THE

SPLEEN,

AND OTHER

POEMS,

By MATTHEW GREEN.

WITH A

PREFATORY ESSAY,

By J. AIKIN, M. D.

PHILADELPHIA;

PRINTED FOR BENJAMIN JOHNSON, NO. 31, &
J. JOHNSON, NO. 147, MARKET-STREET, &
R. JOHNSON, NO. 2, NORTH THIRD-STREET.

1804.

ON

GREEN'S POEMS.

MR. MATTHEW GREEN was of a family in good repute amongst the Dissenters, and had his education in the Sect. He was a man of approved probity and sweetness of temper and manners. His wit abounded in conversation, and was never known to give the least offence. He had a post in the Custom House, and discharged the duty there with the utmost diligence and ability. He died at the age of forty-one years, at a lodging in Nag's Head Court, Gracechurch Street." DODSLEY's Collection of Poems, vol. I.

IN the productions of poetry, as in those of the other fine arts, not only is consummate excellence in every point which contributes to the perfection of a work extremely rare, but a high degree of it in any one of these points is not frequently to be met with. If, as has been done with respect to painting and music, a scale were to be framed for poetical merit, in which all the principal qualities belonging to the art,

such as invention, versification, diction, pathos, and the like, were placed at the head of separate divisions, with a number annexed denoting the *maximum* of each,—how few poets could be found who might fairly be said to have reached that highest degree, even in one of these; how much fewer, who have approached it in several?

In considering such a scale, it might be a question whether the poet who stood at a medium height in all of the divisions, or he who was at the top in one or two, and near the bottom in the rest, were the *better artist;* but it could be no question whether the latter or the former were the *greater genius.* Excellence in one point will ever deserve a praise, to which mediocrity in many cannot arrive; and though its productions may afford less of the calm delight received from performances in which taste and skill secure moderate satisfaction and preclude disgust, yet they will better deserve the study and admiration of a true lover of the art.

It would be easy to enumerate various works of English poetry possessed of this partial or disproportionate excellence; and several of them maintain their place as acknowledged specimens of true genius, though perhaps they are more admired than read. But the

celebrity of writers depends much upon accidental circumstances; and if, in particular, we examine the share of fame obtained by our *minor poets*, whose performances have not *mass* enough to fill a considerable space in the public eye, we shall find it very far from commensurate with their proportion of merit. Besides the advantages bestowed by high patronage and connexions, and the praise of cotemporaries of name and reputation, there are certain merits more obvious to the generality of readers than others of a superior order, as well as certain topics more popular and interesting than others. Thus it has happened, that the soft and harmonious elegies of HAMMOND, referring to a passion familiar to all the readers of poetry, and replete with sentiments pleasing and natural, though none of them original to the writer, and sometimes bordering on triteness and insipidity—have had much more fortune in the world than the pieces of GREEN, distinguished as they are by brilliancy and originality of thought, but singular in their subject and somewhat uncouth in their manner.

The writer before us was neither by education nor situation in life qualified to attain skill in those constituent parts of poetical composition upon which much of its elegance and beauty depends. He had not, like a GRAY or a COLLINS, his mind early fraught with

all the stores of classic literature; nor could he devote months and years of learned leisure to the exquisite charms of versification or the refined ornaments of diction. He was a man of business, who had only the intervals of his regular employment to improve his mind by reading and reflection; and his poems appear to have been truly no more than hasty effusions for the amusement of himself and his particular friends. Numbers of works thus produced are born and die in the circle of every year; and it is only by the stamp of real genius that these have been preserved from a similar fate. But nature had bestowed on the author a strong and quick conception, and a wonderful power of bringing together remote ideas, so as to produce the most novel and striking effects. No man ever thought more copiously or with more originality; no man ever less fell into the beaten track of common-place ideas and expressions. That cant of poetical phraseology, which is the only resource of an ordinary writer, and which those of a superior class find it difficult to avoid, is scarcely any where to be met with in him. He has no hackneyed combinations of substantives and epithets; none of the tropes and figures of a school-boy's Gradus. Often negligent, sometimes inaccurate, and not unfrequently prosaic, he redeems his defects by a rapid variety of

beauties and brilliancies all his own, and affords more food to the understanding or imagination in a line or a couplet, than common writers in half a page. In short, if in point of versification, regularity and correctness, his place is scarcely assignable among the poets; in the rarer qualities of variety and vigour of sentiment, and novelty and liveliness of imagery, it would not be easy to find any, in modern times at least, who has a right to rank above him.

The longest and most elaborate of Mr. GREEN'S compositions, and that by which he is best known, is an epistolary piece entitled THE SPLEEN, of which the ingenious and elegant Mr. MELMOTH has said "that there are more original thoughts thrown together than ever he had read in the same compass of lines." The writer calls it a motley performance, and apologizes for its want of method: a general subject may, however, be traced through it, which is, the art of attaining a tranquil state of mind, undisturbed by vexatious emotions and gloomy imaginations, and free from that mixture of listlessness and melancholy which has been denominated the spleen. For this purpose, a sort of regimen for the soul is laid down, consisting chiefly in the practice of an easy good-humoured philosophy, resembling that of HORACE in his gay but sober mood, and comprising the best prac-

tical Epicurean system that has, perhaps, ever been sketched out. To speculate upon the various scenes of human life without deeply engaging in them; to indulge the excursions of fancy, but to restrain conduct by the reins of prudence; to give free entrance to all amusive and agreeable objects, and carefully to exclude all of an opposite kind—are the principal heads of his didactic matter. But it appears to have been no small part of his design, to take the occasion his subject afforded, of bestowing strokes of satire *en passant;* at the same time that a fixed antipathy to those high claims upon our belief and acquiescence which cramp the exertions of reason and liberty, and a tendency to free speculation concerning theological topics, are sufficiently discernible throughout the piece. It is not the purpose of this essay to give a moral or philosophical comment upon the author's system. Readers may take what they approve of it—and surely much *may* be approved—without embarrassing themselves about the rest. It is thus that HORACE is read by all his rational admirers. Meantime, as all we know of Mr. GREEN authorizes us to believe that he led an innocent and useful life, we may conclude that *he*, at least, received no injury from his speculative tenets; deserving, on this acconnt, a praise the opposite of that bestowed by Dr. JOHNSON on some of the subjects of his biographical sketches,

who are commended for the stedfastness with which they held orthodox opinions, in the midst of worthless and licentious lives.

To proceed to a more particular survey of the poem—The author, after an introduction in which, with great truth, he disclaims plagiarism, represents his purpose to be, that of replying to his friend's question, "what method he took to keep off attacks of the Spleen, and preserve serenity through the storms of the world." He sets out with a novel and very appropriate image of this noxious being, whom he represents as holding a magic lanthorn by means of which he throws frightful figures upon the scene of life.

The corporeal regimen prescribed against the Spleen consists of temperance and exercise. The early hours of the hunter, whose sport he recommends, gives occasion to a spirited picture of morning freeing herself from the defilements of the night, and triumphantly mounting the skies, which affords a specimen of his talents for inventive description; as the well-known line concerning exercise,

Fling but a stone, the giant dies,

does of his singular turn for ingenious allusion.

A satirical and entertaining enumeration follows, of objects proper to dispel Spleen by the ridicule they excite. This is succeeded by a description of the effects of theatrical representations, and music, in harmonizing the soul;—which, however, cannot be much praised for originality. The description of a rainy day and its resources has more novelty; and the simile of the flying fish, with the allusions to the ark, and the manna of the Israelites, are striking specimens of the author's peculiar manner. It may be remarked respecting GREEN (and I believe the remark would apply to many other writers educated among the Dissenters) that he abounds in references to scripture-history; a habit derived from early familiarity with those writings which has not unfrequently survived any particular veneration for their authority.

There is much feeling as well as fancy in the testimony given to the power possessed by the fair-sex in banishing intrusions of Spleen. The contrast of black eyes and blue is very striking; and the allusion to the miracle of St. JANUARIUS's head is one of the most ingenious in the piece. The succeeding grave censure on modern female education may suggest useful reflections; yet few, it may be supposed, will now concur in the advice to confine girls

for their security within "the safe high wall of ignorance."

What to avoid, is the next topic of the author's friendly admonition. At the head of the particulars enumerated he places, properly enough, that species of religion which inculcates gloomy and desponding ideas. With no less prudence he cautions against going to law; and his allegory of a forest may by lawyers themselves be admitted to be happily sustained. In warning against party-strife, he takes occasion to characterise the two leading parties in church as they existed at his day. The contrast is drawn with truth and humour; but the force of his satirical wit is principally expended on the puritanical sect, the rigid and unamiable manners of which had very commonly the effect of disgusting most those who from birth and education took the nearest survey of them.

The nature and motives of the writer's present conformity are then explicitly stated. Not able to satisfy his doubts, he resorts to the laws for a decision, and goes "to Mecca with the caravan." As a consequence of such a principle, it is not extraordinary to find him renouncing all "reforming schemes," the end of which he seems to think abso-

lutely unattainable, and therefore rather chuses to laugh at the follies of mankind, than run the hazard of making himself unhappy by "baffled zeal." In this conclusion he appears more consistent, than he is in the subsequent exceptions made in favour of a zeal for civil liberty and freedom of the press. But the fact probably was, that his original habits of thinking, as well as the prevailing spirit of the times, preserved his attachment to the latter, while scepticism and the practice of occasional conformity had subdued his regard for religious truth. The passage, however, in which he maintains the cause of liberty and knowledge, is striking and spirited; and there is much pregnant truth in the concluding remark, that they who apply the gag, always rob first.

He proceeds to enumerate the things to be avoided, as parents of disappointment and chagrin. A very lively and appropriate image of Fortune, or rather Court-favour, is given in the similitude of a figure sportively throwing the reflected light of a mirror into the eyes of a gaping crowd. Like many other poets, GREEN is a declaimer against his own art; and indulges in some lively strictures upon those who mistake a fond desire after poetical fame, for real talents, as well as upon those who support

their claims to reputation by plagiarism and artifice. The denomination of "the hop-grounds of the brain" given to verse, is peculiarly happy. His praise of GLOVER, another *citizen-poet* of distinguished merit, is liberal and affectionate.

Quitting admonition and satire, he comes at length to the direct means of procuring happiness in life; and having preluded with a rapturous address to contentment, he pours forth his sweetest strains, and the most pleasing effusions of his fancy, in a *wish*. Many poets have anticipated him in the indolent amusement of building castles in the air; but I know not if any one has been so successful in delineating a scene captivating to the lover of rural beauty and philosophic retirement. It is equally delightful as a piece of landscape painting, and as a moral portraiture; and the plan of life it lays down is a happy medium between that of the contemplative sage, and of the rational man of the world, who knows how to appreciate its comforts and enjoyments.

He next touches upon a higher topic, and with the seriousness of one friend addressing another displays his sentiments concerning the prospects of a future existence. Whatever be thought of his mode of philosophizing, it will not be denied that the whole pas-

sage is eminently distinguished by his characteristic vigour of expression and liveliness of fancy; and the spirited assertion of a free right to private judgment, uncontrouled by those who boast themselves "lords of the manor of the soul," will meet with the concurrence of all whom such a writer could in any degree expect to please. The address to the Creator, suddenly checked by a consciousness of incapacity, and terminating in "mute praise and humble negatives," almost reaches the sublime.

The allegory on human life with which the piece concludes, is an extremely hackneyed one. It may be traced through poets of various periods and nations; and, in particular, has been more than once employed by HORACE, in passages in every one's memory. But, perhaps it can no where be met with applied with so much exactness, and with such a variety of circumstances, as in the present instance. Reason sitting at the helm of the vessel, the Passions forming the crew, Philosophy putting forth the lights, Experience employing the glass and lead, the careening places of Bath and Tunbridge, and the dolphins sporting around, all together compose a wonderfully animated picture, clear in its conception, and happy in its resemblance.

Such is this singular poem on *the Spleen*, which few persons, it is imagined, will once read, without frequent re-perusals, every one of which will be repaid by new discoveries of uncommon and ingenious turns of thought. It possesses that undoubted mark of excellence, the faculty of impressing the memory with many of its strong sentiments and original images: and perhaps not more lines of HUDIBRAS itself have been retained by its admirers, than of this poem.

The EPIGRAM ON ECHARD'S AND BURNET'S HISTORIES, and THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND, are sprightly trifles, on which it is unnecessary to bestow any remarks.

The SEEKER is a curious piece of theological painting in the humorous style, the figures of which many will recognize to be drawn from the life.

The poem on BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS is written perfectly in the manner of the serious and philosophical part of The SPLEEN; and is, indeed, an admirable piece, clear and correct in its language, and full of original thoughts. The description of the retired votary, receiving in silence and self-annihilation the visitation of the Spirit, is

very striking and poetical, and renders solemn and impressive what has more commonly been represented in a ludicrous manner. The sentence,

> For so divine and pure a guest
> The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best,

is, indeed, capable of a sinister interpretation ; but from the general air of the passage, he could not intend a sarcasm in this place, and the *emptiness* must mean no more than what proceeds from the temporary exclusion of external objects. Though there is an occasional sportiveness in his manner, there seems no reason to doubt that he was in earnest in his approbation of the Quaker system, at least so far as to reckon it the nearest approach to pure christianity ; and his allusion to the case of king AGRIPPA fairly displays the state of his mind. His apologies for not openly adopting the principles he approves, have all the appearance of sincerity, and are such as will touch the heart of every reader whose situation in life prevents him from acting up to his convictions. The honest confession,

> Like you I think, but cannot live,

might become many characters of higher pretension than Mr. GREEN.

The most singular of our author's poems is entitled THE GROTTO, and was written on the erection of one of those edifices of Richmond Gardens by queen CAROLINE. It is not easy to say what sort of poem such a subject should naturally produce; but we may be assured that from no other pen would it have produced any thing similar to the present. Yet, digressive as it is, we may discern a general design running through it, that of considering the grotto as

> A temple from vain glories free,
> Whose goddess is Philosophy;

an idea suggested as well by the character of the elevated personage who built it, as by the busts of the great men with which it was furnished. This edifice is the same that POPE invidiously calls the "hermitage" in which Dr. CLARK was improperly placed; but no one free from party prejudice will think that he disgraces his company. The variety of thoughts which our author has found means to connect by his plan is very extraordinary, and many of them are truly admirable, though we may sometimes "wonder how the devil they came there." The character of the heathen deities, and the necessity imputed to them

of "recruiting from earth's first commoners," are excellent strokes of satire. The comparison of the insect tribe with the human race is lively, but one does not see what insects have peculiarly to do with a grotto.

One of the best and most appropriate passages is the enumeration of things which should, as it were, be exorcised from this sacred spot. Many of them are characterised with peculiar felicity, as scandal, adulation, spleen, and prophecy. The mention of Melancholy among the group, serves to bring in the writer's DELIA, whom we may suppose to be some favourite fair, too much addicted to gloom and low spirits. She is made a vehicle of some very sprightly and poetical description, though perfectly digressive from the topic of the piece. The comparison of the soul in a pensive fit to a sick linnet, and that of the tearful circle round the eye to a halo about the moon, are highly ingenious; and the enumeration of superstitious terrors is well conceived. Were we inclined to moralize on the occasion, it might be suggested, that this disposition to indulge in gloomy and terrific imaginations has been too much encouraged by some late works of fiction, which have delighted in painting with all the strength of pencil

——— in antique hall
The midnight monsters on the wall,
And shadowy spectres darkly pass,
Trailing their sables on the grass.

After this excursion, the poet returns to his exorcism, forbidding the entrance of the grotto to various other inauspicious beings, among whom the bigot is well characterized, as confined to look one way only

Through blinkers of authority.

He then invokes the proper nymph of the place, who seems to be the URANIA mentioned in a former part of the piece, and allots her the fit companions, reason, religion, philosophy, and morals,—religion having first ceased "crusading against sense," and renewed her ancient alliance with philosophy. He represents nature as smiling at the nymph's presence, and zephyr "playing with her curls instead of leaves." In conclusion, he raises the fair sex to the upper seats of the shrine, and pursues a very fanciful parallel between the female form and mind, and some of the phenomena of nature. The poem terminates with a just compliment to the royal founder of the grotto, who, though a queen, prized the friends of freedom, and canonized wise men, though a woman.

It appears that this piece was printed at its first composition, but not published. Probably the author was sensible that it was likely neither to be relished nor understood by the common readers of *grotto poetry*. Indeed, it is not calculated to give out its beauties, or its meaning, to a single perusal; yet it will amply repay a closer examination. Why it was to pass under the name of "a Fisherman of Brentford" is not apparent. Certainly, it is extremely remote from the simple and rustic character which would suit a supposed author of that class.

The poems of GREEN, which have hitherto appeared chiefly or solely in miscellaneous collections, do not seem favourably placed in them, since the reader, in the midst of a variety of light and agreeable pieces, is apt to overlook those of more thought and solidity, especially if they have any thing forbidding in their first aspect. If their present separate publication shall mark them out more pointedly to the lovers of English poetry, it is presumed that the writer's fame and the reader's pleasure will receive an equal accession.

GREEN's POEMS.

THE SPLEEN.

AN EPISTLE

TO Mr. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse;
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what * Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won *;
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;

* *Gildon's Art of Poetry.*

* *A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,*
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.
Howard's British Princes.

Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurel'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From More * so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatise on the Spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demean
In stormy world to live serene.

* *James More Smith, Esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l.* 50. *and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.*

When by its magic lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spread life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Shew'd part was substance, shadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, 'till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscidity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:
But after no field honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With roral wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the Hark-away.

And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen;
Some recommend the bowling green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.

Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd.
Green apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête à tête,
New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shews her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance;

Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.

But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums,;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be serene;
Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;

Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins :
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borr'wing Spanish red,
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame ;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will. and Mary on the coin :
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,

And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With spesch so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with Satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,

And raptur'd fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies.
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least!
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart;

Of every folly-fost'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence controul.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You shew so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul;

And charms, the gift of nature, shone;
And jealousy, a thing unknown;
Veils were the only masks they wore;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away:
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall;
We sink haw-haws, that shew them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease;
A gypsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex;
Where its twelve verd'rers every day
Are changing still the public way:
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur;
And wand'rers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.

Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there.
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I turn away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy;

Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good living more than grace:
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien;
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in shew-glass of the face;
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place;
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men;
But to avoid religious jars
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the Caravan;
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen send
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employ'd as engineers:
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.

At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd! nefandous thought!
In vain our sires have nobly fought:
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords

From lay-approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense;
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.

Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation*,
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be blest,

* *The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villainy of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In* 1732 *the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary enquiry, and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.*

And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And shew her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the park;
Who e'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit:
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;
I bless my stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,

Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the Poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Appollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muse's revelations shew,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lott'ries never tempt the wise
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profits warrant, or your praise.
On Poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworns appraisers, sit,
And mere upholst'rers in a trice
On gems and painting set a price.
These tayl'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiary's ends.
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging shew the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgement to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho*taught his birds to sing ;

**Psapho was a Libyan, who desiring to be accounted a God, effected it by this invention: He*

Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning officers on wit:
A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaux imposes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends:
Their natures merciful and mild
Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
In bulrush ark the bantling found
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preserv'd by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth * that you can name,
Who needs no leading strings to fame,

took young birds and taught them to sing, Psapho is a great God. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his country men offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a Deity.

* *Mr. Glover, the excellent author of Leonidas, Boadicea, Medea, &c.*

Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear that thunder in his verse;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove.
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,
This par'dise tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye:
Like aspine shake the restless leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing wise*.
Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
And by its falsely-envy'd scene
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.
We should be pleas'd that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the show,
And, middle siz'd, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,

And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
A wat'ry sun-shine in the face,
And pleasure's fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;

And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess sooths my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys,

And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all aroud ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,

Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodius pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,

Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,

Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe.
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,

And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!——

Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw;
Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirens caught,
On quicksands swall'wing shipwreck'd thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;

To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like spunge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.

He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights,
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid:
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way.

With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may heav'n propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

END OF THE SPLEEN.

AN EPIGRAM

On the Reverend Mr. LAURENCE ECHARD's, and Bishop GILBERT BURNET's Histories.

GIL's history appears to me
Political anatomy,
A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His sharp and strong incision pen
Historically cuts up men,
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
LAURENCE proceeds another way,
And well-dress'd figures doth display:
His characters are all in flesh,
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh:
And from his sweet'ning art derive
A better scent than when alive.
He wax-work made to please the sons,
Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.

THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

A SONG.

I.

I Lately saw, what now I sing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

II.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
She stroak'd its head and wings;
And while it nestled on her breast,
She lisp'd the dearest things.

III.

With chizzled bill a spark ill-set
He loosen'd from the rest,

And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

IV.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to descry:
'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
Moaning her bird would die.

V.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
The street was laid with straw.

VI.

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of strong emetic kind,
The apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

VII.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,
To bring away the stone,
Dickey, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

VIII.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapses for the ring.

IX.

Mean while within her beauteous breast
Two different passions strove;
When av'rice ended the contest,
And triumph'd over love.

X.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the sex display,

Who only to repair a ring,
  Could take thy life away.

XI.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,
  Monster of foulest mien:
Ye would not let it harbour there,
  Could but its form be seen.

XII.

It made a virgin put on guile,
  Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
  A Venus kill her bird.

THE SEEKER.

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.
Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;
And urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed systems, which they recommended.

Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's-
Inn,
(Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin;
Who, spider like, seizes weak protestant flies,
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;)
Ah pity your soul, for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
The bible, you boast, is a wild revelation:
Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation.

Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)

Ah! pity your soul: come, be of our sect:
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
As it stands in the acts, we can prove ourselves saints,
Being Christ's little flock every where spoke against.

Said a jolly church parson (devoted to ease,
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)
If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
The first is in error, the last a deceiver:
That our's is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis.*

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,)
Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all disagree;
Then pr'ythee be wise, go the quakers by-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.

ON BARCLAY's

APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS.

THESE sheets primæval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is reveal'd ;
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Systems lethargic to the head
They purge and yield a diet thin,
That turns to gospel-chyle within.
Truth sublimate may here be seen
Extracted from the parts terrene.
In these shewn, how men obtain
What of Prometheus poets feign :
To scripture-plainness dress is brought,
And speech, apparel to the thought.
They hiss from instinct at red coats,
And war, whose work is cutting throats,

Forbid, and press the law of love :
Breathing the spirit of the dove.
Lucrative doctrines they detest,
As manufactur'd by the priest ;
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
For stuff, which never mends the way ;
And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
And frank the gospel for our use.
They sable standing armies break ;
But the militia useful make :
Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
Taught by these rules as well as they ;
Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,
Bid us to follow what we feel.

The world can't hear the small still voice,
Such is its bustle and its noise ;
Reason the proclamation reads,
But not one riot passion heeds.
Wealth, honour, power the graces are,
Which here below our homage share :

They, if one votary they find
To mistress more divine inclin'd,
In truth's pursuit to cause delay
Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O heav'n in some retreat,
There let the serious death-watch beat,
There let me self in silence shun,
To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
When fast the senses' doors are shut;
For so divine and pure a guest
The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O Contemplation! air serene,
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
Where grace, when waited for, is found!

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,
And meets exulting, virgin Truth;

Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
Impulses rustle through the mind;
Here shines that light with glowing face,
The fuse divine, that kindles grace;
Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
'Till darkness be by dying past,
And then goes out at end of night,
Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,
Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,
Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,
And raise despair my lamp can last,
Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.

False eloquence, big empty sound,
Like showers that rush upon the ground,
Little beneath the surface goes,
All streams along and muddy flows.
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,
Exerts persuasion's winning force,
And nervates so the good design,
That King Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natured, happy shade, forgive!
Like you I think, but cannot live.
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
That, from dependence life exempt;
And constitution fram'd so strong,
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat;
Compell'd by station every hour
To bow to images of power;
And in life's busy scenes immers'd,
See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,
And make ten thousand truths give way,
While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
Draws near, and stares me in the face.

Consider well your state, she cries,
Like others kneel, that you may rise;
Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,
To which preferment is annex'd,
Nor madly prove, where all depends,
Idolatry upon your friends.
See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you must wear, if out of place.
Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse
Without one farthing out at use.
They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,
With faith so founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention ease,
And construe scripture how they please.

The honour'd prophet, that of old
Us'd heav'n's high counsels to unfold,
Did, more than courier angels, greet
The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

THE GROTTO*.

Written under the name of PETER DRAKE, a Fisherman of Brentford.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.
HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg:
Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
I strain, and lay among the rest.

ADIEU awhile, forsaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the god my well-meant song
May not my subject's merit wrong.

* *A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written, many other verses appeared on the same subject.*

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
The much sung GROTTO of the queen.
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,
And Wolsey's * pride (his greatest guilt)
And what great William since has built ;
And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,
(Honour'd retreat of two great queens†)
From Sion-House‡, whose proud survey
Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,
And view, from highest swell of tide,
The milder scenes of Surry side.

* *Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolsey, and improved by King William III.*

† *Queen Anne, consort of King Richard II. and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.*

‡ *Sion-House is now a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.*

Though yet no palace grace the shore,
To lodge that pair you should adore;
Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,
Royal equivalents for vice;
Behold a Grott, in Delphic grove,
The Graces' and the Muses' love.
(O, might our Laureat study here,
How would he hail his new-born year!)
A temple from vain glories free,
Whose goddess is Philosophy,
Whose sides such licens'd idols crown
As superstition would pull down;
The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of sense would choose to go:
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the Virtues gather round,
To see her consecrate the ground.
If thou, the god with winged feet,
In council talk of this retreat,
And jealous gods resentment show
At altars rais'd to men below;

Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
Their house our heroes should admit;
While each exists, as poets sing,
A lazy lewd immortal thing,
They must (or grow in disrepute)
With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is in terms unskill'd
To praise whatever Boyle shall* build;
Needless it is the busts to name
Of men, monopolists of fame.
Four chiefs adorn the modest stone†,
For virtue as for learning known;
The thinking sculpture helps to raise
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:

* *Richard Boyle Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture.*

† *The author should have said five; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.*

To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
Their silence speaks, and shade gives light:
While insects from the threshold preach,
And minds dispos'd to musing teach:
Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
They perish by the slightest bruise;
Or maladies, begun within,
Destroy more slow life's frail machine;
From maggot-youth through change of state
They feel like us the turns of Fate;
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
And change earth-cells for dwellings high;
And some that did their six wings keep,
Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep.
They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less:
Some strain on foot huge loads to bring;
Some toil incessant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore
Wise sense of want by future store;
Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
'Till death, and then are never mist.

Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
Are sick and well, have war and peace,
And broke with age, in half a day
Yield to successors, and away.

Let not profane this sacred place,
Hypocrisy with Janus' face,
Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care;
Court kindness, Falshood's polish'd ware;
Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's veil,
That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale;
Or art politic, which allows
The jesuit-remedy for vows;
Or priest, perfuming crowned head,
'Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead:
Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And more than lineaments divine
Admires the gilding of the shrine;
Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
In thickest fog the clearest seen;

Or prophecy, which dreams a lye,
That fools believe and knaves apply ;
Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd ;
Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia, when I touch this string,
To thee my Muse directs her wing.
Unspotted fair, with down cast look
Mind not so much the murm'ring brook :
Nor fixt in thought, with footsteps slow
Through cypress alleys cherish woe :
I see the soul in pensive fit,
And moping like sick linnet sit
With dewy eye and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing ;
I see the favourite curls begin
(Disus'd to toilet discipline,)
To quit their post, lose their smart air,
And grow again like common hair ;

And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raise a red circle round the eye;
And by this bur about the moon,
Conjecture more ill weather soon.
Love not so much the doleful knell,
And news the boding night-birds tell;
Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;
And hens portentous when they crow;
Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;
In taper find no winding sheet:
Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
Though thrown at others, meant for thee;
Or when the coruscation gleams,
Find not out first the bloody streams:
Nor in imprest remembrance keep
Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;
Nor rise to see in antique hall
The moonlight monsters on the wall,
And shadowy spectres darkly pass
Trailing their sables o'er the grass.
Let vice and guilt act how they please
In souls, their conquer'd provinces;

By heaven's just charter it appears,
Virtue's exempt from quartering fears.
Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely drest,
Live at discretion in your breast?
Be wise, and panic fright disdain,
As notions, meteors of the brain;
And sights perform'd, illusive scene!
By magic lanthorn of the spleen.
Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
Where decent mirth and wisdom join'd
In stewardship, regale the mind.
Call back the Cupids to your eyes;
I see the godlings with surprise,
Not knowing home in such a plight,
Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—

Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,
That scorn the rein when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain
These holy wars shall ever stain;
As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
Falshood with them shall disagree:
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worship only what they dread:
Nor bigots who but one way see
Through blinkers of authority;
Nor they who its four saints defame
By making virtue but a name;
Nor abtract wit, (painful regale
To hunt the pig with slippery tail!)
Artists who richly chase their thought,
Gaudy without but hollow wrought,
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
To bear the proof and standard touch:
Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark;
Nor Cynics growl and fiercely paw,
The mastiffs of the moral law.
Come Nymph with rural honours drest,
Virtue's exterior form confest,

With charms untarnish'd, innocence
Display, and Eden shall commence :
When thus you come in sober fit,
And wisdom is preferr'd to wit ;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which don't with giggling muscles dwell ;
And beauty like the ray-clipt sun,
With bolder eye we look upon ;
Learning shall with obsequious mien
Tell all the wonders she has seen ;
Reason her logic armour quit,
And proof to mild persuasion fit ;
Religion with free thought dispense,
And cease crusading against sense ;
Philosophy and she embrace,
And their first league again take place ;
And morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymph-like the sisters chief surround :
Nature shall smile, and round this cell
The turf to your light pressure swell,
And knowing beauty by her shoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.

The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lets fall his acorns in your neck:
Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
And plays with curls, instead of leaves:
Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
And during their vacation sing;
And flow'rs lean forward from their seats
To traffic in exchange of sweets;
And angels bearing wreaths descend,
Preferr'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whose deity intreats
The Fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,
And guard us through polemic life;
From poison vehicled in praise,
For satire's shots but slightly graze;
We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philosophy and you are kin.

What virtue is we judge by you;
For actions right are beauteous too;

By tracing the sole female mind,
We best what is true Nature find:
Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
How steams create tempestuous air,
'Till gushing tears and hasty rain
Make heaven and you serene again:
Our travels through the starry skies
Were first suggested by your eyes;
We by the interposing fan,
Learn how eclipses first began;
The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
Describes how blazing comets roam;
The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus speak;
Our watch how Luna strays above
Feels like the care of jealous love;
And all things we in science know
From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I stray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.

Mark next with awe, the foundress well
Who on these banks delights to dwell;
You on the terrace see her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly speak your mind,
In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did see,
At least in such a high degree,
Greatness delighted to undress;
Science a scepter'd hand caress;
A queen the friends of freedom prize;
A woman wise men canonize.

THE END.

B. JOHNSON,
PRINTER.

NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad, nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek new quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, could you but keep
At the bright side of every trial,
Fortune you'd find is often kind
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow,
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.