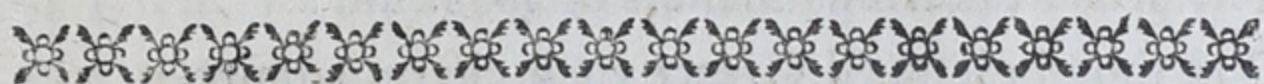


For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame:  
 That fir'd with gen'rous envy, they may dare  
 To emulate thy deeds. ——— So shall thy name,  
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons  
 With martial virtue: and to high attempts  
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,  
 And nations fav'd, new Monuments require,  
 And other BLENHEIMS shall adorn the land.



TO THE  
 Reverend Dr. A Y S C O U G H  
 at O X F O R D.

Written from PARIS in the Year 1728.

By the Same.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?  
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?  
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore  
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,  
 Where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd,  
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?

How

How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,  
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart ;  
 Whose curs'd refinements odious Vice adorn,  
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn !  
 Dost thou in sage Historians joy to see  
 How Roman Greatness rose with Liberty ;  
 How the same hands that tyrants durst controul,  
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole ;  
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd  
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind ?  
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,  
 Each grace, each virtue Freedom could inspire ;  
 Yet in her troubled states see all the woes  
 And all the crimes that giddy Faction knows ;  
 Till rent by parties, by Corruption fold,  
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,  
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,  
 The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome ?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,  
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart ?  
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end  
 To which alone the wise their studies bend ;  
 For which alone by nature were design'd  
 The pow'rs of thought — to benefit mankind ?  
 Not like a cloyster'd drone, to read and doze,  
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose ;  
 But reason's influence to diffuse ; to clear  
 Th' enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear ;

Dispel

Dispel the mists of error, and unbind  
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind,  
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ !  
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;  
 Nor vex'd with pangs that buſier bosoms tear,  
 Nor lost to social Virtue's pleasing care ;  
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain  
 Those who will float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent ;  
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content ;  
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,  
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good <sup>a</sup> Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,  
 Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party rage ;  
 He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,  
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,  
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest guide. }

O gen'rous warmth ! O sanctity divine !  
 To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine :  
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown ;  
 Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown ;  
 Nor basely servile court the guilty great,  
 Nor raise the Church a rival to the State :  
 To Error mild, to Vice alone severe,  
 Seek not to spread the law of Love by Fear.  
 The priest, who plagues the world, can never mend :  
 No foe to Man was e'er to God a friend :

<sup>a</sup> Dr. HOUGH.

Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,  
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.  
 Me other cares in other climes engage,  
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age ;  
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,  
 And conquer Prejudice, worst foe to Truth ;  
 By foreign arts domestick faults to mend,  
 Enlarge my notions, and my views extend ;  
 The useful science of the world to know,  
 Which books can never teach, or pedants shew.

A nation here I pity, and admire,  
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,  
 Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,  
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear :  
 Whose Nobles born to cringe, and to command,  
 In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band ;  
 From each low tool of pow'r content receive  
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.  
 Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,  
 Though plunder'd, gay ; industrious, though oppress'd ;  
 With happy follies rise above their fate,  
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport  
 In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court :  
 Here Boileau strong in sense, and sharp in wit,  
 Who from the ancients, like the ancients writ,  
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,  
 By flatt'ring incense to his Master's fame.

Here

Here Moliere, first of comick wits, excell'd  
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;  
 By keen, yet decent satire skill'd to please,  
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.  
 Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire  
 Heroick thought with Shakespear's force and fire ;  
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence move  
 The soften'd heart to Pity and to Love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey  
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;  
 Proud palaces, that drain'd the subject store,  
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor ;  
 Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,  
 And painted triumphs stile Ambition GREAT <sup>b</sup>.  
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,  
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew <sup>c</sup>;  
 Where, sick of glory, faction, pow'r and pride,  
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd)  
 Beneath his palms the weary Chief repos'd,  
 And life's great scene in quiet Virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see  
 Adorn'd by Art, disgrac'd by Luxury <sup>d</sup>;  
 Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour  
 In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r.  
 Where feverish Debauch and impious Love  
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

<sup>b</sup> The victories of LOUIS XVI. painted in the galleries of Versailles.    <sup>c</sup> Chantilly.    <sup>d</sup> St. Cloud.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,  
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;  
 Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind  
 From present joys to dearer left behind :

O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat !  
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat ;  
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,  
 And all my country on my soul returns.  
 When shall I see the fields, whose plenteous grain  
 No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain ?  
 When kiss with pious love the sacred earth,  
 That gave a BURLEIGH, or a RUSSEL birth ?  
 When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,  
 Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,  
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,  
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice  
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;  
 Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around,  
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;  
 Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see ;  
 And tells me, These, like England, once were Free.