

The C A B I N E T.

Or, Verses on Roman Medals. To Mr. W.

By Mr. GRAVES.

I.

LO! the rich Casket's mimic dome!
 Where cells in graceful rows
 The triumphs of imperial Rome
 In miniature disclose.

II.

Less sacred far those tinsel shrines,
 In which the fainted bones,
 And relicks, modern Rome confines,
 Of legendary drones,

III.

In figur'd brass we here behold
 From time's wide waste retriev'd,
 What patriots firm or heroes bold
 In peace or war atchiev'd.

IV.

Or silver orbs, in series fair,
 With titles deck'd around,
 Present each Cæsar's face and air
 With rays or laurels crown'd.

X a

VI. Ages

V.

Ages to come shall hence be taught,
 In lasting lines express'd,
 How mighty Julius spoke or fought,
 Or Cleopatra dress'd.

VI.

Augustus here with placid mien,
 Bids raging discord cease ;
 The gates of War close-barr'd are seen,
 And all the world is peace.

VII.

A race of tyrants then succeeds,
 Who frown with brow severe ;
 Yet tho' we shudder at their deeds,
 Ev'n Nero charms us here.

VIII.

Thus did the blooming Titus look,
 Delight of human kind :
 Great Hadrian thus, whose death bespoke
 His firm yet gentle mind.

IX.

Aurelius too ! thy stoic face
 Indignant we compare
 With young Faustina's wanton grace,
 And meretricious air.

X.

Each passion here and virtue shines
 In liveliest emblems dress'd :
 Less strong in Tully's ethic lines,
 Or Plato's flights express'd.

XI.

With heighten'd grace in verdant rust,
 Each work of ancient art,
 The temple, column, arch or bust
 Their wonted charms impart.

XII.

All-glorious Rome, thro' martial toil,
 Beneath each zone obey'd,
 Shew'd every province, trophy, spoil,
 On current gold display'd.

XIII.

Hence prodigals, that vainly spend,
 Promote the great design;
 And misers aid ambition's end,
 Who treasure up the coin.

XIV.

The peasant finds in every clime
 The scientifick ore;
 Whilst on the rich remains of time,
 The learn'd with rapture pore.

XV.

Each fading stroke they now retrace,
 Each legend dark unfold:
 Then in historic order place,—
 And copper vies with gold.

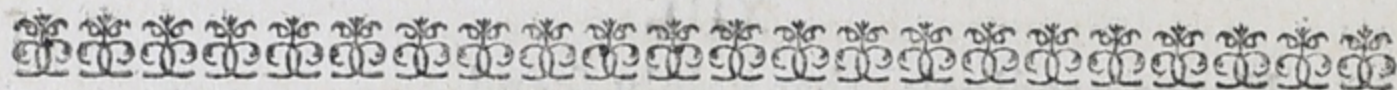
XVI.

Happy the sage! like you, my friend,
 The evening of whose days
 Heav'n grants in that fair vale to spend
 Where Thames delighted strays.

To medals there and books of taste
 Those moments you consign,
 Which barren minds ignobly waste
 On dogs, or cards, or wine.

XVIII.

Whilst I 'mid rocks and savage woods
 Enjoy these golden dreams;
 Where Avon winds to mix her floods
 With Bladud's healing streams.



P A N A C E A:

Or, The Grand RESTORATIVE.

By the Same.

WELCÔME to Baiæ's streams, ye sons of spleen,
 Who rove from spa to spa — to shift the scene.
 While round the steaming fount you idly throng,
 Come, learn a wholesome secret from my song.

Ye fair, whose roses feel th' approaching frost,
 And drops supply the place of spirits lost:
 Ye 'squires, who rack'd with gouts, at heav'n repine,
 Condemn'd to water for excess in wine:
 Ye portly cits, so corpulent and full,
 Who eat and drink 'till appetite grows dull:

Claverton near Bath, 1750.

For