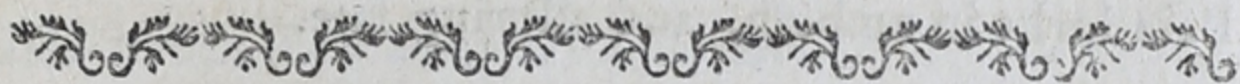


Scenes odd as these, if CLOE can endure,  
 (And yet these scenes are town in miniature)  
 Come, and reflect on Ranelagh with scorn,  
 Content ev'n here, at least till routs return.



## O N A

## F I T of the G O U T.

By the Same.

**W**herefore was man thus form'd with eye sublime,  
 With active joints, to traverse hill or plain,  
 But to contemplate nature in her prime,  
 Lord of this ample world, his fair domain?  
 Why on this various earth such beauty pour'd,  
 But for thy pleasure, man, her sovereign lord?  
 Why does the mantling vine her juice afford  
 Nectareous, but to cheer with cordial taste?  
 Why are the earth and air and ocean stor'd  
 With beast, fish, fowl; if not for man's repast?  
 Yet what avails to me, or taste, or sight,  
 Exil'd from every object of delight?



So much I feel of anguish, day and night  
 Tortur'd, benumb'd; in vain the fields to range  
 Me vernal breezes, and mild suns invite:  
 In vain the banquet smokes with kindly change  
 Of delicacies, while on every plate  
 Pain lurks in ambush, and alluring fate.

Fool not to know the friendly powers create  
 These maladies in pity to mankind;  
 These abdicated reason reinstate,  
 When lawless appetite usurps the mind;  
 Heaven's faithful centries at the door of bliss  
 Plac'd to deter, or to chastise excess.

Weak is the aid of wisdom to repress  
 Passion perverse; philosophy how vain!  
 'Gainst Circe's cup, enchanting forcerefs;  
 Or when the Syren sings her warbling strain.  
 Whate'er or sages teach, or bards reveal,  
 Men still are men, and learn but when they feel.

As in some free and well-pois'd common-weal  
 Sedition warns the rulers how to steer,  
 As storms and thunders rattling with loud peal,  
 From noxious dregs the dull horizon clear;  
 So when the mind imbrates in sloth supine,  
 Sharp pangs awake her energy divine.

Cease,



Cease, then, ah cease, fond mortal, to repine  
 At laws, which nature wisely did ordain ;  
 Pleasure, what is it? rightly to define,  
 'Tis but a short liv'd interval from pain :  
 Or rather each alternately renew'd,  
 Give to our lives a sweet vicissitude.



HORACE, Ode 14. Book I. imitated in 1746.

By the Same.

O Ship! shall new waves again bear thee to sea?  
 Where, alas! art thou driving? keep steady to shore.  
 Thy sides are left without an oar,  
 And thy shaken mast groans, to rude tempests a prey.  
 Thy tackle all torn, can no longer endure  
 The assaults of the surge that now triumphs and reigns,  
 None of thy sails entire remains,  
 Nor a GOD to protect in another sad hour.  
 Tho' thy outside bespeaks thee of noble descent,  
 The forest's chief pride, yet thy race and thy name,  
 What are they but an empty name?  
 Wise mariners trust not to gilding and paint.  
 Beware then lest Thou float, uncertain again,  
 The sport of wild winds; late my sorrowful care,  
 And now my fondest wish, beware  
 Of the changeable shoals where the Rhine meets the Main.