THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILL. SOMERVILE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

For once I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays----
Wak'd by thy lines the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the steel----
Thy genius in such colours paints the Chase,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild music charms my ravish'd ear,
How dull, how tasteless, Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns;
He yields---but to the music of thy lines----
They but a momentary joy impart;
'Tis you who touch the soul and warm the heart. TRACY.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

CHASE,	FIELD SPORTS,
HOBBINOL,	BOWLING-GREEN,

&c. &c. &c.

Ye guardian Pow'rs! who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wife Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will who at a word
Spoke forth the wond'rous ſcene---At leaſt
Grant me, propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and ſerene, not loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt Want,
That dares not aſk: and if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline, fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice; my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round. CHASE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED

THE CHASE.

While you, Sir, gain the ſteep aſcent to fame,
And honours due to deathleſs merit claim,
To a weak Muſe a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with juſt praiſe your labours to commend,
And tell the world that Somervile 's her friend.
Her incenſe, guiltleſs of the forms of art,
Breathes all the huntſman's honeſty of heart,
Whoſe fancy ſtill the pleaſing ſcene retains
Of Edric's villa and Ardenna's plains:
Joys which from change ſuperior charms receiv'd,
The horn hoarſe ſounding by the lyre reliev'd;
When the day crown'd with rural chaſte delight
Reſigns obſequious to the feſtive night,
The feſtive night awakes th' harmonious lay,
And in ſweet verſe recounts the triumphs of the day.
Strange! that the Britiſh Muſe ſhould leave ſo long
The Chaſe, the ſport of Britain's kings, unſung!
Diſtinguiſh'd land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The ſtout ſagacious hound and gen'rous ſteed;
In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our iſle
To celebrate the glorious ſylvan toil.

For this what darling ſon ſhall feel thy fire,
God of th' unerring bow and tuneful lyre?
Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng!
Somervile meditates th' advent'rous ſong.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
His num'rous verſe the huntſman's art ſhall tell.
From him, ye Britiſh youths! a vig'rous race,
Imbibe the various ſcience of the Chaſe;
And while the well-plann'd ſyſtem you admire
Know Brunſwick only could the work inſpire;
A Georgic Muſe awaits Auguſtan days,
And Somerviles will ſing when Fredericks give the bays.

JOHN NIXON.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE CHASE.

Once more, my friend! I touch the trembling lyre,
And in my boſom feel poetic fire.
For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.
What tho' I daily turn each learned ſage,
And labour thro' the unenlighten'd page?
Wak'd by thy lines the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the ſteel.
Tho' in ſulphureous clouds of ſmoke confin'd,
Thy rural ſcenes ſpring freſh into my mind,

Thy genius in ſuch colours paints the Chaſe,
The real to fictitious joys gives place.
When the wild muſic charms my raviſh'd ear,
How dull, how taſteleſs, Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's ſelf the palm reſigns;
He yields—but to the muſic of thy lines.
If friends to poetry can yet be found,
Who without bluſhing ſenſe prefer to ſound,
Then let this ſoft, this ſoul-enfeebling band,
Theſe warbling minſtrels, quit the beggar'd land;
They but a momentary joy impart;
'Tis you who touch the ſoul and warm the heart.
How tempting do thy ſylvan ſports appear!
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchſafe an ear,
Might her fond luſt of pow'r a while compoſe,
And gladly change it for thy ſweet repoſe.
No fierce unruly ſenates threaten here,
No axe, no ſcaffold, to the view appear,
No envy, diſappointment, and deſpair.
Here, bleſs'd viciſſitude! whene'er you pleaſe
You ſtep from exerciſe to learned eaſe:
Turn o'er each claſſic page, each beauty trace,
The mind unweary'd in the pleaſing Chaſe.
Oh! would kind Heav'n ſuch happineſs beſtow,
Let fools, let knaves, be maſters here below.
Grandeur and place, thoſe baits to catch the wiſe,
And all their pageant train, I pity and deſpiſe.

J. TRACY.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE

OF WARWICKSHIRE, ESQ.

On reading ſeveral of his excellent poems.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR, I have read and much admire
Your Muſe's gay and eaſy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
That gives the bright and cheerful glow.

I conn'd each line with joyous care,
As I can ſuch from ſun to ſun,
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too ſoon done.

The witty ſmile, nature and art,
In all your numbers ſo combine,
As to complete their juſt deſert,
And grace them with uncommon ſhine.

Delighted we your Muſe regard
When ſhe, like Pindar's, ſpreads her wings;
And virtue, being its own reward,
Expreſſes by the ſiſter ſprings.

Emotions tender crowd the mind
When with the royal bard you go,
To ſigh in notes divinely kind
"The mighty fall'n on Mount Gilboa."

Much ſurely was the virgin's joy
Who with the Iliad had your lays,
For ere and ſince the ſiege of Troy
We all delight in love and praiſe.

Theſe heav'n-born paſſions, ſuch deſire,
I never yet could think a crime,
But firſt-rate virtues which inſpire
The ſoul to reach at the ſublime.

But often men miſtake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boaſt,
Like your "Gilt Aſs," who ſtood to bray,
Till in a flame his tail he loſt.

Him "th' incurious Bencher" hits
With his own tale ſo tight and clean,
That while I read ſtreams guſh, by fits,
Of hearty laughter from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vaſt ingine,
Fontaine and Prior, who have ſung
Blithe tales the beſt, had they heard thine
On Lob, they'd own'd themſelves outdone.

The plot 's purſu'd with ſo much glee,
The too officious "Dog and Prieſt,"
The "Squire oppreſs'd," I own, for me,
I never heard a better jeſt.

Pope well deſcrib'd an Ombre game,
And "King revenging Captive Queen;"
He merits; but had won more fame
If author of your "Bowling-Green."

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So nat'ral, juſt, and with ſuch eaſe,
That while I read, upon my ſoul!
I wonder how I chance to pleaſe!

Yet I have pleas'd, and pleaſe the beſt;
And ſure to me laurels belong,
Since Britiſh fair, and, 'mongſt the beſt,
Somervile's conſort, likes my ſong.

Raviſh'd I heard th' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the ſky,
My verſes with a Scotian air;
Then ſaints were not ſo bleſs'd as I.

In her the valu'd charms unite;
She really is what all would ſeem;
Gracefully handſome, wiſe and ſweet:
'Tis merit to have her eſteem.

Your noble kinſman, her lov'd mate,
Whoſe worth claims all the world's reſpect,
Met in her love a ſmiling fate,
Which has, and must have, good effect.

You both from one great lineage ſpring,
Both from de Somervile, who came
With William, England's conqu'ring king,
To win fair plains and laſting fame.

Which honour he left to 's eldeſt ſon;
That firſt-born chief you repreſent:
His ſecond came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'ille takes deſcent.

On him and you may Fate beſtow
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long 's ye 'd wiſh to live below,
Still bleſs'd with all you would deſire.

O Sir! oblige the world, and ſpread
In print thoſe and your other lays;
This ſhall be better'd while they read,
And after-ages found your praiſe.

I could enlarge—but if I ſhould
On what you 've wrote, my Ode would run
Too great a length—Your thoughts ſo crowd,
To note them all I 'd ne'er have done.

Accept this off'ring of a Muſe
Who on her Pictland hills ne'er tires;
Nor ſhould (when worth invites) refuſe
To ſing the perſon ſhe admires.

ALLAN RAMSAY TO THE AUTHOR,

Acknowledging the receipt of an Epiſtle from him.

Sir, I had your's, and own my pleaſure,
On the receipt, exceeded meaſure.
You write with ſo much ſp'rit and glee,
Sae ſmooth, ſae ſtrong, correct, and free,
That any he by you allow'd
To have ſome merit may be proud.
If that 's my fault bear you the blame,
Wha 've lent me ſic a lift to fame.
Your ain tow'rs high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like a firſt-rate ſtar,
And all the world beſtow due praiſe
On the Collection of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which ev'n in parts firſt poets ſhine.
Like Mat. and Swift ye ſing with eaſe,
And can be Waller when you pleaſe.
Continue, Sir, and ſhame the crew
That 's plagu'd with having nought to do,
Who Fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aſpiring wit;

Such kenna how t' employ their time,
And think activity a crime:
Aught they to either do or say,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When money, their Factotum, 's able
To furnish them a num'rous rabble,
Who will, for daily drink and wages,
Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting these delightful flow'rs
Which carpet the poetic fields,
And lasting funds of pleasure yields,
Nae mair they 'd gaunt and gove away,
Or sleep or loiter out the day,
Or waste the night damning their sauls
In deep debauch and bawdy brawls,
Whence pox and poverty proceed,
An early eild, and spirits dead.
Reverse of you——and him you love,
Whose brighter spirit tow'rs above
The mob of thoughtless lords and beaus,
Who in his ilka actions shows
"True friendship, love, benevolence,
"Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense."
Allow here what you 've said yourself,
Nought can b' express'd so just and well:
To him, and her worthy his love,
And ev'ry blessing from above,

A ſon is giv'n; God ſave the boy!
For their's and ev'ry Somer'ile's joy.
Ye war'lins round him take your place,
And raiſe him with each manly grace;
Make his meridian virtues ſhine,
To add freſh luſtres to his line;
And many may the mother ſee
Of ſuch a lovely progeny.
Now, Sir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
Hail, ſnaw, and fleet, frae blacken'd cluds;
While Caledonia's hills are green,
And a' her ſtraths delight the een;
While ilka flow'r with fragrance blows,
And a' the year its beauty ſhows;
Before again the winter low'r,
What hinders then your northern tour?
Be ſure of welcome; nor believe
Thoſe wha an ill report will give
To Edinburg and the land of Cakes,
That nought what 's neceſſary lacks.
Here Plenty's goddeſs frae her horn
Pours fiſh and cattle, claith and corn,
In blithe abundance—and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
Nor will North Britain yield for ſouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To any but her ſiſter South.——

'True, rugged roads are curſed dreigh,
An' ſpeats aft' roar frae mountains high:
The body tires—poor tott'ring clay!
And likes with eaſe at hame to ſtay;
While ſauls ſtride warlds at ilka ſtend,
And can their wid'ning views extend.
Mine ſees you while you cheerfu' roam
On ſweet Avona's flow'ry howm,
There recollecting, with full view,
Thoſe follies which mankind purſue,
While, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
You riſe with a correcting ſpirit,
And as an agent of the gods
Laſh them with ſharp ſatiric rods:
Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I ſee you range
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in pureſt air,
While joy frae heights and dales reſounds,
Rais'd by the hoſe, horn and hounds:
Fatigu'd yet pleas'd, the chaſe outrun,
I ſee the friend and ſetting ſun
Invite you to the temp'rate bicker,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
The clock ſtrikes twelve, to reſt you bound,
To ſave your health by ſleeping ſound.
Thus with cool head and healſome breaſt
You ſee new d[illegible]eam frae the eaſt;

Then all the Muſes round you ſhine,
Inſpiring ev'ry thought divine;
Be long their aid—your years and bleſſes,
Your ſervant Allan Ramſay wiſhes. 109

THE CHASE.

PREFACE.

The old and infirm have at leaſt this privilege, that they can recall to their minds thoſe ſcenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their paſt pleaſures with a ſatisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt enjoyment; for thoſe ideas to which any agreeable ſenſation is annexed are eaſily excited, as leaving behind them the moſt ſtrong and permanent impreſſions. The amuſements of our youth are the boaſt and comfort of our declining years. The Ancients carried this notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their heroes in the Elyſian Fields were fond of the very ſame diverſions they exerciſed on earth. Death itſelf could not wean them from the accuſtomed ſports and gaieties of life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris;
Contendunt ludo, et fulva luctantur arena:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
Arma procul, currusque virum miratur inanes.
Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

VIRG. *Æneid.* vi.

Part on the graſſy cirque their pliant limbs
In wreſtling exercise, or on the ſands,
Struggling, diſpute the prize: part lead the ring,
Or ſwell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharneſs'd ſteeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; horſes, and cars, and arms,
All the ſame fond deſires and pleaſing cares
Still haunt their ſhades, and after death ſurvive.

I hope, therefore, I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious part of mankind) if at my leiſure hours I run over in my elbow-chair ſome of thoſe Chaſes which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amuſement. The reſult of theſe rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem, which if equally diverting to my readers as to myſelf I ſhall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with ſo many deſcriptions and digreſſions in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any gentleman who would enjoy this noble ſport in full perfection. In this at leaſt I may comfort myſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other proſe writers upon this ſubject.

It is moſt certain that hunting was the exerciſe of the greateſt heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themſelves for war, and their exploits againſt wild beaſts were a prelude to their future victories. Xenophon ſays, that almoſt all the ancient heroes, Neſtor, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were μαθηταὶ κυνηγεσιῶν, diſciples of hunting, being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly ſerviceable to them in military diſcipline. *Xen. Cynegetic.* And Pliny obſerves, thoſe who were deſigned for great captains were firſt taught *certare cum*

fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis arte; to contest with the swiftest wild beasts in speed, with the boldest in strength, with the most cunning in craft and subtilty. *Plin. Panegyr.* And the Roman emperors, in those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the Chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do justice to this heroic exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid, as appears by this verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit. Lib. iv. *Pont.*
Gratius shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date; among these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age: but only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might, indeed, have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil, in his third Georgic, since it is expressly part of his subject; but he has favoured us only with ten verses, and what he says of dogs relates wholly to grayhounds and mastiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum. *Georg.* iii.
The grayhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk, *Pasce sero pingui*. He has, it is true, touched upon the

Chaſe in the 4th and 7th books of the Æneid. But it is evident that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in theſe latter ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any notion of purſuing wild beaſts by the ſcent only, with a regular and well-diſciplined pack of hounds, and therefore they muſt have paſſed for poachers amongſt our modern ſportſmen. The muſter-roll given us by Ovid, in his ſtory of Actæon, is of all ſorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the deſcription of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the Sepulchre of the Naſos, and the Arch of Conſtantine, has not the leaſt trace of the manner now in uſe.

Whenever the Ancients mention dogs following by the ſcent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the noſe of one ſingle dog. This was as much as they knew of the *odora canum vis*. Thus Nemeſianus ſays,

Odorato noſcunt veſtigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum ſecreta cubilia monſtrant.
They challenge on the mead the recent ſtains,
And trail the hare unto her ſecret form.

Oppian has a long deſcription of theſe dogs in his firſt book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he ſeems to deſcribe the hunting of the hare by the ſcent through many turnings and windings, yet he really ſays no more than that one of thoſe hounds, which he

call'd Ἰχνευτῆρες, finds out the game: for he follows the ſcent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has ſtarted her, he purſues her by ſight. I am indebted for theſe two laſt remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whoſe judgment in the *belles lettres* no body diſputes, and whoſe approbation gave me the aſſurance to publiſh this poem.

Oppian alſo obſerves, that the beſt ſort of theſe hounds were brought from Britain, this iſland having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the beſt breed of hounds, for perſons the beſt ſkilled in the art of hunting, and for horſes the moſt enduring to follow the Chaſe. It is therefore ſtrange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this ſubject, which is without doubt very noble in itſelf, and very well adapted to receive the moſt beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting; yet I hope my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this firſt but imperfect eſſay, will ſhew the world they have at leaſt ſome taſte for poetry.

The Ancients eſteemed hunting not only as a manly and warlike exerciſe, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exerciſing the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind; and he calls the inventors of this art wiſe men, and well ſkilled in human nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.*

The gentlemen who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may, probably, be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there, but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren when a fine day and the concert of the kennel invite them abroad: I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

En age, segnes,
Rumpe moras: vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. VIRG. *Georg.* iii.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the ling'ring cares of life;
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the gen'rous steed. The hunters' shouts
And cheering cries assenting woods return.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CHASE.

A POEM

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Nec [illegible]i cura canum fuerit poſtrema. VIRG. *Georg.* iii.
Romanis ſolenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, et membris. HOR. Lib. I. Ep. xviii.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

THE ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to his Royal Highneſs the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpoliſhed manner of the firſt hunters. Beaſts firſt hunted for food and ſacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beaſts, &c. The regular manner of hunting firſt brought into this iſland by the Normans. The beſt hounds and beſt horſes bred here. The advantage of this exerciſe to us, as iſlanders. Addreſs to gentlemen of eſtates. Situation of the kennel, and its ſeveral courts. The diverſion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different ſorts of hounds for each different Chaſe. Deſcription of a perfect hound. Of ſizing and ſorting of hounds; the middle-ſized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the ſtag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their uſe on the borders of England and Scotland. A phyſical account of ſcents. Of good and bad ſcenting days. A ſhort admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chaſe I ſing, Hound and their various breed,
And no leſs various uſe. O thou, great Prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold inſtructive ſong.
While grateful citizens, with pompous ſhew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits

Of thy illuſtrious houſe; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and as the Royal Youth
Paſſing they view admire and ſigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minſtrels and ſhrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a ſong,
And airs ſoft-warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding horn
Invites thee to the Chaſe, the ſport of kings:
Image of war without its guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courſer o'er the ſteepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave from ſhore to ſhore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
And if, in future times, ſome envious prince,
Careleſs of right, and guileful, ſhould invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or ſhould ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the balance from thy equal hand,
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compaſs thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hue thy paſſage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame: inſpir'd by thee,
The nobler Chaſe of glory ſhall purſue
Thro' fire, and ſmoke, and blood, and fields of death.
Nature, in her productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt degrees to reach perfection's height:
So mimic Art works leiſurely, till Time

Improve the piece, or wiſe Experience give
The proper finiſhing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter! firſt made war on beaſts,
And ſtain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New and unpoliſh'd was the huntſman's art;
No ſtated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and ſtones, rude implements of war!
He arm'd his ſavage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs toils, then range the deſert hills,
And ſcour the plains below: the trembling herd
Start at th' unuſual ſound, and clam'rous ſhout
Unheard before; ſurpris'd, alas! to find
Man now their foe, whom erſt they deem'd their lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the plain
Wide waſting, and grim Slaughter, red with blood;
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill;
Their rage licentious knows no bound: at laſt,
Incumber'd with their ſpoils, joyful they bear
Upon their ſhoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars ſmokes, a ſacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r whoſe bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong neceſſity, thus firſt began

The Chaſe of beaſts; tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt: for the green herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain man's lab'ring race,
Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food *. So juſt is Heav'n,
To give us in proportion to our wants.
Or chance or induſtry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due perfection. In this iſle remote
Our painted anceſtors were ſlow to learn;
To arms devote, in the politer arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; till from Neuſtria's coaſts
Victorious William to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the buſy hound, whoſe well-known cry
His liſt'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive huntſmen learn'd to join,
In bloody ſocial leagues, the multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort, their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the pack.
Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd Iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! to thee 't is giv'n
To train the ſprightly ſteed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by Winds, or the celeſtial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the preſs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks,

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Which proudly neighing, with the ſun begins
Cheerful his courſe, and ere his beams decline
Has meaſur'd half thy ſurface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair land of Liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in ſcent and ſpeed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
In vain malignant ſteams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coaſts;
The huntſman, ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exerciſe to raiſe
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.
Ye vig'rous Youths! by ſmiling Fortune bleſs'd
With large demeſnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe forefathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy thoſe pleaſures, for the weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the poor: to rein the ſteed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Op'ning in conſorts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What tho' the gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow diſeaſe
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd frame, undaunted ſtill,
Fix'd as a mountain-aſh, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove, tho' blaſted yet unfall'n;
Still can my ſoul in Fancy's mirror view

Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous ſcene
In all its ſplendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs paſt, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet garrulity,
The poor diſbanded vet'ran's ſole delight.
  Firſt let the kennel be the huntſman's care,
Upon ſome little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive
The ſun's all-cheering beams, when mild he ſhines,
And gilds the mountain tops: for much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to ſtretch,
And baſk in his invigorating ray.
Warn'd by the ſtreaming light and merry lark
Forth ruſh the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day: for not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes,
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of Light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muſes aid; untouch'd, unſtrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy deſponding bard
Sits darkly muſing o'er th' unfiniſh'd lay.
  Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expenſe, on charitable deeds
Better diſpos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch

Who ſhrinks beneath the blaſt, to ſeed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want. For uſe, not ſtate,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment riſe.
O'er all let cleanlineſs preſide, no ſcraps
Beſtrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to diſguſt
That nicer ſenſe on which the ſportſman's hope
And all his future triumphs muſt depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their ſmoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full ciſtern lead the ductile ſtreams,
To waſh thy court well-pav'd, nor ſpare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanlineſs avail.
Seek'ſt thou for hounds to climb the rocky ſteep,
And bruſh th' entangled covert, whoſe nice ſcent
O'er greaſy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noiſome ſtench, let no offenſive ſmell
Invade thy wide incloſure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.
Water and ſhade no leſs demand thy care.
In a large ſquare th' adjacent field incloſe;
There plant in equal ranks the ſpreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; moſt happy thy deſign,
If at the bottom of thy ſpacious court
A large canal, fed by the cryſtal brook,
From its tranſparent boſom ſhall reflect
Thy downward ſtructure and inverted grove.

Here when the ſun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Reſtleſs and faint, loll their unmoiſten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler ſhades
Lead forth the panting tribe; ſoon ſhalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous ſoon they plunge into the ſtream,
There lave their reeking ſides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From ſhore to ſhore they ſwim, while clamour loud,
And wild uproar, torments the troubled flood:
Then on the ſunny bank they roll and ſtretch
Their dripping limbs, or elſe in wanton rings
Courſing around, purſuing and purſu'd,
The merry multitude diſporting play.
But here with watchful and obſervant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy reſounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the fierce debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft' in ſport
Begun combat enſues; growling they ſnarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they ſeize
Each others' throats; with teeth and claws in gore
Beſmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then ſudden all the baſe ignoble crowd,
Loud-clam'ring, ſeize the helpleſs, worried, wretch,

And, thirſting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways
His mangled carcaſs on th' enſanguin'd plain.
O breaſts of pity void! t' oppreſs the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendleſs head,
And with one mutual cry inſult the fall'n!
Emblem too juſt of man's degen'rate race.
Others apart, by native inſtinct led,
Knowing inſtructer! 'mong the ranker graſs
Cull each ſalubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive ſtor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes preſcribes
A ready remedy, and is himſelf
Their great phyſician. Now grown ſtiff with age,
And many a painful Chaſe, the wiſe old hound,
Regardleſs of the frolic pack, attends
His maſter's ſide, or ſlumbers at his eaſe
Beneath the bending ſhade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate,
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his ſpeed
Bounds o'er the lawn to ſeize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimp'rings ſpeaks his joy.
A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chaſe
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
O'ermatch'd deſtroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murd'rous, courſing crew, intent

On blood and ſpoil. O blaſt their hopes, juſt Heav'n!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With diſappointment and ſevere remorſe.
But huſband thou thy pleaſures, and give ſcope
To all her ſubtle play. By Nature led,
A thouſand ſhifts ſhe tries: t' unravel theſe
Th' induſtrious beagle twiſts his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths purſues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cow'ring; his wide op'ning noſe
Upward he curls, and his large ſloe-black eyes
Melt in ſoft blandiſhments and humble joy:
His gloſſy ſkin, or yellow pied, or blue,
In lights or ſhades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamell'd pride
Rival the ſpeckled pard; his ruſh-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch:
On ſhoulders clean upright and firm he ſtands:
His round cat-foot, ſtraight hams, and wide-ſpread thighs,
And his low-dropping cheſt, confeſs his ſpeed,
His ſtrength, his wind, of on the ſteepy hill
Or far-extended plain: in ev'ry part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer ſkill
Of Phidias himſelf can't blame thy choice:
Of ſuch compoſe thy pack. But here a mean
Obſerve, nor the large hound prefer, of ſize

Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: but if too small,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shiv'ring creep,
Benumb'd and faint, beneath the shelt'ring thorn:
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.
As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far-gleaming dart the same united blaze;
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy Chase,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field

Delight thy raviſh'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure;
Whoſe ears down-hanging from his thick-round head
Shall ſweep the morning dew, whoſe clanging voice
Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
And ſhake the foreſts: the bold Talbot kind
Of theſe the prime, as white as Alpine ſnows,
And great their uſe of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, ſlow winding thro' the vale, the ſeat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The ſweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To laſting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race, well train'd and ſkill'd
In all the myſteries of theft, the ſpoil
Their only ſubſtance, feuds and war their ſport;
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudful art
Th' arch felon * was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the ſhelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the ſooty cloud and ruddy flames
That iſſu'd from his mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit life; a debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd Alcides and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the ſhades of night they ford the ſtream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are ſafe,
Nor ſtalls protect the ſteer, nor ſtrong-barr'd doors

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Secure the fav'rite horſe. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghaſtly viſage wan
The plunder'd owner ſtands, and from his lips
A thouſand thronging curſes burſt their way:
He calls his ſtout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the ſagacious brute, his curling tail
Flouriſh'd in air, low bending plies around
His buſy noſe, the ſteaming vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one turf untry'd,
Till, conſcious of the recent ſtains, his heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling noſe, his active tail,
Atteſt his joy; then with deep-op'ning mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the liſt'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry ſandy heaths, and ſtony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths with men and beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues, till at the cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty throat
The catif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his ſenſe!

Should ſome more curious ſportſman here inquire
Whence this ſagacity, this wondrous pow'r
Of tracing ſtep by ſtep or man or brute?

What guide inviſible points out their way
O'er the dank marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe
And hang upon the gently-purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd,
The panting Chaſe grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the ſkin perſpires,
Leaves a long-ſtreaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarify'd
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To ev'ry ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds purſue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful ſteam, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks
At eve forebode a bluſt'ring ſtormy day,

Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping frosts, and the keen-biting blasts
Of the dry-parching east, menace the trees,
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease; listless, they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice,
Tho' oft' invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes,
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit:
But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heav'n
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap

Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The buckleſs fauntring youth, proud of the ſkut
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,
And ruſty couples gingling by his ſide!
Be thou of other mould; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

THE CHASE.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

OF the power of inſtinct in brutes. Two remarkable inſtances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to ſeat in the morning. Of the variety of ſeats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the ſeaſon, weather, or wind. Deſcription of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interſperſed with rules to be obſerved by thoſe who follow that Chace. Tranſition to the Aſiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monſieur Bernier and the hiſtory of Gengiſkan the Great. Concludes with a ſhort reproof of tyrants and oppreſſors of mankind.

Nor will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage
T' obſerve that inſtinct which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reaſon's lore,
And oft' tranſcends. Heav'n-taught, the roebuck ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain purſuit, nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent
That freſhens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; train'd to exceſs each nerve,
Each ſlacken'd ſinew fails: they pant, they foam:
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.
'Tis inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuſe her ſoft abode. With ſtep revers'd

She forms the doubling maze; then ere the Morn
Peeps thro' the clouds leaps to her close recess.
As wand'ring shepherds on th'Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp, now on some cooler hill,
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze,
And then below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks; so the wise hares
Oft' quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous wiles
Plot their destruction; or perchance, in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted blade wary and close they sit.
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown they lead their helpless young:
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert: yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd,
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves; thus changing still
As fancy prompts them or as food invites.
But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,

Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various, game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhow'rs; the fields are ſhorn:
Inwardly wailing, the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe: his barns are ſtor'd,
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd.
No widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd;
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh! bear me, ſome kind Pow'r inviſible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the ſwift racers, ſtretching to the goal,
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boaſt of old;
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right;
Or to thoſe ſpacious plains where the ſtrain'd eye,

In the wide proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud ſpire, that o'er the hills aſcends,
And pierces thro' the clouds; or to thy downs,
Fair Cotſwold! where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchleſs ſpeed, thy green-aſpiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild bluſhing goddeſs! hail;
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple mantle ſpread
O'er half the ſkies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry ſhrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora! here, deep ſunk in down,
Slumber ſecure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful ſteams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilette plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their matins chaunt, nor brook my long delay;
My courſer hears their voice: ſee there! with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground:
Fierce rapture kindles in his redd'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys,
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues ſevere, from their hard taſks
If once diſmiſs'd no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breaſts,
But give a looſe to all their frolic play,
So from their kennel ruſh the joyous pack;

A thouſand wanton gaieties expreſs
Their inward ecſtaſy, their pleaſing ſport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing ſun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their gloſſy ſkins
Beaming reflects as paint the various bow
When April ſhow'rs deſcend. Delightful ſcene!
Where all around is gay, men, horſes, dogs,
And in each ſmiling countenance appears
Freſh-blooming health and univerſal joy.
Huntſman! lead on; behind the cluſt'ring pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harſher voice obey.
Spare not the ſtraggling cur that wildly roves,
But let thy briſk aſſiſtant on his back
Imprint thy juſt reſentments; let each laſh
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.
Here on this verdant ſpot, where Nature kind
With double bleſſings crowns the farmer's hopes
Where flow'rs autumnal ſpring, and the rank mead
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repaſt,
Throw off thy ready pack. See where they ſpread,
And range around, and daſh the glitt'ring dew!
If ſome ſtanch hound with his authentic voice
Avow the recent trail, the joſtling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills

Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon' furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks, till more assur'd,
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies: how close! she pants: she doubts
If now she lives: she trembles as she sits,
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue,
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack; let all be hush'd;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy, be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That gluds their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while she's spurr'd on by fear.

The welkin rings; men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
In the full concert join. Now, my brave Youths!
Stripp'd for the Chase, give all your souls to joy.
See how their courſers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet ſkim! thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their ſhining hoofs ſcarce print
The graſs unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd
They ſtrain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and bruſh
The thorny, twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with ſteady hands, by turns
Indulge their ſpeed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? all, all are gone!
And with the panting winds lag far behind.
Huntſman! her gait obſerve; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the ſame round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe 'll foil the beaten track;
But if ſhe fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold courſe, leſs intricate thy taſk;
Puſh on thy pack. Like ſome poor exil'd wretch
The frighted Chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, ſecure to ſeize his prey.
Hark! from yon' covert, where thoſe tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copſe aſpiring riſe,
What glorious triumphs burſt in ev'ry gale

Upon our raviſh'd ears! The hunters ſhout,
The clanging horns ſwell their ſweet-winding notes,
The pack wide op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near. Afflictive birch
No more the ſchool-boy dreads; his priſon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his maſter's call.
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill. The ploughman leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the ſhepherd's joy. Men, boys, and girls,
Deſert th' unpeopled village, and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the ſweet frenzy ſeiz'd.
Look how ſhe pants! and o'er yon' op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while at the further end
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmoſt bound
Slily ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming crowd, ſeems to purſue
The foe ſhe flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reaſon; ſure 't is ſomething more;
'Tis Heav'n directs, and ſtratagems inſpires
Beyond the ſhort extent of human thought.
But hold—I ſee her from the covert break;
Sad on yon' little eminence ſhe ſits;

Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how to 'scape the fierce blood-thirsty crew
That still urge on, and still in vollies loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain and o'er the mountain's ridge
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial Train! your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd,
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied; up they climb,
And ardent we pursue: our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore, till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting: there we breathe a while;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack! how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft' babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point

Rouſe all his diligence, or till the Chaſe
Sinking he finds; then to the head he ſprings,
With thirſt of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntſman! take heed; they ſtop in full career:
Yon' crowding flocks, that at a diſtance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See that old hound,
How buſily he works, but dares not truſt
His doubtful ſenſe! Draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells,
Sally'd a while, at once their pale reneſs,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See how they toſs, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they loſt!—That eager haſte
Some doubling wile foreſhews.—Ah! yet once more
They 're check'd—Hold back with ſpeed—On either hand
They flouriſh round—ev'ny et perſiſt—'Tis right;
Away they ſpring; the ruſtling ſtubbles bend
Beneath the driving ſtorm. Now the poor Chaſe
Begins to flag, to her laſt ſhifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake ſhe flies, and viſits all
Her well-known haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,
With love and plenty bleſs'd. See! there ſhe goes;
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakneſs. See how black ſhe looks!
The ſweat that clogs th' obſtructed pores ſcarce leaves
A languid ſcent. And now in open view
See, ſee! ſhe flies; each eager hound exerts
His utmoſt ſpeed, and ſtretches ev'ry nerve.

How quick she turns, their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives, till round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies!
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Thrëician Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clam'rous rage: distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpow'r'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey!
The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quiv'ring heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse; in her dim-glaring eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens every limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay, or at their master's foot,
Each happy favorite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cov'ring low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny dastard animal! but vers'd

...tle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud aſpiring ſoul diſdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur, of the Chaſe,
Hear what the Muſe from faithful records ſings.
Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian ſtream,
Line within line, riſe the pavilions proud,
Their ſilken ſtreamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horſe? From tent to tent
Why preſs in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why ſhines the poliſh'd helm and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Viſapour nor Golconda rebel,
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous hoſt,
Lays waſte the provinces, nor glory fires
To rob and to deſtroy, beneath the name
And ſpecious guiſe of war. A nobler cauſe
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities ſack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpleſs orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with ſharp remorſe
Shall ſting the conſcious victor, but mankind
Shall hail him good and juſt; for not on beaſts
He draws his vengeful ſword; on beaſts of prey,
Full-fed with human gore. See, ſee, he comes!
Imperial Dehli, op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms
And all the pomp of war. Before them ſound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs

And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race;
Sublime he ſits amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omraas about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian ſteed, and watch his nod,
And potent Rajahs, who themſelves preſide
O'er realms of wide extent; but here ſubmiſs
Their homage pay, alternate kings and ſlaves!
Next theſe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair ſultanas of his court; a troop
Of choſen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intruſive eye; one look is death.
Ah! cruel Eaſtern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the ſun's all-cheering ray
Were leſs ſevere. The vulgar cloſe the march,
Slaves and artificers, and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated ſtreets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with ſtern review
Thro' groves of ſpears from file to file he darts
His ſharp experienc'd eye, their order marks,
Each in his ſtation rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundleſs line his ſight is loſt.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On theſe extended plains when Ammon's ſon
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vaſſal world the prize; nor was that hoſt

More numerous of old which the great king *
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East,
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean-while in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference, full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills and plains;
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host;
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the Chase,
From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads, encamping round
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command
These execute with speed and punctual care,
In all the strictest discipline of war,
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high resolve
That flies on wings thro' all th' encircling line
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,

* Xerxes.

The planets in their ſpheres roll round his orb;
On all he ſhines, and rules the great machine.
Ere yet the morn diſpels the fleeting miſts,
The ſignal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial ſtandard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold and glitt'ring gems,
And like a ſheet of fire thro' the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The ſoldiers' ſhouts,
And all the brazen inſtruments of war,
With mutual clamour and united din
Fill the large concave: while from camp to camp
They catch the varied ſounds, floating in air.
Round all the wide circumference tigers fell
Shrink at the noiſe, deep in his gloomy den
The lion ſtarts, and morſels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the ſound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouſe the ſleepy ſoul to arms and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there,
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquiſitive; ſtrong dogs, that match in fight
The boldeſt brute, around their maſters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unſearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking ſavages. Inceſſant ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires

Gleam from the mountain tops: the foreſt ſeems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of ſheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirſty foes! Growling along
They ſtalk indignant, but fierce vengeance ſtill
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed ſpears
Preſent immediate death. Soon as the Night,
Wrapp'd in her ſable veil, forbids the Chaſe,
They pitch their tents in ev'n ranks around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper diſtances aſcending riſe,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round ſome iſland's ſhore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of ſurrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings and what hideous roar
Diſturb thoſe peaceful ſhades! where erſt the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the liſt'ning groves
With ſweet complainings. Thro' the ſilent gloom
Oft' they the guards aſſail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild deſpair.
Thus day by day they ſtill the Chaſe renew,
At night encamp; till now in ſtraiter bounds

The circle leſſens, and the beaſts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry ſide.
And now their fury burſts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Againſt their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The Civil war begins; grappling they tear,
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves;
Horrible diſcord! till the crowd behind
Shouting purſue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath ſubſides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and ſubdu'd, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in diſtreſs!
At laſt, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A liſted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boaſt, they crowd in heaps,
Diſmay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early reſolv'd t' aſſert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has ſpread
Its curling ſhade. On bold Arabian ſteeds
With decent pride they ſit, that fearleſs hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock

Swift ſhooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful ſlaves
With jav'lins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life unmov'd
Would loſe his own. The mighty Aurengzebe
From his high-elevated throne beholds
His blooming race, revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay ſpring of life,
When vigour ſtrung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes and flufhes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet ſounds a charge. The ſhouts
Of eager hoſts thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beaſts within,
Rend wide the welkin: flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and jav'lins lanch'd from ev'ry arm,
Gall ſore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Deſpair at laſt prevails,
When fainting nature ſhrinks, and refuſes all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire, and on the youthful band
They ruſh implacable. They their broad ſhields
Quick interpoſe; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Deſcend unerring. Proſtrate on the ground
The grinning monſters lie, and their foul gore

Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle ſtand
The truſty ſlaves; with pointed ſpears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
An eaſier paſſage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his laſt; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his ſpotted ſkin,
Tho' ſleek it ſhine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter ſtrides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws grins o'er her prey.
Men, horſes, dogs, fierce beaſts of ev'ry kind,
A ſtrange promiſcuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amaſs'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain aſſault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inſpires with ſelf-preſerving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the ſlain for ſhelter creep,
Aghaſt they fly, or hide their heads diſpers'd.
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been complete, and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguiſh'd half their race;
When, lo! the bright ſultanas of his court
Appear, and to his raviſh'd eyes diſplay
Thoſe charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly ſue to ſave
The vanquiſh'd hoſt. What mortal can deny
When ſuppliant Beauty begs! At his command,

Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud Oppressors! whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of pow'r, 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

THE CHASE.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

OF King Edgar, and his impoſing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a tranſition to fox-hunting, which is deſcribed in all its parts. Cenſure of an over-numerous pack. Of the ſeveral engines to deſtroy foxes and other wild beaſts. The ſteel trap deſcribed, and the manner of uſing it. Deſcription of the pitfall for the lion, and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Deſcription of the royal ſtag-Chaſe at Windſor Foreſt. Concludes with an addreſs to his Majeſty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's iſle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wiſely provident, from her white cliffs
Lanch'd half her foreſts, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain; there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of Britiſh monarchs: each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a diſtance gaz'd,
And, diſappointed, gnaſh'd his teeth in vain.
He ſcour'd the ſeas, and to remoteſt ſhores
With ſwelling ſails the trembling corſair fled.
Rich commerce flouriſh'd, and with buſy oars
Daſh'd the reſounding ſurge. Nor leſs at land
His royal cares; wiſe, potent, gracious Prince!
His ſubjects from their cruel foes he ſav'd,
And from rapacious ſavages their flocks.
Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid

Their tributary wolves, head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is loſt.
In fertile paſtures more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial troops, and ſoon their large increaſe
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd
A ſubtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
In midnight ſhades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full fold the poor defenceleſs lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with ſweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repaſt. The mournful ewe,
Her deareſt treaſure loſt, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain;
While in th' adjacent buſh poor Philomel,
(Herſelf a parent once, till wanton churls
Deſpoil'd her neſt) joins in her loud laments
With ſweeter notes and more melodious woe.
For theſe nocturnal thieves, Huntſman! prepare
Thy ſharpeſt vengeance. Oh! how glorious it is
To right th' oppreſs'd, and bring the felon vile
To juſt diſgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or ſtars retire from the firſt bluſh of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouſe thy bold compeers; then to the copſe,
Thick with entangling graſs or prickly furze,
With ſilence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range

Diſpers'd, how buſily this way and that
They croſs, examining with curious noſe
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with ev'ry mouth.
As ſtraggling armies at the trumpet's voice
Preſs to their ſtandard, hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods with haſty ſtep,
Buſtling, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive, while from his kennel ſneaks
The conſcious villain. See! he ſkulks along,
Sleek at the ſhepherd's coſt, and plump with meals
Purloin'd; ſo thrive the wicked here below.
Tho' high his bruſh he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gaily ſhine, yet ere the ſun declin'd
Recall the ſhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels
Behold the juſt avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit head, and thirſting for his blood.
Heav'ns! what melodious ſtrains! how beat our hearts,
Big with tumult'ous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempeſt drives
From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark receſs
The foreſt thunders, and the mountains ſhake.
The chorus ſwells; leſs various and leſs ſweet
The trilling notes when in thoſe very groves
The feather'd choriſters ſalute the Spring,
And ev'ry buſh in concert joins: or when

The maſter's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of muſic in one inſtrument combine,
An univerſal minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each earth he tries; the doors are ban'd
Impregnable; nor is the covert ſafe:
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each ſtraggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the diſtant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave Youths!
Now give a looſe to the clean gen'rous ſteed;
Flouriſh the whip, nor ſpare the galling ſpur;
But in the madneſs of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our courſe; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the ſtream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch,
Wide-gaping, threatens death. The craggy ſteep,
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care,
And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain,
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up the oppoſent hill,
By the ſwift motion flung, we mount aloft:
So ſhips in winter-ſeas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave, then toſs'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm. [Chaſe
What lengths we paſs! where will the wand'ring

Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as ſwallows ſkim
The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift, we fly.
See my brace pack! how to the head they preſs,
Joſtling in cloſe array, then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage ſteer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft' they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter crew, wide-ſtraggling o'er the plain!
The panting courſer now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring ſpur
Makes many a faint effort: he ſnorts, he foams;
The big round drops run trickling down his ſides,
With ſweat and blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange confuſion of the vale below,
Where four vexation reigns: ſee yon' poor jade;
In vain th' impatient rider frets and ſwears,
With galling ſpurs harrows his mangled ſides;
He can no more: his ſtiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he ſtands,
For ev'ry cruel curſe returns a groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies! Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd ſteed, his maſter's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate, no coſt,
No labour, ſpar'd; who, when the flying Chaſe
Broke from the copſe, without a rival led

The num'rous train; now a ſad ſpectacle
Of pride brought low, and humble inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd aſs, and ſcourg'd along!
While theſe, with looſen'd reins and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
Lies flound'ring, half ingulf'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old Age laments
His vigour ſpent: the tall, plump, brawny, youth
Curſes his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
The ſhort pygmean race he whilome kenn'd
With proud inſulting leer. A choſen few
Alone the ſport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing toils. Here, Huntſman! from this height
Obſerve yon' birds of prey; if I can judge
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure: from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs, ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black deſpair. But one looſe more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon' village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms, return the joyous ſounds.
Thro' ev'ry homeſtall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Thro' ev'ry hole he ſneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes

Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own:
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue.
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſhelt'ring covert near,
Into the hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe walls with gore
Diſtain'd attest his guilt. There, Villain! there
Expect thy fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The pack, inquiſitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
With greedy tranſport feaſt. In bolder notes
Each ſounding horn proclaims the felon dead,
And all th' aſſembled village ſhouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort repaſt:
In the full glaſs the liquid amber ſmiles,
Our native product; and his good old mate
With choiceſt viands heaps the lib'ral board,
To crown our triumphs and reward our toils.
Here muſt th' inſtructive Muſe (but with reſpect)
Cenſure that num'rous pack, that crowd of ſtate,
With which the vain profuſion of the great
Covers the lawn, and ſhakes the trembling copſe.
Pompous incumbrance! a magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! for the wily fox,
Safe in th' increaſing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage; ſlinks behind,

And slily creeps thro' the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step; then views, escap'd,
With inward ecstasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world;
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen vet'rans, they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.
Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy;
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day
With silence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By th' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft' it's known,
When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no escape;

But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jeſt of clowns, his reeking carcaſs hangs.
Of theſe are various kinds: not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep-devouring grave;
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedleſs of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blaſhes paints the dawn, and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire
Into their darkſome cells, there ſatiate ſnore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beaſts, the painful foreſter
Climbs the high hills, whoſe proud aſpiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd and taper fir,
Aſſail the clouds; there, 'mong the craggy rocks
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footſteps in the ſand, the diſmal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands, and low into the ground
A pit they ſink, full many a fathom deep;
Then in the midſt a column high is rear'd,
The butt of ſome fair tree, upon whoſe top
A lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his dam;
And next a wall they build, with ſtones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the ſhades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirſt of blood,

Rouze up the ſlothful beaſt, he ſhakes his ſides,
Slow-riſing from his lair, and ſtretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore diſtain'd.
The foreſts tremble as he roars aloud,
Impatient to deſtroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The ſhepherd's care, and ſeeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat, himſelf, alas! deſign'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far, and leaping o'er the mound
To ſeize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyſs. Proſtrate he lies,
Aſtunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eyeballs flaſhing fire, thy length of tail
That laſhes thy broad ſides, thy jaws beſmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy ſhaggy mane,
The terror of the woods, thy ſtately port,
And bulk enormous, ſince by ſtratagem
Thy ſtrength is foil'd? Unequal is the ſtrife
When ſov'reign reaſon combats brutal rage.
On diſtant Ethiopia's ſun-burnt coaſts
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent uſe.
With ſlender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles ſlight, they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt ſearch
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.

Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,
The cluſt'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning gray
Advances ſlow, beſprinkling all around
With kind refreſhing dews the thirſty glebe,
The ſtately elephant from the cleſe ſhade
With ſtep majeſtic ſtrides, eager to taſte
The cooler breeze, that from the ſea-heat ſhore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid ſtream
To lave his panting ſides, joyous he ſcents
The rich repaſt, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And ſoon he ſporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf
Trembling gives way, and the unwieldy beaſt,
Self-ſinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, ſtruggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth, if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking ſubſide, and the thin ſurface yield,
Down ſinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulf'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, deluſive Man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy ſavage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair ſprings forth the ſpeckled pard,
Thirſting for blood, and eager to deſtroy;
The huntſman flies, but to his flight alone

Confides not: at convenient diſtance fix'd,
A poliſh'd mirror ſtops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots againſt ſpots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his briſtly whiſkers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Diſtends his op'ning paws; himſelf againſt
Himſelf oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntſman, now ſecure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed ſpear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival ſhade.
Thus man innum'rous engines forms t' aſſail
The ſavage kind; but moſt the docile horſe,
Swift, and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whoſe aid
The hunter's arts were vain, unſkill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war;
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind ſecure.
Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers ranges the deſerts wild,
Where by the magnet's aid the traveller
Steers his untrodden courſe, yet oft' on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of ſand
Immers'd and loſt. While theſe intrepid bands,
Safe in their horſes' ſpeed, outfly the ſtorm,
And ſcouring round make men and beaſts their prey.
The griſly boar is ſingled from his herd,

As large as that in Erimanthean woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide, and each in paſſing ſends
His feather'd death into his brawny ſides;
But perilous th'attempt; for if the ſteed
Haply too near approach, or the looſe earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beaſt
Th'advantage ſpies, and at one ſideleng glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then, bleeding, ſpurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean-while the ſurly monſter trots along,
But with unequal ſpeed; for ſtill they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the ſpacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd ſides the crimſon torrents roll
From many a gaping font; and now at laſt
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muſe, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal ſtag
Unſung remains? Tread with reſpectful awe
Windſor's green glades, where Denham tuneful Bard!
Charm'd once the liſt'ning Dryads with his ſong,
Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred Shade!
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full fickle leaves.

The morning ſun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windſor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train

Mount for the Chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs,
The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades; in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior, of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of Eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart: he must be more than man
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids!
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,

Without the needleſs aid of high deſcent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and ſue for grace. But who is he,
Freſh as a roſebud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lilies, on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, ſee!
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adon's for the Chaſe array'd?
Or Britain's ſecond hope? Hail, blooming Youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in conſummate worth you ſhine the pride
Of theſe our days, and to ſucceeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with eyes dejected
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no ſound, is heard
Within the wide ſerail, but all is huſh'd,
And awful ſilence reigns; thus ſtand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to earth,
While paſs the glitt'ring court and royal pair:
So diſciplin'd theſe hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,
Whoſe honour 't is to glad the hearts of kings:
But ſoon the winding horn and huntſman's voice
Let looſe the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy ſpreads its wings, and the gay morning ſmiles.
Unharbour'd now, the royal ſtag forſakes
His wonted lair; he ſhakes his dappled ſides,
And toſſes high his beamy head: the copſe
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling ſhifts

He tries! not more the wily hare; in theſe
Would ſtill perſiſt, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
Float thro' the glades, and the wide foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful ſteam. Such is the cry,
And ſuch th' harmonious din, the ſoldier deems
The battle kindling, and the ſtateſman grave
Forgets his weighty cares: each age, each ſex,
In the wild tranſport joins: luxuriant joy,
And pleaſure in exceſs, ſparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, Man! when thou 'rt no more
Thyſelf! when all the pangs that grind thy ſoul,
In rapture and in ſweet oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort interval and eaſe from pain!
See the ſwift courſer ſtrains, his ſhining hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quiv'ring bog,
Soft-yielding to the ſtep? All now is plain,
Plain as the ſtrond ſea-lav'd, that ſtretches far
Beneath the rocky ſhore. Glades croſſing glades
The foreſt opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waſte the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of War is huſh'd (as erſt victorious Rome)

T' employ his ſtation'd legions in the works
Of peace; to ſmooth the rugged wilderneſs,
To drain the ſtagnate fen, to raiſe the ſlope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature with th' embelliſhments of art.
How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our iſland's boaſt and pride,
Puſh on the gen'rous ſteed, that ſtrokes along
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy hill,
Nor falters in th' extended vale below;
Their garments looſely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their ſides their penſive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courſe, now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O grant, indulgent Heav'n, no riſing ſtorm
May darken with black wings this glorious ſcene!
Should ſome malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the Tyrian queen:
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaſte as fair;
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown ſtag thro' woods, bogs, roads, and ſtreams,
Has meaſur'd half the foreſt; but, alas!
He flies in vain; he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he caſt the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy ſtill with horror views

The fell deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal cry
Inſults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltleſs blood diſtain'd) ſtill ſeems to hear
The dying ſhrieks, and the pale threat'ning ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies purſues.
See here his flot; up yon' green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow a while; ſadly looks back
On his purſuers, cov'ring all the plain;
But wrung with anguiſh, bears not long the ſight,
Shoots down the ſteep, and ſweats along the vale;
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whoſe claſhing beams
His rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted pow'r
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful love.
But the baſe herd have learn'd the ways of men;
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chaſe him from thence: needleſs their impious deed,
The huntſman knows him by a thouſand marks,
Black, and imboſt; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted foe: familiar grows
His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
Skims o'er the lawn; ſtill the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And puſh him many a league. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caſt, the huntſman's clanging whip

Stops full their bold career: paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious, crowd,
As if by ſtern Meduſa gaz'd to ſtones.
So at their gen'rals voice whole armies halt
In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With freſh-recruiting might. The ſtag, who hop'd
His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd
The dreadful din: he ſhivers ev'ry limb;
He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh relay, no pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their load: he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye ſurpriſe him, ſoon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe
The knowing foreſter, who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving ſtorm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant ſhouts,
And horns ſhrill warbling in each glade, prelude

To his approaching fate. And now in view,
With hobbling gait and high, exerts amaz'd
What ſtrength is left: to the laſt dregs of life
Reduc'd, his ſpirits fail, on ev'ry ſide
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd; not the leaſt op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's laſt reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn? or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives courage to the weak. Reſolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
Theſe grov'lling lie, theſe by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' enſanguin'd plain. Ah! ſee diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at bay againſt yon' knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front preſents
An hoſt of foes. O! ſhun, ye noble Train!
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his ſoul uprais'd
To dare ſome great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each ſide
Fly diverſe; then as o'er the turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling ſtream, and up the breeze
Urges his courſe with eager violence,
Then takes the ſoil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant: down the mid ſtream he wafts
Along, till (like a ſhip diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding creek) cloſe to the verge
Of a ſmall iſland, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there ſculks immers'd:

His noſe alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all elſe beneath the flood
Conceal'd and loſt, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the ſtream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But ſparingly perſpire: the huntſman ſtrains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, ſtudious to kill,
And exquiſite of ſenſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud op'ning ſpends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the ſtream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and, ſtruggling, ſtrives to mount
The ſteepy ſhore. Haply once more eſcap'd,
Again he ſtands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous tranſport fires the greedy pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with pain
The ſlipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage: the ſtag repels each bold aſſault,
Maintains his poſt, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when ſome wily Corſair boards a ſhip
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coaſts
Or India's wealthy ſtrand, his bloody crew

Upon her deck he flings; theſe in the deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy ſides,
And clinging climb aloft, while thoſe on board
Urge on the work of fate; the maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the ſtag; ſo he reſolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himſelf, his foes, in one deep gulf immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild diſorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans diſtreſs'd,
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks:
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderneſs innate
Moves his great ſoul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed hungry pack
Retire ſubmiſs, and, grumbling, quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee what may thy ſubjects hope,
So kind and ſo beneficent to brutes?
O mercy, heav'nly born! ſweet attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt, prerogative of pow'r!
Juſtice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee
On rocks of adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the ſtorm beneath; ſoon as thy ſmiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy tumult ſinks in peace.

THE CHASE.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

OF the neceſſity of deſtroying ſome beaſts, and preſerving others for the uſe of man. Of breeding of hounds; the ſeaſon for this buſineſs. The choice of the dog of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too ſoon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at ſheep. Of the diſeaſes of hounds. Of their age. Of madneſs; two ſorts of it deſcribed, the dumb, and outrageous madneſs: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill conſequences. The infectious hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The vanity of trufting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The diſmal effects of the biting of a mad dog upon man deſcribed. Deſcription of the otter hunting. The concluſion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd to earth returns,
Diſſolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The ſoul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Eſcapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail:
Hence great the diſtance 'twixt the beaſts that periſh
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subſervient to his will, and for him made:
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erſt the Samian ſage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian Brachmans now

As vainly preach, the teeming rav'nous brutes
Might fill the ſcanty ſpace of this terrene,
Incumb'ring all the globe: ſhould not his care
Improve his growing ſtock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And thro' the deſerts range, ſhiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of ev'ry ſolace dear,
And ev'ry ſmiling gaiety of life.
The prudent huntſman therefore will ſupply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Freſh ſcions ſtill ſpring forth and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree;
Far ſhall his pack be fam'd, far ſought his breed,
And princes at their tables feaſt thoſe hounds
His hand preſents, an acceptable boon.
Ere yet the ſun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His ſteepy courſe, or Mother Earth unbound
Her frozen boſom to the weſtern gale;
When feather'd troops, their ſocial leagues diſſolv'd,
Seleſt their mates, and on the leafleſs elm
The noiſy rook builds high her wicker neſt,
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and friſking court
Their piebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flaſh fires impure; nor reſt nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In ſeparate cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody civil wars

Annoy thy peaceful ſtate. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join
And rude encounter: on Scamander's ſtreams
Heroes of old with far leſs fury fought
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds ſhall lie
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel ſhall appear
A field of blood: like ſome unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody ſcourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death;
And ſtill the beſt belov'd and braveſt fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawleſs love.

Huntſman! theſe ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame ſelect
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Conſider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and firſt to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and briers inwo-
Obſerve with care his ſhape, ſort, colour, ſize: [ven.
Nor will ſagacious huntſmen leſs regard
His inward habits. The vain babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong:
His fooliſh offspring ſhall offend thy ears
With falſe alarms and loud impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting cur avoid, that breaks

Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there ev'ry muse he tries;
If haply then he cross the steaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious, and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hop'd but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant, race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink,
Without Lucina's aid expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd: short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind;
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumph yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care

Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness and hospitable love.
If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic Chase,
Coursing around, unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valu'd prize: the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
Th' unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal, the laborious Chase
Shall taint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.
When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The stanch and steady sages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles

And ſubtle doublings of the various Chaſe.
Eaſy the leſſon of the youthful train
When inſtinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Preſs boldly on in wanton ſportive mood,
Correct his haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling whip; but if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt guiſe, to his own noſe
Confiding ſure, give him full ſcope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care; ſoon ſhalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the liſt'ning pack attend his call.
Oft' lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes obſerve
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay preſumptuous, or with eager haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant plain,
In the foul fact attach'd, to the ſtrong ram
Tie faſt the raſh offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
Then with his load fatigu'd, ſhall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front inceſſant peal
The panting wretch, till, breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding ſides
Laſh after laſh, and with thy threat'ning voice,

Harſh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner ſhall trembling doves,
Eſcap'd the hawk's ſharp talons, in mid air
Aſſail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd, as curious artiſts bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their ſoft and ductile clay to various ſhapes.
Nor is 't enough to breed, but to preſerve
Muſt be the huntſman's care. The ſtanch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account; ſhall oft' untie
The Gordian knot when reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd,
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide
With pleaded reaſon and with well-turn'd ſpeech
Conduct the ſtaring multitude, ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcov'ries not their own.
Unnumber'd accidents and various ills
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their ſpan; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's ſong
So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious, brute!

Not ev'n Minerva's wiſdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe:
Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd thoſe eyes, well pleas'd.
Of leſſer ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But, O! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies? Terrific peſt! that blaſts
The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite,
Or that Apulian ſpider's pois'nous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.
When Sirius reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry-gaping ſurface, viſit thou,
Each ev'n and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark-ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate, with ſpeed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe
Which art can't cure wiſe caution may prevent.
But this neglected, ſoon expect a change,
A diſmal change, confuſion, frenzy, death;
Or in ſome dark receſs the ſenſeleſs brute
Sits ſadly pining; deep melancholy

And black deſpair upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom and infectious froth
Diſtilling fall; and from his lungs, inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition; his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive head; his trembling limbs
No more ſupport his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benumb'd; till Death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.
Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful ſcene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury; like ſome angry boar
Churning he foams, and on his back erect
His pointed briſtles riſe; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted air; with rough hoarſe voice
Inceſſant bays, and ſnuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own ſhade, jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply t'ward the ſtream
He caſt his roving eye, cold horror chills
His ſoul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd;
Now frantic to the kennel's utmoſt verge
Raving he runs, and deals deſtruction round:
The pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.
If now perchance thro' the weak fence eſcap'd,

Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man nor beast
He spares, implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and, list'ning, hears with joy
The cheering cry that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd: no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart; for, oh! the secret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane: the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder and uncouth array;
Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muſe! return, and view
With heavy heart that hoſpital of woe,
Where Horror ſtalks at large! inſatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey; each hour preſents
A diff'rent ſcene of ruin and diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou, Fate! and how ſevere
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiſcuous lie; o'er them the living fight
In one eternal broil, not conſcious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends while ſenſeleſs ſquabble reigns.
Huntſman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouſe up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful ſtep. Thy fires unquench'd preſerve,
As erſt the Veſtal flame; the pointed ſteel
In the hot embers hide; and if ſurpris'd
Thou feel'ſt the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent ſore, and cauterize
The wound: ſpare not thy fleſh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan ſhall ſave when Æſculapius fails.
Here ſhould the knowing Muſe recount the means
To ſtop this growing plague. And here, alas!
Each hand preſents a ſov'reign cure, and boaſts
Infallibility, but boaſts in vain.
On this depend, each to his ſep'rate ſeat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his meſs
Apart, his range in open air; and then

If deadly ſymptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.
Sing, philoſophic Muſe! the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapleſs man.
The ruſtic ſwains, by long tradition taught
Of leaches old, as ſoon as they perceive
The bite impreſs'd, to the ſea-coaſts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home ſecure, but ſoon ſhall wiſh
The ſeas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming ſurge full many a fathom deep.
A fate more diſmal and ſuperior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Cloſing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night, or when full-orb'd ſhe ſhines
High in the vault of heav'n, the lurking peſt
Begins the dire aſſault. The poiſ'nous foam,
Thro' the deep wound inſtill'd with hoſtile rage,
And all its fiery particles ſaline,
Invades th' arterial fluid, whoſe red waves
Tempeſtuous heave, and, their coheſion broke,
Fermenting boil; inteſtine war enſues,
And order to confuſion turns embroil'd.
Now the diſtended veſſels ſcarce contain
The wild uproar, but preſs each weaker part,
Unable to reſiſt: the tender brain
And ſtomach ſuffer moſt: convulſions ſhake

His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent pains
Pinch fore the ſleepleſs wretch: his flutt'ring pulſe
Oft' intermits: penſive and ſad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain: to haſty anger prone,
Reſents each ſlight offence, walks with quick ſtep,
And wildly ſtares: at laſt with boundleſs ſway
The tyrant frenzy reigns; for as the dog
(Whoſe fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Preſent like ſpecies to his troubled mind,
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer ſung) th' aſſociates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To ſwine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the groves,
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies! parch'd up with thirſt,
But dares not drink; till now at laſt his ſoul
Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer region wings away.
One labour yet remains, celeſtial Maid!
Another element demands thy ſong.
No more o'er craggy ſteeps, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack,
But ſkim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding ſtreams amid the flow'ry meads

Perpetual glide along, and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd, gloomy retreat
Of the bright ſcaly kind, where they at will
On the green-wat'ry reed their paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt ſoil, or ſlumber at their eaſe,
Rock'd by the reſtleſs brook that draws aſlope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppreſſion? where, alas!
Is Innocence ſecure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the loweſt deeps; ſeas have their ſharks,
Rivers and ponds encloſe the rav'nous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feaſts. Juſt is his fate
Deſerv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor ſpears,
That briſtle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burniſh'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can ſave
Th' inſinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the ſlimy mud; nor yet eſcapes
The crimſon-ſpotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the ſtream. Without remorſe
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Inſatiate ſwallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntſman's early call, and ſees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This ſubtle ſpoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders ſhade
The deep ſtill pool, within ſome hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch, whence he ſurveys
His long purlieu, lord of the ſtream, and all
The finny ſhoals his own. But you, brave Youths!
Diſpute the ſpoil's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The busy-ſpreading pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the flood, and croſs the rapid ſtream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each reſounding ſhore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raiſe
Each cheering voice, till diſtant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the ſoft ſand
See there his ſeal impreſs'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring ſpoils, half-eaten fiſh,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feaſt.
Ah! on that yielding ſag-bed, ſee, once more
His ſeal I view. O'er yon' dank ruſhy marſh
The ſly gooſe-footed prowler bends his courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant ſhallows. Huntſman! bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair! who o'er theſe floods preſide,
Raiſe up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the ſtream, and ev'ry winding creek

And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, ſtill improve from ſhore to ſhore
Our ſweet reiterated joys. What ſhouts!
What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering ſounds
Urge thro' the breathing braſs their mazy way!
Not quires of Tritons glad with ſprightlier ſtrains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They ſnuff the fiſhy ſteam that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous, or thro' reedy pools
Ruſtling they work their way: no holt eſcapes
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation now
The fuming vapour ſtings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled burſts from ev'ry mouth
In louder ſymphonies. Yon' hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd ſalutes
The paſſing wave, muſt be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the root inceſſant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſhelt'ring deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended ſpears

Menace deſtruction, while the troubled ſurge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah! there once more he vents!
See! that bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink,
Together loſt; but ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh aſſault. See! there eſcap'd, he flies,
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the ſlipp'ry bank,
With ouze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long uſe,
This artful diver beſt can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element; yet there
He lives not long, but reſpiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt,
Where'er he flies; with him it ſticks beneath,
With him it mounts, ſure guide to ev'ry foe.
Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold ſtream. Lo! to yon' ſedgy bank
He creeps diſconſolate: his num'rous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed ſpears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain.
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling ſtrains,
Proclaim the felon's fate. He dies, he dies!

Rejoice, ye ſcaly Tribes! and leaping dance
Above the wave, in ſign of liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, ſecure and bleſs'd, did not as yet
Remain ſome of your own rapacious kind,
And man, fierce man! with all his various wiles.
O happy, if ye knew your happy ſtate,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom Nature born
Cheers with her ſmiles, and ev'ry element
Conſpires to bleſs. What if no heroes frown
From marble pedeſtals, nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold,
And at another's coſt may feaſt at will
Our wond'ring eyes: what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth not grac'd with pow'r.
The flow'ry landſcape and the gilded dome,
And viſtas op'ning to the weary'd eye,
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The ſhrubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
Th' ambitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
Is harrow'd day and night: he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See, there he comes, the exalted idol comes!
The circle 's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauſeous flatt'ry flows, which he returns

With promiſes that die as ſoon as born.
Vile intercourſe! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcaſt, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To ſooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled;
For tho' they baſk'd in his meridian ray,
The inſects vaniſh as his beams decline.
Not ſuch our friends; for here no dark deſign,
No wicked int'reſt, bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our boſoms leads,
And weds them there for life; our ſocial cups
Smile as we ſmile; open and unreſerv'd,
We ſpeak our inmoſt ſouls; good-humour, mirth,
Soft complaiſance, and wit, from malice free,
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.
O happineſs ſincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the ſlipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and ſecure?
Ye guardian Pow'rs! who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wiſe Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous ſcene. But if my ſoul,
To this groſs clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With leſs ambitious wing, unſkill'd to range

From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way,
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; ſubſervient to his voice
Who, veil'd in clouded Majeſty, alone
Gives light to all, bids the great ſyſtem move,
And changeful ſeaſons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf; yet this at leaſt
Grant me, propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt Want,
That dares not aſk: and if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline, fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice; my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round.

TO MR. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my patron; being the greateſt maſter in the burleſque way. In this indeed you have ſome advantage of your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye; yet remember, Sir, that we give ſpeech and motion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your province is the Town; leave me a ſmall out-ride in the country, and I ſhall be content. In this, at leaſt, let us both agree to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule, and we cannot fail to be of ſome ſervice to mankind. I am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and moſt humble ſervant,

W. S.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourſelves into diſgrace. We climb the Aonian mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languiſhed; till, graſping ſtill at more, we loſe our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

The Author of this piece would not thus be *felo de ſe*, nor would he be murdered by perſons unknown; but

as he is satisfied that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle dispersed abroad, and as he is credibly informed that he shall soon be exposed to view in such an attitude as he would not care to appear in, he thinks it most prudent, in this desperate case, to throw himself on the mercy of the public, and offer this whimsical work a voluntary sacrifice, in hope that he stands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his last hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

The poets of almost all nations have celebrated the games of their several countries. Homer began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own Milton, who laid his scene beyond the limits of this sublunary world, has found room for descriptions of this sort, and has performed it in a more sublime manner than any who went before him. His, indeed, are sports, but they are the sports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do justice to his countrymen, the British freeholders, who, when dressed in their holiday clothes, are by no means persons of a despicable figure, but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest hero in the Iliad. There is also some use in descriptions of this nature, since nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation than their sports and diversions. If we see people dancing, even in wooden shoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we

are ſoon convinced of the levity and volatile ſpirit of thoſe merry ſlaves. The famous bull-feaſts are an evident token of the Quixotiſm and romantic taſte of the Spaniards; and a country-wake is too ſad an image of the infirmities of our own people: we ſee nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenneſs, and eternal ſquabble.

Thus much of the ſubject: it may not be improper to touch a little upon the ſtyle. One of the greateſt poets and moſt candid critics of this age has informed us that there are two ſorts of burleſque. Be pleaſed to take it in his own words, *Spectator*, N°. 242. "Burleſque," ſays he, "is of two kinds, the firſt re-"preſents mean perſons in the accoutrements of he-"roes; the other great perſons acting and ſpeaking "like the baſeſt among the people. Don Quixote is "an inſtance of the firſt, and Lucian's gods of the "ſecond. It is a diſpute among the critics whether "burleſque runs beſt in heroic, like the Diſpenſary, "or in doggrel, like that of Hudibras. I think, where "the low character is to be raiſed, the heroic is the "moſt proper meaſure; but where an hero is to be pull-"ed down and degraded, it is beſt done in doggrel." Thus far Mr. Addiſon. If therefore the heroic is the proper meaſure where the low character is to be raiſed, Milton's ſtyle muſt be very proper in the ſubject here treated of, becauſe it raiſes the low character more than is poſſible to be done under the reſtraint of

rhyme, and the ridicule chiefly conſiſts in raiſing that low character. I beg leave to refer to the authority of Mr. Smith, in his poem upon the death of Mr. John Philips; the whole paſſage is ſo very fine, and gives ſo clear an idea of his manner of writing, that the reader will not think his labour loſt in recurring to it.

But here it may be objected that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in Horace:

Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

Monſieur Boileau, in his diſſertation upon the Jaconde of de la Fontaine, quotes this paſſage in Horace, and obſerves, *Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une choſe grande en ſtile bas, auſſi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une hiſtoire comique et abſurde en termes graves et ſerieux.* But then he juſtly adds this exception to the general rule in Horace, *à moins que ce ſerieux ne ſoit affecté tout exprés pour rendre la choſe encore plus burleſque.* If the obſervation of that celebrated critic, Monſ. Dacier, is true, Horace himſelf, in the ſame Epiſtle to the Piſos, and not far diſtant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the burleſque by the help of the ſublime, in his note upon this verſe:

Deberitur morti nos noſtraque; ſive receptus
Terra Neptunus----

And upon the five following verſes has this general remark, *Toutes ces expreſſions nobles qu' Horace entaſſe.*

dans ces six vers servent à rendre plus plaisante cette chute:

Ne Dum verborum fiet honos.....

Car rien ne contribue tant au ridicule *que le* grand. He indeed would be severe upon himself alone who should censure this way of writing, when he must plainly see that it is affected on purpose, only to raise the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale so much as its being delivered with a grave and serious air. Our imaginations are agreeably surprised, and fond of a pleasure so little expected; whereas he who would bespeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous gestures, must play his part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the idea he has raised. It is true Virgil was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean subject;

Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, et angusta hunc addere rebus honorem.

But tells us, for our encouragement, in another place,

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.

Mr. Addison is of the same opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increased by writing in blank verse. "The English and French," says he, "who al-
"ways use the same words in verse as in ordinary
"conversation, are forced to raise their language with
"metaphors and figures, or by the pompousness of
"the whole phrase to wear off any littleness that ap-

"pears in the particular parts that compoſe it; this "makes our blank verſe, where there is no rhyme "to ſupport the expreſſion, extremely difficult to ſuch "as are not maſters of the tongue, eſpecially when "they write upon low ſubjects." *Remarks upon Italy*, p. 99. But there is even yet a greater difficulty behind: the writer in this kind of burleſque muſt not only keep up the pomp and dignity of the ſtyle, but an artful ſneer ſhould appear through the whole work; and every man will judge that it is no eaſy matter to blend together the hero and the Harlequin.

If any perſon ſhould want a key to this poem, his curioſity ſhall be gratified: I ſhall, in plain words, tell him, "It is a ſatire againſt the luxury, the pride, the "wantonneſs, and quarrelſome temper, of the mid-"dling ſort of people." As theſe are the proper and genuine cauſes of that barefaced knavery, and almoſt univerſal poverty, which reign without control in every place; and as to theſe we owe our many bankrupt farmers, our trade decayed, and lands uncultivated, the Author has reaſon to hope that no honeſt man, who loves his country, will think this ſhort reproof out of ſeaſon; for perhaps this merry way of bantering men into virtue may have a better effect than the moſt ſerious admonitions, ſince many who are proud to be thought immoral are not very fond of being ridiculous.

HOBBINOL:

OR,

THE RURAL GAMES.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Nec ſum animi dubius, verâ is ea vincere magnum
Quam ſit, et anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo. VIRG. *Georg.* iii.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

PROPOSITION. Invocation, addreſſed to Mr. John Philips, author of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Deſcription of the Vale of Eveſham. The ſeat of Hobbinol; Hobbinol, a great man in his village, ſeated in his wicker ſmoking his pipe, has one only ſon. Young Hobbinol's education, bred up with Ganderetta his near relation. Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta choſen king and queen of May: [illegible]reſs and attendants. The May-games. Twangdillo the fiddler, his character. The dancing. Ganderetta's extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good muſic in the Highlands. Milonides, maſter of the ring, diſciplines the mob; proclaims the ſeveral prizes: his ſpeech. Paſtorel takes up the belt: his character; his heroic figure; his confidence. Hobbinol, by permiſſion of Ganderetta, accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring: his honourable behaviour; eſcapes a ſcouring. Ganderetta's agony. Paſtorel foiled. Ganderetta not a little pleaſed.

WHAT old Menalcus at his feaſt reveal'd
I ſing, ſtrange feats of ancient proweſs, deeds
Of high renown, while all his liſt'ning gueſts
With eager joy receiv'd the pleaſing tale.

O thou *! who late on Vaga's flow'ry banks
Slumb'ring ſecure, with Stirom † well bedew'd,
Fallacious caſk, in ſacred dreams were taught
By ancient ſeers, and Merlin, prophet old,
To raiſe ignoble themes with ſtrains ſublime,
Be thou my guide, while I thy track purſue,
With wing unequal, thro' the wide expanſe
Advent'rous range, and emulate thy flight.
In that rich vale ‖, where with Dobunian ‡ fields
Cornavian + borders meet, far fam'd of old
For Montfort's § hapleſs fate, undaunted earl,
Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirſty glebe,
And pillages the hills t' enrich the plains;
On whoſe luxurious banks flow'rs of all hues
Start up ſpontaneous, and the teeming ſoil
With haſty ſhoots prevents its owner's pray'r;
The pamper'd wanton ſteer, of the ſharp axe
Regardleſs, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye
His lab'ring yokefellow beholds his plight,
And deems him bleſs'd while on his languid neck
In ſolemn ſloth he tugs the ling'ring plough.
So blind are mortals, of each other's ſtate

* Mr. John Philips. † Strong Herefordſhire cyder.
‖ Vale of Evetham. ‡ Glouceſterſhire. + Worceſterſhire.
§ Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Evetham.

Misjudging, self-deceiv'd. Here, as supreme,
Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain;
Th' obsequious villagers, with looks submiss
Observant of his eye, or when with seed
T' impregnate earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clam'rous joy the bearded harvest home.
Here, when the distant sun lengthens the nights,
When the keen frosts the shiv'ring farmer warn
To broach his mellow cask, and frequent blasts
Instruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker chair, whose pliant twigs
In close embraces join'd, with spacious arch
Vault the thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in state, each arm reclin'd is propp'd
With yielding pillows of the softest down.
In mind compos'd, from short coeval tube
He sucks the vapours bland, thick curling cloud
Of smoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he sits, and, impotent of thought,
Puffs away care and sorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye great!
And view with envious eye the downy nest
Where soft Repose and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrain'd by pow'r.
One son alone had bless'd his bridal bed,
Whom good Califta bore, nor long surviv'd
To share a mother's joy, but left the babe

To his paternal care. An orphan niece
Near the ſame time his dying brother ſent,
To claim his kind ſupport. The helpleſs pair
In the ſame cradle ſlept; nurs'd up with care
By the ſame tender hand, on the ſame breaſts
Alternate hung with joy 'till reaſon dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by ſlow degrees;
Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
And pleaſures erſt unfelt. Whene'er with cares
Oppreſs'd, when weary'd, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmleſs prattle ſooth'd his troubled ſoul.
Say, Hobbinol, what ecſtaſies of joy
Thrill'd thro' thy veins, when climbing for a kiſs
With little palms they ſtrok'd thy grizzly beard,
Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?
Thus from their earlieſt days bred up, and train'd
To mutual fondneſs, with their ſtature grew
The thriving paſſion. What love can decay
That roots ſo deep! Now ripening manhood curl'd
On the gay ſtripling's chin: her panting breaſts,
And trembling bluſhes glowing on her cheeks,
Her ſecret wiſh betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted; but her faithful ſhade,
Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her ſide:
A frown from him daſh'd ev'ry rival's hopes;
For he, like Peleus' ſon, was prone to rage,
Inexorable, ſwift like him of foot,

With eaſe could overtake his daſtard foe,
Nor ſpar'd the ſuppliant wretch. And now approach'd
Thoſe merry days when all the nymphs and ſwains
In ſolemn feſtivals and rural ſports
Pay their glad homage to the blooming ſpring.
Young Hobbinol by joint conſent is rais'd
T' imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright Garderetta tripp'd the jovial queen
Of Maia's gaudy month, profuſe of flow'rs.
From each enamell'd mead th' attendant nymphs,
Loaded with od'rous ſpoils, from theſe ſelect
Each flow'r of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd ſweets; each buſy hand
Adorns the jocund queen; in her looſe hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted cowſlips breathe their faint perfumes;
On her refulgent brow, as cryſtal clear,
As Parian marble ſmooth, Narciſſus hangs
His drooping head, and views his image there;
Unhappy flow'r! panſies of various hue,
Iris, and Hyacinth, and aſphodel,
To deck the nymph their richeſt liv'ries wear,
And laviſh all their pride. Not Flora ſelf
More lovely ſmiles when to the dawning year
Her op'ning boſom heav'nly fragrance breathes.
See on yon' verdant lawn the gath'ring crowd
Thickens amain; the buxom nymphs advance
Uſher'd by jolly clowns: diſtinctions ceaſe

Loſt in the common joy, and the bold ſlave
Leans on his wealthy maſter unreprov'd:
The ſick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
Round his fond mother's neck the ſmiling babe
Exulting clings; hard by decrepit Age,
Propp'd on his ſtaff, with anxious thought, revolves
His pleaſures paſt, and caſts his grave remarks
Among the heedleſs throng. The vig'rous youth
Strips for the combat, hopeful to ſubdue
The fair-one's long diſdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to her charms.
Soft Pity pleads his cauſe; bluſhing ſhe views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Reſolv'd and obſtinately firm he ſtands;
Danger nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick-ſpreading elm Twangdillo ſits;
One leg on Iſter's banks the hardy ſwain
Left undiſmay'd, Bellona's lightning ſcorch'd
His manly viſage, but in pity left
One eye ſecure. He many a painful bruiſe
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown Kate's ſake, and for his country's weal:
Yet ſtill the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his ſounding ſhell
And comic phiz relieves his drooping friends.

Hark! from aloft his tortur'd catgut ſqueals,
He tickles ev'ry ſtring, to ev'ry note
He bends his pliant neck, his ſingle eye
Twinkles with joy, his active ſtump beats time:
Let but this ſubtle artiſt ſoftly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring ſwain
Trembles no leſs, and the fond yielding maid
Is ſweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in ev'ry vein, from ev'ry eye
Darts his contagious flames. They friſk, they bound:
Now to briſk airs and to the ſpeaking ſtrings
Attentive, in midway the ſexes meet;
Joyous their adverſe fronts they cloſe, and preſs
To ſtrict embrace, as reſolute to force
And ſtorm a paſſage to each other's heart,
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd, back they
Recoil diſparted: each with longing eyes
Purſues his mate retiring, till again
The blended ſexes mix; then hand in hand
Faſt lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, inceſſant ſhake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous: down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling ſweets refreſh
The gazing crowd, and heav'nly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,

When Orpheus play'd a leſſon to the brutes,
The liſt'ning ſavages; the ſpeckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding doe
The lion gamboll'd. But what heav'nly Muſe
With equal lays ſhall Ganderetta ſing,
When goddeſs-like ſhe ſkims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding? Ev'ry raviſh'd eye
The nymph attracts, and ev'ry heart ſhe wounds;
Thee moſt, tranſported Hobbinol! Lo, now,
Now to thy op'ning arms ſhe ſcuds along,
With yielding bluſhes glowing on her cheeks,
And eyes that ſweetly languiſh; but too ſoon,
Too ſoon, alas! ſhe flies thy vain embrace,
But flies to be purſu'd; nimbly ſhe trips,
And darts a glance ſo tender as ſhe turns,
That with new hopes reliev'd thy joys revive,
Thy ſtature 's rais'd, and thou art more than man.
Thy ſtately port, and more majeſtic air,
And ev'ry ſprightly motion, ſpeaks thy love.
To the loud bagpipe's ſolemn voice attend,
Whoſe riſing winds proclaim a ſtorm is nigh.
Harmonious blaſts! that warm the frozen blood
Of Caledonia's ſons to love or war,
And cheer their drooping hearts, robb'd of the ſun's
Enliv'ning ray, that o'er the ſnowy Alps
Reluctant peeps, and ſpeeds to better climes.
Forthwith in hoary majeſty appears
One of gigantic ſize, but viſage wan,

Milonides the ſtrong, renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf
He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughest virgin oak in riſing aids
His trembling limbs: his bald and wrinkled front,
Intrench'd with many a glorious ſcar, beſpeaks
Submiſſive rev'rence. He with count'nance grim
Boaſts his paſt deeds, and with redoubled ſtrokes
Marſhals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter! like ſome huge rock he ſtands,
That breaks th'incumbent waves; they throng in preſs
In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from ſuperior force
Shrinking repell'd, compoſe of ſtateliest view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice Stentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize. "To him whoſe active foot
"Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
"This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
"Embroider'd, ſeam'd with ſilk, and fring'd with gold.
"To him who beſt the ſtubborn hilt can wield,
"And bloody marks of his diſpleaſure leave
"On his opponent's head, this beaver white,
"With ſilver edging grac'd, and ſcarlet plume.
"Ye taper Maidens! whoſe impetuous ſpeed
"Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender graſs,
"See here this prize, this rich lac'd ſmoke behold,

" White as your boſoms, as your kiſſes ſoft.
" Bleſs'd Nymph! whom bounteous Heav'n's peculiar
" Allots this pompous veſt, and worthy ſeems [grace
" To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."
The gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd,
In ſpeechleſs admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
Ev'n he who now each glorious palm diſplays,
In ſullen ſilence views his batter'd limbs,
And ſighs his vigour ſpent. Not ſo appall'd
Young Paſtorel, for active ſtrength renown'd:
Him Ida bore, a mountain ſhepherdeſs;
On the bleak woald the new-born infant lay,
Expos'd to winter ſnows and northern blaſts
Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
Derive their proud deſcent, ſo might he boaſt
His line paternal: but be thou, my Muſe!
No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
To wealthy 'ſquire, or doughty knight, or peer
Of high degree. Him ev'ry ſhouting ring
In triumph crown'd, him ev'ry champion feard,
From Kiftſgate * to remoteſt Henbury *.
High in the midſt the brawny wreſtler ſtands,
A ſtately tow'ring object! the tough belt
Meaſures his ample breaſt, and ſhades around
His ſhoulders broad; proudly ſecure he kens
The tempting prize, in his preſumptuous thought
Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd

* Two hundreds in Gloucesterſhire.

Approve his claim; but Hobbinol, enrag'd
To see th' important gifts so cheaply won,
And uncontested honours tamely lost,
With lowly rev'rence thus accosts his queen.
" Fair Goddess! be propitious to my vows;
" Smile on thy slave, nor Hercules himself
" Shall rob us of this palm: the boaster vain
" Far other port shall learn." She, with a look
That pierc'd his inmost soul, smiling applauds
His gen'rous ardour, with aspiring hope
Distends his breast, and stirs the man within;
Yet much, alas! she fears, for much she loves.
So from her arms the Paphian queen dismiss'd
The warrior god, on glorious slaughter bent,
Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Dispel the fleeting mists at once he strips
His royal robes, and with a frown that chill'd
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd:
But, as beseem'd one whose plain honest heart
Nor passion foul nor malice dark as hell,
But honour pure, and love divine, had fir'd,
His hand presenting, on his sturdy foe
Disdainfully he smiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left hand the belt, and with his right
His shoulder, seiz'd fast griping; his right foot
Essay'd the champion's strength; but firm he stood,

Fix'd as a mountain-aſh, and in his turn
Repaid the bold affront; his horny fiſt
Faſt on his back he clos'd, and ſhook in air
The cumbrous load. Nor reſt nor pauſe allow'd,
Their watchful eyes inſtruct their buſy feet;
They pant, they heave; each nerve, each ſinew, is
ſtrain'd;
Graſping they cloſe, beneath each painful gripe
The livid tumours riſe, in briny ſtreams
The ſweat diſtils, and from their batter'd ſhins
The clotted gore diſtains the beaten ground.
Each ſwain his wiſh, each trembling nymph conceals
Her ſecret dread, while ev'ry panting breaſt
Alternate fears and hopes depreſs or raiſe.
Thus long in [illegible]s ſcale the conteſt hung,
Till Paſtorel, impatient of delay,
Collecting all his force, a furious ſtroke
[illegible] left ancle aim'd; 't was death to fall,
To ſtand impoſſible. O Ganderetta!
What horrors ſeize thy ſoul! on thy pale cheeks
The roſes fade: but wav'ring long in air,
Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fall'n,
On his right knee he ſlipp'd, and nimbly 'ſcap'd
The foul diſgrace. Thus on the ſlacken'd rope
The wiry-footed artiſt, frail ſupport!
Stands tott'ring; now in dreadful ſhrieks the crowd
Lament his ſudden fate, and yield him loſt;
He on his hams, or on his brawny rump,

Sliding secure, derides their vain distress.
Up starts the vig'rous Hobb'nol undismay'd
From Mother Earth, like old Antæus, rais'd
With might redoubled. Clamour and applause
Shake all the neighb'ring hills, Avona's banks
Return him loud acclaim; with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tiger rushing from his lair,
He grasp'd the wrist of his assulting foe;
Then with quick wheel oblique his shoulder point
Beneath his breast he fix'd, and, whirl'd aloft,
High o'er his head the sprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd press forward with tumultuous din,
Those to relieve their faint expiring friend,
With gratulations these. Hands, tongues, and caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, shrill fiddles squeak,
Hoarse bagpipes roar, and Ganderetta smiles.

HOBBINOL.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

THE fray. Tonforio, Colin, Hildebrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgo, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. Sir Rhadamanth the juſtice, attended with his guard, comes to quell the fray. Rhadamanth's ſpeech. Tumult appeaſed. Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilts; his character. The Kiftſgatians' conſternation, look wiſtfully on Hobbinol; his ſpeech. The cudgel-playing. Gorgonius knocked down, falls upon Twangdillo; his diſtreſs; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

LONG while an univerſal hubbub loud,
Deaf'ning each ear, had drown'd each accent mild,
Till bitter taunts and harſh opprobrious words
Vile tit'ran ſound. How weak are human minds!
How impotent to ſtem the ſwelling tide,
And without inſolence enjoy ſucceſs!
The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate
With victory, knew no reſtraint, but give
A looſe to joy. Their champion Hobbinol
Vaunting they raiſe above that Earth-born race
Of giants old, who, piling hills on hills,
Pelion on Oſſa, with rebellious aim
Made war on Jove. The ſturdy mountaineers,
Who ſaw their mightieſt fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours paſt impair'd, their trophies, won
By their proud fathers, who with ſcorn look'd down
Upon the ſubject vale, fully'd, deſpoil'd,

And levell'd with the duſt, no longer bear
The keen reproach: but as when ſudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain, whoſe bending ears
Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In ſooty triumph dreadful rides, upborne
On wings of wind, that with deſtructive breath
Feed the fierce flames, from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide-waſting, and pernicious ruin ſpreads;
So thro' the crowd from breaſt to breaſt ſwift flew
The propagated rage; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder burſting from a cloud, gave ſigns
Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury ſoon ſupply'd
With arms uncouth, and tough well-ſeaſon'd plants,
Weighty with lead infus'd, on either hand
Fall thick and heavy; ſtools in pieces torn,
And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls, are hurl'd
With fell intent; like bombs the bottles fly
Hiſſing in air, their ſharp-edg'd fragments drench'd
In the warm ſpouting gore; heaps driv'n on heaps
Promiſcuous lie. Tonſorio now advanc'd
On the rough edge of battle, his broad front
Beneath his ſhining helm ſecure, as erſt
Was thine, Mambrino, ſtout Iberian knight!
Defy'd the rattling ſtorm that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right hand he bore, Herculean club!
Crowds puſh'd on crowds before his potent arm
Fled ignominious; havoc and diſmay

Hung on their rear. Colin, a merry ſwain,
Blithe as the ſoaring lark, as ſweet the ſtrains
Of his ſoft-warbling lips that whiſtling cheer
His lab'ring team, they toſs their heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy plumage deck'd, with fiern diſdain
Beheld this victor proud; his gen'rous ſoul
Brook'd not the foul diſgrace. High o'er his head
His pond'rous ploughiron in both hands he rais'd;
Erect he ſtood, and ſtretching ev'ry nerve,
As from a forceful engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding ſunk
Beneath the blow, and with its ſharpen'd edge
Shear'd both his ears, they on his ſhoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as thought the vig'rous youth
Short'ning his ſtaff, the other end he darts
Into his gaping jaws. Tonſorio fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded teeth and clotted gore
Half-choak'd, he fled; with him the hoſt retir'd,
Companions of his ſhame, all but the ſtout
And erſt unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man!
Bold champion of the hills! thy weighty blows
Our fathers felt diſmay'd; to keep thy poſt
Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now ſad
Neceſſity compels; decrepit now
With age, and ſtiff with honourable wounds,
He ſtands unterrify'd; one crutch ſuſtains
His frame majeſtic, th' other in his hand
He wields tremendous; like a mountain boar

In toils inclos'd, he dares his circling foes:
They shrink aloof, or soon with shame repent
The rash assault; the rustic heroes fall
In heaps around. Cudcy, a dext'rous youth,
When force was vain on fraudful art rely'd;
Close to the ground low-cow'ring, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
Cut sheer the frail support, prop of his age:
Reeling a while he stood, and menac'd fierce
Th' insidious swain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone, and plough'd the dust. So the tall oak,
Old monarch of the groves, that long had stood
The shock of warring winds and the red bolts
Of angry Jove, shorn of his leafy shade
At last, and inwardly decay'd, if [illegible]
The cruel woodman spy the friendly spur,
His only hold, that sever'd, soon he nods,
And shakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.
When manly valour fail'd a female arm
Restor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
Black Cindaraxa's busy hand prepar'd
The smoky viands, she beheld, abash'd,
The routed host, and all her dastard friends
Far scatter'd o'er the plain; their shameful flight
Griev'd her proud heart, for hurry'd with the stream
Ev'n Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.
A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
The greasy heroine snatch'd; o'er her pale foes

The threat'ning meteor ſhone, brandiſh'd in air,
Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.
Acroſs the proſtrate Hildebrond ſhe ſtrode,
Dreadfully bright: the multitude, appall'd,
Fled diff'rent ways, their beards, their hair, in flames.
Imprudent ſhe purſu'd, till on the brink
Of the next pool, with force united preſs'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed ſway,
Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake
The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
Between the warring elements; of old
Thus Mulciber and Xanthus Dardan ſtream
In hideous battle join'd. Juſt ſinking now
Into the boiling deep, with ſuppliant hands
She begg'd for life, black ouſe and filth obſcene
Hung in her matted hair; the ſhouting crowd
Inſult her woes, and, proud of their ſucceſs,
The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
Now, like a gath'ring ſtorm, the rally'd troops
Blacken'd the plain. Young Talgol from their front,
With a fond lover's haſte, ſwift as the hind,
That by the huntſman's voice alarm'd, had fled,
Panting returns, and ſeeks the gloomy brake,
Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
Impatient ruſh'd: but when the fatal tale
He heard, the deareſt treaſure of his ſoul
Purloin'd, his Cindy loſt, ſtiffen'd and pale
A while he ſtood; his kindling ire at length

Burſt forth implacable, and injur'd love
Not lightning from his eyes: a ſpit he ſeiz'd,
Juſt reeking from the fat ſirloin, a long
Unwieldy ſpear; then with impetuous rage
Preſs'd forward on th' embattled hoſt, that ſhrunk
At his approach. The rich Avaro firſt,
His fleſhy rump bor'd with dishoneſt wounds,
Fled bellowing; nor could his num'rous flocks,
Nor all th' aſpiring pyramids that grace
His yard well-ſtor'd, ſave the penurious clown.
Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collakin,
Nor his fond mother's pray'rs, nor ardent vows
Of love-ſick maids, could move relentleſs Fate.
Where'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance
He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle ſwerv'd
With many an inroad gor'd; then caſt around
His furious eyes, if haply he might find
The captive fair: her in the duſt he ſpy'd
Grov'lling, diſconſolate; thoſe locks that erſt
So bright ſhone like the poliſh'd jet defil'd
With mire impure; thither with eager haſte
He ran, he flew; but when the wretched maid
Proſtrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds,
And welt'ring in her blood, his trembling hand
Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance: on her pale cheeks
Ghaſtly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing ſtorm
That on his bare defenceleſs brow fell thick
From ev'ry arm: o'erpow'r'd at laſt, down ſunk

His drooping head, on her cold breaſt reclin'd.
Hail, faithful pair! if ought my verſe avail,
Nor Envy's ſpite nor Time ſhall e'er efface
The records of your fame: blind Britiſh bards,
In ages yet to come, on feſtal days
Shall chant this mournful tale, while liſt'ning nymphs
Lament around, and ev'ry gen'rous heart
With active valour glows and virtuous love.
How blind is pop'lar fury! how perverſe,
When broils inteſtine rage, and force controul
Reaſon and law! As the torn veſſel ſinks,
Between the burſt of adverſe waves o'erwhelm'd,
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruis'd, inceſſant peal'd
With random ſtrokes that undiſcerning fall.
Guiltleſs he ſuffers moſt who leaſt offends.
Mundungo from the bloody field retir'd,
Clos'd in a corner ply'd the peaceful bowl;
Incurious he, and thoughtleſs of events,
Now deem'd himſelf conceal'd, wrapp'd in the cloud
That iſſu'd from his mouth, and the thick fogs
That hung upon his brows; but hoſtile rage
Inquiſitive found out the ruſty ſwain.
His ſhort black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,
Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky jordan, that before him ſtood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid freight diſgorg'd
Upon the proſtrate clown; flound'ring he lay
Beneath the muddy bev'rage whelm'd, ſo late

His prime delight. Thus the luxurious waſp,
Voracious inſect! by the fragrant dregs
Allur'd, and in the viſcous nectar plung'd,
His filmy pennons ſtruggling flaps in vain,
Loſt in a flood of ſweets. Still o'er the plain
Fierce onſet and tumultuous battle ſpread;
And now they fall, and now they riſe, incens'd
With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard but clamour, ſhout, and female cries,
And curſes mix'd with groans. Diſcord on high
Shook her infernal ſcourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy; when, lo! between
The warring hoſts appear'd ſage Rhadamanth,
A knight of high renown. Nor Quixote bold,
Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
Mirror of knighthood! e'er could vie with thee,
Great Sultan of the Vale! thy front ſevere,
As humble Indians to their pagods bow,
The clowns ſubmiſs approach. Themis to thee
Commits her golden balance, where ſhe weighs
Th' abandon'd orphan's ſighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives ſure redreſs, comforts the heart
Oppreſs'd with woe, and rears the ſuppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
Aſtoniſh'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive ſword; at thy command,
Stern miniſter of pow'r ſupreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs

Blazon'd with royal arms; diſpatchful haſte
Sits earneſt on each brow, and public care.
Encompaſs'd round with theſe his dreadful guards,
He ſpurr'd his ſober ſteed, grizzled with age,
And venerably dull; his ſtirrups ſtretch'd
Beneath the knightly load, one hand he fix'd
Upon his ſaddle-bow, the other palm
Before him ſpread, like ſome grave orator
In Athens, or free Rome, when eloquence
Subdu'd mankind, and all the liſt'ning crowd
Hung by their ears on his perſuaſive tongue;
He thus the jaring multitude addreſs'd. [flow'r
" Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the
" Of Kirkgate! ah! what means this impious broil?
" Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?
" Are Landen's plains ſo ſoon forgot, that thus
" Ye ſpill that blood inglorious, waſte that ſtrength
" Which, well employ'd, once more might have com-
" The ſtripling Anjou to a ſhameful flight? [pell'd
" Or by your great foreſathers taught, have fix'd
" The Britiſh ſtandard on Lutetian tow'rs?
" O ſight odious, deteſtable! O times
" Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
" This fact ſo foul, ſo riotous, inſults
" All law, all ſov'reign pow'r, and calls aloud
" For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye know
" How ſlow this arm to puniſh, and how bleeds
" This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.

" O Countrymen! all, all can teſtify
" My vigilance, my care for public good.
" I am the man who by your own free choice
" Select from all the tribes, in ſenates rul'd
" Each warm debate, and emptied all my ſtores
" Of ancient ſcience in my country's cauſe.
" Wiſe Tacitus, of penetration deep,
" Each ſecret ſpring reveal'd; Thuanus bold
" Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,
" Rais'd at my call, the Britiſh rights confirm'd,
" While Muſgrave, How, and Seymour, ſneer'd in vain.
" I am the man who from the bench exalt
" This voice, ſtill grateful to your ears, this voice
" Which breathes for you alone. Where is the wretch
" Diſtreſs'd, who in the cobwebs of the law
" Entangled, and in ſubtle problems loſt,
" Seeks not to me for aid! in ſhoals they come
" Neglected, feeleſs clients, nor return
" Undedify'd; ſcarce greater multitudes
" At Delphi ſought the god, to learn their fate
" From his dark oracles. I am the man
" Whoſe watchful providence beyond the date
" Of this frail life extends, to future times
" Beneficent; my uſeful ſchemes ſhall ſteer
" The commonweal in ages yet to come.
" Your children's children, taught by me, ſhall keep
" Their rights inviolable; and as Rome
" The Sibyl's ſacred books, tho' wrote on leaves,
" And ſcatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe

" Collected; so your sons shall glean with care
" My hallow'd fragments, ev'ry scrip divine
" Consult intent, of more intrinsic worth
" Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my Friends!
" Hear me, my Countrymen! Oh! suffer not
" This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
" To sink with sorrow to the grave." He spake,
And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
The sov'reign of the floods o'er the rough deep
His awful trident shakes, its fury falls,
The warring billows on each hand retire,
And foam and rage no more; all now is hush'd;
The multitude appeas'd; a cheerful dawn
Smiles [illegible] fields, the waving throng subsides,
And the [illegible] west sinks, becalm'd in peace.
Gorgonius now with haughty strides advanc'd,
A gauntlet seiz'd; firm on his guard he stood,
A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight;
Slaughter his trade, full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand; the bulky beast
Dragg'd by his horns, oft' at one deadly blow
His iron fist descending crush'd his scull,
And left him spurning on the bloody floor,
While at his feet the guiltless axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he lost,
Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing stroke
Bruis'd sore the rising arch, and bent his noise:
Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought stage,

Hockleian hero! nor was more deform'd
The Cyclops blind, nor of more monſtrous ſize,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, ſevere revenge
Of ſubtle Ithacus. Terribly gay,
In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
Of ſlaughter'd brutes, the well-arm'd champion ſhone:
Sternly he gaz'd around; with many a frown
Fierce menacing provok'd the tardy foe:
For now each combatant, that erſt ſo bold
Vaunted his manly deeds, in penſive mood
Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,
Pale and diſmay'd. On Hobbinol at laſt
Intent they gaze, in him alone their hope,
Each eye ſolicits him, each panting heart
Joins in the ſilent ſuit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their ſecret wiſh, and eas'd their doubting minds.

"Yemen of Kiftſgate! whoſe wide-ſpreading fame
"In ancient days were ſung from ſhore to ſhore,
"To Britiſh bards of old a copious theme;
"Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view
"Your daſtard ſouls. O mean degen'rate race!
"But ſince on me ye call, each ſuppliant eye
"Invites my ſov'reign aid, lo! here I come,
"The bulwark of your fame, tho' ſcarce my brows
"Are dry from glorious toils, juſt now achiev'd
"To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I ſwear,
"By all my great forefathers' fair renown,
"By that illuſtrious wicker where they ſat

" In comely pride, and in triumphant ſloth
" Cave law to paſſive clowns, or on this ſpot,
" In glory's prime, your Hobbinol expires,
" And from his deareſt Ganderetta's arms
" Sinks to Death's cold embrace; or by this hand
" That ſtranger, big with inſolence, ſhall fall
" Prone on the ground, and do your honour right."
Forthwith the hilts he feiz'd; but on his arm
Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck
Curl'd in a ſoft embrace. Honour and love
A doubtful conteſt wag'd, but from her ſoon
He ſprung relentleſs; all her tears were vain;
Yet oft' he turn'd, oft' ſigh'd, thus pleading mild:
" Ill ſhould I merit theſe imperial robes,
Enſigns of [illegible], by gen'ral voice
Conferr'd, ſhould pain, or death itſelf, avail
To ſhake the ſteady purpoſe of my ſoul.
Peace, Fair-one! Heaven will protect the man
" By thee held dear, and crown thy gen'rous love."
Her from the liſted field the matrons ſage
Reluctant drew, and with fair ſpeeches ſooth'd.
Now front to front the fearleſs champions meet.
Gorgonius, like a tow'r whoſe cloudy top
Invades the ſkies, ſtood low'ring; far beneath
The ſtripling Hobbinol with careful eye
Each op'ning ſcans, and each unguarded ſpace
Meaſures intent. While, negligently bold,
The bulky combatant, whoſe heart elate
Diſdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd

At one deciſive ſtroke to win, unhurt,
An eaſy victory, down came at once
The pond'rous plant, with fell malicious rage,
Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilts,
Swift interpos'd, elude his effort vain.
The cautious Hobbinol, with ready feet,
Now ſhifts his ground, retreating; then again
Advances bold, and his unguarded ſhins
Batters ſecure: each well-directed blow
Bites to the quick; thick as the falling hail,
The ſtrokes redoubled peal his hollow ſides:
The multitude, amaz'd with horror, view
The rattling ſtorm, ſhrink back at ev'ry blow,
And ſeem to feel his wounds: inly he groaned,
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and from his bloodunot eye
Red lightning flaſh'd; the fierce tumultuous rage
Shook all his mighty fabric; once again
Erect he ſtands, collected and reſolv'd
To conquer or to die: ſwift as the bolt
Of angry Jove the weighty plant deſcends;
But wary Hobbinol, whoſe watchful eye
Perceiv'd his kind intent, ſlipp'd on one ſide
Declining; the vain ſtroke from ſuch an height,
With ſuch a force impell'd, headlong drew down
Th' unwieldy champion: on the ſolid ground
He fell rebounding breathleſs, and aſtunn'd
His trunk extended lay; ſore maim'd, from out
His heaving breaſt he belch'd a crimſon flood.

Full leiſurely he roſe, but conſcious ſhame
Of honour loſt his failing ſtrength renew'd.
Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,
Blacken'd his ſtormy front; raſh, furious, blind,
And laviſh of his blood, of random ſtrokes
He laid on load; without deſign or art
Onward he preſs'd outrageous, while his foe
Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
Wiſe niggard of his ſtrength. Yet all thy care,
O Hobbinol! avail'd not to prevent
One hapleſs blow; o'er his ſtrong guard the plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty point impreſs'd
His nervous chine: he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet, thus diſtreſs'd, intrepid bore
His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
So when th' unwary clown, with haſty ſtep,
Cruſhes the folded ſnake, her wounded parts
Convolv'lling ſhe trails along, but her high creſt
Erect ſhe bears; in all its ſpeckled pride
She ſwells inflam'd, and with her forky tongue
Threatens deſtruction. With like eager haſte
Th' impatient Hobb'nol, whom exceſſive pain
Stung to his heart, a ſpeedy vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the means: a feint he made
With well-diſſembled guile, his batter'd ſhins
Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
Gorgonius, whoſe long-ſuff'ring legs ſcarce bore
His cumbrous bulk, to his ſupporters frail
Indulgent, ſoon the friendly hilts oppos'd;

Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded creſt
The ſtroke deluſive fell; a diſmal groan
Burſt from his hollow cheſt; his trembling hands
Forſook the hilts; acroſs the ſpacious ring
Backward he reel'd; the crowd affrighted fly
T' eſcape the falling ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive
His ponderous trunk: on thee, on helpleſs thee!
Headlong and heavy the foul monſter fell.
Beneath a mountain's weight th' unhappy bard
Lay proſtrate, nor was more renown'd thy ſong,
O ſeer of Thrace! nor more ſevere thy fate.
His vocal ſhell, the ſolace and ſupport
Of wretched age, gave one melodious ſcream,
And in a thouſand fragments ſtrew'd the plain.
The nymphs, ſure friends to his harmonious mirth,
Fly to his aid, his hairy breaſt expoſe
To each refreſhing gale, and with ſoft hands
His temples chafe; at their perſuaſive touch
His fleeting ſoul returns; upon his rump
He ſat diſconſolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the ſhatter'd fragments, down again
He ſunk expiring: by their friendly care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice aſſay'd to ſpeak,
And thrice the riſing ſobs his voice ſubdu'd,
Till thus at laſt his wretched plight he mourn'd.
" Sweet inſtrument of mirth! ſole comfort left
" To my declining years! whoſe ſprightly notes

" Reſtor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,
" Soft healing balm to ev'ry wounded heart!
" Deſpairing dying ſwains, from the cold ground
" Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call
" With raviſh'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy.
" Gay pleaſantry and care-beguiling joke
" Thy ſure attendants were, and at thy voice
" All Nature ſmil'd. But, oh! this hand no more
" Shall touch thy wanton ſtrings, no more with lay
" Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
" The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.
" Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol! and all
" Thy triumphs vain. Who ſhall record, brave man!
" Thy bold exploits? who ſhall thy grandeur tell,
" Supreme of [illegible]gate? See thy faithful bard
" Deſpoil'd, undone! O cover me, ye Hills!
" Whoſe vocal cliffs were taught my joyous ſong.
" Or thou, fair nymph, Avon! on whoſe banks
" The frolic crowd, led by my num'rous ſtrains,
" Their orgies kept, and friſk'd it o'er the green,
" Jocund and gay, while thy remurm'ring ſtreams
" Danc'd by well pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly waves
" O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head accurs'd!"
So plains the reſtleſs Philomel, her neſt
And callow young, the tender growing hope
Of future harmony, and frail return
For all her cares, to barb'rous churls a prey;
Darkling ſhe ſings, the woods repeat her moan.

HOBBINOL.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

GOOD eating expedient for heroes. Homer praiſed for keeping a table. Hobbinol triumphant. Ganderetta's bill of fare. Panegyric upon ale. Gollipingover a bottle. Compliment to Mr. John Philips. Ganderetta's perplexity diſcovered by Hobbinol; his conſolatory ſpeech; compares himſelf to Guy Earl of Warwick. Ganderetta, encouraged, ſtrips for the race; her amiable figure. Fuſca the gypſy; her dirty figure. Tabitha her great reputation for ſpeed; hired to the Diſſenting Academy at Tewkſbury. A ſhort account of Gamaliel the maſter, and his hopeful ſcholars. Tabitha carries weight. The ſmock race. Tabitha's fall. Fuſca's ſhort triumph; her humiliation. Ganderetta's matchleſs ſpeed. Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The viciſſitude of human affairs experienced by Hobbinol. Mopſa, formerly his ſervant, with her two children, appears to him. Mopſa's ſpeech; aſſaults Ganderetta; her flight. Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into cuſtody by conſtables, and dragged to Sir [illegible]

THO' ſome of old, and ſome of [illegible] race,
Penurious their victorious heroes fed
With barren praiſe alone, yet thou, my Muſe!
Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
Behold th' immortal Hobbinol; reward
With due regalement his triumphant toils:
Let Quixote's hardy courage and renown
With Sancho's prudent care be meetly join'd.
O thou, of bards ſupreme, Mæonides!
What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
Laden with glorious ſpoils, and gay with blood
Of ſlaughter'd hoſts, the victor chief returns:
Whole Troy before him fled, and men and gods
Oppos'd in vain: for the brave man, whoſe arm

Repell'd his country's wrong, ev'n he, the great
Atrides, king of kings! ev'n he, prepares
With his own royal hand the ſumptuous feaſt.
Full to the brim the brazen caldrons ſmoke;
Thro' all the buſy camp the riſing blaze
Atteſts their joy; heroes and kings forego
Their ſtate and pride, and at his elbow wait:
Obſequious. On a poliſh'd charger plac'd
The bulky chine, with plenteous fat inlaid,
Of golden hue, magnificently ſhines.
The choiceſt morſels ſever'd to the gods,
The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
The rich repaſt divides with Jove; from but
The ſparkling bowl he draws the gen'rous wine,
Unmix'd, unallay'd; with unſtinted joy
His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
Sat the victorious Hobbinol; the crowd
Tranſported view, and bleſs their glorious chief:
All Kiſſgate founds his praiſe with joint acclaim.
Him ev'ry voice, him ev'ry knee, confeſs,
In merit as in right their king. Upon
The flow'ry turf, earth's painted lap, are ſpread
The rural dainties, ſuch as Nature boon
Preſents with laviſh hand, or ſuch as owe
To Ganderetta's care their grateful taſte,
Delicious; for ſhe long ſince prepar'd
To celebrate this day, and with good cheer
To grace his triumphs. Cryſtal gooſeberries
Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree

Defends her luſcious fruit with pointed ſpears.
The ruby-tinctur'd corinth clust'ring hangs,
And emulates the grape; green codlings float
In dulcet creams; nor wants the laſt year's ſtore;
The hardy nut, in ſolid mail ſecure,
Impregnable to winter froſts, repays
Its hoarder's care: the cuſtard's jelly'd flood
Impatient youth with greedy joy devours:
Cheeſecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
In well-built pyramids aſpiring ſtand;
Black hams, and tongues that ſpeechleſs can perſuade
To ply the briſk carouſe, and cheer the ſoul
With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts; here jocund war
In uncouth mirth delighted, ſporting quaff
Their native bev'rage; in the brimming glaſs
The liquid amber ſmiles. Britons! no more
Dread your invading foes; let the falſe Gaul
Of rule inſatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by ſubtle wiles, from th' adverſe ſhore
Pour forth his num'rous hoſts: Iberia! join
Thy tow'ring fleets, once more aloft diſplay
Thy conſecrated banners, fill thy ſails
With pray'rs and vows, moſt formidably ſtrong
In holy trump'ry; let old Ocean groan
Beneath thy proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitleſs all their toils,
Vain ev'ry raſh effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley-al ornament rive, ſtill ſupplies

The flowing treasure, and with fums immenſe
Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his ſtubborn ſoul
With native honour and reſiſtleſs rage.
Thus vaunt the crowd; each freeborn heart o'erflows
With Britain's glory and his country's love.
Here, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs
Pour out mellifluous ſtreams, the balmy ſpoils
Of the laborious bee. The modeſt maid
But coyly ſips, and bluſhing drinks, abaſh'd:
Each lover with obſervant eye beholds
Her graceful ſhame, and at her glowing cheeks
Rekindles all his fires: but matrons ſage,
[illegible]ſcreet'd, and inſtructed well
In midnight myſteries, and feaſt-rites old,
Graſp the capacious bowl, nor ceaſe to draw
The ſpumy nectar. Healths of gay import
[illegible]merrily about; now Scandal fly,
[illegible]
Inſinuating, gilds the ſpecious lie, a double face
With treach'rous praiſe, and with ſneers,
Ambiguous Wantonneſs demurely will draw,
Till circling brimmers ev'ry veil with aſk'd.
And dauntleſs Impudence appears unma
Others apart, in the cool ſhade retir'd,
Silurian cyder quaff, by that great bard (Muſe
Ennobled who firſt taught my grov'lling
To mount aerial. O! could I but raiſe
My feeble voice to his exalted ſtrains,
Or to the height of this great [illegible]

The gen'rous liquid in each line ſhould bounce
Spirit'ous, nor oppreſſive cork ſubdue
Its foaming rage; but to the lofty theme
Unequal, Muſe! decline the pleaſing taſk.
Thus they luxurious, on the graſſy turf
Revell'd at large, while nought around was heard
But mirth confus'd, and undiſtinguiſh'd joy,
And laughter far reſounding: ſerious Care
Found here no place, to Canderetta's breaſt
Retiring; there with hopes and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the ſoft ſigh
Eſcapes unheeded, ſpight of all her art;
The trembling bluſhes on her lovely cheeks
Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glaſs
She flies abſtemious, ſhuns th' untaſted feaſt:
But careful Hobbinol, whoſe am'rous eye
From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting ſtill the place
Where his dear treaſure lay, diſcover'd ſoon
Her ſecret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compaſſion melts his ſoul, her glowing cheeks
He kiſs'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He preſs'd to His; then with theſe ſoothing words,
Tenderly ſmiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.
" Courage, my Fair! the ſplendid prize is thine:
" Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joy,
" Nor blaſt the glories of this happy day.
" Hear me, ye Swains! ye men of Kiſtſgate! hear;
" Tho' great the honours by your hands conferr'd,
" Theſe royal ornaments, tho' great the force

" Of this puiſſant arm, as all muſt own,
" Who ſaw this day the bold Gorgonius fall,
" Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
" And knightly proweſs, than that mighty Guy,
" So fam'd in antique ſong, Warwick's great earl,
" Who ſlew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight
" Maintain'd a ſummer's day, and free'd this realm
" From Daniſh vaſſalage; his pond'rous ſword
" And maſſy ſpear atteſt the glorious deed;
" Nor leſs his hoſpitable ſoul is ſeen
" In that capacious caldron, whoſe large freight
" Might feaſt a province; yet were I like him,
" The nation's pride, like him I could forego
" All earthly grandeur, wander thro' the world
" A jocund pilgrim, in the loneſome den
" And rocky cave with theſe my royal hands
" Scoop the cold ſtream, with herbs and roots content,
" Mean ſuſtenance, could I by this but gain
" For the dear fair the prize her heart deſires.
" Believe me, charming Maid! I 'd be a worm,
The meaneſt inſect, and the loweſt thing
" The world deſpiſes, to enhance thy fame."
So cheer'd he his fair queen, and ſhe was cheer'd.
Now, with a noble confidence inſpir'd,
Her looks aſſure ſucceſs; now ſtripp'd of all
Her cumbrous veſtments, beauty's vain diſguiſe,
She ſhines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a brede
Hung careleſs; with becoming grace each bluſh

Vary'd her cheeks, than the gay riſing dawn
More lovely, when the new-born light ſalutes
The joyful earth, impu[r]pling half the ſkies.
Her heaving breaſt, thro' the thin cov'ring view'd,
Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,
And lineaments exact, would mock the ſkill
Or Phidias; Nature alone can form
Such due proportion. To compare with her
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Fair virgin huntreſs! for the chaſe array'd,
With painted quiver and unerring bow,
Were but to leſſen her ſuperior mien
And goddeſs-like deport. The maſter's hand,
Rare artiſan! with proper ſhades im[illegible]
His lively colouring; ſo here, to grace
Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
Fuſca the brown appears, with greedy eye
Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects
Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grime, and with her freckled ſkin
Offends the crowd. She of the Gypſy train
Had wander'd long; and the ſun's ſcorching rays
Imbrown'd her viſage grim; artful to view
The ſpreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
The love-ſick maid, who barters all her ſtore
For airy viſions and fallacious hope.
Gorgonius, if the current fame ſay true,
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had ſtroll'd,

For him fit mate. Next Tabitha the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchless speed; she many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighb'ring mart *, for mustard fam'd,
Sharp-biting grain! where amicably join
The sister floods, and with their liquid arms
Greeting embrace. Here Gamaliel sage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, instructed well
In all the gainful discipline of pray'r;
To point the holy leer, by just degrees
To close the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms,
To expose the whites, and with the sightless ball
To glare upon the crowd, to raise or sink
The docile voice, now murm'ring soft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again
In foaming floods of rapt'rous eloquence
Let loose the storm, and thunder thro' the nose
The threaten'd vengeance: ev'ry Muse profane
Is banish'd hence, and, Heliconian streams
Deserted, the fam'd Léman lake supplies
More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
Hail, happy Youths! on whom indulgent Heav'n
Each grace divine bestows; nor yet denies
Carnal beatitudes, sweet privilege
Of saints elect! royal prerogative!

* Tewkesbury, in the vale of Evesham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.

Here in domeſtic cares employ'd, and bound
To annual ſervitude, frail Tabitha,
Her priſtine vigour loſt, now mourns in vain
Her ſharpen'd viſage, and the ſickly qualms
That grieve her ſoul; a prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedleſs by! yet her undaunted mind
Still meditates the prize, and ſtill ſhe hopes
Beneath th' unwieldy load her wonted ſpeed.
Others of meaner fame the ſtately Muſe
Records not; on more lofty flights intent,
She ſpurns the ground, and mounts her native ſkies.
Room for the maſter of the ring! ye Swains!
Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high
The glitt'ring prize, on the tall ſtandard borne,
Waving in air; before him march in files
The rural minſtrelſy, the rattling drum,
Of ſolemn ſound, and th' animating horn,
Each huntſman's joy, the tabor and the pipe,
Companion dear at feaſts, whoſe cheerful notes
Give life and motion to th' unwieldy clown.
Ev'n Age revives, and the pale ruking maid
Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
Counting each careful ſtep, he paces o'er
Th' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal
His ſtandard; there himſelf majeſtic ſwells.
Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
Th' expected ſignal, with impatient eyes

Meaſure the ſpace between, and in conceit
Already graſp the warm-conteſted prize.
Now all at once ruſh forward to the goal,
And ſtep by ſtep, and ſide by ſide, they ply
Their buſy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
Quick heaves each breaſt, and quick they ſhoot along
Thro' the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals
Short hopes, ſhort fears, and momentary joy.
The breathleſs throng with open throats purſue,
And broken accents ſhout imperfect praiſe.
Such noiſe confus'd is heard, ſuch wild uproar,
When on the main the ſwelling ſurges riſe,
Daſh o'er the rocks, and, hurrying thro' the flood,
Drive on each other's backs, and crowd the ſtrand.
Before the reſt tall Tabitha was ſeen
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field;
Swift as the ſhooting ſtar that gilds the night
With rapid tranſient blaze, ſhe runs, ſhe flies:
Sudden ſhe ſtops, nor longer can endure
The painful courſe, but drooping ſinks away,
And, like that falling meteor, there ſhe lies
A jelly cold on earth. Fuſca with joy
Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corſe
Inſulting bounds; Hope gave her wings, and now,
Exerting all her ſpeed, ſtep after ſtep
At Ganderetta's elbow urg'd her way,
Her ſhoulder preſſing, and with pois'nous breath

Tainting her iv'ry neck. Long while had held
The sharp contest, had not propitious Heav'n,
With partial hands, to such transcendent charms
Dispens'd its favours: for as o'er the green
The careless Gypsy, with incautious speed,
Push'd forward, and her rival fair had reach'd
With equal pace, and only not o'erpass'd,
Haply she treads where late the merry train,
In wasteful luxury and wanton joy,
Lavish had spilt the cyder's frothy flood,
And mead with custard mix'd. Surpris'd, appall'd,
And in the treach'rous puddle struggling long,
She slipp'd, she fell; upon her back supine
Extended lay; the laughing multitude
With noisy scorn approve her just disgrace.
As the sleek lev'ret skims before the pack,
So flies the nymph, and so the crowd pursue:
Borne on the wings of wind, the Dear-one flies,
Swift as the various goddess, nor less bright
In beauty's prime, when thro' the yielding air
She darts along, and with rainbow rays
Paints the gay clouds; celestial messenger,
Charg'd with the high behests of Heav'n's great queen!
Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd
Fond Hobbinol; with active leap he seiz'd
The costly prize, and laid it at her feet:
Then pausing stood, dumb with excess of joy,
Expressive silence! for each tender glance

Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd.
Leſs mute, the crowd, in echoing ſhouts, applaud
Her ſpeed, her beauty, his obſequious love.
Upon a little eminence, whoſe top
O'erlook'd the plain, a ſteep but ſhort aſcent,
Plac'd in a chair of ſtate, with garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the fragrance of the ſpring
Fair Ganderetta ſhone, like Mother Eve,
In her gay ſylvan lodge, delicious bow'r!
Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach
Of rule or art, had laviſh'd all her ſtore
To deck the flow'ry roof, and at her ſide
Imperial Hobbinol, with front ſublime,
Great as a Roman conſul, juſt return'd
From cities ſack'd and provinces laid waſte,
In his paternal wicker ſat enthron'd.
With eager eyes the crowd about them preſs,
Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
Each voice, each inſtrument, proclaims their joy
With loudeſt vehemence: ſuch noiſe is heard,
Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call
Of Britain's ſovereign, the ruſtic bands
O'erſpread the fields; the ſubtle candidates
Diſſembled homage pay, and court the fools
Whom they deſpiſe; each proud majeſtic clown
Looks big, and ſhouts amain, mad with the taſte
Of pow'r ſupreme, frail empire of a day!
That with the ſetting ſun extinct is loſt.

Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbinol!
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
Of mortal pride: we play our parts a while,
And ſtrut upon the ſtage; the ſcene is chang'd,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched viciſſitude! for after all
His tinſel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly proſpect, to his eyes preſents
Her whom his conſcious ſoul abhorr'd and fear'd.
Lo! puſhing thro' the crowd, a meagre form,
With haſty ſtep, and viſage incompos'd:
Wildly ſhe ſtar'd; rage ſparkled in her eyes,
And poverty ſat ſhrinking on her cheeks:
Yet thro' the cloud that hung upon her brows
A faded luſtre broke, that dimly ſhone
Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face
Impair'd by time, and ſhatter'd by misfortunes.
A froward babe hung at her flabby breaſt,
And tugg'd for life, but wept, with hideous moan,
His fruſtrate hopes and unavailing pains.
Another o'er her bending ſhoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,
As of his ſhare defrauded; then amain
He alſo ſcreams, and to his brother's cries
In dolcful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effect of lawleſs love! O ſting

Of pleaſures paſt! As when a full-freight ſhip,
Bleſs'd in a rich return of pearl or gold,
Or fragrant ſpice, or ſilks of coſtly dye,
Makes to the wiſh'd-for port with ſwelling ſails,
And all her gaudy trim diſplay'd; o'erjoy'd
The maſter ſmiles; but if from ſome ſmall creek
A lurking corſair the rich quarry ſpies,
With all her ſails bears down upon her prey,
And peals of thunder from her hollow ſides
Check his triumphant courſe; aghaſt he ſtands,
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to reſiſt,
And impotent to fly, all his fond hopes
Are daſh'd at once! nought now, alas! remains
But the ſad choice of ſlavery or death!
So far'd it with the hapleſs Hobbinol,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surpris'd by her whoſe dreadful face alone
Could ſhake his ſtedfaſt ſoul. In vain he turns,
And ſhifts his place averſe; ſhe haunts him ſtill,
And glares upon him with her haggard eyes, [ſighs
What fiercely rpo[illegible]wrongs. Words ſwell'd with
At length burſt forth, and thus ſhe ſtorms enrag'd.

"Know'ſt thou not me? falſe man! Not to know me
"Argues thyſelf unknowing of thyſelf,
"Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with ſucceſs.
"Is injur'd Mopſa then ſo ſoon forgot?
"Thou knew'ſt me once, ah! woe is me! thou didſt.
"But if laborious days and ſleepleſs nights,

" If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,
" Inſeparable gueſts, have thus diſguis'd
" Thy once-belov'd, thy handmaid dear; if thine
" And Fortune's frowns have blaſted all my charms;
" If here no roſes grow, no lilies bloom,
" Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;
" If tho' the world I range a ſlighted ſhade,
" The ghoſt of what I was, forlorn, unknown,
" At leaſt know theſe. See! this ſweet ſimp'ring babe,
" Dear image of thyſelf; ſee how it ſprunts
" With joy at thy approach! ſee how it gilds
" Its ſoft ſmooth face with falſe paternal ſmiles!
" Native deceit, from thee, baſe man! deriv'd;
" Or view this other elf, in ev'ry art
" Of ſmiling fraud, in ev'ry treach'rous leer,
" The very Hobbinol! Ah! cruel man!
" Wicked ingrate! And couldſt thou then ſo ſoon,
" So ſoon forget that pleaſing fatal night
" When me, beneath the flow'ry thorn ſurpris'd,
" Thy artful wiles betray'd? was there a ſtar
" By which thou didſt not [illegible] was there a curſe,
" A plague on earth, thou didſt not then invoke
" On that devoted head, if e'er thy heart
" Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand
" Declin'd the nuptial bond? But, oh! too well,
" Too well, alas! my throbbing breaſt perceiv'd
" The black impending ſtorm; the conſcious moon
" Veil'd in a ſable cloud her modeſt face,

" And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.
" And yet I love thee.—Oh! couldst thou behold
" That image dwelling in my heart! But why,
" Why waste I here these unavailing tears?
" On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing,
" On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,
" All, all my vengeance fall! ye Lightnings! blast
" That face accurs'd, the source of all my woe:
" Arm, arm, ye Furies! earth; all hell break loose,
" While thus I lead you to my just revenge;
" And thus"—Up starts th' astonish'd Hobbinol
To save his better half. " Fly, fly," he cries,
" Fly, my dear life! the fiend's malicious rage."
Borne on the wings of fear, away she bounds,
And in the neighb'ring village pants forlorn.
So the cours'd hare to the close covert flies,
Still trembling, tho' secure. Poor Hobbinol
More grievous ills attend: around him press
A multitude, with huge Herculean clubs,
Terrific band! the royal mandate these
Insulting shew: astonish'd, and amaz'd,
Half dead he stands; no friends dare interpose,
But bow dejected to th' imperial scroll:
Such is the force of law. While conscious shame
Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
To Rhadamanth's august tribunal dragg'd.
Good Rhadamanth! to ev'ry wanton clown
Severe, indulgent to himself alone.

FIELD SPORTS *.

Advertiſement.

THE ſeveral acts of parliament in favour of Falconry are an evident proof of that high eſteem our anceſtors had conceived for this noble diverſion. Our neighbours, France, Germany, Italy, and all the reſt of Europe, have ſeemed to vie with one another who ſhould pay the greateſt honours to the courageous Falcon. Princes and ſtates were her protectors, and men of the greateſt genius, and moſt accompliſhed in all ſorts of literature, with pleaſure carried the Hawk on their fiſts: but the princes of Aſia, Turks, Tartars, Perſians, Indians, &c. have greatly outdone us Europeans in the ſplendour and magnificence of their field parades, both as huntſmen and falconers: for though the deſcription of flying at the ſtag and other wild beaſts with eagles may be thought a little incredible, yet permit me to aſſure the reader that it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the ancient books of Falconry give us an account of it, and the relations of travellers confirm it: but what I think puts it out of all diſpute is the deſcription the famous Monſieur de Thou has

* Mr. Somervile's poem upon Hawking, called Field Sports, was ſent to Mr. Lyttelton, to be read to the Prince to whom it is inſcribed. It ſeems he is fond of hawking.

Shenſtone, Letter to Mr. Graves, Dec. 24. 1742.

given us in his Latin poem, *De re Accipitrariâ*, lately reprinted at Venice in 1735, with an Italian translation and notes.

Hoc ſtudio Hæmonii circamſonat aula tyranni,
Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poſcit,
Tot pedites adſunt: longo nemus omne remugit
Latrantum occurſu, venatorumque repulſis
Vocibus; heic gemini, neque enim ſatis eſſe ferendo
Unus tanto oneri poſſit, cedente petauro
Circum aquilam geſtant, aliam totidem inde miniſtri
Impoſitam ſubeunt: quarum minor illa volucri
Ore canum voces fingit, nemora avia compleus
Terrore ingenti: latebris tum excita repente
Infelix fera prorumpit: ruit altera demum
Sublimis compar magno ſtridore per auras;
Involat inque oculos et provolat, atque capaces
Expandens per inane ſinus, caligine denſa,
Horribilique ſupervolitans cœlum obruit umbra.
Nec minor interea obſiſtit: ſublimis ut illa,
Hæc humilis ſic terga volans premit et latus urget:
Neve gradum referat retro, et veſtigia vertat,
Seu Caprea aut Cervus ſeſe tulit obvius illis,
Roſtro atque ungue minax vetat, et cum compare virq
Alternat ſocias, artemque remunerat arte.
Nec mora, nec requies: furiis exterrita tantis
Donec in inſidias cæca convalle locatas
Precipitet rabidis fera mox lanianda Moloſſis.

I am very much obliged to thoſe gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon Hunting: their goodneſs has encouraged me to make this ſhort ſupplement to the Chaſe, and in this poem to give them ſome account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

FIELD SPORTS.

A POEM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

------- Hæc incondita solus
Montibus, et sylvis, studio jactabat inani. VIRG. *Ed.* ii.

The Argument.

INTRODUCTION, ver. 1. Description of flying at the flag with eagles, after the manner of the Asiatic princes, 7. Description of hern-hawking, 100. Of flying at the river, 179. Partridge-hawking, 232. Daring the lark with an hobby just mentioned, 235. Shooting flying, 245. Setting, 345. Angling, 261. Conclusion, 271.

ONCE more, great Prince! permit an humble bard
Proſtrate to pay his homage at your feet,
Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
Tow'ring aloft, ſublime, to ſoar and ſing,
Sing the heart-cheering pleaſures of the fields,
The choice delight of heroes and of kings.
In earlier times monarchs of Eaſtern race,
In their full blaze of pride, as ſtory tells,
Train'd up th' imperial eagle, ſacred bird!
Hooded, with jingling bells ſhe perch'd on high;
Not as when erſt on golden wings ſhe led
The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,

Mankind her quarry; but a docile slave,
Tam'd to the lure, and careful to attend
Her master's voice. Behold the man renown'd,
Abbas the great, (whom all his fawning slaves
Deem'd king of kings, vain fools! they sure forgot
Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straits *
Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell on heaps,
A dreadful carnage!) see his num'rous host
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborne
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
Two sister eagles, stately pond'rous birds!
The air 's a desert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighb'ring covert's dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
The russet plain, and mimics as she flies
(By many a sleepless night instructed well)
The hound's loud op'nings, or the spaniel's quest.
What cannot wakeful industry subdue!
Mean while that mounts on high, and seems to view
A black afar cloud, when pierc'd the gloom
Of vapours dank condens'd, the sun's bright beams
Pain not her sight: she with expanded sails
Works thro' th' ethereal fluid, then perhaps
Sees thro' a break of clouds this self-pois'd orb
Hard by her handmaid moon. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,

* Straits of Thermopylæ. See *The Story of Xerxes*.

This molehill earth, and all its busy ants
Lab'ring for life, which lasts so short a day,
Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my soul!
That breath of life which all men must perceive,
But none distinctly know, when once escap'd
From this poor helpless corse, and when on high
Borne on angelic wings, look down with scorn
On this mean lessening world, and knaves grown rich
By chance, or fraud, or insolence of pow'r.
Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,
With less ambition nearer earth she tends,
As yet scarce visible, and high in air
Pois'd on extended wings, with sharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus some wise gen'ral from a rising ground
Observes th' embattled foe, where serried ranks
Forbid access, or where their order loose
Invites th' attack, and points the way to fate.
All now is tumult; each heart swells with joy;
The falc'ners shout and the wide concave rings;
Tremble the forests round, the jocund cries
Float thro' the vales, and rocks, and woods, and hills,
Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the stag,
Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess;
Fear hid him close, strange inconsistent guide!
Now hurries him aghast with busy feet
Far o'er the spacious plain: he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step

To climb the craggy cliff; the grayhounds ſtrain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who ſcarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle wheeling flies
In airy lab'rinths, or with eaſier wing
Skims by his ſide, and ſtuns his patient ear
With hideous cries, then peals his forehead broad,
Or at her eyes his fatal malice aims:
The other, like the bolt of angry Heav'n,
Darts down at once, and fixes on his back
Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine: the blood and ſweat diſtill'd,
From many a dripping furrow ſtains the ſoil.
Who pities not this fury-haunted wretch,
Embarraſs'd thus, on ev'ry ſide diſtreſs'd?
Death will relieve him; for the grayhounds fierce,
Seizing their prey, ſoon drag him to the ground:
Groaning he falls; with eyes that ſwim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies! The grandees preſs around
To dip their ſabres in his boiling blood:
Unfeemly joy! [illegible] to inſult
A fallen foe. The dogs and birds of prey
Inſatiate on his reeking bowels feaſt,
But the ſtern falc'ner claims the lion's ſhare.
Such are the ſports of kings, and better far
Than royal robb'ry, and the bloody jaws
Of all-devouring war. Each animal,
By nat'ral inſtinct taught, ſpares his own kind;

But man, the tyrant man! revels at large,
Free-booter unreſtrain'd, deſtroys at will
The whole creation, men and beaſts his prey,
Theſe for his pleaſure, for his glory thoſe.
Next will I ſing the valiant falcon's fame,
Aerial fights, where no confed'rate brute
Joins in the bloody fray, but bird with bird
Juſts in mid air. Lo! at his ſiege the hern,
Upon the bank of ſome ſmall purling brook*,
Obſervant ſtands to take his ſcaly prize,
Himſelf another's game; for mark, behind
The wily falc'ner creeps; his grazing horſe
Conceals the treach'rous foe, and on his fiſt
Th' unhooded falcon ſits: with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and in her wild
Conceit already plumes the dying bird.
Up ſprings the hern, redoubling ev'ry ſtroke,
Conſcious of danger ſtretches far away,
With buſy pennons and projected beak,
Piercing th' opponent clouds: the falcon ſwift
Follows at ſpeed, mounts [illegible], new hope
Gives vigour to her wings. Another ſoon
Strains after to ſupport the bold attack,
Perhaps a third. As in ſome winding creek,
On proud Iberia's ſhore, the corſairs fly
Lurk waiting to ſurpriſe a Britiſh ſail,

* The place where the hern takes his ſtand, watching his prey.

Full-freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,
Or rich Byzantium; after he they scud,
Dashing the spumy waves with equal oars,
And spreading all their shrouds; she makes the main,
Inviting ev'ry gale, nor yet forgets
To clear her deck, and tell th' insulting foe,
In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
So flies the hern pursu'd, but fighting flies.
Warm grows the conflict, ev'ry nerve 's employ'd;
Now thro' the yielding element they soar
Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove
In trackless mazes thro' the troubled sky.
No rest, no peace. The falcon hov'ring nies
Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold
Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow
Full at his destin'd head. The watchful hern
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift
That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.
Observe th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd
On this important [illegible] and pleasing hope
Glows in each breast. The vulgar and the great,
Equally happy now, with freedom share
The common joy. The shepherd-boy forgets
His bleating care; the lab'ring hind lets fall
His grain unsown; in transport lost, he robs
Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
The gazing village point their eyes to heav'n.
Where is the tongue can speak the falc'ner's cares,

'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempeſt toſs'd?
His flutt'ring heart, his varying cheeks, confeſs
His inward woe. Now like a wearied ſtag,
That ſtands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;
Cloſe by his languid wing in downy plumes
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
The well-diſſembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breaſt
Receives the latent death; down plumb ſhe falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
The falc'ner in deſpair; his fav'rite bird
Dead at his feet, as of his deareſt friend
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
He ſtorms, he foams, he gives a looſe to rage;
Nor wants he long the means: the hern fatigu'd,
Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth
He drops: his cruel foes wheeling around
Inſult at will. The vengeful falc'ner flies
Swift as an arrow ſhooting to their aid,
Then mutt'ring inward [illegible] breaks his wings,
And fixes in the ground his hated beak*;
Sees with malignant joy the victors proud
Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feaſt †.

* This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk; they generally alſo break their legs.

† The reward of the hawk, made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian *Soppa*.

Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight!
Who fenc'd thine eyry round with ſacred laws*;
Nor mighty princes now diſdain to wear
Thy waving creſt, the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems, adorn'd†.
Now if the cryſtal ſtream delight thee more,
Sportſman! lead on, where thro' the reedy bank
Th' inſinuating waters filter'd ſtray
In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
Gluts on the fatt'ning ouſe, or ſteals the ſpawn
Of teeming ſhoals, her more delicious feaſt.
How do the ſunbeams on the glaſſy plain
Sport wanton, and amuſe our wond'ring eyes
With variouſly-reflected changing rays!
The murm'ring ſtream ſalutes the flow'ry mead
That glows with fragrance; Nature all around
Conſents to bleſs. What ſluggard now would ſink
In beds of down? what miſer would not leave
His bags untold for this tranſporting ſcene?
Falc'ner, take care, oppoſe thy well-train'd ſteed,
And ſlily ſtalk; unhood thy falcon bold,
Obſerve at feed the unſuſpecting team
Paddling with oary feet: he 's ſeen; they fly.
Now at full ſpeed the falc'ner ſpurs away
T' aſſiſt his fav'rite hawk; ſhe from the veſt
Has ſingled out the mallard young and gay,

* No man was permitted to ſhoot within 600 yards of the eyry or neſt of an hern, under great penalties.

† The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Aſia in their turbants.

Whoſe green and azure brightens in the ſun.
Swift as the wind that ſweeps the deſert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid ſky:
Behoves him now both oar and ſail; for ſee
Th' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds th' aërial courſe; they riſe, they fall,
Now ſkim in circling rings, then ſtretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal ſtroke
The vig'rous hawk, exerting ev'ry nerve,
Truſs'd in mid air bears down her captive prey.
'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft' the duck
Miſtruſts her coward wings, and ſeeks again
The kind protecting flood: if haply then
The falcon raſh aim a deciſive blow,
And ſpring to gripe her floating prey, at once
She dives beneath, and near ſome oſier's root
Pops up her head ſecure; then views her foe
Juſt in the graſping of her fond deſires,
And in full pride of triumph whelm'd beneath
The gliding ſtream. Ah! where are now, proud bird!
Thy ſtately trappings, and thy ſilver bells,
Thy gloſſy plumage, and thy ſilken creſt?
Say, tyrant of the ſkies! would'ſt thou not now
Exchange with thy but late deſponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy poliſh'd beak,
For her web-feet deſpis'd? How happy they
Who, when gay Pleaſure courts, and Fortune ſmiles,
Fear the reverſe, with caution tread thoſe paths
Where roſes grow, but wily vipers creep!

These are expensive joys, fit for the great,
Of large domains possess'd: enough for me
To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,
Or fly the partridge from the bristly field,
Retrieve the covey with my busy train,
Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark.
But if the shady woods my cares employ
In quest of feather'd game, my spaniels beat
Puzzling th' entangled copse, and from the brake
Push forth the whirring pheasant; high in air
He waves his vary'd plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing. Soon from th' uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death
O'ertakes him, and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.
When autumn smiles, all-beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,
My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor carelessly leaves
One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, aw'd by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps
Low-cow'ring, step by step; at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborne

The floating net unfolded flies, then drops,
And the poor flutt'ring captives rise in vain.
Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the scaly glutton. See! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun, and, struggling, pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares
And sweet amusements; such each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy.
Thus, most illustrious Prince! have I presum'd,
In my obscure sojourn, to sing at ease
Rural delights, the joy and sweet repast
Of ev'ry noble mind; and now perchance
Untimely sing; since from yon' neighb'ring shore
The grumbling thunder rolls, calm Peace disarm'd
Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Sounds harsh in ev'ry ear. But, righteous Heav'n!
Britain deserted, friendless and alone,
Will not as yet despair: shine but in arms,
O Prince! belov'd by all; patron profess'd
Of liberty: with ev'ry virtue crown'd;
Millions shall crowd her strand, and her white cliffs,
As Teneriff or Atlas firm, defy
The break of seas, and malice of her foes,
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæsar fail'd.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wand'ring currents flow,
A large ſmooth plain extends it's verdant brow;
Here ev'ry morn, while fruitful vapours feed
The ſwelling blade, and bleſs the ſmoking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns: like Time, the ſwain
Whets his unrighteous ſithe, and ſhaves the plain:
Beneath each ſtroke the peeping flow'rs decay,
And all th' unripen'd crop is ſwept away:
The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whiffs his ſhort pipe, or rears a rural ſong;
With curious eye then the preſs'd turf he views,
And ev'ry riſing prominence ſubdues.

Now when each craving ſtomach was well-ſtor'd,
And Church and King had travell'd round the board,
Hither at Fortune's ſhrine to pay their court
With eager hopes the motley tribe reſort;
Attornies ſpruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
And roſy parſons, fat and orthodox:
Of ev'ry ſect, Whigs, Papiſts, and Highflyers,
Cornuted aldermen and hen-peck'd ſquires;
Fox-hunters, quacks, ſcribblers in verſe and proſe,
And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaus.
On the green cirque the ready racers ſtand
Diſpos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand;
Each poliſh'd ſphere does his round brother own,
The twins diſtinguiſh'd by their marks are known.

As the ſtrong rein guides the well-manag'd horſe,
Here weighty lead infus'd directs their courſe:
Theſe in the ready road drive on with ſpeed,
But thoſe in crooked paths more artfully ſucceed.
So the tall ſhip that makes ſome dang'rous bay
With a ſide-wind obliquely ſlopes her way.
Lo! there the ſilver tumbler fix'd on high,
The victor's prize, inviting ev'ry eye!
The champions or conſent or chance divide,
While each man thinks his own the ſurer ſide,
And the jack leads, the ſkilful bowler's guide.

Bendo ſtripp'd firſt; from foreign coaſts he brought
A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
Where the tumultuous whims, to faction prone,
Still juſtled monarch Reaſon from her throne:
More dang'rous than the porcupine's his quill,
Inur'd to ſlaughter, and ſecure to kill.
Let looſe, juſt Heav'n! each virulent diſeaſe
But ſave us from ſuch murderers as theſe.
Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
Th' unpeopled world would ſink beneath his rage;
Nor need t' appeaſe the juſt Creator's ire
A ſecond deluge or conſuming fire.
He winks one eye, and knits his brow ſevere,
Then from his hand lanches the flying ſphere;
Out of the green the guiltleſs wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his patients from this nether world;
Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd
Deride his ſenſeleſs rage, and ſhout aloud.

Next, Zadoc, 't is thy turn, imperious prieſt!
Still late at church, but early at a feaſt.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace,
His garments black, vermilion paints his face:
His wattles hang upon his ſtiffen'd band,
His platter feet upon the trigger ſtand,
He graſps the bowl in his rough-brawny hand:
Then ſquatting down, with his gray goggle-eyes
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
Zadoc purſues, and wabbles o'er the plain,
But ſhakes his ſtrutting paunch, and ambles on in vain;
For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
The inmate lead the lighter wood miſguides.
He ſharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
Then on the counter ſide with pain reclines,
As if he meant to regulate its courſe,
By pow'r attractive and magnetic force.
Now almoſt in deſpair, he raves, he ſtorms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms.
Unhappy Proteus! ſtill in vain he tries
A thouſand ſhapes, the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his pray'rs, regardleſs of his cries:
His puffing cheeks with riſing rage inflame,
And all his ſparkling rubies glow with ſhame.
Bendo's proud heart, proof againſt Fortune's frown,
Reſolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, ſurveying all the green,
And meaſures with his eye the ſpace between:

But as on him 't was a peculiar curſe
To fall from one extreme into a worſe.
Conſcious of too much vigour, now for fear
He ſhould exceed, at hand he checks the ſphere.
Soon as he found its languid force decay,
And the too weak impreſſion die away,
Quick after it he ſcuds, urges behind
Step after ſtep, and now, with anxious mind,
Hangs o'er the bowl, ſlow-creeping on the plain,
And chides its faint efforts, and bawls amain:
Then on the guiltleſs green the blame to lay,
Curſes the mountains that obſtruct his way;
Brazens it out with an audacious face,
His inſolence improving by diſgrace.
Zadoc, who now with three black mugs had cheer'd
His drooping heart, and his ſunk ſpirits rear'd,
Advances to the trigg with ſolemn pace,
And ruddy hope ſits blooming on his face.
The bowl he pois'd, with pain his hams he bends,
On well-choſe ground unto the mark it tends:
Each adverſe heart pants with unuſual fear,
With joy he follows the propitious ſphere:
Alas! how frail is ev'ry mortal ſcheme!
We build on ſand, our happineſs a dream.
Bendo's ſhort bowl ſtops the proud victor's courſe,
Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force.
At Bendo from each corner of his eyes
He darts malignant rays, then mutt'ring flies

Into the bow'r; there, panting and half dead,
In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.
Muſe! raiſe thy voice; to win the glorious prize
Bid all the fury of the battle riſe.
Theſe but the light-arm'd champions of the field,
See Griper there! a veteran well ſkill'd;
This able pilot knows to ſteer a cauſe
Thro' all the rocks and ſhallows of the laws;
Or if 't is wreck'd, his trembling client ſaves
On the next plank, and diſappoints the waves.
In this, at leaſt, all hiſtories agree,
That tho' he loſt his cauſe he ſav'd his fee.
When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
How complaiſant the man! each point how right!
But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his caſe,
And poverty ſits ſhrinking on his face,
How like a cur he ſnarls! when at the door
For broken ſcraps he quarrels with the poor.
The farmer's oracle, when rent-day 's near,
And landlords, by forbearance, are ſevere;
When huntſmen treſpaſs, for his neighbour's ſwine,
Of tatter'd Crape extorts by right divine:
Him all the rich their contributions pay,
Him all the poor with aching hearts obey:
He in his ſwanſkin doublet ſtruts along,
Now begs, and now rebukes, the preſſing throng.
A paſſage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
And gently from his hand lets looſe the ſphere:

Smooth as a ſwallow o'er the plain it flies,
While he purſues its track with eager eyes;
Its hopeful courſe approv'd, he ſhouts aloud,
Claps both his hands, and juſtles thro' the crowd.
Hov'ring a while, ſoon at the mark it ſtood,
Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiſs'd the wood;
Loud is th' applauſe of ev'ry betting friend,
And peals of clam'rous joy the concave rend.
But in each hoſtile face a diſmal gloom
Appears, the ſad preſage of loſs to come;
'Mong theſe Trebellius, with a mournful air
Of livid hue, juſt dying with deſpair,
Shuffles about, ſcrews his chop-fallen face,
And no whipp'd gig ſo often ſhifts its place:
Then gives his ſage advice with wondrous ſkill,
Which no man ever heeds, or ever will:
Yet he perſiſts, inſtructing to confound,
And with his cane points out the dubious ground.
Strong Nimrod now, freſh as the riſing dawn,
Appears; his ſinewy limbs and ſolid brawn
The gazing crowd admire. He nor in courts
Delights, nor pompous balls, but rural ſports
Are his ſoul's joy. At the morn's briſk alarms
He ſhakes th' unwilling Phillis from his arms;
Mounts with the ſun, begins his bold career,
To chaſe the wily fox or rambling deer.
So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
From ſavage beaſts and monſters freed the land.

Hark! from the covert of yon' gloomy brake.
Harmonious thunder rolls, the foreſts ſhake;
Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chaſe,
Tumultuous tranſports flufh in ev'ry face;
With ears erect the courſer paws the ground, [ſound:
Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with cheering cries re-
Drive down the precipice (brave youths!) with ſpeed,
Bound o'er the river banks, and ſmoke along the mead.
But whither would the devious Muſe purſue
The pleaſing theme, and my paſt joys renew?
Another labour now demands thy ſong.
Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th' expecting throng
As Nimrod pois'd the ſphere: his arm he drew
Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew. [flew:
Then lanch'd the whirling globe, and full as ſwift it
Bowls daſh'd on bowls confounded all the plain,
Safe ſtood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.
Aſſaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
Eſcaping by the ruin of their friends.
But now he ſtands expos'd, their order broke,
And ſeems to dread the next deciſive ſtroke.
So at ſome bloody ſiege, the pond'rous ball
Batters with ceaſeleſs rage the crumbling wall,
(A breach once made) ſoon galls the naked town,
Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.
Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
Griper beheld, exerting all his art;
Once more reſolves to check his furious foe,
Block up the paſſage, and elude the blow.

With cautious hand, and with leſs force, he threw
The well-pois'd ſphere, that gently circling flew,
But ſtopping ſhort, cover'd the mark from view.
So little Teucer on the well-fought field
Securely ſculk'd behind his brother's ſhield.

Nimrod, in dangers bold, whoſe heart elate
Nor courted Fortune's ſmiles nor fear'd her hate,
Perplex'd, but not diſcourag'd, walk'd around,
With curious eye examin'd all the ground;
Not the leaſt op'ning in the front was found.
Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his way, and moderates his might.
Smooth-gliding o'er the plain th' obedient ſphere
Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in ev'ry breaſt:
Now rolling nearer to the mark it preſs'd;
Then chang'd its courſe, by the ſtrong bias rein'd,
And on the foe diſcharg'd the force that yet remain'd:
Smart was the ſtroke: away the rival fled,
The bold intruder triumph'd in his ſtead.

Victorious Nimrod ſeiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
Shouts of outrageous joy invade the ſkies;
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,
Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

THE HIP.

TO WILLIAM COLMORE, ESQ.

The day after the great meteor, in March 1715.

THIS diſmal morn, when eaſt winds blow,
And ev'ry languid pulſe beats low,
With face moſt ſorrowfully grim,
And head oppreſs'd with wind and whim,
Grave as an owl, and juſt as witty,
To thee I twang my doleful ditty,
And in mine own dull rhymes would find
Muſic to ſooth my reſtleſs mind:
But, oh! my friend, I ſing in vain,
No doggrel can relieve my pain;
Since thou art gone, my heart's deſire,
And heav'n, and earth, and ſea, conſpire,
To make my miſeries complete;
Where ſhall a wretched Hip retreat?
What ſhall a drooping mortal do,
Who pines for ſunſhine and for you?
If in the dark alcove I dream,
And you or Phillis is my theme,
[illegible] or friendſhip warm my ſoul,
My ſhins are burning to a coal.
If rais'd to ſpeculations high,
I gaze the ſtars and ſpangled ſky,
With heart devout and wond'ring eye,
Amaz'd I view ſtrange globes of light;
Meteors with horrid luſtre bright
My guilty trembling ſoul affright.

To Mother Earth's prolific bed,
Penſive I ſtoop my giddy head,
From thence, too, all my hopes are fled.
Nor flow'rs, nor graſs, nor ſhrubs, appear
To deck the ſmiling infant year,
But blaſts my tender bloſſoms wound,
And deſolation reigns around.
If ſea-ward my dark thoughts I bend,
O! where will my misfortunes end?
My loyal ſoul diſtracted meets
Attainted dukes and Spaniſh fleets *.
Thus jarring elements unite,
Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with ſpite;
Succeſſive miſchiefs ev'ry hour
On my devoted head they pour.
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
'Tis ſtill an endleſs ſcene of woe.
'Tis thus diſconſolate I mourn,
I faint, I die, till thy return;
'Till thy briſk wit and hum'rous vein
Reſtore me to myſelf again.
Let others vainly ſeek for eaſe
From Galen and Hippocrates,
I ſcorn ſuch nauſeous aids as theſe:
Haſte thee, my dear! unbrib'd attend;
The beſt elixir is a friend.

* An invaſion from Spain was then expected.

ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW-CHAIR,

NEW CLOTHED.

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the liſt'ning oaks to bend;
If ſtones and rubbiſh, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall,
Why ſhouldſt not thou attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp reſound thy praiſe?
True, thou art ſpruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings and external ſhow?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my ſcorn, and coxcombs are my ſport.
Once I beheld thee far leſs trim and gay,
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The ſafe retreat of ev'ry lurking mouſe;
Derided, ſhunn'd; the lumber of my houſe.
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my ſires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
[illegible] then, my conſtancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd:
I lov'd thee more; nor, like a courtier, ſpurn'd
My benefactor when the tide was turn'd.
With conſcious ſhame, yet frankly, I confeſs
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee leſs.

Where vanity, where pleasure, call'd I stray'd,
And ev'ry wayward appetite obey'd;
But sage experience taught me how to prize
Myself, and how this world: she bade me rise
To nobler flights, regardless of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.
Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
And, patiently, what Heav'n has sent endure;
From all the futile cares of bus'ness free,
Not fond of life, but yet content to be:
Here mark the fleeting hours, regret the past,
And seriously prepare to meet the last.
So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,
And all the malice of the storm defies;
With ease of body blest'd, and peace of mind,
Pities the restless crew he left behind;
Whilst in his cell he meditates alone
On his great voyage to the world unknown.

ON MIRANDA'S LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

The sun departing hides his head,
The lily and the rose are dead,
The birds forget to sing;
The cooing turtles now no more
Repeat their am'rous ditties o'er,
But watch th' approaching spring.

For ſoon the merry month of May
Reſtores the bright all-cheering ray;
Soft notes charm ev'ry grove:
The flow'rs ambroſial incenſe breathe,
And all above and all beneath
Is fragrance, joy, and love.

So when Miranda hence retires
Each ſhepherd only not expires;
How rueful is the ſcene!
How the dull moments creep along!
No ſportive dance, no rural ſong,
No gambols on the green.

Yet when the radiant nymph appears,
Each field its richeſt liv'ry wears,
All Nature 's blithe and gay;
The ſwains, tranſported with delight
After a long and gloomy night,
Bleſs the reviving day.

[illegible] indulgent to our pray'r,
Kind Heav'n permitted us to ſhare
A bleſſing ſo divine;
While ſmiling hope gave ſome relief,
And joys alternate ſooth'd our grief,
What ſhepherd could repine?

But now—her fatal loſs we mourn,
Never, oh! never to return
To theſe deſerted plains:
Undone, abandon'd to deſpair,
Alas! 't is winter all the year
To us unhappy ſwains.

Ye little Loves! lament around;
With empty quivers ſtrew the ground,
Your bows unbent lay down:
Harmleſs your wounds, pointleſs your darts,
And frail your empire o'er our hearts,
Till ſhe your triumphs crown.

Ye Nymphs! ye Fawns! complaining ſigh;
Ye Graces! let your treſſes fly,
The ſport of ev'ry wind;
Ye mimic Echoes! tell the woods,
Repeat it to the murm'ring floods,
She 's gone! ſhe 's gone! unkind!

Break, Shepherds! break each tuneleſs reed
Let all your flocks at random feed,
Each flow'ry garland tear;
Since Wit and Beauty quit the plain,
Paſt pleaſures but enhance our pain,
And life 's not worth our care.

HUDIBRAS AND MILTON

RECONCILED.

TO SIR ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR.

DEAR Knight! how great a drudge is he
Who would excel in poetry!
And yet how few have learn'd the art
T' inform the head or touch the heart!
Some with a dry and barren brain,
Poor rogues! like coſtive lapdogs ſtrain,
While others with a flux of wit
The reader and their friends beſh-t.
Would you (Sir Knight) my judgment know?
He ſtill writes worſt who writes ſo-ſo.
In this the mighty ſecret lies,
To elevate and to ſurpriſe.
Thus far my pen at random run,
The fire was out, the clock ſtruck one,
When, lo! ſtrange hollow murmurs from without
Invade my ears. In ev'ry quarter rous'd,
The waring winds ruſh from their rocky caves
Tumultuous; the vapours dank or dry,
Beneath their ſtandards rang'd, with low'ring front

Darken the welkin. At each dreadful ſhock
Oaks, pines, and elms, down to their mother earth
Bend low their ſuppliant heads; the nodding tow'rs
Menace deſtruction, and old Edrick's houſe
From its foundation ſhakes. The bellying clouds
Burſt into rain, or gild their ſable ſkirts
With flakes of ruddy fire: fierce elements
In ruin reconcil'd, redoubled peals
Of ceaſeleſs thunder roar. Convulſions rend
The firmament. The whole creation ſtands
Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits its doom.
And now, perhaps, dear friend! you wonder
In this dread ſcene of wind, rain, thunder,
What a poor guilty wretch could do:
Then hear—(for, faith, I tell you true)
I water'd, ſhook my giddy head,
Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

IN MEMORY OF

THE REV. MR. MOORE.

Of humble birth, but of more humble mind,
By learning much, by virtue more refin'd,
A fair and equal friend to all mankind:
Parties and ſects, by fierce diviſions torn,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to mourn;
Their hearts unite in undiſſembled woe,
And in one common ſtream their ſorrows flow.

Each part in life with equal grace he bore,
Obliging to the rich, a father to the poor.
From sinful riots silently he fled,
But came unbidden to the sick man's bed.
Manners and men he knew, and when to press
The poor man's cause, and plead it with success.
No penal laws he stretch'd, but won by love
His hearers' hearts, unwilling to reprove.
When sour rebukes and harsher language fail,
Could with a lucky jest or merry tale
O'er stubborn souls in Virtue's cause prevail.
Whene'er he preach'd, the throng attentive stood,
Feasted with manna and celestial food:
He taught them how to live and how to die;
Nor did his actions give his words the lie.

Go, happy Soul! sublimely take thy flight
Thro' fields of ether, in long tracts of light,
The guest of angels; range from place to place,
And view thy great Redeemer face to face.

Just God! eternal source of pow'r and love!
Whom we lament on earth, give us above;
Oh! grant us our companion and our friend,
In bliss without alloy, and without end!

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID

OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Prostrate on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Isr'el's beauty on the mountains dies.

How are the mighty fallen!
Hush'd be my sorrows, gently fall my tears,
Lest my sad tale should reach the alien's ears:
Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our shame,
Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe,
With impious scorn insult our solemn woe.
O Gilboa! ye hills aspiring high,
The last sad scene of Isr'el's tragedy;
No fattning dews be on thy lawns distill'd,
No kindly show'rs refresh the thirsty field;
No hallow'd fruits thy barren soil shall raise,
No spotless kids that on our altars blaze;
Lonesome and wild shall thy bleak summits rise,
Accurs'd by men, and hateful to the Skies.
On thee the shields of mighty warriors lay,
The shield of Saul was vilely cast away;
The Lord's anointed, Saul! his sacred blood
Distain'd thy brow, and swell'd the common flood.
How are the mighty fall'n!
Where'er their bands the royal heroes led,
The combat thicken'd and the mighty bled;
The slaughter'd hosts beneath their falchions die,
And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly;
Unknowing to return, still urge the foe,
As fate is satiate, and as sure the blow.
The son, who next his conqu'ring father fought,
Repeats the wonders his example taught;

Eager his ſire's illuſtrious ſteps to trace,
And by heroic deeds aſſert his race.
The royal eagle thus her rip'ning brood
Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood:
His darling thus the foreſt monarch rears,
A firm aſſociate for his future wars;
In union terrible, they ſeize the prey,
The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.
In peace united, as in war combin'd,
Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd;
Paternal grace with filial duty vy'd,
And love the knot of nature cloſer ty'd:
Ev'n Fate relents, reveres the ſacred band,
And undivided bids their friendſhip ſtand.
From earth to heav'n enlarg'd, their joys improve,
Still fairer, brighter ſtill they ſhine above,
Bleſs'd in a long eternity of love.
Daughters of Iſr'el! o'er the royal urn
Wail and lament; the king, the father, mourn.
Oh! now at leaſt indulge a pious woe,
'Tis all the dead receive, the living can beſtow.
Caſt off your rich attire and proud array,
Let undiſſembled ſorrows cloud the day:
Thoſe ornaments victorious Saul beſtow'd,
With gold your necks, your robes with purple glow'd:
Quit crowns and garlands for the ſable weed,
To ſongs of triumph let dumb grief ſucceed;
Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron bleed.
How are the mighty fallen!

Tho' thus diſtreſs'd, tho' thus o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Light is the burthen that admits relief;
My lab'ring ſoul ſuperior woes oppreſs,
Nor rolling time can heal, nor Fate redreſs.
Another Saul your ſorrows can remove,
No ſecond Jonathan ſhall bleſs my love.

O Jonathan! my friend, my brother dear!
Eyes! ſtream afreſh, and call forth ev'ry tear:
Swell, my ſad heart! each falt'ring pulſe beat low,
Down ſink my head beneath this weight of woe.
Hear my laments, ye Hills! ye Woods! return
My ceaſeleſs groans: with me, ye Turtles! mourn.
How pleaſant haſt thou been! each lovely grace,
Each youthful charm, ſat blooming on thy face:
Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories ſprung,
And manna dropp'd from thy perſuaſive tongue.
Witneſs, great Heav'n! (from you thoſe ardours came)
How wonderful his love! the kindeſt dame
Lov'd not like him, nor felt ſo warm a flame.
No earthly paſſion to ſuch height aſpires,
And ſeraphs only burn with purer fires.
In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,
And Iſr'el's cauſe the pious patriot warms;
In vain, while deaths promiſcuous fly below,
Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow.

PRESENTING TO A LADY

A WHITE ROSE AND A RE

ON THE TENTH OF JUNE.

If this pale Roſe offend your ſight,
It in your boſom wear,
'Twill bluſh to find itſelf leſs white,
And turn Lancaſtrian there.

But, Celia, ſhould the Red be choſe,
With gay vermilion bright,
'Twould ſicken at each bluſh that glows,
And in deſpair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain;
As unconſtroulable as Fate
Imperial Love ſhall reign.

Each haughty faction ſhall obey,
And Whig and Tory join,
Submit to your deſpotic ſway,
Confeſs your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious Monarch! own,
They 're tyrants that oppreſs;
'Tis mercy muſt ſupport your throne,
And 't is like Heav'n to bleſs.

THE COQUETTE.

WHEN tortur'd by the cruel fair,
And almoſt mad with wild deſpair,
My fleeting ſpirits rove,
One cordial glance reſtores her ſlave,
Redeems me from the gaping grave,
And ſooths my ſoul to love.

Thus in a ſea of doubt I 'm toſt,
Now ſunk, now thrown upon the coaſt:
What wretch can long endure
Such odd perplexing pangs as theſe,
When neither mortal the diſeaſe,
Nor yet complete the cure?

Proud tyrant! ſince to ſave or kill
Depends on thy capricious will,
This milder ſentence give;
Reverſe my ſtrange untoward fate;
Oh! let me periſh by thy hate,
Or by thy kindneſs live!

THE SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

DEAD to the ſoft delights of love,
Spare me, O! ſpare me, cruel boy!
Nor ſeek in vain that heart to move
Which pants no more with am'rous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy ſwain,
(When ſmit with fair Peſtora's charms)
I ſerv'd thee many a long campaign,
And wide I ſpread thy conqu'ring arms.

Now, mighty God! diſmiſs thy ſlave,
To feeble age let youth ſucceed;
Recruit among the ſtrong and brave,
And kindly ſpare an invalid.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantaſtic cares,
Ye killing joys, ye pleaſing pains!
My ſoul for better gueſts prepares;
Reaſon reſtor'd and virtue reigns.

But why, my Cloe! tell me why,
Why trickles down this ſilent tear?
Why do theſe bluſhes riſe and die?
Why ſtand I mute when thou art here?

Ev'n ſleep affords my ſoul no reſt,
Thee bathing [illegible] the ſtreams view;
With thee I dance, with thee I feaſt,
Thee thro' the gloomy grove purſue.

Triumphant god of gay deſires!
Thy vaſſal's raging pains remove;
I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,
Oh! take my life or crown my love.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

Who now regards Chloris, her tears, and her whining,
Her sighs, and fond wishes, and awkward repining?
What a pother is here, with her amorous glances,
Soft fragments of Ovid, and scraps of romances!

A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!
Cold December affects the sweet blossoms of May;
To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom spurn us,
Is to quench love's bright torch, and with touchwood to burn us.

Believe me, dear Maids! there's no way of evading;
While ye pish and cry Nay your roses are fading:
Tho' your passion survive your beauty will dwindle,
And our languishing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your zeniths we prostrate before ye,
When ye set in a cloud what fool will adore ye?
Then, ye Fair! be advis'd, and snatch the [illegible] blessing,
And shew your good conduct by timely possessing.

EPITAPH UP[illegible] HUGH LUMBER,

[illegible]MAN.

In cottages and he[illegible]
True Piety neglect[illegible]

'Till call'd to heav'n, her native ſeat,
Where the good man alone is great:
'Tis then this humble duſt ſhall riſe,
And view his Judge with joyful eyes,
While haughty tyrants ſhrink afraid,
And call the mountains to their aid.

ANACREONTIC.

TO CLOE DRINKING.

WHEN, my dear Cloe! you reſign
One happy hour to mirth and wine,
Each glaſs you drink ſtill paints your face
With ſome new victorious grace;
Charms in reſerve my ſoul ſurpriſe,
And by freſh wounds your lover dies.
Who can reſiſt thee, lovely fair!
That wit! that ſoft engaging air!
Each panting heart its homage pays,
And all the vaſſal world obeys.
God of the Grape, boaſt now no more
Thy triumphs on far Indus' ſhore;
Each uſeleſs weapon now lay down,
Thy tigers, car, and ivy-crown;
Give but this juice in full libations,
And truſt thy fame to Cloe.

ODES.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

Upon his removal from all his places.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

I.

When, in meridian glory bright,
You shine with more illustrious rays,
Above the Muse's weaker flight,
Above the poet's praise;
In vain the goddess mounts her native skies,
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to rise;
In vain she toils to deck her hero right,
Lost in excessive day, and boundless trains of light.
The Theban swan, with daring wings,
And force impetuous, soars on high,
Above the clouds sublimely sings,
Above the reach of mortal eye.
But what, alas! could Pindar do,
Were his bold Muse to sing of you?

Can Chromius' ſtrength be nam'd with your's?
Can mimic fights and ſportive war
With Schellembergh's demoliſh'd tow'rs,
Or Blenheim's bloody field, compare?
The bard would bluſh at Theron's ſpeed,
When Marlb'rough mounts the fiery ſteed;
And the deſpairing foe's purſu'd
Thro' towns and provinces ſubdu'd.
Fond poet! ſpare thy empty boaſt,
In vain thy chariots raiſe ſo great a duſt;
See Britain's hero with whole armies flies
To execute his vaſt deſigns,
To paſs the Scheld, to force the lines,
Swift as thy ſmoking car, to win th' Olympic prize.
But now, when with diminiſh'd light,
And beams more tolerably bright,
With leſs of grandeur and ſurpriſe
Mild you deſcend to mortal eyes,
Your ſetting glories charm us more
Than all your dazzling pomp before:
Your worth is better underſtood
The hero more diſtinctly view'd,
Glad we behold him not ſo great as good.
True Virtue's amiable face
Improves when ſhaded by diſgrace;
A lively ſenſe of conſcious worth
Calls all her hidden beauties forth.

Darts thro' the gloom a lovely ray,
And by her own intrinsic light creates a nobler day.

II.

Let fickle Chance with partial hands divide
Her gaudy pomp, her tinsel pride,
Who to her knaves and fools supplies
Those favours which the brave despise:
Let Faction raise the saucy crowd,
And call her multitude to arms;
Let Envy's vipers hiss aloud,
And rouse all hell with dire alarms:
Go shake the rocks, and bid the hills remove;
Yet still the hero's mind shall be
Unchangeable, resolv'd, and free,
Fix'd on its base, firm as the throne of Jove.
Britons! look back on those auspicious days,
On Ister's banks when your great leader stood,
And with your gasping foes incumber'd all the flood;
Or when Ramillia's bloody plain
Was fatten'd with the mighty slain;
Or when Blaregnia's ramparts were assail'd
With force that heav'n itself had scal'd;
Did then reviling pens profane
Your Marlborough's sacred name?
Did noisy tribunes then debauch the crowd?
Did then unrighteous votes blaspheme aloud?
Did mercenary tools conspire
To curse the hero whom their foes admire?

No!—The contending nations ſung his praiſe;
While bards of ev'ry clime
Exert their moſt triumphant lays,
No thought too great, no diction too ſublime.
Hail, glorious Prince! 't is not for thee we grieve,
For thy invulnerable fame
No diminution can receive;
Thou, mighty man! art ſtill the ſame,
Thy purer gold eludes the flame;
This fiery trial makes thy virtue ſhine,
And perſecution crowns thy brows with rays divine.
But what, alas! ſhall fainting Europe do?
How ſtand the ſhock of her imperious foe?
What ſucceſſor ſhall bear the weight
Of all our cares, and prop the ſtate?
Since thou our Atlas art remov'd,
O beſt deſerving Chief! and therefore beſt belov'd?

III.

To your own Blenheim's bliſsful ſeat
From this ungrateful world retreat,
A gift unequal to that hero's worth
Who from [illegible] peaceful Thames led our bold Britons
To free the Danube and the Rhine; [forth
Who by the thunder of his arms
Shook the proud Rhône with loud alarms,
And rais'd a tempeſt in the trembling Seine.
After the long fatigues of war
Repoſe your envy'd virtues here;

Enjoy, my Lord, the ſweet repaſt
Of all your glorious toils,
A pleaſure that ſhall ever laſt,
The mighty comfort that proceeds
From the juſt ſenſe of virtuous deeds;
Content with endleſs fame, contemn the meaner ſpoils.
Pomona calls and Pan invites
To rural pleaſures, chaſte delights;
The orange and the citron grove
Will by your hand alone improve;
Would fain their gaudy liv'ries wear,
And wait your preſence to revive the year.
In this Elyſium more than bleſs'd,
Laugh at the vulgar's ſenſeleſs hate,
The politician's vain deceit,
The fawning knave, the proud ingrate.
Revolve in your capacious breaſt
The various unforeſeen events,
And unexpected accidents
That change the flatt'ring ſcene, and overturn the great.
Frail are our hopes, and ſhort the date
Of grandeur's tranſitory ſtate.
Corinthian braſs ſhall melt away,
And Parian marble ſhall decay:
The vaſt Coloſſus, that on either ſhore
Exulting ſtood, is now no more;
Arts and artificers ſhall die,
And in one common ruin lie.

Behold your own majeſtic palace riſe
In haſte to emulate the ſkies;
The gilded globes, the pointed ſpires;
See the proud dome's ambitious height,
Emblem of pow'r and pompous ſtate,
Above the clouds aſpires:
Yet Vulcan's ſpight, or angry Jove,
May ſoon its tow'ring pride reprove,
Its painted glories ſoon efface,
Divide the pond'rous roof, and ſhake the ſolid baſe.
Material ſtructures muſt ſubmit to Fate;
But virtue, which alone is truly great,
Virtue like your's, my Lord, ſhall be
Secure of immortality.
Nor foreign force nor factious rage,
Nor envy nor devouring age,
Your laſting glory ſhall impair;
Time ſhall myſterious truths declare,
And works of darkneſs ſhall diſcloſe;
This bleſſing is reſerv'd for you
T' outlive the trophies to your merit due,
And malice of your foes.
In glorious actions, in a glorious cauſe,
If valour negligent of praiſe,
Deſerving, yet retiring, from applauſe,
In gen'rous minds can great ideas raiſe;
If Europe ſav'd, and liberty reſtor'd,
By ſteady conduct and a proſp'rous ſword,

Can claim in freeborn ſouls a juſt eſteem,
Britain's victorious chief ſhall be
Rever'd by late poſterity,
The hero's pattern and the poet's theme.

ODE,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S

Embarking for Oſtend, anno 1712.

Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properavit exul. HOR.

I.

YE Pow'rs who rule the boundleſs deep,
Whoſe dread commands the winds obey,
To roll the waters on a heap,
Or ſmooth the liquid way,
Propitious hear Britannia's pray'r;
Britannia's hope is now your care,
Whom oft' to yonder diſtant ſhore
Your hoſpitable billows bore,
When Europe in diſtreſs implor'd
Relief from his victorious ſword;
Who, when the mighty work was done,
Tyranny repell'd and battles won,
On your glad waves, proud of the glorious load,
Thro' theſe your wat'ry realms in yearly triumph rode.

To winds and ſeas, diſtreſs'd, he flies,
From ſtorms at land, and faction's ſpight:
Tho' the more fickle crowd denies,
The winds, the ſeas, ſhall do his virtue right.
Be huſh'd, ye Winds! be ſtill, ye Seas!
Ye Billows! ſleep at eaſe,
And in your rocky caverns reſt;
Let all be calm as the great hero's breaſt.
Here no unruly paſſions reign,
Nor ſervile fear nor proud diſdain,
Each wilder luſt is baniſh'd hence,
Where gentle Love preſides, and mild benevolence.
Here no gloomy cares ariſe;
Conſcious honour ſtill ſupplies
Friendly hope and peace of mind,
Such as dying martyrs find.
Serene within, no guilt he knows,
While all his wrongs ſit heavy on his foes.

II.

Say, Muſe! what hero ſhall I ſing,
What great example bring,
To parallel this mighty wrong,
And with his graceful woes adorn my ſong?
Shall brave Themiſtocles appear
Before the haughty Perſian's throne?
While conquer'd chiefs confeſs their fear,
And ſhatter'd fleets his triumphs own;

In admiration fix'd the monarch ſtood,
With ſecret joy his glorious prize he view'd,
Of more intrinſic worth than provinces ſubdu'd.
Or faithful Ariſtides, ſent,
For being juſt, to baniſhment;
He writ the rigid ſentence down,
He pitied the miſguided clown:
Or him who, when brib'd orators miſled
The factious tribes, to hoſtile Sparta fled?
The vile ingrateful crowd
Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud,
But ſoon the fools diſcover'd to their coſt
Athens in Alcibiades was loſt.
Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
The great Dictator's fate deplore,
Camillus, againſt noiſy faction bold,
In victories and triumphs old.
Ungrateful Rome!
Puniſh'd by Heav'n's avenging doom,
Soon ſhall thy ardent vows invite him home,
The mighty chieftain ſoon recall,
To prop the falling Capitol,
And ſave his country from the perjur'd Gaul.
Search, Muſe! the dark records of time,
And ev'ry ſhameful ſtory trace,
Black with injuſtice and diſgrace,
When glorious merit was a crime;

Yet theſe, all theſe, but faintly can expreſs
Folly without excuſe, and madneſs in exceſs.

III.

The nobleſt object that our eyes can bleſs
Is the brave man triumphant in diſtreſs;
Above the reach of partial Fate,
Above the vulgar's praiſe or hate,
Whom no feign'd ſmiles can raiſe, no real frowns de-
View him, ye Britons! on the naked ſhore, [preſs.
Reſolv'd to truſt your faithleſs vows no more,
That mighty man! who for ten glorious years
Surpaſs'd our hopes, prevented all our pray'rs.
A name in ev'ry clime renown'd,
By nations bleſs'd, by monarchs crown'd.
In ſolemn jubilees our days we ſpent,
Our hearts exulting in each grand event.
Factions applaud the man they hate,
And with regret to pay their painful homage wait.
Have I not ſeen this crowded ſhore
With multitudes all cover'd o'er?
While hills and groves their joy proclaim,
And echoing rocks return his name.
Attentive on the lovely form they gaze;
He with a cheerful ſmile,
Glad to reviſit this his parent iſle,
Flies from their incenſe, and eſcapes their praiſe.
Yes, Britons! view him ſtill unmov'd,
Unchang'd, tho' leſs belov'd.

His gen'rous soul no deep resentment fires,
But, blushing for his country's crimes, the kind good man retires.
Ev'n now he fights for this devoted isle,
And labours to preserve his native soil;
Diverts the vengeance which just Heav'n prepares;
Accus'd, disarm'd, protects us with his pray'rs.
Obdurate hearts! cannot such merit move?
The hero's valour nor the patriot's love?
Fly, Goddess! fly this inauspicious place;
Spurn at the vile degen'rate race,
Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
In other climes his lasting fame,
Where honest hearts, unknowing to forget
The blessings from his arms receiv'd,
Confess with joy the mighty debt,
Their altars rescu'd and their gods reliev'd.

IV.

Nor fails the hero to a clime unknown,
Cities preserv'd their great deliv'rer own;
Impatient crowds about him press,
And with sincere devotion bless.
Those plains, of ten years' war the bloody stage,
(Where panting nations struggled to be free,
And life exchang'd for liberty)
Retain the marks of stern Bellona's rage.
The doubtful hind mistakes the field
His fruitless toil so lately till'd;

Here deep intrenchments ſunk, and vales appear;
The vain retreats of Gallic fear;
There new-created hills deform the plain,
Big with the carnage of the ſlain:
Theſe monuments, when faction's ſpight
Has ſpit its pois'nous foam in vain,
To endleſs ages ſhall proclaim
The matchleſs warrior's might;
The graves of ſlaughter'd foes ſhall do his valour right.
Theſe when the curious traveller
Amaz'd ſhall view, and with attentive care
Trace the ſad footſteps of deſtructive war,
Succeſſive bards ſhall tell
How Marlb'rough fought, how gaſping tyrants fell.
Alternate chiefs confeſs'd the victor's fame,
Pleas'd and excus'd in their ſucceſſor's ſhame.
In ev'ry change, in ev'ry form,
The Proteus felt his conqu'ring arm:
Convinc'd of weakneſs, in extreme deſpair,
They lurk'd behind their lines, and wag'd a lazy war.
Nor lines nor forts could calm the ſoldier's fear,
Surpris'd, he found a Marl'b'rough there.
Nature nor art his eager rage withſtood,
He meaſur'd diſtant plains, he forc'd the rapid flood;
He fought, he conquer'd, he purſu'd.
In years advanc'd, with youthful vigour warm'd,
The work of ages in a day perform'd.

When kindly gleams dissolve the winter snows
From Alpine hills, with such impetuous haste
The icy torrent flows,
In vain the rocks oppose,
It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the regions waste.
Stop Goddess! thy presumptuous flight,
Nor soar to such a dang'rous height;
Raise not the ghost of his departed fame,
To pierce our conscious souls with guilty shame;
But tune thy harp to humbler lays,
Nor meditate offensive praise.

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