

Albert Howes.

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BELL'S EDITION.  
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN  
COMPLETE FROM  
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



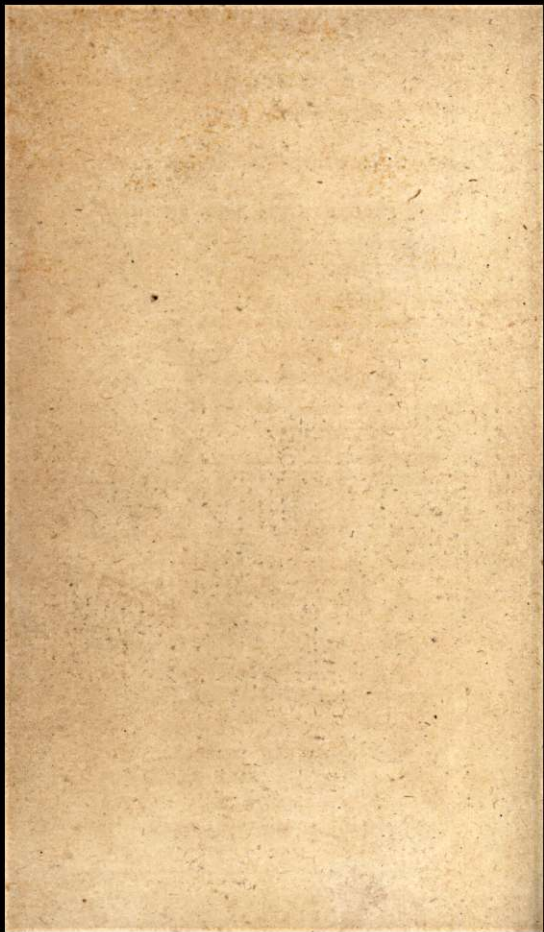
YOUNG VOLUME III.  
Sereue, quoth Adam, lo'twas crusht by me  
Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee

Paradise Lost

*Mortimer del.*

*Gregson sculp.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London November 20<sup>th</sup> 1777.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF THE REVEREND  
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

When Father's crimes of a Heav'nly age  
Reproach our Justice, and demand our rage;  
When Father's blood is on each Christian's face,  
Let not improve in Britain's fatal race;  
When the Law flows not with blood, but grace and life,  
And South-Sea ventures are not thought on right;  
When Churchmen's Sermons for the Church are  
Poetic epigrams from God's grace so writ;  
When men grow great from their revenue's store,  
And by their wealth's aid purchase more;  
When they labour to blot out their names,  
Instruct the Church the lessons of a shame;  
To chide our Spleen when others live their lives,  
Still passive reign, and venture state;  
And strive with nothing—but their power;  
And strive with nothing—but their power;

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VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MESSRS.

AND 1777.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF THE REVEREND  
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.  
VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

LAST DAY,	EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,
FORCE OF RELIGION,	EPISTLE TO L. LANSDOWN,
LOVE OF FAME,	LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

---

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse! with truths like these  
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please.  
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,  
Like just tribunals, bind an awful brow.  
How terrible it were to common sense,  
To write a satire which gave none offence?  
And since from life I take the draughts you see,  
If men dislike them, do they censure me?  
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,  
And godlike an attempt the world to mend:  
The world! where lucky throws to blockheads fall,  
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all. SAT. III.

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EDINBURG:  
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.  
*Anno 1777.*



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF THE REVEREND  
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age  
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;  
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,  
Like arts, improve in Britain's skillful hand;  
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,  
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;  
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,  
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;  
When men grow great from their revenue spent,  
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;  
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,  
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;  
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,  
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?---  
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,  
And satirize with nothing---but their praise? SAT. I.

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VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF THE REVEREND  
DR. EDWARD YOUNG,  
VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

LETTER TO MR. TICKELL,		LAST DAY,
EPISTLE TO MR. FORD,		FORCE OF RELIGION,
EPISTLE TO L. LANGDOWN,		LOVE OF FAME,

---

The bold these words, that, Man! which words like these  
 will come off, when in a public place.  
 Let others rather to be better, than  
 like this, to be better, than  
 how terrible it were to common sense,  
 To give a name which has none others?  
 And here from this I take the danger you see,  
 It may be that these do they contain not?  
 The fool and have the pleasure to offend,  
 And he who in strength the world to mend;  
 The world where, looky shows to the world's fall,  
 knows how the game, and how to pay all.  
 Vol. III.

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EDINBURG:  
AT THE Bell's Fields, BY THE MARRING.  
1777.



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# THE LAST DAY.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

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Venit summa dies. ———

VIRG.

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## BOOK I.

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Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corasca  
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu  
Terra tremit: fugere ferae; et mortalia corda  
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. ....

VIRG.

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---

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great,  
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,  
With Britain's hero \* set their souls on fire,  
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire,  
I draw a deeper scene; a scene that yields 5  
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;  
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,  
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan;  
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,  
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom. 10  
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,  
And ask my anxious heart if it be mine.

\* The Duke of Marlborough.

Volume III.

A



Whatever great or dreadful has been done  
 Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,  
 Is far beneath my daring. I look down 15  
 On all the splendours of the British crown.  
 'This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;  
 Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!  
 O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,  
 Of every various order, place, and kind, 20  
 Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays;  
 'Tis your eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!  
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall,  
 If at thy nod, from discord, and from night, 25  
 Sprang beauty, and yon' sparkling worlds of light,  
 Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;  
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;  
 To my great subject thou my breast inspire,  
 And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire. 30

Man! bear thy brow aloft, view every grace  
 In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face;  
 See Spring's gay bloom, see golden Autumn's store,  
 See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar.  
 Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail, 35  
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.  
 Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;  
 Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;  
 'There vallies, fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,  
 Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds: 40



There to the skies aspiring hills ascend,  
And into distant lands their shades extend.  
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,  
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride.  
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,  
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.  
Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;  
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.  
How far from east to west the lab'ring eye  
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:  
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,  
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.  
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,  
Call forth the seasons, and the year control:  
They shine thro' time with an unalter'd ray,  
See this grand period rise, and that decay:  
So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,  
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;  
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,  
'Twere sin in Heathens not to have ador'd.  
How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears!  
How worthy an immortal round of years!  
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,  
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:  
The tract forgot where constellations shone,  
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:  
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,  
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,  
(A dreadful secret in the book of Fate!)  
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,  
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;  
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,  
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;  
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,  
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes;  
While the still busy world is treading o'er  
The paths they trod five thousand years before,  
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,  
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;  
(Ye sublunary Worlds! awake, awake!  
Ye Rulers of the nations! hear, and shake!)  
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,  
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay,  
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,  
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;  
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,  
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;  
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,  
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;  
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,  
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.  
When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd  
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,  
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call  
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;



Th' extended circuit of creation shake,  
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh pow'ful blast! to which no equal sound  
Did e'er the frighted ear of Nature wound, 100  
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,  
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,  
Tho' God's whole enginry, discharg'd, and all  
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware? 105  
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?  
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,  
Can promise for the safety of mankind.  
None are supinely good; thro' care and pain,  
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain. 110  
This is the scene of combat, not of rest;  
Man's is laborious happiness at best:  
On this side death his dangers never cease;  
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of Fate, 115  
And bending to the terms of human state,  
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,  
When Beauty smiles, or Grandeur spreads her charms,  
The conscious soul would this great scene display,  
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array, 120  
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,  
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;  
Such deep impression would the picture make,  
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake;

Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand, 125  
And look regardless down on sea and land;  
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,  
And Death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain!  
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,  
And danger serve but to exalt delight. 130

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,  
Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing,  
More boldly we our labours may pursue,  
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast, 135  
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and raising crest,  
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,  
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:  
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise  
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes; 140  
We view with joy what once did horror move,  
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my Muse! whom dismal scenes delight,  
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;  
Say, melancholy Maid! if bold to dare 145  
The last extremes of terror and despair,  
Oh say what change on earth, what heart in man,  
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late  
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state, 150  
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,  
Still onward in their circling journey press'd;



A grateful change of seasons come to bring,  
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring;  
Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,  
And some those watry worlds to sink or swell:  
Around her some their splendours to display,  
And gild her globe with tributary day:  
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,  
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,  
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,  
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.  
No sun in radiant glory shines on high,  
No light, but from the terrors of the sky:  
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,  
And all into a second chaos tofs'd:  
One universal ruin spreads abroad;  
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, Earth! thy fate: what then canst thou afford  
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?  
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,  
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?  
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow  
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?  
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,  
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?  
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?  
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?  
Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand  
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?

—



It flies the reach of thought: oh, save me, Pow'r  
Of pow'r's supreme, in that tremendous hour!  
Thou who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,  
And in thy dreadful agony swate blood;  
Thou who, for me, thro' every throbbing vein,  
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;  
Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,  
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;  
Defend me, O my God! oh, save me, Pow'r  
Of pow'r's supreme, in that tremendous hour! 185

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,  
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;  
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,  
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:  
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,  
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come. 195

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,  
While Death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,  
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command  
To change his native for a distant land:  
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree  
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;  
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,  
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword. 200

But why this idle toil to paint that day?  
This time elaborately thrown away?  
Words all in vain pant after the distress,  
The height of eloquence would make it less.  
Heav'n's! how the good man trembles?— 205



And is there a Last Day? and must there come 210  
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?  
Ambition! swell, and, thy proud sails to show,  
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow;  
Wealth! on a golden mountain blazing stand,  
And reach an India forth in either hand; 215  
Spread all thy purple clusters; tempting Vine!  
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty! shine:  
Shine all, in all your charms together rise,  
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,  
While I mount upward on a strong desire,  
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire, 220  
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!  
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!  
From our decays a pleasure to receive!  
And kindle into transport at a grave! 225  
What equals this? And shall the victor now  
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?  
Religion! oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!  
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!  
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole 230  
Creation aught but God and my own soul.  
For ever, then, my Soul! thy God adore,  
No let the brute-creation praise him more.  
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,  
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?  
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end; 236  
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,  
 To rest and silence aw'd by his command :  
 Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,  
 By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,  
 His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,  
 And turn to mild protectors of mankind.  
 Did not the prophet this great truth maintain  
 In the deep chambers of the gloomy main,  
 When Darkness round him all her horrors spread,  
 And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head ?  
 When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,  
 And all the warring winds tumultuous rise ;  
 When now the foaming surges, toss'd on high,  
 Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky ;  
 When death draws near, the mariners aghast,  
 Look back with terror on their actions past,  
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,  
 Their hearts, thro' fear and anguish, melt away ;  
 Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease ;  
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;  
 Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,  
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought  
 With gems and gold ; but, oh, the storm so high !  
 Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.  
 The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,  
 They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;  
 Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,  
 The billows close ; he's number'd with the dead.



(Hear, O ye Just! attend ye virtuous few!  
And the bright paths of piety pursue)  
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,  
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,  
Covers his servant with his gracious hand, 270  
And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand;  
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,  
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace;  
He bridles in the monsters of the deep;  
The bridled monsters awful distance keep; 275  
Forget their hunger while they view their prey,  
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; Nature's Lord  
Sends forth into the deep his pow'ful word,  
And calls the great Leviathan: the great 280  
Leviathan attends in all his state,  
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,  
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound,  
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,  
And drives vast billows to the distant land. 285

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air  
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,  
The whale expands his jaws' enormous size,  
The prophet views the cavern with surprise,  
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd, 290  
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side;  
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,  
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,  
 And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,  
 Or falls, immers'd, into the depths below,  
 Where the dead silent waters never flow;  
 To the foundations of the hills convey'd,  
 Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade;  
 Where plummet never reach'd he draws his breath,  
 And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,  
 Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves;  
 When the third morning, with its level rays,  
 The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,  
 It sees the king of waters rise, and pour  
 His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore;  
 A type of that great blessing which the Muse  
 In her next labour ardently pursues.

*End of Book First.*



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# THE LAST DAY.

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## BOOK II.

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— Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἐλθεῖν.

Λεῖψαν ἀποχομένων ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθονταί.

i. c.

PHOCYL.

We hope that the departed will rise again from the dust; after which,  
like the gods, they will be immortal.

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---

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,  
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head,  
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,  
And on the borders of new worlds appears.  
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,           5  
In wide eternity I dare be lost.  
The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,  
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.  
I grasp the whole; no more to parts confin'd,  
I lift my voice, and sing to human kind:           10  
I sing to men and angels; angels join,  
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.  
Again the trumpet's intermitted sound  
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,  
An universal concourse to prepare           15  
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;  
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,  
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,

*Volume III.*

B

To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,  
And spread an area for all human race. 20

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,  
And render back their long-committed dust;  
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all  
The various bones, obsequious to the call,  
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck, perhaps, to meet 25  
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.  
Dreadful to view, see thro' the dusky sky  
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,  
To distant regions journeying, there to claim  
Deserted members, and complete the frame. 30

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,  
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord:  
Yet one day lost, this deity below  
Became the scorn and pity of his foe;  
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made, 35  
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade:  
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,  
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell:  
Obscure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,  
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore! 40  
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,  
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.  
'This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,  
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.  
The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear,  
Or fix'd in earth, or if afflote in air, 45



Obey the signal wafted in the wind,  
And not one sleeping atom lay behind.

So swarming bees that, on a summer's day,  
In airy rings and wild meanders play,  
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings end,  
And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,  
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,  
Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,  
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid,  
Or rather coasted on her final state,  
And fear'd, or wish'd, for her appointed fate;  
This soul, returning with a constant flame,  
Now weds for ever her immortal frame: 60  
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,  
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd  
First takes a copy of the builder's mind;  
Before the structure firm, with lasting oak,  
And marble bowels of the solid rock,  
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,  
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;  
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,  
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass. 70

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome,  
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come

• Westminster-Abbey.



From camps and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,  
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;  
That solemn mansion of the royal dead, 75  
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,  
Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race  
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space;  
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,  
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord. 80  
Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,  
Labours with man to this his second birth;  
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,  
And gilded theatres invade the skies,  
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones 85  
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.  
The most magnificent and costly dome  
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.  
No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,  
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave: 90  
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn  
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:  
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes,  
Shrink backward from the terror of the light, 95  
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night:  
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood  
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,  
Whose firm resolve nor beauty could melt down,  
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown; 100

Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen  
To face the thunders with a godlike mien.  
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;  
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move.  
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide, 105  
A yawning gulf, and fiends on every side,  
Serene they view, impatient of delay,  
And bless the dawn of everlasting day. 108

Here Greatness prostrate falls; there Strength gives  
Here lazars smile; there Beauty hides her face.  
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,  
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.  
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,  
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,  
In mutual friendship their long slumber break, 115  
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm  
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,  
Than those whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,  
Have made them public fathers of mankind. 120  
In that illustrious rank what shining light,  
With such distinguish'd glory, fills my sight?  
Bend down, my grateful Muse! that homage show,  
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.  
Wickham! Fox! Chichley\*! hail, illustrious names!  
Who to far distant times dispense your beams; 126

\* Founders of New-college, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the Author was a member.

Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,  
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.  
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'twas your great renown  
To bless a people, and oblige a crown; 130  
And now you rise, eternally to shine,  
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! oh how shall mortal raise  
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,  
For bounty so profuse to human kind, 135  
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal Mind?  
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less,  
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,  
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire  
Of ev'ry star shall languish and expire? 140  
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,  
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?  
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,  
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,  
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught, 145  
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?  
All that has being in full concert join,  
And celebrate the depths of love divine!

But, oh! before this blissful state, before  
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar, 150  
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,  
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw;  
Attend, great Anna! with religious awe:



Expect not here the known successful arts 155  
To win attention, and command our hearts.

Fiction! be far away; let no machine,  
Descending here, no fabled god, be seen;  
Behold the God of gods indeed descend,  
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend! 160

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space  
Must entertain the whole of human race,  
At Heav'n's all-pow'ful edict is prepar'd,  
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.

Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow 165  
The mighty plain, and deluge all below,  
And ev'ry age and nation pours along;  
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;  
Adam salutes his youngest son: no sign  
Of all those ages which their births disjoin. 170

How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!

What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,  
To fix a hero's birth-day or descent?  
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise, 175  
To see the glorious race of ancient days?

To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood  
Illustrious on record before the flood?  
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,  
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands. 180

How vast the concourse! not in number more  
The waves that break on the resounding shore,

The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,  
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above;  
 Those overwhelming armies, whose command  
 Said to one empire Fall; another, Stand;  
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn  
 Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;  
 Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,  
 Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,  
 (Another blow had broke the Fates' decree,  
 And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)  
 Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host;  
 They all are here, and here they all are lost:  
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,  
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,  
 "For judgment, judgment, Sons of men! prepare!"  
 Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,  
 And Hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,  
 Bless'd with most equal planets at thy birth,  
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,  
 Most realms united in one common lord,  
 Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine  
 The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;  
 Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas! my Muse!  
 How art thou lost? what numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,  
 And now the crimson curtains open fly;



Lo! far within, and far above all height,  
Where heav'n's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,  
Whence Nature he informs, and with one ray,  
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,  
Creates, supports, confounds! where time, and place,  
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,  
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,  
And move obedient at his awful nod;  
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl  
At random on this air-suspended ball,  
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,  
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold, (but mortal sight  
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)  
I see, on an empyreal flying throne  
Sublimely rais'd, heav'n's everlasting Son,  
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,  
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.  
Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence,  
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.  
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,  
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.  
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,  
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.  
Where'er, serene, he turns propitious eyes,  
Or we expect, or find, a paradise;  
But if repentment reddens their mild beams,  
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.



On one hand Knowledge shines in purest light;  
 On one the sword of Justice, fiercely bright.  
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;  
 Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n the Source  
 Of life and death eternal bends his course;  
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;  
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:  
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,  
 And mingling voices in rich concert swell;  
 Voices seraphic: blest'd with such a strain,  
 Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of glory! Soul of Bliss!  
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this?  
 O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn  
 And indigence of him in Bethle'm born;  
 A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,  
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast?  
 How chang'd from him who, meekly prostrate laid,  
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?  
 From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,  
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and  
 Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,  
 All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?  
 And was't enough to bid the sun retire?  
 Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?  
 I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;  
 The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.



Mistaken Caiaphas! ah! which blasphem'd,  
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?  
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim,  
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame! 270  
But God is good! 'tis wondrous all! ev'n he  
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight,  
From earth full twice a planetary height:  
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise, 275  
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze;  
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round  
Its ample foot the swelling billows found:  
These an immeasurable arch support,  
The grand tribunal of this awful court: 280  
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,  
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns  
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies, [fly:  
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd, 285  
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;  
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,  
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,  
From off his silver staff, of wondrous height, 290  
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,  
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:  
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,  
Where'er it flotes, on earth, and air, and main;

Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood, 295  
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!  
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.

Ah turn, unwary Muse! nor dare reveal  
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell, 300

Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)  
Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream;

Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,  
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway:

But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold 305  
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind  
Quick, and severe, its own offence to find?

By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,  
And all the pious violence of pray'r? 310

Thus then, with fervency, till now unknown,  
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,

In this great temple, which the skies surround  
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

“ O Thou! whose balance doest the mountains weigh,  
“ Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey, 316

“ Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,  
“ That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;

“ Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,  
“ And on the boundless of thy goodness calls. 320

“ Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,  
“ To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

" Thy pow'r, my weaknefs, may I ever fee,  
 " And wholly dedicate my foul to thee:  
 " Reign o'er my will; my paffions ebb and flow 325  
 " At thy command, nor human motive know!  
 " If anger boil, let anger be my praife,  
 " And fin the graceful indignation raife:  
 " My love be warm to fuccour the diftrefs'd,  
 " And lift the burden from the foul opprefs'd. 330  
 " Oh may my understanding ever read  
 " This glorious volume which thy wifdom made!  
 " Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?  
 " Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?  
 " Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown? 335  
 " And bids old Winter lay her honours down?  
 " Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,  
 " Not Europe's arbitrefs of peace and war.  
 " May fea, and land, and earth, and heav'n, be join'd,  
 " To bring th' eternal Author to my mind! 340  
 " When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,  
 " May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my foul;  
 " When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly fhine,  
 " Adore, my Heart! the majefly Divine.  
 " Thro' ev'ry fcene of life, or peace, or war, 345  
 " Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!  
 " Shine we in arms? or fieg beneath our vine?  
 " Thine is the vintage, and the conqueft thine:  
 " Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow,  
 " The cluster blafts, or bids it brightly glow: 350



“ 'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,  
“ And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the North.  
“ Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,  
“ Open with pray'r the consecrated day;  
“ Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise, 355  
“ And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:  
“ As that advances, let my zeal improve,  
“ And glow with ardour of consummate love;  
“ Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun  
“ My endless worship shall be still begun. 360  
“ And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn Night  
“ To sacred thought may forcibly invite.  
“ When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,  
“ Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;  
“ Compose our souls with a less dazzling light, 365  
“ And shew all Nature in a milder light;  
“ How every boistrous thought in calms subsides!  
“ How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!  
“ O how divine! to tread the Milky Way,  
“ To the bright palace of the Lord of day; 370  
“ His court admire, or for his favour sue,  
“ Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;  
“ Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,  
“ While I long vigils to its founder keep!  
“ Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh, control,  
“ Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul. 376  
“ Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,  
“ Restrain the various tumults of my blood:



- “ Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain  
“ Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain. — 380  
“ O may I pant for thee in each desire!  
“ And with strong faith foment the holy fire!  
“ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize  
“ Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!  
“ At the great day of recompense behold, — 385  
“ Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!  
“ Then wadded upward to the blissful seat,  
“ From age to age my grateful song repeat;  
“ My light, my life, my God, my Saviour, see,  
“ And rival angels in the praise of thee.” 390

*End of Book Second.*

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# THE LAST DAY.

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## BOOK III.

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Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,  
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli  
Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret.

OVID MET.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat  
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate  
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,  
And all the horrors of the world below,  
I next presume to sing. What yet remains 5  
Demands my last, but most exalted strains;  
And let the Muse or now affect the sky,  
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.  
She kindles; she's inflam'd, so near the goal;  
She mounts: she gains upon the starry pole; 10  
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,  
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.  
Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,  
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!  
The triumph rings! archangels shout around! 15  
And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound!  
Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;  
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:  
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,  
As Nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last. 20  
Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on high  
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky;

Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,  
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;  
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd, 25  
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.  
And thou, my Soul! (oh, fall to sudden pray'r,  
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

See on the left (for by the great command  
The throng divided falls on either hand) 30  
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,  
What more than death in every face and mien?  
With what distress, and glarings of affright,  
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?  
In gloomy orbs their trembling eyeballs roll, 35  
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul:  
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,  
And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair.  
Reader! if guilty, spare the Muse, and find  
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind. 40

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,  
And all the soft companions of thy life,  
Whose blended int'rests leuell'd at one aim,  
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,  
Divided far, thy wretched self alone 45  
Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known,  
How would it wound? what millions wouldst thou  
For one more trial, one day more to live?  
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,  
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace, 50



Contend for mercy with a pious rage,  
 And in that moment to redeem an age?  
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,  
 Arrest the sun, but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace! 55  
 Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!  
 What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,  
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!  
 Triumphant Beauty! charms that rise above  
 This world, and in bless'd angels kindle love! 60  
 To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,  
 And dare behold th'Almighty's anger burn,  
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,  
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.

Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust? 65  
 Oh the transcendent glory of the just!  
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt  
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws  
 Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye, [nigh,  
 Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein, 71  
 And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,  
 Lest still some intervening chance should rise,  
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,  
 In flame his woe, by bringing it so late, 75  
 And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,  
 Now into one distinct survey is cast,



Look round, vain-glorious Muse! and you whoe'er  
Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair,  
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,  
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace;  
Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd or resign'd;  
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;  
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low,  
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;  
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,  
Could bind the madness of the roaring main;  
All lost? all undistinguish'd? nowhere found?  
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound? 90

That hour, on which the Almighty King on high,  
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,  
Whether his right hand favour'd or annoy'd,  
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,  
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,  
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;  
The point of time, for which the world was built,  
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,  
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.—

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display,  
Brighter than brightness this distinguish'd day;  
Less glorious when of old th' eternal Son  
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;  
Thro' heav'n's high gates when he triumphant rode,  
And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God. 105



Horrors beneath, darknefs in darknefs, hell  
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;  
 A furnace formidable, deep and wide,  
 O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,  
 Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey, **110**  
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey:  
 The fons of light scarce unappall'd look down,  
 And nearer prefs heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space  
 Concludes the hopes and fears of human race. **115**  
 Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;  
 The whole creation swims before my sight:  
 I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;  
 Say not 'tis distant; I behold it now:  
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow, **120**  
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;  
 That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast  
 In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?”  
 “ Ah! cruel Death, that would no longer save, **125**  
 “ But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,  
 “ And cast me out into the wrath of God;  
 “ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,  
 “ And all the dreadful eloquence of Pain,  
 “ Our only song; black fire's malignant light, **130**  
 “ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.  
 “ Must all those pow'rs Heav'n gave me to supply  
 “ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,



- “ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,  
“ Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe? 135  
“ And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,  
“ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?  
“ Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,  
“ And with existence only measure pain?  
“ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n, 140  
“ No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n!  
“ Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?  
“ Is love extinguish'd in the Source of love?  
“ Bold that I am, did Heav'n stoop down to hell?  
“ Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal? 145  
“ Have I not been industrious to provoke?  
“ From his embraces obstinately broke?  
“ Pursu'd and panted for his mortal hate,  
“ Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?  
“ And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim? 150  
“ Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning flame;  
“ Just is my lot—but, oh! must it transcend  
“ The reach of time, despair a distant end?  
“ With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise, 154  
“ Where Thought can't follow, and bold Fancy dies!  
“ Never! where falls the soul at that dread sound?  
“ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!  
“ Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)  
“ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;  
“ My plunge but still begun—and this for sin? 160  
“ Could I offend if I had never been,



" But still increas'd the senseless happy mass, "   
 " Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass? "   
 " Father of mercies! why from silent earth "   
 " Did'st thou awake, and curse me into birth? 165 "   
 " Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night, "   
 " And make a thankless present of thy light? "   
 " Push into being a reverse of thee, "   
 " And animate a clod with misery? 169 "   
 " The beasts are happy; they come forth, and keep "   
 " Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep: "   
 " Pain is for man; and, oh! how vast a pain "   
 " For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain? "   
 " Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay, "   
 " And flung his agonies and death away? 175 "   
 " As our dire punishment for ever strong, "   
 " Our constitution, too, for ever young, "   
 " Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same, "   
 " Pow'rful to bear, and satisfy the flame; "   
 " Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd! 180 "   
 " To perish still, and still to be renew'd! "   
 " And this, my Help! my God! at thy decree? "   
 " Nature is chang'd, and hell should succour me. "   
 " And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss, "   
 " And see me plunging in the dark abyss? 185 "   
 " Calling thee Father in a sea of fire? "   
 " Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire? "   
 " With mortals' anguish wilt thou raise thy name, "   
 " And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim? "



“ Thou who canst tofs the planets to and fro,  
“ Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe ; 191  
“ Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall’n angels lay ;  
“ On me almighty wrath is caft away.  
“ Call back thy thunders, Lord ! hold in thy rage,  
“ Nor with a fpeck of wretchednefs engage : 195  
“ Forget me quite, nor ftoop a worm to blame,  
“ But lofe me in the greatnefs of thy name.  
“ Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,  
“ And fhall I make thofe glories ceafe to fhine ?  
“ Shall finful man grow great by his offence, 200  
“ And from its courfe turn back Omnipotence ?  
“ Forbid it ! and, oh ! grant, great God ! at leaft  
“ This one, this flender, almoft no request ;  
“ When I have wept a thoufand lives away,  
“ When Torment is grown weary of its prey, 205  
“ When I have rav’d ten thoufand years in fire,  
“ Ten thoufand thoufands, let me then expire.”

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopelefs foul  
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,  
Tho’ loath, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns 210  
He’s juſtly doom’d to pour eternal groans ;  
Inclos’d with horrors, and tranſfix’d with pain,  
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain ;  
To talk to fiery tempeſts, to implore  
The raging flame to give its burnings o’er ; 215  
To tofs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,  
And bear the weight of an offended God.



The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move  
 To take possession of their thrones above,  
 Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply, 220  
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky;  
 Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,  
 And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;  
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,  
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth; 225  
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,  
 And lift the voice to their Almighty King;  
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,  
 And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.  
 But I attempt the wondrous height in vain, 230  
 And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:  
 What boldly I begin let others end;  
 My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,  
 And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,  
 Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame. 235

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,  
 And Nature shrinks at her approaching doom;  
 Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all  
 Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball;  
 Sharp lightnings with the meteors' blaze conspire, 240  
 And, darted downward, set the world on fire:  
 Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,  
 And spiry flames dart thro' the rolling smoke,  
 With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,  
 And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light; 255



From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,  
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,  
T' enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,  
Swells in the storm, and billows thro' the sky:  
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend, 250  
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend;  
Here blazing volumes, wafed, overwhelm  
The spacious face of a far distant realm;  
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,  
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills. 255

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which  
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook? [broke  
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell?  
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell,  
Which seem'd, above the reach of Fate, to stand 260  
A tow'ring monument of God's right-hand,  
Now dust and smoke, whose brow, so lately, spread  
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all  
The various rulers of the sever'd ball 265  
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,  
That land which Heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,  
Once call'd Britannia; can her glories end?  
And can't furrounding seas her realms defend?  
Alas! in flames behold furrounding seas! 270  
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say where ran proud Asia's bound?  
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?

Where stretch'd waste Lybia? where did India's store  
Sparkle in di'monds, and her golden ore? 275  
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,  
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:  
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,  
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies, 280  
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;  
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,  
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,  
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aspire, 285  
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their  
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away; [prey;  
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,  
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.  
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire, 290  
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;  
The devastations of one dreadful hour  
The great Creator's six days' work devour:  
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one soul  
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole; 295  
Exalted in superior excellence,  
Casts down to nothing such a vast expense.  
Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,  
An earth dissolving, a descending God?  
What strange surprises thro' all nature ran? 300  
For whom these revolutions but for man?



For him Omnipotence new measures takes,  
For him thro' all eternity awakes;  
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply  
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky. 305  
Think deeply then, O Man! how great thou art;  
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;  
What angels guard no longer dare neglect,  
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.  
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast, 310  
And gaze and wander there, a ravish'd guest;  
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,  
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.  
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light  
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright! 315  
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth!  
There buds the promise of celestial worth!  
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,  
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.  
Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate, 320  
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait;  
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod,  
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God  
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high  
Yon' radiant orb, proud regent of the sky: 325  
That service done, its beams shall fade away,  
And God shine forth in one eternal day. 327

*End of Book Third.*

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THE FORCE OF RELIGION:  
OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A P O E M.  
IN TWO BOOKS.

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Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

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BOOK I.

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-----Ad coelum ardentia lumina tollens,  
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. VIRG.

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FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,  
And open'd wondrous scenes above the sky,  
My Muse! descend: indulge my fond desire;  
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,  
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:  
A partial world will listen to my lays  
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name  
Unrivall'd in the glorious lists of Fame.

Hear, ye fair Daughters of this happy land!  
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,  
Virtue is beauty; but when charms of mind  
With elegance of outward form are join'd;  
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,  
And Fortune sets them in the strongest light,



'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view, 15  
And all but adoration is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn  
Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen, was born :  
When now Maria's pow'rful arms prevail'd,  
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd, 20  
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,  
In blooming youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,  
And innocently fill'd another's throne,  
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state, 25  
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of Fate.

But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,  
With manly reason fortify his heart ?  
At once she longs, and is afraid to know ;  
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow, 30  
To find her lord, and, finding, passes by,  
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye,  
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief disclose  
The mournful secret of his inward woes.  
Thus after sickness, doubtful of her face, 35  
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,  
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,  
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,  
While tender accents melt upon her tongue ; 40  
Gentle and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,  
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

" Grieve not, my Lord; a crown, indeed, is lost;  
 " What far outshines a crown we still may boast;  
 " A mind compos'd, a mind that can disdain 45  
 " A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.  
 " Nothing is loss that virtue can improve  
 " To wealth eternal, and return above;  
 " Above, where no distinction shall be known  
 " 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne  
 " And him who, basking in the smiles of Fate, 55  
 " Shone forth in all the splendour of the great:  
 " Nor can I find the difference here below;  
 " I lately was a queen; I still am so,  
 " While Guilford's wife: thee rather I obey, 60  
 " Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.  
 " When we lie down in some obscure retreat,  
 " Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;  
 " And I to death my duty will improve,  
 " And what you miss in empire add in love— 65  
 " Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,  
 " And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.  
 " For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,  
 " To find with what content we lay it down.  
 " Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race 70  
 " Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd  
 Her drooping lord, whose boding bosom fear'd  
 A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed  
 Severer vengeance on her guiltless head. 70



Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!  
For, lo! a guard!—forgive him if he melt—  
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,  
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride  
In space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell;  
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well:  
His pain was equal, but his virtue less;  
He thought in grief there could be no excess.  
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,  
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;  
Now, silent, wander'd thro' his rooms of state,  
And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate,  
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,  
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.  
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,  
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;  
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,  
And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon which summon'd to delight,  
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,  
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms  
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms,  
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,  
Empire and love! the vision of a day.

Thus, in the British clime, a summer-storm  
Will oft' the smiling face of heav'n deform;  
The winds with violence at once descend,  
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend;

A sudden winter, while the sun is near,  
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year. 100

But whither is the captive borne away,  
The beauteous captive! from the cheerful day?  
The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes  
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise:  
For pomp and splendour, for her guard and crown,  
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:  
Black thoughts, each morn, invade the lover's breast;  
Each night a ruffian locks the Queen to rest.

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!  
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.  
Religion's force divine is best display'd  
In deep desertion of all human aid:  
To succour in extremes is her delight,  
And cheer the heart when terror strikes the fight.  
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,  
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise  
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,  
And comfort those who come to bring relief:  
We gaze, and, as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,  
And all the world's vain glories fade away. 120

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,  
And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,  
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,  
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,  
Address'd her God—"Almighty Pow'r Divine! 125  
" 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;

“ With honour to light up the name unknown,  
“ Or to put out the lustre of a throne.  
“ In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,  
“ And tho' with ill frail nature will be mov'd, 130  
“ I'll bear it well: (O strengthen me to bear!)  
“ And if my piety may claim thy care,  
“ If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,  
“ And tumult of a court, a future state,  
“ O favour, when thy mercy I implore, 135  
“ For one who never guilty sceptre bore!  
“ 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;  
“ If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me:  
“ Let him survive, his country's name to raise,  
“ And in a guilty land to speak thy praise! 140  
“ O may th' indulgence of a father's love,  
“ Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!  
“ If these are safe, I'll think my pray'rs succeed,  
“ And bless thy tender mercies whilst I bleed.”  
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day: 145  
In which the Queen to her full wrath gave way;  
Thro' rigid justice rush'd into offence,  
And drank, in zeal, the blood of Innocence.  
The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn  
The sad necessity of his return; 150  
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,  
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain;  
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;  
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet Innocence in chains can take her rest; **155**  
 Soft slumber gently creeping thro' her breast,  
 She sinks; and in her sleep is re-enthron'd,  
 Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.  
 She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,  
 And stretches wide her shadow of command: **160**  
 With royal purple is her vision hung;  
 By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung;  
 Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies;  
 Our pris'ner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.  
 Now level beams upon the waters play'd,  
 Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade;  
 The busy trades in City had began  
 To sound, and speak the painful life of man.  
 In tyrants' breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouze;  
 And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse. **170**  
 At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,  
 Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;  
 Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;  
 Her real pomps were little more than dreams;  
 A short-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,  
 That dy'd in birth, that shone, and were no more:  
 She turns her side, and soon resumes a state  
 Of mind well suited to her alter'd fate,  
 Serene, tho' serious, when dread tidings come  
 (Ah wretched Guilford!) of her instant doom. **180**  
 Sun! hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night,  
 Thy face involve; be guiltless of the fight;



Or haste more swiftly to the western main,  
Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain!  
—Oh! how severe! to fall so new a bride,  
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;  
When Time had just matur'd each perfect grace,  
And open'd all the wonders of her face!  
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,  
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief. 190  
Unhappy Fair! whatever Fancy drew,  
(Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view;  
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,  
No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;  
Pleasures that blossom e'en from doubts and fears,  
And bliss and rapture rising out of cares: 196  
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,  
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;  
Who, when her dearest father shall return,  
From pouring tears on her untimely urn, 200  
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,  
And fill her place in his indulgent heart;  
As where fruits fall quick-rising blossoms smile,  
And the bless'd Indian of his cares beguile.

In vain these various reasons jointly press  
To blacken death, and heighten her distress;  
She thro' th' encircling terrors darts her sight  
To the bless'd regions of eternal light,  
And fills her soul with peace: to weeping friends  
Her father and her lord she recommends, 210



Unmov'd herself : her foes her air survey,  
And rage to see their malice thrown away.  
She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care—  
But Guilford, who still struggles for his share.  
Still will his form importunately rise,  
Clog and retard her transport to the skies.  
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,  
Now catch the brand with a returning light,  
Thus her soul onward, from the seats above  
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.  
At length she conquers in the doubtful field ;  
That Heav'n she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.  
Now Death is welcome ; his approach is slow ;  
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh, Mortals ! short of sight, who think the past  
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last :  
Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,  
And oft' in life form one perpetual chain :  
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,  
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,  
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near :  
Her rigid trials are not yet complete ;  
The news arrives of her great father's fate.  
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,  
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.  
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last  
Ere the dire sentence on her father past !



A fonder parent Nature never knew,  
And as his age increas'd his fondness grew. 240  
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd;  
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.  
And can she from all weakness still refrain?  
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?  
Impossible! a sigh will force its way, 245  
One patient tear her mortal birth betray;  
She sighs and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs,  
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial Patience! how dost thou defeat  
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate? 250  
While Passion takes his part, betrays our peace,  
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;  
By not opposing thou dost ills destroy,  
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious mind 255  
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.  
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,  
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.  
The sword is drawn; the Queen to rage inclin'd,  
By mercy nor by piety confin'd. 260  
What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,  
Whose piety itself converts to rage?  
She thought, and sigh'd: and now the blood began  
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan:  
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye, 265  
And on her cheek the fading roses die.

Alas! should Guilford too—When now she's brought  
To that dire view, that precipice of thought,  
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,  
Nor can recede, 'till Heav'n's decrees are known. 270  
Cure of all ills, till now, her lord appears—  
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears!  
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,  
To chase the shadows and the damps away,  
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep 275  
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.  
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,  
His voice was frozen by his cold despair;  
Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;  
A dying paleness sat upon his face. 280  
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,  
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;  
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,  
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercastr, 285  
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;  
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,  
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend,  
Till broke, at length, its snowy leaves are shed,  
And strew with dying sweets their native bed. 290

*End of Book First.*



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THE FORCE OF RELIGION:  
OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

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BOOK II.

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Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis? VIRG.

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HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,  
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.  
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,  
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire.  
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light, 5  
And Guilford, too, or she had loath'd the sight.  
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,  
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan.  
" Ah! Guilford!" she began, and would have spoke,  
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke: 10  
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,  
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his image in the well,  
When tears upon the yielding surface fell;  
The scatter'd features slid into decay, 15  
And spreading circles drove his face away.  
To touch the soft affections, and control  
The manly temper of the bravest soul,  
What with afflicted beauty can compare,  
And drops of love distilling from the fair? 20

It melts us down; our pains delight bestow,  
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd; and, with excess of pain,  
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain  
The weeping fair: sunk deep in soft desire, 25  
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire;  
Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,  
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,  
With ill-diffembled grief, "My Life! forbear;  
" You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear: A  
" Did you not chide my grief? repress your own, 31  
" Nor want compassion for yourself alone: *behold A*  
" Have you beheld how, from the distant main, *o'er the*  
" The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train, *A*  
" And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore, 35  
" There burst their noisy pride, and are no more? *But*  
" Thus the successive flows of human race, *" All*  
" Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase; *But*  
" They found and swell, their haughty heads they rear,  
" Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear. 40  
" Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay, *So the you*  
" And where's the mighty lucre of a day? *When*  
" Why should you mourn my fate? 'tis most unkind;  
" Your own you bore with an unshaken mind: *be A*  
" And which, can you imagine, was the dart? 45  
" That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?  
" I cannot live without you; and my doom *What*  
" I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.— *A*



“ And are again your tears profusely spilt?  
“ Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt; 50  
“ It foils itself if it recall your pain:—  
“ Life of my life! I beg you to refrain:  
“ The load which Fate imposes you increase,  
“ And help Matia to destroy my peace.”

But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd; 55  
The more he comforted the more she mourn'd.  
Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind  
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind.  
Her sorrow flow'd in streams; nor her's alone;  
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own. 60  
Where are the smiles she wore when she, so late,  
Hail'd him great partner of the regal state;  
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,  
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?

'Tis now the Queen's command they both retreat,  
To weep with dignity, and mourn in state: 66  
She forms the decent misery with joy,  
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.  
A spacious hall is hung with black, all light  
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night: 70  
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,  
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky;  
It sheds a quiv'ring, melancholy gloom,  
Which only shews the darkness of the room:  
A shining axe is on the table laid, 75  
A dreadful sight! and glitters thro' the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd,  
A scene of terrors to a guilty mind!  
A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares,  
And quite extinguish'd every love but theirs.  
What can they do? they fix their mournful eyes —  
Then Guilford thus, abruptly; “ I despise  
“ An empire lost; I fling away the crown;  
“ Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;  
“ But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,  
“ Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?  
“ Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand  
“ In full possession of thy snowy hand!  
“ And, thro' th' unclouded crystal of thy eye,  
“ The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy!  
“ Till rapture reason happily destroys,  
“ And my soul wanders thro' immortal joys!  
“ Give me the world, and ask me where's my bliss?  
“ I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, This.  
“ And shall the grave” — He groans, and can no more,  
But all her charms in silence traces o'er;  
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,  
And, wond'ring, sees, in sad presaging thought,  
From that fair neck, that world of beauty, fall,  
And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!  
Oh! let those tremble who are greatly blest'd!  
For who but Guilford could be thus distress'd?  
Come hither, all you Happy! all you Great!  
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;



Nor think I call your pleasures to destroy, 105  
But to refine, and to exalt, your joy :  
Weep not ; but, smiling, fix your ardent care  
On nobler titles than the brave or fair.

Was ever such a mournful, moving, sight ?  
See, if you can, by that dim, trembling, light : 110  
Now they embrace ; and, mix'd with bitter woe,  
Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow :  
Now they start wide ; fix'd in bepumping care,  
They stiffen into statues of despair :  
Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind, 115  
They rush at once ; they fling their cares behind,  
And clasp, as if to death ; new vows repeat,  
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.  
A short delusion ! for the raging pain  
Returns, and their poor hearts must bleed again. 120

Mean time the Queen new cruelty decreed ;  
But ill content that they should only bleed,  
A priest is sent, who, with insidious art,  
Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart ;  
And Guilford drank it : hanging on the breast, 125  
He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.  
When now the ministers of Death draw nigh,  
And in her dearest lord she first must die,  
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find  
The most unguarded passes of her mind, 130  
Bespoke her thus : " Grieve not ; 'tis in your pow'r  
" Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."



Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;  
A sudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein;  
Life seems suspended, on his words intent,  
And her soul trembles for the great event. 135

The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of Rome,  
"And ward your own, your lord's, and father's, doom."  
Ye blessed Spirits! now your charge sustain;  
The past was ease; now first she suffers pain. 140  
Must she pronounce her father's death? must she  
Bid Guilford bleed?—It must not, cannot, be.  
It cannot be! but 'tis the Christian's praise,  
Above impossibilities to raise  
The weakness of our nature, and deride 145  
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride,  
What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart  
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;  
Tho' tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,  
And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake? 150  
Yet are we strong: hear the loud tempest roar  
From east to west, and call us weak no more:  
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims  
Our might, and thunders raise our humble names:  
'Tis our Jehovah fills the heav'ns; as long 155  
As he shall reign Almighty we are strong:  
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne,  
And almost make Omnipotence our own.  
We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r,  
And call forth triumph out of man's despair, 160

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes,  
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,  
Devoutly sad—then, bright'ning, like the day,  
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,  
Shining in majesty, till now unknown, 165  
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own,  
She, rising, speaks; "If these the terms—"

Here Guilford, cruel Guilford! (barb'rous man!  
Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran,  
O'erwhelm'd her, with tempestuous sorrow fraught,  
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought: 171  
Then, bursting fresh into a flood of tears,  
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears,  
His fears for her alone, he beat his breast,  
And thus the fervour of his soul express'd; 175

"Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,  
"And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!"  
"Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,  
"In pity to thyself forget the past!"  
"Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear, 180  
"Pronounce his doom whom thou hast held so dear:  
"Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore  
"Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;  
"That to continue was its utmost pow'r,  
"And make the future like the present hour: 185  
"Now call a ruffian, bid his cruel sword  
"Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;



“ Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim) O  
“ And stain his honour with a traitor’s name. d ha A  
“ This might perhaps be borne without remorse, 190  
“ But sure a father’s pangs will have their force! W  
“ Shall his good age, so near its journey’s end, shin  
“ Thro’ cruel torment to the grave descend? d ha A  
“ His shallow blood all issue at a wound, galliz, 20  
“ Wash a slave’s feet, and smoke upon the ground?  
“ But he to you has ever been severe; 196  
“ Then take your vengeance”—Suffolk now drew  
Bending beneath the burden of his care, [near, —  
His robes neglected, and his head was bare: Then, be, 1  
Decrepit Winter, in the yearly ring, stature, 200  
Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming Spring: H  
Downward he cast a melancholy look, And time the  
Thrice turn’d to hide his grief, then faintly spoke. ha A  
“ Now deep in years, and forward in decay, ha A ”  
“ That axe can only rob me of a day: d ha A 205  
“ For thee, my soul’s desire! I can’t refrain; ha A ”  
“ And shall my tears, my last tears, flow in vain? ”  
“ When you shall know a mother’s tender name, I ”  
“ My heart’s distress no longer will you blame.” ”  
At this, afar his burbling groans were heard; ign 210  
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard: ad T ”  
He snatch’d her hand, which to his lips he press’d, ”  
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast; Now col ”  
Then, sinking, call’d her piety unjust, SPSW va. I ”  
And foil’d his hoary temples in the dust. d ha A 215



Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?  
Has the Queen brib'd you to distress her foe?  
O weak deserters to Misfortune's part,  
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!  
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly, 220  
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky.  
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,  
Her sight recover, and disdain the wound,  
When cleaving love, and human int'rest, bind  
The broken force of her aspiring mind? 225  
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain  
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,  
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies  
His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies.

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,  
And with its force her resolution reels, 231  
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,  
To view discover, welt'ring on the ground,  
Three headless trunks of those whose arms maintain'd,  
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd: 235  
The lifted axe assur'd her ready doom,  
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.  
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,  
Nor truths to stagger human faith reveal?

She met this utmost malice of her fate 240  
With Christian dignity and pious state;  
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest'd,  
And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast.

Her lord and father, for a moment's space,  
 She strictly folded in her soft embrace! 245  
 Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,  
 And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky.  
 "Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate:  
 "I am well pleas'd you make my death so great:  
 "I joy I cannot save you; and have giv'n 250  
 "Two lives, much dearer than my own, to Heav'n,  
 "If so the Queen decrees\*.—But I have cause  
 "To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;  
 "And there is mercy still, for you, in store:  
 "With me the bitterness of Death is o'er; 255  
 "He shot his sting in that farewell embrace,  
 "And all that is to come is joy and peace.  
 "Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,  
 "Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."  
 Then, turning to the ministers of Fate, 260  
 She, smiling, says, "My victory's complete;  
 "And tell your Queen I thank her for the blow,  
 "And grieve my gratitude I cannot show.  
 "A poor return I leave in England's crown,  
 "For everlasting pleasure and renown: 265  
 "Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;  
 "Her guilt,—the only vengeance in her pow'r."  
 Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate,  
 And fierce Maria pity'd her too late. 269

\* Here she embraces them.

*End of Book Second.*



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LOVE OF FAME,  
THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

In seven characteristical

SATIRES.

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-----Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru  
Non minus ignotos generosis.

HOR.

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PREFACE.

*THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad: I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters, though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public, or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.*

*But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased*

*Volume III.*

F



out of the world by satire; all, therefore, that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written. Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions: ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that, I hope, these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now, to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this reason, because what men aim at by them is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of design which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.



Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some may teach; for to reason we owe our passions. Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality; the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the Sixth Satire, (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's



*closeness, or, as he calls it, Pressness, particularly; whereas it appears to me that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.*

*There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit, the last of which can never, or should never, succeed, without the former. An author without it betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais? the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men, and our unaffected taste as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it, and he that succeeds in spite of it is *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior* \*.*

*Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats) should set up for reputation among the weak in some Bœotia, which was the land of oracles, for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.*

*Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian,*

\* Val. Max.



laugh at every thing indiscriminately, which betrays such a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with any thing, and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things; and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some French writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own: they that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love, one of the prettiest fables of all Antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern poetry. "Love (says he) is the son of the goddess Poverty and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building castles in the air, his prodigality, his neglect of things serious and useful, his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours, that importunity with which he begs, his flattery, his servility, his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him." This addition may be made, viz. that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes



her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical quiver; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family, but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

However, this is not necessity, but choice: were *Wisdom* her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother, especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.



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LOVE OF FAME, &c.

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SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

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.....Tanto major famae fitis est, quam  
Virtutis.

JUV. Sat. 10.

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MY verse is Satire; Dorset! lend your ear,  
And patronize a Muse you cannot fear.  
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,  
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of Fame:  
It bribes the partial reader into praise,  
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:  
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,  
And gives applause to B——e, or to me.  
But you decline the mistress we pursue;  
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you. 10  
Instructive Satire! true to Virtue's cause!  
Thou shining supplement of public laws!  
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age  
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;  
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land, 15  
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;  
When the Law shews her teeth but dares not bite,  
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;  
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,  
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit; 20  
When men grow great from their revenue spent,  
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;



When dying sinners, to blot out their score,  
 Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore ;  
 To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,  
 Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease ? 26

— Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,  
 And dedications wash an Ethiop white ?  
 Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,  
 On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post ? 30  
 Shall fun'ral Eloquence her colours spread,  
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead ?  
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,  
 And satirize with nothing—but their praise ? 31

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,  
 Nor hears that virtue which he loves complain ? 36  
 Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,  
 And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled ;  
 Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,  
 Sits smiling at the goal while others run, 40  
 He will not write; and (more provoking still !)  
 Ye Gods ! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find  
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,  
 The courtly Roman's \* shining path to tread, 45  
 And sharply smile prevailing folly dead ?  
 Will no superior genius snatch the quill,  
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill ?  
 Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.  
 What will not men attempt for sacred praise ? 50

\* Horace,



The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:  
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;  
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.  
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells, 55  
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:  
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,  
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:  
Here to S——c's humour makes a bold pretence,  
There, bolder, aims at P——y's eloquence: 60  
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,  
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;  
Nor ends with life, but nods in fable plumes,  
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

What is not proud? the pimp is proud to see 65  
So many like himself in high degree:  
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread  
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;  
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims borne  
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn. 70

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,  
And come back much more guilty than they went:  
One way they look, another way they steer,  
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;  
And when their sins they set sincerely down, 75  
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on glory look,  
When they have got their picture tow'rd a book, A



Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,  
 Meant to betray dull fots to wretched wine. 80  
 If at his title T—— had dropp'd his quill,  
 T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still.  
 But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)  
 Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.  
 Imperious, some a classic fame demand, 85  
 For heaping up, with a laborious hand,  
 A waggon-load of meanings for one word,  
 While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,  
 And think they grow immortal as they quote. 90  
 To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;  
 Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble peer?  
 Did ever di'mond cost a man so dear?  
 Polite diseases make some idiots vain, 95  
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;  
 And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,  
 Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,  
 By spitting on your face to make it clean. 100

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with Pride,  
 Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.  
 What can she not perform? the love of Fame  
 Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame;  
 Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep; 105  
 And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep:



Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,  
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This passion with a pimple have I seen  
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen. 110

By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)  
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.

It makes Globose a speaker in the House;  
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse:

It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail, 115  
And *I* the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs pour in,  
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin?

My growing subject seems but just begun,  
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run. 120

Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,  
To take a catalogue of British fools.

Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,  
A knave or fool should perish in each line,

Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead, 125  
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?  
To quality belongs the highest place.

My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!  
Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room: 130

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,  
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.

With what a decent pride he throws his eyes  
Above the man by three descents less wife?



If virtues at his noble hands you crave, 135  
 You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.  
 Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chase;  
 Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?  
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate. 140  
 To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
 Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.  
 Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,  
 Slight or important, only by their place?  
 Titles are marks of honest men, and wise; 145  
 The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
 Produce their debt instead of their discharge.  
 Dorset! let those who proudly boast their line,  
 Like thee in worth hereditary shine. 150

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own  
 We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone:  
 Mean sons of Earth, who, on a South-sea tide  
 Of full success, swam into wealth and pride,  
 Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate, 155  
 And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
 They light a torch to shew their shame the more.  
 Those governments which curb not evils cause,  
 And a rich knave's a libel on our laws. 160

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;  
 He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;



But builds himself a name; and, to be great,  
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!  
In cost and grandeur C——dos he'll outdo; 165  
And, B——l——ton, thy taste is not so true.  
'The pile is finish'd, every toil is past,  
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;  
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,  
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns. 170

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
Provides a home from which to run away.  
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,  
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame; 175  
Not domes, but antique statues, are his fame:  
Not F——t——n's self more Parian charms has known,  
Nor is good P——b——ke more in love with stone.  
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)  
And bid him turn his Venus into gold. 180

"No, Sirs," he cries; "I'll sooner rot in jail:  
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"  
Such heads might make their very bustos laugh:  
His daughter starves; but Cleopatra's\* safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate, 185  
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:  
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad  
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.

\* A famous statue.

By your revenue measure your expense,  
 And to your funds and acres join your sense. 190  
 No man is blest'd by accident or guess;  
 'True wisdom is the price of happiness;  
 Yet few without long discipline are sage,  
 And our youth only lays up sighs for age.  
 But how, my Muse! canst thou resist so long 195  
 'The bright temptation of the courtly throng,  
 Thy most inviting theme? the court affords  
 Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.  
 "What lords are those saluting with a grin?"  
 One is just out, and one as lately in. 200  
 "How comes it, then, to pass, we see preside  
 "On both their brows an equal share of pride?"  
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,  
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.  
 As in its home it triumphs in high place, 205  
 And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.  
 Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,  
 Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:  
 Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,  
 Like Moses', into serpents in their hands. 210  
 These sink, as divers, for renown, and boast,  
 With pride inverted, of their honours lost:  
 But against reason sure 'tis equal sin  
 To boast of merely being out or in.  
 What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive  
 To seem the most transported things alive? 216



As if by joy desert was understood,  
 And all the fortunate were wise and good.  
 Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,  
 And stifled groans frequent the ball and play. 220  
 Completely dress'd by Monteuil \* and grimace,  
 They take their birth-day suit, and public face:  
 Their smiles are only part of what they wear,  
 Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair:  
 What bodily fatigue is half so bad? 225  
 With anxious care they labour to be glad.

What numbers, here, would into fame advance,  
 Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?  
 The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!  
 Those dear destroyers of the tedious day! 230  
 That wheel of fops! that saunter of the Town!  
 Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.  
 Fools grin on fools, and, Stoic-like, support,  
 Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.  
 Courts can give nothing to the wise and good 235  
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.  
 High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:  
 None think the great unhappy but the great:  
 Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,  
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king. 240

I envy none their pageantry and show;  
 I envy none the gilding of their woe.

\* A famous tailor.

Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,  
 And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;  
 No splendid poverty, no smiling care,  
 No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;  
 There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,  
 The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest'd;  
 On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,  
 In every rill a sweet instruction flows:  
 But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,  
 In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still:  
 Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom  
 In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

The squire is proud to see his coursers strain,  
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.  
 Say, dear Hippolitus! (whose drink is ale,  
 Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,  
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,  
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back) 255  
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,  
 And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,  
 Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone;  
 Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,  
 Nor envies when a gypsy you commit, 265  
 And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;  
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,  
 And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew;  
 Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view. 270



Fewer lay-Atheists made by church-debates,  
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates,  
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind,  
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;  
Fewer grave lords to Scr—pe discreetly bend, 275  
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,  
Who lulls the Town in winter with his strain,  
At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lads,  
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass? 280  
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,  
That runs for ages without winding-up?  
Is there whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?  
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;  
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,  
For who can write so fast as men run mad? 286

*End of Satire First.*



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LOVE OF FAME, &c

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SATIRE II.

MY Muse! proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,  
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.  
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,  
Plain satire calls for sense in every line :  
Then to what swarms thy faults I dare expose? 5  
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.  
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,  
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;  
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,  
I'll glory in the verse I did not write. 10

So weak are human kind by Nature made,  
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,  
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe  
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.  
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain, 15  
Varying, like rays of light, or drops of rain :  
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,  
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,  
Hippolitus demands the sylvan crown \*; 20  
But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,  
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!

\* This refers to the First Satire.



Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?  
Why shines the sun? to make Paul Diack\* rise.  
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood, 25  
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;  
What shape? what hue? was ever nymph so fair?  
He dotes! he dies! he, too, is rooted there.  
O solid blifs! which nothing can destroy,  
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy. 30  
In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,  
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;  
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,  
O C—! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all; 35  
Beware, O Florist! thy ambition's fall.  
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame,  
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name;  
To one lov'd tulip oft' the master went,  
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent; 40  
But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour:  
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What demon cropt my flow'r?"  
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;  
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'd'st thy knee."

But all men want amusement, and what crime 45  
In such a paradise to fool their time?  
None; but why proud of this? to fame they soar;  
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,  
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy; 50

\* The name of a tulip.

But are those wiser whom we most admire,  
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?  
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?  
Another Florio doting on a flower;  
A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung 55  
From fordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?  
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.  
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,  
And Epictetus is a perfect beau. 60  
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,  
Gilt, and; like them, devoted to the view?  
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard  
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,  
And T—n, turn'd upholsterer, send home 65  
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,  
Study's the specious trifling of the mind,  
Or is, at best, a secondary aim,  
A chase for sport alone, and not for game. 70  
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,  
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,  
But found, at length, that it reduc'd his rent;  
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on, 75  
A choice collection! what is to be done?  
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;  
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:



So high the gen'rous ardour of the man  
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran. 80  
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the  
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his mark. [clerk,  
Unlearned men of books assume the care,  
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone 85  
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shewn :  
Editions various, at high prices bought,  
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought ;  
And to this cost another must succeed,  
To pay a sage who says that he can read ; 90  
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,  
But leaves to —— what lies between ;  
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,  
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O —— ! whose accomplishments make good 95  
The promise of a long-illustrious blood,  
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,  
The strictest honour ! and the finest taste !  
Accept this verse, if satire can agree  
With so consummate an humanity. 100

By your example would Hilaris mend,  
How would it grace the talents of my friend,  
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,  
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit !  
But time his fervent petulence may cool, 105  
For tho' he is a wit he is no fool.



In time he'll learn to use, not waste, his sense,  
 Nor make a frailty of an excellence.  
 He spares nor friend nor foe, but calls to mind,  
 Like Doomsday, all the faults of all mankind. 110

What tho' wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,  
 If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.  
 Who, for the poor renown of being smart,  
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, good-nature is ador'd;  
 Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,  
 And never on the weak, or you'll appear  
 As there no hero, no great genius here.  
 As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,  
 So wit is by politeness sharpest set: — 120  
 Their want of edge from their offence is seen;  
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.  
 The same men give is for the joy they find;  
 Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,  
 To pay my compliment what place so fit?  
 His most facetious Letters\* came to hand,  
 Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:  
 If that a just offence to Marcus gave,  
 Say, Marcus! which art thou, a fool or knave? 130  
 For all but such with caution I forbore;  
 That thou wast either I ne'er knew before:  
 I know thee now, both what thou art and who;  
 No mask so good but Marcus must shine through:

\* Letters sent to the Author, signed Marcus.

False names are vain, thy lines their author tell; 135  
 Thy best concealment had been writing well;  
 But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,  
 Of others' fame, great Genius! and thy own.  
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,  
 The man who pardons disappoints his foe. 140

In malice to proud wits some proudly lull—  
 Their peevish reason, vain of being dull:  
 When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,  
 In vengeance they determine—to be fools;  
 Thro' spleen, that little Nature gave make less, 145  
 Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;  
 To lumps inanimate a fondness take,  
 And disinherit sons that are awake.  
 These, when their utmost venom they would spit,  
 Most barbarously tell you—"He's a wit." 150  
 Poor negroes thus, to shew their burning spite  
 To cacodemons, say they're devilish white.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,  
 Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.  
 How just his grief? one carries in his head 155  
 A less proportion of the father's lead,  
 And is in danger, without special grace,  
 To rise above a justice of the peace.  
 The dunghill-breed of men a di'mond scorn,  
 And feel a passion for a grain of corn; 160  
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,  
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,



Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,  
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son, 165  
And by Heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea,  
One learns to lisp, another not to see:

Miss D—, tottering, catches at your hand;  
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand? 170

Whilst these what Nature gave disown, thro' pride,  
Others affect what Nature has deny'd;

What Nature has deny'd fools will pursue,  
As apes are ever walking upon two.

Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport! 175  
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support:

He hems, and cries, with an important air,  
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"

Then quotes the Stagirite to prove it true,  
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something new."

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read, 181  
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?

As far a formalist from wisdom sits,  
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men, 185  
Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen)

For ever will hang out a solemn face,  
To put off nonsense with a better grace;

As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,  
Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold. 190



What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?  
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.  
A man of sense can artifice disdain,  
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;  
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot, 195  
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.

I find the fool when I behold the screen,  
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, ———, that openness of heart,  
And just disdain for that poor mimic art; 200  
Hence (manly praise!) that manner, nobly free,  
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft' hast thou survey'd  
Of court and town the noontide masquerade,  
Where swarms of knaves the vizard quite disgrace, 205  
And hide secure behind a naked face?  
Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,  
And men talk only to conceal the mind;  
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,  
And he who trusts a brother is undone? 210

These all their care expend on outward show  
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.  
Of late at White's was young Florello seen,  
How blank his look? how discompos'd his mien?  
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign! 215  
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;  
His health was mended with a silver lace.

A curious artist, long inur'd to toils  
 Of gentler fort, with combs, and fragrant oils, 220  
 Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,  
 So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.  
 The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,  
 And either shoulder has its share of fame;  
 His sumptuous watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lies, 225  
 Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.  
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)  
 St—pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.  
 Whene'er, by seeming chance, he throws his eye  
 On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye, 230  
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart?  
 But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.  
 In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,  
 And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.  
 So have I seen, on some bright summer's day, 235  
 A calf-of genius, debonair and gay,  
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,  
 Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd  
 In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd : 240  
 No sublunary chance his vestments fear,  
 Valu'd, like leopards, as their spots appear.  
 A fam'd furtout he wears, which once was blue,  
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe :  
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?) 245  
 Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame;



But open force was vain ; by night she went,  
 And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling rent :  
 Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,  
 " And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out \*." 250  
 He scorns Florello, and Florello him ;  
 This hates the filthy creature, that the prim :  
 Thus, in each other, both these fools despise  
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;  
 Their methods various, but alike their aim ; 255  
 The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories ! thus it fares with you,  
 When party-rage too warmly you pursue ;  
 Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride  
 And folly joins whom sentiments divide. 260  
 You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,  
 Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,  
 While both are one ; and henceforth be it known,  
 Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

" But who art thou ?" methinks Florello cries ;  
 " Of all thy species art thou only wise ?" 266  
 Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,  
 As crossing straws retard a passing witch,  
 Florello ! thou my monitor shalt be,  
 I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee. 270  
 O thou myself ! abroad our counsels roam,  
 And, like ill husbands, take no care at home :

\* Milton.

H ij



Thou, too, art wounded with the common dart,  
 And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;  
 And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose? 275  
 Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.  
 Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,  
 Thou unambitious fool! at this late time?  
 While I a moment name, a moment's past;  
 I'm nearer death in this verse than the last: 280  
 What then is to be done? be wise with speed:  
 A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame?  
 How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?  
 For what are men who grasp at praise sublime, 285  
 But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,  
 That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,  
 Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour? 288

*End of Satire Second.*



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LOVE OF FAME, &c.

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SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington! in debt, I long have sought  
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought;  
And now a poet's gratitude you see,  
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three:  
For whose the present glory or the gain? 5  
You give protection, I a worthless strain.  
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,  
And know the basis of a solid fame;  
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,  
You read with all the malice of a friend; 10  
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,  
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.  
An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,  
When wanted Britain bright examples more?  
Her learning, and her genius too, decays, 15  
And dark and cold are her declining days;  
As if men now were of another cast,  
They meanly live on alms of ages past.  
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,  
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair; 20  
Or if they fail, they justly still take place  
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace;  
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,  
And damn it with improvements of their own.

H iij



We bring some new materials, and what's old 25  
 New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould:  
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,  
 And from four critics vindicate the Muse.

“Your work is long,” the critics cry. 'Tis true,  
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you: 30  
 Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;  
 For grow but wise, you rob me of my game;  
 As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,  
 Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile, 35  
 That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,  
 Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,  
 And with the fell destroyer feed my page:  
 For what ambitious fools are more to blame,  
 Than those who thunder in the critic's name? 40  
 Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,  
 To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,  
 Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,  
 As ravens solemn, and as boding, cries, 45  
 “Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!”  
 Ye Doctors sage! who thro' Parnassus teach,  
 Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the weather dictates; right  
 The poem is at noon, and wrong at night: 50  
 Another judges by a surer gage,  
 An author's principles or parentage:



Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,  
 The poem, doubtless, must be written well.  
 Another judges by the writer's look;        55  
 Another judges, for he bought the book :  
 Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep ;  
 Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,  
 To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.    60  
 The very best ambitiously advise,  
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,  
 Proclaim the glory, and augment the state :  
 Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry    65  
 Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.  
 Rail on, my Friends ! what more my verse can crown  
 Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on books their criticism waste ;  
 The genius of a dish some justly taste,        70  
 And eat their way to fame. With anxious thought  
 The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.  
 Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,  
 And bids December yield the fruits of May :  
 Their various cares in one great point combine    75  
 The business of their lives, that is—to dine.  
 Half of their precious day they give the feast,  
 And to a kind digestion spare the rest.  
 Apicius, here, the taster of the Town,  
 Feeds twice a-week to settle their renown.        80



These worthies of the palate guard with care  
 The sacred annals of their bills of fare;  
 In those choice books their panegyrics read,  
 And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.  
 If man by feeding well commences great, 85  
 Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,  
 Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:  
 Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;  
 They know a thousand lords behind their backs. 90  
 Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,  
 When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;  
 And H—y's eyes, unmercifully keen,  
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.  
 Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone 95  
 To covet shame still greater than his own.  
 Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,  
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.  
 Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,  
 Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name; 100  
 Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,  
 And takes a memorandum to forget.  
 Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,  
 Men forge the patents that create them fops.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays, 105  
 So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.  
 But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,  
 When those who bring that incense we despise?



For such the vanity of great and small,  
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all. 110

Nor can even satire blame them; for, 'tis true,  
They have most ample cause for what they do.

O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant  
A nurse of fools to stock the continent.

Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow, 115  
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.

The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,  
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,

A Welch descent, which well-paid heralds damn,  
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram. 120

When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,  
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment possess'd,  
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest:

What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er, 125  
His teeth will be no whiter than before.

Is there of these, ye Fair! so great a dearth,  
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire;  
Of houses some; nay, houses that they hire: 130

Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,  
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their airs;  
My lord has vapours, and my lady swears;

Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind, 135  
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.



To shew the strength and infamy of pride,  
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.  
What numbers are there which at once pursue  
Praise, and the glory to contemn it too? 140  
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,  
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;  
Makes his approach in Modesty's disguise,  
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.  
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."  
You know your answer, He's exact in great. 146  
"My style," says he, "is rude, and full of faults,"  
"But, oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"  
That he wants algebra he must confess;  
"But not a soul to give our arms success," 150  
"Ah! that's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;  
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?"  
"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,  
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;  
"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny: 155  
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."  
Could this deceive in others, to be free,  
It ne'er, Vincenna! could deceive in thee,  
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,  
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong: 160  
Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenue wear,  
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.  
Are these expedients for renown? confess  
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.



Be wife, Vincenna, and the court forsake; 165  
Our fortunes there nor thou, nor I, shall make.

Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,  
In hardy service make a long campaign;

Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,  
And oft' repuls'd, as oft' attack the great 170

With painful art, and application warm,  
And take, at last, some little place by storm,

Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,  
And starve upon discreetly in Sheer-lane.

Already this thy fortune can afford, 175  
Then starve without the favour of my Lord.

'Tis true great fortunes some great men confer,  
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:

From caprice, not from choice, their favours come;  
They give, but think it toil to know to whom: 180

The man that's nearest, yawning, they advance:  
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.

If Merit sues, and Greatness is so loath  
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court Philander, at his need, 185  
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed:

Of ev'ry charm and virtue she's possess'd:  
Philander! thou art exquisitely bless'd;

The public envy! Now, then, 'tis allow'd  
The man is found who may be justly proud: 190

But, see! how sickly is Ambition's taste?  
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast!



For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,  
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy, 195  
And love a market where the rates run high.

Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;

Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:

Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,

And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well:

Away the disenchanted fair would throng, 201

And own that English is their mother tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,

Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine:

While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay;

For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay. 206

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!

The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!

When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,

And serve their country—if the dance is done. 210

“Are we not then allow'd to be polite?”

Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.

Worth of politeness is the needful ground;

Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.

Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel; 215

'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,

To turn a willing world from righteous ways!

Well, H——r, dost thou thy master serve;

Well has he seen his servant should not starve: 220



\*Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,  
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd ;  
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,  
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.  
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice 225  
Are duly paid, in fiddles, cards, and dice ;  
Thy sacrifice supreme an hundred maids !  
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !  
If maids the quite exhausted Town denies,  
An hundred head of cuckolds may suffice. 230  
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted land,  
To see the fifty churches at a stand.

And that thy minister may never fail,  
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,  
Of minor prophets, a succession sure, 235  
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State,  
In solemn council met, and deep debate !  
What godlike enterprize is taking birth ?  
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth ? 240  
'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !  
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddlestrings !

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse ! with truths like  
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please : [these  
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou, 245  
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.  
How terrible it were to common sense  
To write a satire which gave none offence ?

And since from life I take the draughts you see,  
 If men dislike them, do they censure me? 250  
 The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,  
 And godlike an attempt the world to mend;  
 'The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,  
 Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price? 255  
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,  
 If blest'd with pliant, tho' but slender, sense,  
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence,  
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,  
 A curse within, a smile upon his face. 260  
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,  
 Are prizes in the lottery of life;  
 Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,  
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great.

To merit is but to provide a pain, 265  
 From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington! this maxim fail in you,  
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view  
 By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,  
 Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd, 270  
 And lending, here, those awful councils aid,  
 Which you, abroad, with such success obey'd:  
 Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear:  
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near. 274

*End of Satire Third.*



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LOVE OF FAME, &c.

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SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,  
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs :  
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be,  
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;  
Thee, Compton! born o'er senates to preside, 5  
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide ;  
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,  
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh ;  
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,  
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend : 10  
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,  
To listen to the labours of the Muse ;  
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,  
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won, 15  
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone ;  
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,  
Devotes his service to the state and crown :  
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves ;  
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves : 20  
But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,  
He drinks his coffee, for the public good ;  
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees  
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees ;

Knows for each day the weather of our fate: 25  
 A quidnunc is an almanac of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use;  
 Why may not time his secret worth produce?  
 Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,  
 Since steeds of genius are expert at put, 30  
 Since half the senate Not Content can say,  
 Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel kings?  
 An incapacity for smaller things.

Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate, 35  
 And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,  
 And boldly claims a province higher still:  
 To raise a name, the ambitious boy has got,  
 At once, a Bible and a shoulder-knot: 40

Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,  
 And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul:  
 To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,  
 Nor shock his tender reason with the creed:  
 Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies, 45  
 Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison; good estates are bad  
 For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.  
 Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,  
 And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief? 50  
 While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;  
 But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse.



Such useful instruments the weather show,  
 Just as their Mercury is high or low.  
 Health chiefly keeps an Athiest in the dark. 55  
 A fever argues better than a Clarke :  
 Let but the logic in his pulse decay,  
 The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray ;  
 While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,  
 Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well. 60  
 C——, who makes so merry with the creed,  
 He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed ;  
 But only thinks so : to give both their due,  
 Satan and he believe and tremble too.  
 Of some for glory such the boundless rage, 65  
 That they 're the blackest scandal of their age.  
 Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims ;  
 Nay, a Free-mason with some terror names ;  
 Omits no duty ; nor can Envy say  
 He miss'd, these many years, the church or play : 70  
 He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true,  
 But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due :  
 His character and gloves are ever clean,  
 And then he can outbow the bowing Dean :  
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears, 75  
 Which equally the wise and worthless shares.  
 In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,  
 Patient of idleness beyond belief,  
 Most charitably lends the Town his face,  
 For ornament in ev'ry public place : 80

As sure as cards he to the assembly comes,  
 And is the furniture of drawing-rooms :  
 When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,  
 And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.  
 Narcissus is the glory of his race, 85  
 For who does nothing with a better grace ?

To deck my list by Nature were design'd  
 Such shining expletives of human kind,  
 Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,  
 Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong. 90

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,  
 Some for renown are singular and odd ;  
 What other men dislike is sure to please,  
 Of all mankind, these dear antipodes :  
 Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still, 95  
 And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.  
 Arb—t is a fool, and F—— a sage,  
 S—ly will fright you, E—— engage :  
 By Nature streams run backward, flame descends,  
 Stones mount, and S——x is the worst of friends.  
 They take their rest by day, and wake by night, 101  
 And blush if you surprize them in the right ;  
 If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,  
 A swan is white, or Q——y is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt, 105  
 A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out ;  
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,  
 He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.



Tho' wrong the mode, comply : more sense is shewn  
In wearing others' follies than your own. 110

If what is out of fashion most you prize,  
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But what in oddness can be more sublime  
Than S——, the foremost toyman of his time?

His nice ambition lies in curious fancies, 115  
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,

And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,  
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!

How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore  
That painted coat which Joseph never wore ! 120

He shews, on holidays, a sacred pin  
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.

“ Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,  
“ Since the great plague that swept as many more,  
“ Was ever year unblest'd as this :” he'll cry, 125  
“ It has not brought us one new butterfly !”

In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,  
Unhappy I——y ! how came you to please ?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game,  
But in effect his chase is much the same : 130

Warm in pursuit, he levées all the great,  
Stanch to the foot of title and estate :

Where'er their lordships go, they never find  
Or Lico or their shadows lag behind ;

He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run, 135  
Close at their elbows, as a morning-dun ;



As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,  
 And fame was, like a fever, to be caught :  
 But after seven years' dance from place to place  
 The Dane \* is more familiar with his Grace. 140

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,  
 Or living pendent dangling at his ear,  
 For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown  
 For months before, by trumpets, thro' the Town ?  
 Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace, 145  
 Still to reflect the temper of his face ?  
 Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,  
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave ?  
 Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please  
 To loll or thump it for his better ease ? 150  
 Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,  
 When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke ?  
 Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find  
 His lordship's jest, or, if his nose broke wind ?  
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow, 155  
 That can cry chimney sweep, or drive a plough ?  
 With terms like these how mean the tribe that close ?  
 Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply ?  
 The men of ink, or ancient authors, lie ; 160  
 The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold  
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold ;

\* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyle.



All men they flatter, but themselves the most,  
With deathless fame their everlasting boast:

For Fame no cully makes so much her jest, 165

As her old constant spark, the bard profess'd.

“ B—le shines in council, M——t in the fight,

“ P—l—m's magnificent, but I can write,

“ And what to my great soul like glory dear?”

'Till some god whispers in his tingling ear, 170

That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,

And life is best sustain'd by what is ate:

Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ,

And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost, 175

That his triumphant name adorns a post?

Or that his shining page (provoking Fate)

Defends sirloins, which sons of Dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,

What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears, 180

When the poor Muse, for less than half a crown,

A prostitute on every bulk in Town,

With other whores undone, tho' not in print,

Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?

Ye Bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd? 185

Ye Bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?

Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,

Why will your spectres haunt the frighted press?

Bad metre, that excrecence of the head,

Like hair, will sprout altho' the poet's dead. 190



All other trades demand, verse-makers beg.  
 A dedication is a wooden leg;  
 A barren labeo, the true mumper's fashion,  
 Exposés borrow'd brats to move compassion.  
 Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend; 195  
 Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.  
 "Is't then a crime to write?"—If talent rare  
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:  
 For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,  
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen; 200  
 Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,  
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;  
 Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit,  
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.  
 A—le true wit is studious to restore, 205  
 And D—t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;  
 P—ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,  
 And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.

But, ah! not inspiration can obtain  
 That fame which poets languish for in vain. 210  
 How mad their aim who thirst for glory, strive  
 To grasp what no man can possess alive?  
 Fame's a reversion in which men take place  
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease.  
 This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well, 215  
 He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;  
 That wealth is fame, another clan reply,



Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags,  
And swell in just proportion to their bags. 220  
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,  
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;  
The first young lord which in the Mall you meet,  
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,  
From rescu'd candles' ends who rais'd a sum, 225  
And starves to join a penny to a plum.  
A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown  
To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers the true modern band  
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land. 230  
For love young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;  
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.  
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,  
No rival can prevail,—but half a crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd, 235  
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made:  
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,  
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:  
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;  
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain. 240

“Who'd be a slave?” the gallant colonel cries,  
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:  
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—  
Just is his title,—for he will not fight.  
All foldiers valour, all divines have grace, 245  
As maids of honour beauty,—by their place:



But when, indulging on the last campaign,  
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,  
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,  
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword. 250

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,  
A soldier should be modest as a maid.  
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;  
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:  
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree, 255  
But if you pay yourself the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,  
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known;  
Augustus' deeds, if that ambiguous name  
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim, 260  
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,  
The Roman would not blush at the mistake. 262

*End of Satire Fourth.*



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LOVE OF FAME, &c.

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SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

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O fairest of creation! last and best  
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou last!-----

MILTON.

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NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone;  
Soft female hearts the rude invader own:  
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things  
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.  
Attend, and you discern it in the fair 5  
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,  
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye,  
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.

The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame,  
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme; 10  
A theme fair——! doubly kind to me,  
Since satirizing those is praising thee;  
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,  
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice, 15  
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;  
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight  
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:

*Volume III.*

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As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,  
 Thro' every sign of vanity they run; 20  
 Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,  
 Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls;  
 Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield-scenes,  
 And fortune-tellers' caves and lions' dens;  
 Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms, 25  
 Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,  
 Tumblers and funeral, puppetshows, reviews,  
 Sales, races, rabates, (and, still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame,  
 And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame; 30  
 Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses, then,  
 Like April suns, dives into clouds agen:  
 With all her lustre now her lover warms,  
 Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.  
 'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain, 35  
 And to be taken with a sudden pain;  
 Then she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,  
 And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:  
 O how she rolls her charming eyes in spight!  
 And looks delightfully with all her might! 40  
 But, like our heroes, much more brave than wife,  
 She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows,  
 Without she freezes, and within she glows: 45  
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,  
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd,



She reads the psalms and chapters for the day,  
In —— Cleopatra, or the last new play.  
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,  
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face. 50

Nor far beneath her in renown is she  
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company;  
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,  
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;  
To find you news who racks her subtle head, 55  
And vows—that her great-grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,  
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear:  
In that the skill of conversation lies;  
That shews or makes you both polite and wise. 60

Xantippe cries, “ Let nymphs who nought can say  
“ Be lost in silence, and resign the day;  
“ And let the guilty wife her guilt confess  
“ By tame behaviour and a soft address.” 65

Thro' virtue she refuses to comply  
With all the dictates of humanity;  
Thro' wisdom she refuses to submit  
To Wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit;  
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,  
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain; 70

But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word  
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,  
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,  
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame, 75  
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,  
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,  
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea;  
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,  
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice: 80  
Doubly, like Echo, sound is her delight,  
And the last word is her eternal right.  
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise  
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng 85  
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong.  
What black, what ceaseless, cares besiege our state?  
What strokes we feel from Fancy and from Fate?  
If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow;  
We make misfortune; suicides in woe. 90  
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!  
Is Nature backward to torment or kill?  
How oft' the noon, how oft' the midnight bell,  
(That iron tongue of Death!) with solemn knell,  
On Folly's errands as we vainly roam, 95  
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?  
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,  
Few know so many friends alive as dead;  
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase  
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace; 100  
Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,  
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week:



Our very joys are anxious, and expire  
Between satiety and fierce desire.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil? 105  
But one; a female friend's endearing smile;  
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,  
And in life's tempest the sad sailor's calm,

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,  
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye; 110  
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,  
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue,  
Man is not all the game they have in view:  
In woods and fields their glory they complete; 115  
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;  
While fair Miss Charles to toilettes is confin'd,  
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.  
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,  
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed; 120  
Command his prancings with a martial air,  
And Fobert has the forming of the fair,

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,  
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,  
And as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng, 125  
With what an air she smacks the silken thong?  
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,  
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains:  
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these  
May drive six harness'd monarchs if they please: 130

They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,  
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belle-lettre lovely Daphne reigns;  
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:  
With legs tofs'd high, on her sophee she sits,  
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:  
Of each performance she's the final test;  
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;  
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,  
Fully convinces all the Town—she's fair. 135

Had lovely Daphne Hecate's face,  
How would her elegance of taste decrease!  
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,  
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, Lamponer! have a care; 145  
Must I want common sense because I'm fair?  
O no: see Stella; her eyes shine as bright  
As if her tongue was never in the right;  
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!  
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire: 150  
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)  
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?  
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,  
Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might; 155  
The youth in person and in parts was bright;  
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,  
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:



He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,  
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd: 160  
Large his possessions, and beyond her own,  
Their bliss the theme and envy of the Town:  
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,  
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, Threescore.  
The fatal sequel I, thro' shame, forbear. 165

Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair?  
Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;  
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,  
But fools create themselves new appetites. 170  
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,  
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.  
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,  
In Nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,  
In Fancy's airy land of noise and show, 175  
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow,  
Like cats in airpumps, to subsist we strive  
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick; make haste; the doctor call:  
He comes; but where's his patient? at the ball. 180  
The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,  
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always so:  
"Diversions put her maladies to flight;  
"True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night:  
"I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune) 185  
"For fevers take an opera in June:



" And tho', perhaps, you'll think the practice bold,  
 " A midnight Park is sov'reign for a cold :  
 " With cholics breakfasts of green fruit agree,  
 " With indigestions supper just at three." 190  
 A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,  
 Must women have a doctor or a dance ?  
 Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam,  
 But droop and die, in perfect health, at home.  
 For want—but not of health, are ladies ill, 195  
 And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.

Alas, my Heart ! how languishingly fair  
 Yon' lady lolls ? with what a tender air ?  
 Pale as a young dramatic author, when  
 O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen. 200  
 Is her lord angry, or has Veny\* chid ?  
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid ?  
 " Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."  
 Why went she not to bed ? " Because 'twas night."  
 Did she then dance or play ? " Nor this nor that."  
 Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat. 206  
 " No, all alone her pray'rs she rather chose,  
 " Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."  
 Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,  
 Goes with the fashionable owls to bed : 210  
 This her pride covets, this her health denies ;  
 Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.  
 Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,  
 And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five,

\* Lapdog.



You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite, 215  
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;  
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then  
Revolves into her native red agen:  
Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms,  
And is her own dear rival in your arms. 220

But one admirer has the painted lasfs,  
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glasfs:  
Yet Laura's beautiful to fuch excefs,  
That all her art scarce makes her please us lefs.  
To deck the female cheek he only knows, 225  
Who paints lefs fair the lily and the rofe.

How gay they fmile? Such blessings Nature pours,  
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:  
In diftant wilds, by human eyes unfeen,  
She reers her flow'rs, and fpreads her velvet green:  
Pure gurgling rills the lonely defert trace, 231  
And wafte their mufic on the favage race.  
Is Nature then a niggard of her blifs?  
Repine we guiltlefs in a world like this?  
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refufe, 235  
And painted Art's deprav'd allurements chufe.  
Such Fulvia's paffion for the Town: fresh air  
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;  
Green fields, and fhady groves, and crystal fprings,  
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things; 240  
But fmoke, and duft, and noife, and crowds, delight,  
And to be prefs'd to death tranfports her quite:

Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,  
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their  
Black kennels' absent odours she regrets, [shades,  
And stops her nose at beds of violets. 246

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?  
Or is the public to the private scene?  
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way,  
Thro' briars and brambles in the world we stray; 250  
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,  
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,  
Which choke our passage, our career control,  
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.

O sacred Solitude! divine retreat! 255  
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!  
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,  
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;  
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,  
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace: 260  
There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,  
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;  
There, bless'd with health, with bus'ness unperplex'd,  
This life we relish, and insure the next:

There, too, the Muses sport: these numbers free, 265  
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses, but not there alone;  
Their sacred force Amelia feels in Town.  
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;  
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit: 270



Both wits ! tho' miracles are said to cease,  
Three days, three wondrous days ! they liv'd in peace ;  
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose  
On Durfey's poesy and Bunyan's prose :  
The learned war both wage with equal force, 275  
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phæbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,  
Is proud of being rich in happiness ;  
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,  
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys. 280  
With what well-acted transport will she say,  
" Well, sure we were so happy yesterday !  
" And then that charming party for to-morrow !"  
Tho' well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow :  
But she dares never boast the present hour ; 285  
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power :  
For such is our weakness or our curse,  
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,  
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,  
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own. 290

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;  
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy ;  
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,  
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :  
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains ; 295  
What is it but rank poison in your veins ?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,  
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;



Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,  
 There's no satiety of charms divine : 300  
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears  
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears :  
 She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,  
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd ;  
 The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found  
 (Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd : 306  
 "What miracle," says Strephon, "makes thee weep?"  
 "Ah, barb'rous man," she cries, "how could you—  
 Men love a mistress as they love a feast ; [sleep?"  
 How grateful one to touch, and one to taste ? 310  
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day  
 We wish our mistress and our meat away :  
 But soon the fated appetites return,  
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn :  
 Eternal love let man, then, never swear ; 315  
 Let women never triumph nor despair ;  
 Nor praise nor blame, too much, the warm or chill :  
 Hunger and love are foreign to the will.  
 There is, indeed, a passion more refin'd,  
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind ;  
 But not of that unfashionable set 321  
 Is Phyllis ; Phyllis and her Damon met.  
 Eternal love exactly hits her taste ;  
 Phyllis demands eternal love at least.  
 Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes, 325  
 Eternal love I vow, the swain replies ;



But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!  
What day next week th' eternity shall end?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love,  
Elope from mortal man, and range above. 330

The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,  
Where, in a box, the whole creation lies :

She sees the planets in their turns advance,  
And scorns, Poitier! thy sublunary dance :

Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air, 335  
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.

What vain experiments Sophronia tries!  
'Tis not in airpumps the gay col'ned dies.

But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,  
(O fickle Sex!) soon end her learned pains. 340

Lo! pug from Jupiter her heart has got,  
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To —— turn; she never took the height  
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right :

She strikes each point with native force of mind, 345  
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.

Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,  
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.

Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,  
When serious easy, and when gay discreet; 350

In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart sincere,  
In crowds collected, and in courts severe;

Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,  
She takes a noble pride in doing good;

Yet not superior to her sex's cares, 355  
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears :  
Of silks and china she's the last appeal ;  
In these great points she leads the commonweal ;  
And if disputes of empire rise between  
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen, 360  
'Tis doubt ! 'tis darkness ! till suspended Fate  
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.  
When such her mind, why will the fair express  
Their emulation only in their dress ?

But, oh ! the nymph that mounts above the skies,  
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries, 366  
Resolv'd the church's welfare to insure,  
And make her family a sinecure ;  
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,  
But takes in texts of Scripture at Picquet ; 370  
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,  
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.  
What angels would these be, who thus excel  
In theologies, could they sew as well !  
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue ? 375  
Can she more decently the doctor woo ?  
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat  
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,  
When he has knock'd at his own scull in vain, 380  
To beauteous Marcia often will repair  
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.



O how his pious soul exults to find  
Such love for holy men in woman-kind?  
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he 385  
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee;  
Hums round about her, and with all his power  
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flower?

The young and gay declining, Appia flies  
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise: 390  
By Nature more an eagle than a dove,  
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see  
What gay distress! what splendid misery!  
Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour, 395  
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.  
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;  
Like any lord it promises—and pays.  
How will the miser startle to be told  
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold? 400  
What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight,  
All more is but the fashion of the plate,  
Which for one moment charms the fickle view;  
It charms us now, anon we cast a new,  
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd; 405  
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,  
And think accomplishments will win the fair;  
The fair, its true, by genius should be won,  
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun: 410

And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,  
 And Wit must wear the willow and the bays,  
 Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye  
 As riot, impudence, and perfidy ; 414  
 The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,  
 And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,  
 For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,  
 Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,  
 And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)  
 The man of merit his revenge in this. 420  
 If you resent, and wish a woman ill,

But turn her o'er one moment to her will,  
 The languid lady next appears in state,  
 Who was not born to carry her own weight ;  
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid 425  
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid ;  
 Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,  
 She, by just stages, journeys round the room ;  
 But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs  
 To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs. 430  
 My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil ;  
 Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style,  
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,  
 That Betty rather sees than hears the call :  
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye, 435  
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.  
 O listen with attention most profound!  
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound,



And help! oh, help! her spirits are so dead,  
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head; 440  
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,  
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.

Let the robust, and the gigantic, carve,  
Life is not worth so much; she'd rather starve:  
But chew she must herself: ah, cruel fate! 445  
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies  
(Kind Heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;  
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene. 450

In fair and open dealing where's the shame?  
What Nature dares to give, she dares to name.

This honest fellow is sincere and plain,  
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.

(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,  
If wanton language shews a naked mind.) 455

And now and then, to grace her eloquence,  
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.

Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,  
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear. 460

By Jove is faint, and for the simple swain;  
She, on the Christian system, is profane:

But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,  
Believe her dress she's not a grenadier.

If thunder's awful, how much more our dread, 465  
When Jove deutes a lady in his stead?

A lady! pardon my mistaken pen:  
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;  
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense; 470

The last result of an accomplish'd mind,  
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.

A violated decency now reigns,  
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.

With Chinese painters modern toasts agree; 475  
The point they aim at is deformity:

They throw their persons, with a hoyden air,  
Across the room, and toss into the chair.

So far their commerce with mankind is gone,  
They for our manners have exchange'd their own: 480

The modest look, the castigated grace,  
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace;

For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pray'd,  
Are indecorums with the modern maid.

Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude, 485  
Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.

Modern good-breeding carry to its height,  
And Lady D—'s self will be polite.

Ye rising Fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!  
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile, 490

Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,  
What seems most hard is not to be well-bred:

Her bright example with success pursue,  
And all but adoration is your due.



But adoration! give me something more, 495  
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore.  
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;  
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.  
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,  
The melancholy news that we grow old. 500  
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face  
*Memento mori* to each public place.  
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,  
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!  
While rival undertakers hover round, 505  
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,  
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,  
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.  
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,  
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day; 510  
Gay rainbow-filks her mellow charms infold,  
And nought of Lyce but herself is old:  
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,  
And Art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face:  
Her strange demand no mortal can approve; 515  
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love:  
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline  
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age  
Of prudent Portia? her gray hairs engage, 520  
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:  
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine;

That, and that only, can old age sustain,  
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.  
Not num'rous are our joys when life is new,  
And yearly some are falling of the few;  
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,  
And downward tend into the vale of age,  
They drop apace: by Nature some decay,  
And some the blasts of Fortune sweep away;  
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud  
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind  
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.  
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,  
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew?  
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,  
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?  
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,  
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;  
Fancy and passion tofs it to and fro,  
A while torment, and then quite sink in woe.  
Ye beauteous Orphans! since in silent dust  
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.  
Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;  
Where then is safety for a tender maid?  
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,  
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!  
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,  
The least obliging; and by favours lost:



Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,  
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.  
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,  
'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of your own.  
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies, 555  
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:  
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense  
Your strongest charms are native innocence.  
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,  
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace.  
In simple manners all the secret lies; 561  
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest'd and wise.  
Vain shew and noise intoxicate the brain,  
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.  
Affect not empty fame and idle praise, 565  
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.  
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;  
Of all applause be fondest of your own.  
Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst  
With which the age is eminently curs'd: 570  
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,  
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;  
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,  
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come. 574

*End of Satire Fifth.*



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LOVE OF FAME, &c.

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SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inscribed to the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

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Interdum tamen et tollit comoedia vocem.

HOR.

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I sought a patroness, but sought in vain;  
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—" Germain."—  
I know her not—" Your reason's somewhat odd; A  
" Who knows his patron now?" reply'd the god.  
" Men write to me, and to the world, unknown, 5  
" Then steal great names to shield them from the  
" Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd, [Town.  
" To covert flies, of praise itself afraid.  
" Should she refuse to patronize your lays,  
" In vengeance write a volume in her praise: 10  
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run;  
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."  
Ye Fair! to draw your excellence at length,  
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:  
You here, in miniature, your pictures see, 15  
Nor hope from Zincks more justice than from me:

My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;  
His portraits will inflame, mine quench, your pride:  
He's dear, you frugal; chuse my cheaper lay,  
And be your reformation all my pay. 20

Lavinia is polite, but not profane,  
To church as constant as to Drury-lane:  
She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due,  
And makes a civil visit to her pew.

Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air, 25  
Conceals her face, which passes for a prayer:  
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed;

Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed:  
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak;  
Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break:  
Untaught to bear it, women talk away 31

To God himself, and fondly think they pray:  
But sweet their accent, and their air refin'd;  
For they 're before their Maker—and mankind.

When ladies once are proud of praying well, 35  
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,  
Drusa receives her visitants in bed;  
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy

The very blackest tongue of Calumny, 40  
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,  
She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight;  
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.



There is no woman where there's no reserve; 45  
 And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But with a modern fair meridian merit  
 Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.  
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,  
 And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh: 50

“ Or if you take a lion by the beard \*;  
 “ Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,  
 “ Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,”  
 First make your will, and then converse with her.

This lady glories in profuse expense, 55  
 And thinks distraction is magnificence.  
 To beggar her gallant is some delight;  
 To be more fatal still is exquisite.

Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?  
 In duel fell two lovers; one run mad. 60  
 Her foes their honest execrations pour;  
 Her lovers only should detest her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,  
 And gen'rously supports him in his want: 65  
 But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,  
 A hell no lady so polite can bear.

She's faithful, she's observant; and with pains  
 Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains;  
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,  
 But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed. 70

\* Shakespeare.



Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint ;  
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint :  
Her soul superior flies formality :  
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,  
Some might suspect the nymph not over-good— 75  
Nor would they be mistaken if they should.

Unmarry'd Abra puts on formal airs ;  
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant pray'rs :  
Her only grief is that she cannot be  
At once engag'd in prayer and charity. 80  
And this, to do her justice, must be said,  
“ Who would not think that Abra was a maid ?”

Some ladies are too beautiful to be wed,  
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed ?  
If no disease reduce her pride before, 85  
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore :  
Then she submits to venture in the dark,  
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;  
She weds an idiot ; but she eats in plate. 90

The goods of Fortune which her soul possesses,  
Are but the ground of unmade happiness ;  
The rude material : wisdom add to this,  
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss ;  
She from herself, if so compell'd by need, 95  
Of this content can draw the subtle thread ;  
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)  
If she can work in gold 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest'd with half her sense,  
 None could too much admire her excellence;  
 But since she can make error shine so bright,  
 She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.  
 With understanding she is quite o'er-run,  
 And by too great accomplishments undone:  
 With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,  
 For ever most divinely in the wrong. 105

Naked in nothing should a woman be,  
 But veil her very wit with modesty:  
 Let man discover, let not her display,  
 But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay. 110

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,  
 To make themselves important, men must grieve:  
 Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,  
 Pretends the sop she laughs at is ador'd.  
 In vain she's proud of secret innocence;  
 The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence. 115

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,  
 Has no design but on her husband's peace:  
 He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd  
 At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.  
 "How charming this?"—The pleasure lasted long;  
 Now every day the fits come thick and strong:  
 At last he found the charmer only feign'd,  
 And was diverted when he should be pain'd.  
 What greater vengeance have the gods in store?  
 How tedious life, now she can plague no more? 125



She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed;  
She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:  
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,  
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life. 130

Anxious Melania rises to my view,  
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:  
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore,  
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for more.  
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill, 135  
As unoil'd hinges querulously shrill.  
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."  
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."  
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame,  
And arrant contradictions are the same. 140  
Her lover must be sad to please her spleen;  
His mirth is an inexpiable sin;  
For of all rivals that can pain her breast,  
There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest;  
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf 145  
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair:  
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?  
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear  
She's quite deform'd? and yet the case is clear. 150  
What's female beauty but an air divine,  
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine?  
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;  
The body charms, because the soul is seen:

Hence men are often captives of a face, 155  
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace.  
 Some forms, thro' bright, no mortal man can bear;  
 Some none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,  
 Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read, 160  
 Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,  
 But to be teaz'd by her own excellence.

"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"  
 She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.  
 Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes: 165  
 Each creature's imperfections are her woes.  
 Heav'n by its favour has the fair distress'd,  
 And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be blest'd.

Ah! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,  
 'Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing? 170  
 Old age will come; disease may come before;  
 Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.  
 Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay;  
 But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,  
 Their basis totters, their foundation shakes, 175  
 Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;  
 Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine;  
 The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule;  
 And knows her wiser husband is a fool; 180  
 Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread  
 That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;



For difficult amours can smoothe the way,  
 And tender letters dictate or convey;  
 But if depriv'd of such important cares, 185  
 Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.  
 For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,  
 Nor take her tea without a stratagem;  
 Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,  
 Important by the virtue of grimace. 190

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,  
 By nature born to sooth and entertain:  
 Their prudence in a share of folly lies:  
 Why will they be so weak as to be wise?

Syrena is for ever in extremes, 195  
 And with a vengeance she commends or blames;  
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,  
 She strains too much to make it understood.  
 Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;  
 Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong. 200

Brunetta's wife in actions great and rare,  
 But scorns on trifles to bestow her care;  
 Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,  
 Because the occasion is beneath her aim.  
 Think nought a trifle, tho' it small appear; 205  
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,  
 And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,  
 Or you may die before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicea, there you'll see  
*Simplex munditiis* to the last degree: 210



Unlac'd her stays, her nightgown is unty'd,  
 And what she has of head-dress is aside:  
 She draws her words, and waddles in her pace,  
 Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face:  
 A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves, 215  
 And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves:  
 Gloves by Queen Befs's maidens might be mis'd,  
 Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.  
 Lovers! beware, to wound how can she fail,  
 With scarlet finger and long jetty nail? 220  
 For H——y the first wit she cannot be,  
 Nor, cruel R——d! the first toast for thee.  
 Since full each other station of renown,  
 Who would not be the greatest trapes in Town?  
 Women were made to give our eyes delight; 225  
 A female sloven is an odious sight,  
 Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,  
 That her dear self is her eternal theme:  
 Thro' hopes of contradiction oft' she'll say,  
 "Methinks I look so wretchedly to day!" 230  
 When most the world applauds you, most beware  
 'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.  
 Distrust mankind; with your heart confer,  
 And dread even there to find a flatterer.  
 The breath of others raises our renown; 235  
 Our own as surely blows the pageant down.  
 Take up no more than you by worth can claim,  
 Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.



But own I must, in this perverted age,  
Who most deserve can't always most engage. 240  
So far is worth from making glory sure,  
It often hinders what it should procure.  
Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and wife?  
No; wretches whom, in secret, we despise.  
And who so blind as not to see the cause? 245  
No rivals rais'd by such discreet applause;  
And yet of credit it lays in a store,  
By which our spleen may wound true worth the more.

Ladies there are who think one crime is all:  
Can women, then, no way but backward fall? 250  
So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,  
To pay its loss they think all others few.  
Who hold that crime so dear must never claim  
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus: "What! railing without end? 255  
"Mean talk! how much more gen'rous to commend?"  
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,  
My kind instructor, and example too.  
"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye;  
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry! 260  
"Aspasia's shape, indeed—but then her air—  
"The man has parts who finds destruction there.  
"Almeria's wit has something that's divine,  
"And wit's enough—how few in all things shine?  
"Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor— 265  
"Who was it said Selina's near threescore?"



" At Lucia's match I from my foul rejoice;  
 " The world congratulates so wise a choice:  
 " His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—  
 " But mortgages will sap the best estate. 270  
 " In Sherley's form might cherubims appear,  
 " But then—she has a freckle on her ear."

Without a but, Hortensia she commends,  
 The first of women, and the best of friends;  
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright; 275  
 But how comes this to pass?—she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:  
 Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail.  
 And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown 280  
 On others' fame, thro' fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns,  
 For are not coronets akin to crowns?  
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,  
 The height of avarice and pride confess.  
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank; 285  
 Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.  
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,  
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold:  
 As fond of five pence as the veriest cit,  
 And quite as much detested as a wit. 290

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?  
 Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?  
 Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less  
 To make our fortune than our happiness:



That happiness which great ones often see, 295  
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,  
Themselves unblest'd. The poor are only poor;  
But what are they who droop amid their store?  
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.  
The happy only are the truly great. 300  
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,  
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.  
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,  
Our envy would be due to large expense: 304  
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,  
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.  
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:  
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!  
A decent competence we fully taste;  
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast: 310  
More we perceive by dint of thought alone;  
The rich must labour to possess their own,  
To feel their great abundance, and request  
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;  
To see their treasures, hear their glory told, 315  
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.  
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,  
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine. [vine,  
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,  
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.  
Grand reservoirs of public happiness, 321  
Thro' secret streams diffusively they blest,



And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,  
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

But Satire is my task, and these destroy 325  
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.

Help me, ye Misers! help me to complain,  
And blast our common enemy, G——a :

But our invectives must despair success,  
For next to praise she values nothing less. 330

What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?  
Or is't Asturia? that affected dame.

The brightest forms, thro' affectation, fade  
To strange new things, which Nature never made.

Frown not, ye Fair! so much your sex we prize, 335  
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.

In Albuinda's native grace is seen  
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.

Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,  
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please. 340

Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,  
And all the movements of the soft machine;

How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,  
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the beau;

While one white finger and a thumb conspire 345  
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!  
As Lethe dreadful to the Love of Fame.

What devastations on thy banks are seen!  
What shades of mighty names which once have been!



An hecatomb of characters supplies 351

Thy painted altars' daily sacrifice.

H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,

As grains of finest sugars melt away,

And recommend thee more to mortal taste: 355

Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,

And thy revolting Naiads call for wine;

Spirits no longer shall serve under thee,

But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea! 360

Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,

And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie\*?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,

And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd;

At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass 365

Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.

As glorious as the British queen renown'd,

Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,

But every bolder vice of bold mankind. 370

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!

To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,

Such faults at which it is a fault to smile?

There are: Vice, once by modest Nature chain'd, 375

And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd;

\* -----Solem quis dicere falsum

Audeat?

Virg.



Without thin Decency held up to view,  
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.  
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,  
Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives; 380  
Who marry to be free, to range the more,  
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.  
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,  
And one eternal tempest of debate.  
What foul eruptions from a look most meek! 385  
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek!  
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand!  
But then their reason is at due command.  
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?  
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife. 390  
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,  
And ask what kindred is a spouse to them?  
What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see!  
And misses, ancient in iniquity!  
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming! 395  
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!  
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,  
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expense,  
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,  
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times, 400  
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,  
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,  
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,  
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.



Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd belle  
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell, 406  
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all  
Who listen less to C—ns than St. Paul.  
Atheists have been but rare: since Nature's birth,  
Till now, she-Atheists ne'er appear'd on earth. 410  
Ye men of deep researches! say, whence springs  
This daring character in tim'rous things?  
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,  
A match for nothing—but the Deity.

But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own, 415  
In this pursuit they court not Fame alone,  
But join to that a more substantial view,  
“ From thinking free, to be free agents too.”

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them  
In complaisance to all the fools in Town. [down,  
O how they tremble at the name of prude! 421  
And die with shame at thought of being good!  
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,  
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?  
They Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave, 425  
Thro' cowardice most execrably brave.  
With our own judgments durst we to comply,  
In virtue should we live, in glory die.  
Rise then, my Muse! in honest fury rise;  
They dread a satire who defy the skies. 430

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own,  
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.

From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe  
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.  
His other excellence they'll not dispute; 435  
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.  
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain  
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?  
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,  
For now and then a sip of transient joy? 440  
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;  
He's like themselves, or how could he be good?  
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose—  
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose,  
The pure! the just! and set up, in his stead, 445  
A deity that's perfectly well-bred.  
“ Dear T—l—n! be sure the best of men;  
“ Nor thought he more than thought great Origen.  
“ Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd,  
“ Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be fav'd. 450  
“ Let priests do something for their one in ten;  
“ It is their trade; so far they 're honest men.  
“ Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,  
“ And dress their notions, like themselves, in black;  
“ Fright us with terrors of a world unknown, 455  
“ From joys of this, to keep them all their own.  
“ Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;  
“ But then they leave our untyth'd virtue free.  
“ Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show;  
“ Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?” 460



Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,  
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain,  
Nature disjoins the beautiful and profane.  
For what's true beauty but fair Virtue's face? 465  
Virtue made visible in outward grace?  
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,  
The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.

But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:  
They sleep no more! Quadrille \* has murder'd Sleep.

"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there 471

"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.

"I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—

"And people of condition should bestow."

Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons ran,  
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son; 476

Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly,

And beggar half their race—thro' charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,

I less should blame this criminal delight; 480

But since the gay assembly's gayest room

Is but an upper story to some tomb,

Methinks we need not our short beings shun,

And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.

We need not buy our ruin with our crime; 485

And give eternity to murder time.

\* Shakespeare.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;  
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;  
Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,  
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good; 490  
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,  
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,  
The scandal and the ruin of our isle!  
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band, 495  
A form divine high wave her snowy hand,  
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,  
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks:  
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,  
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, 500  
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,  
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!  
For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none;  
She (guiltless creature!) swears to Heav'n alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!  
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. 506  
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!  
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!  
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,  
And on her pillow lays her akeing head, 510  
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,  
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round;  
Imaginary ruins charm her still;  
Her happy lord's cuckolded by Spadil;

And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one 515  
He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror and of wild despair!  
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir  
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,  
And hide his glories in a mean retreat? 520  
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?  
Why pale distraction thro' the family?  
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,  
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why that gay son to distant regions sent? 525  
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match prevent?  
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?  
O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme? 530  
Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame?  
Tho', now, your hearts on lucre are bestow'd,  
'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode.  
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong,  
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.  
This may be said, in honour of our times, 535  
That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.

If sin you must, take Nature for your guide;  
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride.  
Ye fair apostates from Love's ancient pow'r!  
Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r? 540  
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?  
Must Cupid learn to punt ere he can please?

When you're enamour'd of a list or cast,  
 What can the preacher more to make us chaste?  
 Why must strong youths unmarried pine away? 545  
 They find no woman disengag'd—from play.  
 Why pine the marry'd?—O severer fate!  
 They find from play no disengag'd—estate.  
 Flavia, at lovers false, untouch'd, and hard,  
 Turns pale, and trembles at a cruel card. 550  
 Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;  
 Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,  
 While Death stands by but till the game is done,  
 To sweep that stake, in justice long his own:  
 Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire, 555  
 Or like snuffs sunk in sockets blazes high'r.  
 Ye Gods! with new delights inspire the fair,  
 Or give us sons, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen, close  
 In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose: 560  
 Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,  
 In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.  
 Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,  
 Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.  
 I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd." 565  
 When you chastise who would not kiss the rod?  
 But I've a charm your anger shall control,  
 And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,  
 That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight. 570



What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?  
 Her deeds are precepts, her example law;  
 'Midst Empire's charms how Carolina's heart  
 Glows with the love of virtue and of art!  
 Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,  
 Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me.

When in my page, to balance num'rous faults,  
 Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,  
 She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew  
 From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

Thus the majestic mother of mankind \*,  
 To her own charms most amiably blind,  
 On the green margin innocently stood,  
 And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;  
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,  
 And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

\* Milton.

*End of Satire Sixth.*

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LOVE OF FAME, &c.

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SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

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*Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.* VIRG.

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ON this last labour, this my closing strain,  
Smile, Walpole! or the Nine inspire in vain:  
To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,  
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?  
That glory which thy counsels make so bright;  
That glory which on thee reflects a light.  
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!  
To give, and take, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;  
The fountain is not foreign to the stream. 10  
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see  
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!  
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,  
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?  
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless, 15  
For Caprice is the daughter of Success,  
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)  
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause,  
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,  
And lulls us in the downy lap of Peace. 20

While I survey the blessings of our isle,  
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,  
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,  
Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,  
The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen, 25  
And shews the madness of ambitious men,  
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,  
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind;  
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd; 30  
But daring men there are (awake, my Muse!  
And raise thy verse!) who bolder frenzy chuse;  
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away,  
The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride, 35  
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,  
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!  
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.  
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,  
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains: 40  
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!  
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!  
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,  
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise 45  
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?  
Why want we, then, encomiums on the storm,  
Or famine or volcano? they perform



Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,  
And spread their ample deserts in a day.  
O great alliance! O divine renown!  
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.  
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,  
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law,  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;  
To murder thousands takes a specious name,  
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen  
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were men,  
A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave!  
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!  
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,  
This human chaos, carry smiles away?  
How did my heart with indignation rise!  
How honest Nature swell'd into my eyes!  
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade  
Of such materials, fame and triumph, made!

How guilty these? yet not less guilty they  
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;  
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,  
And bows and smiles, more fatal than their swords;  
Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;  
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;  
All real kindness for the shew discard,  
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;

Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,  
" With open arms their enemies embrace ;"  
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,  
" The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine :"  
Or if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,  
And in their height of kindness are unkind.  
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,  
Walpole ! when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse ! the catalogue is writ,  
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,  
Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame  
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim :  
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,  
May furnish laughter for another year. 85  
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd  
The justice yet of being well abus'd,  
With patience wait, and be content to reign  
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell 95  
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.  
How commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,  
And ev'ry vice is to the Scripture laid. 100

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,  
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How verses is less qualify'd to steal  
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.



How lawyers' fees to such excess are run, 105  
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,  
And e'en denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,  
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes. 110

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,  
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off agen,  
Let others sing, to whom my weak essay  
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey :  
'That duty done, I hasten to complete 115  
My own design, for Tonson's at the gate.

The Love of Fame in its effects survey'd,  
The Muse has sung, be now the cause display'd :  
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,  
What is this power whom all mankind obey ? 120

Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence, came  
This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,  
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,  
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.  
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd, 125  
Wife laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were found ;  
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,  
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast ;  
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine :  
What more can prove its origin divine ? 130

But, oh ! this passion planted in the soul,  
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,



The flaming minister of virtue meant,  
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force, 135  
Of blots and beauties an alternate source ;

Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,  
Who thrives upon the carcases of Wit,  
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen  
How kind a pattern Pollio might have been. 140

Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,  
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools,  
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,  
And Newton lifts above a mortal height ;  
That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears 145  
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then, fully, comprehend the whole,  
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul ?  
(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)  
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains. 150

Ye Doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,  
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose ;  
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"  
And imprimatur usher'd it to light.

Ambition, in the truly noble mind, 155  
With sister Virtue is for ever join'd ;  
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,  
From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled :  
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,  
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ; 160

But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid  
Dead by her side, her Love of Fame obey'd.

In meaner minds Ambition works alone,  
But with such art puts Virtue's aspect on,  
That not more like in feature and in mien,  
The god \* and mortal in the comic scene.

Falſe Julius, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,  
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in baſeſt minds Ambition wears,  
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears :

All I have ſung are inſtances of this,  
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.

Ye Vain ! deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife ;  
Be wiſe, and quit the falſe ſublime of life.

The true ambition there alone reſides,  
Where juſtice vindicates, and wiſdom guides ;

Where inward dignity joins outward ſtate,  
Our purpoſe good, as our achievement great ;

Where public bleſſings public praiſe attend ;  
Where glory is our motive, not our end.

Wouldſt thou be fam'd ? have thoſe high deeds in view :  
Brave men would aſt, tho' ſcandal ſhould enſue.

Behold a prince ! whom no ſworn thoughts inflame,  
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame ;

But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,  
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,

Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight ;  
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight ;

\* Amphitryon.



Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring  
His people's blessings to their ardent king; 190  
But when those great heroic motives cease,  
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;  
From tedious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,  
A sudden foe to splendour and applause;  
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame, 195  
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.  
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;  
O blest'd ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,  
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie, 200  
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there shine,  
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;  
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,  
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores, 205  
Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours.  
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,  
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;  
George! who in foes can soft affections raise,  
And charm envenom'd satire into praise. 210

Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,  
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves\*.  
Even storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,  
And in their own wild empire learn to spare.

\*The King in danger by sea.

Thus Nature's self, supporting man's decree, 215  
 Styles Britain's sov'reign Sov'reign of the sea;  
 While sea and air, great Brunswick! shook our state,  
 And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,  
 Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear  
 Of ever losing what she held most dear, 220  
 How did Britannia, like Achilles\*, weep,  
 And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep?  
 Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,  
 Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm?  
 What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm? 225  
 Our Palinurus† slept not at the helm;  
 His eye ne'er clos'd, long since enur'd to wake,  
 And outwatch every star, for Brunswick's sake:  
 By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,  
 He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast: 230  
 But now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,  
 No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;  
 His own, which Nature and the Graces form,  
 At will to raise or hush the Civil storm. 234

\* Hom. II. lib. i.

† Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &amp;c.

Virg. lib. v.

*End of the Satires.*



# A KEY

TO THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

## SATIRE I.

—Gives applause to B——e, or to me.] Blackmore  
(Sir Richard.)

—Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit; —Polite  
apostates from God's grace to wit.] N. B. Virgil, Ho-  
race, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Mani-  
lius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Cæsar's  
Comment. Homer, &c. were published by Bishop Hare,  
Dr. Bentley, Dr. Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, &c.

S——e's humour.] Steele (Sir Richard.)

(P——y's eloquence.) Pulteney (William, Esq.)

If at his title T—— had dropt his quill, &c.] Dr. Trapp,  
when Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford,  
wrote *Prælectiones Poeticae*, Poetical Lectures, which  
were deservedly esteemed; but upon his blank-verse  
version of Virgil, vol. I. Dr. Evans of St. John's col-  
lege, Oxon, sent the following distich:

Read the commandments, Trapp, translate no further;—  
For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.

A is depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.] This alludes  
to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book, entitled,  
Shakespeare Restor'd, in opposition to Mr. Pope's  
edition of that author.

C———dos he'll out-do.] Chandos (Duke of.)

—B——l——ton, thy taste is not so true.] Burlington  
(Earl of.)

O iij



*Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,—  
Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.]* Sir Andrew Fountaine, and the late Earl of Pembroke, both great admirers of antique statues.

*Put off at night with Lady B—'s hair.]* The venerable gray-headed Countess of Bristol.

*Fewer grave lords to S—pe discreetly bend.]* Mr. Scroope, a great money-lender.

## SATIRE II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, toying, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

*—T—n turn'd upholsterer, &c.]* Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South-sea coxcombs, 1720.

*—Leaves to O—.]* Orrery (Charles Earl of.)  
*D—.]* Dorset (Earl of), the poet's patron.

*Miss D— tottering.]* Miss Duncomb.  
*—the Stagirite.]* Aristotle.

*Hence, D—; that openness of heart.]* Dodington.  
*St—pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.]* Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.—Deloraine (Lord).

## SATIRE III.

*—H—y's eyes unmercifully keen.]* Lady Hervey.  
*Well, H—r, dost thou thy master serve.]* Heiddegger, director of the masquerades.



## SATIRE IV.

While C—— mourns, &c.] Anthony Collins, Esq. founder of the sect of Freethinkers.

C——, who makes so merry with the Creed.] The same A. Collins.

Arb——t is a fool, and F—— a sage.—S——ey will fright you, E—— engage.] Dr. Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S—— is the worst of friends.] Suffex.

Q——y is fair.] Duchefs of Queensberry.

S—— the foremost toyman of his time.] Sloan (Sir Hans,) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J——y.] Lady Jerfey.

B——le fhines in council, M——t in the fight:—P——m's magnificent, but J—— can write.] Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt (Charles) Earl of Peterborough. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend;—H——t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?—A——le true wit is ftudious to reftore:—And D——t fmiles if Phœbus fmil'd before.—P——ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,—And Henrietta like a Mufe inspires.] Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyle (Duke of.) Dorfet (Duke of.) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of.) Lady Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles Harley. Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied to his lat Majesty (George I.)



## SATIRE V.

*Foubert has the forming of the fair.*] Major Foubert, a riding-master.

*Sir H——s.*] Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

*The fair philosopher to Rowley flies.*] The late Mr. Rowley, an eminent mathematical instrument maker, under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

*Lady D——.*] Dashwood or Dyfart.

## SATIRE VI.

*Zinck.*] The greatest master in miniature, and enamel painting, in Europe.

*H——y the first wit.*] Lord Hervey.

*Cruel R——d.*] Duke of Richmond.

*G——n.*] Lady Betty Germain.

*H——, P——, B——.*] Hervey, Pearce, Blount, (Ladies.)

*C——s.*] Collins (Anthony, Esq.)

*T——n.*] Archbishop Tillotson's and Dr. Burnet's doctrine of the non-eternity of hell-torments.

*K——p.*] Mrs. Kemp, keeper of an assempblee.

*Carolina's heart, &c.*] Acknowledgment of the late Queen's favours to the Author.



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EPISTLES.

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EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE  
AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twick'nam plan the future wood,  
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,  
Our senate meets: at parties parties bawl,  
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the stall;  
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light; 5  
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;  
The Civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,  
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.  
Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,  
Where Speculation roosted near the sky; 10  
Letters, essays, fock, buskin, satire, song,  
And all the garret thunders on the throng!

O Pope! I burst; nor can, nor will, refrain;  
I'll write, let others, in their turn, complain:  
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear 15  
Lefs dreads a pillory than pamphleteer:



I've heard myself to death; and, plagu'd each hour,  
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?

For who can write the true absurd like me?——

Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee? 20

Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,

The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;

Merit less solid less despite had bred;

They had not bit, and then they had not bled.

Fame is a public mistress none enjoys 25

But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;

The man that makes a character makes foes:

Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,

As a bright day awakes the world of flies; 30

With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,

(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting;

But as by deceptions wasps proclaim

The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train, 35

Whether with ale irriguous or champaign?

Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,

And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;

The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;

The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk; 40

The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;

The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;

Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or fad;

Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;



Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite; 45  
 Men that read well, or men that only write;  
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,  
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;  
 For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut;  
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut: 50  
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,  
 And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.  
 By thriving men subsists each other trade;  
 Of every broken craft a writer's made:

Thus his material, paper, takes its birth 55  
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth,

Hail, fruitful Isle! to thee alone belong  
 Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;  
 Thee well a Land of Liberty we name,  
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame; 60  
 Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,  
 And be mankind's contempt when'er they please;  
 Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense  
 Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:  
 Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires; 65  
 Their verse immoral kindles loose desire:  
 Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,  
 Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on  
 Thus to undo, and thus to be undone? 70  
 One loses his estate, and down he sits,  
 To shew (in vain) he still retains his wits:



Another marries, and his dear proves keen;  
 He writes, as an hypnotic for the spleen:  
 Some write, confin'd by physic; some by debt; 75  
 Some for 'tis Sunday; some because 'tis wet:  
 Thro' private pique some do the public right,  
 And love their king and country out of spite:  
 Another writes because his father writ,  
 And proves himself a bastard by his wit. 80

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?  
 Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound:  
 His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;  
 He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live:  
 He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream, 85  
 With no provision made, but of his theme:  
 Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,  
 Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit:  
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,  
 Tho' wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them just:  
 Genius directly from the gods descends, 91  
 And who by labour would distrust his friends?  
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,  
 For immortality he dips his quill;  
 And, since blank paper is deny'd the press, 95  
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess;  
 In various sets, which various words compose,  
 Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the Sybil broke,  
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke; 100



The priests found out the meaning if they cou'd,  
And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole  
And great concern of an immortal soul!)

Oft' have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive" 105

"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"

As oft' I overheard the demon say,

Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,

"I'll meet thee, Youth! at White's." The youth replies,

"I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice: 110

His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue barren wolf.

To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare,

Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,

Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.

Such heroes have we! all but life they stake; 115

How must Spain tremble, and the German shake?

Such writers have we! all but sense they print;

Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.

In arms contemptible, in arts profane,

Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.

Reform your lives before ye thus aspire, 121

And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!

'Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life:

They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;

They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer. 126

I reverence misfortune, not deride;

I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:

*Volume III.*

P



For who so sad but must some mirth confess  
 At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress? 130  
 Tho' there's but one of the dull works he wrote,  
 There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,  
 Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;  
 They make a private study of the street, 135  
 And, looking full on every man they meet,  
 Run soufe against his chaps, who stands amaz'd  
 To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.  
 How must these bards be rapt into the skies?  
 You need not read, you feel their ecstasies. 140

Will they persist? 'tis madness. Lintot, run,  
 See them confin'd. — "O, that's already done."  
 Most, as by leaves, by the works they print,  
 Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.  
 If you mistake, and pity these poor men, 145  
*Est Ulubris*, they cry, and write agen.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,  
 And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.  
 O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;  
 If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you: 150  
 Treat them, ye Judges! with an honest scorn,  
 And weed the cockle from the gen'rous corn:  
 There's true good-nature in your disrespect;  
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect:  
 For immortality if hardships plead, 155  
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.



But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool  
 But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull?  
 'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,  
 Conviction not from reason, but from smart. 160

A virgin-author, recent from the press,  
 The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;  
 Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,  
 Those in his hand, and glory in his head;  
 'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight! 165  
 His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night;  
 But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,  
 He finds that without sleeping he could dream.  
 So sparks, they say, take goddeffes to bed,  
 And find next day the devil in their stead. 170

In vain advertisements the Town o'erspread;  
 They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.  
 Who press for fame but small recruits will raise;  
 'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man, 175  
 Of his immortal work displays the plan,  
 And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fear dismiss;  
 " Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;  
 " Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame thro' time convey'd,  
 " And Britain Europe's queen—If I am pay'd." 180  
 A statesman has his answer in a trice;  
 " Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;  
 " What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns,  
 His work is foldgd, and his bosom burns:



His patrón he will patronize no more, 185  
 But rushes like a tempest out of door.  
 Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!  
 Out comes the piece, another, and the fame;  
 For A, his magic pen evokes an O,  
 And turns the tide of Europe on the foe: 190  
 He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,  
 But 'tis so very foul it won't go off:  
 Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,  
 But when once publish'd, they are heard no more.  
 Thus distant bugbears flight, but nearer draw, 195  
 The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can these oblige whose heads and hearts are such?  
 No; every party's tainted by their touch.  
 Infected persons fly each public place,  
 And none, or enemies alone, embrace: 200  
 To the foul fiend their ev'ry passion's sold;  
 They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.  
 What image of their fury can we form?  
 Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.  
 Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy, 205  
 To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.  
 Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags;  
 A state-Ulysses tames 'em with his bags:  
 Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,  
 For Christian ministers of state are few. 210  
 Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head  
 That pours his politics thro' pipes of lead,



Which far and near ejaculate and spout,  
 O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout;  
 But when they have bespatter'd all they may, 215  
 The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With golden forceps these another takes,  
 And state-elixirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay  
 A servile sycophant, if well they weigh 220  
 How much it costs the wretch to be so base;  
 Nor can the greatest pow'rs enough disgrace,  
 Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,  
 If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong? 225  
 Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?  
 Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue-self they fight,  
 Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:  
 Whoe'er their crimes for int'rest only quit,  
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit. 230

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,  
 And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.  
 From the same hand how various is the page?  
 What Civil war their brother pamphlets wage?  
 Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare; 235  
 Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.

If such our writers, startled at the sight,  
 Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit  
 The monstrous changes of a modern wit? 240



Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,  
 As seldom rises to the verge of sense;  
 Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame;  
 Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;  
 Now, on immodest trash, the swine obscene, 243  
 Invites the Town to sup at Drury-lane;  
 A dreadful lion, now he roars at pow'r,  
 Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;  
 He's now a serpent, and his double tongue,  
 Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung. 250  
 What note can bind him, his evasion such?  
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.  
 The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,  
 Those five-fold monsters modern authors make.  
 The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred  
 When the brain's perish'd in a human head. 256  
 Ye grov'ling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,  
 Made up of venom, volumes, flains, and stings!  
 Thrown from the tree of Knowledge, like you, curs'd  
 To scribble in the dust, was snake the first. 260  
 What if the figure should in fact prove true?  
 It did in Elkenah, why not in you?  
 Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,  
 For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,  
 Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape, 265  
 And found his manners suited to his shape:  
 Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;  
 So liv'd your prototype, and so he dy'd.



Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train  
 May tempt mankind to think religion vain; 270  
 But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,  
 That gods there are is eminently seen:  
 Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,  
 And marks the murderers of fame from men:  
 Thro' meager jaws they draw their venal breath, 275  
 As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:  
 Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,  
 And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt:  
 The transient vestments of these frugal men  
 Hasten to paper for our mirth agen: 280  
 Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)  
 They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate:  
 The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;  
 The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' spight;  
 And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse, 285  
 Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.  
 So fare the men who writers dare commence  
 Without their patent, probity, and sense.  
 From these their politics our quidnuncs seek,  
 And Saturday's the learning of the week: 290  
 These lab'ring wits, like pavors, mend our ways  
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays;  
 Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,  
 And hem at every thump upon your skull:  
 These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry, 295  
 And honest Folly echoes to the lie.



O how I laugh when I a blockhead see  
 Thanking a villain for his probity;  
 Who stretches out a most respectful ear,  
 With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer: 300  
 It tickles thro' my soul to hear the cock's  
 Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,  
 Sole patron of his liberties and rights!  
 While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state  
 Discharges all her poor and profligate, 306  
 Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,  
 And prisons pour their filth into the field;  
 Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,  
 Compose the black militia of the pen. 310

## EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London; shall the rage abate  
 Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' seat?  
 Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,  
 The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?  
 Has not a royal patron \* wisely strove 5  
 To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?  
 Added new strings to her harmonious shell,  
 And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?

\* His late Majesty's benefaction for modern languages.



Let these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray  
Awake the world, and scare our owls away. 10

Mean while, O Friend! indulge me, if I give  
Some needful precepts how to write and live;  
Serious should be an author's final views:  
Who write for pure amusement ne'er amuse.

An Author! 'tis a venerable name! 15  
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim?

Unblest'd with sense above their peers refus'd,  
Who shall stand up dictators to mankind?

Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?  
That sole proprietor of just applause. 20

Ye restless Men! who pant for letter'd praise,  
With whom would you consult to gain the bays? 25

With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?  
'Tis well; go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.

What answer will the laurell'd shade return? 25  
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn

The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,  
That boast of nought more excellent than wit.

If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,  
Woe to the page which has not that to plead! 30

Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote  
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:

Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of Fame,  
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.

And in one point is all true wisdom cast? 35  
To think that early, we must think at last.



Immortal wits, ev'n dead, break Nature's laws,  
 Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;  
 And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,  
 (Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot. 40

Thus ends your courted fame: does lucre then,  
 The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen?  
 In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,  
 Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;  
 His sacred influence never should be sold; 45  
 'Tis arrant Simony to sing for gold:  
 'Tis immortality should fire your mind:  
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing Tribe!  
 Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe: 50  
 All's on the party of the virtuous man;  
 The good will surely serve him if they can;  
 The bad, when int'rest or ambition guide,  
 And 'tis at once their int'rest and their pride;  
 But should both fail to take him to their care, 55  
 He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,  
 And what is virtue but superior sense?  
 In parts and learning you who place your pride,  
 Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.  
 What is a scandal of the first renown, 61  
 But letter'd knaves, and Atheists in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;  
 The least misconduct damns the brightest sense:



Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name, 65  
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.  
Flagitious manners make impressions deep  
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep :  
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame ;  
True, these are fools ; but wise men say the same. 70

Wits are a despicable race of men,  
If they confine their talents to the pen ;  
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,  
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.  
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense, 75  
And play the fool, because they 're men of sense.  
What instances bleed recent in each thought,  
Of men to ruin by their genius brought ?  
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,  
Purely thro' want of wit to be undone ? 80  
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,  
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear :  
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made ;  
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us ; wit betrays, 85  
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways ;  
A certain snare to miseries immense,  
A gay prerogative from common sense ;  
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,  
And break to paths of virtue and of fame. 90

But grant your judgment equal to the best,  
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast ;



Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)  
 'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;  
 As it is great to seize the golden prize  
 Of place or power, but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,  
 Think private merit less than public fame,  
 And fancy not to write is not to live;  
 Deserve, and take the great prerogative:  
 But ponder what it is, how dear 'twill cost  
 To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;  
 Who write, an awful character profess;  
 The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,  
 And for their stipend an immortal fame.  
 Nothing but what is solid or refin'd  
 Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit;  
 Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:  
 No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;  
 Much trust example, but reflection more:  
 More had the Ancients writ they more had taught,  
 Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,  
 Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more:  
 Above, beneath it, the just limits fix,  
 And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,  
 And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen;



Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise;  
Slow runs the Pegafus that wins the bays.  
Much time for immortality to pay  
Is just and wise; for less is thrown away.  
Time only can mature the lab'ring brain; 125  
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain:  
The same good sense that makes a man excel,  
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.  
Downright impossibilities they seek.  
What man can be immortal in a week? 130

Excuse no fault, tho' beautiful 'twill harm;  
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.  
Our age demands correctness; Addison  
And you this commendable hurt have done.  
Now writers find, as once Achilles found, 135  
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsound.

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,  
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:  
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,  
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare: 140  
The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,  
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, tho' you can do it well;  
Men may too oft', tho' not too much excel.  
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price; 145  
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:  
They granted you writ well; what can they more,  
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?



Do boldly what you do, and let your page  
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage. 150  
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,  
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause;  
It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws.  
Is genius your's? be your's a glorious end, 155  
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's, friend.  
The public glory by your own beget;  
Run nations, run posterity, in debt;  
And since the fam'd alone make others live,  
First have that glory you presume to give. 160

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;  
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.  
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;  
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.  
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart, 165  
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,  
Genius and morals be with you the man:  
Defaults in those alone should give offence;  
Who strikes the person pleads his innocence. 170  
My narrow-minded satire can't extend  
To Codrus' form; I'm not so much his friend:  
Himself should publish that (the world agree)  
Before his works, or in the pillory.  
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat, 175  
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd humour? it has this pretence,  
 'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense,  
 Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,  
 Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift. 180

Can others write like you? your task give o'er,  
 'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.  
 If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,  
 They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.  
 Think frequently, think close, read Nature, turn 185  
 Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.  
 To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,  
 Thoughts born from present objects warm from life:  
 When most unsought, such inspirations rise,  
 Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise: 190  
 Expect peculiar fame from these alone;  
 These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,  
 Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.  
 True, all men think of course, as all men dream, 195  
 And if they slightly think 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half renown;  
 They give you nothing, or they give a crown.  
 No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,  
 But what did honour to the name of man. 200

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse;  
 Clear be the style, the very sound of force;  
 Easy the conduct, simple the design,  
 Striking the moral, and the soul divine.

Qij



Let Nature art, and judgment wit exceed; 205  
 O'er learning reason reign, o'er that your Creed;  
 Thus virtue's seeds at once, and laurels, grow;  
 Do thus, and rise a Pope or a Despreau;  
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,  
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines. 210  
 Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;  
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit;  
 And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,  
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.  
 Would you restore just honours to the pen? 215  
 From able writers rise to worthy men.

“Who's this with nonsense nonsense would restrain?  
 “Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?  
 “Who damns our trash with so much trash replete?  
 “As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?” 220  
 Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,  
 And challenge all mankind to find one fault?  
 With huge examens overwhelm my page,  
 And darken reason with dogmatic rage?  
 As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme, 225  
 In prose a duller could excuse the crime?  
 Sure next to writing, the most idle thing  
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,  
 Which nothing can intimidate or bribe: 230  
 Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;  
 False fame must wither, and the true will grow.



Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;  
 For if I fall, by my own pen I die;  
 While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain, 235  
 To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore prefs'd with danger, and in awful dread  
 Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,  
 Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,  
 Of recent form, to serve me this campaign, 240  
 And safely hope to quit the dreadful field  
 Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield,  
 Unless dire Cordus rouses to the fray  
 In all his might, and damns me—for a day.  
 As turns a flock of geese, and on the green 245  
 Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,  
 (Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,  
 So war their quills when sons of Dulness write. 248

## AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory shone,  
 And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone;  
 While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,  
 Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate,  
 Horace did oft' the mighty man detain, 5  
 And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;  
 Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,  
 And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Q iij



Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,  
 Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you;  
 The Muses' friend is pleas'd the Muse should press  
 Thro' circling crowds, and labour for access;  
 That partial to his darling he may prove,  
 And shining throngs for her approach remove,  
 To all the world industrious to proclaim  
 His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the Western World reclin'd her head,  
 Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;  
 Fell Discord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd,  
 And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;  
 By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd,  
 Nor Heav'n repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,  
 In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;  
 Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chas'd,  
 And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste;  
 The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,  
 The fruitful Autumn, or the flow'ry spring;  
 Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,  
 Not by the various aspects of the year;  
 The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,  
 And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,  
 When such as you are near, her glorious Queen!)  
 Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at last,  
 And bids us smile on all our labours past;



Bids ev'ry nation cease her wonted moan,  
 And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own :  
 To valour gentler virtues now succeed ;  
 No longer is the great man born to bleed : 40  
 Renown'd in council, brave A'gyle shall tell,  
 Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell ;  
 Thro' milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,  
 And without trembling we resound his name,  
 No more the rising harvest whets the sword, 45  
 No longer waves uncertain of its lord ;  
 Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,  
 Nor chance of battle change the master's name :  
 Each stream, unstain'd with blood, more smoothly flows,  
 The brighter sun a fuller day bestows ; 50  
 All Nature seems to wear a cheerful face,  
 And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain  
 No longer he invokes the gods in vain,  
 But rises to new life, in every field 55  
 He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield ;  
 Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,  
 And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace  
 As more than bids the rage of battle cease. 60  
 Death may determine war, and rest succeed,  
 'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed ;  
 In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,  
 And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.



See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance, 65  
Nor miss his Lansdown in the court of France;  
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,  
(Bless'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's stately dome,  
'The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,  
Will not that Anna call him all her own; 70  
He claims a part; and looking round to find  
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,  
A di'mond shines, which oft' had touch'd him near,  
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;  
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one 75  
Who makes him less regret his darling son:  
So dear is Anna's minister, so great  
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain  
Does Nature interpose the raging main: 80  
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,  
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:  
From conflicts past each other's worth we find,  
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;  
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of love, 85  
And former injuries endearments prove.  
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword  
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?  
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame  
Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?  
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends, 91  
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends,



A thousand happy consequences flow,  
 (The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow)  
 Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll 95  
 Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.  
 The British merchant, who, with care and pain,  
 For many moons sees only skies and main,  
 When now, in view of his lov'd native shore,  
 The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er, 100  
 Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,  
 Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;  
 By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,  
 And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.  
 Sweet Philomela providently flies 105  
 To distant woods and streams for such supplies,  
 To feed her young, and make them try the wing,  
 And with their tender notes attempt to sing;  
 Mean while the fowler spreads his secret snare,  
 And renders vain the tuneful mother's care. 110  
 Britannia's bold adventurer of late,  
 The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.  
 Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,  
 And pow'r a curse, if not a friend to right.  
 To conquer is to make dissension cease, 115  
 That man may serve the King of kings in peace.  
 Religion now shall all her rays dispense,  
 And shine abroad in perfect excellence;  
 Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,  
 To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land. 120



Now War is weary, and retir'd to rest;  
 The meagre Famine, and the spotted Pest,  
 Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,  
 And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne, 125  
 Jove in the fulness of his glory shone:  
 Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,  
 Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.  
 Anne, too, shall build, and ev'ry sacred pile  
 Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle. 130  
 Those mighty souls, whom military care  
 Diverted from their only great affair,  
 Shall bend their full united force, to bless  
 Th' almighty Author of their late success.  
 And what is all the world subdu'd to this? 135  
 The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.  
 But there are conquests to great Anna known,  
 Above the splendour of an earthly throne;  
 Conquests! whose triumph is too great, within  
 The scanty bounds of matter to begin; 140  
 Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run  
 Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,  
 And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic Shades! whom war has swept away,  
 Look down, and smile on this auspicious day; 145  
 Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,  
 Who or at Agincourt or Cressly fell,



Then deep into eternity retire;  
 Of greater things than peace or war inquire;  
 Fully content, and unconcern'd to know 150  
 What farther passës in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave  
 To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave:  
 On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet  
 Sad melancholy numbers in each street, 155  
 (Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,  
 Or wasting in the bottom of the main)  
 To turn us back from joy, in tender fear  
 Lest it an insult of their woes appear,  
 And make us grudge ourselves that wealth their blood  
 Perhaps preserv'd, who starve or beg for food. 161  
 Devotion shall run pure, and disengage  
 From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.  
 On Heav'n without a sin we now may call,  
 And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall; 165  
 Be Christians while we pray; nor in one breath  
 Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But, O! I view with transport arts restor'd,  
 Which double use to Britain shall afford,  
 Secure her glory purchas'd in the field, 170  
 And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:  
 While we contemplate, on the painted wall,  
 The pressing Briton and the flying Gaul,  
 In such bright images, such living grace,  
 As leave great Raphael but the second place, 175



Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,  
And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes;  
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,  
And yet consent those battles prove our last,  
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive, 180  
We lose the means to keep the fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,  
Or near the margin of a secret spring :  
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,  
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love. 185

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,  
Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing?  
The Muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,  
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.  
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar, 190  
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar ;  
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal! was dead,  
And all her warlike neighbours round her bleed :  
For Janus shut her Io Pœans rung,  
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung. 195

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,  
(A thousand various forms become the fair)  
But shines in none with more majestic mien,  
Than when in state she draws the purple scene,  
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage, 200  
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded stage ;  
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use  
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce ;



Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;  
 They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd, 205  
 Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks;  
 The hero's presence deep impression makes;  
 The scene his soul and body re-unite,  
 Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;  
 Make our contemporary him that stood 210  
 High in renown, perhaps before the flood;  
 Make Nestor to this age advice afford,  
 And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,  
 Whence nobler service to his country spring, 215  
 Than from those labours which, in man's despight,  
 Possess him with a passion for the right?  
 With honest magic make the knave inclin'd  
 To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;  
 Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove, 220  
 And with her wants and anguish fall in love?  
 Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,  
 And does not wish the glorious pain his own?  
 Lend but your understanding, and their skill  
 Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will: 225  
 Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;  
 Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl  
 With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,  
 And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour 230  
 (The prose of life) had kept within her pow'r?



The grape victorious often has prevail'd,  
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd;  
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,  
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd; 235  
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,  
And on her own confession charge the lie.  
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love  
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,  
Or fear of future pains, or human laws, 240  
Could render advocates in Virtue's cause,  
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd  
Their wonted disposition of the mind:  
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,  
As circling glasses on our senses steal, 245  
Till throughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,  
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,  
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,  
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,  
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring, 250  
Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.  
How can they cool to villains? how subside  
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?  
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,  
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn? 255  
In this gay school of virtue whom so fit  
To govern and control the world of wit  
As Talbot, Lansdown's friend, has Britain known?  
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;



He in the lap of Elegance was bred, 260  
 And trac'd the Muses to their fountain-head ;  
 But much we hope he will enjoy at home  
 What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.  
 Nor fear I mention of the court of France,  
 When I the British genius would advance : 265  
 There, too, has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste,  
 Yet still we dare invite him to our feast.  
 For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress  
 Of Oroonoko, and presume him less :  
 What tho' we wrong him? Isabella's woe 270  
 Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.  
 Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,  
 The drama glories in the British Muse.  
 The French are delicate, and nicely lead  
 Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread. 275  
 Our genius more affects the grand than fine ;  
 Our strength can make the great plain action shine :  
 They raise a great cur'osity indeed,  
 From his dark maze to see the hero freed ;  
 We rouse th' affections, and that hero show 280  
 Gasping beneath some formidable blow :  
 They sigh ; we weep : the Gallic doubt and care  
 We heighten into terror and despair ;  
 Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,  
 Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.  
 What's great in Nature we can greatly draw, 286  
 Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.



The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain  
 The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;  
 Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove  
 The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:  
 We know Heav'n made him a far greater man  
 Than any Cæsar in a human plan;  
 And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,  
 To stand affected with what Heav'n design'd.  
 To claim attention, and the heart invade;  
 Shakespeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made:  
 Our neighbour's stage art too bare-fac'd betrays;  
 'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise:  
 On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls;  
 None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls;  
 Then, with a sigh, returns our audience home,  
 From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,  
 But manly conduct of our strong designs.  
 That oft' they think more justly we must own;  
 Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:  
 Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;  
 We sometimes err, by striving more to do.  
 So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,  
 But change a sentiment you make a fault:  
 Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:  
 When we boast more we own ourselves to blame.  
 And yet in Shakespeare something still I find  
 That makes me less esteem all human kind;



He made one nature, and another found;  
 Both in one page with master-strokes abound:  
 His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,  
 Bid us no longer at our nurfes smile.  
 Of loft historians we almost complain, 320  
 Nor think it the creation of his brain.

Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?  
 With his great Talbot \*, too, he conquer'd France.

Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run  
 In great descendants; Shakespeare has but one; 325  
 And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,  
 But in kind filence spare his rival's shame:—  
 Yet I in vain that author would fupprefs;  
 What can't be greater, cannot be made lefs:  
 Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim, 330  
 And to himself great Agamemnon name.

Should Shakespeare rife, unblefs'd with Talbot's fmile,  
 Ev'n Shakespeare's felf would curse this barren isle;  
 But if that reigning ftar propitious fhine,  
 And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine, 335  
 Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,  
 Shall not repent my paffion for the ftage.

Thus did the will-almighty difallow,  
 No human force could pluck the golden bough,  
 Which left the tree with eafe at Jove's command, 340  
 And spar'd the labour of the weakeft hand.

\* An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.



Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write  
To you the Muse's glory and delight,  
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,  
And mortify an author with your praise. 345  
Praise wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due;  
But Censure's self will please, my Lord, from you.  
Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend  
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.  
What tho' the great man set his coffers wide, 350  
That cannot gratify the poet's pride,  
Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,  
Is best rewarded when best understood?  
The Muses write for glory, not for gold;  
'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold: 355  
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves  
To speak a sense of what th Muse deserves;  
The Muse, which from her Lansdown fears no wrong,  
Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.  
Should this great theme allure me farther still, 360  
And I presume to use your patience ill,  
The world would plead my cause, and none but you  
Will take disgust at what I now pursue.  
Since what is mean my Muse can't raise, I'll chuse  
A theme that's able to exalt my Muse. 365  
For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,  
Without a spark of his immortal flame?  
Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,  
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend;

Whether we chuse to love or to admire, 370  
 You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,  
 And such familiar glories spread around,  
 As more incline the stander-by to raise  
 His value for himself, than you to praise. 375  
 Thus you befriend the most heroic way,  
 Bless all, on none an obligation lay;  
 So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,  
 'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Tho' sweet your presence, graceful is your mien;  
 You to be happy want not to be seen; 381  
 Tho' priz'd in public, you can smile alone,  
 Nor court an approbation but your own:  
 In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze  
 In wonder fix'd, tho' resolute to please, 385  
 You, were all blind, would still deserve applause;  
 The world's your glory's witness, not its cause;  
 That lies beyond the limits of the day,  
 Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence, 390  
 A gift which Nature rarely does dispense:  
 Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone  
 Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.  
 You wish not those who shew your name respect,  
 So little worth as might excuse neglect; 395  
 Nor are in pain left merit you should know,  
 Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;



A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim  
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good; that told, so well  
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell. 405  
When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;  
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:  
And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,  
Who meant he conquer'd only said he fought. 405

When you, my Lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,  
(No crowds around for pleasure or for state)  
You are not cast upon a stranger land,  
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;  
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught, 410  
In toys to shun the discipline of thought;  
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,  
You chuse companions from all human race;  
Converse with those the deluge swept away,  
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day. 415

Books not so much inform, as give consent  
To those ideas your own thoughts present;  
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,  
Is finding cause to like yourself the more.  
In Grecian sages you are only taught 420  
With more respect to value your own thought.  
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew  
Those precepts we behold alive in you.  
Your life is so adjusted to their schools,  
It makes that history they meant for rules. 425



What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise  
 Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,  
 When in each learned page that you unfold,  
 You find some part of your own conduct told?

So pleas'd, and so surpris'd, Æneas stood, 430  
 And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,  
 When far from Trojan shore the hero spy'd  
 His story shining forth in all its pride;  
 Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand  
 The praise and wonder of a foreign land. 435

He knows not half his being who's confin'd  
 In converse, and reflection on mankind:  
 Your soul, which understands her charter well,  
 Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;  
 Ranges eternity without the leave 440  
 Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,  
 When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,  
 In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,  
 And for your ease to deathless fame descend, 445  
 Ye Kings! would ye true greatness understand?  
 Read Seneca, grown rich in Granville's hand\*.

Behold the glories of your life complete!  
 Still at a flow, and permanently great:  
 New moments shed new pleasures as they fly, 450  
 And yet your greatest is that you must die.

\* See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled, Heroic Love.



Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat  
 Of honour, and confes'd her servant great;  
 Confes'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame  
 Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name.  
 Tho' you in modesty the title wear, 456  
 Your name shall be the title of your heir,  
 Farther than ermine make his glory known,  
 And cast in shades the favour of a throne.  
 From thrones the beam of high distinction springs,  
 The soul's endowments from the King of kings. 461  
 Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!  
 Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.  
 Anna! be thou content to fix the fate  
 Of various kingdoms, and control the great; 465  
 But, O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!  
 To him that great prerogative resign,  
 Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure high'r,  
 His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear, 470  
 A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;  
 That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you must blame  
 That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;  
 Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice: 475  
 Vice he has none, or such as none with less,  
 But friends, indeed, good-nature in excess.  
 You cannot boast the merit of a choice  
 In making him your own; 'twas Nature's voice,



Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood, 480  
 Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;  
 Similitude of manners, such a mind,  
 As makes you less the wonder of mankind.  
 Such ease his common converse recommends,  
 As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's; 485  
 Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force  
 Of all beneath the sun to bend his course\*.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,  
 Flatters the motions of the wanton air,  
 Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd, 490  
 The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind;  
 But fix'd the stem, her upright state maintains,  
 And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are ye blest'd in such a matchless friend!  
 Alas! with me the joys of friendship end. 495  
 O Harrison! I must, I will complain;  
 Tears sooth the soul's distress, tho' shed in vain.  
 Didst thou return, and blest thy native shore  
 With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!—  
 Thy task was early done, and I must own 500  
 Death kind to thee, but, ah! to thee alone.  
 But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,  
 The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;  
 Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive;  
 They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave. 505

\* His Lordship's nephew who took orders.



With akeing heart, and a foreboding mind,  
 I night to day in painful journey join'd,  
 When first inform'd of his approaching fate,  
 But reach'd the partner of my soul too late.

'Twas past; his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,  
 Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song, 511  
 Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,  
 Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:  
 Each art of life, in which he bore a part,  
 Shot like an arrow thro' my bleeding heart. 515

To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,  
 But more to load that most unhappy hour?  
 Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind,  
 That not in health, or life itself, confin'd,  
 Felt thro' his mortal pangs Britannia's peace, 520  
 Mounted to joy, and smil'd in Death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,  
 No longer now his own, no longer mine,  
 He grasps my hand, his swimming eyeballs roll;  
 My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul; 525  
 Then with a groan—Support me—O! beware  
 Of holding worth, however great, too dear \*!

Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,  
 That in untimely freedom seeks relief:  
 To better fate your love I recommend; 530  
 O! may you never lose so dear a friend!

\* The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman,  
 Mr. William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon.



May nothing interrupt your happy hours!  
 Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe show's:  
 Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;  
 To make the Muse immortal you was born. 535  
 Sing; and in latest time, when story's dark,  
 This period your surviving fame shall mark;  
 Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,  
 And thus illustrate their historian's page.  
 The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung, 540  
 And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung;  
 That noted year Euröpa sheath'd her sword,  
 When this great man was first saluted Lord. 543

## A LETTER

TO MR. TICKELL.

*Occasioned by the death*

OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. 1719.

-----Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,  
 In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;  
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,  
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;  
 Thy wonted aid, my dear Companion! bring, 5  
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing:

*Volume III.*

8

A darling theme! once pow'rful to inspire,  
And now to melt, the Muses' mournful choir :  
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend  
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend. 10

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,  
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.  
See, see, the cry'd, old Maro's Muse appears,  
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years :  
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings, 15  
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.  
All read transported his pure classic page;  
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The State, when now his rising fame was known,  
'Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own, 20  
Nor would that one for scenes of action strong,  
Should let a life evaporate in song.  
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,  
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense :  
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd, 25  
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,  
In conscious pride their own importance find,  
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!  
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless pow'r,  
'The slight amusement of a leisure hour, 30  
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,  
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,  
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;



Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms, 35  
 And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,  
 In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:  
 This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth  
 From the malignant regions of the North, 40  
 To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,  
 Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;  
 Thro' warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,  
 And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.

With secret pain the prudent patriot gave 45  
 The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,  
 Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,  
 And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Aufonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest,  
 And equal wonder in her turn confess'd, 50  
 To see her fervours rivall'd by the pole,  
 Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:  
 In like surprize was her Æneas lost,  
 To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys, 55  
 Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,  
 In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought;  
 Great work! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,  
 Wise in her senate, graceful in her court; 60  
 And when the public welfare would permit,  
 The source of learning, and the soul of wit.

O Warwick! (whom the Muse is fond to name,  
 And kindles, conscious of her future theme)  
 O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,  
 How early didst thou catch his radiant light!  
 By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,  
 And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,  
 A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,  
 Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,  
 And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;  
 We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see;  
 Or, Orange-like, till his auspicious time  
 It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime:  
 He first the plant to richer gardens led,  
 And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:  
 The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,  
 And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,  
 And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,  
 The various labours of his easy page,  
 A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.  
 Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,  
 Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,  
 The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.  
 A glory more sublime remains in store,  
 Since such his talents, that he sung no more.



No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,  
 Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave,  
 Nought can the genius of his works transcend,  
 But their fair purpose and important end;  
 To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,  
 To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause;  
 With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,  
 Or paint th' eternal bow'rs of bliss above.  
 Where hadst thou room, great Author! where, to roll  
 The mighty theme of an immortal soul?  
 Thro' paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought  
 Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?  
 One let me join, all other may excel,  
 "How could a mortal essence think so well?"  
 But why so large in the great writer's praise?  
 More lofty subjects should my numbers raise:  
 In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend  
 The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend!  
 His glory such, it borders on disgrace  
 To say he sung the best of human race.  
 In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,  
 Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,  
 Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;  
 Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;  
 And as thy strain describes the matchless man,  
 Thy life shall second what thy Muse began.  
 Tho' sweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine  
 Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line,



Who strives not for that excellence he draws,  
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause. 120

But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare  
The noble work well trusted thy to care,  
The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,  
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.  
Collect the labours, join the various rays, 125  
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;  
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,  
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,  
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a while  
In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile; 130  
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,  
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.  
What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,  
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?  
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow, 135  
Those cares suspended for a private woe;  
Thy love to him is to thy country shown;  
He mourns for her who mourns for Addison. 138



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END OF VOLUME THIRD.



BELL'S EDITION.  
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN  
COMPLETE FROM  
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



YOUNG VOLUME IV.  
I lead the Choir and they conspire  
With Voice and Shell to lift it high  
Orion an. Ob.

*Martin del.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London November 20<sup>th</sup> 1777.

*Orion an. Ob.*

