev'n right in him from some wrong motive rose.

The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise,
Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wise.
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain ; 511
His malice had a look and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard or enpoison'd scent :
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave, 515
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need,
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed,
But if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all. 520
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame. [fame,
When parts in probity in man combine, 525
In Wisdom's eye how charming must he shine!
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion which his nature feels ; 530
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride,
But pride and anger make all fear subside :
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate,
A desp'rate spirit ! rather fierce than great :
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast, 535
A sullen, wand'ring, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing length'ning aisle we find,
Full east, whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate! 541
Lamented Shade! ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wond'ring, oft' his worth survey'd;
"Behold a man like one of us!" they said.
Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd. 546
First Av'rice came; in vain self-love she press'd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend. 550
Next came Revenge; but her essay how vain!
Not hate nor envy in his heart remain;
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice, the mother of vindictive Rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live; 555
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of Public Zeal;
Still in his breast so gen'rous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became. 560
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it godlike to have pow'r to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er,
And virtue and content were then no more.

But when to death by rig'rous Justice doom'd,
His genuine spirit saint-like state resum'd, 566
Oft' from soft penitence distill'd a tear,
Oft' hope in heav'nly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft' would a drop from strugg'ling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all. 570

He seeks in Heav'n a friend, nor seeks in vain;
His guardian angel swift descends again,
And resolution thus bespeaks a mind
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd:
" —Ye chains ! fit only to restrain the will 575
" Of common desp'rate veterans in ill,
" Tho' rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
" Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear ?
" No !—free as Liberty, and quick as light,
" To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
" Ye Dungeon-glooms ! that dim corporeal eyes,
" Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies ?
" No !—from her clearer sight ye fled away,
" Like Error, pierc'd by Truth's resistless ray.
" Ye Walls ! that witness my repentant moan ; 585
" Ye Echoes ! that to midnight sorrows groan ;
" Do I, in wrath, to you of Fate complain,
" Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain ?
" No !—Hail, twice hail, then, ignominious death !
" Behold how willing glides my parting breath ! 590
" Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed !
" Like me have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.

“ Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, all
“ Like me once fell, nor murmur’d at their fall.
“ Shall I, whose days at best, no ill-design’d, 595
“ Whose virtue shone not, tho’ I lov’d mankind,
“ Shall I, now guilty wretch ! shall I repine ?
“ Ah ! no ; to justice let me life resign.
“ Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe !
“ He taught me patience who first taught me woe :
“ But friends are foes, they render woe severe, 601
“ For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
“ Not those, yet absent, missive griefs control ;
“ These periods weep, those rave, and these condole :
“ At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprise,
“ Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies ; 606
“ One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast ;
“ Ah ! who can bear ? — it shocks, it murders rest !
“ And is it yours, alas ! my friends, to feel ?
“ And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal ? 610
“ Is mine the patience, yours the bosom strife ?
“ Ah ! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life ?
“ Adieu ; dear dang’rous Mourners ! swift depart ;
“ Ah ! fly me ; fly ! — I tear ye from my heart ! 614
“ Ye Saints ! whom fears of death could ne’er con-
“ In my last hour compose, support my soul ; [trol,
“ See my blood wash repented sin away ;
“ Receive, receive me to eternal day !”

With words like these the destin’d hero dies,
While angels waft his soul to happier skies. 620

Distinction now gives way ; yet on we talk,
Full darkness deep'ning o'er the formless walk :
Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
Nor bright distends her star-embroider'd veil ;
Her leaden feet inclement damps distil, 625
Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill ;
An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies,
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies :
So Pride, that rose from dust to guilty pow'r,
Glares out in vain ; so dust shall pride devour. 630

Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With toothful tridents strike the scaly train ;
Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quiv'ring yet alive. 634

While here methought our time in converse past,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast ;
At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
And the warn'd master's arms forbade the prey.
Thus treason steals, the patriot thus describes, 639
Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.

Pale glow-worms glimmer'd thro' the depth of
night

Scatt'ring, like hope thro' fear, a doubtful light :
Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful Love ;
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue, 645
And Pain, forgot to groan, so sweet she sung :
The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now listen'd, and a while was charm'd ;

But like the man whose frequent stubborn will
Resists what kind seraphic sounds instill, 650
Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd,
Which clos'd her ear, and temyted to destroy
The tuneful life that charms with virtuous joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless way, 655
No friendly stars directive beams display :
But, lo !—a thousand lights shoot instant rays ;
Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.
“ I stand astonish'd ” thus the Hermit cries ;
“ Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprise ; 660
“ Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
“ And cease to echo still Olympia's name ;
“ Grots, riv'lets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
“ Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
“ Can I be mortal, and those hours no more, 665
“ Those am'rous hours, that plaintive echoes bore ?
“ Am I the same ? ah ! no—behold a mind
“ Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd !
“ Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
“ Saw my health languish off in pale decay : 670
“ No racking pain yet gave disease a date,
“ No sad presageful thought preluded fate :
“ Yet number'd were my days—My destin'd end
“ Near, and more near—Nay, every fear suspend !
“ I pass'd a weary, ling'ring, sleepless night, 675
“ Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light ;

"But few my steps—a faint and cheerless few,
"Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew:
"When, lo! retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
"My limbs upon a flow'ry bank I laid, 680
"Soon by soft-creeping murmur'ing winds compos'd,
"A slumber press'd my languid eyes—they clos'd,
"But clos'd not long—methought Olympia spoke;
"Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber
broke: 684

"I wak'd: forth-gliding from a neighb'ring wood,
"Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood:
"Rapt'rous I started up to clasp the shade,
"But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
"A mantling chillness o'er my bosom spread,
"As if that instant number'd with the dead. 690
"Her voice now sent a far imperfect sound,
"When in a swimming trance my pangs were
drown'd.

"Still farther off she call'd—With soft surprise
"I turn'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise;
"Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew,
"Then up my struggling soul unburthen'd flew.
"Thus from a state where sin and grief abide,
"Heav'n summon'd me to mercy—thus I dy'd."

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start
Like bolted ice runs shiv'ring thro' my heart. 700
"Art thou not mortal then?" I cry'd. But, lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow;
In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air:

Mild from his eyes enliv'ning glories beam, 705
 Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme;
 Bright plumes of ev'ry dye, that round him flow,
 Vest, robe, and wings, in vary'd lustre show:
 He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;
 A grace celestial gives him all to shine: 710
 He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
 The forests move, and streams stand list'ning
 Thus he. “As incorruption I assum'd, [round!
 “As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
 “Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs 715
 “With diff'rent lights discern'd the form of things;
 “To earth my passions fell like mists away,
 “And reason open'd in eternal day:
 “Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
 “Celestial knowledge shone in ev'ry view. 720
 “My food was truth—what transport could I
 “My prospect all infinitude of bliss? [miss,
 “Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
 “Onward to mercy led the shining way,
 “As far transcendant to her wonted air, 725
 “As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
 “In voice and form beauty more beauteous shows,
 “And harmony still more harmonious grows.
 “She points out souls who taught me Friendship's
 charms, 729
 “They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms!
 “Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command,
 “Patrons and patriots all, a glorious band!

- " Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
" Shone out, white rob'd with saints, a spotless
mind!
" What once below ambition made him miss, 735
" Humility here gain'd a life of bliss !
" Tho' late, let sinners then from sin depart;
" Heav'n never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
" Last shone, with sweet exalted lustre grac'd,
" The Seraph-Bard, in highest order plac'd! 740
" Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
" All raptur'd, listen as he raptur'd sings :
" Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
" Greet smiles with smiles, and ev'ry joy with joy :
" Charmful he rose; his ever charming tongue 745
" Joy to our second hymeneals sung;
" Still as we pass'd the bright celestial throng
" Hail'd us in social love and heav'nly song.
" Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
" I come an angel to the Muse and Thee. 750
" These lights that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
" Are emanations all of forms divine.
" And here the Muse, tho' melted from thy gaze,
" Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
" If thou wouldst peace attain my words attend,
" The last fond words of thy departed friend! 756
" True joy's a seraph that to heav'n aspires,
" Unhurt it triumphs mid' celestial choirs ;
" But should no cares a mortal state molest,
" Life were a state of ignorance at best. 760

“ Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
“ Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
“ Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
“ Whence could she learn to call ideas home !
“ Justly to know thyself peruse mankind ; 765
“ To know thy God paint nature on thy mind ;
“ Without such science of the worldly scene
“ What is retirement ?—empty pride or spleen ;
“ But with it wisdom. There shall cares refine,
“ Render’d by contemplation half divine. 770
“ Trust not the frantic or mysterious guide,
“ Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman’s pride ;
“ On Nature’s wonders fix alone thy zeal ;
“ They dim not reason when they truth reveal ;
“ So shall religion in thy heart endure 775
“ From all traditionary falsehood pure ;
“ So life make death familiar to thy eye ;
“ So shalt thou live as thou may’st learn to die ;
“ And tho’ thou view’st thy worst oppressor thrive,
“ From transient woe immortal bliss derive. 780
“ Farewell !—Nay, stop the parting tear—I go,
“ But leave the Muse thy comforter below.”
He said : instant his pinions upward soar,
He less’ning as they rise till seen no more.

While contemplation weigh’d the mystic view
The lights all vanish’d, and the Vision flew. 786

THE BASTARD.

Inscribed, with all due reverence,
TO MRS. BRETT,
ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

"Decet haec dare dona Novercam."

OVID. MET.

PREFACE.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun when my heart was gayer than it has been of late, and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe that no part of this flows from any real anger against the Lady to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my sovereign.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint—When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of think-

ing, I consider, as I was a derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe: for being a spot of earth to which no body pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his royalty.

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back with confusion upon the mercy I have lately experienced; because it is impossible to remember it but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the royal pity, if a wretch can with propriety be said to live whose days are fewer than his sorrows, and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which his Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness, to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler lesson, to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE,

THE BASTARD.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began.

Bless'd be the Bastard's birth! thro' wondrous ways
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he! 5
He! stamp'd in Nature's mint of ecstasy!
He lives to build, not boast a gen'rous race,
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face!
His daring hope no sire's example bounds;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds: 10
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name!

Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed,
Nor guides nor rules his sov'reign choice control, 15
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name,
Nature's unbounded son! he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own. 20

O Mother! yet no Mother! 'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due:
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause!
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line, 25
From ties maternal, moral, and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd; 50
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire, 35
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state, 40
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumb'ring in a seat by chance my own!

Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot!
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot,
Strong as Necessity, he starts away, 45
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day!

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay flutt'ring Hope my fancy fir'd.
Inly secure, thro' conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will, 50
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one,
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now, expos'd, and shrinking from distress, 55
I fly to shelter while the tempests press;

My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish and the numbers groan.

O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again! 60
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to ev'ry blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall, 65
Yet thou repeat'st and multiply'st them all!

Is chance a guilt? that my disast'rous heart
For mischief never meant must ever smart!
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah! plead no more.
What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er? 70
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy side
Thou hadst not been provok'd—or thou hadst dy'd.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me, 75
To me! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to see:
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows, one day,
What rip'ning virtues might have made their way! 80
He might have liv'd till folly dy'd in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame:
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd,
Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd;

He might have sav'd some worth now doom'd to fall,
And I, perchance, in him have murder'd all. 86

O fate of late repentance! always vain;
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.

Where shall my hope find rest?—No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer; 90

No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.

Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
First to advance, then skreen from future harm?

Am I return'd from death to live in pain? 95
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?

Distrust it not—What blame can mercy find
Which gives at once a life and rears a mind?

Mother, miscall'd, farewell!—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear; 100

All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,

New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim, 105
But dare not whisper her immortal name;

Supremely lovely, and serenely great!

Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!

Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore! 110

One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

THE PROGRESS OF A DIVINE.

A SATIRE.

ALL priests are not the same be understood ;
Priests are like other folks, some bad some good.
What's vice or virtue sure admits no doubt ;
Then, Clergy ! with church mission or without,
When good or bad annex we to your name, 5
The greater honour or the greater shame.

Mark how a country Curate once could rise,
Tho' neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise :
Of innkeeper or butcher if begot,
At Cam or Isis bred, imports it not. 10
A servitor he was—Of hall or college?
Ask not—to neither credit is his knowledge.

Four years thro' foggy ale yet made him see
Just his neck-verse to read and take degree.
A gown with added sleeves he now may wear, 15
While his round cap transforms into a square.
Him, quite unscon'd, the butt'ry book shall own,
At pray'rs, tho' ne'er devout, so constant known.
Let testimonials then his worth disclose :
He gains a cassock, beaver, and a rose. 20

A Curate now, his furniture review,
A few old sermons and a bottle-screw !
“ A Curate ?—where ? His name,” cries one, “ recite ;
“ Or tell me this—Is pudding his delight ?

“Why, our’s loves pudding—Does he so?—’tis he:

“A servitor!—Sure Curil will find a key.” 26

His Alma Mater now he quite forsakes,
She gave him one degree, and two he takes:

He now the hood and sleeve of Master wears;

“Doctor!” quoth they—and, lo! a scarf he bears;

A swelling, russling, glossy scarf: yet he 31

By peer unqualify’d as by degree.

This Curate learns church-dues and law to tease,

When time shall serve for tithes and surplice-fees;

When ’scapes some portion’d girl from guardian’s

He the snug licence gets for nuptial hour, [pow’r,

And, rend’ring vain her parents’ prudent cares, 37

To Sharper weds her, and with Sharper shares.

Let babes of poverty convulsive lie,

No bottle waits tho’ babes unsprinkled die.

Half-office serves the fun’ral, if it bring 41

No hope of scarf, of hatband, gloves, or ring.

Does any wealthy fair desponding lie,

With scrup’lous conscience, tho’ she knows not why?

Would cordial counsel make the patient well? 45

Our priest shall raise the vapours, not dispel.

His cant some orphan’s piteous case shall bring;

He bids her give the widow’s heart to sing:

He pleads for age in want; and, while she lingers,

Thus snares her charity with bird-lime fingers. 50

Now in the patron’s mansion see the wight

Factionous for pow’r—a son of Levi right!

Servile to 'squires, to vassals proud his mien,
As Codex to inferior clergy seen.
He flatters till you blush ; but when withdrawn, 55
'Tis his to slander, as 't was his to fawn.
He pumps for secrets, pries o'er servants' ways,
And, like a meddling priest, can mischief raise,
And from such mischief thus can plead desert——
'Tis all my patron's int'rest at my heart.——— 60
Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live ;
None more need pardon, and none less forgive.
At what does next his erudition aim ?
To kill the footed and the feather'd game :
Then this apostle, for a daintier dish, 65
With line or net shall plot the fate of fish.
In kitchen what the cookmaid calls a cot,
In cellar with the butler brother sot.
Here, too, he corks, in brewhouse hops the beer ;
Bright in the hall his parts at Whist appear ; 70
Dext'rous to pack, yet at all cheats exclaiming :
The Priest has av'rice, av'rice itch of gaming,
And gaming fraud.—But fair he strikes the ball,
And at the plain of billiard pockets all.
At tables now !—But, oh ! if gammon'd there, 75
The startling Echoes learn like him to swear !
Tho' ne'er at authors in the study seen,
At bowls sagacious master of the green.
A connoisseur as cunning as a fox
To bet on races or on battling cocks ; 80

To preach o'er beer, in boroughs to procure
 Voters to make the 'squire's election sure ;
 For this where clowns stare, gape, and grin, and
 bawl,

Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.

When the clod justice some horse-laugh would raise,
 Foremost the dullest of dull jokes to praise ;
 To say or unsay at his patron's nod,
 To do the will of all—save that of God.

His int'rest the most servile part he deems,
 Yet much he sways where much to serve he seems ;
 He sways his patron, rules the lady most, 91
 And as he rules the lady rules the roast.

Old tradesmen must give way to new—his aim
 Extorted poundage, once the steward's claim.
 Tenants are rais'd, or, as his pow'r increases, 95
 Unless they fine to him renew no leases.

Thus tradesmen, servants, tenants, none are free ;
 Their loss and murmur are his gain and glee.

Lux'ry he loves, but, like a priest of sense,
 Ev'n lux'ry loves not at his own expence. 100
 Tho' harlot passions wanton with his will,
 Yet av'rice is his wedded passion still.

See him with napkin o'er his band tuck'd in,
 While the rich grease hangs glist'ning on his chin ;
 Or as the oil from Aaron's beard declines, 105
 Ev'n to his garment-hem soft-trickling shines !
 He feeds and feeds, swills soup, and sucks up marrow ;
 Swills, sucks, and feeds, till leach'rous as a sparrow.

Thy pleasure, Onan ! now no more delights,
The lone amusement of his chaster nights. 110

He boasts—(let ladies put him to the test)
Strong back, broad shoulders, and a well-built chest.

With stiff'ning nerves now steals he sly away,
Alert, warm, chuckling, ripe for am'rous play;
Ripe to caress the lass he once thought meet 115

At church to chide when penanc'd in a sheet:

He pants the titillating joy to prove,
The fierce short sallies of luxurious love.

Not fair Cadiere and Confessor than they
In straining transport more lascivious lay. 120

Conceives her womb while each so melts and thrills?
He plies her now with love, and now with pills:
No more falls penance cloth'd in shame upon her,
These kill her embryo and preserve her honour.

Riches, love, pow'r, his passions then we own;
Can he court pow'r and pant not for renown? 126

Fool, wise, good, wicked—all desire a name;
Than him young heroes burn not more for fame.

While about ways of heav'n the schoolmen jar,
(The church re-echoing to the wordy war) 130

The ways of earth he (on his horse astride)
Can with big words contest, with blows decide;
He dares some carrier charg'd with cumbrous load,
Disputes, dismounts, and boxes, for the road.

Ye hooting boys, "Oh, well play'd, parson!" cry;
"O! well-play'd, parson!" hooting vales reply. 136

Winds waft it to cathedral domes around :
 Cathedral domes from inmost choirs resound !

The man has many meritorious ways ;
 He'll smoke his pipe, and London's prelate praise.
 His public pray'rs, his oaths for George declare ; 141
 Yet mental reservation may forswear ;
 For, safe with friends, he now, in loyal stealth,
 Hiccups, and, stagg'ring, cries—" King Jemmy's
 health."

God's word he preaches now, and now profanes ;
 Now swallows camels, and at gnats now strains. 146
 He pities men who, in unrighteous days ;
 Read, or, what's worse, write poetry and plays.
 He readeth not what any author saith,
 The more his merit in implicit faith. 150

Those who a jot from Mother Church recede,
 He damns like any Athanasian creed.
 He rails at Hoadley : so can zeal possess him,
 He's orthodox as G-b-s-n's self—God bless him !

Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thanksgiving,
 Sweeps off th' incumbent now of Fat-goose living.

He seeks his patron's lady, finds the fair,
 And for her int'rest first prefers his pray'r.—

" You pose me not," said she, " tho' hard the task,
 " Tho' husbands seldom give what wives will ask.

" My Deary does not yet to think incline 161

" How oft' your nest you feather, Priest, from
 mine.

" This pin-money, tho' short, has not betray'd,
" Nor jewels pawn'd, nor tradesmen's bills unpaid ;
" Mine is the female fashionable skill, 165
" To win my wants by cheating at Quadrille.
" You bid me with prim look the world delude ;
" Nor sins my Priest demurer than his prude.
" Least thinks my Lord you plant the secret korn,
" That your's his hopeful heir so newly born. 170
" 'Tis mine to tease him first with jealous fears,
" And thunder all my virtue in his ears :
" My virtue rules unquestion'd—Where's the cue
" For that which governs him to govern you ?
" I gave you pow'r the family complain ; 175
" I gave you love ; but all your love is gain.
" My int'rest, wealth—for these alone you burn ;
" With these you leave me, and with these return :
" Then, as no truant wants excuse for play,
" 'Twas duty—duty call'd you far away, 180
" The sick to visit—some miles off to preach :
" —You come not but to suck one like a leach."

Thus, lady-like, she wanders from the case,
Keeps to no point but runs a wild-goose chase. 184
She talks and talks—to him her words are wind,
For Fat-goose living fills alone his mind.

He leaves her, to his patron warm applies—
" But, Parson, mark the terms ;" his patron cries.
" Yon door you held for me and handmaid Nell,
" The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell. 190

" My spouse has yet no jealous odd conjecture ;
 " Oh! shield my morning rest from curtain-lecture.
 " Parson! take breeding Nelly quick to wife,
 " And Fat-goose living then is yours for life."

Patron and spouse thus mutually beguil'd, 195
 Patron and Priest thus own each other's child ;
 Smock Simony agreed!—Thus, Curate, rise,
 Tho' neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise.

Vicars (poor Wights!) for lost impropriation,
 Rue, tho' good Protestants, the Reformation. 200
 Preferr'd from curate, see our souls' protector
 No murm'ring vicar but rejoicing Rector!
 Not hir'd by laymen nor by laymen shown,
 Church-lands now theirs, and tithes no more his own.

His patron can't revoke but may repent ; 205
 To bully now, not please, our parson's bent.
 When from dependence freed (such priestly will!)
 Priests soon treat all, but first their patrons, ill.

Vestries he rules—Ye lawyers! hither draw—
 He snacks—his people deep are plung'd in law! 210
 Now these plague those, this parish now sues that
 For burying or maintaining foundling brat.
 Now with churchwardens cribs the rev'rend thief
 From workhouse-pittance and collection-brief;
 Nay, sacramental alms purloins as sure, 215
 And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.

Poor folks he'll shun, but pray by rich if ill,
 And watch, and watch—to slide into their will;

Then pop, perchance, in consecrated wine,
What speeds the soul he fits for realms divine. 220

Why could not London this good parson gain?
Before him sepulchres had rent in twain:

Then had he learn'd with sextons to invade,
And strip with sacrilegious hands the dead;
To tear off rings ere yet the finger rots, 225

To part them, for the vesture-shroud cast lots;
Had made dead skulls for coin the chymist's share,
The female corpse the surgeon's purchas'd ware,
And peering view'd, when for dissection laid,
That secret place which Love has sacred made. 230

Grudge, Heroes! not your heads in stills inclos'd;
Grudge not, ye Fair! your parts ripp'd up expos'd;
As strikes the choice anatomy our eyes,

As here dead skulls in quick'ning cordials rise,
From Egypt thus a rival traffic springs, 235

Her vended mummies thus were once her kings;
The line of Ninus now in drugs is roll'd,
And Ptolemy's himself for balsam sold.

Volumes unread his library compose,
Gay shine their gilded backs in letter'd rows: 240

Cheap he collects—his friends the dupes are known;
They buy, he borrows, and each book's his own.

Poor neighbours earn his ale, but earn it dear,
His ale he traffics for a nobler cheer; 244

For mugs of ale some poach—no game they spare,
Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.

Some plunder fishponds, others (ven'son thieves)
The forest ravage, and the Priest receives.

Let Plenty at his board then lacky serve !

No—tho' with Plenty Penury will starve. 250

He deals with London fishmongers—his books
Swell in accompts with poulterers and with cooks.

Wide and more wide his swelling fortune flows,
Narrower and narrower still his spirit grows.

His servants—hard has Fate their lot decreed ;
They toil like horses, like chamelions feed : 255

Sunday, no sabbath, is in labour spent,
And Christmas renders 'em as lean as Lent.

Him long nor faithful services engage ;
See 'em dismiss'd in sickness or in age. 260

His wife, poor Nelly ! leads a life of dread,
Now best, now pinch'd in arms, and now in bread.

If decent powder deck th' adjusted hair,

If modish silk for once improve her air,

Her with past faults thus shocks his cruel tone, 265
(Faults, tho' from thence her dowry now his own)--

“ Thus shall my purse your carnal joys procure

“ All dress is nothing but a harlot's lure.

“ Sackcloth alone your sin should, penanc'd wear,

“ Your locks uncomb'd, with ashes sprinkled stare.

“ Spare diet thins the blood—if more you crave,

“ 'Tis mine my viands and your soul to save. 272

“ Blood must be drawn not swell'd—then strip,
and dread

“ This waving horsewhip circling o'er my head !

" Be yours the blubb'ring lip and whimp'ring eye !
 " Frequent this lash shall righteous stripes supply.
 " What, squall you ? call no kindred to your aid,
 " You wedded when no widow, yet no maid.
 " Did law Mosaic * now in force remain,
 " Say to what father durst you then complain ? 280
 " What had your virtue witness'd ? well I know
 " No bridal sheets could virgin token show ;
 " Elders had sought but miss'd the signing red,
 " And law then, Harlot ! straight had ston'd you
 dead."

Nor former vice alone her pain insures, 285
 Nelly for present virtue much endures :
 For, lo ! she charms some wealthy am'rous squire,
 Her spouse would let her, like his mare, for hire.
 'Twere thus no sin should love her limbs employ !
 Be his the profit and be her's the joy ! 290
 This when her chastity or pride denies,
 His words reproach her, and his kicks chastise.

At length in childbed she, with broken heart,
 Tips off—poor Soul !—Let her in peace depart ;
 He mourns her death who did her life destroy ; 295
 He weeps, and weeps--Oh ! how he weeps--for joy ;
 Then cries, with seeming grief, " Is Nelly dead ?
 " No more with woman creak my couch or bed !"
 'Tis true, he spouse nor doxy more enjoys ;
 Women farewell ! he lusts not—but for boys. 300

* For a particular account of this law we refer to Deuteronomy, chap. xxii. ver. 13---21

This Priest, ye Clergy ! not fictitious call ;
 Think him not form'd to represent ye all.
 Should Satire quirks of vile attornies draw,
 Say, would that mean to ridicule all law ?
 Describe some mard'ring quack with want of
 knowledge,

Would true physicians cry—you mean the college ?
 Bless'd be your cloth !—But if in him 'tis curst,
 'Tis as best things corrupted are the worst.

But lest with keys the guiltless Curll defame
 Be publish'd here—Melchisedeck his name ! 310
 Of Oxford too, but her strict terms have dropt him,
 And Cambridge, *ad eundem*, shall adopt him.
 Of arts now master him the hood confirms ;
 'Scap'd are his exercises, 'scap'd his terms ;
 See the degree of Doctor next excite ! 315

The scarf he once usurp'd becomes his right.
 A Doctor ! could he disputants refute ?
 Not so—first compromis'd was the dispute.

At Fat-goose living seldom he resides ;
 A curate there small pittance well provides. 320
 See him at London studiously profound,
 With bags of gold, not books, encompass'd round !
 He from the broker how to job discerns ;
 He from the scriv'ner art of us'ry learns ;
 How to let int'rest run on int'rest knows, 325
 And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclose ;
 Tenants and boroughs bought with monstrous trea-
 Elections turn obedient to his pleasure : [sure,

Like St-bb-ng let him country mobs support,
 And then, like St-bb-ng, crave a grace at court !
 He sues, he teases, and he perseveres ; 331
 Not blushless Henley less abash'd appears :
 His impudence, of proof in ev'ry trial,
 Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.
 A spy, he aims by others' fall to rise ; 335
 Vile as Iscariot U——n, betrays, belies ;
 And say, what better recommends than this,
 Lo ! Codex greets him with a holy kiss ;
 Him thus instructs in controversial stuff,
 Him who ne'er argu'd but with kick and cuff. 340
 My Weekly Miscellany be your lore ;
 Then rise at once the champion of church-pow'r !
 The trick of jumbling contradictions know,
 In church be high, in politics seem low :
 Seek some antagonist, then wound his name ; 345
 The better still his life the more defame :
 Quote him unfair, and in expression quaint
 Force him to father meanings never meant.
 Learn but mere names, resistless is your page,
 For these enchant the vulgar, those enrage. 350
 Name Church, that mystic spell shall mobs com-
 mand,
 Let Heretic each reas'ning Christian brand :
 Cry Schismatic, let men of conscience shrink !
 Cry Infidel, and who shall dare to think ?

* The worthy orator.

Invoke the Civil pow'r, not sense, for aid ;
 Assert not argue ; menace, not persuade ;
 Shew Discord and her fiends would save the nation,
 But her call Peace, her fiend is a Convocation !

By me and Webster finish'd thus at school,
 Last for the pulpit learn this golden rule ! 360

Detach the sense, and pother o'er the text,
 And puzzle first yourself, your audience next.

Ne'er let your doctrine ethic truth impart ;
 Be that as free from morals as your heart :
 Say faith without one virtue shall do well, 365
 But without faith all virtues doom to hell !

What is this faith ? not what (as Scripture shows)
 Appeals to reason when 'twould truth disclose ;

This against reason dare we recommend ;
 Faith may be true, yet not on truth depend. 370

'Tis mystic light—a light which shall conceal,
 A revelation which shall not reveal.

If faith is faith 'tis orthodox in brief,
 Belief not orthodox is not belief ;

And who has not belief pronounce him plain 375
 No Christian—Codex bids you this maintain.

Thus with much wealth, some jargon, and no
 To seat Episcopal our Doctor trace ! [grace,

Codex, deceiving the superior ear,
 Procures the Congè (much miscall'd) d'Elire. 380

(Let this the force of our fine precept tell,
 That faith without one virtue shall do well.)

The Dean and Ceapter daring not t' inquire,
 Elect him—Why?—to shun a premunire.
 Within, without, be tidings roll'd around, 385
 Organs within and bells without resound.
 Lawn-sleev'd and mitred, stand he now confest :
 See Codex consecrate— a solemn jest !

The wicked's pray'rs prevail not—Pardon me, 389
 Who for your lordship's blessing bend—no knee.

Like other Priests when to small fees you send 'em,
 Let ours hold Fat-goose living *in commendam* !

An officer who ne'er his king rever'd,
 For trait'rous toasts and cowardice cashier'd :

A broken 'pothecary, once renown'd 395
 For drugs that poison'd half the country round,

From whom warm girls, if pregnant ere they marry,
 Take physic, and for honour's sake miscarry :

A lawyer fam'd for length'ning bills of cost,
 While much he plagu'd mankind, his clients most,
 To lick up ev'ry neighbour's fortune known, 401
 And then let Lux'ry lick up all his own :

A Cambridge soph, who once for wit was held
 Esteem'd, but vicious, and for vice expell'd,
 With parts his Lordship's lame ones to support 405
 In well tim'd sermons, fit to cant at court,

Or accurately pen (a talent better !)
 His Lordship's senate speech and past'ral letter :

These four, to purify from sinful stains,
 This Bishop first absolves, and then ordains : 410

His chaplains these ! and each of rising knows
Those righteous arts by which their patron rose.

See him Lord Spiritual dead-voting seated ;
He soon (tho' ne'er to heav'n) shall be translated.
Would now the mitre circle Rundle's crest ? 415
See him with Codex ready to protest !

Thus holy, holy, holy Bishop rise,
Tho' neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise !
Think not these lays, ye Clergy ! would abuse ;
Thus, when these lays commenc'd, premis'd the
Muse—

All priests are not the same be understood ;
Priests are like other folk, some bad some good.
The good no sanction give the wicked's fame,
Nor with the wicked share the good in shame.
Then, wise Freethinkers ! cry not smartly thus—
Is the Priest work'd ?—the Poet's one of us ! 426
Freethinkers, bigots, are alike to me,
For these misdeem half-thinking thinking free ;
Those speculative without speculation,
Call myst'ry and credulity salvation. 430
Let us believe with reason, and, in chief,
Let our good works demonstrate our belief.
Faith without virtue never shall do well,
And never virtue without faith excel. 434

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO PUBLIC WORKS:

AN EPISTLE

To his Royal Highness

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

CONTENTS.

OF reservoirs, and their use. Of draining fens and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and stopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building lighthouses. Of agriculture, gardening and planting, for the noblest uses. Of commerce. Of public roads. Of public buildings, viz. squares, streets, mansions, palaces, courts of justice, senate-houses, theatres, hospitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter. Of colonies. The slave-trade censured, &c.

GREAT hope of Britain!—Here the Muse essays
A theme which to attempt alone is praise.
Be her's a zeal of Public Spirit known,
A princely Zeal!—a Spirit all your own!

Where never science beam'd a friendly ray, 5
Where one vast blank neglected nature lay,
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void.
Hail, Arts! where safety, treasure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wond'rous works unite: 10
Those wondrous works, O Muse! successive raise,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praise.

What tho' no streams, magnificently play'd,
Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade?
Thro' nether pipes, which nobler use renowns, 15
Lo! ductile riv'lets visit distant towns.
Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose aguish influence tainted heav'n before:
The solid isthmus sinks a wat'ry space,
And wonders, in new state, at naval grace. 20
Where the flood deep'ning rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road yon arch connective bends:
Where ports were choak'd, where mounds in vain
arose,
There harbours open, and there breaches close;
To keels obedient spreads each liquid plain, 25
And bulwark moles repel the boist'rous main.
When the sunk sun no homeward sail befriends,
On the rock's brow the lighthouse kind ascends,
And from the shoally o'er the gulfy way
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray. 30
Count still, my Muse! (to count what Muse can
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace. [cease?])
By them shall plants in forests reach the skies,
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise;
(Navies! which to invasive foes explain 35
Heav'n throws not round us rocks and seas in vain)
The sail of Commerce in each sky aspires,
And Property assures what Toil acquires,
Who digs the mine or quarry digs with glee;
No slave—his option and his gain are free: 40

Him the same laws the same protection yield
Who plows the furrow as who owns the field.

Unlike where Tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless, leafless, and uncultur'd plains.

Here herbs of food and physic plenty show'rs, 45

Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flow'rs.

Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,

Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear;

White shine the Fleecy race, which Fate shall doom

The feast of life, the treasure of the loom. 50

On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves,

While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves;

Where pathless woods no grateful op'nings knew,

Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view.

See the parterre confess expansive day, 55

The grot elusive of the noon-tide ray:

Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,

Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.

Now the blue lake reflected heav'n displays,

Now darkens, regularly wild, the maze; 60

Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues, intervene,

Now centre, now commence, or end the scene.

Lo! proud alcoves; lo! soft sequester'd bow'rs,

Retreats of social or of studious hours!

Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend, 65

There others natively grotesque depend:

The rude, the delicate, immingled, tell

How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel,

And how, while these their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art. 70
Thus in the various yet harmonious space
Blend order, symmetry, and force and grace.

When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
Free op'ning gates and bow'ry pleasures free;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss, 75
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.

Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase;
From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British hence with Roman grandeur vies; 80
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears,
That alters Nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Tho' no proud gates, with China's taught to vie, 85
Magnificently useless strike the eye;
(Useless where rocks a surer barrier lend,
Where seas encircle, and where fleets defend)
What tho' no arch of triumph is assign'd
To laurell'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd mankind?
Tho' no vast wall extends from coast to coast, 91
No pyramid aspires, sublimely lost?
Yet the safe road thro' rocks shall winding tend,
And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
Lo! stately streets; lo! ample squares, invite 95
The salutary gale that breathes delight;

Lo! structures mark the charitable soil
For casual ill, maim'd Valour, feeble Toil,
Worn out with care, infirmity, and age,
The life here ent'ring quitting there the stage; 100
The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
To starve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
If from the murd'ring mother 'scape the child!
Oh! guard his youth from Sin's alluring voice, 105
From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence and courts their pride: 110
Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
To that still worthy of the wise and great:
Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
They shall—when pleasure and instruction blend.
Let theatres from Public Spirit shine, 115
Such theatre as, Athens! once were thine.
See! the gay Muse, of pointed wit possest;
Who wakes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest,
What tho' she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
And laughs each fav'rite folly into shame: 120
With lib'ral light the tragic charms the age,
In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
There human nature, mark'd in diff'rent lines,
Alive in character distinctly shines:

Quick passions change alternate on her face, 125
Her diction music, as her action grace;
Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic sighs and pity-moving tears;
Instant we catch her gen'rous glow of soul,
Till one great striking moral crowns the whole. 130

Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.

Where various edifice the land renowns, 135
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns:
She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
Bids Painting live along the story'd wall;
Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
And much she welcomes all, but most the poor: 140
She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends:
She rears the tow'r whose height the heav'ns admire;
She rears, she rounds, she points, the less'ning spire:
At her command the college-roofs ascend, 145
(For Public Spirit still is Learning's friend)
Stupendous piles! which useful pomp completes;
Thus rise Religion's and thus Learning's seats:
There moral truth and holy science spring,
And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing; 150
There some draw health from herbs and min'ral veins,
Some search the systems of the heav'nly plains;

Some call from history past times to view,
And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
Thence saving rights by legislators-plann'd, 155
And guardian patriots silence inspire the land.

Now grant, ye Pow'rs! one great, one fond desire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd
The swelling arch and stately colonnade; 160
Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers, join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!

But now be all the gen'rous goddess seen,
When most diffus'd she shines and most benign:
Ye sons of Misery! attract her view; 165
Ye sallow, hollow-ey'd, and meagre Crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of Toil our arts demand?
Then to the Public, to itself, we fear
Ev'n willing Industry grows useless here. 170
Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
Has War so long withdrawn his barb'rous train,
That Peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air, 175
That Want must prey on those Disease would spare?
Hence beauteous wretches, (Beauty's foul disgrace!)
Tho' born the pride, the shame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
Live but themselves and others to destroy; 180

Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder, prone,
 First driv'n by want, from habit desp'rate grown;
 Hence for ow'd trifles oft ovr jails contain
 ('Torn from mankind) a miserable train!
 Torn from, in spite of Nature's tend'rest cries, 185
 Parental, filial, and connubial ties :
 The trader, when on ev'ry side distress,
 Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest :
 To prop his question'd credit's tott'ring state,
 Others he first involves to share his fate, 190
 Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam,
 Never to hope a friend nor find a home.

This Public Spirit sees ? she sees, and feels ;
 Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals ;
 (The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows 195
 For others' welfare and for others' woes) —
 “ And what can I,” she said, “ to cure their grief ?
 “ Shall I or point out death or point relief ?
 “ Forth shall I lead them to some happier soil,
 “ To conquest lead them, and enrich with spoil ? 200
 “ Bid them convulse a world, make Nature groan,
 “ And spill in shedding others' blood their own ?
 “ No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition ! wage ;
 “ Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage :
 “ Whole nations to depopulate is thine, 205
 “ To people, culture, and protect, be mine ! ”
 Then range the world, Discov'ry !—Straight he goes
 O'er seas, o'er Libya's sands, and Zembla's snows ;

He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile!) on some luxuriant houseless wild. 210

How many sons of Want might here enjoy

What Nature gives for age but to destroy?

"Blush, blush, O Sun!" she cries, "here vainly
found,

"To rise, to set, to roll the season round;

"Shall heav'n distil in dews, descend in rain, 215

"From earth gush fountains, rivers flow, in vain?

"There shall the wat'ry lives in myriads stray,

"And be, to be alone each other's prey?

"Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own

"The various species of mechanic stone? 220

"From structure this, from sculpture that, confine?

"Shall racks forbid the latent gem to shine?

"Shall mines, obedient, aid no artist's care,

"Nor give the martial sword and peaceful share?

"Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold, 225

"To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?

"Shall here the vegetable world alone

"For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?

"While food and physic plants and herbs supply,

"Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die? 230

"Shall fruits which none but brutal eyes survey

"Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?

"Shall here th' irrational, the savage kind,

"Lord it o'er stores by Heav'n for man design'd,

"And trample what mild suns benignly raise, 235

"While man must lose the use and Heav'n the praise?

" Shall it then be ?"—(Indignant here she rose,
 Indignant yet humane her bosom glows)—
 " Not by each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
 " By men for virtue deify'd by Fame, 240
 " Who peopled lands, who modell'd infant state,
 " And then bade empire be maturely great ;
 " By these I swear (be witness Earth and Skies !)
 " Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.
 " Rapt, I a future colony survey; 245
 " Come then, ye sons of Mis'ry ! come away:
 " Let those whose sorrows from neglect are known,
 " (Here taught, compell'd, empow'r'd) neglect atone;
 " Let those enjoy who never merit woes,
 " In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose ; 25
 " Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
 " Shall prompt their industry and pay their toil.
 " Let families, long strangers to delight,
 " Whom wayward Fate dispers'd, by me unite ;
 " Here live enjoying life, see plenty, peace, 255
 " Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
 " As Nature yet is found in leafy glades
 " To intermix the walks with lights and shades ;
 " Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
 " Various the goddess colours human life ; 260
 " So in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
 " Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene,
 " Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
 " Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the
 mew ; 264

“ Where prowls the wolf, where roll’d the serpent
“ Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise, [lies,
“ And towns shall open (all of structure fair !)
“ To bright’ning prospects and to purest air ;
“ Frequented ports and vineyards green succeed,
“ And flocks increasing whiten all the mead ; 270
“ On science science, arts on arts refine ;
“ On these from high all heav’n shall smiling shine,
“ And Public Spirit here a people show
“ Free, num’rous, pleas’d, and busy all below.
“ Learn, future natives of this promis’d land, 275
“ What your forefathers ow’d my saving hand :
“ Learn, when Despair such sudden bliss shall see,
“ Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me !
“ Do you the neighb’ring blameless Indian aid,
“ Culture what he neglects, not his invade ; 280
“ Dare not, oh ! dare not, with ambitious view,
“ Force or demand subjection never due.
“ Let, by my specious name no tyrants rise,
“ And cry, while they enslave, they civilize.
“ Know, Liberty and I are still the same, 285
“ Congenial—ever mingling flame with flame.
“ Why must I Afric’s sable children see
“ Vended for slaves, tho’ form’d by Nature free,
“ The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
“ Those to subject whom Nature equal meant? 290
“ If these you dare (albeit unjust success
“ Empow’rs you now unpunish’d to oppress)

“ Revolving empire you and yours may doom,
“ (Rome all subdu’d, yet Vandals vanquish’d Rome)
“ Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day, 295
“ And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.”

Thus (ah ! how far unequal’d by my lays,
Unskill’d the heart to melt or mind to raise)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly clear,
Worthy a Thomson’s muse, a Fred’rick’s ear, 300
Thus spoke the goddess ; thus I faintly tell
In what lov’d works Heav’n gives her to excel.
But who her sons that, to her int’rest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you ?
These, Sir ! salute you from life’s middle state, 305
Rich without gold, and without titles great ;
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish’d tho’ in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound her name,
Nor sneer’d nor brib’d from virtue into shame ; 310
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.

Mixing with these a few of rank are found
For councils, embassies, and camps, renown’d ;
Vers’d in gay life, in honest maxims read, 315
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head :
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev’n courts refine ;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, soft’ning into ease polite. 320

Happy the men who such a prince can please!
 Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!
 His condescensions dignity display,
 Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
 For him fine marble in the quarry lies, 325
 Which in due statues to his fame shall rise;
 Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
 And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

THE POET'S DEPENDENCE

ON A STATESMAN.

SOME seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
 That from neglect my num'rous hardships spring.
 "Seek the great man," they cry—'Tis then decreed
 In him if I court fortune I succeed.

What friends to second? who for me should sue 5
 Have int'rests partial to themselves in view:
 They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
 They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.

There are who ask no pension, want no place,
 No title wish, and would accept no grace. 10
 Can I entreat they should for me obtain
 The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?
 A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
 "Those love him; let those serve him—why should
 I?"

Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views. 15
 At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
 But on less terms in promise he complies;
 Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise:
 I trust, am trusted, on my fairy gain,
 And woes on woes attend, an endless train. 20

Be posts dispos'd at will—I have for these
 No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.
 All secret service from my soul I hate,
 All dark intrigues of pleasure or of state.
 I have no pow'r election-votes to gain, 25
 No will to hackney out polemic strain;
 To shape, as time shall serve, my verse or prose
 To flatter thence, nor slur, a courtier's foes;
 Nor him to daub with praise if I prevail,
 Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail: 30
 Where these are not what claim to me belongs,
 Tho' mine the Muse and virtue, birth and wrongs?

Where lives the statesman so in honour clear
 To give where he has nought to hope nor fear?
 No—there to seek is but to find fresh pain; 35
 The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
 To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd,
 By turns affronted and by turns amus'd;
 To lose that time which worthier thoughts require;
 To lose the health which should those thoughts in-
 spire; 40

To starve on hope, or, like chamelions, fare
 On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain
Who or by jobs or libels wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, thro' these, from want exempt, 45
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:
Worse in my own!—Thro' those to posts who rise
Themselves in secret must themselves despise,
Vile, and more vile, till they at length disclaim
Not sense alone of glory but of shame. 50

What tho' I hourly see the servile herd
For meanness honour'd and for guilt preferr'd;
See selfish passion public virtue seem,
And public virtue an enthusiast dream:
See favour'd falsehood, innocence bely'd, 55
Meekness depress'd, and pow'r-elated pride?
A scene will shew, all-righteous vision haste!
The meek exalted and the proud debas'd!—
Oh! to be there—to tread that friendly shore 59
Where Falsehood, Pride, and Statesmen, are no more!

But ere indulg'd—ere Fate my breath shall claim,
A poet still is anxious after fame,
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish—could ought my mem'ry save;
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd, 65
That my past life no venal view disclos'd;
Say I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base the being poor;
Say I had parts too mod'rate to transcend,
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t' offend, 70

My heart supplying what my head deny'd :
 Say that by Pope esteem'd I liv'd and dy'd,
 Whose writings the best rules to write could give,
 Whose life the nobler science how to live. 74

THE GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dress,
 Words which, at ease, each winning grace express;
 A life where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
 Where wisdom's self again by love refines ;
 Where we to chance for friendship never trust, 5
 Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust ;
 The social manners and the heart humane,
 A nature ever great, and never vain ;
 A wit that no licentious pertness knows ;
 The sense that unassuming candour shows ; 10
 Reason by narrow principles uncheck'd,
 Slave to no party, bigot to no sect ;
 Knowledge of various life, of learning too,
 Thence taste, thence truth, which well from taste
 ensue ;
 Unwilling censure; tho' a judgment clear, 15
 A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere ;
 An humble tho' an elevated mind ;
 A pride its pleasure but to serve mankind :

If these esteem and admiration raise,
 Give true delight, and gain unflatt'ring praise, 20
 In one wish'd view th' accomplish'd man we see;
 These graces all are thine, and thou art he. 22

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A POEM.

Occasioned by the departure of

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Written in the year 1734.

MILD rose the Morn; the face of Nature bright
 Wore one extensive smile of calm and light;
 Wide o'er the land did hov'ring silence reign,
 Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main;
 When, lo! before me, on the southern shore, 5
 Stood forth the pow'r whom Albion's sons adore,
 Bless'd Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle,
 Whom Reason gives to bloom, and Truth to smile;
 Gives Peace to gladden, shelt'ring Law to spread,
 Learning to lift aloft her laurell'd head; 10
 Rich Industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
 Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
 In curious emblems ev'ry art exprest
 Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest:

Science in various lights attention won, 15
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun. [claim;

“ My words,” he cry'd, “ my words observance
“ Resound, ye Muses ! and receive them, Fame !

“ Here was my station when o'er ocean wide
“ The great Third William stretch'd his naval
pride : 20

“ I with my sacred influence swell'd his soul,
“ Th' enslav'd to free, th' enslaver to control.
“ In vain did waves disperse and winds detain ;
“ He came, he sav'd ; in his was seen my reign.
“ How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd
“ To humble tyrants, and secure mankind ! 26
“ Next Marlborough in his steps successful trod ;
“ This godlike plann'd, that finish'd like a god ;
“ And while Oppression fled to realms unknown,
“ Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone, 30
“ Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,

“ There Freedom ever found a shelt'ring shade.
“ Still Heav'n is kind.—See ! from the princely root
“ Millions to bless the branch auspicious shoot.
“ He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread, 35
“ Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head :
“ Nurse him, ye heav'nly Dews ! ye sunny Rays !
“ Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days.”

He paus'd ; and casting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the last billow swells into the sky, 40
Where, in gay vision, round th' horizon's line
The moving clouds with various beauty shine,

As drooping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
 Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold;
 Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns, 45
 Broad like a sun the back approaching burns:
 Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spy'd,
 And beauteous Anna! Britain's eldest pride!
 Thus spoke the Genius as advanc'd the sail— 49
 "Hail, blooming Hero! high-born Princess! hail;
 "Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
 "Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
 "Her dignity, which, copying the divine,
 "Soften'd thro' condescension, learns to shine:
 "Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide,
 "Knowledge from nature and from art supply'd,
 "To noblest objects pointed various ways, 57
 "Pointed by Judgement's clear unerring rays."

What manly virtues in her mind excel!
 Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell!
 For, ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
 To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
 How heav'd her breast! how sadden'd was her
 mien!

All in the mother then was lost the queen:
 The swelling tear then dimm'd her parting view, 65
 The struggling sigh stopp'd short her last adieu:
 Ev'n now thy fancy'd perils fill her mind,
 The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind,
 The shoal so treach'rous near the tempting land, 69
 Th' ingulfing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand;

Mij

These fancy'd perils all, by day, by night,
 In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright !
 For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
 In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in pray'rs? 74
 Her pray'rs are heard—For me, 'tis thine to brave
 The sand, the shoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and
 Kind safety waits to waft thee gently o'er, [wave:
 And Joy to greet thee on the Belgic shore.

May future times, when their fond praise would
 How most their fav'rite characters excel, [tell
 How bless'd ! how great !—then may their songs
 declare 81

So great ! so bless'd ! such Anne and Nassau were.

THE ANIMALCULE.

A TALE.

*Occasioned by his Grace the Duke of Rutland's receiving
 the small-pox by inoculation.*

I.

IN Animalcules, Muse ! display
 Spirits of name unkn own in song.
 Reader ! a kind attention pay,
 Nor think an useful comment long.

II.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey ;
 Minutest things may swarms contain :
 When o'er your iv'ry teeth they stray,
 Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids in drops minutely swell;
These subtile beings each contains; 10
In the small sanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry tender tube they rove,
In finer spirits strike the brain,
Wind quick thro' ev'ry fibrous grove, 15
And seek thro' pores, the heart again.

V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
'They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man. 20

VI.

But when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve,
They matter thro' all forms pursue,
And oft' to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd, 25
When man, a patron to the bays,
This patron was in Greece belov'd,
Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

VIII.

In Rome this Animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the Classics rate; 30

Among the Gauls it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, pow'r, and bounty great.

IX.

In Britain Halifax it rose;
(By Halifax bloom'd Congreve's strains)
And now it rediminish'd glows
To glide thro' godlike Rutland's veins,

35

X.

A plague there is, too many know,
Too seldom perfect cures befall it;
The Muse may term it Beauty's foe,
In physic the Small-pox we call it.

40

XI.

From Turks we learn this plague t' assuage,
They, by admitting, turn its course;
Their kiss will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little guardian subtile spright
Did with the poison in repair.

45

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
Th' infection now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the surface skin.

50

XIV.

And now it mould'ring wastes away :
'Tis gone !—doom'd to return no more ;
Our Animalcule keeps its stay, 55
And must new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the noble's thoughts are seen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires ;
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapt'rous, at his change admires. 60

XVI.

Its pristine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known ;
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal, nor increase his own. 64

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

A young widow lady of Llanelly, Caermarthenshire.

ONCE Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wand'ring Love.
Come, purest Atoms ! Beauty aid implores ;
For new soft texture leave ethereal stores.
They come, they crowd, they shining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form which Beauty's self shall mould ! 6

To mould my charmer's form she all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.

She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
Prompt at her call th' obedient Graces wait. 10
First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.

Firm on these curious pedestals depend
Two polish'd pillars which as fair ascend; 14
From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large they
Seen by the Muse, tho' hid from mortal eyes: [rise,
More polish'd yet your fabric, each sustains
That purest temple where perfection reigns.

A small sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd. 20

Beyond that less'ning waist two orbs devise;
What swelling charms in fair proportion rise!
Fresh peeping there two blushing buds are found,
Each like a rose, which lilies white surround:
There feeling sense let pitying sighs inspire, 25
Till panting pity swells to warm desire:

Desire, tho' warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss
All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.
Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend:

Two snow-white hands in taper fingers end. 30

Lo! cunning Beauty on each palm designs
Love's fortune and your own in mystic lines;
And lovely whiteness either arm contains,
Diversify'd with azure wand'ring veins;

The wand'ring veins conceal a gen'rous flood, 35
 The purple treasure of celestial blood.
 Rounding and white your neck, as curious rears,
 O'er all a face where Beauty's self appears.
 Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,
 And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin; 40
 The shapely chin to Beauty's rising face
 Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
 And soon sweet op'ning, rosy lips disclose
 The well-rang'd teeth in lily whit'ning rows.
 Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes 45
 A breath whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
 And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
 A beauteous blush at praise, tho' just the praise:
 And Nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
 Soft clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes; 50
 New graces to those eyes mild shades allow,
 Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow:
 While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
 May none but pleasing objects visit there!
 Two little porches, (which one sense empow'rs 55
 To draw rich scent from aromatic flow'rs)
 In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
 Shall equal first, then heighten Beauty's face.
 To smelling sense, oh! may the flow'ry year
 Its first, last, choicest, incense offer here! 60
 Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
 The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,

And granting a new pow'r of sense to hear,
 New finer organs from each curious ear,
 Form to imbit: what most the soul can move, 65
 Music and reason, poesy and love.

Next on an open front is pleasing wrought
 A pensive sweetness, born of patient Thought:
 Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
 Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade; 70
 All with a nameless air and mien unite,
 And as you move each movement is delight:
 Tun'd is your melting tongue and equal mind,
 At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.

The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline, 75
 For where they lend not light she cannot shine;
 Let these the temp'rate sense of taste reveal,
 And give while Nature spreads the simple meal,
 The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
 From luxury as taintless as your mind. 80
 The Virtues chastity and truth impart,
 And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.

Thus Beauty finish'd—thus she gains the sway,
 And Love still follows where she leads the way.
 From ev'ry gift of Heav'n to charm is thine;
 To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine. 86

VALENTINE's DAY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG WIDOW LADY.

ADIEU, ye Rocks that witness'd once my flame,
Return'd my sighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my steps along Llanelly's shore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes, 5
The beach no fierce amphibious monster knows;
No crocodile there flesh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No false hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him whose goodness means relief; 10
Yet tides, conspiring with unfaithful ground,
Tho' distant seen, with treach'rous arms surround;
There quicksands, thick as Beauty's snares, annoy,
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt destroy.
I watch'd the seas, I pac'd the sands with care, 15
Escap'd, but wildly rush'd on Beauty's snare.
Ah!—Better far, than by that snare o'erpow'r'd.
Had sands ingulf'd me, or had seas devour'd.

Far from that shore where Syren Beauty dwells,
And wraps sweet ruin in resistless spells; 20
From Cambrian plains, which Chloe's lustre boast,
Me native England yields a safer coast.

Chloe, farewell!—Now seas, with boist'rous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide;
Yet while each plant, which vernal youth resumes,
Feels the green blood ascend in future bloom;
While little feather'd songsters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The Muse exults, to Beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing Loves the swelling notes inspire. 30

Sure on this day, when hope attains success,
Bright Venus first did young Adonis bless:
Her charms not brighter, Chloe! sure than thine;
Tho' flush'd his youth, nor more his warmth than
Sequester'd far within a myrtle grove, [mine.
Whose blooming bosom courts retiring Love; 36
Where a clear sun the blue serene displays,
And sheds thro' vernal air attemper'd rays;
Where flow'rs their aromatic incense bring,
And fragrant flourish in eternal spring; 40
There mate to mate each dove responsive cooes,
While this assents as that enamour'd woos:
There rills amusive send from rocks around
A solitary, pleasing, murm'ring sound,
Then form a limpid lake. The lake serene 45
Reflects the wonders of the blissful scene.
To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal music floats.
There, seated on a rising turf, is seen,
Graceful in loose array, the Cyprian queen; 50

All fresh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
 The goddess, rising from the azure wave;
 Dishevell'd locks distil celestial dew,
 And all her limbs divine perfumes diffuse;
 Her voice so charms, the plumed warbling throngs,
 In list'ning wonder lost, suspend their songs. 56
 It sounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
 "Why loiters my Adonis?"—rocks reply.
 "Oh! come away!"—they thrice repeating say,
 And Echo thrice repeats,—"*Oh! come away!*"
 Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears, 61
 Who instant at th' enchanting call appears.
 Her placid eye, where sparkling joy refines,
 Benignant with alluring lustre shines.
 His locks, which in loose ringlets charm the view,
 Float careless, from their lucid amber hue. 66
 A myrtle wreath her rosy fingers frame,
 Which from her hand his polish'd temples claim;
 His temples fair a streaking beauty stains,
 As smooth white marble shines with azure veins. 70
 He kneel'd: her snowy hand he trembling seiz'd,
 Just lifted to his lip, and gently squeez'd;
 The meaning squeeze return'd, Love caught its
 lore,
 And enter'd at his palm thro' ev'ry pore;
 Then swell'd her downy breasts, till then inclos'd,
 Fast-heaving, half conceal'd and half expos'd: 76
 Soft she reclines. He, as they fall and rise,
 Hangs hov'ring o'er them with enamour'd eyes,

And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,

He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch was fir'd,
Half angry, yet half pleas'd, her frown beguiles 81
The boy to fear; but at his fear she smiles.

The youth less tim'rous, and the fair less coy,
Supinely am'rous they reclining toy.

More am'rous still his sanguine meanings stole 85
In wistful glances to her soft'ning soul;

In her fair eye her soft'ning soul he reads:

To freedom freedom, boon to boon succeeds.

With conscious blush th' impassion'd charmer burns,

And blush for blush th' impassion'd youth returns.

They look, they languish, sigh with pleasing pain,

And wish and gaze, and gaze and wish again.

'Twixt her white parting bosom steals the boy,

And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy;

Thro' ev'ry vein the vig'rous transport ran; 95

Strung ev'ry nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.

Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpow'r'd, she pants,

Seems to deny, and yet denying grants.

Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,

Fond limbs with limbs in am'rous folds entwine:

Lips press on lips, caressing and carest, 101

Now eye darts flame to eye, and breast to breast:

All she resigns, as dear desires incite,

And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.

Her waist compress'd in his exulting arms, 105

He storms, explores, and rifles all her charms;

Clasp in extatic bliss th' expiring fair,
 And thrilling, melting, nestling, riots there.
 How long the rapture lasts, how soon it fleets,
 How oft it pauses, and how oft repeats. 110
 What joys they both receive and both bestow
 Virgins may guess, but wives experienc'd know :
 From joys like these (ah ! why deny'd to me ?)
 Sprung a fresh blooming boy, my Fair ! from thee.
 May he, a new Adonis, lift his crest 115
 In all the florid grace of youth confest !
 First let him learn to lisp your lover's name,
 And when he reads, here annual read my flame.
 When beauty first shall wake his genial fire,
 And the first tingling sense excite desire ; 120
 When the dear object, of his peace possess,
 Gains and still gains on his unguarded breast,
 Then may he say, as he this verse reviews,
 So my bright mother charm'd the poet's Muse, 124
 His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
 Lighten'd with hope, and sadden'd with despair.
 Say, on some rival did she smile too kind ?
 Ah ! read—what jealousy distracts his mind !
 Smil'd she on him ? he imag'd rays divine, 130
 And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
 How dwelt her praise upon his raptur'd tongue !
 Ah ! when she frown'd what plaintive notes he
 sung !
 And could she frown on him—Ah ! wherefore, tell ;
 On him, whose only crime was loving well ?

Thus may the son his pangs with mine compare,
Then wish his mother had been kind as fair. 136
For him may love the myrtle wreath entwine,
Tho' the sad willow suits a woe like mine :
Ne'er may the final hope, like me, complain ;
Ah ! never sigh and bleed like me in vain. — 140

When death affords that peace which Love denies,

Ah ! no—far other scenes my fate supplies ;
When earth to earth my lifeless corse is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypress shade ;
When pale I flit along the dreary coast, 145
An hapless lover's pining plaintive ghost ;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay,
May you, my Fair ! when you these strains shall see,
Just spare one sigh, one tear, to love and me ; 150
Me who, in absence or in death, adore
Those heav'nly charms I must behold no more. 152

LONDON AND BRISTOL.

DELINEATED*.

Two sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And these from commerce diff'rent honours claim.
What diff'rent honours shall the Muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?

Now silver Isis bright'ning flows along, 5
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song,
Then weds with Thame; and these O London! see
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unsully'd, Thames meand'ring glides,
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides. 10
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie
In glitt'ring pomp, strike wond'ring China's eye;
And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants India's eastern freight.
India her treasures from her western shores, 15
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus shine thy manly sons of lib'ral mind,
Thy Change deep-busy'd, yet as courts refin'd; 20
Councils, like senates, that enforce debate
With fluent eloquence and reason's weight;

* The Author preferred this title to that of *London and Bristol compared*, which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Whose patriot virtue lawless Pow'r controls,
 Their British emulating Roman souls :
 Of these the worthiest still selected stand, 25
 Still lead the senate, and still save the land.
 Social, not selfish here, O Learning ! trace
 Thy friends, the lovers of all human race.

In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol ! now
 With native malice lift thy low'ring brow ; 30
 Then as some hell-born sprite in mortal guise
 Borrows the shape of Goodness and belies,
 All fair, all smug, to yon proud hall invite,
 To feast all strangers ape an air polite ;
 From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast,
 Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast ! 36
 Revere, or seem the stranger to revere ;
 Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere ;
 Insidious now, our bosom secrets steal,
 And these with sly sarcastic sneer reveal. 40
 Present we meet thy sneaking treach'rous smiles ;
 The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles :
 Such as in thee all parts superior find,
 The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd :
 When melting Pity would afford relief, 45
 The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.
 What friendship canst thou boast ? what honours
 claim ?

To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name.
 What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite !
 Thy sons ! to whom all discord is delight ; 50

From whom eternal mutual railing flows ;
 Who in each other's crimes their own expose :
 Thy son's ! tho' crafty, deaf to Wisdom's call,
 Despising all men, and despis'd by all ;
 Sons ! while thy cliff a ditch-like river laves, 55
 Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
 Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
 As full of turbulence as void of sense ?
 Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn !
 Thy natives, sure, would prove a senate's scorn. 60
 Do strangers deign to serve thee ; what their praise ?
 Their gen'rous services thy murmurs raise.
 What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
 Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
 And as he glides there scatters in a trice 65
 The lurking seeds of ev'ry rank device ?
 Let foreign youths to thy indenture run,
 Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
 Proud, pert, and dull—tho' brilliant once from
 schools,
 Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules ; 70
 And tho' by nature, friendly, honest, brave,
 Turn a sly, selfish, simp'ring, sharpening knave.
 Boast petty courts, where stead of fluent ease
 Of cited precedents and learned pleas ;
 Stead of sage counsel in the dubious cause, 75
 Attornies, chatt'ring wild, burlesque the laws—
 (So shameless quacks who doctors rights invade,
 Of jargon and of poison form a trade ;

So canting coblers, while from tubs they teach,
 Buffoon the gospel they pretend to preach) 80

Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
 Unknown to Nature's and to Statute law,
 Quirks that explain all saving rights away
 To give th' attorney and the catchpole prey.

Is there where law too rig'rous may descend, 85
 Or Charity her kindly hand extend?

Thy courts that, shut when Pity would redress,
 Spontaneous open to inflict distress.

Try misdemeanors!—all thy wiles employ,
 Not to chastise th' offender, but destroy ; 90

Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretell ;

Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell ;

Cut off from service due to kindred blood,

To private welfare and to public good,

Pity'd by all but thee, he sentenc'd lies, 95

Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

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Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
 Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight ;
 Boast nought but pedlar fleets—in war's alarms
 Unknown to glory as unknown to arms : 100

Boast thy base Tolsey *, and thy turnspit dogs,
 Thy Halliers' † horses, and thy human hogs ;
 Upstarts and mushrooms, proud relentless hearts !
 Thou blank of sciences ! thou dearth of arts !
 Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see, 105
 Huns, Goths, and vandals were but types of thee !

Proceed, great Bristol ! in all righteous ways,
 And let one justice heighten yet thy praise ;
 Still spare the catamite and swinge the whore,
 And be whate'er Gomorrha was before, 110

* A place where the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiii. p. 496.

† Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges which are here used instead of carts,

ON FALSE HISTORIANS.

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull prose is curst
Scandals from False Historians spot the worst :
In quest of these the Muse shall first advance,
Bold to explore the regions of romance ;
Romance call'd Hist'ry—Lo ! at once she skims 5
The visionary world of monkish whims,
Where fallacy in legends wildly shines,
And vengeance glares from violated shrines ;
Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought ; 10
Saints that ne'er liv'd, or such as justice pain's,
Jugglers on superstition palm'd for saints.
Here canoniz'd let creed-mongers be shown,
Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known ;
While those they martyr'd such as angels rose ! 15
All black enroll'd among Religion's foes,
Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a Lye proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.

Hist'ry from air or deep draws many a spright,
Such as from nurse or priest might boys affright ;
Or such as but o'er fev'rish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy Frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthusiast wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air !

Seers fall entranc'd! some wizards lawless skill 25
Now whisks, now fetters, Nature's works at will!
Thus Hist'ry, by machine, mock epic seems,
Not more poetic but from monkish dreams.
The devil, who priest and sorcerer must obey,
The sorcerer us'd to raise, the parson lay. 30
When Echard wav'd his pen, the Hist'ry shows
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd; 35
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd;
Not a gay serpent, glitt'ring to the eye,
But more than serpent or than harlot sly;
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'scape,
The demon stands confess'd in proper shape; 40
Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.
Wondrous Historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Tho' ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see— 45
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.
But dusky phantoms, Muse! no more pursue;
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine Historian's name!
False ones—with what materials build they fame?
Fabrics of fame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.

Peace be with Curll!—with him I wave all strife,
 Who pens each felon's and each actor's life;
 Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
 And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Chartres.

Materials which belief in Gazettes claim,
 Loose-strung, run gingling into History's name:
 Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies,
 As thick as worms where man corrupting lies; 60
 As pests obscene, that haunt the ruin'd pile,
 As monsters flound'ring in the muddy Nile;
 Minutes, Memoirs, Views, and Reviews, appear,
 Where slander darkens each recorded year.
 In a past reign is feign'd some am'rous league; 65
 Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
 Queens with their minions work unseemly things,
 And boys grow dukes when catamites to kings.
 Does a prince die? what poisons they surmise!
 No royal mortal, sure, by nature dies. 70
 Is a prince born? what birth more basè believ'd!
 Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
 Thus slander popular o'er truth prevails,
 And easy minds imbibe romantic tales;
 Thus, 'stead of History, such authors raise 75
 Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.

Some usurp names—an English garreteer,
 From minutes forg'd is Monsieur Mesnager*.

* The Minutes of Mons. Mesnager, a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of Queen Anne's reign.

Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair: 80

Others, as little to inquiry prone,
Account for actions tho' their spring's unknown.

One state man vices has, and virtues too,
Hence will contested character ensue.

View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but scan,
He's angel: view him all—he's still a man. 86

But such Historians all accuse, acquit;
No virtue these, and those no vice, admit:

For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe. 90

Where hearsay knowledge sits on public names;
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,

Spring party-libels, from whose ashes dead
A monster, misnam'd Hist'ry, lifts its head;

Contending factions crowd to hear its roar, 95
But when once heard it dies to noise no more:

From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simper and o'er half they doze.

So when in Senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir ——— in some deep debate, 100

He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his lab'ring throat,
To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote:

The truth is, that this libel was not written by Mons. Mes-
nager, neither was any such book ever printed in the
French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the
title-page to be translated. *Savage.*

In sly contempt some "Hear him! hear him!" cry;
Some yawn, some sneer; none second, none reply.

But dare such miscreants now rush abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp Falsehood thus, and plume her wings,
From present characters and recent things?

Yes: what untruths! or truths in what disguise!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise! 110
What facts from all but them and Slander screen'd?

Here meets a council, no where else conven'd;
There, from originals, come thick as spawn
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To secret conference ne'er held they yoke 115

Treaties ne'er plann'd, and speeches never spoke.
From, Oldmixon! thy brow, too well we know,
Like sin from Satan, far and wide they go,

In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit,
In vain with truth confute, condemn with wit; 120
Confute, condemn, amid selected friends,
There sinks the justice, there the satire ends.

Here, tho' a cent'ry scarce such leaves uncloze,
From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
Now none reply where all despise the page; 125
But will dumb Scorn deceive no future age?

Then should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanswer'd lie extract?
Well-set in plan, and polish'd into style,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile; 130

By ev'ry language snatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry age, believ'd.

How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
When such their lot for infamy or fame!

134

ON THE RECOVERY OF A LADY OF QUALITY

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

LONG a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight
With am'rous pride and undisturb'd delight,
Till Death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease—the noxious crew, 5
Writhing in dire distortions, strike his view;
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes Beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise: 10
It drives ignipotent thro' ev'ry vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain.
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims;
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims;
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire, 15
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimm'ring fire.

Here stands her consort, sore with anguish prest,
Grief in his eye and terror in his breast:

O ij

The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
 In silent sorrow weep the waining fair. 20
 Eight suns successive roll their fire away,
 And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay:
 While these revolve, tho' mute each Muse appears,
 Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
 On the ninth noon great Phœbus list'ning bends; 25
 On the ninth noon each voice in pray'r ascends—
 Great God of Light, of Song, and Physic's art!
 Restore the languid fair, new soul impart;
 Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
 And thy own bounty's almost rival'd there. 30
 Each paus'd: the god assents. Would Death ad-
 vance?

Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threat'ning lance;
 Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
 And quick'ning earth imbibes salubrious beams;
 Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows, 35
 And Art, inspir'd with all her patron, glows;
 The charmer's op'ning eye kind hope reveals,
 Kind hope her consort's breast enliv'ning feels;
 Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
 Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire: 40
 As Health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,
 Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

VERSES

Occasioned by the Right Hon.

THE LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S

RECOVERY AT BATH.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's
And either India pours into her arms; [charms,
Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame, 5
Goddess of Mirth, Euphrosynè her name;
Her smile more cheerful than a vernal morn,
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born:
Touch'd into joy what hearts to her submit!
She looks her sire, and speaks her mother's wit. 10

O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp sustains.
Thee, Goddess! thee the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Music, all confess thy sway.
In the bleak wild ev'n Want by thee is blest, 15
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for rest.
The rich grow richer while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind.
Science by thee flows soft in social ease,
And Virtue, losing rigour, learns to please. 20

The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.

O iij

She whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.

"But where," she cry'd, "is she, my fav'rite! she 25

"Of all my race the dearest far to me!

"Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?"

She said—but no Tyrconnel glads her sight:

Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;

Swift rose the swelling sigh and trembling tear; 30

In kind low murmurs all the loss deplore;

Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more!

The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air,

But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair;

Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd, 35

Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.

Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes,

Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,

She flies, her elder sister Health to find,

She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd: 40

Around her birds in earliest concert sing,

Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring,

Fresh-tinctur'd like a summer-ev'ning sky,

And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye:

Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow, 45

Her limbs yet recent from the springs below;

There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,

Where ev'ry gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;

Where flow'rs and herbs their cordial odours blend,

And all their balmy virtues fast ascend. 50

"Hail, Sister! hail," the kindred goddess cries,
 "No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
 "You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
 "Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
 "Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
 "Each finer sense that forms delight is thine! 56
 "Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
 "And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
 "Without thee pleasures die, or daily cloy,
 "And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy. 60
 "Such thy vast pow'r!"—The deity replies;
 "Mirth never asks a boon which Health denies;
 "Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth: 63
 "Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits
 Health. [are mine;

"These gales, yon springs, herbs, flow'rs, and sun
 "Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine."

Euphrosynè rejoins—"Thy friendship prove:
 "See the dear sick'ning object of my love!
 "Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
 "So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain? 70
 "Sister! in her my smile anew display,
 "And all the social world shall bless thy sway."

Swift as she speaks Health spreads the purple wing,
 Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
 Now bland and sweet she floats along in air; 75
 Air feels, and soft'ning owns, th' ethereal fair!
 In still descent she melts on op'ning flow'rs,
 And deep impregnates plants with genial flow'rs;

The genial show'rs, new-rising to the ray,
 Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day: 80
 Now in a Zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
 Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her
 Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss, [wings,
 Breathes the sure earnest of awak'ning bliss:
 Sapphira feels it, with a soft surprise, 85
 Glide thro' her veins, and quicken in her eyes!

Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
 Where, bubbling warm, the min'ral water flows;
 Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives,
 Steeps ev'ry charm, and as she bathes it lives! 90
 As from her locks she sheds the vital show'r,
 "'Tis done!" she cries, "these springs possess my
 "Let these immediate to thy darling roll [pow'r!
 "Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
 "Thou smil'st. Euphrysonè! and conscious see, 95
 "Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.
 "All is green life! all beauty rosy bright,
 "Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
 "See vernal Hours lead circling Joys along!
 "All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song! 100
 "Receive thy case! now Mirth and Health combine,
 "Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
 "Quick to Augusta bear thy prize away,
 "There let her smile, and bid a world be gay." 104

VERSES

Occasioned by reading

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM

CALLED GIDEON.

The lines marked thus “ ” are taken from Gideon.

I.

LET other poets poorly sing
Their flatt'ries to the vulgar great,
Her airy flight let wand'ring Fancy wing,
And rival Nature's most luxuriant store
To swell some monster's pride, who shames a state,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic pow'r; 6
Thou, who inform'dst this clay with active fire,
Do thou, supreme of Pow'r! my thoughts refine,
And with thy purest heat my soul inspire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine: 10
As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
So he with sweet seraphic lays
“ Redeems the use of captive poetry,”
Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious praise.

II.

Moses, with an enchanting tongue, 15
Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung.
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the soft'ning fire,
And by the great Almighty's tuneful aid
Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre. 20

Their diff'rent thoughts met in Hallarius' song,
 Roll in one channel more divinely strong :
 With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies.
 " Wafted in charming music thro' the air :"
 Unstopp'd by clouds, it reaches to the skies, 25
 And joins with angels hallelujahs there,
 Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes th' Almighty's ear.

III.

Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see,
 That Gideon born to set his country free.
 O that such heroes in each age might rise, 30
 Bright'ning thro' vapours like the morning star,
 Gen'rous in triumph, and in council wise,
 Gentle in peace, but terrible in war !

IV.

When Gideon, Oreb, Hiram, Shimron, shine
 Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage, 35
 Great Bard ! what energy but thine
 Could reach the vast description of their rage ?
 Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,
 Sareph and Hamar call for aid,
 Lost and bewilder'd in despair, 40
 How piercing are the hapless lover's cries !
 What tender strokes in melting accents rise !
 Oh ! what a master-piece of pity's there ?
 Nor goodly Joash shows thy sweetness less
 When, like kind Heav'n, he frees them from distress !

V.

Hail Thou! whose verse a living image shines : 46
 In Gideon's character your own you drew;
 As there the graceful patriot shines,
 We in that image bright Hillarius view.
 Let the low c.owd, who love unwholesome farz, 50
 When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
 Like gross-fed spirits sick in purer air,
 Their earthy souls by their dull taste disclose.
 Thy dazzling genius shines too bright,
 And they, like spectres, shun the streams of light; 55
 But while in shades of ignorance they stray,
 Round thee rays of knowledge play,
 "And shew thee glitt'ring in abstracted day." 58 }

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE VICE-PRINCIPAL

OF ST. MARY HALL, OXFORD.

*Being presented by the Hon. Mrs. Knight to the living of
 Gosfield in Essex.*

WHILE by mean arts, and meaner patrons, rise
 Priests whom the learned and the good despise,
 This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendent mind
 Are wisdom, purity, and truth, enshrin'd.

A modest merit now she plans to lift : 5
 Thy living, Gosfield! falls her instant gift.
 " Let me," she said, " reward alone the wise,
 " And make the church-revenue Virtue's prize."
 She sought the man of honest candid breast,
 In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest ; 10
 Tho' young, yet tut'ring academic youth
 To science moral and religious truth.
 She sought where the disinterested friend,
 The scholar, sage, and free companion blend ;
 The pleasing poet and the deep divine 15
 She sought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

AN APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

In imitation of a certain mimic of Anacreon.

CAN I matchless charms recite?
 Source of ever-springing light!
 Could I count the vernal flow'rs,
 Count in endless time the hours ;
 Count the countless stars above, 5
 Count the captive hearts of Love,
 Paint the torture of his fire,
 Paint the pangs these eyes inspire!
 (Pleasing torture thus to shine,
 Purify'd by fires like thine!) 10

Then I'd strike the sounding string,
Then I'd thy perfection sing.

Mystic World!—thou something more,
Wonder of th' Almighty's store!

Nature's depths we oft descry, 15

Oft they're pierc'd by Learning's eye ;

Thou, if thought on thee would gain,

Prov'st, (like Heav'n) inquiry vain :

Charms unequall'd we pursue,

Charms in shining throngs we view ; 20

Number'd then could Nature's be,

Nature's self were poor to thee.

FULVIA.

A POEM.

LET Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
Her darling passions Scandal and Quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
Her deeds a satire on herself alone.

On her poor kindred deigns she word or look ? 5

'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke ;

Worse when good-natur'd than when most severe ;

The jest impure then pains the modest ear.

How just the sceptic ! the divine how odd !

What turns of wit play smartly on her God ! 10

The Fates my nearest kindred foes decree ;

Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, straight pities me.

She, like Benevolence, a smile bestows ;
 Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
 The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit ; 15
 She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
 With mouth distorted, thro' a sounding nose
 It comes ; now homeliness more homely grows.
 With see-saw sounds, and nonsense not my own,
 She screws her features, and she cracks her tone. 20
 " How fine your Bastard ! why so soft a strain ?
 " What, such a Mother ? satirize again !"
 Oft I object—but fix'd in Fulvia's will—
 Ah ! tho' unkind, she is my mother still. 24
 The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims ;
 'Tis fam'd—the fame each curious fair inflames :
 The wildfire runs : from copy copy grows ;
 The Bretts, alarm'd, a sep'rate peace propose.
 'Tis ratify'd—how alter'd Fulvia's look !
 My wit's degraded, and my cause forsook. 30
 Thus she : " What's poetry but to amuse ?
 " Might I advise—there are more solid views."
 With a cool air she adds, " This tale is old ;
 " Were it my case it should no more be told.
 " Complaints—had I been worthy to advise— 35
 " You know—but when are wits, like women, wise ?
 " True it may takè ; but, think whate'er you list,
 " All love the satire, none the satirist."
 I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause a while,
 Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile. 40

"Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends?"

"Sir," she replies, "indeed you'll lose your friends."

Why did I start? 'twas but a change of wind—

Or, the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.

I bow, depart, despise, discern her all; 45

Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with ev'ry whim,

A reed, a weathercock, a shade, a dream;

No more the friendship shall be now display'd

By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or shade; 50

To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,

For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

A CHARACTER.

FAIR Truth, in courts where Justice should preside,

Alike the judge and advocate would guide,

And these would vie each dubious point to clear,

To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear,

Were all, like Yorke, of delicate address, 5

Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,

Learn'd, just, polite, born ev'ry heart to gain,

Like Cummins mild, like Fortescue * humane,

All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,

So deep, so clear, all science is his own. 10

Of heart impure, and impotent of head,

In hist'ry, rhet'ric, ethics, law, unread,

* The Hon. William Fortescue, Esq. one of the Justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

How far unlike such worthies ! once a drudge,
 From flound'ring in low cases rose a Judge.
 Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thunders,
 And on low juries breathes contagious blunders, 16
 His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
 Nor e'er "one uncorrupted finger shows †."
 See, drunk with pow'r, the Circuit-lord express'd !
 Full in his eye his betters stand confess'd ; 20
 Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
 'Scape not provincial vile buffoon abuse.
 Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
 There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
 Contest stops short, Consent yields ev'ry cause 25
 To Cost ; Delay endures them and withdraws.
 But how 'scape pris'ners ? To their trial chain'd,
 All, all shall stand condemn'd who stand arraign'd.
 Dire guilt ! which else would detestation cause,
 Prejudg'd with insult wond'rous pity draws. 30
 But 'scapes even Innocence his harsh harangue ?
 Alas !—ev'n Innocence itself must hang ;
 Must hang to please him, when of spleen possess'd ;
 Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.

Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd, 35
 When fine, tax, censure, all but law, prevail'd ;
 Or law, subservient to some murd'rous will,
 Became a precedent to murder still ?

† When Page one uncorrupted finger shows.

Yet ev'n when patriots did for traitors bleed,
 Was e'er the job to such a slave decreed, 40
 Whose savage mind wants sophist art to draw
 O'er murder'd virtue specious veils of law?

Why, student! when the bench your youth admits,
 Where, tho' the worst, with the best rank'd he sits,
 Where sound opinions you attentive write, 45
 As once a Raymond, now a Lee, to cite,
 Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
 Note well his cruel quirks, and well report:
 Let his own words against himself point clear,
 Satire more sharp than verse when most severe. 50

CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

From Codex hear, ye ecclesiastic men!
 This past'ral charge to Webster, Stebbing, Ven;
 Attend, ye emblems of your P—'s mind!
 Mark Faith, Mark Hope, mark Charity, defin'd;
 On terms whence no ideas ye can draw 5
 Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law.

First wealth, a crosier next, your hope inflame,
And next church pow'r—a pow'r o'er conscience
In modes of worship right of choice deny; [claim;
Say to convert all means are fair—add why? 10
'Tis charitable—let your pow'r decree
That persecution then is charity:
Call reason error; forms not things display;
Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
Sink demonstration; myst'ry preach alone; 15
Be thus Religion's friend, and thus your own.

But Foster well this honest truth extends—
Where mystery begins religion ends.
In him, great modern Miracle! we see
A priest from av'rice and ambition free; 20
One whom no persecuting spirit fires,
Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires;
Learn'd, not assuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek tho' not tim'rous; conscious, tho' not vain;
Without craft rev'rend; holy without cant; 25
Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
His faith, where no credulity is seen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot marks the mean;
His hope no mitre militant on earth; 29
'Tis that bright crown which Heav'n reserves for
A priest in charity with all mankind, [worth,
His love to virtue, not to sect, confin'd:
Truth his delight, from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being but his God:

In him from Christian moral light can shine, 35
 Not mad with myst'ry, but a sound divine;
 He wins the wise and good with reason's lore,
 Then strikes their passions with pathetic pow'r;
 Where Vice erects her head rebukes the page;
 Mix'd with rebuke persuasive charms engage; 40
 Charms which th' unthinking must to thought excite,
 Lo! Vice less vicious, Virtue more upright.
 Him copy, Codex! that the good and wise,
 Why so abhor thy heart, and head despise,
 May see thee now, tho' late, redeem thy name, 45
 And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

But should some churchman, apeing wit severe,
 "The poet's sure turn'd Baptist"—say, and sneer;
 Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
 Which in one mode of faith owns worth alone! 50
 Sneer on, rail, wrangle; nought this truth repels—
 Virtue is Virtue, wheresoe'r she dwells;
 And sure where learning gives her light to shine,
 Her's is all praise—if her's, 'tis, Foster! thine.
 Thee boast Dissenters; we with pride may own
 Our Tillotson, and Rome her Fenelon *. 56

* In this Character of the Rev. James Foster truth guided the pen of the Muse. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read when the works of the bitter controversialist are forgotten.

E GRÆCO RUF.

*Qui te videt beatus est,
 Beatior qui te audiet,
 Qui basiat semidet, et,
 Qui te possidet est Deus.*

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man who, in thy sparkling eyes,
 His am'rous wishes sees reflecting play;
 Sees little laughing Cupids glancing rise,
 And in soft-swimming languor die away.

II.

Still happier he to whom thy meanings roll 5
 In sounds which Love, harmonious Love! inspire;
 On his charm'd ear sits rapt his list'ning soul,
 Till admiration form intense desire.

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may press
 Thy lip soft-swelling to the kindling kiss; 10
 And may that lip assentive warmth express,
 Till love draw willing love to ardent bliss.

IV.

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
 Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breast,
 Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxuriant charms,
 Is all a god—is of all heav'n possest. 16

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

CLOS'd are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire;
 Cold is that breast which gave the world desire;
 Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
 Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
 And lively wit, which, decently confin'd, 5
 No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.

Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
 Persuasive reason and endearing truth;
 Could honour, shewn in friendships most refin'd;
 And sense that shields th' attempted virtuous mind;
 The social temper never known to strife, 11
 The height'ning graces that embellish life;
 Could these have e'er the darts of Death defy'd,
 Never, ah! never had Melinda dy'd:
 Nor can she die—ev'n now survives her name,
 Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame. 16

EPITAPH

ON MRS. JONES,

Grandmother to Mrs. Bridget Jones of Llanelly in Caermarthenshire.

IN her whose relics mark this sacred earth
 Shone all domestic and all social worth.
 First Heav'n her hope with early offspring crown'd,
 And thence a second race rose num'rous round.
 Heav'n to industrious virtue blessing lent, 5
 And all was competence, and all content.
 Tho' frugal care, in Wisdom's eye admir'd,
 Know to preserve what industry acquir'd,
 Yet at her board, with decent plenty blest,
 The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest. 10
 Press'd on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
 Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe?
 Farewell the friend who spar'd th' assistant loan—
 A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
 Did piteous lazars oft attend her door? 15
 She gave—Farewell the parent of the poor.
 Youth, Age, and Want, once cheer'd, now sighing
 swell.
 Bless her lov'd name, and weep a last farewell. 18

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

No. I.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away
Since Hope, kind flatt'rer! tun'd my pensive lay,
Whisp'ring that you, who rais'd me from despair,
Meant, by your smiles, to make life worth my care,
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to screen, 5
And o'er the motherless extend the queen.

'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like yours in vain:
Heav'n gave you pow'r because you love to bless,
And pity, when you feel it, is redress. 10

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother, too, thought fit to have no son!
The Senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityless, nor peers unkind, 15
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by Heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.

You cannot hear unmov'd when wrongs implore;
Your heart is woman, tho' your mind be more: 20
Kind, like the Pow'r who gave you to our prayers,
You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares:

They who a barren leave to live bestow,
Snatch but from Death to sacrifice to Woe :
Hated by her from whom my life I drew, 25
Whence should I hope, if not from Heav'n and you ?
Nor dare I groan beneath Affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.

The pitying Muses saw me wit pursue,
A bastard son, alas ! on that side too, 30
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's sire,
And what the Muse denies the queen inspire.
While rising thus your heavenly soul to view,
I learn how angels think by copying you.

Great Princess ! 'tis decreed—once ev'ry year 35
I march, uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer !
Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
And charm the world with truths too vast for
praise.

Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known ;
Your poet shall allot your lord his part, 41
And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.

Is there a greatness that adorns him best,
A rising wish that ripens in his breast ?
Has he foremeant some distant age to bless, 45
Disarm oppression, or expel distress ?
Plans he some scheme to reconcile mankind,
People the seas, and busy ev'ry wind ?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And smile contending factions into shame ? 50

Would his example lend his laws a weight,
 And breathe his own soft morals o'er his state?
 The Muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
 And teach the world his praise, to charm his queen.

Such be the Annual truths my verse imparts; 55
 Nor frown, fair Fav'rite of a people's hearts!
 Happy if plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
 My Muse, unpension'd, might her pinions try;
 Fearless to fail whilst you indulge her flame,
 And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's name; 60
 Renobled thus by wreaths my queen bestows,
 I lose all memory of wrongs and woes. 62

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

No. II.

"GREAT Princess! 'tis decreed—once ev'ry year
 "I march, uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
 So sung the Muse, nor sung the Muse in vain;
 My queen accepts, the year renews the strain.

Ere first your influence shone with heav'nly aid 5
 Each thought was terror, for each view was shade;
 Fortune to life each flow'ry path deny'd;
 No science learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.

Instead of hallow'd hill or vocal vale,
Or stream sweet-echoing to the tuneful tale, 10
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deserts spread,
With spectres haunted and the Muses fled;
Ruins in pensive emblem seem to rise,
And all was dark or wild to Fancy's eyes.

But, hark! a gladd'ning voice all nature cheers!
Disperse ye glooms a day of joy appears. 16
Hail, happy Day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn
The first, the fairest, of her sex was born!
How swift the change! cold wintry sorrows fly;
Where'er she looks delight surrounds the eye! 20
Mild shines the sun, the woodlands warble round,
The vales sweet echo, sweet the rocks resound!
In cordial air soft fragrance floats along;
Each scene is verdure, and each voice is song!

Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quick'ning Rays!
Boundless, like her benevolence, ye blaze! 26
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall, ye Show'rs!
And sweet ascend, and fair unfold, ye Flow'rs!
Ye Roses, Lillies! you we earliest claim,
In whiteness and in fragrance match her fame! 30
'Tis yours to fade; to fame like her's is due
Undying sweets, and bloom for ever new,
Ye Blossoms! that one vary'd landscape rise,
And send your scentful tribute to the skies,
Diffusive like yon royal branches smile, 35
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful isle!

Attend, ye Muses ! mark the feather'd quires ;
Those the spring wakes, as you the queen inspires.
O ! let her praise for ever swell your song,
Sweet let your sacred streams the notes prolong, 40
Clear, and more clear, thro' all my lays refine,
And there let heav'n and her reflected shine !

As when chill blights from vernal suns retire,
Cheerful the vegetative world aspire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and, waving, try 45
Th' enliv'ning influence of a milder sky ;
So gives her birth (like yon approaching spring)
The land to flourish and the Muse to sing.

'Twas thus Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue shone ; 50
Beneath her rose Longinus ! in thy name,
The poet's, critic's, and the patriot's fame.
Is there (so high be you great princess ! prais'd)
A woe unpity'd, or a worth unrais'd ?
Art learns to soar by your sweet influence taught, 55
In life well cherish'd, nor in death forgot :
In death as life the learn'd your goodness tell,
Witness the sacred busts of Richmond's cell ;
Sages who in unfading light will shine,
Who grasp'd at science, like your own, divine. 60

The Muse, who hails with song this glorious morn,
Now looks thro' days, thro' months, thro' years
unborn :

All white they rise, and in their course express'd
A king by kings rever'd, by subjects bless'd !

A queen, where'er true greatness spreads in fame, 65
 Where learning tow'rs beyond her sex's aim ;
 Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
 Of faith too little, or of zeal too much ;
 Where these behold, as on this bless'd of morns,
 What love protects them, and what worth adorns ;
 Where'er diffusive Goodness smiles, a queen
 Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder seen !

See nations round of ev'ry wish possest !
 Life in each eye, and joy in ev'ry breast !
 Shall I, on what I lightly touch, explain ? 75
 Shall I (vain thought) attempt the finish'd strain ?
 No !—let the poet stop unequal lays,
 And to the just historian yield your praise. 78

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

No. IV*.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant-songs :
 'Twas mine to be inspir'd alone by wrongs ;
 Wrongs that with life their fierce attack began,
 Drank infant-tears, and still pursue the man.
 Life scarce is life—Dejection all is mine, 5
 The pow'r that loves in lonely shades to pine :

* None of the editions have preserved No. III.

Of faded cheek, of unelated views,
Whose weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuse :
'Tis mine the mean inhuman pride to find,
Who shuns th' oppress'd, to fortune only kind ; 10
Whose pity's insult, and whose cold respect
Is keen as scorn, ungen'rous as neglect.
Void of benevolent obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious Friendship half averts his face.
Thus sunk in sickness, thus with woes oppress'd, 15
How shall the fire awake within my breast ?
How shall the Muse her flagging pinions raise ?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praise ?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow ;
These with fair days and gentle seasons glow : 20
Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
And Philomel's the poet of the spring.

But soft, my Soul ! see yon celestial light,
Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night ;
It glads me like the morning clad in dews, 25
And beams reviving from the vernal Muse,
Inspiring joyous peace ; 'tis she ! 'tis she !
A stranger long to misery and me.

Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flow'r-embroider'd, as it varies shines. 30
To form her garland, Zephyr from his wing,
Throws the first flow'rs and foliage of the spring,
Her looks how lovely ! Health and Joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.

Beheld sweet-beaming her ethereal eyes,
Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy skies !
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repose ;
Bids the heart yield to Virtue's silent call,
And shew Ambition's sons mere children all, 40
Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine,
For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
Oh ! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale
That, breath'd thro' shepherd's pipe, enchants the
vale !

Hark ! she invites from city smoke and noise, 45
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys ;
From various evils, that with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind ;
From crowds, to whom no social faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs ; 50
With whom politeness is but civil guile,
And laws oppress, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the Muse presents the scene
Where sylvan pleasures ever smile serene ;
Pleasures that emulate the bless'd above, 55
Health, innocence, and peace, the Muse and Love ;
Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
By friendly converse and abstracted thought.
These soothe my throbbing breast. No loss I mourn,
Tho' both from riches and from grandeur torn. 60
Weep I a cruel Mother ? No—I've seen,
From Heav'n, a pitying, a maternal queen.

One gave me life, but would no comfort grant;
She more than life resum'd by giving want.
Would she the being which she gave destroy? 65
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honours and wealth I cheerfully resign,
If competence, if learned ease be mine:
If I by mental heartfelt joys be fir'd,
And in the vale by all the Muse inspir'd! 70
Here cease my plaint—See yon enliv'ning scenes!
Child of the spring! behold the best of Queens!
Softness and beauty rose this heav'nly morn,
Dawn'd wisdom, and Benevolence was born.
Joy o'er a people in her influence rose, 75
Like that which Spring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on some distant shore.
Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the isle. 80
Lo! Industry surveys, with feasted eyes.
His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise!
Nor (taught by Commerce) joys in that alone,
But sees the harvest of a world his own.
Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames!
Rich River! richer than Pactolus' streams! 86
Than those renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls and sands of gold:
How glorious thou! when from old Ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return! 90

Alive thy banks! along each bord'ring line,
High-cultur'd blooms, inviting villas shine;
And while around ten thousand beauties glow,
These still o'er those redoubtling lustre throw. 94

"Come then, (so whisper'd the indulgent Muse)
"Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows lose!
"Come then, and hymn this day! The pleasing
scene

"Shews in each view the genius of thy queen.
"Hear Nature whisp'ring in the breeze her song!
"Hear her sweet-warbling thro' the feather'd throng!
"Come! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
"And with the vegetative smile delight!

"Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
"Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before;
"Receive it grateful, and adore, when giv'n, 105
"The goodness of thy parent, Queen, and Heav'n!

"With me each private virtue lifts the voice,
"While public spirit bids a land rejoice;
"O'er all thy queen's benevolence descends,
"And wide o'er all her vital light extends. 110

"As winter softens into spring, to you
"Blossoms Fortune's season, thro' her smile, anew,
"Still for past bounty, let new lays impart
"The sweet effusions of a grateful heart!

"Cast thro' the telescope of hope your eye, 115
"There Goodness infinite, supreme, descry!
"From him that ray of virtue stream'd on earth,
"Which kindled Caroline's bright soul to birth.

" Behold! he spreads one universal spring! 119
 " Mortals, transform'd to angels, then shall sing;
 " Oppression then shall fly with want and shame,
 " And blessing and existence be the same!" 122

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM.

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

No. V.

Lo! the mild sun salutes the op'ning spring,
 And gladd'ning Nature calls the Muse to sing;
 Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
 And health, and song, and fragrance, fill the gale.
 Yet mildest suns to me are pain severe,
 And Music's self is discord to my ear!
 I jocund Spring unsympathising see,
 And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
 Dear Health! once fled, what spirits can I find!
 What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind? 10
 From absent books what studious hint devise?
 From absent friends what aid to thought can rise?
 A Genius whisper'd in my ear—"Go seek
 "Some man of state!—The Muse your wrongs
 may speak."

But will such listen to the plaintive strain?
 The happy seldom heed th' unhappy's pain. 16
 To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
 Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?

Why was I form'd of elegant desires ?
Thought which beyond a vulgar flight aspires! 20
Why by the proud and wicked crush'd to earth !
Better the day of death than day of birth !

Thus I exclaim'd : a little cherub smil'd ;
" Hope, I am call'd," said he, " a heav'n-born child !
" Wrongs sure you have ; complain you justly may ;
" But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away ! 26
" No—trust to honour ! that you ne'er will stain
" From peerage-blood ; which fires your filial vein.
" Trust more to Providence ! from me ne'er swerve !
" Once to distrust is never to deserve. 30
" Did not this day a Caroline disclose ?
" I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose !
" (Blessing o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
" In knowledge clear, beneficence divine !)
" 'Tis her's, as mine, to chase away despair ; 35
" Woe undeserv'd is her peculiar care :
" Her bright benevolence sends me to grief,
" On Want sheds bounty, and on Wrong relief."

Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind : 40
With her came Fortitude, of godlike air !
These arm to conquer ills, at least to bear.
Arm'd thus, my Queen ! while wayward Fates ordain
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain,
Your bard his sorrows with a smile endures,
Since to be wretched is to be made your's. 46

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

AN ODE

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

No. VI.

YE Spirits bright ! that ether rove,
That breathe the vernal soul of love,
Bid Health descend in balmy dews,
And life in ev'ry gale diffuse,
That give the flow'rs to shine, the birds to sing ; 5
Oh ! glad this natal day the prime of spring !
The virgin snow-drop first appears,
Her golden head the crocus rears ;
The flow'ry tribe profuse and gay,
Spread to the soft inviting ray. 10
So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.

The warblers various, sweet and clear,
From bloomy sprays salute the year.
O Muse ! awake ; ascend and sing, 15
Hail the fair rival of the spring !
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong ;
To her, the pride of arts ! the Muse's song.
Kind, as of late her clement sway,
The season sheds a tepid ray. 20

The storms of Boreas rave no more,
The storms of faction cease to roar :
At vernal suns as wintry tempests cease,
She, lovely Pow'r! smile faction into peace. 24

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT,

FOR THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1737-8.

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE MAJESTY.

Humbly addressed to

HIS MAJESTY.

No. VII.

OFt' has the Muse, on this distinguish'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay ;
But, O lamented change ! the lay must flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She to this day who joyous lustre gave, 5
Descends for ever to the silent grave :
She ! born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or severely kind,
To check the rash or prompt the better mind, 10
Parents shall learn from her, and thus shall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.

Volume II.

R

Who seek in av'rice wisdom's art to save,
Who often squander, yet who never gave,
From her these knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue stole on half mankind : 16
The lavish now caught frugal Wisdom's lore,
Yet still the more they sa'd & bestow'd the more.
Now misers learn'd at others' woes to melt,
And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt : 20
The gen'rous, when on her they turn'd their view,
The gen'rous ev'n themselves more gen'rous grew,
Learn'd the shunn'd haunts of shame-fac'd Want to
To goodness, delicacy, adding grace. [trace;
The conscious cheek no rising blush confest, 25
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modest breast;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty show'r,
And knew no limit but a bounded pow'r.
This truth the widow's sighs, alas ! proclaim,
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame. 30
The wise beheld her Learning's summit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain,
But on one science point a stedfast eye,
That science—how to live and how to die.
Say, Memory ! while to thy grateful sight 35
Arise her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what sorrows now remain :
Ah ! how sublime the bliss ! how deep the pain !
And thou, bright Princess ! seated now on high,
Next one the fairest daughter of the Sky. 40

Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy sister Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb sorrow seem the Arts to die.
So were the sun o'er other orbs to blaze, 45
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to visit where he warm'd before,
All life must cease, and nature be no more.
Yet shall the Muse a heav'nly height essay
Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay; 50
Beyond the loss which, tho' she bleeds to see,
Tho' ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee!
Beyond ev'n this she hails, with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day;
A day that sees thee borne beyond the tomb 55
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the souls sublime
Of ev'ry famous age and ev'ry clime;
To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene, 61
Sheds a soft ray on this our gloomy scene.

With me now Liberty and Learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd consort torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief, 65
When each contend to be supreme in grief?
So vy'd thy virtues that could point the way,
So well to govern, yet so well obey.

Deign one look more! ah! see thy consort dear
Wishing all hearts, except his own, to cheer. 70
Lo! still he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe:
He stops all tears, however fast they rise,
Save those that still must fall from grateful eyes;
And, spite of griefs that so usurp his mind, 75
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.

Father of those whose rights thy care defends,
Still most their own when most their sovereign's
friends,
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When most they trust, when most they copy thee;
Ah! let the lowest of thy subjects pay 81
His honest heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguish happy, if permitted here
One sigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, should he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's sorrow mix his own. 86

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