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**Poems On Several Occasions**

**Gay, John**

**London, 1745**

Epistles on Several Occasions.

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*E P I S T L E S*

O N

Several Occasions.

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VOL. II.

B

E P I T O M E

Severini Occasionis



E P I S T L E I.

T O A

L A D Y.

---

*Occasioned by the Arrival of HER ROYAL  
HIGHNESS.*



A D A M, to all your censures I submit,  
And frankly own I should long since  
have writ :

You told me, silence would be thought  
a crime,

And kindly strove to teaze me into rhyme :

B 2

No

No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,  
 Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy :  
 No more on plains with rural damsels sport,  
 But sing the glories of the *British* court.

By your commands and inclination sway'd,  
 I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid ;  
 Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,  
 And to the Princess thus the Poem rose.

*Aid me, bright Phœbus ; aid, ye sacred Nine ;  
 Exalt my Genius, and my verse refine.  
 My strains wit' Carolina's name I grace,  
 The lovely parent of our royal race.  
 Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waves in silence sleep ;  
 Let prosperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,  
 Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,  
 To waft her gently o'er the watry way.*

Here I to *Neptune* form'd a pompous pray'r,  
 To rein the winds, and guard the royal Fair ;  
 Bid the blue *Tritons* found their twisted shells,  
 And call the *Nereids* from their pearly cells,

Thus

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,  
 Yet knew no method to conduct her song :  
 I then resolv'd some model to pursue,  
 Perus'd *French* Criticks, and began anew.  
 Long open panegyrick drags at best,  
 And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Straight *Horace* for some lucky Ode I sought  
 And all along I trac'd him thought by thought :  
 This new performance to a friend I show'd ;  
 For shame, says he, what, imitate an Ode !  
 I'd rather ballads write, and *Grubstreet* lays,  
 Than pillage *Cæsar* for my patron's praise :  
 One common fate all imitators share,  
 To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.  
 Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit  
 Rhymes, similies, Lords names, and ends of wit ;  
 In blotted stanzas scraps of Odes expire,  
 And fustian mounts in Pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inscrib'd my lay,  
 And writ a letter in familiar way :  
 For still impatient till the Princess came,  
 You from description wish'd to know the dame.



Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,  
 For still new graces open'd to my view.  
 Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,  
 And then I thus pursu'd the growing scheme.

*Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,  
 And charms are emanations of the mind;  
 The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,  
 Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame:  
 Benevolence her conversation guides,  
 Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.  
 Such harmony upon her tongue is found,  
 As softens English to Italian sound:  
 Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,  
 As charm the Judgment, while they sooth the ear.*

*Religion's chearful flame her bosom warms,  
 Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.  
 Henceforth, ye Fair, at chapel mind your pray'rs,  
 Nor catch your lovers eyes with artful airs;  
 Refrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,  
 Nor most devoutly criticize on dress.*

*From her form all your characters of life,  
 The tender mother, and the faithful wife.*

Oft have I seen her little infant train,  
 The lovely promise of a future reign;  
 Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning grace,  
 And all the mother op'ning in their face;  
 The son shall add new honours to the line,  
 And early with paternal virtues shine;  
 When he the tale of Audenard repeats,  
 His little heart with emulation beats;  
 With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,  
 He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.  
 Each year with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,  
 And from his Grandfire he shall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone: Propitious rising gales  
 Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.  
 Fair *Carolina* lands; the cannons roar,  
 White *Albion's* cliffs rebound from shore to shore,  
 Behold the bright original appear,  
 All praise is faint when *Carolina's* near.  
 Thus to the nation's joy, but Poet's cost,  
 The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were balk'd, my last resort,  
 I left the Muses to frequent the Court;



Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,  
 To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd ;  
 Enquir'd what news, or such a Lady's name,  
 And did the next day, and the next, the same.  
 Places, I found, were daily given away,  
 And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd *Gay*.  
 I ask'd a friend what method to pursue ;  
 He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.  
 Another ask'd me, why I had not writ ;  
 A Poet owes his fortune to his wit.  
 Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace,  
 Flows easy verse from him that has a place !  
 Had *Virgil* ne'er at court improv'd his strains,  
 He still had sung of flocks and homely swains ;  
 And had not *Horace* sweet preferment found,  
 The *Roman* lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely guise I sung,  
 And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.  
 Oh, teach me now to strike a softer strain !  
 The Court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the ministry rehearse,  
 And with each Patriot's name prolong your verse,

But

But sure this truth to Poets should be known,  
That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,  
To some distinguish'd Lord I must address;  
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,  
One always zealous for his country's good;  
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,  
In council cautious, resolute in fight;  
Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,  
And patronize the man that wants a friend.  
You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron shown,  
But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,  
That writing was my method to succeed;  
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,  
That scarce I could produce a single strain:  
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,  
Without connection as without design.  
One morn upon the Princess this I writ,  
An Epigram that boasts more truth than wit.



*The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,  
 She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:  
 For this, on earth, the British crown was giv'n,  
 And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.*

Again, while GEORGE's virtues rais'd my thought,  
 The following lines prophetick fancy wrought.

*Metinks I see some Bard, whose heav'nly rage  
 Shall rise in song, and warm a future age;  
 Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace  
 The glorious series of the Brunfwick race.*

*From the first George these godlike kings descend,  
 A line which only with the world shall end.  
 The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in arms,  
 And blest'd, long blest'd in Carolina's charms;  
 From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace,  
 We plow the fields, and reap the year's increase;  
 Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her head,  
 And bids Britannia's fleets their canvas spread;  
 Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,  
 And wealth returns with each revolving tide.*

Here

EPISTLES.

11

Here paus'd the sullen Muse, in haste I dress'd,  
And through the croud of needy courtiers press'd;  
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see,  
Those eyes that glad a nation, shine on me.



EPISTLE



E P I S T L E II.

To the Right Honourable the  
Earl of *BURLINGTON*.

---

*A Journey to EXETER.*



W H I L E you, my Lord, bid stately piles  
ascend,  
Or in your *Chiswick* bow'rs enjoy your  
friend ;  
Where *Pope* unloads the boughs within his reach,  
The purple vine, blue plumb, and blushing peach ;  
I jour-

I journey far---You knew fat Bards might tire,  
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire.

'Twas on the day that city dames repair  
To take their weekly dose of *Hide-Park* air ;  
When forth we trot : no carts the road infest,  
For still on *Sundays* country horses rest.  
Thy gardens, *Kensington*, we leave unseen ;  
Through *Hammer-smith* jog on to *Turnham-green* :  
That *Turnham-green*, which dainty pigeons fed,  
But feeds no more : for \* *Solomon* is dead.  
Three dusty miles reach *Branford*'s tedious town,  
For dirty street, and white-leg'd chickens known :  
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,  
We come, where *Thames* divides the meads of *Stanes*.  
We ferry'd o'er ; for late the winter's flood  
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.  
Prepar'd for war, now *Bagshot-Heath* we cross,  
Where broken gamesters off' repair their loss.  
At *Hartley-Row* the foaming bit we prest,  
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.

\* *A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.*

Supper



Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,  
 Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,  
 Relates the Justices late meeting there,  
 How many bottles drank, and what their cheer ;  
 What Lords had been his guests in days of yore,  
 And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep ;  
 The morning rose ; but we lay fast asleep.  
 Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry fun,  
 And *Popham-Lane* was scarce in sight by one :  
 The stragling village harbour'd thieves of old,  
 'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold ;  
 That gold which had in *London* purchas'd gowns,  
 And sent her home a *Belle* to country towns.  
 But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood ;  
 Here unown'd infants find their daily food ;  
 For should the maiden mother nurse her son,  
 'Twould spoil her match, when her good name is gone.  
 Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,  
 Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.  
 Be just, ye Prudes, wipe off the long arrear ;  
 Be virgins still in town, but mothers here,

*Sutton*

*Sutton* we pass, and leave her spacious down,  
And with the setting sun reach *Stockbridge* town.  
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,  
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.  
Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears ;  
What, no Election come in seven long years !  
Of all our race of Mayors, shall *Snow* alone  
Be by Sir *Richard's* dedication known ?  
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,  
Nor coblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,  
Where the clock'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.  
No leafy bow'rs a noonday shelter lend,  
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend :  
With wondrous art he counts the fragling flock,  
And by the sun informs you what's o'clock.  
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days !  
No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays ;  
From her no list'ning echos learn to sing,  
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,  
See *Sarum's* steeple o'er yon hill ascend ;

Our



Our horses faintly trot, beneath the heat,  
 And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.  
 Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire  
 The proud Cathedral, and the lofty spire?  
 What sempstres has not prov'd thy scissars good?  
 From hence first came th' intriguing ridinghood.  
 Amid \* three boarding-schools well-stock'd with misses,  
 Shall three knights errant starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,  
 And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day,  
 The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,  
 And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,  
 The ready ostly near the stirrup stands,  
 And as we mount, our half pence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair *Dorchester* o'erlooks,  
 Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.  
 Here sleep my two companions eyes supprest,  
 And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest:  
 I weary sit, and with my pencil trace  
 Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;

\**There are three boarding schools in this town.*

Then

Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,  
And on the fash the diamond scrawls my flame.  
Now o'er true *Roman* way our horses found,  
*Grævius* would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.  
On either side low fertile valleys lye,  
The distant prospects tire the trav'ling eye.  
Through *Bridport's* stony lanes our rout we take,  
And the proud steep descend to *Morcombe's* lake.  
As hertes pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pail,  
And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.  
On unadulterate wine we here regale,  
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb the hills when starry night arose,  
And *Axminster* affords a kind repose.  
The maid subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,  
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.  
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,  
While the sope lathers o'er the foaming tub.  
If womens geer such pleasing dreams incite,  
Lends us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night!  
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art:  
A female enters, and performs the part.

The

The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,  
 And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck :  
 Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,  
 Soft as when *Venus* strok'd the beard of *Jove*.

Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd farms and groves,  
 Our eye through *Honiton's* fair valley roves.  
 Behind us soon the busy town we leave,  
 Where finest lace industrious lassies weave.  
 Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load  
 Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road ;  
 When (O blest sight !) a friendly sign we spy'd,  
 Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side ;  
 For sure a civil host the house commands,  
 Upon whose sign this courteous Motto stands.  
*This is the ancient band and eke the pen ;*  
*Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.*  
 How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame  
 Know his own genius, and direct his flame !  
 Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearse,  
 Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.  
 But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,  
 Perhaps a Distich might not strain his wit ;

If

If Epigram offend, his harmless lines  
 Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.  
 Then *Hobbinal* might propagate his bays,  
 And *Tuttle-fields* record his simple lays ;  
 Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes,  
 While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies.  
*Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,*  
*For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet.*  
 Then *Maurus* in his proper sphere might shine,  
 And these proud numbers grace great *William's* sign.  
 \* *This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom*  
*I nam'd the brave deliverer to come.*  
 But now the driving gales suspend the rain,  
 We mount our steeds, and *Devon's* city gain.  
 Hail, happy native land ! ---but I forbear,  
 What other Counties must with envy hear.

\* *Prince Arthur, Book 5.*



E P I S T L E.



# EPISTLE III.

To the Right Honourable

*WILLIAM PULTENEY*, Esq;



*P*ULT'NEY, methinks you blame my  
breach of word;  
What, cannot *Paris* one poor page afford?  
Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,  
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,  
And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,  
Pleas'd with meer talking, since I talk to you,  
But how shall I describe in humble prose,  
Their Balls, Assemblies, Operas and Beaus?  
In prose, you cry! Oh no, the Muse must aid,  
And leave *Parnassus* for the *Tuilleries*' shade;

Shall

Shall he (who late *Britannia's* city trod,  
 And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,  
 Through dirty lanes, and alley's doubtful ways)  
 Refuse to write, when *Paris* asks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,  
 In all the colours of the rainbow shine.  
 Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,  
 Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn,  
 So may ye balls and gay Assemblies grace,  
 And at the Opera claim the foremost place.

Trav'lers should ever fit expression chuse,  
 Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.  
 When they describe the state of eastern Lords,  
 Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;  
 And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,  
 Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide:  
 But they, unmindful of Poetick rules,  
 Describe alike Mockaws, and Great-Moguls.  
*Dampier* would thus, without ill-meaning satire,  
 Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-maitre*.

*In Paris, there's a race of animals,  
 (I've seen them at their Operas and Balls,)*

*They*



*They stand erect, they dance when-e'er they walk,*  
*Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;*  
*They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,*  
*And, like cameliens, daily change their hue;*  
*From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,*  
*And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces,*  
*This custom, as we wisely discern,*  
*They, by frequenting Ladies toilettes, learn,*  
 Thus might the trav'ler easy truth impart.  
 Into the subject let me nobly start!

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,  
 Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm?  
 On him the Ladies cast the yielding glance,  
 Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance;  
 While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,  
 Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;  
 No broider'd flow'rs his worsted ancle grace,  
 Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;  
 No Lady's favour on his sword is hung.  
 What, though *Apollo* dictate from his tongue,  
 His wit is spiritless and void of grace,  
 Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.

While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,  
 The fair in raptures doat upon his feather ;  
 Like a Court Lady though he write and spell,  
 His minuet step was fashion'd by \* *Marcell* ;  
 He dresses, fences. What avails to know ?  
 For women chuse their men, like silks, for show.  
 Is this the thing, you cry, that *Paris* boasts ?  
 Is this the thing renown'd among our Toasts ?  
 For such a flutt'ring fight we need not roam ;  
 Our own Assemblies shine with these at home.

Let us into the field of Beauty start ;  
 Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd the heart.  
 Think not, ye Fair, that I the Sex accuse :  
 How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse ?  
 (The Muses all are *Prudes*) she rails, she frets,  
 Amidst this sprightly nation of *Coquettes* ;  
 Yet let not us their loose coquett'ry blame ;  
 Women of ev'ry nation are the same.

You ask me, if *Parisian* dames, like ours,  
 With rattling dice prophane the *Sunday's* hours ;  
 If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,  
 And stake their honour while their husbands sleep.

Yes,

\* *A famous dancing-master.*

Yes, Sir, like *English* Toasts, the dames of *France*  
 Will risque their income on a single chance.  
*Nannette* last night at tricking *Pharaon* play'd,  
 The cards the *Taillier's* sliding hand obey'd ;  
 To day her neck no brilliant circle wears,  
 Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.  
 Why does old *Chloris* an Assembly hold ?  
*Chloris* each night divides the sharper's gold.  
*Corinna's* cheek with frequent losses burns,  
 And no bold *Trente la va* her fortune turns.  
 Ah too rash virgin ! where's thy virtue flown ?  
 She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.  
 Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,  
 Whose debts of honour are so duly paid ?

But let me not forget the *Toilette's* cares,  
 Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs :  
 This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace ;  
*Madame* to-day puts on her Opera face ;  
 From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom,  
 Bring the deep dye that warms across the room :  
 Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,  
 That on her gown the silken rose looks pale !

Not but that *France* some native beauty boasts,  
*Clermont* and *Charolois* might grace our Toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,  
 Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.  
 Then *Tottenham* fields with roving beauty swarm,  
 And *Hampstead* Balls the city virgin warm,  
 Then *Chelsea's* meads o'erhear perfidious vows,  
 And the prest grafs defrauds the grazing cows.  
 'Tis here the fame; but in a higher sphere,  
 For ev'n Court Ladies sin in open air.  
 What Cit with a gallant would trust his spouse  
 Beneath the tempting shade of *Greenwich* boughs?  
 What Peer of *France* would let his Dutches's rove,  
 Where *Boulogne's* closest woods invite to love?  
 But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,  
 Cuckold is grown an honourable name.  
 Stretch'd on the grafs the shepherd sighs his pain,  
 And on the grafs what shepherd sighs in vain?  
 On *Chloe's* lap here *Damon* lay'd along,  
 Melts with the languish of her am'rous song;  
 There *Iris* flies *Palæmon* through the glade,  
 Nor tips by chance — 'till in the thickest shade;

Here *Celimene* defends her lips and breast,  
 For kisses are by struggling closer prest ;  
*Alexis* there with eager flame grows bold,  
 Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold ;  
 Be wife, *Alexis* ; what so near the road !  
 Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad !  
 Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,  
 When am'rous *Charles Britannia's* scepter bore ;  
 The nightly scene of joy the *Park* was made,  
 And Love in couples peopled ev'ry shade.  
 But since at Court the rural taste is lost,  
 What mighty Sums have velvet couches cost !]

Sometimes the *Tuilleries's* gawdy walk I love,  
 Where I through crowds of rustling manteau's rove ;  
 As here from side to side my eyes I cast,  
 And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that past,  
 Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest ;  
 I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.  
 He thus accosts me with familiar air,  
*Parbleu ! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre !*  
*Quelle manche ! ce galon est grossièrement rangé,*  
*Voilà quelque chose de fort beau et degagé !*

This

This said: On his red heel he turns, and then  
 Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds agen.  
*Well; now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own*  
*Your boasted London seems a country town;*  
*Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?*  
*Are churches built? Are Masquerades in fashion?*  
*Do daily Soups your dinners introduce?*  
*Are musick, snuff, and coaches yet in use?*  
 Pardon me, Sir; we know the *Paris* mode,  
 And gather *Politeffe* from Courts abroad.  
 Like you, our Courtiers keep a num'rous train  
 To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.  
 Nor has religion left us in the lurch,  
 And, as in *France*, our vulgar croud the Church;  
 Our Ladies too support the Masquerade,  
 The sex by nature love th'intriguing trade.  
 Straight the vain fop in ign'rant rapture cries,  
*Paris the barb'rous world will civilize!*  
 Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band  
 The present Beauties who the town command.  
*See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,*  
*Mark in her eye demure the Prude profess;*  
*That frozen bosom native fire must want,*  
*Which boasts of constancy to one Gallant!*

*This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,*  
*Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears ;*  
*The necklace Florio's gen'rous flame bestow'd,*  
*Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load ;*  
*But now, her charms grown cheap by constant use,*  
*She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and shoes.*  
*This next, with sober gate and serious leer,*  
*Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning prayer ;*  
*She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,*  
*But with three Abbots in one night engages.*  
*This with the Cardinal her nights employs,*  
*Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.*  
*Why have I promis'd things beyond my power !*  
*Five assignations wait me at this hour,*  
*The sprightly Countess first my visit claims,*  
*To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.*  
*Pardon me, Sir ; that thus I take my leave,*  
*Gay Florimella slyly twitch'd my sleeve.*

Adieu, Monsieur — The Opera hour draws near.  
 Not see the Opera ! all the world is there ;  
 Where on the stage th'embroider'd youth of *France*  
 In bright array attract the female glance :

This

This languishes, this fruts to show his mien,  
And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But hark! the full *Orchestra* strike the strings;  
The Hero fruts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,  
Hoarse and confus'd, like *Babel's* mingled found.  
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,  
That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.  
Pray Sir, says I, suspend a-while your song,  
The Opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong;  
I wish to hear your *Roland's* ranting strain,  
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.  
Sudden he shrugs surprize, and answers quick,  
*Monseur apparemment n'aime pas la musique.*  
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise;  
And the loud Chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O sooth me with some soft *Italian* air,  
Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!  
When *Anastasia's* voice commands the strain,  
The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein;



Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,  
While in her notes the heav'nly Choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a *Frenchman* grown,  
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,  
So strongly with this prejudice possess,  
He thinks *French* musick and *French* painting best.  
Mention the force of learn'd *Corelli's* notes,  
Some scraping fidler of their Ball he quotes;  
Talk of the spirit *Raphael's* pencil gives,  
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;  
Yes Sir, says he, in colour and design,  
*Rigaut* and *Raphael* are extremely fine!

'Tis true his country's love transports his breast  
With warmer zeal, than your old *Greeks* profess.  
*Ulysses* lov'd his *Ithaca* of yore,  
Yet that sage trav'ler left his native shore;  
What stronger vertue in the *Frenchman* shines!  
He to dear *Paris* all his life confines.  
I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,  
Things which might make me love my country less.  
I should not think my *Britain* had such charms,  
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms;

*France*

*France* has her *Richlieus* and her *Colberts* known,  
And then, I grant it, *France* in science shone ;  
We too, I own, without such aids may chance  
In ignorance and pride to rival *France*.

But let me not forget *Corneille*, *Racine*,  
*Boileau's* strong sense and *Moliere's* humorous Scene.  
Let *Cambray's* name be sung above the rest,  
Whose maxims, *Pult'ney*, warm thy patriot breast ;  
In *Mentor's* precepts wisdom strong and clear  
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.  
Hear all ye Princes, who the world controul,  
What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's soul ;  
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust,  
To be a King, is to be good and just ;  
His people he protects, their rights he saves,  
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves,

Happy, thrice happy shall the monarch reign,  
Where guardian laws despotic power restrain !  
There shall the plough-share break the stubborn land,  
And bending harvests tire the peasant's hand :  
There liberty her settled mansion boasts,  
There commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.



O *Britain*, guard thy laws, thy rights defend,  
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You'll think 'tis time some other theme to chuse,  
And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Muse!  
Should I let Satyr loofe on *Engliſh* ground,  
There fools of various character abound;  
But here my verſe is to one race confin'd,  
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* kind.





# EPISTLE IV.

To the Right Honourable

PAUL METHUEN Esq;



HAT, 'tis encouragement makes Science  
spread,  
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said;  
When learning droops and sickens in the  
land,

What Patron's found to lend a saving hand?  
True gen'rous Spirits prosp'rous vice detest,  
And love to cherish vertue when distrest:

C 5

But

But ere our mighty Lords this scheme pursue,  
Our mighty Lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the *Alpine* mountain's sides  
To find the seat where Harmony resides?  
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,  
The cheerful haut-boy, and the mellow flute?  
'Tis not th' *Italian* clime improves the sound,  
But there the Patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great *Augustus*' reign?  
He and *Mecenas* lov'd the Muse's strain.  
But how that wight in poverty must mourn  
Who was (O cruel stars!) a Poet born.  
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;  
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the State:  
Or if you choose more sure and ready ways,  
Spatter a Minister with fulsome praise:  
Lanch out with freedom, flatter him enough;  
Fear not, all men are dedication proof.  
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,  
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.  
He who his pen in party quarrels draws,  
Lifts an hir'd bravo to support the cause;

He

He must indulge his Patron's hate and spleen,  
 And stab the fame of those he ne'er has seen.  
 Why then should authors mourn their desp'rate case?  
 Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.  
 Why art thou poor? exert the gifts to rise,  
 And banish tim'rous vertue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told  
 That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:  
 Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,  
 And fanfy learning starves because they're poor.  
 Yet why should learning hope success at Court?  
 Why should our Patriots vertue's cause support?  
 Why to true merit should they have regard?  
 They know that virtue is its own reward.  
 Yet let not me of grievances complain,  
 Who (though the meanest of the Muses train)  
 Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,  
 And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting, why she loves *Hesperian* air.  
 Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;  
 There in rich palaces I reign in state,  
 And on the temple's lofty domes create.

He

The



The Nobles view my works with knowing eyes,  
They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, *Kent*, forgo thy native land,  
To emulate in picture *Raphael's* hand?  
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?  
Go back, adorn the palaces of *Rome*;  
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,  
And *Raphael* live again in thy design.  
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,  
For *Burlington* unbiass'd knows thy worth;  
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace  
*Titian's* strong fire and *Guido's* softer grace;  
But, oh consider, ere thy works appear,  
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of envy hear?  
Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent  
To blast the laurels of the Eminent.  
While *Burlington's* proportion'd columns rise,  
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?  
Doors, windows are condemn'd by passing fools,  
Who know not that they damn *Palladio's* rules.  
If *Chandois* with a lib'ral hand bestow,  
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;

When

When, if the motive right were understood,  
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had *Pope* with groveling numbers fill'd his page,  
*Dennis* had never kindled into rage.  
'Tis the sublime that hurts the Critic's ease ;  
Write nonsense and he reads and sleeps in peace.  
Were *Prior*, *Congreve*, *Swift* and *Pope* unknown,  
Poor slander-felling *Curll* would be undone.  
He who would free from malice pass his days,  
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.  
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell  
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,  
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.  
The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace,  
Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race,  
What force of lungs ! how clear ! how sweet you sing !  
And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.  
The lark, who scorn'd soft flatt'ry, thus replies,  
True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise ;  
Yet let me pass my life from envy free,  
For what advantage are these gifts to me ?

My

My song confines me to the wiry cage,  
My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.  
But as you pass I hear the fowlers say,  
To shoot at crows is powder flung away.



T A L E S.