

Classic Poetry Series

Richard Savage
- poems -

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Richard Savage(1697 - 1743)

Richard Savage's main claim to fame was Samuel Johnson's biography which claimed that he was an illegitimate child descended from a noble line forced into poverty and misery by a mother whose sole aim and purpose in life was his destruction, Savage was a friend of Johnson's but this biography is disbelieved by most scholars and now has been discredited.

Richard Savage wrote two poems; *The Bastard* (1728) and *The Wanderer* (1729), and two comedies.

In 1727 he killed a man in a tavern brawl and was sentenced to death but was later pardoned. He died in poverty.

A Poem, Sacred To The Glorious Memory Of King George

Let gaudy Mirth, to the blithe Carrol-song,
In loose light-measur'd Numbers dance along;
Thou, Muse no flow'ry Fancies here display,
Nor warble with the chearful Lark thy Lay.
In the dark Cypress Grove, or moss-grown Cell,
Where dreary Ravens haunt, would Sorrow dwell!
Where Ghosts, that shun the Day, come sweeping by,
Or fix in melancholy Frenzy's Eye;
Yet now she turns her Flight to Scenes of State,
Where Wealth and Grandeur weep the Frowns of Fate!
Wealth, Want, Rank, Power, here each alike partakes,
As the Shrub bends, the lofty Cedar shakes;
To her wide View is no Contraction known,
Tis Youth, 'tis Age, the Cottage and the Throne.

O Exclamation! lend thy sad Relief!
O Dodington! indulge the righteous Grief!
Distant, I've long beheld, in Thee, transcend
The Poet, Patron, Patriot, and the Friend.
Thou, who must live in Truth's remotest Page,
Form'd to delight, and dignify an Age;
Whose Words, whose Manners, and whose Mind declare,
Each Grace, each Moral, and each Muse are there;
Accept this Po'esy, void of venal Aim,
Made sacred by thy Royal Master's Name.

But why, O Muse! are songful Hours thy Choice?
Lost is the Life, whose Glory lifts thy Voice!
George is no more! As at the doomful sound
Of the last Trump, all Nature feels the Wound!
Each private, each distinguish'd Virtue bleeds!
And what but Lamentation long succeeds?
Where wilt thou then for apt Allusions fly?
What Eloquence can throbbing Grief supply?

Late, golden Pleasures urg'd their shining Way,
With George they flourish'd, and with George decay!
Now dusky Woes, o'er varied Scenes extend,
Groans rise! Rocks echo! and chill Damps descend!
Grief strikes my View with ever-weeping Eyes,
At her wan Look, each lively Fancy dies.
In fear, in hope, dull rest, or ruffling Storms,
Thus Woe besets us, tho in various Forms!
That dire Event of Youth's ungovern'd Rage!
That dear-bought Knowledge to declining Age!
In Want, in Scorn, it haunts an humble State,
Tis Care, 'tis Envy, to perplex the Great!
A Kingdom's Curse, it in Dissention brings;
Or heavier falls, when falls the best of Kings!
Worth it exalts, when aiming to debase;
Tis Virtue's Triumph, or 'tis Guilt's Disgrace!
It humbles Life, yet dignifies our End;
Reflection's Torment, yet Reflection's Friend!
Then let the Muse her meaning Notes resume,
And pay due Sorrows to the hallow'd Tomb.

Was there a Glory, yet to Greatness known,
That not in Brunswick's Soul superiour shone?
Ill fare the Man, who, rob'd in purple Pride,
To wounded Worth has no Relief apply'd!
Benevolence makes Pow'r to Prudence dear,
When Pity weeps, what Pearl excells the Tear?
When not one Virtue glows to bless Mankind,
When Pride's cold Influence petrifies the Mind;
Let the Prince blaze with Jems!-in Wisdom's View,
An Emblem of the Rock, where once they grew!
Yet Springs gush out, to prove ev'n Rocks can flow
In Rills refreshful to the Vales below.
Why has he pow'r, and why no heart to chear,
Unseeing Eyes, and Ears that will not hear?
Swift, as his Bliss, shall his light Name decay,
Who, self-indulgent, sports his Hours away!
But, Oh!-what Love, what Honour shall he claim,
Whose Joy is Bounty, and whose Gift is Fame?
He (truly Great!) his useful Pow'r refines,

By him discover'd Worth exalted shines;
Exalted Worth, th'enlivening Act, repeats,
And draws new Virtues from obscure Retreats;
He, as the first, creative Influence, prais'd,
Smiles o'er the Beings, which his Bounty rais'd.
Such Dodington, thy Royal Master shin'd,
Such Thou, the Image of thy Monarch's Mind.

Nations were ballanc'd by his guardian Skill,
Like the pois'd Planets by the all-powerful Will.
Mark the Swede succour'd! mark th'aspiring CZAR!
Check'd are his Hopes, and shun'd the naval War.
By George the Austrian Eagle learns to tower,
While the proud Turk shakes conscious of her Power;
But when her Menace braves our envied Shore,
She trembles at the British Lyon's Roar;
Trembles, tho' aided by the Force of Spain,
And India's Wealth!-'gainst Brunswick, All how vain?
He bad thy Honour, Albion, foremost shine!
His was the Care, unmeasur'd Bliss was Thine!
Yet oft against his Virtue Faction rose!
An Angel, if thy Monarch, would have Foes.

Come Charity, First-born of Virtue's Line!
Come meek-ey'd Mercy from the Seat divine!
Pure Temp'rance, Mistriss of a tranquil Mind,
By whom each sensual Passion stands confin'd!
Fix'd Fortitude, from whom fierce Peril flies!
By whom (O Soul of Action!) Empires rise!
Fair Justice, Author of a Godlike Reign!
Peace, Plenty, Liberty adorn thy Train!
Lov'd Prudence! Queen of Virtues! blissful Dame!
Parent, and Guide of each illustrious Aim!
From whose firm Step Confusion turns in Flight,
That shapeless Spawn of Anarchy and Night!
From whom kind Harmony deduc'd her Race,
Then Order, all in one united Grace!
And thou Religion! truest, heav'nly Friend!
Whom these alone establish, These defend!
Assemble to the wailing Muse's call!

Weep o'er the clay-cold Breast, that held you All!

O Death, rouze all those Terrors to thy Aid,
Weak Fear, or wisest Valour wou'd evade!
Whether foul Pestilence in dire Array,
Red War, or pale-ey'd Famine point your Way,
What can you more than Kingdoms overthrow?
What aim'd you less, when Brunswick felt the Blow?
But mark!-Augustus, still above thy Rage,
Steps forth to give a second Golden Age.

Ye great Plantagenets! distinguish'd Race!
One greater meets you on celestial Space.
And thou, Nassau the fairest noblest Name!
Ev'n mid the Blest, superior still thy Flame!
Behold an Equal now!-How dear th'Embrace!
Oh, fly!-present him at the Throne of Grace!
'Tis done!-He's crown'd with a resplendent Joy,
Which Care shall never dim, nor Time destroy.

See!-from yon golden Cloud, amidst a Band
Of Angel-Pow'rs, once Patriots of the Land,
Soft-leaning o'er Britania's weeping Isle,
And shedding sweet, a fond, paternal Smile;
Pointing, the visionary Seraph cries,
Suspend thy Tears!-Behold a Sov'reign rise,
Thy Second George! whose Reign shall soon disclose
All that mine gave, and Heav'n, in Grace bestows.

He said.-Again, with Majesty refin'd,
Up-wing'd to Realms of Bliss, th'Ætherial Mind.

Finis

Richard Savage

A Poem: To The Memory Of Mrs. Oldfield

Oldfield's no more!-And can the Muse forbear,
O'er Oldfield's Grave to shed a grateful Tear?
Shall she, the Glory of the British Stage,
Pride of her Sex, and Wonder of the Age;
Shall she, who living charm'd th'admiring Throng,
Die undistinguish'd, and not claim a Song?
No. Feeble as it is, I'll boldly raise
My willing Voice to celebrate her Praise,
And with her Name immortalize my Lays.

Had but my Muse her Art to touch the Soul,
Charm ev'ry Sense, and ev'ry Pow'r controul.
I'd paint her as she was-the Form divine,
Where ev'ry lovely Grace united shine;
A Mein, majestick as the Wife of Jove,
An Air, as winning as the Queen of Love;
In every Feature rival Charms should rise,
And Cupid hold his Empire in her Eyes.

O! she was more than Numbers can express,
Creation's Darling in her fairest Dress.
A Form so charming, with such Beauties fraught,
As might have nigh excus'd the Want of Thought;
And yet a Mind with such Perfections stock'd,
As made the Beauties of her Form o'er look'd.
A Soul with ev'ry Elegance refin'd,
By Nature, and the Converse of Mankind,
Wit, which could strike assuming Folly dead;
And Sense-which temper'd every thing she said;
Judgment, which ev'ry little Fault could spy;
But Candor, which would pass a Thousand by.
That native Force-that Energy of Mind,
Which left the toiling Pedant far behind.
Such finish'd Breeding, so polite a Taste,
Her Fancy always for the Fashion past:
So sweetly serious, so discreetly gay,
None went unpleas'd, or unimprov'd away.

And yet so negligent she seem'd of Fame,
As if she thought Applause beneath her Aim.
Disdaining Flattery, she was still sincere;
Warm to approve, and modestly severe.
Whilst every social Virtue fir'd her Breast,
To help the Needy, succour the Distrest,
A Friend to all in Misery she stood.
And her chief Pride was plac'd in doing Good.

But say, ye Few, ye happy Few, who e'er
Enjoy'd the private Friendship of the Fair;
Who saw the Charmer in a nearer Light,
All open, free, and unreserv'dly bright;
Who felt the Raptures which her Smiles bestow'd,
And prov'd the Joys which from her Converse flow'd:
Oh speak her friendly, affable, and mild,
Brave, generous, firm, by no false Shows beguil'd.
With ev'ry Art and Talent form'd to please,
The Scholars Learning, and the Ladies Ease;
The Gay, the Grave, the Florid and Serene,
Mix'd in her Soul, and sparkling in her Mein.

Thrice happy Churchill! who her Love could gain,
For whom so many Thousands sigh'd in vain;
Whose wondrous Charms made every one her Slave
Dear to the Wise, the Witty, and the Brave.
And justly did she judge to place her Name
With thine, the greatest in the Books of Fame.
Thus join'd, Advantages to each accrue,
Renown to her, Beauty and Wit to you.
Renown should ever on the Fair One wait,
And Beauty be the Portion of the Great,
From such a Pair we well may hope to see
Another Malbro', Charles, appear in thee.

But now, my Muse, the arduous Task engage,
And show the Charming Figure on the Stage,
Describe her Look, her Action, Voice and Mein,
The gay Coquette, soft Maid, or haughty Queen,

So bright she shone in every different Part,
She gain'd despotick Empire o'er the Heart,
Knew how each various Motion to controul,
Sooth every Passion, and subdue the Soul:
As she, or gay, or sorrowful appears,
She claims our Mirth, or triumphs in our Tears:
Whilst from her Eyes delusive Sorrows flow,
Our Breasts are touch'd with undissembled Woe;
Or if Ambition calls her forth to Arms,
The Thirst of Glory every Bosom warms;
No Souls so senseless but what felt her Flame,
Nor Breast so savage but her Art could tame.
Ev'n the Pert Templer, and the City Prig,
Who come to Plays to show their Wit-or Wig.
The snarling Critick, and the sneering Beau,
Who neither Sense of Worth, or Manners know,
Aw'd by her Looks their Brutish Din forbear,
And for a while a little Human are,
So Orpheus charm'd the Savages of old,
And all Hell's Furies with his Harp controul'd.

Painters may sketch the Image of a Face,
And Sculptors Form and Attitude express;
Poets the Graces of the Mind relate,
And Hist'ry tells the Actions of the Great.
Still each wants something to compleat the Whole,
The Poet wants a Form, the Painter Soul.
But Oldfield all the Heroine display'd,
Show'd how she look'd, she mov'd, she wept, she pray'd
And was herself the Character she play'd,
When Cleopatra's Form she chose to wear,
We saw the Monarch's Mien, the Beauty's Air;
Charm'd with the Sight, her Cause we strait approve,
And like her Lover, gave up all for Love;
Antony's Fate, instead of Cæsar's, chuse,
And wish for her, we had a World-to lose.
But when a more familiar Part did please,
Letitia's Artifice, or Townley's Ease
Each Beauty in the finest Light she plac'd,
Improv'd each Charm, and every Action grac'd.
Nay, so enchanting was her lovely Frame,

She spoilt, against her Will, the Poet's Aim;
Making those Follies which we should despise,
When seen in her, seem Virtues in our Eyes.
So, when with Cytherea's Girdle bound,
The homeliest Hag, a shining Fair is found.

But now the gay delightful Scene is o'er,
And that sweet Form must glad the World no more;
Relentless Death has stop'd the tuneful Tongue,
And clos'd those Eyes, for all but Death too strong;
Blasted that Face where every Beauty bloom'd,
And to eternal Rest the graceful Mover doom'd.

Calm and serene she met the fatal Hour,
Smil'd at Death's Terrors, and contemn'd its Power.
Sustain'd unmov'd the cruel Scourge of Pain.
Whilst blund'ring Doctors try'd their Art in vain;
(Those lawful Executioners, whose Skill
Is shown not when they cure-but when they kill.)
She only griev'd to see her Churchill grieve,
And for his Sake alone desir'd to live?
Her long-imprison'd Soul rejoyc'd to see
The wish'd-for Moment come to set it free;
Then bravely struggling leapt its Bounds of Day,
And to the Place from whence it came, impetuous wing'd its Way.

Thus subterranean Fire in Ætna pent,
Which long in vain has labour'd for a Vent,
(When once some weaker Part begins to yield
Its long resisted Enemy the Field)
Grows more enrag'd, with double Fury plays,
And once got Air, it mounts into a Blaze.

O'ercharg'd with Sorrow at the Thought-the Muse
Drooping-no more her airy Flight pursues;
With Oldfield all her flattering Hopes are fled,
In her the Muses dearest Friend is dead:
For lo! the sinking Stage attends her Fall,

Whilst Opera, Farce, and Trick prevail o'er all,
Wilks, Nature's Master, soon, by Years opprest,
And tir'd with Bus'ness, must retire to Rest;
And Cibber, baulk'd by the ungrateful Town,
Will lay th'unprofitable Burthen down,
Mourn then ye Muses, all your Sorrows vent;
Your Shafts are useless, and your Bows unbent.
Now weep, ye Forrests; droop, ye shady Bowers;
Be dry, ye Fountains; sicken all ye Flowers;
The Night of universal Ign'rance comes,
In Darkness e'ry pleasing Scene entombs;
With Oldfield the last Glympse of Light is fled,
Wit, Nature, Sense, with her their Exits made:
The Goddess Dulness lifts her cloudy Head,
And smiles to see her dark Dominions spread,
Chaos o'er all his Leaden Scepter rears,
And not one Beam throughout the Gloom appears.

Finis

Richard Savage

An Epistle Of The Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole

Still let low wits, who sense nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint what pity veils in private woes,
And what we see with grief, with mirth expose;
Studious to urge-(whom will mean authors spare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear:
Unconscious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To lose what they have ne'er deserv'd-a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd persist, and answer'd still debate:
Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others praising thee.

Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire,
And greet a gen'rous heart with gen'rous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron shames!
When party-minds shall lose contracted views,
And hist'ry question the recording Muse;
'Tis this alone to after-times must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.

Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small pow'r, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope;
On that fair promise rest her future hope;
Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.

Where, for relief, flees innocence distress'd?
To you, who chase oppression from th' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, tho' not a people's wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private griefs no more despair.

Ask they what state your shelt'ring care shall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
'You ear still opening to the captive's cry.
Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.
Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends afford,
With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd.
Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendship share.

As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And show'rs down plenty thick on sundry lands,
Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flourish, and made art excel.

How many, yet deceiv'd, all pow'r oppose?
Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And most oblig'd, most eager to complain.

But well we count our bliss, if well we view,
When pow'r oppression, not protection grew;
View present ills that punish distant climes;
Or bleed in mem'ry here from ancient times.

Mark first the robe abus'd Religion wore,

Story'd with griefs, and stain'd with human gore?
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empower'd, and sanctify'd by zeal?

Stop here, my Muse!-Peculiar woes descry!
Bid 'em in sad succession strike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs!
She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.

See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft!
See holy murder justify the theft!
His ravag'd gold some useless shrine shall raise,
His gems on superstitious idols blaze
His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Strip'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.

Lo, the priest's hand the Wafer-God supplies!-
A king by consecrated poison dies!

See learning range yon broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and god-like Science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,
The finish'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expensive wisdom fell,
And truth from heav'n was sorcery from hell.

See Reason bid each mystic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!-the wise admire!
Zeal shall such heresy, like Learning, hate;
The same their glory, and the same their fate.

Lo, from sought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar.
So dom'd are these, and such perhaps, our doom,

Own'd we a Prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.

Nor private worth alone false Zeal assails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are sworn friendships? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with heresy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war sinks the thund'ring cannon's roar;
When wounds, and death, and discord are no more;
When music bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance:
When to crown these, the social sparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul;
Sudden he sends red massacre abroad;
Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
All-drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies;
The sword, which to th' assassin's hand is given!
Th' assassin's hand!-pronounc'd the hand of heaven!
Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue stops his rage.
Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease,
To please with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?

Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
When a King's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous pow'r! Nor noble, nor serene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles sold, to raise th' unjust supply!
Compell'd the purchase! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncensur'd, censures in his country's cause.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, see! where dungeon-damps arise,
Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
As of all deaths the ling'ring is the worst.

New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,

Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explain'd, at will, each statute's wrested aim,
'Till marks of merit were the marks of shame;
So monstrous!-Life was the severest grief,
And the worst death seem'd welcome for relief.

In vain the subject sought redress from law,
No senate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and senators confin'd,
For the great cause of Nature and Mankind;
Who Kings superior to the people own;
Yet prove the law superior to the throne.

Who can review, without a gen'rous tear,
A Church, a State, so impious, so severe;
A land uncultur'd thro' polemic jars,
Rich!-but with carnage from intestine wars;
The hand of Industry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to some safer shore;
All property reduc'd, to Pow'r a prey,
And Sense and Learning chas'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
That strove for Liberty so won, so lost:
So well regain'd when god-like William rose,
And first entail'd the blessing George bestows?
May Walpole still the growing triumph raise,
And bid these emulate Eliza's days;
Still serve a Prince, who o'er his people great,
As far transcends in virtue, as in state!

The Muse pursues thee to thy rural seat;
Ev'n there shall Liberty inspire retreat.
When solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And sportive chat and social laughs go round:
Ev'n then, when pausing mirth begins to fail,
The converse varies to the serious tale.
The tale pathetic speaks some wretch that owes
To some deficient law reliefless woes.
What instant pity warms the gen'rous breast?

How all the legislator stands confess'd!
Now springs the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means bestow,
Justice preserve, yet soft'ning mercy know:
Justice shall low vexatious wiles decline,
And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine.
Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear,
To knowledge thro' our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their best assurance draw.

The freed Insolvent, with industrious hand,
Strives yet to satisfy the just demand:
Thus ruthless men, who wou'd his pow'rs restrain,
Oft what severity would lose, obtain.

These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inspires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increase,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rave,
Advent'rous sails, nor fears the wind and wave;
At home untir'd we find th' auspicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harvests, bless the land:
While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,
Hew, square, and rear magnificent the stone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands, by this obeys her call,
And added elegance consummates all.
Thus stately cities statelier navies rise,
And spread our grandeur under distant skies,
From Liberty each nobler Science sprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung:
A Clarke and Locke new tracts of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.

What Trade sees Property that wealth maintain,

Which industry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conscience kneels with fears resign'd,
Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to safe Science ev'ry thought sublimes;
What Royal Pow'r, from his superior state,
Sees public happiness his own create;
But kens those patriot-souls, to which he owes
Of old each source, whence now each blessing flows?
And if such spirits from their heav'n descend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breast, and thence on Britain shine,
What love what praise, O Walpole, then is thine?

Richard Savage

Nature In Perfection

Mater ait, tacta est dea Nomine Matris.

Ovid

--- Utinam modo dicere Possem
Carmina digna dea, certe est dea carmine digna.

Virgil

Let hireling Poets ply their venal Lays,
The Great, the Pow'rful, and the Rich, to praise;
Let Male-contents with Satire tickled be,
And Love-sick Coxcombs sink in Simile:
A diff'rent Theme my Verses shall employ,
A Mother's Anguish and a Mother's Joy.
And thou, O Bret! the softest of thy Kind,
Accept this Picture of a Parent's Mind;
If ever am'rous Plaint your Ear could please,
Or Love, or Pity, on your Bosom seize,
With fav'ring Smiles a well-meant Song regard,
And, Oh, forgive an unexperie'd Bard,
If faintly he describe the Bliss, or Woe,
Which only you, who feel it, truly know.

From that sad Hour, when your unhappy Son
Struck thro the Life that forfeited his own,
What Doubts, what Fears, your anxious Soul posses'd,
And tore the soft Asylum of your Breast?
Oh, where for Shelter shall the Afflicted fly?
Or where expect a sweeter-Sanctuary?
Accus'd, forlorn, the much-lov'd Youth behold,
Depriv'd of Freedom, destitute of Gold;
Gold, that, from Dungeons, Criminals can free,
And ev'n in Newgate offers Liberty:
Prophets of Fate, where rav'nous Vulturs ply'd,
Cruel as Death, as Death unsatisfied;
Where Felons, Murd'ners, Traytors are secur'd,

And, if not guiltless, uncondemn'd immur'd;
Where thick built Walls th'imprison'd Wretch deprive
Almost of vital Air, while yet alive;
A Place, which scarce the Grave to which it leads,
In Damps, in Darkness, or in Stench exceeds.
How did your Kindness ease this Lot severe,
Your Fondness tend him, and your Bounty cheer?

No Glympse of Joy your Pleasures then convey'd,
Nor Midnight Ball, nor Morning Masquerade.
In vain to croud'd Drawing Rooms you run:
The Court a Desart seems without your Son.

If sportive Youth with sparkling Vigour come,
You see with secret Pain their opening Bloom.
Why was my Son (thus to yourself you say)
As young, and not so fortunate as they?
Nor sight of Age your Passion can endure:
-And must my Son then leave me immature?
Still others' Joys you view'd, and tasted none,
Still others' Griefs were lighter than your own;
And still whate'er you hear, whate'er you see,
Is cause for Plaint, and Food for Misery.

Your soft Distress, your Tenderness of Pain,
Can never be describ'd, or felt by Man;
Your Anna dear, taught by your matchless Mind,
Copies that glorious Frailty of her kind;
The Sister's Love, in Time of Danger shown,
Can only be transcended by your own.

In his Defence mov'd your persuasive Tongue,
Excus'd the Rash, and pleaded for the Young.
You, Heav'n, and Earth sollicite on his Side,
No Friend unspoke to, and no Art untried.
Your Art, your Importunity is weak,
You move resistless, if the Mother speak.
How vainly I recall my num'rous Fears,

The Pains he cost me in his Infant Years!
Was it for this I bore him on my Knees?
Was all my Foresight, were my Throes for this?
Each pleasing Hope, that with his Life began,
All dash'd, preserv'd the Boy, but lost the Man.
Strike me, and spare my Child! Oh, let me save
The Life by Friendship, I by Nature gave!
So Birds, by Instinct taught, supply with Food,
And chear, with genial Warmth, their callow Brood,
And oft their kind, maternal Breasts expose,
To guard their helpless Young from threat'ning Foes,
Fearless, and fierce, unequal Fight maintain,
And dye themselves, e'er see their Offspring slain.

The Doom once past o'er his devoted Head,
The Sword hangs, threat'ning, by a single Thread.
While, bent with Chains, the Weight he scarcely bore,
Which gall'd the Wearer much, the Mother more,
Who can the Tortures of your Soul declare,
Your Noon-tide Labours, and your Mid-night Prayer?
Let meaner Friends to view the Pris'ner go,
Whose slighter Love can bear that Sight of Woe;
A Sight too shocking for a Mother's Eye,
Which yet your utmost Caution cannot flye:
Still to your Mind the darling Youth appears,
And racks your Bosom with tormenting Fears!
Present, where-e'er you move, the Phantom seems,
And haunts, with ghastly Shapes, your Morning Dreams!
The Scene of Justice, to your sleeping Eyes,
Stands terribly display'd-and now he dies!
Thick to your Heart the vital Currents run,
You start, and waking cry-My Son! My Son!

Let none object you no Concern reveal'd,
Fire oft glows fiercest, that is most conceal'd:
Great Grievs are speechless, petty Sorrow speaks,
The Heart, which vents its Anguish never breaks;
Your Woes the old poetic Tales revive,
And Credit to their wildest Fables give.
So Niobe, when, in her Presence fell

The boasted Offspring she had lov'd too well,
Thro Horror stiff, beheld, with stupid Eye,
The last fair Rival of th'Immortals die;
While mightier Grief, than e'er by Words was shown,
Transform'd the silent Mourner to a Stone.

By Nature touch'd, his Pardon all desire,
And imitate the Virtue they admire,
Unite, his dire Misfortune to bemoan,
And join in Crowds to supplicate the Throne;
Who-e'er the Mother view'd, her Offspring lov'd,
His Hundreds He, but She her Thousands mov'd;
From Breast to Breast contagious Mercy crept,
And Fops and Statesmen wonder'd why they wept!
Hearts hard before, unwonted Yearning know,
Ev'n Jaylers melted at a Mother's Woe.

But see! he lives, whose Death you late deplor'd!
And angry Justice sheaths her awful Sword;
Unhop'd-for Joy th'Imperial Mercy brings,
Mercy, the best Prerogative of Kings.
With Triumph now you see the Tempest o'er,
With Raptures mighty, as your Grief before.

Not so Tyrconnel welcom'd the Relief,
Inferior in his Joy, as in his Grief;
Stranger to Motions of a Mother's Mind,
In Manners diff'rent, as in Kindred join'd.
Since for your Seed such Kindness you express,
Oh, may each Child give equal Happiness!
With boundless Gratitude your Bosom burns,
Your Taste for Pleasures, and for Court returns!
To Minds transported ev'ry Thing is gay,
And January's self appears like May,
Each Change of Time in Extacy is lost,
Nor Age feels Winter, nor December Frost.
Of bright, now brighter shine your lovely Eyes,
And, wing'd with Joy, th'exalted Spirits rise;
New Warmth, new Vigour to your Veins impart,

And dance tumultuous to your beating Heart.
But Oh, beware, and curb th'o'erflowing Tide,
For oft the Over-fortunate have died,
Whom Grief, in vain, had labour'd to destroy,
Surpris'd, unequal to Excess of Joy.
And ah! too far th'unwieldy Joy prevails,
For Life, itself, may sink when Reason fails!
Since oft so high your Extacies have grown,
You seem'd the Ties of Nature to disown;
Lost for a While to Mem'ry, you disclaim
A Child so dearly lov'd, and Mother's Name!
What dang'rous Transport parent Hearts may feel,
Let Ovid soft, the Lady's Poet, tell.
Thus old Agave, mad, denies her Boy,
Possess'd with frantic, Bacchanalian Joy,
Knows not his Form, but with distracted Roar,
Mistakes her Offspring for a Forest-Boar,
Runs to compleat his Death, exulting on,
And slays a Monster, while She kills her Son.

Soon as the short Delirium past you find,
And Sense regains it's Empire o'er the Mind,
You bless the Hand that eas'd your anxious Cares,
And pour for Brunswick's House incessant Prayers!
Let the King live! (thus speaks your ardent Zeal!)
Long live, a Parent's Happiness to feel
May Peace for ever bless the sacred Line,
That ev'ry Son may live, as well as mine!
Not equal Gladness o'er your Bosom spread;
When first the Infant bless'd your genial Bed.
Not half the Mother's Transport did you find,
For what is Body's Ease to Ease of Mind?
Nor when his Prattling did your Ears engage,
And promised Wonders in his riper Age;
Nor when the Race of Youth he gayly ran,
And rose thro' various Hazards up to Man,
As when Great Cæsar spoke the Royal Word,
Which him to Life, and you to Peace restor'd,
Both by their Sov'reign's Favour born anew,
He twice a Son, and twice a Mother you.

Finis

Richard Savage

Of Public Spirit In Regard To Public Works: An Epistle, To His Royal Highness Frederick Prince Of Wa

Great Hope of Britain!-Here the Muse essays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.
Be Her's a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!-a spirit all your own!

Where never science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vast blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void.
Hail arts, where safety, treasure and delight,
On land, on wave, in wond'rous works unite!
Those wond'rous works, O Muse, successive raise,
And point their worth, their dignity and praise!

What tho' no streams, magnificently play'd,
Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade;
Thro' nether pipes, which nobler use renowns,
Lo! ductile riv'lets visit distant towns!
Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose aguish influence tainted heav'n before.
The solid isthmus sinks a wat'ry space,
And wonders, in new state, at naval grace.
Where the flood, deep'ning, rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road, yon arch, connective, bends.
Where ports were choak'd where mounds, in vain, arose;
There harbours open, and there breaches close;
To keels, obedient, spreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the bost'rous main.
When the sunk sun no homeward sail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-house kind ascends,
And from the shoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.

Count still, my Muse (to count what Muse can cease?)

The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By the mshall plants, in forests, reach the skies;
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise:
(Navies, which to invasive foes explain,
Heav'n throws not round us rocks and seas in vain,)
The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
And property assures what toil acquires.

Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No slave!-His option and his gain are free:
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who plows the furrow, as who owns the field.

Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless, leafless, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and physic plenty show'rs,
Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flow'rs.
Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear.
White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
The feast of life, the treasure of the loom.

On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves,
While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathless woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view.
See the parterre confess expansive day;
The grot, elusive of the noon-tide ray.
Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
Now the blue lake reflected heav'n displays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene;
Now center, now commence or end the scene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, soft sequester'd bow'rs!
Retreats of social, or of studious hours!
Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend;
There others natively-grotesque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell

How Art wou'd Nature, Nature, Art excell;
And how, while these their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art;
Thus in the various, yet harmonious space,
Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.

When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
Free-opening gates, and bow'ry pleasures free;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss,
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.

Thus Public Spirit, liberty and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase;
From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British, hence, with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
That alters nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Tho' no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently useless, strike the eye;
(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
Where seas incircle, and where fleets defend
What tho' no arch of triumph is assign'd
To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd mankind;
Tho' no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
No pyramid aspires sublimely lost;
Yet the safe road thro' rocks shall winding tend,
And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
Lo! stately streets, lo! ample squares invite
The salutary gale that breathes delight.
Lo! structures mark the charitable soil
For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
Worn out with care, infirmity and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the stage:
The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
To starve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
If from the murd'ring mother 'scape the child!
Oh, guard his youth from sin's alluring voice;

From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
To that still worthy of the wise and great.
Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
They shall-when pleasure and instruction blend.
Let theatres, from Public Spirit shine!
Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
See! the gay Muse, of pointed wit possest,
Who wakes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest:
What tho' she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
And laughs each fav'rite folly into shame.
With lib'ral light the tragic charms the age;
In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
There human nature, mark'd in diff'rent lines,
Alive in character, distinctly shines.
Quick passions change alternate on her face;
Her diction music, as her action grace.
Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic sighs, and pity-moving tears;
Instant we catch her gen'rous glow of soul,
'Till one great striking moral crowns the whole.

Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.

Where various edifice the land renowns,
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
Bids painting live along the storied wall;
Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
And much she welcomes all, but most the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,

The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tow'r, whose height the heav'ns admire;
(She rears, she rounds, she points the less'ning spire;
At her command the college-roofs ascend;
For Public Spirit still is learning's friend.)
Stupendous piles, which useful pomp compleats,
Thus rise Religion's, and thus Learning's seats:
There moral truth and holy science spring,
And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing.
There some draw health from herbs and min'ral veins,
Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from history, past times to view,
And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.

Now grant, ye pow'rs, one great, one fond desire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
The swelling arch, and stately colonnade;
Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!

But now be all the gen'rous Goddess seen,
When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!
Ye sons of misery attract her view!
Ye sallow, hollow-ey'd, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
Ev'n willing industry grows useless here.
Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
Has war so long withdrawn his barb'rous train,
That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want must prey on those disease would spare?
Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
Tho' born the pride, the shame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,

Live but themselves and others to destroy.
Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
First driv'n by want, from habit desp'rate grown;
Hence, for ow'd trifles, oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
Torn from, in spite of nature's tend'rest cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on ev'ry side distrest,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
To prop his question'd credit's tott'ring state,
Others he first involves to share his fate;
Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend, or find a home.

This Public Spirit sees, she sees and feels!
Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)-
And what can I (she said) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth shall I lead 'em to some happier soil,
To conquest lead 'em, and enrich with spoil?
Bid 'em convulse a world, make Nature groan,
And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
No, no-such wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!
Then range the world, Discov'ry!-Straight he goes
O'er seas, o'er Lybia's sands, and Zembla's snows;
He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile!) on some luxuriant houseless wild.
How many sons of want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to destroy?
Blush, blush, O sun (she cries) here vainly found,
To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round!
Shall heav'n distil in dews, descend in rain,
From earth gush fountains, rivers flow-in vain?
There shall the wat'ry lives in myriads stray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own

The various species of mechanic stone?
From structure this, from sculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine?
Shall mines obedient, aid no artists care,
Nor give the martial sword and peaceful share?
Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold,
To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?
While food and physic, plants and herbs supply,
Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
Shall here th' irrational, the savage kind,
Lord it o'er stores by heav'n for man design'd,
And trample what mild suns benignly raise,
While man must lose the use, and heav'n the praise;
Shall it then be?-Indignant here she rose,
(Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)-
No! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deify'd by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)
Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.
Rapt, I a future colony survey!
Come then, ye sons of Mis'ry! come away!
Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone;
Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose!
Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long strangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate dispers'd, by me unite;
Here live enjoying life; see plenty, peace;
Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
Various the goddess colours human life;
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen

Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marshes desolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent lies,
Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,
And towns shall open (all of structure fair!)
To bright'ning prospects, and to purest air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
And flocks increasing whiten all the mead.
On science, science, arts on arts refine;
On these, from high, all heav'n shall smiling shine,
And Public Spirit here a people show,
Free, num'rous, pleas'd, and busy all below.

Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers ow'd my saving hand!
Learn, when Despair such sudden bliss shall see,
Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me!
Do you the neighb'ring blameless Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade;
Dare not, Oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand subjection never due.
Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!
Know, Liberty and I are still the same,
Congenial!-ever mingling flame with flame!
Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, tho' form'd by nature free,
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject, whom nature equal meant?
If these you dare (albeit unjust success
Empow'rs you now unpunish'd to oppress)
Revolving empire you and yours may doom,
(Rome all subdu'd, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome,)
Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.

Thus (ah! how far unequall'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt or mind to raise,)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly-clear,

Worthy a Thomson's Muse, a Fred'rick's ear,
Thus spoke the Goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heav'n gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her int'rest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, tho' in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.

Mixing with these a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head.
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, soft'ning into ease polite.

Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

Richard Savage

The Authors: A Satire

Bright Arts, abus'd, like Gems, receive their Flaws;
Physick has Quacks, and Quirks obscure the Laws.
Fables to shade Historic Truths combine,
And the dark Sophist dims the Text Divine.
The Art of Reasoning in Religion's Cause,
By Superstition's Taint a Blindness draws.
The Art of Thinking Free (Man's noblest Aim!)
Turns, in Half-thinking Souls, his equal Shame.
Colours, ill-mingled, coarse, and lifeless grow!
Violins squeak, when Scrapers work the Bow!
Distortion deadens Action's temper'd Fire!
Belab'ring Poetasters thrum the Lyre!
Gesture shuns Strut, and Elocution, Cant!
Passion lies murder'd by unmeaning Rant!
Wit we debase, if Ribaldry we praise,
And Satire fades, when Slander wears the Bays.

YOU, to whose Scrolls a just Neglect is shewn,
Whose Names, tho' printed oft, remain unknown;
I war not with the Weak, if wanting Fame,
The Proud, and Prosp'rous Trifler is my Game.
With usual Wit, unfelt while you assail,
Remark unanswer'd, and unheeded Rail!
Or heeded, know I can your Censure prize,
For a Fool's Praise is Censure from the Wise;
If then my Labour your kind Malice draws,
Censure from you is from the Wise Applause.

YOU, who delineate strong our Lust of Fame,
These mimic Lays your kind Protection claim!
My Frown, like your's, would to Improvement tend,
You but assume the Foe, to act the Friend.
Pleasing, yet wounding, you our Faults rehearse,
Strong are your Thoughts! Inchanting rolls your Verse!
Deep, clear, and sounding! decent, yet sincere;
In Praise impartial, without Spleen severe.

'HOLD, Criticks cry-Erroneous are your Lays,
'Your Field was Satire, your Pursuit is Praise.'

True, you Profound!-I praise, but yet I sneer;
You're dark to Beauties, if to Errors clear!
Know my Lampoon's in Panegyric seen,
For just Applause turns Satire on your Spleen.

SHALL Ignorance and Insult claim my Rage?
Then with the World a gen'ral War I wage!
No-to some Follies Satire scorns to bend,
And Worth (or press'd, or prosp'rous) I commend.

FIRST, let me view what noxious Nonsense reigns,
While yet I loiter on Prosaic Plains;
If Pens impartial active Annals trace,
Others, with secret Hist'ry, Truth deface:
Views and Reviews, and wild Memoirs appear,
And Slander darkens each recorded Year.
Each Prince's Death to Poison they apply,
No Royal Mortals sure by Nature die.
Fav'rites or Kindred artful Deaths create,
A Father, Brother, Son, or Wife is Fate.
In a past Reign was form'd a secret League,
Some Ring, or Letter, now reveals th' Intrigue:
A certain Earl a certain Queen enjoys,
A certain Subject Fair her Peace destroys;
The jealous Queen a vengeful Art assumes,
And scents her Rival's Gloves with dire Perfumes:
Queens, with their Ladies, work unseemly things,
And Boys grow Dukes, when Catamites to Kings.
A lying Monk on Miracles refines,
And Vengeance glares from violated Shrines.

THUS Slander o'er the Dead-One's Fame prevails,
And easy Minds imbibe Romantic Tales:
Thus from feign'd Facts a false Reflection flows,
And by Tradition Superstition grows.

NEXT, Pamphleteers a Trade licentious drive,
Like wrangling Lawyers, they by Discord thrive.
If Hancock proves Cold Water's Virtue clear,
His Rival prints a Treatise on Warm Beer.
If next Inoculation's Art spreads wide,
(An Art, that mitigates Infection's Tide)

Loud Pamphleteers 'gainst Innovation cry,
Let Nature work - 'Tis natural to die.

IF Heav'n-born Wisdom, gazing Nature thro',
Thro' Nature's Optics forms Religion's View,
Priestcraft opposes Demonstration's Aid,
And with dark Myst'ry dignifies her Trade.

IF Ruin rushes o'er a Statesman's Sway,
Scribblers, like Worms, on tainted Grandeur prey
While a poor Felon waits th' impending Stroke,
Voracious Scribes, like hov'ring Ravens, croak.
In their dark Quills a dreary Insult lies,
Th' Offence lives recent, tho' th' Offender dies;
In his last Words they suck his parting Breath,
And gorge on his loath'd Memory after Death.

WRETCHES, like these, no Satire wou'd chastise,
But Follies here to ruthless Insult rise;
Distinguish'd Insult taints a Nation's Fame,
And various Vice deserves a various Shame.

PAMPHLETS I leave-sublime my Fancy grows!
No more she sweeps the humble Vale of Prose.
Now I trace swift the Muse's airy Clime,
The Dance of Numbers, and the Change of Rhime!
In measur'd Rounds Imagination swims,
And the Brain whirls with new, surprizing Whims!
Poets are mad! 'tis granted:-So are you,
Grave Critics, who those Lunatics pursue:
You labour Comments, dry on Classic Lays,
Partial alike in Censure, and in Praise;
Where most abstruse, you most assert they shine,
Where Homer raves, his Allegory's fine!
But if a Modern with an Ancient vies,
Spirit grows Phrensy, to a Wit so wise.

PHLEGM without Fire, your flat Encomiums bear,
When you declaim, a Mark revers'd you wear;
If not inspir'd, at least possess'd you seem,
You boil with Choler, and dismiss your Phlegm.
None unprefer'd, in Parliament more loud!

No worn-out Fair more peevish, or more proud!
No City-Dame, when to the Birth-Night drawn,
More vain of Gems!-(some Female Courtier's Pawn!)
Proud as a Judge, when Equity's a Trade,
Or Lord, whose Guilt was with a Title paid.

MARK cautious Cinna mimic Poesy's Flame,
Coarse are his Colours, and obscure his Aim!
Cinna, thy Genius weds not with the Muse;
No longer then thy well-known Parts misuse!
Cinna, thus doctor'd, stifles all he writ,
But sneers malignant at another's Wit.
Some beauteous Piece applauded, He replies,
The Sun has Spots, and a wish'd Error spies.

SO some warm Lass grows pregnant e'er she marries,
Takes Physic, and for Honour's sake miscarries;
Jealous of Praise, pale Envy taints her Lip,
And her Tongue tattles of each Virgin's Trip.

THEOCRITUS's Ape, dry, proud, and vain,
Shews the stiff Quaker for the simple Swain.
In Tragic Scenes, how soft he moves Distress?
His Lamb-like Princess in the Pure-one's Dress:
Plain in Expression, and in Passion tame,
Propriety of Words is all his Aim.

SCRIBLERS grow fast-One, who gains least Applause,
(His Works reprinting) a Subscription draws.
Ape of an Ape! How is the Species grown?
Inferior Apes this Ape a Viceroy own!
O'er a learn'd Tribe, He Grand Dictator plays,
And points young Wits new Models in his Lays.
Flat Odes, Epistles, and Translations rise,
And a new Preface words it with the Wise!
Art is School Trash-Horace and Pope are Fool
Sonnets and Madrigals require no Rules.
Milton runs rough-Here plainer Lays allure!
Nor Low, nor Grand, nor Simple, nor Impure.

A Love-sick Youth, who sighs about Eighteen,
Whines in Blank Verse, and tries a Tragic Scene.

One Poet, damn'd, turns Critick, storms in Prose;
His railing Pamphlet his wrong'd Merit shows.
A trading Bard salutes the Lord in Place,
Whom he insults with Satire, in Disgrace.
One, jocund, sings Birth-Days, and Nuptial Rites:
One, of the Dead, a doleful Dirge recites,
Dull as deep Bells, that toll the Fun'ral's Time,
Or drowzy Echoes from the Bell-Man's Rhime.

A cast-off Dame, who of Intrigues can judge,
Writes Scandal in Romance-A Printer's Drudge!
Flush'd with Success, for Stage-Renown she pants,
And melts, and swells, and pens luxurious Rants.

BUT while her Muse a sulph'rous Flame displays,
Glow's strong with Lust, or burns with Envy's Blaze!
While some black Fiend, that hugs the haggard Shrew,
Hangs his collected Horrors on her Brow!
Clio, descending Angels sweep thy Lyre,
Prompt thy soft Lays, and breathe Seraphic Fire.
Tears fall, Sighs rise, obedient to thy Strains,
And the Blood dances in the mazy Veins!
Crown'd with the Palm, Bays, Myrtle, and the Vine;
Love, Pity, Friendship, Music, Wit, and Wine,
In social Spirits, lead thy Hours along,
Thou Life of Loveliness, thou Soul of Song!

A Blade whose Life a Turn of Humour takes,
Cocks smart, trims fine, treats Harlots, scours with Rakes!
When his drain'd Purse no new Expence supplies,
Fond Madam frowns, each dear Companion flies!
Duns clamour, Bailiffs lurk, and Clothes decay,
Coin ebbs, he must recruit-He writes a Play.
'Bold Task! a Play?-Mark our young Bard proceed!
'A Play?-Your Wits in Want are Wits indeed.'
Here the Punk's Jokes are for Politeness wrote,
Some inconsistent Novel forms a Plot.
In the Gallant, his own wise Conduct glares!
Smut is sheer Wit!-Each Prank a Merit wears!
Bright Youth! He steals, to make the Piece entire,
A Cuckold, Beau, pert Footman, and a Squire.

WHEN Bards thus patch up Plays from various Scraps,
They dream of crowded Houses! thundring Claps!
False Hope! Poets are poor, and Fortune's blind,
Actors are saucy-or the Town's unkind.

BUT why should Satire war with ill Success?
Why should I add Affliction to Distress?
'Tis bold t' assail proud Vice with stinging Lays!
'Tis bolder yet, to give wrong'd Merit Praise!
Few dare accuse what stately Wits defend!
Few dare against the gen'ral Vogue commend!

JOHNNY's fine Works at Court obtain Renown!
Aaron writes Trash-He ne'er colloques the Town.
How Grand the Verse which My Lord's Feats declares.
Rude are Lampoons, that lash My Lady's Airs.
How arch the Wit, when Her Grace deigns a Laugh
Dull is the Satire on the Duke's white Staff.
Oh, You Polite! Your Smiles are Fame's sweet Road;
We praise, subscribe, or damn-because the Mode.

JOHNNY no more reflects a shining Page,
From that bright Genius, that has charm'd the Age!
More conscious now, his single Worth he rates!
Verses are made, like Med'cines, by Receipts.
Soft Phrases he collects-to scan, to chime,
Reads deep, and weighs vast Lexicons of Rhyme.
Hints from Fontaine, some smart Design compleat;
The Whim is pretty, and the Language neat.
Tho' smart, neat, pretty; yet ev'n Courtiers own,
It glitters not with Pope-aside 'tis thrown.

JOHNNY, who fosters next his Patron's Wit,
Strikes out a Play, with Thought, and Spirit writ!
To first-rank Beaus our artful Bard applies,
One writes to charm the Fair, and One the Wise.
Beaus fly the Fame, yet secret Talents know,
And read, revise, and ev'n Co-Authors grow;
And now anew th' inverted Work they frame,
New Thoughts they hatch!-But Johnny holds the Name.
So fruitful Madams, their Amours unknown,
Bear private Babes, which, born, their Midwives own.

At Grand Assemblies, Play and Bard appear,
Cabals are form'd, our Johnny's Debts to clear;
'Tis read, prais'd, acted!-Now the Poet's Trap!
Beaus heed your Scenes! You know your Cues to clap.

THUS thro' nine Nights loud Party-Praises roar,
Then die away at once, to noise no more.
In vain such Authors hope substantial Fame,
Such Praise must usher in a sequent Shame.
To the next Age, the present proves disgrac'd,
With the mean Wits we priz'd, it ranks our Taste;
But thro' a third, not ev'n their Shame they boast,
Their Names, their Works, and Shame alike are lost.

CALL you these Witlings a Poetic Brood?
Are Pies and Daws the Songsters of the Wood?
For Wit, not Nonsense, first was form'd the Stage,
Not to infect, but to refine the Age!
Here soften'd Virtue Rigours's Frown declines!
Precept, enforc'd by just Example, shines!
In each rais'd Tear a gen'rous Meaning flows!
In each pleas'd Smile a fair Instruction grows!
When we strike Nature, and improve the Mind,
Those deathless Works a sweet Remembrance find;
No cheerless Merit unrewarded toils,
Still Compton lives, and still a Dorset smiles:
Some Noble Spirits still adorn the Great,
Still shines Argyle with ev'ry Grace of State;
Wisdom and Bounty sweet on Rutland sit,
And Howard's the lovely Patroness of Wit.

BUT say, whence liberal Arts thus feel Decay?
Why melt their Charms, like Fairy Towers, away?
Not Ignorance, oppos'd, their Strength impairs,
They break, they perish by intestine Jars.
Artists on Artists scowl with jealous Eyes,
And Envy Emulation's place supplies.
With Envy's Influence the dark Bosom's fraught,
But Emulation brightens ev'ry Thought!
Pale Envy pines, if Excellence aspires,
And most she slanders what she most admires;
Charm'd Emulation can, with Transport, gaze,

Yet wou'd outsoar the Worth, she loves to praise.

THUS thou, our Universal Passion's Foe,
Canst thy own Height, by praising Others, show.
Young well may Pope's and Congreve's Charms admire,
Young glows distinguish'd with an equal Fire:
So strong thy Learning, Wit, and Friendship shine,
What Praise true Merit claims, is justly thine.

Richard Savage

The Convocation: A Poem

When Vertue's Standard Ecclesiasticks bear,
Their sacred Robe the noblest Minds revere.
All to its Guidance do their Thoughts submit,
But such who triumph in licentious Wit;
And nauseous Mirth as high Desert esteem,
When rais'd by Scorn upon Religion's Theme
As Kings by Right Divine o'er Nations sway,
As the most worthy, their high Pow'rs obey;
Homage by all is to the Priesthood born,
And none but Fools their Heav'nly Pastors scorn.

Yet censure not the Muse's Freedom here:
If urg'd by Errors, she must seem severe!
Tho' keen her Satyr, she no Envy bears;
Tho' Priests she lashes, she their Function spares.
Nor for ill Members such the Clergy calls,
But on their Shame, and not their Glory, falls.

Of all the Plagues with which the World is curst,
Time has still prov'd that Priestcraft is the worst.
By some, what Notions thro' the World are spread?
On Falshoods grounded, and from Int'rest bred;
Errour has still the giddy World perplext,
Whilst Scripture gilds it with some sacred Text.
This wild Opinions Strife and Faction brings,
The Bane of Nations, the Misrule of Kings.
Priests oft profane what they from Heav'n derive;
Some live by Legends, some by Murders thrive,
Some sell their Gods, and Altar-Rites deface,
With Doctrines some the Brain-sick People craze.

The Pagan prey on slaughter'd Wretches Fates,
The Romish fatten on the best Estates,
The British stain what Heav'n has right confest,
And Sectaries the Scriptures falsly wrest.

Amongst the Tribe, how few are, as they ought,
Clear in their Souls, instructive in their Thought!
The Good, like Prophets, shew their Precepts pure;
The Ill with Craft the Heav'nly Light obscure;
False to their Trust, they lead their Flocks astray,
And with their Errors cloud the sacred Way.

Tho' artless Numbers may my Verses throng,
Yet now Religion's Cause inspires my Song:
Undaunted then, my Muse, thy Purpose say,
And for the Church thy warmest Zeal display!
An Erring Prelate let thy Lays proclaim,
And sing the Convocation's sacred Fame.

When dire Confusion bore a dreadful Hand,
And sore Divisions shook the guilty Land;
When Schisms rent the Church, Faction the State,
And Schoolmens Quarrels did new Broils create;
'Midst Crowds of Libels publish'd to enrage,
Writ to corrupt, but not t'improve the Age,
Forth to the World from a Learn'd Author came
Two, which bear Censures equal to their Fame:
By some admired, and by some contemn'd,
Prais'd by the Vulgar, by his Peers condemn'd.
If from Sincerity Faith ought can claim,
Hard Deprivations theirs aloud proclaim.

Next, Ordination to explode he seems,
Orders are Trifles, Church-Commissions Dreams!
The Sense it self these Explanations own,
Which none unbyass'd, can as just disown.

What more can Deists to the Church reply?
They in this wise her Sacraments deny;
Against her Canons and her Forms combine,
And with such Wretches will a Bishop joyn?

The Topmost Sequel next, of his Essays,
The Pulpit trumpets, and the Press displays.
New Doctrines still advanc'd, the World alarm,
And, all his Brethren with Resentment warm.
Ye Pow'rs! If Priests thus their own Craft betray,
If what they should conceal, themselves display,
Atheists may well mysterious Rights deride,
Nor suffer sacred Faith as Reason's Guide.

But whilst th'Infection thro' the Nation flies,
A Rev'rend Author to the Work replies.
Oh SNAPE! what Charms thy Genius here bestows;
Where nervous Sense in candid Smoothness flows.
Sublime thy Thought! with no harsh Stile defil'd,
Bold in thy Charge! yet in Expressions mild:
Reason Divine in each illustrious Page,
Points out those Errors, which you here engage.

So Henry wrote, by Heav'n inspir'd, when he
From Luther's Errors strove the Faith to free:
When that great Title in Return was born,
Which has e're since by British Kings been worn.

The Gospel's Light does here such Clouds dispel,
As Magus's Witchcraft by th'Apostle fell.
So wrote that Tribe in sacred Annals past,
When Nations yielded, and the Faith embrac'd.

The Clergy now in Convocation meet,
And in Debate on these new Doctrines sit.
No Contest in th'inferiour House arose;
But one Consent these dang'rous Errors shews.
None cou'd oppose! So plain did they appear:
Nor Doubts could rise their Innocence to clear.

He, who a Priest, a Prelate's Doctrine blam'd,

Is, now a Prelate, here himself arraign'd.
He, who did once a worthy Doctor gall,
Finds now just Judgment on his Errors fall.

The first is Moss appointed in this Cause;
Who the sharp Charge against this Church-man draws.
On his sweet Tongue learn'd Elocution dwells,
Which in loud Strains the World their Duty tells.
His smooth Persuasions Men from Ills entice,
Reveal the Gospel, and dipel their Vice.

Next, Learned Sprat in this Performance joins,
Who sprung from a late Pious Prelate's Loins:
His Father's Goodness did his Function grace,
And the Son's Vertues do his Footsteps trace.

Next, Florid Biss the glorious Cause maintains,
Who vast Applause from just Attention gains.
Vert'ous his Soul, his Mind does Wisdom shew,
And wholsome Doctrines from his Learning flow.

Sherlock's a Name that ever will survive:
For the dead Sire does in the Son revive.
Amidst the Clan, the Son is nam'd t'oppose
The Ill that from such Innovations grows.

Next in the List, but not the least, is Friend,
Worthy the Cause now chosen to defend!
Let tutour'd Youth his wondrous Learning prove,
As to the Church his Actions do his Love.

Cannon and Davies, Barrel, Dawson, stand,
And act in Concert with this sacred Band.
These, to the Upper House are nam'd to give
The Charge, which there they with Consent receive.

But e're the Aim of all this Zeal was done,
It here was vanquish'd when 'twas scarce begun.
As Jove on high Olympus feign'd to sway,
With Thunder parted an immortal Fray:
To end the Jarrs that in Religion fall,
GEORGE from the Throne at once prorogues 'em all.

But thus the Parties, more incens'd with Rage,
Cease not the Contest; but new Conflicts wage.
In Print their Quarrels still confuse the World,
And Libels now promiscuously are hurl'd!
Their Trumpet Scandal loud Detraction sounds,
Diffuses Lies, and Reputations wounds.

Thus Paper-Squibs wing'd from the Presses fly!
Alarm! inflame! and loud for Answers cry!
Answers pursue th'Attack! Both Parties write!
Pens are their Swords, and Papers urge the Fight!
The Chiefs with Conduct both maintain the Day;
Others confound; but none decide the Fray.
Those best succeed, whose Works the Curious buy,
Whilst Scrawls neglected, on the Compter lie.
But still the Press supplies each empty Brain,
No Cyclop Authors form the Bolts in vain,
Thence they rush forth, and do the War sustain.

As thus they 'ngage amidst this Clash of Arms,
Quills, I shou'd say, that thus the Town alarms!
A Minor Phillips, now Romance is scarce,
Seizes Religion, as a Plot for Farce.
His Muse grown weary of the Northern Climes,
Strives here to raise dull Satyr from the Times.
The High Church now with double Rage he wounds,
Faith serves for Mirth, the Clergy for Buffoons.
Yet the wise Work to aid a Churchman means,
The aptest Hero for such low-stil'd Scenes.

Demetrius aims to copy his Design;
Jo's ridicul'd, that Ben again may shine,
The worthiest all, the Spleens of Wretches raise,
And Farce to deck the Lawn bestows the Bays.

Libels the Convocation now abuse,
Which not worth Notice, wou'd but pall the Muse:
Answers to Snape the World's Attention claim;
But pass unheeded, like each Author's Fame.

B--r's chief Letter bears the great Applause;
For Learning varnishes the vilest Cause;
Oft casts false Beauties, and obscures each Taint,
Makes Right look wrong, th'Offender seem the Saint;
Howe'er thro' Eloquence there still are view'd,
The Charge evaded, but the Guilt pursu'd.

Now H--dly's Text Trap's Genius does convey;
Its Beauties here the Errors there display.
Sherlock, and He, who for the Church appear,
Snape's just Remarks from each Evasion clear.

Next, Law, whose Writing does his Worth proclaim,
Answers the Doctrines which the World inflame.
His Strength of Judgment their weak Force repels;
Their Errors lashes, their Defence reveals.

Hilliard, like Trap, the Soul's true Guidance shews,
All see the Poyson, and its Cure disclose.
Cockbourn's Remarks have by Church-Canons prov'd,
How from its Bounds such Heresy's remov'd,
That their own Words against such Guides prevail,
Where Errors drive 'em from its sacred Pale.

Now from the Tories Pamphlets rush apace,
Answers to Answers thus the Contest trace.

In vain with Slander Whigs the Truth wou'd soil:
For Scandals back upon themselves recoil!
The Tories now their former Pleas enlarge,
And in Replies they thus renew their Charge.

By Quæry first they urge this strange Mistake:
Can Ben's Resistance passive Bangor make?
What Hoadly preach'd, thus Bangor does evince,
'Twas lawful to resist a Tyrant-Prince!

Here he reviles a King expell'd his Throne,
Who for his Conscience sacrific'd his Crown.
Swoln with Preferment thus the Wretch prophanes
The Sacred Reliques with unhallow'd Strains.
Cou'd He no other dark Evasions bring,
But to asperse a poor departed King?

As Conscience-Freedom thus he grants to Slaves.
By Nature thoughtless,-he a King's enslaves.
The Rights of Kingdoms, as he here proclaims,
He those of Christian Faith at once disclaims.
What Charity can suit the Rules he owns?
Or Loyalty the Love he bears to Crowns?
Such partial Treatment Sov'reign Rulers braves!
Of Slaves makes Princes, and of Princes Slaves.

All Earthly Pow'rs he in Christ's Church disowns,
Regardless of his Function, or of Crowns.
Why is the King its great Supreme no more?
Why is the Pow'r from God's Vicegerent tore?

In vain false Logic thus at Truth wou'd aim,
To prove Christ's Kingdom and his Church the same;
Heathens and Devils then Church-Members are,
'Cause they Subjection to his Kingdom bear.
Why a cold, lifeless Motion is Pray'r made?
The VWorld's great Saviour sweated as he pray'd.

An eager Zeal we in the Garden find,
Which on the Cross possess'd his anxious Mind;
Exerted Transports in his Accents hung,
And flow'd with Fervour from his Heav'nly Tongue.

When on our Knees to Heav'n's high Throne we bow,
Love, as inspir'd, shou'd purest Raptures shew.
The Soul exerted, shou'd each Wish impart,
And for its Off'ring throw a contrite Heart.

Whilst thus these Errors Churchmen all explode,
And clear the Vapours which the Faith wou'd cloud;
Snape, who to head the Van did first appear,
With equal Conduct now commands the Rear!
His second Answer's for th'Engagement chose,
Which does the Prelate's weak Defence expose.

This, which his Plea does of its Force despoil,
No Pen can answer, nor Resistance foil.
When Truth thus sallies forth, Evasions all
Start from the Conflict, and confuted fall.
In vain new Pamphlets to their Rescue run,
Their Chief retreats, the Vict'ry is begun:
Those, who the Church against its Foes maintain,
Beneath its Banners thus the Glory gain.

But still their Pride will not the Conquest yield,
Like Wasps disarm'd, they buz around the the Field;
Or, from the Press, whilst envious Nonsense springs,
They hiss, like Serpents that have lost their Stings.

Behold! They drop the Theme they can't oppose,
And Advertisements their Retreat disclose.
With Aims evasive seem to swell the News,
And what shou'd Glorious be, to Farce reduce.

Now the Courant for War is made the Plain,
Where B--g--r pours forth all his Force again,
Howe'er ill posted, yet more desp'rate grown,
To guard this Breach, his Reputation's thrown!
His Pen with Fury does Snape's Strength assail,
He charges!-True: But does that Charge avail?

Carlisle here seconds Snape! The Plea maintains!
Whilst baneful Discord 'twixt each Prelate reigns.
If, as Church-Pillars we the Mitres stile,
Tott'ring by Jarrs they shake the sacred Pile!
Errors start up! whilst weak the Structure stands,
And Factions rage, as in divided Lands!
Altars 'gainst Altars rise! Confusions spring!
And a long Train of endless Horrors bring.

Fierce Advertisements now i'th' News are seen
From these two B--s and a trifling D--
With zealous Warmth each in the Contest burns,
Whilst from the Truth the D--n Deserter turns.

Carlisle then quits the Plain, whilst neither yield,
And urges Bangor to a nobler Field:
Nor for his Standard Advertisements rears!
But in a Stile more Glorious now appears.
Still in Retreat Bangor his Flag displays,
And fiercer Vollies from the News conveys.
By Kennet strengthen'd, in Opinion high,
He does the Foe with future Deeds defie!

When in his Hand he shall the Pencil bear,
The Victor's Honours in the Draught he'll wear.
How can true Colours then the Work assure,
If Him they flatter, Them in Shades obscure?

What can these prove, but mere Evasions all?
Which quit the Contest, and on Trifles fall?
Snape's heavy Charge as yet unanswer'd stands,
And either Vict'ry or Defence demands!

Now from a Party Clamours rise in vain
Against Carlisle, who does his Plea maintain,
Spite of the D--n, who in Desertion flies,
And Peter like, what once he own'd, denies.

Truth is the Bulwark thus keen Envy storms!
The Dæmon rages deck'd in various Forms.
Here, like a Churchman, dress'd in sacred Stile,
With smooth Corruptions she'd the World beguile.
And seems t'advance the Church, whilst she'd ensnare
Its Rites, its Orders, and Foundation, Pray'r.

Next Politician like, she'd raise Debate,
To bring the Faith subservient to the State;
Like a false Light, their black Designs to gild,
Or Ground, on which vile Policies she'd build.

Lastly, In Slander cloath'd, she sallies forth
To blast those Fames that bear the noblest Worth!
In this black Form the Fiend each Libel shews,
Which fiercely arm'd 'gainst Snape or Carlisle goes!
Here against Trap! From Sykes 'gainst Sherlock there,
Where Bangor's Postscript does its Aid declare.

'Gainst thee, O Sherlock! Such Efforts are vain:
They but asperse what they can never stain.
Thy Foes augment by Scandal, Crimes they'd clear,
As their black Charge thy Vertue scorns to bear!
Thy Strength of Reason stems the rapid Course,
And rowls it backwards with resistless Force.

Next Whitby seems (as he'd Snape's Worth oppose)
Weak as the Cause in which Defence he rose.

As Frantick Dunton with the Tribe combines,
Th'Ecclesiastick with the Madman joins.
Pardon the Muse that on such Trifles dwells,
One shews his Weakness, one his Phrenzy tells!
As These, so Others, such Essays have made,
Who, like their Chief, not answer,-but evade.

How can Divines here seem to give Applause,
Where Heresies support the impious Cause?
A Cause, which on the Church's Triumph frowns,
And levels Mitres as Resistance crowns.
Enthusiasts, Sect'ries, here with Aid supply,
And wing'd like Serpents, at our Altars fly!
But o'er these Fiends the Faith at length shall reign,
Which Worthies thus with bright Essays sustain!

Hear then, ye Pow'rs; on your own Works look down!
VWhere are your Rites, when Supplication's gone?
VWho shall your Altar's Sacraments prepare,
If Pious Zeal's depriv'd of Fervent Pray'r?
VWho at the Throne of Grace shall Homage pay,
If your own Priests their sacred Trust betray?
Assist! inspire! and with a Light Divine,
Now let the Faith from Clouds in Glory shine!

Oh Snape! Assert! Pursue the sacred Cause!
Improve the Soul! Defend the Church's Laws!
Still to thy Aid the sacred Scriptures bring,
Whilst Brightest Youths from thy Tuition spring!
They, as Examples, shall thy Worth proclaim,
And to Time's End shall consecrate thy Fame!

The Convocation may to joyn thee meet;
And what's so well begun, as well compleat.

Finis

Richard Savage

The Progress Of A Divine: Satire

All priests are not the same, be understood!
Priests are, like other folks, some bad, some good.
What's vice or virtue, sure admits no doubt;
Then, clergy, with church mission, or without;
When good, or bad, annex we to your name,
The greater honour, or the greater shame.

Mark how a country Curate once could rise;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wise!
Of innkeeper, or butcher, if begot,
At Cam or Isis bred, imports it not.
A Servitor he was-Of hall, or college?
Ask not-to neither credit is his knowledge.

Four years, thro' foggy ale, yet made him see,
Just his neck-verse to read, and take degree.
A gown, with added sleeves, he now may wear;
While his round cap transforms into a square.
Him, quite unconsc'd, the butt'ry book shall own;
At pray'rs, tho' ne'er devout, so constant known.
Let testimonials then his worth disclose!
He gains a cassock, beaver and a rose.
A Curate now, his furniture review!
A few old sermons, and a bottle-screw.
A Curate?-Where? His name (cries one) recite!
Or tell me this-Is pudding his delight?
Why, our's loves pudding-Does he so?-'tis he!
A Servitor;-Sure Curl will find a key.

His Alma Mater now he quite forsakes;
She gave him one degree, and two he takes.
He now the hood and sleeve of Master wears;
Doctor! (quoth they)-and lo! a scarf he bears!
A swelling, russling, glossy scarf! yet he,
By peer unqualify'd, as by degree.

This Curate learns church-dues, and law to tease,
When time shall serve, for tithes, and surplice-fees;
When 'scapes some portion'd girl from guardian's pow'r,
He the snug licence gets for nuptial hour;
And rend'ring vain her parent's prudent cares,
To sharper weds her, and with sharper shares.
Let babes of poverty convulsive lie;
No bottle waits, tho' babes unsprinkled die.
Half-office serves the fun'ral, if it bring
No hope of scarf, or hatband, gloves, or ring.
Does any wealthy fair desponding lie,
With scrup'lous conscience, tho' she knows not why?
Would cordial counsel make the patient well?
Our priest shall raise the vapours, not dispel.
His cant some orphan's piteous case shall bring;
He bids her give the widow's heart to sing:
He pleads for age in want; and while she lingers,
Thus snares her charity with bird-lime fingers.

Now in the patron's mansion see the wight,
Factious for pow'r-a son of Levy right!
Servile to 'squires, to vassals proud his mien,
As Codex to inferior Clergy seen.
He flatters till you blush; but, when withdrawn,
'Tis his to slander, as 'twas his to fawn.
He pumps for secrets, pries o'er servants' ways,
And, like a meddling priest, can mischief raise;
And from such mischief thus can plead desert-
'Tis all my patron's int'rest at my heart.
Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live;
None more need pardon, and none less forgive.

At what does next his erudition aim?
To kill the footed and the feather'd game:
Then this Apostle, for a daintier dish.
With line or net, shall plot the fate of fish.
In kitchen, what the cookmaid calls a cot;
In cellar, with the butler, brother sot,
Here too he corks; in brewhouse hops the beer,

Bright in the hall, his parts at whist appear;
Dext'rous to pack; yet at all cheats exclaiming:
The priest has av'rice, av'rice itch of gaming,
And gaming fraud:-But fair he strikes the ball,
And at the plain of billiard pockets all.
At tables now!-But oh, if gammon'd there,
The startling echoes learn, like him, to swear!
Tho' ne'er at authors in the study seen,
At bowls sagacious master of the green.
A connoisseur, as cunning as a fox,
To bet on racers, or on battling cocks;
To preach o'er beer, in boroughs, to procure
Voters, to make the 'squire's election sure:
For this, where clowns stare, gape, and grin, and baul,
Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.
When the clod justice some horse-laugh wou'd raise,
Foremost the dullest of dull jokes to praise;
To say, or unsay, at his patron's nod;
To do the will of all-save that of God.

His int'rest the most servile part he deems;
Yet much he sways, where much to serve he seems;
He sways his patron, rules the Lady most,
And, as he rules the Lady, rules the roast.

Old tradesmen must give way to new-his aim
Extorted poundage, once the steward's claim.
Tenants are rais'd; or, as his pow'r increases,
Unless they fine to him, renew no leases.
Thus tradesmen, servants, tenants, none are free;
Their loss and murmur are his gain and glee.

Lux'ry he loves; but like a priest of sense,
Ev'n lux'ry loves not at his own expence.
Tho' harlot passions wanton with his will,
Yet av'rice is his wedded passion still.

See him with napkin o'er his band tuck'd in,

While the rich grease hangs glist'ning on his chin;
Or as the dew from Aaron's beard declines,
Ev'n to his garment hem soft-trickling shines!
He feeds, and feeds, swills soop, and sucks up marrow;
Swills, sucks, and feeds, till leach'rous as a sparrow.
Thy pleasure, Onan, now no more delights,
The lone amusement of his chaster nights.
He boasts-(let Ladies put him to the test!)
Strong back, broad shoulders, and a well-built chest.
With stiff'ning nerves, now steals he sly away;
Alert, warm, chuckling, ripe for am'rous play;
Ripe to caress the lass he once thought meet
At church to chide, when penanc'd in a sheet.
He pants the titillating joy to prove,
The fierce, short sallies of luxurious love.
Not fair Cadiere and Confessor than they,
In straining transports, more lascivious lay.

Conceives her womb, while each so melts and thrills?
He plies her now with love, and now with pills.
No more falls penance cloath'd in shame upon her;
These kill her embryo, and preserve her honour.

Riches, love, pow'r, his passions then we own:
Can he court pow'r, and pant not for renown?
Fool, wise, good, wicked-all desire a name:
Than him, young heroes burn not more for fame.
While about ways of heav'n the schoolmen jar,
(The church re-echoing to the wordy war)
The ways of earth, he (on his horse astride)
Can with big words contest, with blows decide;
He dares some carrier, charg'd with cumb'rous load,
Disputes, dismounts, and boxes for the road.
Ye hooting boys, Oh, Well-play'd parson, cry!
Oh, Well-play'd parson, hooting vales reply!
Winds waft it to Cathedral Domes around!
Cathedral Domes from inmost choirs resound!

The man has many meritorious ways:

He'll smook his pipe, and London's prelate praise.
His public pray'rs, his oaths for George declare;
Yet mental reservation may forswear;
For, safe with friends, he now, in loyal stealth,
Hiccups, and, stagg'ring, cries-King Jemmy's health.
God's word he preaches now, and now profanes;
Now swallows camels, and at gnats now strains.
He pities men, who, in unrighteous days,
Read, or, what's worse, write poetry and plays.
He readeth not what any author saith;
The more his merit in implicit faith.
Those, who a jot from mother church recede,
He damns, like any Athanasian creed.
He rails at Hoadley; so can zeal possess him,
He's orthodox, as Gibson's self-God bless him.

Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thanksgiving,
Sweeps off th' incumbent now of fat-goose living.
He seeks his patron's Lady, finds the fair,
And for her int'rest first prefers his prayer-
You pose me not (said she) tho' hard the task;
Tho' husbands seldom give what wives will ask.
My deeree does not yet to think incline,
How oft your nest you feather, priest, from mine.
This pin-money, tho' short, has not betray'd;
Nor jewels pawn'd, nor tradesmen's bills unpay'd;
Mine is the female, fashionable skill,
To win my wants, by cheating at quadrille.
You bid me, with prim look, the world delude;
Nor sins my priest demurer than his prude.
Least thinks my Lord, you plant the secret horn,
That yours his hopeful heir, so newly born.
'Tis mine to tease him first with jealous fears,
And thunder all my virtue in his ears:
My virtue rules unquestion'd-Where's the cue
For that which governs him to govern you?
I gave you pow'r the family complain;
I gave you love; but all your love is gain.
My int'rest, wealth-for these alone you burn;
With these you leave me, and with these return:
Then, as no truant wants excuse for play,

'Twas duty-duty call'd you far away;
The sick to visit-some miles off to preach:
-You come not, but to suck one like a leach.

Thus Lady-like, she wanders from the case,
Keeps to no point, but runs a wild-goose chase.
She talks, and talks-to him her words are wind:
For fat-goose living fills alone his mind.

He leaves her, to his patron warm applies:-
But parson, mark the terms! (his patron cries)
Yon door you held for me, and handmaid Nell:
The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell.
My spouse has yet no jealous, odd conjecture:
Oh, shield my morning rest from curtain-lecture:
Parson, take breeding Nelly quick to wife,
And fat-goose living then is yours for life!

Patron and spouse thus mutually beguil'd,
Patron and priest thus own each other's child.
Smock simony agreed-Thus Curate rise;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good nor wise.

Vicars (poor wights!) for lost impropriation,
Rue, tho' good protestants, the reformation.
Prefer'd from Curate, see our soul's protector
No murm'ring vicar, but rejoicing rector;
Not hir'd by laymen, nor by laymen shown,
Church-lands now theirs, and tithes no more his own!

His patron can't revoke, but may repent:
To bully now, not please, our parson's bent.
When from dependence freed (such priestly will!)
Priests soon treat all, but first their patrons, ill.

Vestries he rules-Ye lawyers, hither draw!

He snacks-His people deep are plung'd in law!
Now these plague those, this parish now sues that,
For burying, or maintaining foundling brat.
Now with churchwardens cribs the rev'rend thief,
From workhouse-pittance, and collection brief;
Nay, sacramental alms purloins as sure,
And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.

Poor folks he'll shun; but pray by rich, if ill,
And watch, and watch-to slide into their will;
Then pop, perchance, in consecrated wine,
What speeds the soul, he fits for realms divine.

Why cou'd not London this good parson gain?
Before him sepulchres had rent in twain.
Then had he learn'd with sextons to invade,
And strip with sacrilegious hands the dead;
To tear off rings, e'er yet the finger rots;
To part 'em, for the vesture-shroud cast lots;
Had made dead skulls for coin the chymist's share,
The female corpse the surgeon's purchas'd ware;
And peering view'd, when for dissection laid,
That secret place, which love has sacred made.

Grudge heroes not your heads in stills inclos'd!
Grudge not, ye fair, your parts ripp'd up expos'd!
As strikes the choice anatomy our eyes;
As here dead skulls in quick'ning cordials rise;
From Egypt thus a rival traffic springs:
Her vended mummies thus were once her kings;
The line of Ninus now in drugs is roll'd,
And Ptolemy's himself for balsam sold.

Volumes unread his library compose,
Gay shine their gilded backs in letter'd rows.
Cheap he collects-His friends the dupes are known;
They buy, he borrows, and each book's his own.

Poor neighbours earn his ale, but earn it dear;
His ale he trafficks for a nobler cheer.
For mugs of ale some poach-no game they spare;
Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.
Some plunder fishponds; others (ven'son thieves)
The forest ravage, and the priest receives.
Let plenty at his board then lacquey serve!
No-tho' with plenty, penury will starve.
He deals with London fishmongers-His books
Swell in accompts with poult'ners and with cooks.

Wide, and more wide, his swelling fortune flows;
Narrower, and narrower still, his spirit grows.

His servants-Hard has fate their lot decreed:
They toil like horses, like camelions feed.
Sunday, no sabbath, is in labour spent,
And Christmas renders 'em as lean as Lent.
Him long, nor faithful services engage;
See 'em dismiss'd in sickness or in age!

His wife, poor Nelly, leads a life of dread;
Now beat, now pinch'd on arms, and now in bread.
If decent powder deck th' adjusted hair;
If modish silk, for once, improve her air;
Her with past faults, thus shocks his cruel tone;
(Faults, tho' from thence her dow'ry, now his own)-
Thus shall my purse your carnal joys procure,
All dress is nothing, but a harlot's lure.
Sackcloth alone your sin shou'd, penanc'd wear;
Your locks, uncomb'd, with ashes sprinkled stare.
Spare diet thins the blood-if more you crave,
'Tis mine, my viands, and your soul to save.
Blood must be drawn, not swell'd-then strip, and dread
This waving horsewhip circling o'er my head!
Be yours the blubb'ring lip, and whimp'ring eye!
Frequent this lash shall righteous stripes supply.
What, squall you? Call no kindred to your aid!

You wedded when no widow, yet no maid.
Did law Mosaic now in force remain,
Say to what father durst you then complain?
What had your virtue witness'd? Well I know,
No bridal sheets could virgin tokens shew;
Elders had sought, but miss'd the signing red,
And law, then harlot, straight had ston'd you dead.

Nor former vice alone her pain insures;
Nelly, for present virtue, much endures;
For lo, she charms some wealthy, am'rous 'squire!
Her spouse would let her, like his mare, for hire.
'Twere thus no sin, shou'd love her limbs employ:
Be his the profit, and be hers the joy!
This, when her chastity, or pride denies;
His words reproach her, and his kicks chastise.

At length, in childbed, she, with broken heart,
Tips off-poor soul!-Let her in peace depart!
He mourns her death, who did her life destroy;
He weeps, and weeps-Oh, how he weeps-for joy!
Then cries, with seeming grief, Is Nelly dead?
No more with woman creak my couch or bed!
'Tis true, he spouse nor doxy more enjoys;
Women farewell! He lusts not-but for boys.

This priest, ye Clergy, not fictitious call;
Think him not form'd to represent ye all.
Should satire quirks of vile attornies draw;
Say, wou'd that mean to ridicule all law?
Describe some murd'ring quack with want of knowledge,
Wou'd true physicians cry-You mean the college?
Blest be your cloth!-But, if in him, 'tis curst,
'Tis as best things, corrupted, are the worst.

But lest with keys the guiltless Curl defame,
Be publish'd here-Melchisedeck his name!
Of Oxford too; but her strict terms have dropp'd him:

And Cambridge, ad eundem, shall adopt him.
Of Arts now Master him the hood confirms;
'Scap'd are his exercises, 'scap'd his terms.
See the degree of Doctor next excite!
The scarf, he once usurp'd, becomes his right.
A Doctor! cou'd be disputants refute?
Not so-first compromis'd was the dispute.

At fat-goose living seldom he resides;
A Curate there, small pittance well provides.
See him at London, studiously profound,
With bags of gold, not books, encompass'd roun!
He, from the broker, how to jobb discerns;
He, from the scriv'ner, art of usury learns;
How to let int'rest run on int'rest knows,
And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclose;
Tenants and boroughs bought with monstrous treasure,
Elections turn obedient to his pleasure.
Like St'bb'ng, let him country mobs support,
And then, like St'bb'ng, crave a grace at court!
He sues, he teases, and he perseveres:
Not blushless Henley less abash'd appears.
His impudence, of proof in ev'ry trial,
Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.
A spy, he aims by others' fall to rise;
Vile as Iscariot U--n, betrays, belies;
And say, what better recommends than this?
Lo, Codex greets him with a holy kiss;
Him thus instructs in controversial stuff;
Him, who ne'er argu'd, but with kick and cuff!

My Weekly Miscellany be your lore;
Then rise, at once, the champion of church-pow'r!
The trick of jumbling contradictions know;
In church be high, in politics seem low:
Seek some antagonist, then wound his name;
The better still his life, the more defame;
Quote him unfair; and, in expression quaint,
Force him to father meanings never meant!
Learn but mere names, resistless is your page;

For these enchant the vulgar, those enrage.
Name Church, that mystic spell shall mobs command,
Let Heretic each reas'ning Christian brand;
Cry Schismatic, let men of conscience shrink!
Cry Infidel, and who shall dare to think?
Invoke the Civil Pow'r, not Sense, for aid;
Assert, not argue; menace, not persuade;
Shew discord and her fiends would save the nation;
But her call Peace, her fiends a Convocation!

By me, and Webster, finish'd thus at school,
Last for the pulpit, learn this golden rule!
Detach the sense, and pother o'er the text,
And puzzle first yourself, your audience next:
Ne'er let your doctrine ethic truth impart;
Be that as free from morals as your heart!
Say faith, without one virtue, shall do well;
But, without faith, all virtues doom to hell!
What is this faith? Not what (as Scripture shows)
Appeals to reason, when 'twou'd truth disclose;
This, against reason, dare we recommend;
Faith may be true; yet not on truth depend.
'Tis mystic light-a light which shall conceal;
A Revelation, which shall not reveal.
If faith is faith, 'tis orthodox-in brief,
Belief, not orthodox, is not belief;
And who has not belief, pronounce him plain
No Christian-Codex bids you this maintain.

Thus with much wealth, some jargon, and no grace,
To seat episcopal our Doctor trace!
Codex, deceiving the superior ear,
Procures the Congè(much miscall'd) D'Elire.
(Let this the force of our fine precept tell,
That faith, without one virtue, shall do well.)
The Dean and Chapter, daring not t' enquire,
Elect him-Why?-to shun a Premunire.
Within, without, be tidings roll'd around;
Organs within, and bells without resound.
Lawn-sleev'd, and mitred, stand he now confest:

See Codex consecrate!-A solemn jest!
The wicked's pray'rs prevail not-pardon me,
Who, for your Lordship's blessing, bend-no knee.

Like other priests, when to small sees you send 'em,
Let ours hold fat-goose living in commendam!
An officer, who ne'er his King rever'd;
For trait'rous toasts, and cowardice cashier'd;
A broken 'pothecary, once renown'd
For drugs, that poison'd half the country round;
From whom warm girls, if pregnant ere they marry,
Take physic, and for honour's sake miscarry:
A lawyer, fam'd for length'ning bills of cost,
While much he plagu'd mankind, his clients most,
To lick up ev'ry neighbour's fortune known,
And then let lux'ry lick up all his own;
A Cambridge Soph, who once for wit was held
Esteem'd; but vicious, and for vice expell'd;
With parts, his Lordship's lame ones to support,
In well-tim'd sermons fit to cant at court;
Or accurately pen (a talent better!)
His Lordship's senate-speech, and past'ral letter:
These four, to purify from sinful stains
This Bishop first absolves, and then ordains.
His chaplains these? and each of rising knows
Those righteous arts, by which their patron rose.

See him Lord Spiritual, dead-voting seated!
He soon (tho' ne'er to heav'n) shall be translated.
Wou'd now the mitre circle Rundle's crest?
See him, with Codex, ready to protest!
Thus holy, holy, holy Bishop rise;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wise!

Think not these lays, ye Clergy, would abuse;
Thus, when these lays commenc'd, premis'd the muse-
All priests are not the same, be understood!
Priests are, like other folks, some bad, some good.
The good no sanction give the wicked's fame;

Nor, with the wicked, share the good in shame.
Then wise free-thinkers cry not smartly thus-
Is the priest work'd?-The poet's one of us.
Free-thinkers, Bigots are alike to me;
For these misdeem half-thinking, thinking free;
Those, speculative without speculation,
Call myst'ry and credulity salvation.
Let us believe with reason, and in chief,
Let our good works demonstrate our belief;
Faith, without virtue, never shall do well;
And never virtue, without faith, excel.

Richard Savage

The Wanderer: A Vision: Canto I

Fain would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
Brownlow, at once my subject and my fame!
Oh! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness charms!
That various worth! could that inspire my lays,
Envy should smile, and censure learn to praise:
Yet, tho' unequal to a soul like thine,
A generous soul, approaching to divine,
When bless'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, tho' hazardous my flight.

O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by these, the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, Contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys;
Who in thyself the various view canst find
Of sea, land, air, and heav'n, and human kind;
What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul,
Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will,
All thou survey'st with a creative skill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
Awhile in wint'ry wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
Then waft me to some olive, bow'ry green,
Where, cloath'd in white, thou shew'st a mind serene;
Where kind content from noise and courts retires,
And smiling sits, while muses tune their lyres:
Where zephyrs gently breathe, while sleep profound
To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines,

By thee bestow'd, whence Fancy colour'd shines,
And flutters round his brow a hov'ring flight,
Varying her plumes in visionary light.

The solar fires now faint and wat'ry burn,
Just where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.

When frost and fire with martial pow'rs engag'd,
Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the Pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerless scenes by Desolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns;
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
The blossom'd fruit, and flow'ry Spring deform.
His languid eyes, like frozen lakes appear,
Dim-gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.

Far hence lies, ever freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain;
That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day,
And stretching eastward half the world secures,
Defies discov'ry, and like time endures!

Now frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bear;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines,
Tho' here the brook, or lake, his pow'r confines;
To rocky pools, to cat'racts are unknown
His chains!-to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!

The falling moon cast, cold, a quiv'ring light,
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!-pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey mists arose!
Shrill chants the cock! the hungry heifer lows!
Slow blush yon breaking clouds;-the sun's uproll'd!
Th' expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White-glitt'ring ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.

O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
From Sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!
Still morn begins, and frost retains the scene!

Hark!-the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
From rock to vale sweet-wand'ring echoes run!
Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar!
Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!
Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!

Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-brood,
Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when heav'n the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear!
All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And smoaky Fate speeds thund'ring thro' the gloom!
Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, flutt'ring, fall and die.

Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
Estrang'd, advent'rous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown

Where shall I turn, a Wand'rer, and alone?

From hilly winds, and depths where snows remain,
My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside,
And tow'rs aspire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
Hoarse, and direct, a blust'ring north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crispid snows!
Tangles of frost half fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft blacken'd like a low'ring sky!
Hence down the side two turbid riv'lets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cat'ract roar!
While pleas'd the wat'ry progress I pursue,
Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!
In form an amphitheatre they rise;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails!
Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd store deriv'd a river flows;
Which, deep'ning, travels through a distant wood,
And thence emerging meets a sister-flood;
Mingled they flash on a wide-op'ning plain,
And pass yon city to the far-seen main.

So blend two souls by heav'n for union made,
And strength'ning forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in ev'ry transient turn their aim,
Thro' finite life to infinite the same.

Nor ends the landscape-Ocean, to my sight,
Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
In prospect lessen'd!-Now new rocks rear'd high,
Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
There lies obscur'd the ripening diamond's ray,

And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
In conic form there gelid crystal grows;
Thro' such the palace-lamp, gay lustre throws!
Lustre, which, thro' dim night, as various plays
As play from yonder snows the changeful rays!
For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize;
Thro' these the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Measure known stars, and new remoter spy.
Hence Commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's soul ethereal flight essays:
Instructive there from orb to orb she strays;
Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
And peasant's search for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
Inca'd secure th' exulting eagle dwells;
And there, when Nature owns prolific spring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coast the far-fam'd fish descry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the show'ry bow.
Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons useful textures find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and bright'ning hardens into glass.
When winter halcyons, flick'ring on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave;
Tho' lash'd by storms, with naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.

Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and sore,
Its cutting influence aches in ev'ry pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!-A puff, thus blown,

Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minutest nerve, let anguish seize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (so frail our ease!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd, and unassuag'd,
They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
-And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! scarce thro' my veins it glides!
Sure on each blast a shiv'ring ague rides!
Warn'd, let me this bleak eminence forsake,
And to the vale a diff'rent winding take!

Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Close with this stage a precipice combines;
Whence still the spacious country far declines!
The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
And men diminish'd, as, at noon, their shades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown for walks are seen
Grey, leafless wood, and winter-greens between!
The red'ning berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
And matted misletoe, the white, bestows!
Tho' lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots;
These boughs the silenc'd, shiv'ring songsters seek!
These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.

Beneath appears a place, all outward, bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of despair!
The water of the mountain-road, half-stray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and forms a brown cascade.

Has Nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind!
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!-its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hast'ning near!
A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast,

Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confest!
Of youth his form!-But why with anguish bent?
Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent?
Yet Patience, lab'ring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
And in his voice, invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says), nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
All fear forget-Each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Thro' rifts: each forming a perspective scene.

In front a parlour meets my ent'ring view;
Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Thro' the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
A maple cup is next dispatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring:
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine;
And sav'ry cates, upon clean embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd pow'r,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.

The Hermit, thus: Thou wonder'st at thy fare:
On me, yon city, kind, bestows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the gen'rous juice,
That warms chill life, her charities produce:
Accept without reward; unask'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that God, (who in the time of need,

In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
His second means, to succour man distress.
He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd;
Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd.
I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born,
Of England I-To me the British state
Rises, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here stand we conscious:-Diffidence suspend!
Free flow our words!-Did ne'er thy muse extend
To grotts, where contemplation smiles serene,
Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices rise?
Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies?
This cave!-Yon walks!-But, ere I more unfold,
What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold,
Think subjects of my toil: nor wond'ring gaze!
What cannot industry completely raise?
Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
By Industry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the sword to smite, he sheaths the steel,
Draws health from herbs, and shews the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies;
Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth encrease,
The blissful child of Liberty and Peace.
He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
Fills, with soft fertile mould, the steril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests grow,
And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level space,
An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked shore,
And desolation starves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd her towns and traffics stand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,

And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound,
Ev'n mid the wat'ry world his Venice rose,
Each fabric there, as Pleasure's seat he shows!
Their marts, sports, councils, are for action sought,
Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
What wonder then, I, by his potent aid,
A mansion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou hast view'd!-If further we explore,
Let Industry deserve applause the more.

No frowning care yon blest apartment sees,
There sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth,
There shed the smiles of innocence and health.

Mark!-Here descends a grot, delightful seat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers summer heat!
See!-Gurgling from a top, a spring distils!
In mournful measures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
In soothing mixture, swell the wat'ry sound;
And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Pass on-New scenes, by my creative pow'r,
Invite Reflection's sweet and solemn hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
These friends (said he) tho' I desert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
I know; each work some seraph here conveys,
Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
What heav'n inspir'd, and what the muse has taught;
What Young, satiric, and sublime has writ,
Whose life is virtue, and whose muse is wit.
Rapt I foresee thy Mallet's early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,

And the ripe judgment of instructive years.
In Hill is all that gen'rous souls revere,
To virtue and the muse for ever dear:
And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
The tongue that praises merit, praises thee.

These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
To whose dim faculty the meaning song
Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;
Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
His wit, and oddness of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
In some low libel a mean heart display;
Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.
Or should some nobler bard, their worth, unpraise,
Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each science shews the same,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let Envy, he replied, all ireful rise,
Envy pursues alone the brave and wise;
Maro and Socrates inspire her pain,
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise!
All their bright honours rush into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as pow'r elate;
Profound as reason, and as justice clear;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe;
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,

His life is almost equall'd by his muse.

O Pope! since Envy is decreed by fate,
Since she pursues alone the wise and great;
In one small, emblematic landscape see,
How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence surveys our scene,
(A hill, where all is clear, and all serene.)
Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner valleys blow,
And wand'ring mists roll, black'ning, far below;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.

Thus I. From what dire cause can envy spring?
Or why embosom we a viper's sting?
'Tis Envy stings our darling passion, pride.
Alas! (the man of mighty soul replied)
Why chuse we mis'ries? Most derive their birth
From one bad source-we dread superior worth;
Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own;
Then heedless to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abstract our views, and Envy show,
Whence springs the mis'ry pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates: By wisdom's pow'r,
We shun the weight of many a restless hour-
Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole am part-the joy men see,
Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
Why should I then of private loss complain?
Of loss, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but supply'd, when vales are drown'd;
If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend?
Shall gravity for me her laws suspend?
For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear?

Or motion not subsist to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they frost, or flame,
Thy end, O Nature! still remains the same!
Be this the motive of a wise man's care,-
To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear.

Richard Savage

The Wanderer: A Vision: Canto II

While thus a mind humane, and wise, he shows,
All-eloquent of truth his language flows.
Youth, tho' depress'd, thro' all his form appears;
Thro' all his sentiments the depth of years.
Thus he-Yet farther Industry behold,
Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold.
Enter my chapel next-Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.
When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
My bosom, lab'ring with the throbs of woe!
Such racking throbs!-Soft! when I rouse those cares,
On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
When moping Frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
Here prudent labours chas'd her pow'r away.
Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets, nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs smile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone!
Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
Swells into life, and speaking action grows!
Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
To calm, amuse, exalt the pensive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And semblant thoughts, that earthly pomp despise.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
Tho' dress, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies,
The vanity of dress unheeded lies.
The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps.
One hand her bosom smites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.

Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Messiah's, tho' to suff'ring born,
To penury, repulse, reproach and scorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his flight design'd:

The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm express,
A modest charm, that dignifies distress.
Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
Which angels to her busied consort bend.
Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heav'n, concern'd.

Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
Full on his foll'wers bursts a flood of rays,
Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
Unsuff'erable, magnificent, and near!

What scene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the suppliant king of kings!
The crown of thorns; the cross, that felt him die;
These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.

There, from the dead, centurions see him rise,
See! but struck down with horrible surprize!
As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
This casts the silver splendor of the moon.

Here peopled day, th' ascending God surveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
When thro' a cloud bright-glancing, yet serene!
Now fast-encreasing to the croud amaz'd,
Like some vast meteor high in ether rais'd!

My labour, yon high-vaulted altar stains
With dies, that emulate ethereal plains.
The convex glass which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!
Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling, all,

Back from the God, a show'ry radiance fall.
Light'ning the scene beneath! a scene divine!
Where faints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!

Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!

This monumental marble-this I rear
To one-Oh! ever mourn'd!-Oh! ever dear!
He stopt-pathetic sighs the pause supply.
And the prompt tear starts, quiv'ring, on his eye!

I look'd-two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a list'ning angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains,
A phoenix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t'impart
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hov'ring seraphs raise,
Which opening heav'n upon the roof displays!
And two, benevolent, less-distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by Friendship held, arise,
Od'rous as incense gath'ring in the skies,
In the fond pelican is love exprest,
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hov'ring hang in air,
One by a falcon struck!-In wild despair,
The hermit cries-So death, alas! destroys
The tender consort of my cares and joys!
Again soft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd sounds dy'd, flutt'ring, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmost thought I know!
Too well e'en silence tells the story'd woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply!

I stray o'er all the tomb a wat'ry eye!

Next, on the wall her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
One shows her breast, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit seiz'd!-o'er all his soul,
The soft, wild, wailing, am'rous passion stole!
In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep,
Then turn away, awhile dejected weep;
Then he reverts 'em; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
Where now is my philosophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, t'embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level first my head?
Why must I live to weep Olympia dead?
-Sir, I had once a wife! fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth!
Oh, she was dear! How dear, what words can say?
She dies!-my heav'n at once is snatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
That in the senate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to shine?
That love show'r'd blessings too-far more than all
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!-What are these, which e'en the wise adore?
Lost is my pride!-Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye persecuting pow'rs! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief supplies!
But a lost wife!-there! there distraction lies!

Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief:
Tho' rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat,
(My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat:
Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
Despair and horror lead the cheerless way!
My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
Life, injur'd life, must wish the passion less!
Olympia!-My Olympia's lost! (I cry.)
Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghosts to scream, as thro' lone aisles they sweep!
The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!

Now grief and rage, by gath'ring sighs, suppress,
Swell my full heart, and heave my lab'ring breast!
With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
And strike the tott'ring fabric of my brain!
O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vap'ry scene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of spleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts, and secret terrors dwell!
Here learn the Great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain!
Here learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here first Credulity on Reason won!
And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun!
Here Love inpearls each moment with a tear,
And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear!

Fantastic lightnings, thro' the dreary way,
In swift short signals flash the bursting day!
Above, beneath, across, around, they fly!
A dire deception strikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,

And, all-obscene, shed baneful damps around!
Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!

Loud laughs the hag!-She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
Swarms of wild Fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light!
Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car!
These nod from thrones! Those thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.

Here the lone hour, a blank of life displays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and sunk!-A robe she wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective shows,
Varied, and multiply'd that group of woes.
This endless foe to gen'rous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;
She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries,
Still wakes her mind, tho' slumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the sun, and curses ev'ry ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim spectres dance! Again her eye she rears;
Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!
From me (she cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
Born of Despair, and Suicide my name!
Why should thy life a moment's pain endure?
Here ev'ry object proffers grief a cure.
She points where leaves of hemlock black'ning shoot!

Fear not! pluck! eat (said she) the sov'reign root!
Then Death, revers'd, shall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy sight shall swim the shadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, possess a wat'ry grave,
And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark-this poniard thus from mis'ry frees!
She wounds her breast!-the guilty steel I seize!
Straight, where she struck, a smoking spring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
She faints! she fades!-Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
He points the passage to the seats divine,
Where poets, heroes, sainted lovers shine!
I come, Olympia!-My rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breast the threat'ning point descends!
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
When, lo! a voice resounds-Arise! away!
Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
Such ill-sought ease shall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
And zeal by persecution's rage refines.
By woe, the soul to daring actions swells;
By woe, in paintless patience it excels;
From patience, prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge thro' the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:-whate'er men covet and caress.

The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice-
Would'st thou be happy! Straight be death thy choice.
How mean are those, who passively complain;
While active souls, more free, their fetters strain?
Tho' knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,
Renown:-whate'er men covet and caress;
On earth success must in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of spirits thus-their rest

Untouch'd! entire! once happy, ever blest!

Earnest the heav'nly voice responsive cries,
Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise!
Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heav'n grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore;
There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!

I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd where a huge serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!-He rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears spire on spire! His scales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burnish'd in the sun! Such height they gain,
They dart green lustre on the distant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
Furious to fix on my unshielded breast!
Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe!
Headless he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, tho' strength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiss, the gasping mouth deceives;
The length'ning trunk slow-loosens ev'ry fold,
Lingers in life; then stretches stiff, and cold,
Just as th' invet'rate son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends:
I hail this omen! all bad passions cease,
Like the slain snake, and all within is peace.

Next, to Religion this plain roof I raise!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze!
I bid due incense on my altar smoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd Love invoke!
She hears!-She comes!-My heart what raptures warm?

All my Olympia sparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of Death she bears!
Each roseate look a quick'ning transport wears!
A robe of light, high-wrought, her shape invests;
Unzon'd the swelling beauty of her breasts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then thus, (while nearer she avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit!-must I a shade pursue?
Dazzled I gaze!-thou swimm'st before my view!
Dipt in ethereal dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the shine:
Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss
Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss)
Oh, fly not!-fade not! listen to Love's call!
She lives!-no more I'm man!-I'm spirit all!
Then let me snatch thee!-press thee!-take me whole!
Oh, close!-yet closer!-closer to my soul!
Twice, round her waist, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd-Behold thy husband kneel,
And judge! O judge, what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's shape, and fright me with despair!
Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
But mock not thus-Alas! (the charmer said,
Smiling; and, in her smile, soft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded strength employ,
To clasp a shade!-What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possest)
Supremely curst from being greatly blest;
For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me;
This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
Think me not lost: for thee I heav'n implore!
Thy guardian angel, tho' a wife no more!
I, when abstracted from this world you seem,

Hint the pure thought, and frame the heav'nly dream!
Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
In Music's voice I wake thy mind to pray'r!
By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
And when that form shall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight;
Mingled we'll flame in raptures, that aspire
Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.

She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
Th' enchanting voice still warbles in my mind:
But lo! th' unbodied vision fleets away!-
-Stay, my Olympia!-I conjure thee, stay!
Yet stay-for thee my mem'ry learns to smart!
Sure ev'ry vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay,
From the same heav'nly source its lustre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
Ah!-let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return!

Alas!-she's fled!-I traverse now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
Sighs choak my words, unable to express
The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness!
Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
Than I on hers;-but, thro' yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor!
The roof swift-kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living lustre flame around!
In all the majesty of light array'd,
Awful it shines!-'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
As I, the heav'nly visitant pursue,

Sublimer glory opens to my view!
He speaks!-But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
His thoughts!-they leave me fir'd with patriot heat
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike passion, public zeal!
But, from my frailty, it receives a stain,
I grow, unlike my great Inspirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
And would, in scenes of action foremost glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to solitary love.
She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize;
Whose fabricks, from their country's ruin rise;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.

I hear!-thro' all my veins new transpots roll!
I gaze!-warm love comes rushing on my soul!
Ravish'd I gaze!-again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
Cato returns!-Zeal takes her course to reign!
But zeal is in ambition lost again!
I'm now the slave of fondness!-now of pride!
-By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
This I'll enjoy!-He ended!-I reply'd:
O Hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barb'rous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often mis'ry points the path to bliss.
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays,

Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

Richard Savage

The Wanderer: A Vision: Canto Iii

Thus free our social time from morning flows,
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend: Behold the light's decay:
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-west, behind yon hill, the slooping sun,
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
His parting eyes a wat'ry radiance shed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
To which oppos'd the shad'wy gulfs below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow.

Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the way;
Yet all faint-glimm'ring with remains of day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red crescent seen: her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quiv'ring in reflecting streams.
Yet red'ning, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet slow-rising glare!
See! flames, condens'd, now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Thro' ranks of pines, her broken lustre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
And, glitt'ring, sports upon the spangled snows.

Now silver turn her beams!-Yon den they gain;
The big, rouz'd lion shakes his brindled main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-resounding roar.
O dire presage!-But fear not thou, my friend,
Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on-and now survey,
How men, and spirits, chace the night away!
Yon nymfs and swains in am'rous mirth advance;

To breathing music moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds advent'rous glow,
Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
Not when Tydides won the fun'ral race,
Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
There crowds, with stable tread, and levell'd eye,
Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force superior, not with skill so true,
The pond'rous disk from Roman sinews flew.
Where neighb'ring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensive plain,
Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound!
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate, rise;
And deaf'ning clangor thunders up the skies.

Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene:
Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way;
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke:
Yon amber-hu'd cascade, which fleecy flies
Thro' rocks, and strays along the trackless skies
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe, or harp!-and next they stand.
Marshall'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind:
Now court wild Fancy in the whistling wind.

Hark!-the funereal bell's deep-sounding toll,
To bliss, from mis'ry, calls some righteous soul!
Just freed from life, like swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
Light claps its wings!-It views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high-wrought, that black'ning nods in air;

The slow-pac'd weeping pomp; the solemn pray'r;
The decent tomb; the verse, that Sorrow gives,
Where, to remembrance sweet, fair Virtue lives.

Now to mid-heav'n the whiten'd moon inclines,
And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
See!-from the north, what streaming meteors pour!
Beneath Boötes springs the radiant train,
And quiver thro' the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
Cross either swift elance the vivid fires!
As swift again each pointed flame retires!
In fancy's eye encount'ring armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
To them wild omens, science to the wise!
These mark the comet to the sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its center shine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
And lights all ether with the sweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds unnumber'd, and unknown;
By worlds, whose people, all-aghast with fear,
May view that minister of vengeance near!
'Till now the transient glow, remote, and lost,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!
Or when it, sun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th' ethereal plain!
The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling thro' night, a new, illustrious star!

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various talk;-the city near in view!
Here from still life (he cries) avert thy sight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night!
But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly;

Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reason's glory is to quell desire.
What are thy fruits, O Lust? Short blessings, bought
With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought;
Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, thro' life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame;
Or cast obscure; the child of want and shame!
False pride! What vices on our conduct steal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal?
Ye cruel mothers!-Soft! those words command;
So near shall cruelty and mother stand?
Can the dove's bosom snakey venom draw?
Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender fleecy dam
Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers-There I fear'd his aim,
And conscious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd.
That tenderness which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!-But now to gen'ral views
Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly,
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.

O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state;
Thy thoughts, first-rank'd, were sure design'd the great!
Passions plebeians are, which faction raise;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:

Then sov'reign reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and pow'r submit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, tho' wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, griev'd shade! when that unprosp'rous store
Fast-lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflatt'ring friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting mischief keeps reserv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tow'r,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction low'r!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
And straight beneath a summon'd, trait'rous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides thro' the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves, in air,
The sword, high-threat'ning, like a comet's glare.

While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scatt'ring thin rays, just glimmers thro' the gloom.
There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his tow'ring mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man!-I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
My muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
Thro' fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
So pamper'd pow'r, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.

Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
Ye pow'rs unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!

O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can gen'rous warmth excite,
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!

But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!

How mean his fortune, tho' his mind elate!
Æneas-like, he passes thro' the crowd,
Unsought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or seen with slight regard: Unprais'd his name;
His after-honour, and our after-shame.
The doom'd desert to av'rice stands confess'd;
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
Unjust Derision too!-that tongue of gall!
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endu'd,
Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursu'd.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungen'rous as Neglect.

Yet, suff'ring Worth! thy fortitude will shine!
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown;
Thy treasure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
Hark! from the watch-tow'r rolls the trumpet's sound,
Sweet thro' still night, proclaiming safety round!
Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
To aid some orphan of its race distress,
Safe winds him thro' the subterraneous way,
That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin grey,
And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
Where, green with rust, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead;
He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
Sign the false deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
Commission'd now, the falshood he reveals,
To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by this wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,

And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.

But why (may some enquire) why kind success,
Since mystic heav'n gives mis'ry oft to bless?
Tho' mis'ry leads to happiness and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
(Oh, let none censure, if, untried by grief,
If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,)
He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.
Heav'n sees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, uniform'd to bear.
Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.

So in some engine, that denies a vent,
If unrespiring is some creature pent,
It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
Sad o'er the sight swim shad'wy mists of death;
If then kind air pours pow'rful in again,
New heats, new pulses quicken ev'ry vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.

From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes;
Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their screams with screaming owls.

The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky.
Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
Nor smoaking breathe along the whiten'd scene;
While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.

Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his pow'r,
And broken slumbers drag the restless hour.
The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murd'rer scares,
Shews the yet-spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet smoaking with the spatter'd gore;
Or shrieks to dozing justice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudulent art from day conceals;
The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.

These spirits, treason of its pow'r divest,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
To snatch, in vision sweet, the dying friend.

But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summon's to prayer!-Now breaks th' inchanter's spell!
And now-But yon fair spirit's form survey!
'Tis she!-Olympia beckons me away!
I haste! I fly-adieu!-and when you see
The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:
Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
When worship'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praise the Maker in his fairest mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming woman, soon we miss
The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss!

Still thro' the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightness lusters o'er her cheeks!
Again she calls!-I dare no longer stay!
A kind farewell-Olympia, I obey.

He turn'd, nor longer in my sight remain'd;
The mountain he, I safe the city gain'd.

Richard Savage

The Wanderer: A Vision: Canto Iv

Still o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway,
Still on strange visionary land I stray.
Now scenes crowd thick! now indistinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!

Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws
From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a wat'ry eye:
Then with an aguish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in sharp, livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away:
Such slipp'ry paths Ambition's steps betray.
Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees,
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze.
Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
A waste, pale-glimm'ring, like a moon, that wanes
A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
It cracks! vast floating mountains beat the shore;
Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the rushing torrents sound,
And one great rift runs thro' the vast profound,
Swift as a shooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder thro' a rending cloud.
The late-dark Pole now feels unsetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to Frost he goes,
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows;
Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,

Few men! unsocial those!-a barb'rous race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run:
Now he recounts vast conquests lost, and won,
And taleful in th' embrace of Frost remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fall'n, the King of day,
Red thro' the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
'Tis day-spring. Now green lab'rincths I frequent,
Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content.

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to worlds sublime:
Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy rears in many a scaly spire;
Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the morn in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle, and a purple vest,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay.
Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.
The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe sweet; and strew her op'ning way with flow'rs

The chatt'ring swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return with plenteous fare.
So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.

Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hov'ring, ere they seek their guiltless food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our first parents, part the am'rous pair:
But ah!-a pair no more!-With spreading wings,
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;
Steady he sails along th' aerial grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon tim'rous dove away.
Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human-kind?

Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd prey.
Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun
Is warn'd the blue etherial steep to run;
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays;
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine.
His coronet, a cloud of silver-white:
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store!
While his loose locks descend, a golden show'r.
If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who out-strip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start!
His quick'ning eyes a quiv'ring radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The sun-flow'r now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
What gay, creative pow'r his presence brings?
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!-the face of things,
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,

Instant begins in colours to exist:
But absent these from sons of riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.
T'unlock his fence, the new-ris'n swain prepares,
And ere forth-driv'n recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the pastor not in vain defy'd,
Like our arch-foe by some celestial guide.

Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey:
Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day.
He sees yon tow'r-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy tide.

The wat'ry herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flow'rs,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly show'rs.

Hail, glorious sun! to whose attractive fires,
The waken'd, vegetative life aspires!
The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Thro' plants and trees perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flow'ry blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.
From thee, bright, universal Pow'r! began
Instinct in brute, and gen'rous love in man.

Talk'd I of love?-Yon swain, with am'rous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks, then, list'ning as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.

The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.

The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small, vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;
Red massacres thro' their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.

The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.

Near Neptune's temple, (Neptune's now no more,)
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the gen'rous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human kind:
Dear, pleasing friendship!-See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim as Superstition stands!
Time's hand there, leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.

O, Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay;
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
Where Wisdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;
Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim?
What, but the Muse alone, preserve thy name?

The sun shines broken thro' yon arch that rears
This once-round fabric, half-depriv'd by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found;
In fragments, these the fall of those forbode,
Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,

Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aërial nest;
By her are liberty and peace carest;
She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant;
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes flutt'ring by.

An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel thro' a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a steep it flies with torrent-force,
Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious course.

Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
While thro' high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads length'ning in the rock-Be this my seat.
Heat never enters here; but coolness reigns
O'er zephyrs, and distilling, wat'ry veins.
Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age;
Thro' days, months, years, thro' time's whole course I run,
And present stand where time itself begun.

Ye mighty Dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors!) here I claim.
Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs;
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings;
Hence Contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see,
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.

Now let me change the page-Here Tully weeps,
While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear!-Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn.
Wild his complaint! Nor sweeter sorrows strains,
When Singer for Alexis lost complains.
Each friend condoles, expostulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Sallust censures thus!-Unheeding blame,
He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.

But hark! a sudden pow'r attunes the air!
Th' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks prolong.

I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wond'rous to behold!
From ocean steam'd a vapour gath'ring roll'd:
A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full-orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming sight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood!-amaz'd I still remain!
What earthly pow'r this wonder can explain;
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away:
My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey.
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he.-All hail (he cries)
I see, and would alleviate, thy surprize.
The vanish'd meteor, was heaven's message meant,
To warn thee hence: I know the high intent.
Hear then! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed saints converse with men inspir'd.
'Tis sacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.
Quick let us hence-And now extend thy views

O'er yonder lawn; there find the heav'n-born Muse!
Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale
To the mid, silent wood, or vocal vale;
Where trees half check the light with trembling shades,
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
The landscape varied at each less'ning end!
She, only she can mortal thought refine,
And raise thy voice to visitants divine.

Richard Savage

The Wanderer: A Vision: Canto V

We left the cave. Be Fear (said I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.

By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends,
Whose top, a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.

Now, from the full-grown day a beamy show'r
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flow'r.
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
'Till, by the wat'ry racer, snatch'd away.

Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flow'ry plains around:
King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
Bright as th' ethereal glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!-the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.
From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
Thro' her clear channel, shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, thro' rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems thro' nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In length'ning rows, prone from the mountains, run
The flocks:-their fleeces glist'ning in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighb'ring trees,

Recline in various attitudes of ease.
Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore, in scatt'ring myriads fly.

Each liv'ry'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bow'r,
And circling settles, and despoils the flow'r.
Melodious there the plummy songsters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat-polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
Time-batter'd tow'rs frown awful in decay;
The sun plays glitt'ring on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
Sweet, slow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here Meditation shines, in azure drest,
All-starr'd with gems: a sun adorns her crest.
Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight;
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
Whose brow is majesty; whose bosom peace;
Who bad creation be, and chaos cease;
Whose breath perfumes the spring; whose eye divine
Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine.
Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia, seen,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her, Description, robed in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive Muse!
The Muse!-she comes! refin'd the passions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
The Muse! a thousand spirits wing the air:
(Once men, who made, like her, mankind their care)
Inamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstasy her solemn song.

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;
Bacon, and Newton in her thought conspire;
Not sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.

My hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey!

Now thro' a lane, which mingling tracts have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody pursues;
While the soft-murm'ring, am'rous wood-dove cooes,
And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chatt'ring pie:
The clam'rous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharp'ning shriek.

At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,

To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang flutt'ring in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor wretch!-Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent slight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squand'ring peer;
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
His our first sire: what race more ancient thine?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men whose influence kept the world in awe:
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish, by the course of things,
While his, from beggars re-ascend to kings.
Now lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.
When I view greatness, I my lot lament,
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
I might have felt, did heav'n not gracious deal,
A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But soft! the cripple our approach descries,
And to the gate, tho' weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say,
Here, friend!-this little copper alms receive,
Instance of will, without the pow'r to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
When god-like souls endure a mean restraint;
When gen'rous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to distress belongs,
Who, to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
And ev'ry injur'd virtue is his own.
Such, their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure,
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And tho' depress'd, superior to their fate.
Minions in pow'r, and misers, 'mid their store,

Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
What's pow'r, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid,
A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade?
In pow'r we savage tyranny behold,
And wily av'rce owns polluted gold.
From golden sands her pride could Lybia raise,
Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters breed;
Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
No sheltry trees invite the Wand'rer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply;
On her vast wilds, no lovely prospects run;
But all lies barren, tho' beneath the sun.

My Hermit thus. I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scatt'ring fragments seen,
Shew, tho' in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire;
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle thro' a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red vict'ry years of peace maintain'd.
We pass thro' want to wealth, thro' dismal strife
To calm content, thro' death to endless life.
Lybia thou nam'st-Let Afric's wastes appear
Curst by those heats, that fructify the year;
Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
Where clust'ring globes in shining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er with'ring plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprize,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wint'ry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring

The milder beauties of a flow'ry spring.
Ye sulph'rous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn:
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were lost!-Or should we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew;
Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engend'ring lie,
'Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky,

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell'd tracts to various uses wrought.
Here hard'ning ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
Here swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flow'rs of red and azure shine between;
Whose waving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial show'r,
The bean fresh-blossoms in a speckled flow'r;
Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
There fib'rous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
The mulb'ry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flow'rs on figur'd vestments play:
But Industry prepares them oft to please
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.

Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift, near down th' etherial steep,
The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy points, deep ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
There blue-veil'd yellow, thro' a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
From brown, to sandy-red, and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams,
This way, and that, they diff'rent points pursue;
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heav'n in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits, with jewels rocks;
Plains with flow'rs, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
In dark'ning spots, mid fields of various dies,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay,
And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,

In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flow'rs amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wand'ring eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flow'ry plain,
The Muse preceding with her heav'nly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands,
O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd, in regal vestments shine.

The Hermit thus. In him the bard behold,
Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The bard, whose want so multiplied his woes,
He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
See!-Where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon groves, brown horrors throw,
Scornful he points-there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.

But thus the bard. Are these the gifts of state?
Gifts unreceiv'd!-These? Ye ungen'rous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity; but my lot your scorn.
Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my song?
Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,

Or, once licentious, heav'nly truths profane?
Never-And yet when envy sunk my name,
Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?
Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why crush'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead?-
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And distant nations shame you into praise.
Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause?
Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause:
Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be yours the mould'ring tomb! Be mine the lay
Immortal!-Thus he scoffs the pomp away.

Tho' words like these unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
Tho' now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care;
To walk disguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home;
Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand;
Beseeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
Wand'ring, from court to court, a king distrest.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that gen'rous glow;
Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy, and fame.
Oft, as when man, in mortal state depress'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd,
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience that softens every sad extreme,
That casts thro' dungeon-glooms a chearful gleam,
Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
And strips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainst Want, a sourer foe, its succour lends,

And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends.

Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd,
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When wat'ry structures, seen cross heav'n t'ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds adown each glitt'ring side,
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide:
She sees good angels genial show'rs bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They smile upon the swain: He views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies.
Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her sovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear.
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers list'ning lie,
Along the grove, in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philosophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes;
All-cheering-green, that gives the spring its dye;
The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky;
And indico, which shaded light displays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed;
Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
Oft thro' these bows departed spirits range,
New to the skies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
Beheld a second blank in second birth;
Then, as yon Seraph-bard fram'd hearts below,

Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show,
New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapt'rous love the new-form'd mind.
He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays
Call high Hosannah's from the voice of praise;
Tho' one bad age such poesy cou'd wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the song:
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys resulting from well-suff'ring grief.
Hark! while we talk, a distant, patt'ring rain
Resounds!-See! up the broad etherial plain
Shoots the bright bow!-The seraph flits away;
The Muse, the Graces from our view decay.

Behind yon western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden, fast-pursued by shades of night.

Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulph'rous, car-like clouds up-flew;
What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view?
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems;
But Justice, rous'd, superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys,
Discord she wills; the missile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates arise,
Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
Dark-hinted mutt'rings, and avow'd distrust;
To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar, accus'd, accuse; revil'd, revile;
And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray;
Each dire device starts naked into day;
They feel confusion in the van with fear;
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by diff'rent motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one revenge inspir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave.

Florio, whose life was one continu'd feast,
His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
His strength of mind, by lux'ry half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red-swelling tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancy'd axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope enquires, stops short with fear,
Entreats ev'n flatt'ry, nor the worst will hear;
The worst alas, his doom!-What friend replies;
Each speaks with shaking head, and down-cast eyes.
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown
Comes thund'ring in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough, struck thro' and thro', in ghastly stare,
He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
Nor ought of life, nor ought of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
That past-Collected in himself he seems,
And with forc'd smiles retires-His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.

If with himself at variance ever-wild,
With angry heav'n how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential orisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,
To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.

At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies:
But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glitt'ring stores display;
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold? What gems?-He strains to seize the prize;
Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries-And must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive Sleep!
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:-Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling dæmons call;
Wide flying portals seem unhing'd to fall;
Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.

His genius flies-reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, tho' shameful death?
Rash, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murd'rous he strikes-May heav'n the deed forgive!

Why had he thus false spirit to rebel!
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were his success, how terrible the blow?

And it recoils on him eternal woe.
Heav'n this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life mispent.

Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground;
Full in the center of three meeting ways,
Stak'd thro' he lies-Warn'd let the wicked gaze.

Near yonder fane, where mis'ry sleeps in peace,
Whose spire fast-lessons, as the shades increase,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul!
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of pow'r thro' him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
In pow'r, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the best cause he in the senate chose,
Ev'n right in him, from some wrong motive rose.
The bad he loth'd, and would the weak despise;
Yet courted for dark ends, and shun'd the wise.
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
His malice had a look and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
But if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all.
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts and probity in man combine,
In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine?
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,

And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion, which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride;
But pride and anger make all fear subside,
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate;
A desp'rate spirit! rather fierce than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
A sullen, wand'ring, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, length'ning aisle we find,
Full east; whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wond'ring, oft his worth survey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they said.
Straight heard the furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
First Av'rice came. In vain Self-love she press'd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice, the mother of vindictive rage.
No-from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of Public Zeal;
Still in his breast so gen'rous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it god-like to have pow'r to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, Treason stain'd him o'er,
And Virtue, and Content were then no more.

But when to death by rig'rous justice doom'd,
His genuine spirits saint-like state resum'd,
Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heav'nly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft wou'd a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.

He seeks in heav'n a friend, nor seeks in vain:
His guardian angel swift descends again;
And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;
-Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will
Of common, desp'rate veterans in ill,
Tho' rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
No!-free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon-glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Cou'd ye once blot her prospect of the skies?
No!-from her clearer sight, ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
No!-Hail, twice hail then ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far,-ay, far indeed!
Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd,
Whose virtue shone not, tho' I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience, who first taught me woe;
But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not those, yet absent, missive griefs controul;

These periods weep, those rave, and these condole.
At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprize;
Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies?
One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
Ah, who can bear?-It shocks, it murders rest!
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the bosom-strife?
Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
Adieu, dear, dang'rous mourners! swift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly-I tear you from my heart.

Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er controul,
In my last hour compose, support my soul!
See my blood wash repented sin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!

With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his soul to happier skies.

Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkness deep'ning o'er the formless walk.
Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
Nor bright-distends her star-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet, inclement damps distil,
Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies,
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that rose from dust to guilty pow'r,
Glares out in vain; so dust shall pride devour.

Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With toothful tridents strike the scaly train.
Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quiv'ring yet alive.

While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,

The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast.
At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
And the warn'd master's arms forbad the prey.
Thus treason steals, the patriot thus descries,
Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.

Pale glow-worms glimmer'd thro' the depth of night,
Scatt'ring, like hope thro' fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful Love.
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And Pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.
The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd!
But like the man, whose frequent-stubborn will
Resists what kind, seraphic sounds instill,
Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless way;
No friendly stars directive beams display.
But lo!-a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.
I stand astonish'd-thus the hermit cries:
Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprize!
Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
Grots, riv'lets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and those hours no more,
Those am'rous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the same? Ah, no!-Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
Saw my health languish off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave disease a date;
No sad, presageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days-My destin'd end

Near, and more near-Nay, ev'ry fear suspend!
I pass'd a weary, ling'ring, sleepless night;
Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:
But few my steps-a faint, and cheerless few!
Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
My limbs upon a flow'ry bank I laid,
Soon by soft-creeping, murm'ring winds compos'd,
A slumber press'd my languid eyes-They clos'd:
But clos'd not long-Methought Olympia spoke;
Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth gliding from a neighb'ring wood,
Full in my view the shad'wy charmer stood.
Rapt'rous I started up to clasp the shade;
But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chilness o'er my bosom spread,
As if that instant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now sent a far, imperfect sound,
When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off she call'd-With soft surprize
I turn'd-but void of strength, and aid to rise;
Short, shorter, shorter yet my breath I drew:
Then up my struggling soul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a state, where sin, and grief abide,
Heav'n summon'd me to mercy-thus I died.

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start,
Like bolted ice runs shiv'ring thro' my heart.
Art thou not mortal then? (I cried) But lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enliv'ning glories beam;
Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme.
Bright plumes of ev'ry dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in vary'd lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;
A grace celestial gives him all to shine.
He speaks-Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand list'ning round!
Thus he. As incorruption I assum'd,

As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs,
With diff'rent lights discern'd the form of things;
To earth my passions fell like mists away,
And reason open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celestial knowledge shone in ev'ry view.
My food was truth-what transport could I miss?
My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.
Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the shining way;
As far transcendent to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
In voice and form, beauty more beauteous shows,
And harmony still more harmonious grows.
She points out souls, who taught me friendship's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms!
Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;
Patrons, and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miss,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliss!
Tho' late, let sinners then from sin depart!
Heav'n never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
The seraph-bard, in highest order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
Greet smiles with smiles, and ev'ry joy with joy:
Charmful he rose; his ever-charmful tongue
Joy to our second hymeneals sung;
Still, as we pass'd, the bright, celestial throng
Hail'd us in social love, and heav'nly song.

Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
I come an angel to the Muse and thee.
These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the Muse, tho' melted from thy gaze,

Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou wou'dst peace attain, my words attend,
The last, fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a seraph, that to heav'n aspires.
Unhurt it triumphs, mid' celestial choirs.
But shou'd no cares a mortal state molest,
Life were a state of ignorance at best.

Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
Justly to know thyself, peruse mankind;
To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
Without such science of the worldly scene,
What is retirement?-empty pride or spleen:
But with it-wisdom. There shall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Trust not the frantic, or mysterious guide,
Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reason, when they truth reveal:
So shall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falshood pure;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die;
And, tho' thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
From transient woe immortal bliss derive.
Farewel-Nay, stop the parting tear!-I go!
But leave the Muse thy comforter below.
He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
He less'ning as they rise, till seen no more.

While Contemplation weigh'd the mystic view,
The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.

Richard Savage

Verses Occasioned By The Right Honourable The Lady Viscountess Tyrconnel's Recovery At Bath

Where Thames with pride beholds Augusta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddess of mirth, Euphrosynè her name.
Her smile more chearful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her submit!
She looks her Sire, and speaks her Mother's wit.

O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp sustains.
Thee, goddess! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Music, all confess thy sway.
In the blake wild even Want by thee is bless'd,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for rest,
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind.
Science by thee flows soft in social ease,
And Virtue, loosing rigour, learns to please.

The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.
She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (she cry'd) is she, my fav'rite! she,
Of all my race, the dearest far to me!
Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She said-But no Tyrconnel glads her fight.
Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear.
In kind, low murmurs all the loss deplore;
Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.

The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd,
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
She flies, her eldest sister Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earliest consort sing;
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
Fresh-tinctur'd, like a summer-evening sky,
And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow;
Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below;
There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
Where flow'rs and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues fast ascend.

Hail, sister, hail! (the kindred goddess cries)
No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
Flush the fair cheek, and point the chearful thought!
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy.
Such thy vast pow'r;-(the Deity replies)
Mirth never asks a boon, which health denies.
Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
These gales, yon springs, herbs, flow'rs, and sun are mine;
Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine.

Euphrosynè rejoins-Thy friendship prove!
See the dear, sickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, so chearful ev'n in pain,

So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?
Sister, in her my smile anew display,
And all the social world shall bless thy sway.

Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
Now bland and sweet she floats along in air
Air feels, and soft'ning owns th' ethereal fair!
In still descent she melts on opening flow'rs,
And deep impregnates plants with genial show'rs,
The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,
Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,
Breathes the sure earnest of awaking bliss.
Saphira feels it with a soft surprise,
Glide thro' her veins, and quicken in her eyes!

Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps ev'ry charm; and as she bathes, it lives!
As from her locks she sheds the vital show'r,
'Tis done! (she cries) these springs possess my pow'r!
Let these immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
Thou smil'st, Euphrosynè; and conscious see,
Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
See vernal Hours lead circling joys along!
All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!

Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.
Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
Quick to Augusta bear the prize away;
There let her smile, and bid a world be gay.

