

Be thou, *Gilboä*, wrap'd in endless Night,  
 Nor let thy Hills behold the Beams of Light.  
 Let the gay Sun to thee his Rays deny,  
 While rattling Tempests o'er thy Borders fly.  
 There *Judab's* Chief lay prostrate on the Ground,  
 And there my Friend receiv'd the mortal Wound.



### ESSAY on FRIENDSHIP.

**T**O *Artemisia*.— 'Tis to her we sing,  
 For her once more we touch the sounding String.  
 'Tis not to *Cythera's* Reign nor *Cupid's* Fires,  
 But sacred Friendship that our Muse inspires.  
 A Theme that suits *Æmilia's* pleasing Tongue:  
 So to the Fair Ones I devote my Song.

The Wise will seldom credit all they hear,  
 Tho' saucy Wits shou'd tell them with a Sneer,  
 That Womens Friendships, like a certain Fly,  
 Are hatch'd i'th Morning and at Ev'ning die.  
 'Tis true, our Sex has been from early Time  
 A constant Topick for Satirick Rhyme:

Nor

Nor without Reason — since we're often found,  
 Or lost in Passion, or in Pleasures drown'd :  
 And the fierce Winds that bid the Ocean roll,  
 Are less inconstant than a Woman's Soul :  
 Yet some there are who keep the mod'rate Way,  
 Can think an Hour, and be calm a Day :  
 Who ne'er were known to start into a Flame,  
 Turn Pale or tremble at a losing Game.  
 Run *Chloe's* Shape or *Delia's* Features down,  
 Or change Complexion at *Celinda's* Gown :  
 But still serene, compassionate and kind,  
 Walk through Life's Circuit with an equal Mind.

Of all Companions I would choose to shun  
 Such, whose blunt Truths are like a bursting Gun,  
 Who in a Breath count all your Follies o'er,  
 And close their Lectures with a mirthful Roar :  
 But Reason here will prove the safest Guide,  
 Extremes are dang'rous plac'd on either Side.  
 A Friend too soft will hardly prove sincere ;  
 The Wit's inconstant, and the Learn'd severe.

Good-

Good-Breeding, Wit, and Learning, all conspire  
 To charm Mankind and make the World admire :  
 Yet in a Friend but serve an under Part,  
 The main Ingredient is an honest Heart :  
 By this can *Urs'la* all our Souls subdue  
 Which wanting, this, not *Sylvia's* Charms, can do.

Now let the Muse (who takes no Courtier's Fee)  
 Point to her Friend—and future Ages see  
 (If this shall live 'till future Ages be)  
 One Line devoted to *Fidelia's* Praise,  
 The lov'd Companion of my early Days :  
 Whose harmless Thoughts are sprightly as her Eyes,  
 By Nature chearful, and by Nature wise.

To have them last, the social Laws decree ;  
 We choose our Friendships in the same degree :  
 What mighty Pleasure, if we might presume,  
 To strut with Freedom in *Arvida's* Room,  
 Or share the Table what supreme Delight ?  
 With some proud Dutchess or a scornful Knight,

To

To sit with formal and assenting Face ?  
 For who shall dare to contradict her Grace ?

Our free-born Nature hates to be confin'd,  
 Where State and Power check the speaking Mind ;  
 Where heavy Pomp and sullen Form withholds  
 That chearful Ease and Sympathy of Souls.

But yet the Soul whate'er its Partner do,  
 Must lift its Head above the baser Crew.  
 Celestial Friendship with its nicer Rules,  
 Frequents not Dunghills nor the Clubs of Fools.  
 It asks, to make this Union soft and long,  
 A Mind susceptible, and Judgment strong ;  
 And then a Taste : But let that Taste be giv'n  
 By mighty Nature and the Stamp of Heav'n :  
 Possess of these, the justly temper'd Flame  
 Will glow incessant, and be still the same :  
 Not mov'd by Sorrow, Sickness, or by Age  
 To sullen Coldness or distemper'd Rage.  
 The Soul unstain'd with Envy or with Pride,  
 Pleas'd with itself and all the World beside,

Unmov'd

Unmov'd can see gilt Chariots whirling by,  
 Or view the wretched with a melting Eye,  
 Discern a Failing and forgive it too :  
 Such, *Artemisia*, we may find in you.

Be seldom sour, or your Friends will fly  
 From the hung Forehead and the scornful Eye :  
 Nor, like *Aurelia*, in the Morning kind,  
 And soft as Summer or the western Wind :  
 But round ere night her giddy Passions wheel,  
 She'll clap the Door against your parting Heel.  
 An even Temper will be sure to please,  
 With cool Reflexion and a chearful Ease.

But see *Armida*'s unfrequented Rooms,  
 How vainly spread with Carpets and Perfumes :  
 All shun her like the Cocatrice's Beams,  
 And for no other Reason but her loath'd Extremes.  
 To-day more holy than a cloister'd Nun,  
 Almost an Atheist by to-morrow's Sun :  
 Now speaks to Heaven with a lifted Eye :  
 Now to her Footman, You're a Rogue, and lye.

O say, from what strange Principles begin  
 These odd Compounds of Piety and Sin?  
 A sickly Fair may some Excuses find,  
 (What grieves the Body will affect the Mind)  
 But not the Creatures who have learn'd to screen  
 Their own Ill-nature in the name of Spleen.  
 What the black Mists afflict the aking Skull,  
 The Spirits tremble and the Heart be dull:  
 Have you from thence a Licence to offend,  
 Affront a Patron or abuse a Friend?  
 And ape the Manners of a furly Beast,  
 Because 'tis cloudy and the Wind's i'th' East?

But all have Failings, not the best are free,  
 Or in a greater or a less Degree.  
 What follows then? — Forgive, or unforgiven  
 Expect no Passage at the Gate of Heav'n.  
 Kind Nature gave, in Pity to Mankind,  
 This social Virtue to the human Mind:  
 This gives our Pleasures a more easy Flow,  
 And helps to blunt the Edge of smarting Woe:

The Soul's Relief, with Grief or Cares oppress'd,  
 Is to disclose them to a faithful Breast;  
 And then how lovely in a Friend appear,  
 The mournful Sigh and sympathizing Tear.  
 When changing Fortune with propitious Ray,  
 Gilds the brown Ev'ning or the smiling Day;  
 The pleas'd Companion shares the welcome Tide,  
 And wrap'd in Joy the happy Minutes glide.

Grave Authors differ — Men of Sense incline  
 This Way or that — Opinions rarely join:  
 Their Thoughts will vary. Why? Because they're free,  
 But most in this and only this agree;  
 That our chief Task is seldom to offend,  
 And Life's great Blessing a well-chosen Friend.

