

Come, conscious Virtue, fill my breast,  
 And bring Content, thy daughter, dress'd  
 In ever-smiling charms :  
 Let sacred Friendship too attend ;  
 A friendship worthy of my friend,  
 Such as my LÆLIUS warms.

With these I'll in my bosom make  
 A bulwark Fortune cannot shake,  
 Tho' all her storms arise ;  
 Look down and pity gilded slaves,  
 Despise Ambition's giddy knaves,  
 And wish the Fools were wise.



## The EDUCATION of ACHILLES.

By Mr. BEDINGFIELD.

### I.

**A**H me! is all our pleasure mix'd with woe!  
 Is there on earth no happiness sincere?  
 Must e'en this bitter stream of sorrow flow  
 From joy's domestick spring, our children dear?  
 How oft did Thetis drop the silver tear,  
 When with fond eyes she view'd her darling boy!  
 How oft her breast heav'd with presaging fear,  
 Lest vice's secret canker should annoy  
 Fair virtue's op'ning bud, and all her hopes destroy!

II. At

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At length, so Nereus had her rightly taught,  
 That doubtful cares might eat her heart no more,  
 Her imp in prattling infancy she brought  
 To the fam'd Centaur, on mount Pelion hoar,  
 Hight Chiron, whom to Saturn Phyl'ra bore ;  
 Chiron, whose wisdom flourish'd 'bove his peers,  
 In ev'ry goodly thew, and virtuous lore,  
 To principle his yet untainted years ;  
 'The seed that's early sown, the fairest harvest bears.

## III.

Far in the covert of a bushy wood,  
 Where aged trees their star-proof branches spread,  
 A grott, with grey moss ever dropping stood ;  
 Ne costly gems the sparkling roof display'd,  
 Ne crystal squares the pavement rich inlaid,  
 But o'er the pebbles, clear with glassy shine,  
 A limpid stream in soothing murmurs stray'd,  
 And all around the flow'ring eglantine  
 Its balmy tendrils spread in many a wanton twine.

## IV.

A lowly habitation, well I ween,  
 Yet sacred made by men of mickle fame,  
 Who there in precepts wise had lesson'd been ;  
 Chaste Peleus, consort of the sea-born dame,

Sage Æsculape, who cou'd the vital flame  
 (Blest leach!) relumine by his healing skill;  
 And Jason, who, his father's crown to claim,  
 Descended dreadful from the craggy hill,  
 And with his portence stern did false usurper thrill.

## V.

Fast by the cave a damsel was ypight,  
 Afraid from earth her blushing looks to rear,  
 Left aught indecent shou'd offend her sight,  
 Left aught indecent shou'd offend her ear;  
 Yet wou'd she sometime deign at sober chear  
 Softly to smile, but ever held it shame  
 The mirth of foul-mouth'd ribaldry to bear,  
 A cautious nymph, and MODESTY her name.  
 Ah! who but churlish carle would hurt so pure a dame?

## VI.

With her fate TEMPERANCE, companion meet,  
 Plucking from tree-en bough her simple food,  
 And pointing to an urn beside her feet,  
 Fill'd with the crystal of the wholesome flood:  
 With her was seen, of grave and awful mood,  
 Hoary FIDELITY, a matron staid;  
 And sweet BENEVOLENCE, who smiling stood,  
 Whilst at her breast two fondling infants play'd,  
 And turtles, billing soft, coo'd thro' the echoing glade.

## VII. On

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On t'other side, of bold and open air,  
 Was a fair personage hight EXERCISE;  
 Reclin'd he seem'd upon his rough boar-spear,  
 As late surceas'd from hardy enterprize;  
 (For Sloth inglorious did he aye despise)  
 Fresh glow'd his cheek with health's vermilion dye,  
 On his sleek brow the swelling sweat-drops rise,  
 And oft around he darts his glowing eye  
 To view his well-breath'd hounds, full jolly company.

## VIII.

Not far away was sage EXPERIENCE plac'd,  
 With care-knit brow, fix'd looks, and sober plight,  
 Who weighing well the present with the past,  
 Of every accident cou'd read aright.  
 With him was rev'rend CONTEMPLATION pight,  
 Bow-bent with eld, his beard of snowy hue,  
 Yet age's hand mote not empare the sight,  
 Still with sharp ken the eagle he'd pursue,  
 As thro' the buxom air to heav'n's bright bow'rs she flew.

## IX.

Here the fond parent left her darling care,  
 Yet softly breath'd a sigh as she withdrew;  
 Here the young hero, ev'n from tender year,  
 Eftsoons imbib'd Instruction's hony'd dew,

(For

(For well to file his tongue, sage Chiron knew)  
 And learnt to discipline his life aright ;  
 To pay to pow'rs supreme a reverence due,  
 Chief to Saturnian Jove, whose dreaded might  
 Wings thro' disparted clouds the bik'ring light'ning's flight.

## X.

Aye was the stripling wont, ere morning fair  
 Had rear'd o'er eastern waves her rosy tede,  
 To grasp with tender hand the pointed spear,  
 And beat the thicket where the boar's fell breed  
 Enshrouded lay, or lion's tawny feed.  
 Oft wou'd great Dian, with her woody train,  
 Stop in mid chace to wonder at his speed,  
 Whilst up the hill's rough side she saw him strain,  
 Or sweep with winged feet along the level plain.

## XI.

And when dun shades had blent the day's bright eye,  
 Upon his shoulders, with slow stagg'ring pace,  
 He brought the prey his hand had done to die,  
 Whilst blood with dust besprent did foul disgrace  
 The goodly features of his glowing face.  
 When as the sage beheld on grassy foil  
 Each panting corse, whilst life did well apace,  
 The panther of his spotted pride he'd spoil,  
 To deck his foster son : fit need of daring toil.

## XII. And

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And ever and anon the godlike fire,  
 To temper stern behests with pleasaunce gay,  
 Would touch (for well he cou'd) the silver lyre;  
 So sweetly ravish'd each enchanting lay,  
 That Pan, in scornful wise, wou'd fling away  
 His rustick pipe, and e'en the sacred train  
 Wou'd leave their lov'd Parnass' in trim array,  
 And thought their own Apollo once again  
 Charm'd his attentive flock, a simple shepherd swain.

## XIII.

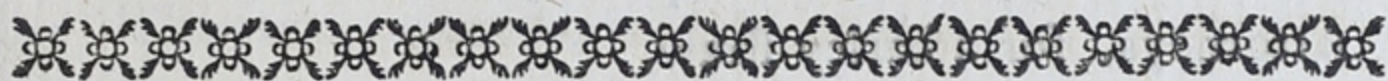
And ever and anon of worthies old,  
 Whose praise Fame's trump thro' earth's wide bounds  
 had spread,  
 To fire his mind to brave exploits, he told;  
 Pirithous, known for prowest hardy-head;  
 Theseus, whose wrath the dire Procrustes fled;  
 And Hercules, whom trembling Lerna fear'd,  
 When Hydra fell, in loathsome marshes bred,  
 In vain against the son of Jove uprear'd  
 Head sprouting under head, by thrillant faulchion shear'd.

## XIV.

The stern-brow'd boy in mute attention stood,  
 To hear the sage relate each great emprise;  
 Then strode along the cave in haughtier mood,  
 Whilst varying passions in his bosom rise,

And

And lightning-beams flash from his glowing eyes.  
 Ev'n now he scorns the prey the defarts yield,  
 Ev'n now (as hope the future scene supplies)  
 He shakes the terror of his heav'n-form'd shield,  
 And braves th' indignant flood, and thunders o'er the field.



An EPISTLE from S. J. Esq; in the  
 Country, to the Right Hon. the Lord  
 LOVELACE in TOWN.

Written in the Year 1735.

**I**N days, my Lord, when mother Time,  
 Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,  
 When SATURN first began to rule,  
 And JOVE was hardly come from school,  
 How happy was a country life!  
 How free from wickedness and strife!  
 Then each man liv'd upon his farm,  
 And thought and did no mortal harm;  
 On mossy banks fair virgins slept,  
 As harmless as the flocks they kept;  
 Then love was all they had to do,  
 And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,  
 'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite,

Virtue