
P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

VERSES sent to Mr. BEVIL HIGGONS,

On his sickness and recovery from the Small-pox, in the Year 1693.

CRUEL disease! can there for beauty be
 Against thy malice no security?
 Must thou pursue her to this choice retreat?
 Enough thy triumphs in her wonted seat,
 The softer sex, whose epithet is fair;
 How couldst thou follow or suspect her here?
 But beauty does, like light, itself reveal;
 No place can either's glorious beams conceal.

Thine, as destructive flames, too fatal shin'd,
 And left no peace in either sex's mind.
 The men with envy burn'd, and ev'n the fair,
 When with their own, thy matchless charms compare,
 Doubt, if they should or love, or envy, most,
 A finer form than they themselves can boast:
 Repine not, lovely youth, if that be lost.

What

What hearts it gain'd thee! 'Twas no pride to
 please,
 To whom that part was lost, which no disease,
 Nor time, nor age, nor death itself can seize.
 That part, which thou for ever wilt retain,
 Fewer, but nobler victories will gain.
 And what all felt, when you in danger were,
 Shews us how needful to our peace you are.

When death stood menacing the stroke so near,
 That as on certain ills, we left to fear,
 Grief seem'd to dart at once a speedier blow,
 For less of life appear'd in us, than you;
 Nor could you doubt our truth, all hearts were
 known,

Artless and open to you as your own.
 Who feign'd to love you, now no longer would,
 And who had hid their love no longer could,
 What prudence, fear, or modesty conceal'd,
 The force of grief like tortures soon reveal'd:
 Nor was the highest blam'd for an excess,
 All own'd the moving cause deserv'd no less.
 Whate'er philosophers of old had taught,
 Here the most sensible was wisest thought.
 Silent they wept, nor ceas'd their flowing tears,
 Unless to offer more availing prayers,
 To which thy life the gracious powers grant,
 For fears and prayers make threatening heav'n re-
 lent.

Go on, brave youth, in all the noblest arts,
 And every virtue; exercise thy parts.
 The world much will expect, and claim from thee,
 But most thy gratitude is due to me,
 Who' tho' of numbers, that thy friendship claim,
 The least recorded in the leaves of fame,
 The last in worth, am yet the first to show
 What for thy safety we to heav'n owe,
 Perhaps the only: less mankind incline
 T' acknowledge favours, than at ills repine.

Of

Of ten diseas'd, who heav'nly medicine gain'd,
 Tho' all importunate alike complain'd,
 And equal all the cure they sought, obtain'd;
 But one return'd, and he like me unknown,
 The blessing giv'n with grateful joy to own.

The occasion of the following verses.

*Having joined with others of my own sex to write
 upon Mr. Dryden's death, under the several names
 of the Nine Muses; I was some time after ad-
 dressed from Ireland by some lovers of poetry, as to
 a Muse, desiring my inspiration: To which these
 verses were sent in answer.*

*Calliope's directions how to deserve and distin-
 guish the Muses inspirations.*

ATtend, ye num'rous daring throng, who strive
 To gain the dang'rous hill, where few arrive;
 Learn, how the sacred height you may attain,
 And shine among the Muses' favourite train.

Let none presume the hallow'd way to tread,
 By other than the noblest motives led.
 If for a sordid gain, or glitt'ring fame,
 To please, without instructing, be your aim,
 To lower means your grov'ling thoughts confine,
 Unworthy of an art, that's all divine.

Next try your judgment, e're yourselves indite;
 Justly condemn, and praise, what other's write.
 If pompous empty sound you most affect,
 Or labour'd scenes insipidly correct,
 Devoid of sense sublime; if uncouth thought,
 With artless toil, far out of nature sought,
 Or trifling play of words delight you more
 With glaring tinsel-shew, than solid oar;

On

On the poetic art your pains you'll waste,
In cold productions duller than your taste.
But if true worth alone your praise obtain,
Whilst *S—le*, *D—fy*, *B—re* you disdain,
Proceed, and hope by moral views success,
If we your well directed labours bless.

When for the tragic strain you are inclin'd,
To draw the various passions of the mind;
Ambition, love, or hate, revenge, or pride,
Whate'er disorders human souls divide,
Let your just scene their ruling disapprove,
Ev'n of the soft, not least pernicious love;
Instruct how sure, as if on ruin bent,
They all the happiness they seek, prevent.

If you attempt the comic ridicule,
Lash not alone the grosser knave, or fool;
But all the gallant vices of the age,
Of which men boast, should blush upon the stage;
The more approv'd, the more diffus'd they are,
Lest your impartial pen the dang'rous ill should
spare.

Let the nice well-bred beau himself perceive
The most accomplish'd, useless thing alive:
Expose the bottle sparks, that range the town,
Shaming themselves with follies not their own;
But chief those foes to virgin innocence,
Who, whilst they make to honour vain pretence,
With all that's base and impious can dispense. }
To gain, or quit, some fond deluded she,
Deceit's a jest, false vows are gallantry;
Let ev'ry *Dorimant* appear a knave,
And no false wife her falser honour save.

If by severer satire you'd correct,
Boldly the crimes of ev'ry rank detect;

* A loose character in the *Man of Mode*, a celebrated comedy.

But

But ne'er descend your censure to apply;
'Tis vile lampoon, below the Muses dignity.

Not so to praise; each honour'd name rehearse:
Peculiar merit most deserves your verse;
By virtue dignified, the lowest name
Is worthy us, and ev'ry tongue of fame.

Thus far depends on your own care and art;
A lifeless heap, without the Muses part.
If *Shakespeare's* spirit, with transporting fire,
The animated scene throughout inspire;
If in the piercing wit of *Vanbrugh* dress'd,
Each sees his darling folly made a jest;
If *Garth's* and *Dryden's* genius, thro' each line,
In artful praise, and well turn'd satire, shine;
To us ascribe th' immortal sacred flame,
And still invoke th' auspicious Muses name.

*On his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's return
from his expedition into Germany, after the
battle of Blenheim, 1704.*

ASSIST me, sacred Muse! The man I sing,
Who does to Britain fame, to Europe safety
bring!

Nor think it late thy grateful voice to raise,
Last of the tuneful choir in faithful praise.
The day, on which thy favour is implor'd,
Has *Marlb'rough* to his native isle restor'd;
Nor were our joys, or his successes crown'd,
Did dangers still the conqueror surround.
Now boast to *France* our triumph made complete, }
The victor safe return'd from their defeat; }
Secure of future wonders, past repeat.

And yet forbear,—strain not thy softer voice
To martial notes; a fitter theme's my choice:

VOL. II.

OO

III

Ill would it suit a female hand to wield
The warlike weapons of the dreadful field,
With daring steps to stride o'er heaps of slain,
Or drive the flying *Gauls* thro' *Hochstet* plain.

Nor need we *Marlb'rough's* glories there display;
Trust ev'n the foe t' immortalize that day.
Tallard in bonds his triumph can't disown,
And lost *Bavaria*, by his arms undone,
Must tacitly proclaim what *Marlb'rough* won.
Disabled *France*, to lessen *Lewis's* shame,
Will gloriously record the victor's name.
Let their proud chronicles with his compare
Cæsar's and *Alexander's* fame in war:
Sing thou his nobler cause; the end alone
Makes conquest great, and both are here outdone.

Fam'd *Cæsar Rome* involv'd in civil broils;
To sit aloft, tho' on his country's spoils:
The other unprovok'd destruction hurl'd
To unknown regions thro' th' affrighted world;
Like restless infants, wept for a new toy,
Of which he knew no use but to destroy.

Far from pursuits like their's great *Marlb'rough's*
aim;
No thirst of pow'r, or vain desire of fame;
With *Cæsar's* conduct, as the *Grecian* brave,
In just defence, he but destroys to save;
His toils are all for others good alone,
And ev'n his lawrels for another won.
Thy glories, gen'rous hero, least are thine;
By them shall *Anna's* annals brighter shine:
Anna by thee an empire has reliev'd
From inbred foes, from foreign arms retriev'd;
Such will be all the records of her reign,
The injur'd to redress, encroaching pow'r restrain.

Content within her banks, as peaceful *Thames*,
She lifts to their just height her gentle streams;
Yet

Yet spreads her bounteous arms like friendly *Nile*,
When wanted to relieve a neighb'ring soil:
Whilst *Lewis* like a torrent breaks his bounds,
O'erwhelming all in ruin that surrounds.

Fate, that decreed at length to check the course
Of *Gallie* pow'r, enlarg'd with lawless force,
Our *Anna* to the pointed time design'd,
And equall'd to the work the monarch's mind:
Destin'd to bless with nearer influence
Her happy isle, and bounteously dispense
To the dejected world her gen'rous aid.
To fill the glorious scheme, which heav'n had laid,
A subject was decreed her, fit to bear
To distant lands her delegated care;
Superior fram'd, of that intrepid soul,
Unmov'd itself, to guide and move the whole;
Compos'd amidst the wranglings of debate;
Amidst the shock of charging troops sedate,
In various counsels to determine right,
In battle guide the wild disorder'd fight.

A graceful pleasing frame was next design'd,
With awful majesty, and sweetness join'd,
Should bear the image of this temper'd mind;
Serenely great, to be rever'd and lov'd;
Thus heav'n our *Marlb'rough* form'd, and his great
work approv'd.

Anna, with just discernment, knew him soon
Important to the glories of her throne;
Worthy to be entrusted with the weight
Of princes, empire's, *Europe's* doubtful fate.
Monarchs, by him supported, bless her choice,
Deliver'd nations join their grateful voice;
Exulting *Britain* proud of giving birth
To such a subject, foremost of the earth,
Waits with triumphant joy his near return;
The croud tumultuous in impatience burn

Loudly to pay their homage, sound his name,
In shouts his glorious entry to proclaim.

Vain their impatience, *Marlb'rough* only knows
T'appear a conqueror midst opposing foes;
No thought ostentive does his soul elate,
The blot of virtue, weakness of the great:
All pompous expectation he defeats,
In secret silence unobserv'd retreats;
Nor with less modest grace the senate meets.
Their juster thanks would from himself elude,
And to the army turn their gratitude.
Thus shuns applause with easy humble art,
And thus escapes the gaudy, pageant part,
But nobler triumphs in each *British* heart.

To Mr. Congreve, on his Tragedy, the Mourning Bride.

HAD heav'n bestow'd on me half *Sappho's*
fame,

This noble theme had gain'd me larger fame;
For none can think great *Congreve's* to extend,
Or praising thee, ought but their own intend.
Boundless thy fame does as thy genius flow,
Which spread thus far, can now no limits know:
This only part was wanting to thy name,
That wit's whole empire thou mightst justly
claim:

On which so many vain attempts were made,
Numbers pretending right their strength assay'd,
But all alike unfit for the command,
Only defac'd and spoil'd the sacred land;
Which thou, as its undoubted native lord,
Has to its ancient beauty thus restor'd;
Where with amazement we at once may see
Nature preserv'd pure, unconstrain'd, and free,

And

And yet throughout, each beauty, ev'ry part,
Drest to the strictest forms of gracing art:
Thus perfected, on such a finish'd piece,
Where can my praise begin, or admiration cease!
Sublime thy thoughts, easy thy numbers flow,
Yet to comport with them, majestic too!
But to express how thou our souls do'st move,
How at thy will, we rage, we grieve, we love,
Requires a lossy, almost equal flight,
Nor dare I aim at such a dang'rous height,
A task, which well might *Dryden's* muse engage,
Worthy the first, best poet of the age;
Whose long retreat that we might less bemoan,
He left us thee, his greatest darling son,
Possessor of the stage, once his alone.
Tho' even he gain'd not thy height so soon,
And but the young great *Macedonian*, none;
Alike in youth you both sought early fame,
Both sure to vanquish too where'er you came;
But he by others aid his conquests gain'd,
By others too the fame of them remain'd;
Thou sov'reign o'er the vast poetic land,
Unaided, as unrival'd, do'st command,
And not oblig'd for fame, which records give,
In thy own works thou shalt for ever live.

On his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, after
his victory at Ramellies, in 1706.

DURST thou attempt to sing of *Blenheim's*
plain,
Too strongly mov'd thy transport to restrain?
(Nor *Marlb'rough* did thy humble verse disdain)
And can'st thou now behold his toils encrease
Thy country's glory, *Europe's* happiness,
Adding new lustre to thy Queen's lov'd name,
Yet thus desponding check thy kindling flame?
A *Sappho* should for *Anna* tune her lyre,
And *Anna* may with nobler verse inspire.

Or, tho' thy genius justly thou esteem
Too mean, O! far unequal to thy theme,
Worthy a master hand! yet bear a part;
The worthiest theme needs least the poet's art;
The hero comes—no longer then delay,
Loud as the public joy thy tribute pay.
Should none below a *Virgil* sing his name;
The coming age would give him doubtful fame,
Suspect invention, and poetic strain,
In all the wond'rous truths of *Anna's* reign,
And *Marlb'rough* deem a fiction of the brain.

If when the labour'd *Aeneid* we peruse,
The *Trojan* seems a creature of the muse,
Or most ascribing to the sacred fire,
We less the hero than the bard admire;
What lofty song would now belief obtain,
Of such a chief, as *Virgil* durst not feign?
Among the greatest then in arms renown'd,
The searching *Mantuan* none had perfect found,
But with some failing shades each character,
That all like truth and nature might appear.
Had he our *Marlb'rough* drawn, he must with art
Have veil'd some bright, some unexampled part,
Not

Not have describ'd in one excelling mind
The virtues of his varying heroes join'd;
So temper'd each, that none the rest controul,
Such active fire in so compos'd a soul;
Resenting tenderly each soldier's fate,
Yet in the direst chance of war sedate;
Whilst griev'd * a valu'd servant at his feet
A stroke, the foe for him design'd, should meet.
Unlike *Aeneas*, *Marlb'rough* still the same
Pursues not vengeance with intemperate flame,
Righting the injur'd, bounds his juster aim;
On conquest bent, yet pleas'd the foe to spare,
Desiring peace, when dreaded most in war.

Thus drawn ———
With those stupendous actions, that complete
A warrior's character, so truly great,
In flowing numbers drest, sublimer sense,
And all the pomp of dazzling eloquence,
Who would not think the poet's obvious art
Had trespass'd on the just historian's part?
That he contracted into one campaign
A hero's life, a long successful reign.
Such cause of doubt those toils may justly yield,
That raise the glories of *Ramellies'* field.
Yet more, that *Anna* could one subject find,
Greatly to act, the wonders she design'd;
Empires to save, nations enslav'd to free,
Securing *Britain's* peace, and *Europe's* liberty.

But, when each ruder, untaught voice we raise,
And *Marlb'rough* sing with one tumultuous praise,
All must confess the good, the glorious cause,
Unfeign'd, and universal as th' applause;
That native gratitude the crowd had fir'd,
And truth alone such artless strains inspir'd.

So in adoring heav'n mankind agree,
And wild barbarian worship proves the deity.

* Col. Bingfield, his Gentleman of the Horse

S O N G S.

The Vain Advice.

I.

AH gaze not on those eyes! forbear
That soft enchanting voice to hear :
Not looks of basilisks give surer death,
Nor *Syren's* s'ing with more destructive breath.

II.

Fly, if thy freedom thou'dst maintain.
Alas ! I feel, th' advice is vain !
A heart, whose safety but in flight does lye,
Is too far lost to have the pow'r to fly.

The Caution.

I.

SOFT kisses may be innocent,
But, ah ! too easy maid, beware ;
Tho' that is all thy kindness meant,
'Tis love's delusive fatal snare.

II.

No virgin e'er at first design'd
Thro' all the maze of love to stray ;
But each new path allures her mind,
Till wand'ring on, she lose her way.

III. 'Tis

III.

'Tis easy e'er set out to stay ;
But who the useful art can teach,
When sliding down a steepy way,
To stop, before the end we reach ?

IV.

Keep ever something in thy pow'r,
Beyond what would thy honour stain :
He will not dare to aim at more,
Who for small favours sighs in vain.

The Platonic.

I.

WHY do you thus alarm my soul,
With fears to lose your heart ?
Or why, when I bestow the whole,
Return me but a part ?

II.

A boundless love you ought to pay,
Since 'tis my actions, that alone,
What bounds the laws have set, obey ;
My fond affection shall have none.

III.

Another warm'd with grosser fires,
Which tender passion will appear,
May yield to all your wild desires,
Tho' to her heart you're not so dear.

IV.

Can one, whom pleasures only move,
Beyond my gen'rous flame deserve ?
I've not that bribe to sooth my love,
Yet love without reserve.

The Relapse.

I.

IN gazing on the once lov'd swain,
 I lost all thought of being wife;
 Reflected on my wrongs in vain,
 Whilst I beheld those flatt'ring eyes:
 Again the soft deluders I believ'd,
 Or wish'd, at least, I'd ne'er been undeceiv'd.

II.

How weak alas! is our defence
 'Gainst him, who has the art to charm!
 He bribes with pleasure ev'ry sense;
 And they our reason soon disarm;
 Seduce the heart to the invader's side:
 Then what avails resentment, scorn, or pride?

The needless Deceit.

I.

THOU dear returning lovely swain,
 With what delight I see
 Thy passion kindled thus again!
 Again you burn for me!

II.

And more, I fear, than equal fire
 My melted eyes confess'd,
 When you with rapture seem'd t' expire,
 On my heav'd glowing breast.

III.

Yet, do not think, that you persuade
 You never false have been;
 For I have proofs your heart has stray'd;
 Too certain proofs have seen.

IV.

IV.

Why should you aim still to deceive,
 That have a surer pow'r?
 My wrongs I felt, and must believe;
 But could forgive you more.

The Fair Insensible.

I.

STILL gay, ah! cruel maid,
 By what strange arts do you ensnare!
 Your eyes, your humour, all declare
 Careless, insensible you are,
 And should from love disuade.

II.

Yet such soft charms they bear,
 Forgetting that inviting mien,
 Those smiles shew all is calm within,
 We by those beauties are drawn in,
 Which give us to despair.

III.

So those, whom glory fire,
 When out of hopes the day to gain,
 Enflam'd the more, to fly disdain,
 Neglect their wounds, nor feel the pain,
 Pleas'd in the chace t' expire.

A Poem, occasioned by the busts set up in the Queen's Hermitage; designed to be presented with a book in vindication of Mr. Locke, which was to have been inscribed to her Majesty.

OF Albion's splendid court unmov'd I hear;
 Grandeur and pomp at distance can reverse,
 Content, nor with the dazzling scene were near.
 In glories more refin'd my thoughts delight,
 Chief the fam'd hermitage would charm my sight.
 Delicious *Richmond*! were thy prospect mine,
 With rapture I should view great *Caroline*,
 Where, in her native lustre, most she'll shine;
 There her superior soul itself displays,
 That *Locke* and *Newton* could design to raise.
 Rich in themselves she knew the solid oar,
 And gave the royal stamp to dignify it more.
 Yet each new honour, added to their name,
 Shall back reflect on her's a brighter fame.
 Great *Caroline* shall gloriously resound,
 Whilst *Clarke*, and *Locke*, and *Newton*, are re-
 nown'd.

But not for such illustrious names alone,
 Has that choice seat her care of merit shewn:
 Shar'd by the most obscure, who greatly aim,
 Struggling thro' all impediments to fame,
 A daring bard she views, tho' deep distress'd,
 By art unaided, and by want depress'd,
 Whilst toils the day, and cares the night mo-
 left;
 Yet snatching moments from those cares and toils,
 To court the muse, transported with her smiles:

The

The bounteous Queen, pleas'd with th' unwonted
 fight,
 To aid th' aspiring genius in his flight,
 From all incumbrances to disengage,
 Seats him at ease near her lov'd Hermitage.

Thrice happy *Thresher*! now exert thy force,
 Whilst all incitements join to urge thy course.
 Sweet are thy labours there, thy toils refin'd,
 With arts to cultivate the fallow mind.
 The venerable busts, that honour'd stand,
 Plac'd by thy royal patroness's hand,
 Instruct thee in her taste, and bid thee raise
 To subjects worthy her thy future lays:
 By them stupendous truths thou may'st be taught,
 Thy maker's awful works excite thy thought,
 His wisdom in their structure to rehearse,
 And deep philosophy inform thy verse.

O! would the mighty Queen once more descend
 The low to raise, the fearful to defend;
 Whom yet nor fears, nor malice, could avert
 From daring injur'd merit to assert;
 Tho' not the flail and sickle could retard,
 Or cares discourage, more, the rural bard,
 Than those restraints, which have our sex confin'd,
 By partial custom, check the soaring mind:
 Learning deny'd us, we at random tread
 Unbeaten paths, that late to knowledge lead;
 By secret steps break thro' th' obstructed way,
 Nor dare acquisitions gain'd by stealth display.
 If some adventurous genius rare arise,
 Who on exalted themes her talent tries,
 She fears to give the work, tho' prais'd, a name,
 And flies not more from infamy than fame.

Would royal *Caroline* our wrongs redress,
 Vouchsafe acceptance of this mean address;
 Favour a Muse, who, tho' she weakly soars,
 With glory wing'd, thy patronage implores;

Yet

Yet trembles, whilst she tenders at thy feet
 Her bold essay great *Locke* to vindicate.
 What worthy thee, or him, can gain the light,
 Whilst black'ning clouds depress, and damp our
 sight?

If not the work, give the attempt applause,
 And patronise in her the sex's cause.

No added honours she pretends to give,
 Nor greater lustre could thy busts receive
 By aught the ablest artist can produce:
 Yet are the humble instruments of use,
 That brush the dust and vermin, as they rise
 To hide that lustre, and their worth disguise.
 Such is my task——O! were like theirs my fate,
 Th' obscurest corner of that blest retreat!
 But I alas! in northern climes grown old,
 No more my native country shall behold;
 Since providence has cast my latest lot,
 Her pleasing streams and shades be now forgot.

Yet, gracious Queen, a more auspicious fate
 May crown those labours, which thy sentence wait,
 If thou, indulgent to the author's aim,
 With partial praise, commend the work to fame,
 Admitted by thy choice a place to have,
 Tho' in the lowest class, of *Merlin's* cave.

O! might I thus the blest occasion prove,
 Fair emulation in the sex to move!
 Beholding one, who could but well design,
 Protected thus by royal *Caroline*.
 Important is the boon! nor I alone,
 The female world its influence would own,
 T' approve themselves to thee, reform their taste,
 No more their time in trifling pleasures waste;
 In search of truths sublime, undaunted soar,
 And the wide realms of science deep explore.
 Quadrille should then resign that tyrant sway,
 Which rules despotic, blending night with day;
 Usurps

Usurps on all the offices of life,
 The duties of the mother, friend, and wife.
 Learning, with milder reign would more enlarge
 Their pow'rs, and aid those duties to discharge;
 To nobler gain improve their vacant hours:
 Be *Newton*, *Clarke*, and *Locke*, their matchadores.

Then, as this happy isle already vies
 In arms with foes, in arts with her allies;
 No more excell'd in aught by *Gallia's* coast,
 Our *Albion* too should of her *Daciers* boast.

Aberdeen, Aug. 1732.

*The rapture of an affectionate soul to JESUS
 on the Cross, composed in Latin by St. Francis
 Xavierius; paraphrased.*

O Deus, ego amo te, &c.

O GOD, my soul aspires to thee,
 All love, all sacred ecstasy!
 Not for the dread of endless pain,
 Or promis'd happiness to gain,
 Charm'd by thyself alone, unmix'd
 With hopes, or fears, my love is fix'd:
 Such love my *Jesu* did bestow;
 And oh! much more to thee I owe!
 Unbounded bliss thou didst forsake,
 A wretched life for me to take.
 What woes, what anguish, hast thou past
 To death, this shameful death at last!
 For me thy head with thorns is crown'd:
 That lance thy sacred side does wound,
 Ev'n in thy latest agony,
 Torn on the cross, thy arms I see
 Extend t' embrace and shelter me.

Thus

Thus a vile sinner thou couldst love.
How then should so much goodness move!
Yes, yes, my God, an uncompell'd
And unbrib'd heart I freely yield;
By no ignoble interest sway'd,
The grateful offering I had made.
Tho' nor thy threats nor promises were known,
I'd love thee ever for thyself alone;
Not for thy scepter, or thy rod,
My all of good, my king, my God!
Thou only canst this flame inspire
Thou source, and period of desire!

F I N I S.