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A
P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO THE
REV. MR. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. NEWBURY, in St. Paul's Church-yard.
MDCCLXV.

T O T H E

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

Dear Sir,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear Brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few;

a

while

while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame, is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgments produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent divisions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. And as they offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all favour to themselves, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we
not

not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. A mind capable of relishing general beauty, when once infected with this disease, can only find pleasure in what contributes to encrease the distemper. Like the tyger that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I much solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in other states, though differently governed from our own; that each state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each state, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, How far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

T H E
T R A V E L L E R,
O R A
P R O S P E C T of S O C I E T Y.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanded to the skies.

B

Where'er

Where'er I roam, whatever realm to see,
 My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 Or drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian fairs attend;
 Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair;
 Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care:
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;

That

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a penfive hour to spend ;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosome vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,

Ye lakes, whose vefels catch the bufy gale,
 Ye bending fwains, that drefs the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary ftores combine ;
 Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

As fome lone mifer vifiting his ftore,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
 Hoards after hoards his rifing raptures fill,
 Yet ftill he fighs, for hoards are wanting ftill :
 Thus to my breaft alternate paffions rife,
 Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man fupplies :
 Yet oft a figh prevails, and forrows fall,
 To fee the fum of human blifs fo fmall ;
 And oft I wifh, amidft the fcene, to find
 Some fpot to real happinefs confign'd,
 Where my worn foul, each wand'ring hope at reft,
 May gather blifs to fee my fellows bleft.

Yet, where to find that happieft fpot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The fhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happieft fpot his own,

Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease ;
The naked Savage, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Nor less the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home,

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share ;
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

From Art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, splendours, honour, liberty, content :
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the favourite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
 Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
 Bright as the Summer, Italy extends ;
 Her uplands slooping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;

hile oft some temple's mould'ring top between,
ith venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
ie fons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
hat proudly rise or humbly court the ground,
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
hose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
ith vernal lives that blossom but to die;
hese here disporting own the kindred soil,
or ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
hile sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
o winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
nd sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
A florid beauty groves and fields appear,
hen seem the only growth that dwindles here.
ontrasted faults through all their manners reign,
hough poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,

Though

Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
And even in penance planning fins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed, leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column fought the skies;
The canvass glow'd beyond even Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
But, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other shores her fail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;

Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child ;
At ſports like theſe, while foreign arms advance,
In paſſive eaſe they leave the world to chance.

When noble aims have ſuffer'd long controul,
They ſink at laſt, or feebly man the ſoul ;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meaneſs occupy the mind :
As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidſt the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.

My ſoul turn from them, turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread ;

No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No Zephyr fondly fooths the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the foil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his ven'trous plow-share to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,
He fits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze :
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays the cleanly platter on the board ;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast ;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

These are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants are few, their wishes all confin'd.

Yet

Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
Since every want, that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fan'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd their manners run,

And

And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart,
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
We turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew ;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandfire, skill'd in geftic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threefcore.

So bleft a life thefe thoughtlefs realms difplay,
 Thus idly bufy rolls their world away :
 Theirs are thofe arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the focial temper here.
 Honour, that praife which real merit gains,
 Or even imaginary worth obtains,
 Here paffes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It fhifts in fplendid traffic round the land :
 From courts to camps, to cottages it ftrays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praife ;
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get efteem,
 Till, feeming bleft, they grow to what they feem.

But while this fofter art their blifs fupplies,
 It gives their follies alfo room to rife ;
 For praife too dearly lov'd, or warmly fought,
 Enfeebles all internal ftrength of thought,

And

And the weak foul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride,
Onward methinks, and diligently flow
The firm connected bulwark seems to go ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.

While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
 The flow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
 The willow tufted bank, the gliding fail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected foil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,

And

And calmly bent, to fervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that sleep beneath the storm,

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the fons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the fount my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;

Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
 But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy:
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All kindred claims that soften life unknown;
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Whilst over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stopt, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As social bonds decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
Till Time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
That land of scholars, and that nurse of arms ;
Where noble stems transmit the patriot claim,
And monarchs toil and poets paint for fame ;
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, foldiers, kings unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedoms ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure ;

For just experience tells in every foil,
That those who think must govern those that toil,
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Much on the low, the rest, as rank supplies,
Should in columnar diminution rise;
While, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a fictitious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchafe slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;

'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ;
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;

Where wild Oswego spreads her fwamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring found?

Even now, perhaps as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The penfive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a fond look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

Still to ourfelves in every place config'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With fecret courfe, which no loud ftorms annoy,
Glides the fmooth current of domeftic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of fteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reafon, faith and confcience all our own.

T H E E N D.

R E T A L I A T I O N :

A

P O E M.

By DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

I N C L U D I N G

E P I T A P H S

O N S O M E O F T H E M O S T

Distinguished W I T S of this M E T R O P O L I S.

The F O U R T H E D I T I O N, corrected.

With E X P L A N A T O R Y N O T E S, and O B S E R V A T I O N S.



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Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at N^o 46, in Fleet-Street.

M. DCC. LXXIV.

T O

MR. K E A R S L Y,

BOOKSELLER in FLEET-STREET.

S I R,

*I*N some part of Doctor GOLDSMITH's Works, he confesses himself so unable to resist the hungry attacks of wretched Compilers, that he contents himself with the demand of the fat Man who, when at Sea, and the

B

Crew

Crew in great want of Provisions, was pitched on by the Sailors as the properest subject to supply their wants: He found the necessity of acquiescence, at the same time making the most reasonable Demand of the first cut off himself for himself. If the Doctor in his Life-time was forced by these Anthropophagi to such capitulations, what respect can we now expect from them? will they not dine on his memory? To rescue him from this insult, I send you an authentic copy of the last poetic Production of this great and good Man; of which, I recommend an early publication, to prevent spurious Editions being ushered into the World. — Doctor Goldsmith belonged to a club of Beaux Esprits, where Wit sparkled sometimes at the expence of Good-nature. — It was proposed to write Epitaphs on the

Doctor 3

Doctor ; his Country, Dialect and Person, furnished subjects of Witticism. — The Doctor was called on for Retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following Poem, which I think adds one Leaf to his immortal Wreatb.

RET A-

R E T A L I A T I O N :

A.

P O E M.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united ;

If our (a) landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish :

(a) The Master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the Friends he has characterized in this Poem, held an occasional Club.

G.

Our

Our (b) Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
 Our (c) Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;
 Our (d) Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
 And (e) Dick with his pepper, shall heighten their favour :
 Our (f) Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 And (g) Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :

(b) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(c) Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

(d) Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

(e) Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

(f) Author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

(g) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a *Citizen of the World*, than a *sound Critic*, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and *Bower's History of the Popes*.

Our

Our (*b*) Garrick's a fallad, for in him we fee
 Oil, vinegar, fugar, and faltnefs agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That (*i*) Ridge is anchovy; and (*k*) Reynolds is lamb ;
 That (*l*) Hickey's a capon, and by the fame rule,
 Magnanimous Goldfmith, a goofberry fool :
 At a dinner fo various, at fuch a repaft,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and flick to the laft :

(*b*) David Garrick, Efq; joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane. For the *other parts* of his character, *vide* the Poem.

(*i*) Counfellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the *relish* of whose agreeable and pointed converfation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above fauce.

(*k*) Sir Joshua Reynolds, Prefident of the Royal Academy.

(*l*) An eminent Attorney, whose hofpitality and good-humour have acquired him, in this Club, the title of 'honeft Tom Hickey.'

Here,

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good (*m*) Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth ::
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good (*n*) Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;

(*m*) Vide Page 6. (*n*) Ibid.

Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind.
 Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat;
 To persuade (o) Tommy Townfend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;
 Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient,
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

(o) Mr. T. Townfend, Member for Whitchurch.

Here lies honest (*p*) William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none,
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
 What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
 (*q*) Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ;

Now

(*p*) Vide Page 6.

(*q*) Mr. Richard Burke ; *vide* page 6. This gentleman having slightly fractured

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all ?
 In short so provoking a Devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick,
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here (*r*) Cumberland lies having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

tured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of *retributive* justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

(*r*) Vide page 6.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a croud
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say was it that vainly directing his view,
 To find out mens virtues and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last and drew from himself ?

Here

Here (s) Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines,
 When Satire and Censure encircl'd his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our (t) Dodds shall be pious, our (u) Kenricks shall lecture ;
 (x) Macpherfon write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our (y) Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;

(s) Vide page 6.

(t) The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

(u) Mr. Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the Title of
 ' The School of Shakespeare.'

(x) James Macpherfon, Esq; who lately, from the mere *force of his style*,
 wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

(y) Vide page 9.

New (z) Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies (a) David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line,
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art ;
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd, with rouge, his own natural red.

(z) Vide page 6.

(a) Vide page 7.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting:
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day;
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.

But

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,

If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye (*b*) Kenricks, ye (*c*) Kellys, and (*d*) Woodfalls fo grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?

How did Grub-freet re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,

While he was berofcius'd, and you were beprais'd?

But peace to his fpirit, wherever it flies,

To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :

(*b*) Vide page 13.

(*c*) Hugh Kelly, Esq; Author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wife, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

(*d*) Mr. William Woodfall, Printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Those

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his (e) Kellys above.

Here (f) Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature :
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper :
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser ;
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ;
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.

(e) Vide page 16.

(f) Vide p. 7.

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest; ah no!
 Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here (*g*) Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wifer or better behind;
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing:

(*g*) Vide page 7.

When

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
 He shifted his (*b*) trumpet, and only took snuff.

(*b*) Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company; he is, at the same time, equally remarkable for taking a great quantity of snuff: his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time described, must be allowed, by those who have been witnesses of such a scene, to be as happily given upon *paper*, as that great Artist himself, perhaps, could have exhibited upon *canvas*.

T H E E N D.

