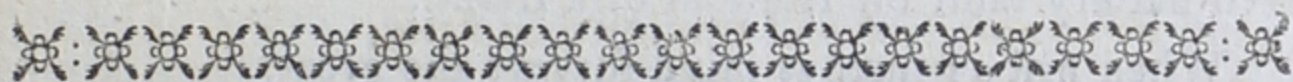


XVII.

From the dark bosom of the dappled Morn
 To Phœbus shining with meridian light,
 Or when mild Ev'ning does the sky adorn,
 Or the pale moon rides thro' the spangled night:

XVIII.

The varying scenes in ev'ry virtuous soul
 Each pleasing change with various pleasures bless,
 Raise cheerful hopes, and anxious fears controul,
 And form a Paradise of inward peace.



To the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

— *Quod censet amicus, ut si*
Cæcus iter monstrare velit. —

HOR.

By the Honourable Mr. D —

TH O' strength of genius, by experience taught,
 Gives thee to found the depth of human thought,
 To trace the various workings of the mind,
 And rule the secret springs that rule mankind;
 Rare gift! yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
 To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
 Can aught of use impart, tho' void of skill,
 And raise attention by sincere good will:

For friendship sometimes want of parts supplies,
 The heart may furnish what the head denies.
 As, when the rapid Rhine o'er swelling tides,
 To grace old Ocean's coast, in triumph rides,
 Tho' rich in source, he drains a thousand springs,
 Nor scorns the tribute each small riv'let brings :
 So thou shalt hence absorb each feeble ray,
 Each dawn of meaning in thy brighter day ;
 Shalt like, or where thou canst not like, excuse,
 Since no mean interest shall prophane the Muse ;
 No malice wrapt in truth's disguise offend,
 No flattery taint the freedom of a friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
 And views the crowds that on their fortune wait,
 Pleas'd with the shew, (though little understood,)
 He only seeks the pow'r, to do the good :
 Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
 And gratitude still springs when bounty flows ;
 That ev'ry grant sincere affection wins,
 And where our wants have end, our love begins.
 But they who long the paths of state have trod,
 Learn from the clamours of the murm'ring crowd,
 Which cramm'd, yet craving, still their gates besiege,
 'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.
 This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
 The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
 To give to fair assent a fairer face,
 Or soften a refusal into grace.

But

But few there are, that can be freely kind,
 Or know to fix the favours on the mind;
 Hence some whene'er they wou'd oblige, offend,
 And while they make the fortune, lose the friend:
 Still give unthank'd; still squander, not bestow;
 For great men want not what to give, but how.
 The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
 Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
 Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
 And measure by their interest, not their parts.
 From this mistake so many men we see
 But ill become the thing they wish to be:
 Hence discontent and fresh demands arise,
 More power, more favour in the great man's eyes
 All feel a want, tho' none the cause suspects,
 But hate their patron for their own defects.
 Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
 And when he gives them places, gives them parts.
 As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
 May sell their favours at too dear a rate.
 When merit pines while clamour is prefer'd,
 And long attachment waits among the herd;
 When no distinction, where distinction's due,
 Marks from the many the superior few;
 When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
 And makes them give at last, because they must;
 What hopes that men of real worth should prize
 What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys.

The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
 His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides :
 Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
 Nor gives from importunity, or chance ;
 But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
 When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.
 When safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
 Surround the great, importunate and loud,
 Thro' such a tumult 'tis no easy task,
 To drive the man of real worth to ask ;
 Surrounded thus, and giddy with the shew,
 'Tis hard for great men rightly to bestow ;
 From hence so few are skill'd in either case,
 To ask with dignity, or give with grace.
 Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
 Consult our genius, but neglect our hearts ;
 Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
 They lift us tow'ring on the eagle's wings :
 Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
 And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun,
 'Till we forget the hand that makes us great,
 And grow to envy, not to emulate.
 To emulate a generous warmth implies,
 To reach the virtues that make great men rise ;
 But envy wears a mean malignant face,
 And aims not at their virtues, but their place.
 Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence !
 When ev'ry favour is a fresh offence,

By which superior power is still imply'd,
 And while it helps the fortune, hurts the pride.
 Slight is the hate neglect or hardships breed,
 But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.
 Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust ?
 Methinks, I hear thee cry, the brave, the just ;
 The man by no mean fears or hopes controul'd,
 Who serves thee from affection, not for gold !
 We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
 Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave.
 No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
 To think that knaves can be of real use.
 The man who contradicts the public voice,
 And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
 Attempts a task that on the choice reflects,
 And lends us light to point out new defects.
 One worthless man that gains what he pretends,
 Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends ;
 And since no art can make a counter pass,
 Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
 When princes to bad ore their image join,
 They more debase the stamp than raise the coin ;
 Be thine that care, true merit to reward,
 And gain that good ; nor will the task be hard.
 Souls found alike so quick by nature blend,
 An honest man is more than half thy friend.
 Him no mere views, no haste to rise, shall sway,
 Thy choice to sully, or thy trust betray.

Ambition here shall at due distance stand,
 Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand :
 Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
 He views those failings with a lover's eye.
 Tho' small his genius, let him do his best,
 Our wishes and belief supply the rest :
 Let others barter servile faith for gold,
 His friendship is not to be bought or sold.
 Fierce opposition he unmov'd shall face,
 Modest in favour, daring in disgrace ;
 To share thy adverse fate alone pretend,
 In power a servant, out of power a friend.
 Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
 Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good.
 Nor think that good alone to him confin'd ;
 Such to oblige is to oblige mankind.
 If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
 The brave to cherish, and the good to grace,
 Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
 And teach us long to love the king and thee ;
 Or fall a victim, dangerous to the foe,
 And make him tremble when he strikes the blow ;
 While honour, gratitude, affection join,
 To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline.
 Illustrious doom ! the great when thus displac'd,
 With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
 In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall
 The prey and worship of the wond'ring Gaul.

No doubt to genius some reward is due,
 (Excluding that were satirizing you):
 But yet believe thy undefining friend,
 When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
 Tho' both have weight, when in the balance cast,
 Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
 And check the growth of folly and deceit,
 When party rage shall drop thro' length of days,
 And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
 Then future times shall to thy worth allow
 That fame, which envy wou'd call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, tho' for the task unfit,
 Has pointed out the rocks where others split:
 By that inspir'd, tho' stranger to the Nine,
 And negligent of any fame but thine,
 I take that friendly, but superfluous part,
 That acts from nature what I teach from art.

To a LADY on a LANDSCAPE of her Drawing.

By Mr. PARRAT.

BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand!
 A new creation blooms at her command.
 Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,
 Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.