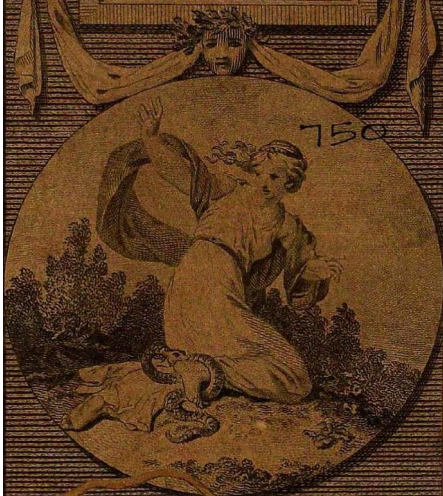


*RAILS EDITION,*  
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN  
COMPLETE, FROM  
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



**HUCKINGHAM**  
The Nymph foredooms the fatal way to justice  
And not the Serpent lurking in the Grate  
*Story of the headless man*

*Sheffield* THE *Rajah*  
POETICAL WORKS

OF THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

Muse! 't is enough; at length thy labour ends,  
And thou shalt live, for BUCKINGHAM commends.  
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,  
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;  
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,  
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain:  
SHEFFIELD approves, consenting Phœbus bends,  
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

---

POPE.

EDINBURG:

Pollio Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF THE MOST NOBLE  
JOHN SHEFFIELD,  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,  
ODES,  
EPISTLES,  
SONGS,

PROLOGUES,  
CHORUSES,  
IMITATIONS,  
TRANSLATIONS,

*&c. &c. &c.*

---

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.  
No writing lifts exalted man so high  
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:  
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,  
And, if well-finish'd, nothing shines so much.

ESS. ON POETRY.

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EDINBURG:  
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.  
*Anno 1780.*

THE LIFE OF  
JOHN SHEFFIELD, D. OF BUCKINGHAM.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckinghamshire, a nobleman of distinguished abilities, both natural and acquired, was born in 1649. After the death of his father, Edmund Earl of Mulgrave, which happened in 1658, the care of educating his son, then nine years of age, was committed to a governor. In the then distracted state of the public affairs at home that gentleman travelled into France with his pupil, who was so little satisfied with his tutor's conduct as to dismiss him in a few years\*; when the young Earl, finding himself deficient in several branches of learning, took up a noble resolution to supply that defect by

\* We are told that, upon their arrival in France, the governor, with great earnestness, cautioned his ward against kneeling whenever he met the host in procession, exhorting him to avoid that compliance with the custom of the country as an act of idolatry; that our young nobleman listening with attention to the charge, resolved to observe it. It was not long before they met such a procession, which happening to be in the dusk of the evening at the corner of a street, to avoid kneeling he made his utmost efforts to slip into a shop so suddenly as to stumble over his governor, who had fallen on his knees the moment that the host appeared. It would be idle to look any farther for the cause of his losing all his governing authority. However, it is probable the pupil's uncommon share of good sense would have prevailed so far as to retain him for the advantage of his literary instructions, if he had not found him grossly remiss in that part of his charge likewise.



his own industry; and the sequel of these memoirs will in some measure shew to what a degree of perfection he finished his design. However intent as he was to complete that task, his ardent thirst after military glory drew him early into action.

In 1666, at the age of seventeen, he went a volunteer in the first Dutch war to sea. A conduct so devoted to the service of his country procured him the command of one of those independent troops of horse which were raised the following year to defend our coasts from the insults of that enemy. He remained in his quarters at Dover till the conclusion of the peace, when those troops were disbanded; soon after which, at the next meeting of the parliament in October, though so much under the age prefixed for voting in the House of Peers, he received a writ to sit there; which being rejected by the House on that account, he acquiesced not unwillingly, the heat of youth then inclining him more to the affairs of love and gallantry, which, by his own confession, he engaged in with too much eagerness, and even without interruption. However, he did not suffer his pleasures to depress or sink his genius, though he employed his Muse to heighten their relish\*, which in that view was far from being strictly chaste. These merits set him in high favour at Court, by which means he was very servicable in

\* Several of his poetical pieces were written in this interval between the first and second Dutch wars.

procuring the Laureat's place in 1668 for Mr. Dryden, whom, as a brother poet, he had taken into his particular friendship. In this interval too nice a sensibility in the point of honour engaged him in a very singular quarrel with Wilmot the witty Earl of Rochester\*.

\* Being informed that the Earl of Rochester had said something maliciously of him, he immediately sent a mettled friend of his, Colonel Aston, with a challenge. Wilmot denied the words; and though our challenger was soon convinced his suspicion was false, yet he foolishly thought the mere report obliged him to go on with the quarrel. Since it could not be avoided, Wilmot chose to fight on horseback, and accordingly met our hero next morning at the place appointed; but instead of one Mr. Porter, whom he assured Aston he would make his second, he brought an errant life-guard man whom nobody knew. Mr. Aston taking exception to this, especially on account of his being so much better mounted than they, they all agreed to fight on foot. "But," continues our Author, "as Lord Rochester and I were riding into the next field in order to it, he told me that he had at first chosen to fight on horseback, because he was so weak with a certain distemper that he found himself unfit to fight at all, much less on foot." At this, which was deemed a plain confessing himself a coward, his antagonist, whose anger was appeased by the discovery of the falseness of the charge which had kindled it, pushed him upon the consideration of the necessity there would be, in case they should not fight, of clearing his own character by telling the truth of the matter. Wilmot submitted to the condition, hoping his challenger would not desire the advantage of having to do with any man in so weak a condition. "I replied," continues our Author, "that by such an argument he had sufficiently tied my hands, upon condition I might call our seconds to be witnesses of the whole business, which he consented to, and so we parted." Mr. Aston, on their return to London, wrote down every word and circumstance of the whole that

At the breaking out of the second Dutch war in 1672, he went again to sea, a volunteer under the Duke of York, and behaved so gallantly at the famous battle of Solebay, that immediately upon his return to London the King gave him the command of the Royal Katharine, the best second-rate ship then in the navy, a favour which was in the highest degree acceptable to him. But, notwithstanding that, we find him, though at sea, the ensuing year, yet acting in the post and with the commission of a Colonel, having himself raised a regiment of foot to serve in the land forces, sent (with the fleet) under the command of Monsieur de Schomberg, with whom he now lived in a good degree of familiarity and friendship. These forces being set on shore in the summer by the command of the admiral, Prince Rupert\*,

had passed, and dispersed it abroad; which being never in the least either contradicted or resented by Lord Rochester, entirely ruined his reputation as to courage. So says our Author; and the several challenges which were sent to that Lord afterwards, together with his behaviour on those occasions, are a full proof of the truth of the fact in general. However, it cannot escape the reader's notice that the Earl of Mulgrave condemns himself at least equally with his antagonist in this affair in particular.

\* The whole forces, both sea and land, were commanded in chief by that Prince with the title of Generalissimo. We have the following account of the quarrel betwixt the land and sea commanders, which occasioned this order of the latter, whereby the land forces lay idle at Yarmouth without doing any thing the whole summer. It seems Monsieur Schomberg, by the advice of our volunteer, and the consent of the captain of the ship where he was, had hung up in the throuds one of the co-

while they lay encamped there, our colonel, to the great mortification of Schomberg his general, was favoured by his Majesty with the promise of a blue ribband, and upon his arrival at Court was appointed Colonel of the old Holland regiment, joined to that

ours of our colonel's regiment, as a signal for the land officers to know the ship where their general was, chusing this as more proper for him than any of those which belonged to the sea : but it had not been set up half an hour when, sitting with the colonel on the quarter-deck, a bullet was heard whizzing over their heads, which was presently followed by another. Upon this they began to think cannon-bullets that came so near a little worth the minding, and were surpris'd to perceive they came from the admiral. All agreeing this was done to express his dislike of the signal, Clement, captain of the ship, was dispatched to explain the reason of it. The Prince had sent his lieutenant, Whitley, with his positive command to pull down the flag ; but he arriving on board the Greyhound just after Captain Clement had left it, Whitley was desired to return with this answer, that if his Highness continued in the same mind after hearing the occasion from Clement, the flag should be taken down immediately. The Prince seeing Whitley's boat come from the Greyhound and the flag not taken down, and Captain Clement just arrived on board him, in great anger ordered him to be clapt into the bilboes, without so much as hearing either him or his message, and commanded the gunner to sink the Greyhound immediately if the flag was not taken down. In this extremity the volunteers of quality on board the Prince, having asked leave, were connived at by him in going to the Greyhound, where they found it easy to persuade them to pull down their flag rather than be sunk ; but all together were not able to pacify the general, who interpreted all this proceeding to come from an old pique in Prince Rupert, who, he said, was otherwise too well bred to use an old acquaintance and a foreigner in such a brutal manner, as he called it.

of his own raising. By this means he continued in commission after the peace, which was concluded before the expiration of the year, when all the other new colonels were disbanded.

Soon after his instalment into the order of the Garter, May the 29th 1674, he was made Gentleman of the Bedchamber to his Majesty; but being still desirous to exercise and improve his military character, notwithstanding Nature had formed him particularly for shining in a court, he went into the French service, having obtained leave of King Charles to make a campaign under the celebrated Marshal de Turenne.

About this time he had some expectations of having the first regiment of Foot-guards; he depended upon the joint interest of the two Dukes of York and Monmouth, but was disappointed by the latter; upon whose disgrace however, in 1679, the Earl was appointed Lord-lieutenant of the county of York, and Governor of Hull, in his room. The same year he wrote his piece entitled *The Character of a Tory*; and the next year he gave a signal proof of his loyalty in commanding the forces ordered for the relief of Tangier. Having voluntarily offered his service for that command, his honour would not suffer him to recede, notwithstanding he apprehended a design against his life\*, by the appointment of a ship to con-

\* We are told that some of the Earl's enemies at court took an opportunity to put King Charles out of humour by mali-



vey him which the captain often declared to be in a condition not able to endure the voyage. But he survived the danger, and returning from the expedition crowned with success, his Majesty not long after

cious stories of him relating to some ladies in whom his Majesty was not unconcerned. That by this and other contrivances all the good ships were otherwise employed, and that when his Lordship represented the unsafe condition of the ship appointed for him, both the Admiralty and the King assured him the ship was safe enough, and that no other could be got ready time enough for his expedition: so that the point being reduced to a struggle between his honour and his life, he preferred the former, and resolved, contrary to the advice of his friends, to venture his life, but at the same time advised several volunteers of distinction to wave the voyage, their honour not being equally concerned. That two days after they set sail the ship leaked in so many places that, notwithstanding the carpenters on board, they owed their safety to the pumps all the remainder of the voyage, which, by the advantage of very fine weather, they finished in three weeks. That arriving at Tangier, they met Admiral Herbert, afterwards Earl of Torrington, who lifted his hands and eyes in amazement of their having performed such a voyage in a ship which he had sent home as unfit for service. While he was at sea we find he wrote a poem called *The Vision*, where, though the tender passion is touched with his usual delicacy, yet it is cast in such a gloomy form as is not common to his Lordship's Muse, and therefore may well be thought to be inspired by the sensibility of his present danger. The following lines, with which this piece concludes, are an exact specimen of the temper of the whole, and will both explain and evince the truth of our remark.

The Spirit then reply'd to all I said,  
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;  
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate;  
Then she will love when 't is, alas! too late:  
Of all thy pains she will no pity have,  
For sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

returned likewise to his usual good nature. This melting away all the Earl's resentment and chagrin \*, immediately revived that hearty respect which had continually glowed in the breast of this subject, who remained ever after in high favour with that Prince, till by his death the crown devolved upon the head of his brother. By this change, what had before been the Earl of Mulgrave's dutiful allegiance became now his ardent affection. He had never known King Charles any other than his sovereign, a circumstance that naturally creates somewhat of a distant awe to the most gracious princes, but he had long before lived in a state of familiar friendship with the Duke of York †, which therefore as naturally grew into the most af-

\* We have a remarkable instance to what a height he carried it during the passage to Tangier. Among the volunteers who had a design of accompanying him, some desisted by his persuasion, but others having spoken their intention to go with him, thought their honour concerned in keeping their word. Among these was the Earl of Plymouth, a natural son of King Charles, who it is said likewise entered heartily into his General's cause. They had been a fortnight at sea when one of the company observing his Majesty's health had never once been proposed at the General's table, took the liberty of hinting it to him as an omission occasioned through forgetfulness, especially considering a son of his Majesty sat there every day. The General answered he knew it very well, but must first get out of his rotten ship before he could make that health go merrily round.

† Both his Memoirs and his Account of the Revolution are so full of expressions of that kind, that one is apt even to think that the pleasure of that part was the principal motive to the writing of them.

fectionate attachment to King James II. upon whose accession to the throne he was immediately sworn of the Privy Council, and the 20th of October following was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Household. His sincere zeal for his master carried him even so far as to take a seat in the Ecclesiastical Commission \*. It was this personal regard likewise that urged him to oppose all such imprudent steps which it was foreseen must unavoidably lead to the ruin of that unfortunate Prince †; and the same personal regard kept him at a great distance from having any share in those counsels where the measures were concerted for bringing about the Revolution.

In establishing the new settlement of the crown he yielded to the exigency of the occasion, being fully

\* As this was one of the illegal steps taken by his master, he was in some danger of smarting for it after the Revolution; in which juncture he had the good fortune to find a friend, where perhaps he least expected it, in Dr. Tillotson, then Dean of Canterbury, who most generously interceding in his behalf procured his pardon.

† He declares that dislike of the King's measures in following the advice of the Roman Catholics, though at the same time, to shew his reluctance to the dislike, he says, "It spread like an infection." "This," says he, "reached some of his Majesty's ministers themselves. The Earls of Mulgrave and Middleton, never the least tainted with being either false or factious, yet the first of them, not only in execution of his office (Lord Chamberlain) assailed openly all the Protestant clergy, but absented himself from all the councils; and both of them, in their own justification, took all occasions of deriding the ill advice of the Papists."

persuaded that the welfare of his country required such a conduct. In this view it was that in the Convention Parliament he both spoke and voted for the conjunctive sovereignty \*. However, by that step he greatly obliged the Prince of Orange, who had it much at heart to obtain this advantage over the Princess. The Earl had no employ under the new government for some years.

May the 10th, 1694, he was created Marquis of Normanby, in the county of Lincoln. But neither this testimony of King William's kindness, nor even a personal application, with very advantageous offers from his Majesty †, could prevail upon him to desist from

\* We are told that some of his friends had heard him declare he had the following motive for this step, that he thought the title of either person was equal; and since the parliament was to decide the matter, he judged it would much better please the prince, who was now become their protector, and was also in itself a thing more becoming so good a princess as Queen Mary to partake with her husband a crown so obtained, than to possess it entirely as her own.

† We have the following account of this application from the penman of his Character. King William sent one day for the Earl, and, after some little discourse, offered to give him an additional title, with an annual pension of 3000 *l.* and to make him of the Cabinet Council. The Earl gave him many thanks for his intended favours, and asked, with humblest submission, what his Majesty expected from him in return? adding, that he could not deny but that he was engaged in assisting those bills which his Majesty did not at present approve of; he was sorry his Majesty did not; but whether he had the honour or not of serving him, he could not give them up, but must assist their success to his utmost ability.

exerting his utmost vigour to procure and carry through both the treason-bill and that for establishing triennial parliaments. He also opposed with great zeal the act which took away Sir John Fenwick's life. Yet so high was his reputation at Court, that the King took him into the Cabinet Council, and gave him a pension of three thousand pounds a-year. He received with pleasure all these marks of esteem that were paid to his distinguished abilities, though he never had any good liking for that prince. But as soon as Queen Anne came into the possession of the throne, he entered into her service with all the warmth of the most affectionate duty, which was accepted on her part with the truest sincerity. She gave him the Privy Seal, April 21st, 1702, just before her coronation, and presently after it made him Lord-lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the North Riding of Yorkshire. In October following he was also appointed one of the Commissioners to treat of an union between England and Scotland; and, before the expiration of the year, was first created Duke of Normanby, March 9th, and then Duke of Buckinghamshire, the 23d of the same month. He was made, too, one of the Governors of the Charter-house this year; yet he did not sit long easy in his present advantageous situation. He grew by degrees jealous of his rival the Duke of Marlborough, and not brooking the superior power of that favourite with his mistress, he threw up the Privy



Seal entirely against her mind; so that to remove his discontentment, and procure a reconciliation, she made him an offer of the Lord Chancellor's place, which was also refused by him. During this ill-humour he suffered party-prejudice to transport him beyond the bounds both of his honour and good sense \*. Yet in 1705, March 21st, the Queen readily admitted him to kiss her hand upon the marriage of his third wife, who was a natural daughter to King James II. † During this recess from public business he finished his

\* He threw up the Seals in March, and at the meeting of the new parliament in November following, Lord Haverham moved the House of Peers that the Princess Sophia might be sent for into England, as necessary to secure the succession in the house of Hanover. This motion was seconded by the Duke of Bucks, and the Earls of Rochester, Nottingham, and Anglesey.

† Her mother was Katharine Sedley, daughter to the ingenious Sir Charles Sedley. King James, by a warrant dated Dec. 1688, dignified his daughter by her with the name of Lady Katharine Darnley, gave her the place of a duke's daughter, and empowered her to bear the royal arms within a border compone, ermine and azure, the azure charged with flower-de-lis of France, and for supporters, on the dexter side an unicorn ermine, his horn, main, and hoofs, Or, acolloed with a chaplet of red roses, barbed and seeded proper, and on the sinister a goat ermine, horned and hooved azure, with a like chaplet about his neck as has the dexter. She was left very young a widow by James Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was parted at her own suit, though the Earl long opposed it, by the unanimous consent of both Houses of parliament, for the Earl's cruelty and causeless ill usage of her. It was thought by some that his Lordship had a tincture of distraction, as was, they said, plain from his conduct to her. They lived together only one year.

house in St. James's Park, having before obtained a grant of the site of it from the Crown.

The Duke continued out of employ till the general change of the ministry in 1710; in effecting which he had some share, and was presently made Lord Steward of the Household, whence he was advanced the following year to be Lord President of the Council. He joined in all the measures of that remarkable ministry\*, (of which himself was a considerable part) excepting in the affair of the Catalans only, whose lives and liberties he thought too much exposed by that part of the plan of the peace of Utrecht; and he

His Grace was first married to Ursula, daughter of Colonel Stawel, and widow of Earl Conway. His second wife was Lady Catharine, eldest daughter to Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, widow of Baptist Noel Earl of Gainborough; she died in 1703-4. His Grace had no issue by either of these ladies, to whom, we are told by several, he shewed but little deference: and indeed the natural children he had during these marriages give but too much room to believe the truth of that censure. However, his Grace makes a kind mention, in his Will, of all his wives, declaring that "he had had the most extraordinary blessing of "three kind and excellent wives." He also desired to be buried near his second lady in Westminster-abbey, and intimates that he would have removed the corpse of his first wife to the same grave, had she not lain near her own mother in the country.

\* It is said he had made his addresses to the Queen in the way of love before her marriage with the Prince of Denmark. This is hinted by Mrs. Manley in the style and manner of her *Memoirs of the English Court*. Mr. Boyer also takes notice of it in his history of this Queen. "Some years," says he, "before "the Queen was married to Prince George, the Marquis of

laboured heartily, though without success, to obtain a better security for that ill-fortuned people, who had entirely relied on England for protection. Notwithstanding his disagreement with the Earl of Oxford in this particular, yet he continued his friendship to that minister after his disgrace; and though the Duke, in virtue of his post, became, on the death of the Queen, one of the Lords Justices for governing the kingdom till the arrival of her successor in England, yet he never afterwards entered into any of the concerns at Court, and constantly opposed the steps pursued by the administration, spending some of his leisure hours in the most elegant manner with his Muse\*.

In 1716 his lady brought him a son†, whom he left

“Normanby, then Earl of Mulgrave, a nobleman of singular  
 “accomplishments both of mind and person, and of a plentiful  
 “fortune, aspired so high as to (attempt to) marry the Lady  
 “Anne: but though his addresses to her were checked as soon  
 “as discovered, yet the Princess had ever an esteem for him.”

\* Witness his Session of the Poets upon the choice of a Laureat in 1719, and those excellent lines on Mr. Pope. It was at this time also that he wrote his two tragedies of Julius Cæsar and the Death of Brutus; for the latter of which the just-mentioned poet composed two choruses, which were set to music by Signor Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. Mr. (now Bishop) Warburton observes, that the two choruses were made at the request of the Duke, to adorn a very poor performance of his; and that they have the usual effect of all ill-adjusted ornaments, they make the meanness of the piece more conspicuous.

† She had brought the Duke several children before this, as, first, a daughter christened Sophia, who died very young, and two sons, to the first of which Queen Anne, as a god-mother

a child of nine years old at his death, which happened Feb. 24th, 1720-21, at the age of seventy-one. His corpse lay magnificently in state for a considerable time at Buckingham-house, whence it was conveyed with the greatest funeral pomp to Westminster-abbey, where, being interred according to his own request, a sumptuous monument was erected afterwards to his memory in Henry VII.'s Chapel, for which purpose he left 500 *l.* by his will, and directed an epitaph, written by himself, to be put upon it. But one expression was omitted by order of Dr. Atterbury \*, then gave the name of John, who lived but three weeks, and the year after another son called Robert, and styled Marquis of Normanby, born Dec. 11. 1711. On his death his father wrote a tender poem, which ends thus:

But why so much digression  
This fatal loss to show,  
Alas! there's no expression  
Can tell a parent's woe.

After this there was another daughter christened Sophia Catharina Henrietta, who lived till she was four years of age.

\* The expression was *Christum adveneror*, which he thought intended by the Duke in derogation of the divine nature of the Son of God; and the next remark will shew he had ground for that opinion, notwithstanding another worthy clergyman has likewise shewn the words otherwise fairly capable of a higher meaning, being used by Varro to signify even the highest act of religious worship, who says, *Venerem et Minervam advenerari*. The original epitaph is

Dubius sed non improbus vixi.  
Incertus morior sed inturbatus.  
Romanum est nescire et errare.  
Christum adveneror, Deo confido  
Omnipotenti, benevolentissimo.  
Ene Entium miserere mihi.

Dean of that church, who would not suffer it to stand there; and indeed the whole, after many declarations of his religious sentiments which are found interspersed up and down in his writings, too plainly speaks him a Theist \*, yet not without some mixture of a superstitious cast in his composition †.

\* Among these passages we shall produce only that in his Ode on Brutus, the rather because it seems to have been written about the same time with the Epitaph.

'Tis said that favourite mankind  
Was made the lord of all below;  
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find  
'Tis only one man tells another so.  
And for this great dominion here  
Which over other beasts we claim,  
Reason our best credential does appear,  
By which indeed we domineer,  
But how absurdly we may see with shame:  
Reason, that solemn trifter! light as air,  
Driv'n up and down by censure or applause,  
By partial love away 't is blown,  
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;  
Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.  
In any nice and weighty cause  
How weak at best is Reason! yet the grave  
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

† I have ventured to assert this from several passages in his Works, some of the most remarkable of which shall be laid before the reader for his judgment. In the poem already mentioned, written in his voyage to Tangier, the plan of which is a Vision, he concludes thus;

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,  
All trembling at my doom;  
Dreams oft' repeat adventures past,  
And tell our ills to come.

Again, in his Memoirs of himself, speaking of the death of the Earl of Sandwich, he makes the following remark. He dined in Mr. Digby's ship the day before the battle, when no body dream'd of fighting, and shew'd a gloomy discontent, so con-



Mr. Pope having declined to write his character, there came out in 1723 his Works pompously printed, with his picture prefixed, curiously engraved from an original painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, as also a

trary to his usual cheerful humour, that we even then all took notice of it, but much more afterwards. The next instance is more full to our purpose: it is in the same Memoirs where he relates several passages in his first adventure at sea. Our fleet, says he, happening to go near the shore to take in fresh water, Prince Rupert dined with a gentleman who lived thereabouts, and returning on board in a little boat with only Lord Blaney and myself, there happened so sudden and violent a storm that we did not like it, and Prince Rupert began to talk of Prince Maurice being cast away by a like accident. Upon which, continues our Author, I could not but reflect on my family also, since my grandfather and three of his brothers had been drowned. The Lord Blaney hearing all this, made us all laugh in the midst of our danger, by swearing that though he liked our company he wished himself out of it, and in any other boat whatsoever, since he feared the ill fortune of our two families would sink him. The story of his grandfather and three brothers is in the Peerage of England by Mr. Collins, who tells us there were in all five brothers, one of whom was drowned in France, three others lost their lives in the passage of Whitgift-ferry over the river Humber, and the youngest broke his neck in a new riding-house which his father had made out of an old consecrated chapel, according to Sir William Dugdale. This father was the first Earl of Mulgrave in the family, being created by Queen Elizabeth, by whose express command he, among other English lords, attended the Duke of Anjou to Antwerp; and being in the famous sea-fight against the Spaniards in 1558, who had threatened an invasion, was knighted by the Lord Admiral for his gallant deportment and memorable service in that engagement. He was afterwards appointed Governor of the Briel in Zealand, and made a knight of the Garter. The title of Lord Sheffield of Butterwick was first given

draught of his monument, with the epitaph, and the following inscription; "To the memory of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, these his more lasting Remains, the monument of his mind, and more perfect image of himself, are here collected by the direction of Catharine his Duchess; desiring that his ashes may be honoured, and his fame and merit committed to the test of time, truth, and posterity." The whole impression being seized at the press by his Majesty's messengers, some pieces in it which gave offence to the Government were suppressed in the publication. However, in 1729, a second edition was published in 8vo, wherein the castrated sheets were inserted, and there was also prefixed "A short character of the Duke of Buckinghamshire, together with an account of the pedigree of the Sheffield family, and his Grace's Last Will and Testament, written with his own hand without any assistance."

in the first of Edward VI. to Edmund Sheffield, our Duke's great-great-grandfather, who was killed in an insurrection of the common people of Norfolk the next year, he being one of the nobles who accompanied the Marquis of Northampton to suppress them, when his horse fell into a ditch near Norwich; whereupon pulling off his helmet to shew the rebels who he was, a butcher slew him with his club. The manor of Butterwick came into the family by the marriage of Sir Robert Sheffield, knighted by Edward I. with Janet, daughter and co-heiress to Alexander Laird of Butterwick. This Robert's father, who was himself also Sir Robert Sheffield, lived in the time of Henry III. and was the first ancestor of this family mentioned in history.

With regard to his character it is observed, that in his person his Grace was tall; and though not perhaps the most exactly shaped, being thought a little too long waisted, and rather too narrow in his chest and shoulders, yet all together he looked more like a man of quality than most of his rank who were his contemporaries. He was allowed to be handsome, his face being a regular oval, and all the features of it well proportioned. His countenance had an extraordinary sweetness, joined with a lively and penetrating look, which at first sight struck you with an idea of that great understanding of which he gave the world such various proofs. He had one thing very particular, that laughing heartily, which is seldom advantageous to any body, was in him uncommonly agreeable. And as it was generally allowed that no body exceeded him in person when young, so few, if any, were ever so agreeable when old.

As to his manners, he was reported not to be good-natured, and to be very haughty and proud; whereas he was really good-natured, and so tender that, upon seeing in the streets any real object of compassion, he has several times been touched to a degree of bringing tears into his eyes. He was affected in the same manner upon reading a melancholy story, or hearing of any friendly and generous behaviour. He was a little passionate, and sometimes quick upon people that had given him no occasion; which was the case sometimes of his most

familiar friends, or gentlemen who came freely to visit him; but then he was never easy till he had made them some amends. When he was disobliged by his equals, or even by his King to his thinking not well treated, he carried it pretty high till he had got the better of the first, and prevailed on the other to change his proceedings more to his satisfaction. But except upon such occasions no man on earth could carry himself with more good breeding and humanity. And in all his conversations with his inferiors, you could not think he judged there was any difference betwixt him and them. He would talk as familiarly to his servants as if he was not their master, and often said, "I was angry with you a little time ago, but I don't mean half the things I say in a passion."

He was by many thought not to have made a very good husband to his first and second wives; yet this second had by a former husband two daughters, whom he always treated with the greatest respect and kindness, as themselves always acknowledged; and after her death he contributed to marry one of her daughters to one of the best matches in the kingdom.

The liberties which he allowed himself in relation to the ladies are well known. Yet this ought to be remarked as a proof of his good sense, that none of his mistresses could ever prevail upon him to marry foolishly, or ever gained too great an ascendant over him; and some years before his death he shewed a

good deal of concern for that kind of libertinism into which an impetuosity of temper, too much neglected in his education, together with the prevailing fashion of that Court in which he lived, had too often hurried him.

He was by his worst enemies allowed to have lived always very kindly with his last wife. Whenever she was very ill or in danger, which generally happened when she was with child, or at her lying-in, he shewed all possible marks of concern; and when there was more than ordinary danger, his servants often found him on his knees at prayers; and on those occasions he has made vows, in case she recovered, to give in charities sometimes two hundred, sometimes three hundred pounds at a time, which he performed punctually.

He was thought to be too saving in money matters, but that opinion was occasioned by little trifling accidents, or rather an humour which indiscreet people knew not how to manage; for in reality he was not to be called covetous. It is certain his affection to his last duchess over-balanced his disposition that way, for he always paid her pin-money to a day; and notwithstanding some ill accidents in his fortune might have justified an omission or delay, when her pension from the Crown of 1200 *l.* a-year, part of the provision made for her by King James II. (the payment of which, by the ill offices of a favourite at Court, had



been for some time discontinued) and when by a just representation to Queen Anne by Lord-Treasurer Oxford that pension began to be repaid, he always brought the money to her, desiring her to take what part of it she pleased for her own use, of which she always took one third. But there is a strong indication of his neglecting money matters too much. He lost a great part of his fortune merely through an indolence and unwillingness to take the pains to visit his estates at some distance from London in the space of forty years.

In a word, he was a good husband, a just and tender father, a constant zealous friend, and, one may add, the most agreeable of companions.

As to religion, Bishop Burnet tells us he was looked on as indifferent to all particular professions, and that he was apt to comply in every thing that might be acceptable to King James, going with his Majesty to mass and kneeling at it; so that when that court thought of making converts to Popery, and the priests made an attack upon him, he told them he was willing to receive instructions; that he had taken much pains to bring himself to believe in God, who made the world and all men in it, but it must not be an ordinary force of argument that could make him believe that man was quits with God, and made God.

His Grace's only surviving child, Edmond, was a youth of the greatest hopes. He was left solely to the

care of his mother, and being of a weakly constitution was carried by her, who constantly attended him, soon after his father's death, into foreign parts on account of his health, which obliged him to reside a great part of his time out of his native country. He was admitted, on the 26th of July 1732, of Queen's College in Oxford, and resided there about a year and a half, only during the public act in 1733 he retired from the college, his modesty not permitting him to assist at that solemnity, in which it is usual for the academical nobles to pronounce exercises in public. Tender as he was, yet fired with the example of his ancestors, many of whom had signalized themselves in the wars, in 1734 he went a volunteer into the French army, then under the command of his uncle the Duke of Berwick in Germany, whom he served as Aid-de-camp at the sieges of Fort Kehl and Philippsburgh, till the Marshal lost his head by a cannon-ball from the walls of the latter. This catastrophe put an end to the nephew's campaign. The next year intending to try the air of Naples, he advanced in his way thither as far as Rome, where he found his strength so much wasted, that he was not able to pursue the journey any farther. He remained in this city till the very last shock of his distemper, which he sustained with admirable fortitude and resignation, saying, "He would ride out the storm in the chair where he sat." He died Oct. 30th, 1735, at Rome, but his body was

brought into England, and after lying in state at Buckingham-house, was conveyed to Westminster-abbey with a like funeral solemnity to that of his father, by whose side he was interred. His effigy, curiously done in wax, lies over his tomb in Henry VII.'s chapel. Mr. Pope wrote an epitaph for him. By his death the Sheffield family became extinct, and the whole estate came into the hands of the old Duke's natural son, Charles Herbert, who taking the name of Sheffield, in pursuance of his father's Will, entered also, after the death of the Duchess in 1742, into possession of the house in St. James's Park, which he enjoyed with a fair character.

# TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

HIS GRACE AND HIS WRITINGS.

*Earl of ROSCOMMON. Essay on Translated Verse.*

HAPPY that author whose correct Essay \*  
Repairs so well our old Horatian way.

DRYDEN. *Abfalom and Abithophel.*

Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,  
Himself a Muse—In Sanhedrin's debate  
True to his prince, but not a slave of state.

DRYDEN. *Verses to Lord Roscommon.*

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear  
His fame augmented by an English peer?  
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,  
Outdoes in softness, and his sense improves?

DRYDEN. *Preface to Virgil's Æneis.*

Your Essay on Poetry, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction; and, without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am,

\* Essay on Poetry.

not without some envy, I was loath to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others.

I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess; but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure, &c.

DRYDEN. *Ibid.*

This is but doing justice to my country, part of which honour will reflect on your Lordship, whose thoughts are always just, your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the meantime, that little you have writ is owned, and that particularly by the poets, (who are a nation not over-lavish of praise to their contemporaries) as a particular ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

DRYDEN. *Dedication to Aurengzebe.*

How great and manly in your Lordship is your



contempt of popular applause, and your retired virtue, which shines only to a few, with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident you have a soul which is capable of all the tenderness of friendship, and that you only retire yourself from those who are not capable of returning it ! Your kindness, where you have once placed it, is inviolable ; and it is to that only I attribute my happiness in your love. This makes me more easily forsake an argument on which I could otherwise delight to dwell, I mean your judgment in your choice of friends, because I have the honour to be one : after which, I am sure, you will more easily permit me to be silent in the care you have taken of my fortune, which you have rescued not only from the power of others, but from my worst of enemies, my own modesty and laziness ; which favour, had it been employed on a more deserving subject, had been an effect of justice in your nature, but as placed on me is only charity : yet, withal, it is conferred on such a man as prefers your kindness itself before any of its consequences, and who values as the greatest of your favours those of your love and of your conversation. From this constancy to your friends I might reasonably assume that your resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrained by a nobler principle of good-nature and generosity ; for certainly it is the same composition of mind, the same resolution and courage, which

makes the greatest friendships and the greatest enmities. To this firmness in all your actions (though you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the interest your merits have acquired you in the royal family. A prince who is constant to himself, and steady in all his undertakings; one with whom the character of Horace will agree,

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

Such a one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence, on him whom no adversity, no change of courts, no bribery of interest, or cabal of factions, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the solid foundations of honour and fidelity.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores  
Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.*

How well your Lordship will deserve that praise I need no inspiration to foretel: you have already left no room for prophesy: your early undertakings have been such, in the service of your king and country, when you offered yourself to the most dangerous employment, that of the sea; when you chose to abandon those delights to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the company, of common seamen, that you have made it evident you will refuse no opportunity of rendering yourself useful to the nation, when either your courage or conduct shall be required.

*Bishop BURNET. Preface to Sir T. More's Utopia.*

Our language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly since the correction that was given by the Rehearsal; and it is to be hoped that the Essay on Poetry, which may be well matched with the best pieces of its kind that even Augustus's age produced, will have a more powerful operation, if clear sense, joined with home but gentle reproofs, can work more on our writers than that unmerciful exposing of them has done.

ADDISON. *Spectator*, N<sup>o</sup>. 253.

We have three poems in our tongue which are of the same nature, and each of them a masterpiece in its kind, the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on Poetry, and the Essay on Criticism.

*Lord LANSDOWNE. Essay on Unnatural Flights, &c.*

First Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next, like light,  
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;  
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,  
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.  
The Stagyrte and Horace laid aside,  
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide:  
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,  
May in their lessons learn the road to fame.

PRIOR. *Alma, Cant. 2.*

Happy the poet, blest'd the lays,  
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

GARTH. *Dispensary.*

Now Tyber's streams no courtly Gallus see,  
But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanby.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.*

Yet some there were among the founder few,  
Of those who less presum'd and better knew,  
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,  
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws:  
Such was the Muse whose rules and practice tell  
"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

POPE. *Miscellanies.*

Muse! 't is enough; at length thy labour ends,  
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.  
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,  
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;  
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,  
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain:  
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,  
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

---

To the Memory of  
**JOHN SHEFFIELD,**

**DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,**

*These his more lasting*

**REMAINS,**

( The Monument of his Mind, and more perfect Image of himself)

Are here collected by the direction of

*KATHARINE HIS DUCHESS,*

Desiring that his

**ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,**

And his

**FAME AND MERIT**

Committed to the test of

**TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.**

---

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**MISCELLANIES.**

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**THE DREAM.**

**R**EADY to throw me at the feet  
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,  
Impatient those delights to meet  
Which I enjoy'd the night before ;



By her wonted scornful brow 5  
Soon the fond mistake I find;  
Ixion mourn'd his error so,  
When Juno's form the cloud resign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd  
Than waking joys, which most prevail, 10  
Had cunningly itself disguis'd  
In a shape that could not fail.

There my Celia's snowy arms,  
Breasts, and others parts more dear,  
Exposing new and unknown charms, 15  
To my transported soul appear.

Then you so much kindness show,  
My despair deluded flies,  
And indulgent Dreams bestow  
What your cruelty denies. 20

Blush not that your image Love  
Naked to my fancy brought;  
'Tis hard, methinks, to disapprove  
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliss 25  
Can such griefs as mine remove;  
That honour as fantastic is  
Which makes you slight such constant love.

The virtue which you value so  
Is but a fancy frail and vain;  
Nothing is solid here below  
Except my love and your disdain.

## THE WARNING.

LOVERS, who waste your thoughts and youth  
In passion's fond extremes,  
Who dream of women's love and truth,  
And dote upon your dreams;

I should not here your fancy take  
From such a pleasing state,  
Were you not sure at last to wake,  
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes the love which crowns  
Our cares is all but wiles,  
Compos'd of false fantastic frowns,  
And soft dissembling smiles.

With anger, which sometimes they feign,  
They cruel tyrants prove,  
And then turn flatterers again  
With as affected love.

As if some injury was meant  
To those they kindly us'd,  
Those lovers are the most content  
That have been still refus'd.

20

Since each has in his bosom nurs'd  
A false and fawning foe,  
'Tis just and wise, by striking first,  
To 'scape the fatal blow.

24

## THE VENTURE.

Oh, how I languish! what a strange  
Unruly fierce desire!  
My spirits feel some wondrous change,  
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiser thoughts, away!  
In vain your tale ye tell  
Of patient hopes and dull delay,  
Love's foppish part; farewell.

5

Suppose one week's delay would give  
All that my wishes move,  
Oh! who so long a time can live,  
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

10

Her soul perhaps is too sublime  
To like such slavish fear;  
Discretion, prudence, all is crime,  
If once condemn'd by her.

15.

When honour does the soldier call  
To some unequal fight,  
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall  
Before his general's sight;

20

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;  
Or if ill Fate denies,  
The noble rashness Heav'n forgives,  
And gloriously he dies.

24

## THE RELAPSE.

Like children in a starry night,  
When I beheld those eyes before,  
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,  
Insensible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame so long,  
At last I felt the scorching fire;  
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,  
And I lay dying with desire.

5

By all the helps of human art  
I just recover'd so much sense  
As to avoid, with heavy heart,  
The fair but fatal influence. 10

But since you shine away despair,  
And now my sighs no longer shun,  
No Persian in his zealous prayer  
So much adores the rising sun. 15

If once again my vows displease,  
There never was so lost a lover.  
In love, that languishing disease,  
A sad Relapse we ne'er recover. 20

## THE RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languishing I lay,  
A stranger grown to all delight,  
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,  
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care  
Was how my fatal love to hide;  
For ever drooping with despair,  
Neglecting all the world beside; 5



Till, like some angel from above,  
Cornelia came to my relief,  
And then I found the joys of love  
Can make amends for all the grief.

10

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue  
Might fail if you could prove unjust;  
But promises from Heav'n and you  
Who is so impious to mistrust?

15

Here all my doubts and troubles end,  
One tender word my soul assures;  
Nor am I vain, since I depend  
Not on my own desert but your's.

20

## THE CONVERT.

DEJECTED, as true Converts die,  
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,  
So, Fairest! at your feet I lie,  
Of all my sex's faults asham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd  
Love's innocent and sacred flame,  
And that divinest pow'r have us'd  
To laugh at as an idle name.

5

But since so freely I confess  
A crime which may your scorn produce, 10  
Allow me now to make it less  
By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue;  
Variety was all my bliss;  
But ignorant of love and you, 15  
How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wand'ring eyes  
Seek out amusements as before;  
If e'er I look but to despise  
Such charms, and value your's the more, 20

May sad remorse and guilty shame  
Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;  
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,  
May I lose all in losing thee! 24

### THE SURPRISE.

SAFELY, perhaps, dull crowds admire,  
But I, alas! am all on fire.  
Like him who thought in childhood past  
That dire disease which kill'd at last,  
I durst have sworn I lov'd before, 5  
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;

Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,  
And borne the blasts of cold disdain,  
'Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,  
'That full reward of all our pains!

10

But what was all such grief or joy  
That did my heedless ears employ?  
Mere dreams of feign'd fantastic pow'rs,  
But the disease of idle hours;  
Amusement, humour, affectation,  
Compar'd with this sublimer passion,  
Whose raptures, bright as those above,  
Outshine the flames of zeal or love.

15

Yet think not, Fairest! what I sing  
Can from a love Platonic spring,  
That formal softness (false and vain)  
Not of the heart, but of the brain.

20

Thou art indeed above all nature,  
But I, a wretched human creature,  
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,  
Of husband, rivals, friends, afraid,

25

Amidst all this seraphic fire  
Am almost dying with desire,  
With eager wishes, ardent thoughts,  
Prone to commit love's wildest faults;

30

And (as we are on Sundays told  
'The lusty Patriarch did of old)  
Would force a blessing from those charms,  
And grasp an angel in my arms.

34

## THE VISION.

*Written during a sea voyage, when sent to command the  
forces for the relief of Tangier.*

WITHIN the silent shades of soft repose,  
Where Fancy's boundless stream for ever flows;  
Where the enfranchis'd soul at ease can play,  
Tir'd with the toilsome bus'ness of the day;  
Where princes gladly rest their weary heads, 5  
And change uneasy thrones for downy beds;  
Where seeming joys delude despairing minds,  
And where ev'n Jealousy some quiet finds;  
There I and Sorrow for a while could part,  
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart. 10  
But here too soon a wretched lover found  
In deepest griefs the sleep can ne'er be found;  
With strange surprise my troubled fancy brings  
Odd antic shapes of wild unheard-of things;  
Dismal and terrible they all appear, 15  
My soul was shook with an unusual fear.  
But as when visions glad the eyes of saints,  
And kind relief attends devout complaints,  
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will shine,  
And spreads a glory round that's all divine; 20  
Just such a bright and beauteous form appears,  
The monsters vanish, and with them my fears.

The fairest shape was then before me brought  
That eyes e'er saw or fancy ever thought :  
How weak are words to shew such excellence, 25  
Which ev'n confounds the soul as well as sense!  
And while our eyes transporting pleasure find,  
It stops not here, but strikes the very mind.  
Some angel speaks her praise; no human tongue  
But with its utmost art must do her wrong. 30  
The only woman that has pow'r to kill,  
And yet is good enough to want the will,  
Who needs no soft alluring words repeat,  
Nor study'd looks of languishing deceit.  
Fantastic beauty, always in the wrong, 35  
Still thinks some pride must to its pow'r belong :  
An air affected, and an haughty mien,  
Something that seems to say I would be seen :  
But of all womankind this only she,  
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free, 40  
Deserves some nobler Muse her fame to raise,  
By making the whole sex beside her pyramid of praise.  
She, she appear'd the source of all my joys,  
The dearest care that all my thought employs :  
Gently she look'd, as when I left her last, 45  
When first she seiz'd my heart, and held it fast ;  
When if my vows, alas ! were made too late,  
I saw my doom came not from her but Fate.  
With pity then she eas'd my raging pain,  
And her kind eyes could scarce from tears refrain : 50



"Why, gentle Swain!" said she, "why do you grieve  
 "In words I should not hear, much less believe?"

"I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,  
 "And ought to fly the danger which I find:  
 "Of false mankind tho' you may be the best,  
 "Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.

55

"I see your pain, and see it too with grief,  
 "Because I would, yet must not, give relief.  
 "Thus, for a husband's sake as well as your's,  
 "My scrupulous soul divided pain endures;

60

"Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do  
 "Too much for him, yet not enough for you.  
 "Give over, then, give over, hapless Swain!  
 "A passion moving, but a passion vain:  
 "Not chance nor time shall ever change my thought:  
 "'Tis better much to die than do a fault."

66

Oh, worse than ever! Is it then my doom  
 Just to see heav'n, where I must never come?  
 Your soft compassion, if not something more,  
 Yet I remain as wretched as before;  
 The wind indeed is fair, but, ah! no sight of shore.  
 Farewell, too scrupulous Fair-one! oh! farewell;  
 What torments I endure no tongue can tell:  
 Thank Heav'n my fate transports me now where I,  
 Your martyr, may with ease and safety die.

70

75

With that I kneel'd, and seiz'd her trembling hand,  
 While she impos'd this cruel kind command:

"Live, and love on; you will be true, I know;

"But live then, and come back to tell me so;

"For tho' I blush at this last guilty breath, 80

"I can endure that better than your death."

Tormenting kindness! barbarous reprieve!

Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!

This tender scene my dream repeated o'er,

Just as it pass'd in real truth before. 85

Methought I then fell grovelling to the ground,

Till, on a sudden rais'd, I, wond'ring, found

A strange appearance all in taintless white;

His form gave reverence, and his face delight;

Goodness and greatness in his eyes were seen, 90

Gentle his look, and affable his mien.

A kindly notice of me thus he took;

"What mean these flowing eyes, this ghastly look,

"These trembling joints, this loose dishevell'd hair,

"And this cold dew, the drops of deep despair?"

With grief and wonder first my spirits faint, 96

But thus at last I vented my complaint:

Behold a wretch whom cruel Fate has found,

And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.

There shines a nymph to whom an envy'd swain 100

Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;

But, cloy'd with charms of such a marriage-bed,

And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread,

And will, most husband-like, not only range

For love perhaps of nothing else but change, 105

But to inferior beauty prostrate lies,  
 And courts her love in scorn of Flavia's eyes.  
 " All this I knew, (the form divine reply'd)  
 " And did but ask to have thy temper try'd,  
 " Which prove sincere. Of both I know the mind;  
 " She is too scrupulous, and thou too kind: III  
 " But since thy fatal love 's for ever fix'd,  
 " Whatever time or absence come betwixt;  
 " Since thy fond heart ev'n her disdain prefers  
 " To others' love, I'll something soften her's; III  
 " Else in the search of virtue she may stray;  
 " Well-meaning mortals should not lose their way.  
 " She now indeed sins on the safer side,  
 " For hearts too loose are never to be ty'd;  
 " But no extremes are either good or wise, 120  
 " And in the midst alone true virtue lies.  
 " When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,  
 " 'Tis a mere contract made by human care,  
 " By which they both are for convenience ty'd,  
 " The bridegroom yet more strictly than the bride;  
 " For circumstances alter ev'ry ill, 126  
 " And woman meets with most temptation still;  
 " She a forsaken bed must often bear,  
 " While he can never fail to find her there,  
 " And therefore less excus'd to range elsewhere. }  
 " Yet this she ought to suffer, and submit: 131  
 " But when no longer for each other fit,  
 " If usage base shall just resentment move,  
 " Or, what is worse, affronts of wand'ring love,

"No obligation after that remains: 135

"'Tis mean, not just, to wear a rival's chains.

"Yet decency requires the wonted cares

"Of int'rest, children, and remote affairs;

"But in her love, that dear concern of life,

"She all the while may be another's wife: 140

"Heav'n, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,

"Permits a lover in her husband's stead."

I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiss,

And cry'd—Ev'n our base world is just in this;

Amidst our censures love we gently blame, 145

And love sometimes preserves a female fame.

What tie less strong can woman's will restrain?

When honour checks, and conscience pleads in vain;

When parents' threats and friends' persuasions fail,

When int'rest and ambition scarce prevail, 150

To bound that sex when nothing else can move,

They'll live reserv'd to please the man they love!

The spirit then reply'd to all I said,

"She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;

"Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate; 155

"Then she will love, when 't is, alas! too late:

"Of all thy pains she will no pity have

"Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave."

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,

All trembling at my doom; 160

Dreams oft' repeat adventures past,

And tell our ills to come. 162

## THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer stay  
My eager thoughts, that force themselves away.  
Sure none inspir'd (whose heat transports them still  
Above their reason, and beyond their will)  
Can firm against the strong impulse remain ; 5  
Censure itself were not so sharp a pain.  
Let vulgar minds submit to vulgar sway;  
What ignorance shall think, or Malice say,  
To me are trifles, if the knowing few,  
Who can see faults, but can see beauties too, 10  
Applaud that genius which themselves partake,  
And spare the Poet for the Muse's sake.

The Muse, who raises me from humble ground,  
To view the vast and various world around;  
How fast I mount! in what a wondrous way 15  
I grow transported to this large survey!  
I value earth no more, and far below  
Methinks I see the busy pigmies go.  
My soul entranc'd is in a rapture brought  
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought : 20  
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,  
And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy Ambition, ever soaring high,  
Stands first expos'd to my censorious eye.  
Behold some toiling up a slipp'ry hill, 25  
Where, tho' arriv'd, they must be toiling still;

Some with unsteady feet just fall'n to ground,  
Others at top, whose heads are turning round.  
To this high sphere it happens still that some  
The most unfit are forwardest to come; 30  
Yet among these are princes forc'd to chuse,  
Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse.  
Favour too great is safely plac'd on none,  
And soon becomes a dragon or a drone;  
Either remiss and negligent of all, 35  
Or else imperious and tyrannical.

The Muse inspires me now to look again,  
And see a meaner sort of sordid men  
Doting on little heaps of yellow dust,  
For that despising honour, ease, and lust. 40  
Let other bards, expressing how it shines,  
Describe with envy what the miser finds;  
Only as heaps of dirt it seems to me,  
Where we such despicable vermine see,  
Who creep thro' filth a thousand crooked ways, 45  
Insensible of infamy or praise;  
Loaded with guilt, they still pursue their course,  
Not ev'n restrain'd by love or friendship's force.

Not to enlarge on such an obvious thought,  
Behold their folly, which transcends their fault! 50  
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend  
To gain the means, and then to lose the end;  
Like heroes in romances, still in fight  
For mistresses that yield them no delight.



This of all vice does most debase the mind; 55  
Gold is itself th' alloy to human-kind.

'Oh, happy times! when no such thing as coin  
E'er tempted friends to part or foes to join!  
Cattle or corn, among those harmless men,  
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then: 60  
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,  
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.

Ev'n traffic now is intercourse of ill,  
And ev'ry wind brings a new mischief still.  
By trade we flourish in our leaves and fruit, 65  
But av'rice and excess devour the root.

Thus far the Muse unwillingly has been  
Fix'd on the dull less happy sorts of sin;  
But now, more pleas'd, she views the diff'rent ways  
Of luxury, and all its charms surveys. 70

Dear Luxury! thou soft but sure deceit!  
Rise of the mean, and ruin of the great!  
Thou sure presage of ill-approaching fates,  
The bane of empires and the change of states!  
Armies in vain resist thy mighty pow'r; 75  
Not the worst conduct would confound them more.

Thus Rome herself, while o'er the world she flew,  
And did by virtue all that world subdue,  
Was by her own victorious arms oppress'd,  
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd East; 80  
Whence all those vices came, which soon devour  
The best foundations of renown and pow'r.

But, oh! what need have we abroad to roam,  
 Who feel too much the sad effects at home  
 Of wild excess? which we so plainly find 85°  
 Decays the body and impairs the mind.  
 But yet grave sops must not presume from hence  
 To flight the sacred pleasures of the sense.  
 Our appetites are Nature's laws, and giv'n  
 Under the broad authentic seal of Heav'n. 90  
 Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,  
 To put restraint on innocent delight, }  
 But Heav'n and Nature's always in the right : }  
 They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,  
 Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin. 95  
 Yet that in height of harmless joy we may  
 Last to old age, and never lose a day,  
 Amidst our pleasures we ourselves should spare,  
 And manage all with temperance and care.  
 The gods forbid but we sometimes may sleep 100  
 Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep;  
 It raises nature, ripens seeds of worth,  
 As moist'ning pictures calls the colours forth;  
 But if the varnish we too oft' apply,  
 Alas! like colours, we grow faint, and die. 105  
 Hold, hold, impetuous Muse! I would restrain  
 Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;  
 Abandon'd to delights, she longs to rove;  
 I check'd her here, and now she flies to love;

Shews me some rural nymph, by shepherd chas'd,  
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd : 111  
'The grass by her, as she by him, is prest ;  
For shame, my Muse ! let fancy guess the rest :  
At such a point fancy can never stay,  
But flies beyond whatever you can say. 115  
Behold the silent shades, the am'rous grove,  
'The dear delights, the very act of love.  
'This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,  
Where Love is humble, and his fare but mean ;  
Yet springing up without the help of art, 120  
Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,  
More healthfully, tho' not so finely fed,  
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.  
But 't is in courts where most he makes a show,  
And, high-enthron'd, governs the world below : 125  
For tho' in histories learn'd Ignorance  
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,  
Love will in those disguises often smile,  
And knows the cause was kindness all the while.  
What story, place, or person, cannot prove 130  
'The boundless influence of mighty Love ?  
Where'er the sun can vigorous heat inspire  
Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.  
'The weary'd swain, fast in the arms of Sleep,  
Love can awake, and often sighing keep ; 135  
And busy gown-men, by fond love disguis'd,  
Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.

The proudest kings submit to Beauty's sway;  
Beauty itself, a greater prince than they,  
Lies sometimes languishing, with all its pride, 148  
By a belov'd tho' fickle lover's side.

I mean to flight the soft enchanting charm,  
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.  
I dote on woman-kind with all their faults;  
Love turns my satire into softest thoughts: 145  
Of all that passion which our peace destroys,  
Instead of mischiefs I describe the joys.  
But short will be his reign, (I fear too short)  
And present cares shall be my future sport. 149  
Then Love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,  
Loose from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,  
To all fond thoughts I'll sing such counter-charms,  
The fair shall listen in their lovers' arms.

Now the enthusiastic fit is spent,  
I feel my weakness, and too late repent. 155  
As they who walk in dreams oft' climb too high  
For sense to follow with a waking eye,  
And in such wild attempts are blindly bold,  
Which afterwards they tremble to behold;  
So I review these fallies of my pen, 160  
And modest reason is return'd again;  
My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,  
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.

No wretched poet of the railing pit,  
No critic curs'd with the wrong side of wit, 165

Is more severe from ignorance and spite,  
'Than I with judgment against all I write.

167

### THE MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they flight ;  
They neither act nor reason right,  
And nothing mind but pence.  
Unskilful they victorious are,  
Conduct a kingdom without care,  
A council without sense.

5

So Moses once, and Joshua,  
And that virago Debora,  
Bestrid poor Israel :

Like reverence pay to these ; for who  
Could ride a nation as they do  
Without a Miracle ?

10

12

### THE ELECTION OF

### A POET-LAUREAT, 1719.

A FAMOUS assembly was summon'd of late ;  
To crown a new Laureat came Phœbus in state,  
With all that Montfaucon himself could desire,  
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies so juggle,  
No country election e'er made such a bustle ;  
From garret, mint, tavern, they all post away,  
Some thirsting for sack, some ambitious of bay.

5

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,  
From Cibber and Dursley to Prior and Pope; 10  
Phœbus smil'd on these last, but yet ne'ertheless,  
Said he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber, [der,  
Which from Tonsen to Curll every press had groan'd un-  
Came Blackmore, and cry'd, "Look! all these are my  
"But at present I beg you'd but read my Essays." [lays,

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide, 17  
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side by side;  
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,  
But beadles and hangmen were never chose kings. 20

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the Town,  
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;  
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,  
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.

Lame Congreve, unable such things to endure, 25  
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;  
To refuse such a writer Apollo was loth,  
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he scarce car'd to be seen,  
Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in; 30  
But a Laureat peer had never been known;  
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.



Yet if the kind god had been ne'er so inclin'd  
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,  
'Who of such preferment would only make sport, 35  
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lanfdowne was nam'd,  
But Apollo with kindness his indolence blam'd,  
And said he would chuse him, but that he should fear  
An employment of trouble he never could bear. 40

A prelate \* for wit and for eloquence fam'd,  
Apollo soon mis'd, and he needs not be nam'd,  
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so bright,  
No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen Apollo was cold with respect, 45  
Since he for the state could the Muses neglect;  
But said in a greater assembly he shin'd,  
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,  
For some things writ well; but Apollo declar'd 50  
That one was too flat, the other too rough,  
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,  
Said those works must be good which had Addison's  
But Apollo reply'd, Child Eustace, 't is known [praise;  
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own. 56

\* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

'Then Philips came forth, as starch as a Quaker,  
Whose simple profession's a Pastoral-maker;  
Apollo advis'd him from playhouse to keep,  
And pipe to nought else but his dog and his sheep. 60

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came last in the train,  
Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain;  
Phœbus thought them too bashful, and said they would  
More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed. [need

Apollo, now driven to a cursed quandary, 65  
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary;  
Nay, had honest Tom Southerne but been within call--  
But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And so spying one who came only to gaze,  
A hater of verse, and despiser of plays, 70  
To him in great form, without any delay,  
(Tho' a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god  
So gravely pronounce an election so odd;  
And tho' Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,  
Most others were ready to sink in the place. 76

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,  
Concluding the bigot would never accept;  
But the hypocrite told them he well understood, 79  
Tho' the function was wicked the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, "Who shall have it  
"But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it?"  
"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,  
But vow'd tho' till then he ne'er heard of his name. 84

## LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,  
Who did my pity move;  
They, by the right of wanting wit,  
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are  
By that defect secure  
From slavery and toils of war,  
Which all the rest endure. 5

So I, who suffer cold neglect  
And wounds from Celia's eyes,  
Begin extremely to respect  
These fools that seem so wise. 10

'Tis true they fondly set their hearts  
On things of no delight;  
To pass all day for men of parts  
They pass alone the night. 15

But Celia never breaks their rest;  
Such servants she disdains;  
And so the fops are dully blest,  
While I endure her chains.

29

ON DON ALONZO'S  
BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL,  
UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA,  
IN THE YEAR 1683.

IN such a cause no Muse should fail  
To bear a mournful part;  
'Tis just and noble to bewail  
The fate of fall'n Defert.

In vain ambitious hopes design'd  
To make his soul aspire,  
If love and beauty had not join'd  
To raise a brighter fire.

Amidst so many dang'rous foes  
How weak the wisest prove!  
Reason itself would scarce oppose,  
And seems agreed with love.

10

If from the glorious height he falls,  
He greatly daring dies;  
Or mounting where bright Beauty calls,  
An empire is the prize.

16

## ON ONE WHO DIED DISCOVERING HER KINDNESS.

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,  
While others sigh for cold disdain:  
Love's various slaves we daily see,  
Yet happy all compar'd with me.

Of all mankind I lov'd the best  
A nymph so far above the rest,  
That we outshin'd the bless'd above,  
In beauty she, and I in love;

5

And therefore they who could not bear  
To be outdone by mortals here,  
Among themselves have plac'd her now,  
And left me wretched here below.

10

All other fate I could have borne,  
And ev'n endur'd her very scorn;  
But, oh! thus all at once to find  
That dread account, both dead and kind!  
What heart can hold! If yet I live,  
'Tis but to shew how much I grieve.

15

18

## ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

COME all ye doleful dismal cares  
That ever haunted guilty mind,  
The pangs of love when it despairs,  
And all those stings the jealous find:  
Alas! heart-breaking tho' ye be,  
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!

5

Who now have lost—but, oh! how much?  
No language, nothing can express,  
Except my grief! for she was such,  
That praises would but make her less.  
Yet who can ever dare to raise  
His voice on her unless to praise?

10

Free from her sex's smallest faults,  
And fair as womankind can be;  
'Tender and warm as lovers' thoughts,  
Yet cold to all the world but me:  
Of all this nothing now remains  
But only sighs and endless pains.

15

18



O N

## MR. HOBBS AND HIS WRITINGS.

SUCH is the mode of these censorious days,  
The art is lost of knowing how to praise.  
Poets are envious now, and fools alone  
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.  
Yet whatsoe'er is by vain critics thought, 5  
Praising is harder much than finding fault.  
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel;  
Italians only can draw Beauty well.

As strings alike wound up so equal prove,  
That one resounding makes the other move; 10  
From such a cause our satires please so much,  
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;  
And as the sharp infection spreads about,  
The reader's malice helps the writer out.  
To blame is easy; to commend is bold; 15  
Yet if the Muse inspires it who can hold?  
To merit we are bound to give applause,  
Content to suffer in so just a cause.

While in dark ignorance we lay afraid  
Of fancies, ghosts, and ev'ry empty shade, 20  
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reason's light  
Put such fantastic forms to shameful flight.  
Fond is their fear who think men needs must be  
To vice enslav'd if from vain terrors free.

The wise and good morality will guide, 25  
And superstition all the world beside.

In other authors tho' the thought be good,  
'Tis not sometimes so eas'ly understood;  
That jewel oft' unpolish'd has remain'd;  
Some words should be left out, and some explain'd;  
So that, in search of sense, we either stray, 31  
Or else grow weary in so rough a way:  
But here sweet Eloquence does always smile  
In such a choice yet unaffected style,  
As must both knowledge and delight impart, 35  
The force of reason with the flow'rs of art;  
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,  
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:  
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,  
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man. 40

Bacon himself, whose universal wit  
Does admiration thro' the world beget,  
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,  
Or greater credit to his country brought.

While Fame is young, too weak to fly away, 45  
Malice pursues her like some bird of prey;  
But once on wing then all the quarrels cease;  
Envy herself is glad to be at peace,  
Gives over, weary'd with so high a flight  
Above her reach, and scarce within her sight. 50  
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,  
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers past;

But such the frailty is of human-kind,  
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find ;  
Long ripening under ground this China lies,      55  
Fame bears no fruit till the vain planter dies.

Thus Nature, tir'd with his unusual length  
Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,  
Such stock of wit unable to supply,  
To spare herself was glad to let him die.      60

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON,

ROBERT MARQ. OF NORMANBY.

Our morning 's gay and shining ;  
The days our joys declare ;  
At evening no repining,  
And night 's all void of care.

A fond transported mother      5  
Was often heard to cry,  
Oh ! where is such an other  
So blest'd by Heav'n as I ?

A child at first was wanting ;  
Now such a son is sent      10  
As parents most lamenting  
In him would find content.

A child of whom kind Heav'n  
Not only hope bestows,  
But has already giv'n  
Him all our hopes propose.

15

The happy fire's possessing  
His share in such a boy  
Adds still a greater blessing  
To all my other joy.

20

But, ah! this shiny weather  
Became too hot at last;  
Black clouds began to gather,  
And all the sky o'ercast.

So fierce a fever rages,  
We all lie drown'd in tears,  
And dismal sad presages  
Come thund'ring in our ears.

25

The doubts that made us languish  
Did worse, far worse, than kill;  
Yet, oh! with all their anguish  
Would we had doubted still!

30

But why so much digression  
This fatal loss to show?  
Alas! there's no expression  
Can tell a parent's woe.

36

## ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness tir'd,  
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd,  
Too serious now a wanton Muse to court,  
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port,  
I little thought of lanching forth again 5  
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen,  
And after some small undeserv'd success  
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,  
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme; 10  
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,  
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.  
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,  
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,  
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay; 15  
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wondrous, so sublime, a thing  
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,  
Except I justly could at once commend  
A good companion and as firm a friend. 20  
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,  
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,  
But a much greater to give merit praise. 24

---

## ON THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parsons teach,  
Hear, for once, a poet preach.

Vice has lost its very name,  
Skill and cozenage thought the same,  
Only playing well the game.

Foul contrivances we see  
Call'd but ingenuity;

Ample fortunes often made  
Out of frauds in ev'ry trade,  
Which an awkward child afford  
Enough to wed the greatest lord.

The miser starves to raise a son,  
But if once the fool is gone,  
Years of thrift scarce serve a day;  
Rakehell squanders all away.

Husbands seeking for a place,  
Or toiling for their pay,  
While their wives undo their race  
By petticoats and play;

Breeding boys to drink and dice,  
Carrying girls to comedies,  
Where mamma's intrigues are shown,  
Which ere long will be their own.

Having first at sermon slept,  
Tedious day is weekly kept

}  
5 }

10

15

20

25



By worfe hypocrites than men,  
 Till Monday comes to cheat again.  
 Ev'n among the noblest-born  
 Moral virtue is a scorn;  
 Gratitude but rare at best, 30  
 And fidelity a jest:  
 All our wit but party-mocks,  
 All our wisdom raising stocks;  
 Counted folly to defend  
 Sinking side or falling friend. 35  
 Long an officer may serve;  
 Prais'd and wounded he may starve:  
 No receipt to make him rise  
 Like inventing loyal lies.  
 We, whose ancestors have shin'd 40  
 In arts of peace and fields of fame,  
 To ill and idleness inclin'd,  
 Now are grown a public shame.  
 Fatal that intestine jar  
 Which produc'd our Civil war! 45  
 Ever since how sad a race!  
 Senseless, violent, and base! 47

## ON THE DUKE OF YORK

BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I FEEL a strange impulse, a strong desire,  
 (For what vain thoughts will not a Muse inspire?)

To sing on lofty subjects, and to raise  
My own low fame by writing James's praise.

Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth, 5  
Observ'd those seeds of fortitude and truth  
Which since have spread so wide, so wondrous high;  
The good distress'd beneath that shelter lie,

In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,  
And in the midst of mighty chiefs admir'd. 10

Of all Heav'n's gifts no temper is so rare]  
As so much courage mix'd with so much care.

When martial fire makes all the spirits boil,  
And forces youth to military toil,  
No wonder it should fiercely then engage; 15

Women themselves will venture in a rage:  
But in the midst of all that furious heat,

While so intent on actions brave and great,  
For other lives to feel such tender fears,

And, careless of his own, to care for theirs, 20  
Is that composure which a hero makes,

And which illustrious York alone partakes  
With that great man \*, whose fame has flown so far,  
Who taught him first the noble art of war.

Oh! wondrous Pair! whom equal virtues crown,  
Oh! worthy of each other's vast renown! 26

None but Turenne with York could glory share,  
And none but York deserve so great a master's care.

\* The Marechal de Turenne.

Scarce was he come to bless his native isle,  
And reap the soft reward of glorious toil, 30  
But, like Alcides, still new dangers call  
His courage forth, and still he vanquish'd all.

At sea, that bloody scene of boundless rage,  
Where floating castles in fierce flames engage,  
(Where Mars himself does frowningly command, 35  
And by lieutenants only fights at land)  
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,  
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.

In those black times when, faction raging high,  
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly, 40  
With York thy fled, but not depress'd his mind,  
Still like a diamond in the dust it shin'd.  
When from afar his drooping friends beheld  
How in distress he ev'n himself excell'd;  
How to his envious fate, his country's frown, 45  
His brother's will, he sacrific'd his own,  
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more  
But that just Heav'n would all our joys restore.

So when black clouds surround heav'n's glorious  
Tempestuous darkness covering all the place, [face,  
If we discern but the least glimmering ray 51  
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,  
The cheerful sight our fainting courage warms;  
Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms. 54

---

## ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED Mankind! void of both strength and  
 Dext'rous at nothing but at doing ill, [skill,  
 In merit humble, in pretensions high,  
 Among them none, alas! more weak than I,  
 And none more blind; tho' still I worthless thought  
 The best I ever spoke or ever wrote. 6

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;  
 Within my soul such strong impulse I find  
 The heav'nly tribute of due praise to pay,  
 Perhaps 't is sacred, and I must obey. 10

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high,  
 Stupendous wonders of the Deity!  
 Miraculous effects of boundless pow'r!  
 And that as boundless goodness shining more!  
 All these so numberless my thoughts attend; 15  
 Oh! where shall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,  
 So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse, }  
 Abruptly to break off wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know Thee more, 20  
 Let me in silent reverence adore,  
 Wishing that human pow'r were higher rais'd,  
 Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!  
 Thrice happy angels in their high degree,  
 Created worthy of extolling Thee! 25

## A DIALOGUE.

*Sung on the Stage, between an elderly Shepherd and a very young Nymph.*

SHEPHERD.

BRIGHT and blooming as the spring,  
Universal love inspiring,  
All our swains thy praises sing,  
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH. Praises in so high a strain,  
And by such a shepherd sung,  
Are enough to make me vain,  
Yet so harmless and so young.

5

SHEP. I should have despair'd among  
Rivals that appear so gaily,  
But your eyes have made me young  
By their smiling on me daily.

10

NYMPH. Idle boys admire us blindly,  
Are inconstant, wild, and bold,  
And your using me so kindly  
Is a proof you are not old.

15

SHEP. With thy pleasing voice and fashion,  
With thy humour and thy youth,  
Cheer my soul, and crown my passion;  
Oh! reward my love and truth.

20

NYMPH. With thy careful arts to cover  
That which fools will count a fault,  
Truest friend as well as lover,  
Oh! deserve so kind a thought.

*Each apart first, and then both together.*

Happy we shall lie possessing, 25  
 Folded in each other's arms,  
 Love and Nature's chiefest blessing  
 In the still-increasing charms.  
 So the dearest joys of loving,  
 Which scarce heav'n can go beyond, 30  
 We'll be ev'ry day improving,  
 SHEP. You more fair, and I more fond.  
 NYMPH. I more fair, and you more fond. 33

## AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE \*.

BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE AND MR. DRYDEN.

How dull and how insensible a beast  
 Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?  
 Philosophers and poets vainly strove  
 In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move;  
 But those were pedants when compar'd with these,  
 Who know not only to instruct but please. 6  
 Poets alone found the delightful way  
 Mysterious morals gently to convey  
 In charming numbers; so that as men grew  
 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too. 10  
 Satire has always shone among the rest,  
 And is the boldest way, if not the best,

\* This Essay was printed among the poems of Mr. Dryden, vol. iii. p. 5. but it was judged no impropriety to repeat it here, to complete the collection of this noble Author.



To tell men freely of their foulest faults,  
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.  
In Satire, too, the wise took diff'rent ways, 15  
To each deserving its peculiar praise.  
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,  
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd 'em into shame.  
But of these two the last succeeded best,  
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest. 20  
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,  
And censure those who censure all besides,  
In other things they justly are preferr'd;  
In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd:  
Against the grossest follies they declaim; 25  
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.  
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,  
And 't is the talent of each vulgar wit.  
Besides, 't is labour lost; for who would preach  
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach? 30  
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,  
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.  
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,  
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;  
That little speck, which all the rest does spoil, 35  
To wash off that would be a noble toil,  
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,  
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage.  
Above all censure, too, each little wit  
Will be so glad to see the greater hit, 40

Who judging better, tho' concern'd the most,  
Of such correction will have cause to boast.  
In such a Satire all would seek a share,  
And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.  
Old story-tellers, too, must pine and die 45  
To see their antiquated wit laid by;  
Like her who mis'd her name in a lampoon,  
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.  
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here,  
Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear, 50  
Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight;  
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?  
Much less half wits; that 's more against our rules;  
For they are fops, the other are but fools.  
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar, 55  
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?  
The cunning courtier should be slighted too,  
Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado,  
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,  
Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last. 60  
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,  
Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd;  
With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,  
They are as common that way as the other; 64  
Yet faunt'ring Charles, between his beastly brace,  
Meets with dissembling still in either place,  
Affected humour, or a painted face. }

In loyal libels we have often told him  
How one has jilted him, the other sold him ;  
• How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ; 70  
But who can rail so long as he can sleep ?  
Was ever prince by two at once misled,  
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred ?  
Earnely and Aylsbury, with all that race  
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place ; 75  
At council set, as foils on Dorset's score,  
To make that great false jewel shine the more,  
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,  
Only for taking pains and telling lies.  
But there 's no meddling with such nauseous men ; 80  
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen :  
'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse  
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let 's behold the merriest man alive  
Against his careless genius vainly strive, 85  
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay  
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day ;  
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be  
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee ;  
But when he aims at reason or at rule, 90  
He turns himself the best to ridicule.  
Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit,  
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,  
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,  
Tho' he left all mankind to be destroy'd. 95

So cat, transform'd, sat gravely and demure  
 Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure,  
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,  
 And from her friend did just as oddly fly.  
 Reaching above our nature does no good; 100  
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;  
 As by our little Machiavel we find,  
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind,  
 His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes,  
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes, }  
 No pity of its poor companion takes. 106 }  
 What gravity can hold from laughing out  
 'To see him drag his feeble legs about  
 Like hounds ill coupled? Jowler lugs him still  
 Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that 's ill. 110  
 'Twere crime in any man, but him alone,  
 To use a body so tho' 't is one's own:  
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,  
 That, whilst he creeps, his vig'rous thoughts can soar.  
 Alas! that soaring, to those few that know, 115  
 Is but a busy grov'ling here below.  
 So men in rapture think they mount the sky,  
 Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie; }  
 So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly. }  
 As the new Earl, with parts deserving praise, 120  
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,  
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,  
 Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune flights,

Striving against his quiet all he can,  
For the fine notion of a busy man. 125

‘And what is that at best, but one whose mind  
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?  
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;  
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain  
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do, 130  
I’ll not only pay him, but admire him too.  
But is there any other beast that lives  
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?  
Will any dog that has his teeth and stones  
Refin’dly leave his bitches and his bones 135  
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ’d,  
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy’d?  
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman’s name,  
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Tho’ Satire, nicely writ with humour, stings 140  
But those who merit praise in other things,  
Yet we must needs this one exception make,  
And break our rules for Folly Tropos’ sake,  
Who was too much despis’d to be accus’d,  
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus’d; 145  
Rais’d only by his mercenary tongue  
For railing smoothly and for reas’ning wrong.  
As boys, on holy-days let loose to play,  
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,  
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress 150  
Some silly Cit in her flower’d foolish dress;

So have I mighty satisfaction found  
To see his tinsel reason on the ground;  
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,  
By some who scarce have words enough to show it;  
For Sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker 156  
The finer, nay, sometimes the wittiest speaker.  
But 't is prodigious so much eloquence  
Should be acquired by such little sense;  
For words and wit did anciently agree, 160  
And Tully was no fool, tho' this man be;  
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,  
Knave on the woolpack, sop at council-table.  
These are the grievances of such fools as wou'd  
Be rather wise than honest, great than good. 165

Some other kind of wits must be made known,  
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;  
Excess of luxury they think can please,  
And laziness call loving of their ease;  
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign, 170  
Tho' their whole life 's but intermitting pain:  
So much of surfeits, headachs, claps, are seen,  
We scarce perceive the little time between:  
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,  
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake. 175  
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay  
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,  
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that;



And first he worried her with railing rhyme, 180  
Like Pembroke's mastives, at his kindest time;

'Then for one night fold all his slavish life,  
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.  
Swell'd by contact of such a fullsome toad,  
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load 185  
Till Fortune, blindly kind, as well as he,  
Has ill-restor'd him to his liberty,  
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,  
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day,  
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times 190  
Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,  
'Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;  
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,  
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks; 195  
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes  
To see him catch his Tartar for his prize;  
Th' impatient Town waited the wish'd-for change,  
And cuckold's smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;  
Till Petworth-plot made us with sorrow see 200  
As his estate, his person, too, was free:  
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude, could move;  
'To gold he fled from beauty and from love;  
Yet, failing there, he keeps his freedom still,  
Forc'd to live happily against his will. 205  
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r  
Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.

And little Sid. for simile renown'd,  
Pleasure has always fought but never found :  
Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall, 210  
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.  
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong ;  
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.  
But sure we all mistake this pious man,  
Who mortifies his person all he can : 215  
What we uncharitably take for sin,  
Are only rules of this odd Capuchin ;  
For never hermit, under grave pretence,  
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense ;  
And 't is a miracle, we may suppose, 220  
No nastiness offends his skilful nose,  
Which from all stink can, with peculiar art,  
Extract perfume and essence from a f—t.  
Expecting supper is his great delight ;  
He toils all day but to be drunk at night, 225  
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,  
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,  
Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet ;  
For while he mischief means to all mankind, 230  
Himself alone the ill effects does find ;  
And so, like witches, justly suffers shame,  
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.  
False are his words, affected is his wit,  
So often he does aim, so seldom hit : 235

To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,  
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks :  
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,  
Manners themselves are mischievous in him :  
A proof that Chance alone makes ev'ry creature; 240  
A very Killigrew, without good nature;  
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,  
And his own kickings notably contriv'd ?  
For, there 's the folly that 's still mix'd with fear,  
Cowards more blows than any hero bear. 245  
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,  
But 't is a bolder thing to run away.  
The world may well forgive him all his ill,  
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still ;  
Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose, 250  
And then as meanly labours to get loose.  
A life so infamous is better quitting,  
Spent in base injury and low submitting.  
I'd like to have left out his poetry,  
Forgot by all almost as well as me. 255  
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,  
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,  
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,  
To find it out 's the cinder-woman's trade,  
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire 260  
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.  
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,  
The wretched texts deserve no comments here,

Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,  
For a whole page of dulness must atone. 265

How vain a thing is Man, and how unwise!  
Ev'n he who would himself the most despise!  
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,  
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.  
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown, 270  
We pull down others but to raise our own:  
That we may angels seem we paint them elves,  
And are but satyrs to set up ourselves.  
I, who have all this while been finding fault  
Ev'n with my master, who first Satire taught, 275  
And did by that describe the task so hard,  
It seems stupendous and above reward,  
Now labour, with unequal force, to climb  
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:  
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,  
Learn to write well, or not to write at all. 281

## AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

O all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.  
No writing lifts exalted man so high  
As sacred and soul-moving Poetry:  
No kind of work requires so nice a touch, 5  
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.

But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane  
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.

'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes  
Dazzling our minds sets off the slightest rhymes 10  
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;

True wit is everlasting, like the sun,  
Which, tho' sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,  
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.

Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound 15  
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,  
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;

And all in vain these superficial parts  
Contribute to the structure of the whole  
Without a genius too; for that's the soul : 20

A spirit which inspires the work throughout,  
As that of Nature moves the world about;  
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,  
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;  
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown, 25  
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.

Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain  
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?

When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,  
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,  
Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away  
From pleasures of the night and bus'ness of the day? 32  
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain  
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.

As all is dulness when the fancy's bad, 35  
So without judgment fancy is but mad;  
And judgment has a boundless influence  
Not only in the choice of words or sense,  
But on the world, on manners, and on men;  
Fancy is but the feather of the pen; 40  
Reason is that substantial useful part  
Which gains the head, while t' other wins the heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,  
And the whole art of poetry, rehearse;  
But who that task would after Horace do? 45  
The best of masters, and examples too!  
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;  
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.  
'Tis true the Ancients we may rob with ease,  
But who with that mean shift himself can please 50  
Without an actor's pride? A player's art  
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.  
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,  
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts.  
What need has Satire then to live on theft, 55  
When so much fresh occasion still is left?  
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,  
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.  
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear,  
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here: 60  
Defects of witty men deserve a cure,  
And those who are so will ev'n this endure.



First, then, of Songs, which now so much abound;  
Without his Song no sop is to be found;

A most offensive weapon, which he draws 65  
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.

Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part  
Of poetry requires a nicer art;

For as in rows of richest pearl there lies  
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes, 70

The least of which defects is plainly shown  
In one small ring, and brings the value down;

So Songs should be to just perfection wrought, }  
Yet where can one be seen without a fault? }

Exact propriety of words and thought, 75  
Expression easy, and the fancy high,

Yet that not seem to creep nor this to fly;  
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,  
As wrought with care yet seem by chance to fall.

Here, as in all things else, is most unfit 80  
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;

Such nauseous Songs by a late author \* made  
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.

Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy  
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy; 85

But words obscene, too gross to move desire,  
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.

\* The Earl of Rochester.---It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious.

On other themes he well deserves our praise,  
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice, 90,  
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;  
The praise of beauty, valour, wit, contains,  
And there too oft' despairing Love complains:  
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?  
That phoenix-she deserves to be belov'd; 95  
But noisy nonsense, and such sops as vex  
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.  
This to the praise of those who better knew;  
The many raise the value of the few.

But here (as all our sex too oft' have try'd) 100  
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.  
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,  
Is not defect in words or want of wit;  
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,  
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd, 105  
If yet a just coherence be not made  
Between each thought, and the whole model laid  
So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,  
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;  
Such trifles may perhaps of late have past, 110  
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;  
'Tis epigram, 't is point, 't is what you will,  
But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill;  
No Panegyric \*, nor a Cooper's-Hill †.

\* Waller's.

† Denham's.

A higher flight, and of a happier force, 115  
Are Odes, the Muse's most unruly horse,  
'That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,  
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one posselt.  
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,  
With fury too as well as fancy fir'd. 120  
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,  
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;  
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,  
Deadens or clouds his noble frame of thought.  
Tho' all appear in heat and fury done, 125  
The language still must soft and easy run.  
'These laws may sound a little too severe,  
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,  
Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,  
And makes the work much easier than it shows. 130  
Of all the ways that wisest men could find  
To mend the age and mortify mankind,  
Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,  
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.  
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more 135  
Without repeating things said oft' before:  
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove  
That stain a beauty which we so much love.  
Of chosen words some take not care enough,  
And think they should be, as the subject, rough. 140  
This poem must be more exactly made,  
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.

Some think if sharp enough they cannot fail,  
As if their only bus'ness was to rail;  
But human frailty nicely to unfold, 145  
Distinguishes a Satyr from a scold.  
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;  
A Satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;  
So while you seem to flight some rival youth,  
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth. 150  
The Laureat \* here may justly claim our praise,  
Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno † with immortal bays;  
Yet once his Pegasus ‡ has borne dead weight,  
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Here rest, my Muse! suspend thy cares awhile,  
A more important task attends thy toil. 156  
As some young eagle, that designs to fly  
A long unwonted journey thro' the sky,  
Weighs all the dang'rous enterprize before,  
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar, 160  
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears  
The lofty road of airy travellers;  
But yet incited by some bold design,  
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,  
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care, 165  
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air,  
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,  
She lessens to us, and is lost at last;

\* Mr. Dryden. † A famous satirical poem of his.

‡ A poem called The Hind and Panther.

So (tho' too weak for such a weighty thing)  
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing. 170

'And why should truth offend, when only told  
To guide the ignorant and warn the bold?  
On, then, my Muse! advent'rously engage  
To give instructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place, 175  
Which, if observ'd, give Plays so great a grace,  
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known  
To be taught here, where we pretend alone  
From nicer faults to purge the present age,  
Less obvious errors of the English stage. 180

First, then, Soliloquies had need be few,  
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.  
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want  
Of others, make the pit their confidant:  
Nor is the matter mended yet if thus 185  
They trust a friend only to tell it us.  
Th' occasion should as naturally fall  
As when Bellario \* confesses all,

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,  
(Art's needless varnish to make Nature shine) 190  
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,  
And in descriptions only claim a place:  
But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,  
From lovers in despair fine things to force,

\* In *Philaſter*, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Must needs succeed! for who can chuse but pity 195  
A dying hero miserably witty!  
But, oh! the Dialogues where jest and mock  
Is held up like a rest at shuttle-cock,  
Or else like bells eternally they chime,  
They sigh in Simile and die in Rhyme! 200  
What things are these who would be poets thought,  
By Nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?  
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve  
A better course than this, by which they starve.  
But to write Plays! why, 't is a bold pretence 205  
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:  
Nay more; for they must look within to find  
Those secret turns of Nature in the mind:  
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,  
And but a body all without a soul. 210  
All this united yet but makes a part  
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'ful art,  
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,  
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,  
Scarce comprehended since but by a few. 215  
Plato and Lucian are the best remains  
Of all the wonders which this art contains:  
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,  
Shakespeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:  
Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er; 220  
Go see them play'd, then read them as before:



For tho' in many things they grossly fail,  
Over our passions still they so prevail,  
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;  
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep. 225  
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults.  
First on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;  
Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;  
This oft', alone, has giv'n success to plays.  
Reject that vulgar error (which appears 230  
So fair) of making perfect characters:  
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw  
A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.  
Some faults must be that his misfortunes drew,  
But such as may deserve compassion too. 235  
Besides the main design, compos'd with art,  
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;  
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,  
As painters first chalk out the future face:  
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this, 240  
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,  
As what a man would say in such a case.  
Neither in comedy will this suffice,  
The player too must be before your eyes; 245  
And tho' 't is drudgery to stoop so low,  
To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single fop, but lay the load  
More equally, and spread the folly broad.

Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft' we see 250  
A fool derided by as bad as he.

Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way  
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.

Small poets thus will one poor sop devour,  
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r 255

Ingredients to compose that precious juice  
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,  
In spite of faction this would favour get;  
But Falstaff \* stands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall 260 }  
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall  
So overflow, that is, be none at all,

That ev'n his fools speak sense as if posselt,  
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.

If once the justness of each part be lost, 265  
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.

That silly thing men call Sheer-wit avoid,  
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:  
Humour is all; wit should be only brought  
To turn agreeably some proper thought. 270

But since the poets we of late have known  
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,  
The better by example to convince,  
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a Soliloquy is calmly made, 275  
Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;

\* The matchless character of Shakespeare.

Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes  
Some hero frightened at the noise of drums,  
For her sweet sake whom at first sight he loves,  
And all in metaphor his passion proves; 280  
But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown,  
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone,  
He straight grows jealous, tho' we know not why,  
'Then to oblige his rival needs will die;  
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells 285  
The absent nymph how much his flame excels,  
And yet bequeaths her generously now  
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!  
Who straight appears; but who can Fate withstand?  
'Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand, 290  
'That just has giv'n himself the cruel stroke,  
At which his very rival's heart is broke:  
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,  
Most sadly mourns at being left behind,  
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms 295  
To love, and living in a lady's arms.  
What shameful and what monstrous things are these!  
And then they rail at those they cannot please;  
Conclude us only partial to the dead,  
And grudge the sign of old Ben. Johnson's head. 300  
When the intrinsic value of the stage  
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age,  
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,  
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;

But that must fail which now so much o'er-rules, 305  
And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labour up  
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top  
The Epic poets so divinely show,  
And with just pride behold the rest below. 310

Heroic poems have a just pretence  
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;  
A work of such inestimable worth,  
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!  
Homer and Virgil! With what sacred awe 315  
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!

Just as a changeling seems below the rest  
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast;  
So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find  
As much above the rest of human-kind! 320

Nature's whole strength united! endless fame  
And universal shouts attend their name!  
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,  
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read, 325  
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,  
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill,  
As something of divine the work admir'd,  
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd: 330  
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,  
Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies;

Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,  
 That have to such a vast proportion grown.  
 Sure from some angel he the secret knew, 335  
 Who thro' this labyrinth has lent the clue.

But what, alas! avails it poor mankind  
 To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?  
 The way is shewn, but who has strength to go?  
 Who can all sciences profoundly know? 340  
 Whose fancy flies beyond weak Reason's fight,  
 And yet has judgment to direct it right?  
 Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,  
 Never to say too little or too much?  
 Let such a man begin without delay, 345  
 But he must do beyond what I can say;  
 Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,  
 Succeed where Spenser and ev'n Milton fail. 348

## DESPAIR.

ALL hopeless of relief,  
 Incapable of rest,  
 In vain I strive to vent a grief  
 That 's not to be express'd.

This rage within my veins  
 No reason can remove;  
 Of all the mind's most cruel pains  
 The sharpest, sure, is love.

Yet while I languish so,  
And on thee vainly call,  
Take heed, fair Cause of all my woe!  
What fate may thee befall.

10

Ungrateful cruel faults  
Suit not thy gentle sex;  
Hereafter how will guilty thoughts  
Thy tender conscience vex?

15

When welcome Death shall bring  
Relief to wretched me,  
My soul enlarg'd, and once on wing,  
In haste will fly to thee.

20

When in thy lonely bed  
My ghost its moan shall make,  
With saddest signs that I am dead,  
And dead for thy dear sake;

Struck with that conscious blow  
Thy very soul will start;  
Pale as my shadow thou wilt grow,  
And cold as is thy heart.

25

Too late remorse will then  
Untimely pity show  
To him who of all mortal men  
Did most thy value know.

30



Yet, with this broken heart,

I wish thou never be

Tormented with the thousandth part

Of what I feel for thee.

36

## WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man who, by relation,

Depends upon predestination,

For which the learned and the wise

His understanding much despise ;

4

But I pronounce, with loyal tongue,

Him in the right, them in the wrong ;

For how could such a wretch succeed

But that, alas ! it was decreed ?

8

## STANZAS.

WHENE'ER my foolish bent to public good,  
Or fonder zeal for some misguided prince,  
Shall make my dang'rous humour understood,  
For changing ministers for men of sense :

When, vainly proud to shew my public care,

5

And ev'n a sham'd to see three nations fool'd,

I shall no longer bear a wretched share

In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd :

Then as old lechers in a winter's night  
To yawning hearers all their pranks disclose, 10  
And what decay deprives them of delight  
Supply with vain endeavours to impose;

Just so shall I as idly entertain  
Some stripling patriots, fond of seeming wise;  
Tell how I still could great employments gain, 15  
Without concealing truths or whisp'ring lies!

Boast of succeeding in my country's cause  
Ev'n against some almost too high to blame,  
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,  
I oft' had ridicul'd to sense and shame: 20

Say I resisted the most potent fraud,  
But friendless Merit openly approv'd,  
And that I was above the being aw'd  
Not only by my prince, but those he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may please 25  
Such noble hopeful spirits as appear  
Willing to slight their pleasures and their ease  
For fame and honour? till at last they hear.

After much trouble borne, and danger run,  
The crown assist'd, and my country serv'd, 30  
Without good fortune I had been undone,  
Without a good estate I might have starv'd. 32

## ELEGY.

TO THE DUCHESS OF R——.

THOU lovely slave to a rude husband's will,  
By Nature us'd so well, by him so ill!  
For all that grief we see your mind endure  
Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure.  
Those maids you envy for their happier state, 5  
To have your form would gladly have your fate;  
And of like slavery each wife complains,  
Without such beauty's help to bear her chains.  
Husbands like him we ev'ry-where may see;  
But where can we behold a wife like thee? 10

While to a tyrant you by Fate are ty'd,  
By love you tyrannize o'er all beside.  
'Those eyes, tho' weeping, can no pity move;  
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!  
You, while so fair, (do Fortune what she please) 15  
Can be no more in pain than we at ease;  
Unless, unsatisfy'd with all our vows,  
Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,  
'That you repine a husband should escape  
Th' united force of such a face and shape. 20  
If so, alas! for all those charming powers  
Your case is just as desperate as ours.  
Expect that birds should only sing to you,  
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree should bow;

Expect those statues, as you pass, should burn, 25  
And that with wonder men should statues turn :  
Such beauty is enough to give things life,  
But not to make a husband love his wife :  
A husband worse than statues or than trees,  
Colder than those, less sensible than these. 30  
Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,  
And waste not sighs you only owe to love.  
'Tis pity sighs from such a breast should part,  
Unless to ease some doubtful lover's heart,  
Who dies because he must too justly prize 35  
What yet the dull possessor does despise.  
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,  
Who nor their use nor wondrous value know ;  
But we for those bright treasures tempt the main,  
And hazard life for what the fools disdain. 40

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# ODES.

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## ODE ON LOVE.

### I.

LET others songs or satires write,  
Provok'd by vanity or spite,  
My Muse a nobler cause shall move,  
To sound aloud the praise of Love,  
That gentle yet resistless heat 5  
Which raises men to all things good and great.  
While other passions of the mind  
To low brutality debase mankind,  
By Love we are above ourselves refin'd. }  
Oh, Love! thou trance divine! in which the soul, 10  
Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may range without  
control, [teach  
And soaring to her heav'n, from thence inspir'd can  
High mysteries above poor Reason's feeble reach.

### II.

To weak old age prudence some aid may prove,  
And curb those appetites that faintly move; 15  
But wild impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing less  
than Love. }  
Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,  
Love's pow'r can penetrate the hardest hearts,  
And thro' the closest pores a passage find,  
Like that of light, to shine all o'er the mind. 20  
The want of love does both extremes produce,  
Maids are too nice, and men as much too loose;

While equal good an am'rous couple find,  
 She makes him constant, and he makes her kind.  
 New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove; 25  
 Hermits or bed-rid men they'll sooner move:  
 The fair inveigler will but sadly find  
 There's no such eunuch as a man in love:  
 But when by his chaste nymph embrac'd,  
 (For Love makes all embraces chaste) 30  
 Then the transported creature can  
 Do wonders, and is more than man.  
 Both heav'n and earth would our desires confine;  
 But yet in vain both heav'n and earth combine, }  
 Unless where Love blesses the great design. 35  
 Hymen makes fast the hand, but Love the heart;  
 He the fool's god, thou Nature's Hymen art,  
 Whose laws once broke we are not held by force,  
 But the false breach itself is a divorce.

## III.

For love the miser will his gold despise, 40  
 The false grow faithful, and the foolish wise;  
 Cautious the young, and complaisant the old,  
 The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.  
 Thou glorious sun within our souls,  
 Whose influence so much controls! 45  
 Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,  
 Quickened by thee more lively move;  
 And if their heads but any substance hold,  
 Love ripens all that dross into the purest gold.



In Heav'n's great work thy part is such, 50  
 That, master-like, thou giv'st the last great touch  
 'To Heav'n's own masterpiece of man,  
 And finishest what Nature but began :  
 Thy happy stroke can into softness bring  
 Reason, that rough and wrangling thing. 55  
 From childhood upwards we decay,  
 And grow but greater children ev'ry day :  
 So, Reason, how can we be said to rise ?  
 So many cares attend the being wise,  
 'Tis rather falling down a precipice. 60  
 From sense to reason unimprov'd we move ;  
 We only then advance when reason turns to love.

## IV.

Thou reignest o'er our earthly gods ;  
 Uncrown'd by thee their other crowns are loads ;  
 One beauty's smile their meanest courtier brings 65  
 Rather to pity than to envy kings ;  
 His fellow slaves he takes them now to be,  
 Favour'd by love perhaps much less than he.  
 For love the timorous bashful maid  
 Of nothing but denying is afraid ; 70  
 For love she overcomes her shame,  
 Forsakes her fortune, and forgets her fame ;  
 Yet if but with a constant lover blest,  
 Thanks Heav'n for that, and never minds the rest.

## V.

Love is the salt of life ; a higher taste 75  
 It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.

Those flighted favours which cold nymphs dispense,  
 Mere common counters of the sense,  
 Defective both in metal and in measure,  
 A lover's fancy coins into a treasure. 80  
 How vast the subject! what a boundless store  
 Of bright ideas shining all before!  
 The Muse's sighs forbid me to give o'er;  
 But the kind god incites us various ways,  
 And now I find him all my ardour raise,  
 His precepts to perform as well as praise. 86

## ODE ON BRUTUS.

## I.

'Tis said that favourite mankind  
 Was made the lord of all below;  
 But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find  
 'Tis only one man tells another so.  
 And for this great dominion here 5  
 Which over other beasts we claim,  
 Reason our best credential does appear,  
 By which indeed we domineer,  
 But how absurdly we may see with shame:  
 Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air, 10  
 Driv'n up and down by censure or applause,  
 By partial love away 't is blown,  
 Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;  
 Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.  
 In any nice and weighty cause 15

How weak at best is Reason! yet the grave  
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

## II.

In all those wits whose names have spread so wide,  
And ev'n the force of Time defy'd,  
Some failings yet may be descry'd. 20

Among the rest, with wonder be it told  
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæsar's death,  
By which he yet survives in Fame's immortal breath.  
Brutus! ev'n he, of all the rest,

In whom we should that deed the most detest, 25  
Is of mankind esteem'd the best.

As snow, descending from some lofty hill,  
Is by its rolling course augmenting still,  
So from illustrious authors down have roll'd  
Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old. 30

Republic orators will shew esteem,  
And gild their eloquence with praise of him,  
But truth, unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,  
To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred years.

## III.

In vain 't is urg'd by an illustrious wit, 35  
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit)

That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve  
From one who kill'd himself rather than serve.

Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay  
Than any master to obey, 40

Happy for Rome had been that noble pride; [dy'd.  
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only Brutus

For he whose soul disdains to own  
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,  
And his own life would rather end, 45  
Would fure much rather kill himself than only hurt  
To his own sword in the Philippian field [his friend.  
Brutus indeed at last did yield;  
But in those times self-killing was not rare,  
And his proceeded only from despair : 50  
He might have chosen else to live,  
In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;  
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more  
Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

## IV.

Our country challenges our utmost care, 55  
And in our thoughts deserves the tenderest share;  
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,  
Yet not betray them tho' it be for her.  
Hard is his heart whom no desert can move  
A mistress or a friend to love 60  
Above whate'er he does besides enjoy,  
But may he, for their sakes, his fire or sons destroy?  
For sacred justice, or for public good,  
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood :  
In such a cause want is a happy state; 65  
Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate;  
And death itself, when noble fame survives,  
More to be valued than a thousand lives :

But 't is not surely of so fair renown  
 To spill another's blood as to expose our own. 70  
 Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,  
 But what belongs to friendship, oh! 't is sacrilege to

V.

[touch.

Can we stand by unmov'd, and see  
 Our mother robb'd and ravish'd? can we be  
 Excus'd if in her cause we never stir, 75  
 Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?  
 Thus sings our bard with heat almost divine;  
 'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong as fine.  
 Would it more justly did the case express,  
 Or that its beauty and its grace were less, 80  
 (Thus a nymph sometimes we see  
 Who so charming seems to be  
 That, jealous of a soft surprise,  
 We scarce durst trust our eager eyes.)  
 Such a fallacious ambush to escape, 85  
 It were but vain to plead a willing rape;  
 A valiant son would be provok'd the more;  
 A force we therefore must confess, but acted long be-  
 A marriage since did intervene, [fore;  
 With all the solemn and the sacred scene; 90  
 Loud was the Hymenean song;  
 The violated dame \* walk'd smilingly along,  
 And in the midst of the most sacred dance,  
 As if enamour'd of his sight,

Often she cast a kind admiring glance 95  
 On the bold struggler for delight,  
 Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,  
 As if for public good alone he so desir'd to rule.

## VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge  
 Against a Roman of so great a soul, 100  
 And that fair truth permitted us to purge  
 His fact of what appears so foul!  
 Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!  
 The noblest quality and chiefest good,  
 (In this dull age scarce understood) 105  
 Inspires us with unusual warmth her injur'd rites to  
 Assist, ye Angels! whose immortal bliss, [sing:  
 Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this.  
 How plainly your bright thoughts to one another  
 Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine! [shine!  
 The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run, 110  
 A course as far from any end as when at first begun.  
 Ye saw and smil'd upon this matchless pair,  
 Who still betwixt them did so many virtues share,  
 Some which belong to peace, and some to strife, 115  
 Those of a calm and of an active life,  
 That all the excellence of human-kind  
 Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,  
 Which Friendship did so fast and closely bind,  
 Not the least cement could appear by which their  
 souls were join'd. 120



That tie which holds our mortal frame,  
Which poor unknowing we a soul and body name,  
Seems not a composition more divine,  
Or more abstruse, than all that does in friendship shine.

## VII.

From mighty Cæsar and his boundless grace 125  
'Tho' Brutus, once at least, his life receiv'd,  
Such obligations, tho' so high believ'd,  
Are yet but slight in such a case.  
Where friendship so possesses all the place  
There is no room for gratitude; since he 130  
Who so obliges is more pleas'd than his fav'd friend  
Just in the midst of all this noble heat, [can be.  
While their great hearts did both so kindly beat  
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,  
And forc'd them to suspect a father and a son \*; 135  
(Tho' here ev'n Nature's self still seem'd to be out-  
From such a friendship unprovok'd to fall [done)  
Is horrid, yet I wish that fact were all  
Which does with too much cause ungrateful Brutus

## VIII.

[call.

In coolest blood he laid a long design 140  
Against his best and dearest friend;  
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed  
To spirit others up to work so black a deed,  
Himself the centre where they all did join.

\* Cæsar was suspected to have begotten Brutus.

Cæsar, mean-time, fearless, and fond of him, 145  
 Was as industrious all the while  
 To give such ample marks of fond esteem  
 As made the gravest Romans smile  
 To see with how much ease love can the wife beguile.  
 He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed, 150  
 Did, setting his own race aside,  
 Nothing less for him provide  
 Than in the world's great empire to succeed;  
 Which we are bound in justice to allow  
 Is all-sufficient proof to show 155  
 That Brutus did not strike for his own sake;  
 And if, alas! he fail'd, 't was only by mistake. 157

## ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

Good angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;  
 Joyful they flew, singing and soaring thro' the sky,  
 Teaching his new-fledg'd soul to fly,  
 While we, alas! lamenting lie.  
 He went musing all along, 5  
 Composing new their heav'nly song.  
 A while his skilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd,  
 But soon they ceas'd their own to catch his pleasing  
 David himself improv'd the harmony, [sound.  
 David, in sacred story so renown'd 10  
 No less for music than for poetry!

Genius sublime in either art!

Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert!

A man just after God's own heart!

If human cares are lawful to the blest, 15

Already settled in eternal rest,

Needs must he wish that Purcell only might

Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write;

For sure the noble thirst of fame

With the frail body never dies, 20

But with the soul ascends the skies,

From whence at first it came.

'Tis sure no little proof we have

That part of us survives the grave,

And in our fame below still bears a share; 25

Why is the future else so much our care,

Ev'n in our latest moment of despair,

And death despis'd for fame by all the wise and brave?

Oh, all ye bless'd harmonious Choir!

Who pow'r almighty only love, and only that admire!

Look down with pity from your peaceful bow'r 31

On this sad isle perplex'd,

And ever, ever vex'd

With anxious care of trifles, wealth and pow'r:

In our rough minds due reverence infuse 35

For sweet melodious sounds and each harmonious

Musick exalts man's nature, and inspires [Muse.

High elevated thoughts or gentle kind desires. 38

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## EPISTLES.

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### A LETTER FROM SEA.

Fairest! if time and absence can incline  
Your heart to wand'ring thoughts no more than mine,  
Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,  
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;  
Then, while this note my constancy assures, 5  
You 'll be almost as pleas'd as I with your's:  
And, trust me, when I feel that kind relief,  
Absence itself a while suspends its grief:  
So may it do with you, but straight return,  
For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn 10  
His fate who, this long time he keeps away,  
Mourns all the night, and sighs out all the day;  
Grieving yet more when he reflects that you  
Must not be happy, or must not be true:  
But since to me it seems a blacker fate 15  
To be inconstant than unfortunate,  
Remember all those vows between us past,  
When I from all I value parted last;  
May you alike with kind impatience burn,  
And something miss till I with joy return; 20  
And soon may pitying Heav'n that blessing give,  
As in the hopes of that alone I live. 22

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## TO AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out against your eyes  
You took the surest course;  
A heart unwary to surprise  
You ne'er could take by force.

However, tho' I strive no more,  
The fort will now be priz'd,  
Which if surrender'd up before  
Perhaps had been despis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta! tho'  
I cannot love resist,  
Think not, when you have caught me so,  
To use me as you list.

Inconstancy or coldness will  
My foolish heart reclaim;  
Then I come off with honour still,  
But you, alas! with shame.

A heart by kindness only gain'd  
Will a dear conquest prove,  
And, to be kept, must be maintain'd  
At vast expense of love.

## TO A COQUETTE BEAUTY.

FROM wars and plagues come no such harms  
As from a nymph so full of charms;  
So much sweetness in her face,  
In her motions such a grace,  
In her kind inviting eyes  
Such a soft enchantment lies,  
That we please ourselves too soon,  
And are with empty hopes undone.

After all her softness, we  
Are but slaves, while she is free;  
Free, alas! from all desire,  
Except to set the world on fire.

Thou, fair Dissembler! dost but thus  
Deceive thyself as well as us.  
Like a restless monarch, thou  
Wouldst rather force mankind to bow,  
And venture round the world to roam,  
Than govern peaceably at home.  
But, trust me, Celia, trust me, when  
Apollo's self inspires my pen,  
One hour of love's delight outweighs  
Whole years of universal praise;  
And one adorer, kindly us'd,  
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.  
For what does youth and beauty serve?  
Why more than all your sex deserve?



Why such soft alluring arts  
 To charm our eyes and melt our hearts?  
 By our loss you nothing gain;  
 Unless you love you please in vain.

30

## TO A LADY,

### RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

WHAT breast but your's can hold the double fire  
 Of fierce devotion and of fond desire?  
 Love would shine forth were not your zeal so bright,  
 Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light:  
 Less seems the faith that mountains can remove, 5  
 Than this which triumphs over youth and love.

But shall some threat'ning priest divide us two?  
 What worse than that could all his curses do?  
 Thus with a fright some have resign'd their breath,  
 And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death. 10

Heav'n sees our passions with indulgence still,  
 And they who lov'd well can do nothing ill.  
 While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,  
 Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear? 14  
 Fame, wealth, and pow'r, those high-priz'd gifts of  
 The low concerns of a less happy state, [Fate,  
 Are far beneath us: Fortune's self may take  
 Her aim at us, yet no impression make:

Let worldlings ask her help or fear her harms,  
We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms, 20  
Like the bless'd faints, eternal raptures know,  
And flight those storms that vainly rest below.

Yet this, all this, you are resolv'd to quit;  
I see my ruin, and I must submit:  
But think, O think! before you prove unkind, 25  
How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,  
Revenge for wrongs too burdensome to bear,  
Ev'n zeal itself, from whence all mischiefs spring,  
Have never done so barbarous a thing. 30

With such a fate the heav'ns decreed to vex  
Armida once, tho' of the fairer sex:  
Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much art,  
Her's was his pow'r, his person, and his heart:  
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move,  
She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love; 36  
When straight a gust of fierce devotion blows,  
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:  
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,  
Matchless till now for love or for despair. 40  
Who is not mov'd while the sad nymph complains?  
Yet you now act what Tasso only feigns;  
And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,  
My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears,  
So many doubts, so many dangers, past, 45  
Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last.

Thus in great Homer's war throughout the field  
Some hero still made all things mortal yield;  
But when a god once took the vanquish'd side,  
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd. 50

*To One who accused him of being too sensual in his Love.*

THINK not, my Fair! 't is sin or shame  
To bless the man who so adores,  
Nor give so hard unjust a name  
To all those favours he implores.  
Beauty is Heav'n's most bounteous gift esteem'd,  
Because by love men are from vice redeem'd. 6

Yet with not vainly for a love  
From all the force of nature clear;  
That is reserv'd for those above,  
And 't is a fault to claim it here.  
For sensual joys ye scorn that we should love ye,  
But love without them is as much above ye. 12

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## SONGS.

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### SONG I. INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

I MUST confess I am untrue  
To Gloriana's eyes,  
But he that's smil'd upon by you  
Must all the world despise.

In winter fires of little worth  
Excite our dull desire,  
But when the sun breaks kindly forth  
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now  
What I did once adore;  
O! do but this one change allow,  
And I can change no more:

Fix'd by your never-failing charms,  
Till I with age decay,  
Till languishing within your arms,  
I sigh my soul away.

10

16

## SONG II.

OH! conceal that charming creature  
From my wond'ring wishing eyes!  
Ev'ry motion, ev'ry feature,  
Does some ravish'd heart surprize;  
But, oh! I sighing, sighing, see  
The happy swain! she ne'er can be  
False to him or kind to me.

Yet if I could humbly show her,  
Ah! how wretched I remain,  
'Tis not, sure, a thing below her  
Still to pity so much pain.  
The gods some pleasure, pleasure, take,  
Happy as themselves to make  
Those who suffer for their sake.

Since your hand alone was given  
To a wretch not worth your care,  
Like some angel sent from heaven,  
Come and raise me from despair:  
Your heart I cannot, cannot, miss,  
And I desire no other bliss;  
Let all the world besides be his.

## SONG III. THE RECONCILEMENT.

COME, let us now resolve at last  
To live and love in quiet;  
We 'll tie the knot so very fast  
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove  
Who free from quarrels live;  
'Tis the most tender part of love  
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took  
No pleasure nor no rest,  
And when I feign'd an angry look,  
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you 'll find  
How blest'd will be our fate:  
Oh! to be happy, to be kind,  
Sure never is too late.



## SONG IV.

FROM all uneasy passions free,  
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,  
Contented, I had been too blest  
If love and you had let me rest :  
Yet that dull life I now despise;  
Safe from your eyes  
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

5

Amidst a thousand kind desires  
Which beauty moves and love inspires,  
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,  
No heart so soft as mine can bear ;  
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms :  
Such are your charms,  
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

10

14

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# PROLOGUES.

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## PROLOGUE

TO THE ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

HOPE to mend Shakespeare! or to match his style!  
'Tis such a jest would make a Stoic smile.  
Too fond of fame, our poet soars too high,  
Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly:  
So sensible of his presumptuous thought, 5  
That he confesses while he does the fault:  
'This to the fair will no great wonder prove,  
Who oft' in blushes yield to what they love.

Of greatest actions and of noblest men  
This story most deserves a poet's pen; 10  
For who can wish a scene more justly fam'd,  
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!  
That state of heroes who the world had brav'd!  
That wondrous man who such a state enslav'd!  
Yet loath he was to take so rough a way, 15  
And after govern'd with so mild a sway.  
At distance now of seventeen hundred years,  
Methinks a lovely ravisher appears,  
Whom, tho' forbid by virtue to excuse,  
A nymph might pardon, and could scarce refuse. 20

## PROLOGUE

TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

OUR scene is Athens; and, great Athens nam'd,  
What soul so dull as not to be inflam'd ?  
Methinks at mentioning that sacred place  
A rev'rend awe appears in ev'ry face  
For men so fam'd, of such prodigious parts, 5  
As taught the world all sciences and arts.

Amidst all these ye shall behold a man  
The most applauded since mankind began,  
Outshining ev'n those Greeks who most excel,  
Whose life was one fix'd course of doing well. 10  
Oh ! who can therefore without tears attend  
On such a life, and such a fatal end ?

But here our author, besides other faults  
Of ill expressions and of vulgar thoughts,  
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace, 15  
And breaks the law of unity of place :  
Yet to such noble patriots, overcome  
By factious violence, and banish'd Rome,  
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield ;  
And where can Brutus fall but in Philippi field ? 20

Some critics judge ev'n love itself too mean  
A care to mix in such a lofty scene,  
And with those ancient bards of Greece believe  
Friendship has stronger charms to please or grieve ;

But our more amorous poet, finding love 25  
Amidst all other cares, still shines above,  
Lets not the best of Romans end their lives  
Without just softness for the kindest wives.  
Yet if ye think his gentle nature such  
As to have soften'd this great tale too much, 30  
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and passion fall,  
When ye reflect 't is all but conjugal.

This to the few and knowing was address'd,  
And now 't is fit I should salute the rest.

Most reverend dull Judges of the pit, 35  
By Nature curs'd with the wrong side of wit!  
You need not care, whate'er you see to-night,  
How ill some players act or poets write;  
Should our mistakes be never so notorious,  
You 'll have the joy of being more censorious. 40  
Shew your small talent then, let that suffice ye;  
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.  
Each petty critic can objections raise;  
The greatest skill is knowing when to praise. 44

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# CHORUSES.

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## CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

### CHORUS I.

#### I.

W HITHER is Roman honour gone?  
Where is your ancient virtue now?  
That valour which so bright has shone,  
And with the wings of conquest flown,  
Must to a haughty master bow, 5  
Who with our toil, our blood, and all we have beside,  
Gorges his ill-got pow'r, his humour, and his pride.

#### II.

Fearless he will his life expose;  
So does a lion or a bear;  
His very virtues threaten those 10  
Who more his bold ambition fear.  
How stupid wretches we appear  
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,  
Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home!

#### III.

Did men for this together join, 15  
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?  
What other beast did e'er design  
The setting up his fellow-creature,  
And of two mischiefs chuse the greater?

Oh! rather than be slaves to bold imperious men, 20  
Give us our wildness and our woods, our huts and

IV.

[caves again.]

There, secure from lawless sway,  
Out of Pride or Envy's way,  
Living up to Nature's rules,  
Not depriv'd by knaves and fools, 25  
Happily we all should live, and harmless as our sheep,  
And at last as calmly die as infants fall asleep. 27

## CHORUS II.

Lo! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,  
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,  
The awful Genius of majestic Rome.

Great is her danger; but I will engage  
Some few, the master-souls of all this age, 5  
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard a man so great should fall so low;  
More hard to let so brave a people bow  
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus should be stain'd, 10  
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd  
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.



But only he can make the rest combine,  
The very life and soul of their design,  
The centre where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make,  
Others do ill only for mischief's sake,  
But ev'n the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus some, for envy or revenge, intend  
To bring the bold usurper to his end;  
But for his country Brutus stabs his friend.

## CHORUS III.

*By two aerial Spirits.*

## I.

TELL, oh! tell me whence arise  
These disorders in our skies?  
Rome's great Genius wildly gaz'd,  
And the gods seem all amaz'd.

## II.

Know, in sight of this day's sun  
Such a deed is to be done  
Black enough to shroud the light  
Of all this world in dismal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man

10

The greatest since mankind began,

Learned, eloquent, and wise,

Gen'rous, merciful, and brave!

I.

Yet not too great a sacrifice

The liberty of Rome to save.

15

II.

But will not goodness claim regard?

And does not worth deserve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at stake?

Can they do too much for her sake?

*Both Spirits together.*

'Tho' dreadful be this doom of Fate,

20

Just is that pow'r which governs all:

Better this wondrous man should fall

Than a most glorious virtuous state.

23

## CHORUS IV.

How great a curse has Providence

Thought fit to cast on human-kind!

Learning, courage, eloquence,

The gentlest nature, noblest mind,

Were intermixt in one alone,  
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could Chance or senseless atoms join  
To form a soul so great as his?  
Or would those pow'rs we hold divine  
Destroy their own chief masterpiece?  
Where so much difficulty lies  
The doubtful are the only wise.

And, what must more perplex our thoughts,  
Great Jove the best of Romans sends  
To do the very worst of faults,  
And kill the kindest of his friends.  
All this is far above our reach,  
Whatever priests presume to preach.

# CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

## CHORUS I. OF ATHENIANS.

### STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;  
Groves, where immortal sages taught,  
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,  
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!  
In vain your guiltless laurels stood 5  
Unspotted long with human blood:  
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,  
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh! heav'n-born Sisters! source of art!  
Who charm the sense or mend the heart; 10  
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,  
Moral Truth and mystic Song!  
To what new clime, what distant sky,  
Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?  
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore, 15  
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

### STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,  
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust,  
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore  
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore: 20

See Arts her savage sons control,  
 And Athens rising near the pole!  
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,  
 And civil Madness tears them from the land.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?	25
Freedom and arts together fall;	
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,	
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.	
Oh! curs'd effects of civil hate,	
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!	30
Still when the lust of tyrant Pow'r succeeds	
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.	32

## CHORUS II. OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

## SEMICHORUS.

Oh, tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd	
'The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?	
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,	
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.	
Love, soft intruder, enters here,	5
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.	
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,	
And Brutus tenderly reproves.	
Why, Virtue! dost thou blame desire	
Which Nature hath impress?	10
Why, Nature! dost thou soonest fire	
'The mild and gen'rous breast?	

## CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;  
The gods and Brutus bend to love:  
Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,  
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.  
What is loose love? a transient gust  
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,  
A vapour fed from wild desire,  
A wand'ring, self-consuming, fire:  
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,  
And burn for ever one,  
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,  
Productive as the sun.

## SEMICHORUS.

Oh! source of ev'ry social tie,  
United wish, and mutual joy!  
What various joys on one attend,  
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!  
Whether his hoary fire he spies,  
While thousand grateful thoughts arise,  
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,  
Or views his smiling progeny;  
What tender passions take their turns,  
What home-felt raptures move!  
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,  
With rev'rence, hope, and love.



## CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,  
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,  
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,  
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine : 40  
Purest love's unwaiving treasure,  
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,  
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,  
Sacred Hymen! these are thine. 44

## CHORUS III.

## I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread;  
Wisdom itself a guide will need :  
We little thought when Cæsar bled  
That a worse Cæsar would succeed.  
And are we under such a curse 5  
We cannot change but for the worse?

## II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,  
By which Rome must herself inthrall,  
These, without blushes or remorse,  
Proscribe the best, impoverish all. 10  
The Gauls themselves, our greatest foes,  
Could act no mischiefs worse than those.

## III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,  
 Had virtues too his foes could find;  
 These equal him in all his faults,  
 But never in his noble mind.  
 That free-born spirits should obey  
 Wretches who know not how to sway!

15

## IV.

Late we repent our hasty choice,  
 In vain bemoan so quick a turn.  
 Hark all to Rome's united voice!  
 Better that we a while had borne  
 Ev'n all those ills which most displease,  
 Than sought a cure far worse than the disease.

20

24

## CHORUS IV.

Our vows thus cheerfully we sing,  
 While martial music fires our blood;  
 Let all the neighbouring echoes ring  
 With clamours for our country's good;  
 And for reward of the just gods we claim  
 A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

6

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,  
 And taxes heavy to be borne;  
 May she beware of foreign arms,  
 And send them back with noble scorn.  
 And for reward, &c.

12

May she no more confide in friends  
Who nothing farther understood  
Than only for their private ends  
To waste her wealth and spill her blood.  
And for reward, &c.

18

Our Senators, great Jove! restrain  
From private piques they prudence call;  
From the low thoughts of little gain  
And hazarding the losing all.  
And for reward, &c.

24

The shining arms with haste prepare,  
Then to the glorious combat fly,  
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care  
Except to overcome or die.  
And for reward, &c.

30

They fight oppression to increase,  
We for our liberties and laws;  
It were a sin to doubt success  
When freedom is the noble cause.  
And for reward of the just gods we claim  
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

36

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# IMITATIONS.

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## THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

IN those cold climates, where the sun appears  
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,  
A dismal vale lies in a desert ile,  
On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile :  
There a thick grove of aged cypress trees, 5  
Which none without an awful horror sees,  
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,  
Whole flocks of ill-presaging birds receives :  
Poisons are all the plants that soil will bear,  
And winter is the only season there : 10  
Millions of graves o'erspread the spacious field,  
And springs of blood a thousand rivers yield,  
Whose streams, oppress'd with carcases and bones,  
Instead of gentle murmurs pour forth groans.  
Within this vale a famous temple stands, 15  
Old as the world itself, which it commands;  
Round is its figure, and four iron gates  
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates :  
Thither in crowds come to one common grave  
The young, the old, the monarch, and the slave. 20

Old Age and Pains, those evils man deplores,  
 Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors,  
 'All clad in mournful blacks, which sadly load  
 The sacred walls of this obscure abode ;  
 And tapers, of a pitchy substance made, 25  
 With clouds of smoke increase the dismal shade.

A monster void of reason and of sight  
 The goddess is who sways this realm of night ;  
 Her pow'r extends o'er all things that have breath,  
 A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death. 30  
 The fairest object of our wond'ring eyes  
 Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice ;  
 Th' adjoining places where the altar stood,  
 Yet blushing with the fair Almeria's blood ;  
 When griev'd Orontes, whose unhappy flame 35  
 Is known to all who e'er converse with Fame,  
 His mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,  
 Within the sacred temple made this prayer :

Great Deity ! who in thy hands dost bear  
 That iron sceptre which poor mortals fear ; 40  
 Who, wanting eyes thyself, respectest none,  
 And neither spar'st the laurel nor the crown !  
 O Thou ! whom all mankind in vain withstand,  
 Each of whose blood must one day stain thy hand !  
 O Thou ! who ev'ry eye that sees the light 45  
 Closest for ever in the shades of night !  
 Goddess ! attend, and hearken to my grief,  
 To which thy pow'r alone can give relief.

Alas! I ask not to defer my fate,  
But with my hapless life a shorter date, 50  
And that the earth would in its bowels hide  
A wretch whom Heav'n invades on ev'ry side;  
That from the sight of day I could remove,  
And might have nothing left me but my love.  
Thou only comforter of minds oppress'd, 55  
The port where wearied spirits are at rest,  
Conductor to Elysium, take my life,  
My breast I offer to thy sacred knife:  
So just a grace refuse not, nor despise  
A willing tho' a worthless sacrifice. 60  
Others (their frail and mortal state forgot)  
Before thy altars are not to be brought  
Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,  
Heaps of the slain of ev'ry sex and age,  
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed, 65  
With fever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread;  
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,  
The groans of wretches ready to expire;  
This tragic scene in terror makes them live,  
Till that is forc'd which they should freely give; 70  
Yielding unwillingly what Heav'n will have,  
Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave;  
Before thy face they make indecent moan,  
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one;  
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast, 75  
And he a murderer who was a priest:



But against me thy strongest forces call,  
And on my head let all the tempest fall ;  
'No mean retreat shall any weakness show,  
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow ; 80  
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,  
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear :  
'Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,  
'That universal cure for ev'ry grief,  
Whose aid so many lovers oft' have found, 85  
With like success can ever heal my wound :  
'Too weak the pow'r of Nature or of Art,  
Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart ;  
And that thou may'st behold my helpless state,  
Learn the extremest rigour of my fate. 90

Amidst th' innumerable beauteous train  
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,  
(The fairest town, the largest, and the best)  
The fair Almeria shin'd above the rest ;  
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame, 95  
Was of our youth the most ambitious aim :  
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave ;  
She made a prince whene'er she made a slave.  
Love, under whose tyrannic pow'r I groan,  
Shew'd me this beauty ere 't was fully blown ; 100  
Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd look,  
Their first assurance from my conquest took :  
By wounding me she learn'd the fatal art,  
And the first sigh she had was from my heart :

My eyes, with tears moist'ning her snowy arms, 105  
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms;  
But as I soonest of all mortals paid  
My vows, and to her beauty altars made,  
So among all those slaves that sigh'd in vain  
She thought me only worthy of my chain : 110  
Love's heavy burden my submissive heart  
Endur'd not long before she bore her part :  
My violent flame melted her frozen breast,  
And in soft sighs her pity she exprest :  
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains, 115  
And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains ;  
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,  
And tender looks were cast on me alone :  
My hopes and dangers were less mine than her's,  
Those fill'd her soul with joys, and these with fears ;  
Our hearts, united, had the same desires, 121  
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.

Too faithful Memory ! I give thee leave  
Thy wretched master kindly to deceive ;  
Oh ! make me not possessor of her charms, 125  
Let me not find her languish in my arms :  
Past joys are now my fancy's mournful themes ;  
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams :  
Let not such bliss before my eyes be brought,  
O hide those scenes from my tormenting thought ! 130  
And in their place disdainful beauty show ;  
If thou wouldst not be cruel make her so ;

And, something to abate my deep despair,  
O let her seem less gentle or less fair!

• But I in vain flatter my wounded mind; 135

Never was nymph so lovely or so kind.

No cold repulses my desires suppress,

I seldom sigh'd but on Almeria's breast:

Of all the passions which mankind destroy,

I only felt excess of love and joy: 140

Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they

Were, as my love, without the least alloy;

As pure, alas! but not so sure to last,

For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past. 144

From heav'n her beauties like fierce lightnings came

Which break thro' darkness with a glorious flame;

A while they shine, a while our minds amaze,

Our wond'ring eyes are dazzled with the blaze;

But thunder follows, whose resistless rage

None can withstand, and nothing can assuage; 150

And all that light which those bright flashes gave

Serves only to conduct us to our grave.

When I had just begun love's joys to taste,  
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)

A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought 155

The richest work that ever Nature wrought.

All things below, alas! uncertain stand;

The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:

Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,

And no beginning is without an end. 160

A sacrifice to time Fate dooms us all,  
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall :  
Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust  
Mankind, and temples too in which they trust.

Her wasted spirits now begin to faint, 165  
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,  
And in her heart as in a fort remains,  
But yields at last to her resistless pains.

Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his prey,  
Thro' all her veins makes his delightful way, 170  
Her fate 's like Semele's ; the flames destroy  
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.

Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,  
Pale grow the roses, and the lilies fade ;  
Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass 175  
The sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last :

Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,  
Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts ;  
Those stars now heavily and slowly move,  
And Sickness triumphs in the throne of Love. 180

The fever ev'ry moment more prevails,  
Its rage her body feels and tongue bewails ;  
She, whose disdain so many lovers prove,  
Sighs now for torment as they sigh for love,  
And with loud cries, which rend the neighb'ring air,  
Wounds my sad heart, and weakens my despair. 186  
Both men and gods I charge now with my loss,  
And wild with grief my thoughts each other cross ;

My heart and tongue labour in both extremes;  
'This sends up humble pray'rs, while that blasphemes:  
I ask their help whose malice I defy, 191  
And mingle sacrilege with piety:  
But that which must yet more perplex my mind,  
To love her truly I must seem unkind:  
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears, 195  
I must restrain unruly floods of tears.  
My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,  
I shew a calmness in the midst of storms;  
I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,  
And, almost dead with grief, discover none. 200  
But who can long deceive a loving eye,  
Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die?  
When passion had, with all its terrors, brought  
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,  
Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise, 205  
And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes:  
My apprehensions, now no more confin'd,  
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.  
The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,  
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my fears:  
With sad presages of her hopeless case, 211  
She reads her fate in my dejected face,  
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,  
While I am sensible of her's alone:  
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear, 215  
I fear her death, and she bewails my fear.

'Tho' thus we suffer under Fortune's darts,  
'Tis only those of love which reach our hearts.

Mean-while the fever mocks at all our fears,  
Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears: 220  
Those vain effects of our as vain desire,  
Like wind and oil, increase the fatal fire.

Almeria then, feeling the Destinies  
About to shut her lips and close her eyes,  
Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand, 225  
And with these words I scarce could understand,  
Her passion in a dying voice express'd  
Half, and her sighs, alas! made out the rest.

"'Tis past; this pang—Nature gives o'er the strife;  
"Thou must thy mistress lose, and I my life. 230  
"I die; but, dying thine, the Fates may prove  
"Their conquest over me, but not my love:  
"Thy memory, my glory and my pain,  
"In spite of Death itself shall still remain.  
"Dearest Orontes! my hard fate denies 235  
"That hope is the last thing which in us dies:  
"From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts are  
"And love survives it tho' my hope is dead: [fled,  
"I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,  
"And can all thoughts but of Orontes quit. 240  
"My flame increases as my strength decays;  
"Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raise:  
"That still remains, tho' I from hence remove;  
"I lose my lover, but I keep my love."



The sighs which sent forth that last tender word 245  
Up tow' rds the heav'ns like a bright meteor soar'd,  
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,  
Fell cold and breathless in her lover's arms.

Goddeſs! who now my fate haſt underſtood,  
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood: 250  
Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;  
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares:  
Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,  
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid;  
Thus to ſurvive reproaches on me draws; 255  
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.

Come then, my only hope! in ev'ry place  
Thou viſiteſt men tremble at thy face,  
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand  
Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand. 260  
Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe  
With which thou doſt unwilling kings depoſe:  
A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,  
And free a ſoul already on her wing:  
Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I  
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die. 266

*On apprehenſion of loſing what he had newly gained.*

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

SURE I of all men am the firſt  
That ever was by kindneſs curſt,

Who must my only bliss bemoan,  
And am by happiness undone.

Had I at distance only seen  
That lovely face, I might have been  
With the delightful object pleas'd,  
But not with all this passion seiz'd.

When afterwards so near I came  
As to be scorch'd in Beauty's flame,  
To so much softness, so much sense,  
Reason itself made no defence.

What pleasing thoughts possess'd my mind  
When little favours shew'd you kind!  
And tho', when coldness oft' prevail'd,  
My heart would sink, and spirits fail'd,  
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,  
And all your chains as bracelets wore;  
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,  
Desiring without knowing why;  
For, not yet blest within your arms,  
Who could have thought of half your charms?  
Charms of such a wondrous kind,  
Words we cannot, must not, find,  
A body worthy of your mind.  
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,  
Nor Love itself such joys expect.  
After such embraces past,  
Whose memory will ever last,

Love is still reflecting back; 30  
All my soul is on a rack.  
'Tis to be in hell 's sufficient curse,  
But to fall from heav'n is worse.  
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,  
But then I dwelt in darkness too. 35  
Of gains, alas! I could not boast,  
But little thought how much I lost,  
Now heart-devouring eagerness,  
And sharp impatience to possess;  
Now restless cares, consuming fires, 40  
Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires,  
Tear my heart to that degree,  
For ever fix'd on only thee;  
Then all my comfort is, I shall  
Live in thy arms, or not at all. 45

## THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

THOU flatterer of all the fair,  
Come with all your skill and care;  
Draw me such a shape and face  
As your flatt'ry would disgrace.  
With not that she would appear, 5  
'Tis well for you she is not here:  
Scarce can you with safety see  
All her charms describ'd by me;

I, alas! the danger know,  
 I, alas! have felt the blow; 10  
 Mourn, as lost, my former days,  
 That never sung of Celia's praise;  
 And those few that are behind  
 I shall blest or wretched find  
 Only just as she is kind. 15 }

With her tempting eyes begin,  
 Eyes that would draw angels in  
 To a second sweeter sin. }  
 Oh! those wanton rolling eyes!  
 At each glance a lover dies: 20  
 Make them bright, yet make them willing,  
 Let them look both kind and killing.

Next draw her forehead, then her nose,  
 And lips just op'ning, that disclose  
 Teeth so bright, and breath so sweet, 25  
 So much beauty, so much wit,  
 To our very soul they strike,  
 All our senses pleas'd alike.

But so pure a white and red  
 Never, never can be said: 30  
 What are words in such a case?  
 What is paint to such a face?  
 How should either art avail us?  
 Fancy here itself must fail us.

In her looks, and in her mien, 35  
 Such a graceful air is seen,

That if you, with all your art,  
Can but reach the smallest part,  
Next to her, the matchless she !  
We shall wonder most at thee.

40

Then her neck, and breasts, and hair,  
And her——but my charming fair  
Does in a thousand things excel  
Which I must not, dare not, tell.

How go on then ? Oh ! I see  
A lovely Venus drawn by thee ;  
Oh ! how fair she does appear !  
Touch it only here and there :  
Make her yet seem more divine,  
Your Venus then may look like mine,  
Whose bright form if once you saw,  
You by her would Venus draw.

45

50

52

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# TRANSLATIONS.

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## HELEN TO PARIS.

FROM OVID.

*Translated by the Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Dryden.*

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,  
She half consents who silently denies.  
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,  
Marriage and hospitable rights profane?  
Was it for this your fate did shelter find 5  
From swelling seas and ev'ry faithless wind?  
(For tho' a distant country brought you forth,  
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)  
Does this deserve to be rewarded so?  
Did you come here a stranger or a foe? 10  
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,  
And think me barb'rous for my just disdain:  
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,  
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.  
Tho' in my face there 's no affected frown, 15  
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,  
I keep my honour still without a stain,  
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.  
Your boldness I with admiration see;  
What hope had you to gain a queen like me? 20



Because a hero forc'd me once away,  
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?  
Had I been won I had deserv'd your blame,  
But sure my part was nothing but the shame;  
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear, 25  
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:  
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,  
But that was all he ever could obtain.  
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;  
Were he like you we had not parted so. 30  
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,  
And modest usage made me some amends.  
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:  
Did he repent that Paris might succeed?  
Sure 't is some fate that sets me above wrongs, 35  
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.  
I'll not complain, for who 's displac'd with love  
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?  
But that I fear—not that I think you base,  
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face; 40  
But all your sex is subject to deceive,  
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.  
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the best—  
But why should I not shine above the rest?  
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be 45  
A fit example ready found for me:  
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,  
And under harmless feathers felt a rape.

If I should yield, what reason could I use ?  
By what mistake the loving crime excuse ? 52  
Her fault was in her pow'rful lover lost ;  
But of what Jupiter have I to boast ?  
'Tho' you to heroes and to kings succeed,  
Our famous race does no addition need ;  
And great alliances but useless prove 55  
To one that springs herself from mighty Jove.  
Go then and boast in some less haughty place  
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,  
Which I would shew I valued if I durst :  
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first. 60  
The crown of Troy is pow'rful, I confess,  
But I have reason to think ours no less.  
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all  
That men can good, and women pleasant, call,  
Gives expectation such an ample field 65  
As would move goddesses themselves to yield :  
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,  
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause :  
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,  
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain : 70  
Not that so fair a present I despise ;  
We like the gift when we the giver prize ;  
But 't is your love moves me, which made you take  
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.  
I have perceiv'd (tho' I disssembled too) 75  
A thousand things that love has made you do :

Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine, [shine.  
In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would  
Sometimes you 'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,  
And with unusual ardour press my hand; 80  
Contrive just after me to take the glass,  
Nor would you let the least occasion pass;  
Which oft' I fear'd I did not mind alone,  
And blushing sat for things which you have done;  
Then murmur'd to myself, He 'll for my sake 85  
Do any thing : I hope 't was no mistake.  
Oft' have I read within this pleasant grove,  
Under my name, these charming words, " I love."  
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame,  
But now, alas ! am come to write the same. 90  
If I were capable to do amiss,  
I could not but be sensible of this ;  
For, oh ! your face has such peculiar charms,  
That who can hold from flying to your arms !  
But what I ne'er can have without offence 95  
May some bless'd maid possess with innocence.  
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move ;  
Oh ! learn of me to want the thing you love.  
What you desire is sought by all mankind ;  
As you have eyes, so others are not blind : 100  
Like you they see, like you my charms adore ;  
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.  
Oh ! had you then upon our coasts been brought,  
My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,

You had I seen, you should have had my voice, 105  
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice.  
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late;  
Another now is master of my fate:  
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,  
And yet my present lot can undergo. 110  
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,  
And urge not her you love to so much ill;  
But let me live contented as I may,  
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.  
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes 150  
Three goddesses disputed Beauty's prize:  
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but she  
Obtain'd her cause who smiling promis'd me.  
But, first, I am not of belief so light  
To think such nymphs would shew you such a fight:  
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd; 121  
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.  
With partial eyes I should myself regard  
To think that Venus made me her reward;  
I humbly am content with human praise; 125  
A goddess's applause would envy raise.  
But be it as you say; for 't is confess'd  
The men who flatter highest please us best:  
That I suspect it ought not to displease,  
For miracles are not believ'd with ease. 130  
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;  
A greater yet that you confirm'd her choice;

That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sov'reignty,  
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.

Am I your empire then, and your renown? 135

What heart of rock but must by this be won?

And yet bear witness, O ye Pow'rs above!

How rude I am in all the arts of love;

My hand is yet untaught to write to men,

This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen: 140

Happy those nymphs whom use has perfect made;

I think all crime, and tremble at a shade:

Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes

Look often back, misdoubting a surprise;

For now the rumour spreads among the crowd, 145

At court in whispers, but in town aloud.

Dissemble you whate'er you hear them say:

To leave off loving were your better way;

Yet if you will dissemble it you may.

Love secretly: the absence of my lord 150

More freedom gives, but does not all afford:

Long is his journey, long will be his stay,

Call'd by affairs of consequence away:

To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,

I bid him make what swift return he could: 155

Then kissing me, he said, "I recommend

"All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend."

I smil'd at what he innocently said,

And only answer'd, "You shall be obey'd."

Propitious winds have borne him far from hence, 160  
But let not this secure your confidence:  
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:  
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."  
My fame's my burden, for the more I'm prais'd  
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd: 165  
Were I less fair I might have been more blest;  
Great beauty thro' great danger is possess'd.  
To leave me here his venture was not hard,  
Because he thought my virtue was my guard:  
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life; 170  
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.  
You bid me use th' occasion while I can  
Put in our hands by the good easy man.  
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;  
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.  
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone; 176  
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone:  
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,  
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.  
Let me not live but ev'ry thing conspires 180  
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.  
You court with words when you should force employ;  
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy:  
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,  
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give. 185  
What have I said! for both of us 't were best  
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.



The faith of strangers is too prone to change,  
And, like themselves, their wand'ring passions range.  
Hypsipyla and the fond Minoian maid 190  
Were both by trusting of their guest betray'd.  
How can I doubt that other men deceive,  
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?  
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,  
You make a merit of that crime to me. 195  
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,  
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.  
Should you prevail, while I assign the night  
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight;  
Some bawling mariner our love destroys, 200  
And breaks afunder our unfinish'd joys.  
But with you may leave the Spartan port,  
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court.  
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,  
And fill a foreign country with my shame. 205  
In Asia what reception shall I find?  
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind?  
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,  
And what will all your modest matrons say?  
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect, 210  
My future conduct justly may suspect;  
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,  
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.  
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,  
While you forget what part in it you bear: 215

You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid :  
Deep under ground, oh ! let me first be laid !  
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,  
And promise all shall be at my command :  
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise; 220  
My own poor native land has dearer ties.  
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,  
What help of kindred could I there implore ?  
Medea was by Jason's flatt'ry won;  
I may, like her, believe and be undone. 225  
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,  
And love contributes to its own deceit.  
The ships about whose sides loud tempests roar  
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.  
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand, 230  
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land :  
'To second this old prophecies conspire  
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire :  
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd  
'That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid : 235  
For they who lost their cause revenge will take,  
And for one friend two enemies you make.  
Nor can I doubt but, should I follow you,  
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue :  
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,  
And my relations would his cause espouse. 241  
You boast your strength and courage ; but, alas !  
Your words receive small credit from your face.

Let heroes in the dusty field delight,  
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight: 245  
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;  
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.  
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,  
Were I as wise as many of my sex:  
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire, 250  
And I, perhaps, may yield to your desire.  
You last demand a private conference:  
These are your words; but I can guess your sense.  
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:  
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend. 255  
This is enough to let you understand,  
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;  
My woman knows the secret of my heart,  
And may hereafter better news impart. 259

## PART OF THE

## STORY OF ORPHEUS.

*Being a translation out of the fourth book of Virgil's Georgic.*

'Tis not for nothing when just Heav'n does frown;  
The injur'd Orpheus calls these judgments down,  
Whose spouse, avoiding to become thy prey,  
And all his joys at once, were snatch'd away:

The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to pass, 5  
Spy'd not the serpent lurking in the grass :  
A mournful cry the spacious valley fills  
With echoing groans from all the neighb'ring hills ;  
The Dryades roar out in deep despair,  
And with united voice bewail the fair. 10

For such a loss he sought no vain relief,  
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief ;  
Along the shore he oft' would wildly stray,  
With doleful notes begin and end the day :  
At length to hell a frightful journey made, 15  
Pass'd the wide-gaping gulf and dismal shade,  
Visits the ghosts, and to that king repairs  
Whose heart 's inflexible to human pray'rs.  
All hell is ravish'd with so sweet a song ;  
Light souls and airy spirits glide along 20  
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,  
Driv'n home by night, or some tempestuous wind ;  
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids,  
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,  
And sons entomb'd before their parents' face, 25  
These the black waves of bounding Styx embrace  
Nine times circumfluent, clogg'd with noisome weeds,  
And all that filth which standing water breeds :  
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of Death,  
The Sisters with blue snaky curls took breath, 30  
Ixion's wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,  
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice restrain'd.

When safe return'd, and all these dangers past,  
His wife, restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,  
Following, (for so Proserpina was pleas'd) 35  
A sudden rage th' unwary lover seiz'd;  
He, as the first bright glimpse of day-light shin'd,  
Could not refrain to cast one look behind;  
A fault of love! could hell compassion find. }  
A dreadful sound thrice shook the Stygian coast, 40  
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour lost!  
"Why hast thou thus undone thyself and me?  
What rage is this? oh! I am snatch'd from thee!  
(She faintly cry'd;) Night and the pow'rs of hell  
Surround my sight; oh! Orpheus! oh! farewell! 45  
My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,  
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;  
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!" —  
Then from his eyes, like smoke, she fleets away.  
Much he would fain have spoke; but Fate, alas! 50  
Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.  
Thus twice undone, what course remain'd to take  
To gain her back, already pass'd the lake?  
What tears, what patience, could procure him ease?  
Or, ah! what vows the angry pow'rs appease? 55  
'Tis said he seven long moons bewail'd his loss  
To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss,  
While languishing he sung his fatal flame,  
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.



So the sad nightingale, when childless made 60  
By some rough swain who stole her young away,  
Bewails her loss beneath a poplar shade,  
Mourns all the night, in murmurs wastes the day;  
Her melting songs a doleful pleasure yield;  
And melancholy music fills the field. 65

Marriage nor love could ever move his mind,  
But all alone, beat by the northern wind,  
Shiv'ring on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,  
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.  
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be despis'd, 70  
As they the feast of Bacchus solemniz'd,  
Slew the poor youth, and strew'd about his limbs;  
His head, torn off from the fair body, swims  
Down that swift current where the Heber flows,  
And still its tongue in doleful accents goes; 75  
"Ah! poor Eurydice!" he dying cry'd;  
Eurydice resounds from ev'ry side. 77



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