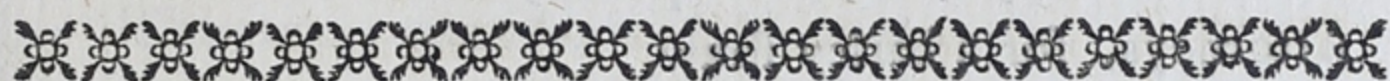


And lightning-beams flash from his glowing eyes.  
 Ev'n now he scorns the prey the defarts yield,  
 Ev'n now (as hope the future scene supplies)  
 He shakes the terror of his heav'n-form'd shield,  
 And braves th' indignant flood, and thunders o'er the field.



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



Virtue no more in rural plains,  
 Or innocence, or peace remains;  
 But vice is in the cottage found,  
 And country girls are oft unsound;  
 Fierce party-rage each village fires,  
 With wars of justices and 'squires;  
 Attorneys, for a barley straw,  
 Whole ages hamper folks in law;  
 And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame  
 About their rates, or tythes, or game:  
 Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,  
 And some for diff'rence in religions:  
 Some hold their parson the best preacher,  
 The tinker some a better teacher;  
 These to the Church they fight for, strangers  
 Have faith in nothing but her dangers;  
 While those, a more believing people,  
 Can swallow all things——but a steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,  
 Care little how these matters go,  
 And equally detest the strife  
 And usual joys of country life,  
 Have by good fortune little share  
 Of its diversions, or its care;  
 For seldom I with 'squires unite,  
 Who hunt all day, and drink all night;  
 Nor reckon wonderful inviting,  
 A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting;

But



But then no farm I occupy,  
 With sheep to rot and cows to dye :  
 Nor rage I much, or much despair,  
 Tho' in my hedge I find a snare ;  
 Nor view I, with due admiration,  
 All the high honours here in fashion ;  
 The great commissions of the quorum,  
 Terrors to all who come before 'em ;  
 Militia scarlet, edg'd with gold,  
 Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold ;  
 The representative's caressing,  
 The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing.  
 Nor can I for my soul delight  
 In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,  
 Who, if you send three days before,  
 In white gloves meets you at the door,  
 With superfluity of breeding  
 First makes you sick, and then with feeding.  
 Or if with ceremony cloy'd,  
 You wou'd next time such plagues avoid,  
 And visit without previous notice,  
 JOHN, JOHN, a coach !—I can't think who 'tis,  
 My lady cries, who spies your coach,  
 Ere you the avenue approach ;  
 Lord, how unlucky !—washing-day !  
 And all the men are in the hay !  
 Entrance to gain is something hard,  
 The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd ;



The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,  
 The hall-door's lock'd, the key is lost :  
 These difficulties all o'ercome,  
 We reach at length the drawing-room,  
 Then there's such trampling over-head,  
 Madam you'd swear was brought to bed ;  
 Miss in a hurry bursts the lock,  
 To get clean sleeves to hide her smock ;  
 The servants run, the pewter clatters,  
 My lady dresses, calls, and chatters ;  
 The cook-maid raves for want of butter,  
 Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.  
 Now after three hours tedious waiting,  
 On all our neighbours faults debating,  
 And having nine times view'd the garden,  
 In which there's nothing worth a farthing,  
 In comes my lady, and the pudden :  
 You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden—  
 Then, that we may have four and four,  
 The bacon, fowls, and colly-flow'r  
 Their ancient unity divide,  
 The top one graces, one each side ;  
 And by and by the second course  
 Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse:  
 A falver then to church and king,  
 The butler sweats, the glasses ring ;  
 The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,  
 Bawdy and politicks abound ;

And



And as the knight more tipfy waxes,  
 We damn all ministers and taxes.  
 At last the ruddy fun quite funk,  
 The coachman tolerably drunk,  
 Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,  
 Enough to dislocate one's bones,  
 We home return, a wond'rous token  
 Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.  
 Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' finners,  
 With many days like this, or dinners !

But if civilities thus tease me,  
 Nor business, nor diversions please me,  
 You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend ?  
 I answer, with a book, or friend :  
 The circulating hours dividing  
 'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding :  
 But books are still my highest joy,  
 These earliest please, and latest cloy.  
 Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,  
 By guides experienc'd taught the way ;  
 The wonders of each region view,  
 From frozen LAPLAND to PERU ;  
 Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,  
 Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair,  
 Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen  
 Recals past ages back agen,  
 Where all I see, through every page,  
 Is but how men with senseless rage



Each other rob, destroy, and burn,  
 To serve a priest's, or statesman's turn  
 Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,  
 Yet always asses much the same.  
 Sometimes I view with much delight,  
 Divines their holy game-cocks fight;  
 Here faith and works at variance set,  
 Strive hard who shall the victory get;  
 Presbytery and episcopacy  
 There fight so long, it would amaze ye:  
 Here free-will holds a fierce dispute  
 With reprobation absolute;  
 There sense kicks transubstantiation,  
 And reason pecks at revelation.  
 With learned NEWTON now I fly  
 O'er all the rolling orbs on high,  
 Visit new worlds, and for a minute  
 This old one scorn, and all that's in it:  
 And now with labouring BOYLE I trace  
 Nature thro' ev'ry winding maze,  
 The latent qualities admire  
 Of vapours, water, air, and fire:  
 With pleasing admiration see  
 Matter's surprizing subtlety;  
 As how the smallest lamp displays,  
 For miles around, its scatter'd rays;  
 Or how (the case still more t' explain)  
 \* A fart that weighs not half a grain,

<sup>a</sup> See Boyle's Experiments.



The atmosphere will oft perfume  
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day  
In happy indolence away,  
In fondly meditating o'er  
Past pleasures, and in hoping more :  
Or wander thro' the fields and woods,  
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,  
There blooming flow'rs with rapture view,  
And sparkling gems of morning dew,  
Whence in my mind ideas rise  
Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I, free from strife,  
Spend an inglorious country life ;  
These are the joys I still pursue,  
When absent from the town and you :  
Thus pass long summer suns away,  
Busily idle, calmly gay ;  
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,  
Not having much, or wishing more ;  
Except that you, when weary grown  
Of all the follies of the town,  
And seeing, in all publick places,  
The same vain fops and painted faces,  
Wou'd sometimes kindly condescend  
To visit a dull country friend :  
Here you'll be ever sure to meet  
A hearty welcome, tho' no treat,



One who has nothing else to do,  
 But to divert himself and you :  
 A house, where quiet guards the door,  
 No rural wits smoak, drink and roar ;  
 Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,  
 Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.



To a L A D Y in Town, soon after her  
 leaving the Country.

By the Same.

**W**Hilst you, dear maid, o'er thousands born to reign,  
 For the gay town exchange the rural plain,  
 The cooling breeze and ev'ning walk forsake  
 For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make ;  
 Thro' circling joys while you incessant stray,  
 Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play ;  
 Think (if successive vanities can spare  
 One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,  
 Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,  
 To weep with fountains, and with echoes groan,  
 And mourn incessantly that fatal day,  
 That all my bliss with CHLOE snatch'd away.

Say, by what arts I can relieve my pain,  
 Musick, verse, all I try, but try in vain ;  
 In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,  
 Late the companion of my CHLOE's voice.

Nor