Come, conscious Virtue, fill my breast,
And bring Content, thy daughter, dres'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.

Ah 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,
Left vice's secret canker should annoy
Fair virtue's op'ning bud, and all her hopes destroy!

II. At
II.

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 buffy wood,
   Where aged trees their flar-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 eglandine
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 yught,
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 cheer
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 aweful 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
VII.

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 furseas'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 flight,
   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 Instruc'tion's hony'd dew,
(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 bick'ring light'ning's flight.

X.
Aye was the stripling wont, ere morning fair
Had rear'd o'er easter 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 chase 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 flow stag'ring pace,
He brought the prey his hand had done to die,
Whilst blood with dust besprent did soul disgrace
The goodly features of his glowing face.
When as the sage beheld on grasy 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
XII.
And ever and anon the godlike fire,
To temper stern bequests with pleasance gay,
Would touch (for well he cou’d) the silver lyre;
So sweetly ravish’d each enchanting lay,
That Pan, in scornful wife, wou’d fling away
His rustic 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 provest 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 brilliant faulchion shear’d.

XIV.
The stern-brow’d boy in mute attention stood,
’T 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 desarts 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 E P I S T L E from S. J. Esq; in the
Country, to the Right Hon. the Lord
LOVELACE in Town.

Written in the Year 1735.

In 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