



To the Reverend Mr. Mabell, of Cambridge,
 who has publish'd Proposals for a Trans-
 lation of Longinus.

By William Ward, Esq;

BATH, Dec. 20. 1731.

THO' great *Longinus* claims thy aiding Hand,
 And hopes, thro' thee, t' instruct a barb'rous Land,
 Where vile Conceits the Pow'r of Wit confound,
 And true *Sublimity* is lost in *Sound*;
 Where *Folly*, dress'd ten thousand various Ways,
 The Bar, the Play-houfe, and the Pulpit sways;
 Yet to my Verse thy kind Attention lend;
 Pardon the Poet, and indulge the Friend.

FROM Noise, and Nonsense, and vain Laughter free,
 I steal a thoughtful Hour, and give to thee;

To

To thee, Conductor of my heedless Youth,
Who taught me first to reverence Sense, and Truth;
Virtue to praise; and boldly Vice deride,
With all the Pomp of Fashion on her Side.

BEHOLD the Scene a motley Tribe compose,
Wives, Widows, Maids, and intermingled Beaux,
All Orders, Ages, in one League unite,
And to dear *Passage* consecrate the Night!
Now the Dice rattle in the founding Box;
Now groans the Table with repeated Knocks;
(Delightful Music to the Gamester's Ear!)
While ev'ry Bosom beats with Hope or Fear.
A *Pass* refunds — What wondrous Transports rise
In *Celia's* Breast, and lighten in her Eyes!
She sweeps the Board — The Fop, with ardent Gaze,
Admires the Beauty that her Arm displays.
But who, unmov'd, can bear the piteous Sight,
While *Cynthia* frets and raves at Fortune's Spite?

Fled

Fled from her Cheek are ev'ry Love and Grace,

And all the *Fury* threatens in her Face :

Distracted, lost, with Grief and Rage o'ercome,

She quits the Dice, and flies to storm at home.

When I a Curse implore, may courteous Fate

With such a Comfort curse the Man I hate !

But is there One amongst the Many found,

Adorn'd with Modesty, with Reason crown'd ;

Who treads the slipp'ry Paths of Youth with Care,

And uninfected breathes in tainted Air ?

If such there be, kind Heav'n, afford thy Aid,

And soften to my Wish the virtuous Maid !

SEE the Belle flutter with the sprightly Beau !

They trip it on the light, fantastick Toe :

Nor Words, nor Sighs, their am'rous Thoughts impart ;

They dance, and glitter at each other's Heart !

WITH honest Scorn survey yon various Croud,

Of supple Slaves, or Lords of Titles proud !

Stiff-

Stiff-nodding Fools! a Mob in Masquerade!
Whom Honours brand, and Dignities upbraid.

YET some there are, with Worth and Wisdom blest,
A noble Few! who satirize the rest;

Who scorn to boast their great Fore-father's Rays,
Shine of themselves, and mingle Blaze with Blaze.

And such is ORRERY; whose gen'rous Mind,
Still prone to Pity, feels for human Kind.

A Zeal for Piety inflames his Breast,
Temper'd with Charity, in Meekness dress'd:

Grandeur and Ease his ev'ry Action guide;

He nor assumes, nor condescends, in Pride:

Add sprightly Wit, by prudent Laws confin'd,

A Judgment sober, and by Books refin'd:

Add, that the *Muses* ev'ry Charm dispense,

To tune his Voice, and beautify the Sense.

202 P O E M S

THIS to my Friend: And, O! may this inspire
Love of fair Fame, and fan the sacred Fire!
Dare to have Taste, and urge thy glorious Toil,
To teach th' Unknowing, and to please a BOYLE.

