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about Town books

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Artemisia

Tho' *Artemisia* talks, by Fits,
Of Councils, Classicks, Fathers, Wits;
 Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*:
Yet in some Things methinks she fails,
"Twere well if she would pare her Nails,
 And wear a cleaner Smock.

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* Bride,
Such Nastiness and so much Pride
 Are odly join'd by Fate:
On her large Squab you find her spread,
Like a fat Corpse upon a Bed,
 That lies and stinks in State.

She wears no Colours (sign of Grace)
On any Part except her Face;
 All white and black beside:
Dauntless her Look, her Gesture proud,
Her Voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her Stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating Thing, a Magpy height,
 Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless Animal,
That plies the Tongue, and wags the Tail,
 All Flutter, Pride, and Talk.

See what Delights in Sylvan Scenes appear!
 Descending Gods have found *Elysium* here.
 In Woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* stray'd,
 And chast *Diana* haunts the Forest Shade.
 Come lovely Nymph, and bless the silent Hours,
 When Swains from Sheering seek their nightly
 Bow'rs;
 When weary Reapers quit the sultry Field,
 And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to *Ceres* yield.
 This harmless Grove no lurking Viper hides,
 But in my Breast the Serpent Love abides.
 Here Bees from Blossoms sip the rosie Dew,
 But your *Alexis* knows no Sweets but you.
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken Seats,
 The mossie Fountains, and the Green Retreats!
 Where-e'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a Shade,
 Where-e'er you tread, the blushing Flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your Eyes.
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my Days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your Praise;
 Your Praise the Birds shall chant in ev'ry Grove,
 And Winds shall waft it to the Pow'rs above.
 But wou'd you sing, and rival *Orpheus*' Strain,
 The wondring Forests soon shou'd dance again,
 The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,
 And headlong Streams hang list'ning in their Fall!
 But see, the Shepherds shun the Noon-day Heat,
 The lowing Herds to murm'ring Brooks retreat,
 To closer Shades the panting Flocks remove,
 Ye Gods! and is there no Relief for Love?

But soon the Sun with milder Rays descends
 To the cool Ocean, where his Journey ends;
 On me Love's fiercer Flames for ever prey,
 By Night he scorches, as he burns by Day.

But most by *Numbers* judge a Poet's Song,
And *smooth* or *rough*, with them, is *right* or *wrong*;
In the bright *Muse* tho' thousand *Charms* conspire,
Her *Voice* is all these tuneful Fools admire,
Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their Ear, }
Not mend their Minds; as some to *Church* repair,
Not for the *Doctrine*, but the *Musick* there.
These *Equal Syllables* alone require,
Tho' oft the Ear the *open Vowels* tire,
While *Expletives* their feeble Aid *do* join,
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line,
While they ring round the same *unvary'd Chimes*,
With sure *Returns* of still *expected Rhymes*.
Where-e'er you find the *cooling Western Breeze*,
In the next Line, it *whispers thro' the Trees*;
If *Chrystal Streams* with *pleasing Murmurs* creep,
The Reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with *Sleep*.
Then, at the *last*, and *only* Couplet fraught
With some *unmeaning* Thing they call a *Thought*,
A *needless Alexandrine* ends the Song,
That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull Rhimes, and know
What's *roundly smooth*, or *languishingly slow*;
And praise the *Easie Vigor* of a Line,
Where *Denham's* Strength, and *Waller's* Sweetness join.
True Ease in Writing comes from Art, not Chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,
The *Sound* must seem an *Eccho* to the *Sense*.
Soft is the Strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the *smooth Stream* in *smoother Numbers* flows;
But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,

The *hoarse, rough Verse* shou'd like the *Torrent* roar.
When *Ajax* strives, some *Rocks' vast Weight* to throw,
The Line too *labours*, and the Words move *slow*;
Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the Plain,
Flies o'er th' *unbending Corn*, and skims along the Main.

from Epistle to Miss Blount, With the Works
of Voiture
[lines 49–68]

The Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her Pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled *Flanders* Mares,
The shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,
And to compleat her Bliss, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in *Balls*, *Front-boxes*, and the *Ring*,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward Part,
She sighs, and is no *Dutchess* at her Heart.

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd *Hymen's* willing Victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless Charms,
Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms;
Good Humour only teaches Charms to last,
Still makes new Conquests, and maintains the past:
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like That decay,
Our Hearts may bear its slender Chain a Day,
As flow'ry Bands in Wantonness are worn;
A Morning's Pleasure, and at Evening torn:
This binds in Ties more easie, yet more strong,
The willing Heart, and only holds it long.

from The Temple of Fame
[lines 356–91]

Then came the smallest Tribe I yet had seen,
Plain was their Dress, and modest was their Mein.
Great Idol of Mankind! we neither claim
The Praise of Merit, nor aspire to Fame;
But safe in Desarts from th' Applause of Men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from Sight
Those Acts of Goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret Joy partake,
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake.

And live there Men who slight immortal Fame?
Who then with Incense shall adore our Name?
But Mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest Pride,
To blaze those Virtues which the Good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful Breath,
These must not sleep in Darkness and in Death.
She said: in Air the trembling Musick floats,
And on the Winds triumphant swell the Notes;
So soft, tho high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from Heaven to hear:
To farthest Shores th' Ambrosial Spirit flies,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies.

Next these a youthful Train their Vows exprest,
With Feathers crown'd, with gay Embroid'ry drest;
Hither, they cry'd, direct your Eyes, and see
The Men of Pleasure, Dress, and Gallantry:
Ours is the Place at Banquets, Balls and Plays;
Sprightly our Nights, polite are all our Days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing Care
To pay due Visits, and address the Fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no Nymph we cou'd persuade,
But still in Fancy vanquish'd ev'ry Maid;

Of unknown Dutchesses leud Tales we tell,
Yet would the World believe us, all were well.
The Joy let others have, and we the Name,
And what we want in Pleasure, grant in Fame.

from Windsor-Forest

[lines 111-34 and 327-54]

See! from the Brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant Wings;
Short is his Joy! he feels the fiery Wound,
Flutters in Blood, and panting beats the Ground.
Ah! what avail his glossie, varying Dyes,
His Purple Crest, and Scarlet-circled Eyes,
The vivid Green his shining Plumes unfold;
His painted Wings, and Breast that flames with Gold?

Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the Sky,
The Woods and Fields their pleasing Toils deny.
To Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair,
And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare.
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their Fellow Beasts pursue,
And learn of Man each other to undo.)
With slaught'ring Guns th'unweary'd Fowler roves,
When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves;
Where Doves in Flocks the leafless Trees o'ershade,
And lonely Woodcocks haunt the watry Glade.
He lifts the Tube, and levels with his Eye;
Strait a short Thunder breaks the frozen Sky.
Oft, as in Airy Rings they skim the Heath,
The clam'rous Lapwings feel the Leaden Death:
Oft as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little Lives in Air.

At length great ANNA said – Let Discord cease!
She said, the World obey'd, and all was *Peace*!

In that blest Moment, from his Oozy Bed
Old Father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend Head.
His Tresses dropt with Dews, and o'er the Stream
His shining Horns diffus'd a golden Gleam:

Grav'd on his Urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
 His swelling Waters, and alternate Tydes;
 The figur'd Streams in Waves of Silver roll'd,
 And on their Banks *Augusta* rose in Gold.
 Around his Throne the Sea-born Brothers stood,
 Who swell with Tributary Urns his Flood.
 First the fam'd Authors of his ancient Name,
 The winding *Isis*, and the fruitful *Tame*:
 The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd;
 The *Loddon* slow, with verdant Alders crown'd:
Cole, whose dark Streams his flow'ry Islands lave;
 And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky Wave:
 The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;
 The gulphy *Lee* his sedgy Tresses rears:
 And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving Flood;
 And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* Blood.

High in the midst, upon his Urn reclin'd,
 (His Sea-green Mantle waving with the Wind)
 The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure Eyes
 Where *Windsor*-Domes and pompous Turrets rise,
 Then bow'd and spoke; the Winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd Waves glide softly to the Shore.

from To Mr Addison, Occasioned by his Dialogues
 on Medals

[lines 1-30]

See the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad Sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
 Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd,
 Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd;
 Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods;
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
 Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they;
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage;
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
 That Name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd; She found it vain to trust
 The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust;
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
 Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin:
 A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps,
 Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa weeps,
 Here scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine,
 A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.