

MISCELLANIES

IN

P R O S E A N D V E R S E.

BY

CAPTAIN THOMAS MORRIS.

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PREAMBLE.

SOME reason perhaps ought to be assigned for my troubling the public with the following narrative. I shall satisfy those who may be of that opinion both with respect to it and the other writings contained in this volume. The truth is this : the Journal had lain for many years in a chest among other papers, unseen either by myself or my friends. But on a late unsuccessful event, I thought that, for the benefit of my children, I ought to attempt to repair the injury I had done them by my speculations, and as every one who knew the
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story of my adventures in America, allowed that I had a claim on government, I determined to make it. I therefore drew up a memorial to his Majesty, setting forth, that my grandfather, my father, and myself had all been captains in the 17th regiment of foot, and my uncle Lieutenant Colonel to that regiment, &c. To this I annexed the following Journal. But having in vain sought a mediator between Majesty and me, I dropt all thoughts of the memorial. It happened soon after that I entreated a respectable gentleman of my acquaintance, a man of letters in whose judgment I place implicit faith, to criticise my translation of Racine's Phædra. This he very kindly undertook, and even spoke to Mr. Harris concerning it, who, with great politeness, offered me his theatre, if a principal performer, whom he named, would undertake the chief character. I read the play to that performer; but the length of some of the speeches, though shortened as far as my
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own judgment would permit, its being a translation, though of the finest tragedy the French can boast; the extravagant encomiums which I lavished on Mademoiselle Dumènil, whose manner of acting I wished her to imitate, &c. &c. &c. made her lukewarm, when I wanted her to be an enthusiast: so that design was dropped. One day, however, previous to this, when the gentleman, whom I have mentioned, had been employed in examining the original, while I read the translation; at the conclusion of the business, I said: "I have here an attempt at an ode; "'tis a new fancy of mine: 'tis in honour of "the national assembly of France." He read it, and desired that it might be published in a newspaper: and he afterwards encouraged me to publish three more, which, together with the first, are in this volume, and also another, not published before. I then read to him some remarks on the poetical elocution of the theatre, and on the manner of acting tragedy;

gedy : these he likewise advised me to publish in a volume, together with the odes and other pieces of poetry. Some time after I spoke by accident of my memorial and journal. He was surpris'd at my account of an adventure which, in the course of fifteen years acquaintance, he had never heard me mention. After taking it home and reading it, he advised me to print the Journal with my odes, &c. to complete the volume ; for though neither the volume nor the Journal, as he said, might be of use to me, they might, possibly, some time or other, procure a friend or protector to one of my children. I have followed his advice. This is a plain and simple tale, accounting for my presumption in offering to the public an old story relating to one whose wish used to be, to lie concealed in domestic life ; a wish, in which he has been amply gratified by the very obliging silence of some of his nearest connexions.

JOURNAL

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OF
CAPTAIN 'THOMAS MORRIS,
OF
His Majesty's XVII Regiment of Infantry.

GENERAL Bradstreet, who commanded an army sent against those Indian nations who had cut off several English garrisons, of which we had taken possession after the surrender of Canada, having too hastily determined to send an officer to take possession also of the Illinois country in his Britannic Majesty's name, sent his Aid de Camp to find me on the occasion. His Aid de Camp desired me to recommend some officer with qualities he described. I named every one that I could recol-

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lect ; but he always answered me shortly : “ No, “ no ; he won’t do.” I then began to suspect that he might have a design on myself. Accordingly I said : “ If I thought my services would be acceptable”——He interrupted me : “ That is what is “ wanted.” I replied : “ Why did you not say so “ at first ?” He said, with an oath : “ It is not a “ thing to be asked of any man.” I answered : “ If “ the General thinks me the properest person, I am “ ready.” I was immediately conducted to the General ; and while I was at dinner with him, he said, in his frank manner : “ Morris, I have a “ French fellow here, my prisoner, who expects to “ be hanged for treason ; he speaks all the Indian “ languages, and if you think he can be of use to “ you, I’ll send for him, pardon him, and send him “ with you.” I answered : “ I am glad you have “ thought of it, Sir ; I wish you would.” The prisoner, whose name was Godefroi, was accordingly sent for ; and, as soon as he entered the tent, he turned pale, and fell on his knees, begging for mercy. The General telling him that it was in his power to hang him, concluded with saying : “ I give thee thy “ life ; take care of this gentleman.” The man
expressed

expressed a grateful sense of the mercy shewn him, and protested that he would be faithful : and indeed his behaviour afterwards proved that he was sincere in his promise. As General Bradstreet had pardoned him on my account, he considered me as his deliverer. Little minds hate obligations ; and thence the transition is easy to the hatred of their benefactor : this man's soul was of another make, and, though in a low station, a noble pride urged him to throw a heavier weight of obligation on him to whom he thought he was indebted for his liberty, if not his life ; and I had the singular satisfaction of owing those blessings to one who fancied he owed the same to me.

While I was preparing to set out, the boats being almost laden with our provisions and necessaries, the Aid de Camp told me, that if the Indian deputies, who were expected to arrive at the camp that evening, did not come, the Uttawaw village, where I was to lie that night, would be attacked at three o'clock in the morning ; “ but that,” added he, “ will make no difference in your affairs.” I was astonished that the General could think so : but I made no reply to him, and we talked of other mat-

ters. However, as I was stepping into my boat, some canoes appeared, and I came on shore again, and found they were the Indian deputies who were expected. This I thought a very happy incident for me ; and having received proper powers and instructions I set out in good spirits from Cedar Point, in Lake Erie, on the 26th of August, 1764, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at the same time that the army proceeded for Detroit. My escort consisted of Godefroï, and another Canadian, two servants, twelve Indians, our allies, and five Mohawks, with a boat in which were our provisions, who were to attend us to the mouth of the Miamis river, about ten leagues distant, and then return to the army. I had with me likewise Warfong, the great Chippawaw chief, and Attawang, an Uttawaw chief, with some other Indians of their nations, who had come the same day to our camp with proposals of peace. We lay that night at the mouth of the Miamis river.

I was greatly delighted on observing the difference of temper betwixt these Indian strangers and those of my old acquaintance of the five nations. Godefroï was employed in interpreting to me all their pleasantries ;

pleasantries ; and I thought them the most agreeable ralliers I had ever met with. As all men love those who resemble themselves, the sprightly manners of the French cannot fail to recommend them to these savages, as our grave deportment is an advantage to us among our Indian neighbours ; for it is certain that a reserved Englishman differs not more from a lively Frenchman than does a stern Mohawk from a laughing Chippawaw. The next day (27th) we arrived at the Swifts, six leagues from the mouth of the river, and the Uttawaw chief sent to his village for horses. Soon after a party of young Indians came to us on horseback, and the two Canadians and myself having mounted, we proceeded, together with the twelve Indians my escort, who were on foot, and marched in the front, the chief carrying English colours, towards the village, which was two leagues and a half distant. On our approaching it, I was astonished to see a great number of white flags flying ; and, passing by the encampment of the Miamis, while I was admiring the regularity and contrivance of it, I heard a yell, and found myself surrounded by Pontiac's army, consisting of six hundred savages, with tomahawks in their hands,

who

who beat my horse, and endeavoured to separate me from my Indians, at the head of whom I had placed myself on our discovering the village. By their malicious smiles, it was easy for me to guess their intention of putting me to death. They led me up to a person, who stood advanced before two slaves (prisoners of the Panis nation, taken in war and kept in slavery) who had arms, himself holding a fusée with the butt on the ground. By his dress, and the air he assumed, he appeared to be a French officer: I afterwards found that he was a native of old France, had been long in the regular troops as a drummer, and that his war-name was St. Vincent. This fine dressed half French, half Indian figure desired me to dismount; a bear-skin was spread on the ground, and St. Vincent and I sat upon it, the whole Indian army, circle within circle, standing round us. Godefrois sat at a little distance from us; and presently came Pontiac, and squatted himself, after his fashion, opposite to me. This Indian has a more extensive power than ever was known among that people; for every chief used to command his own tribe: but eighteen nations, by French intrigue, had been brought to unite, and chose this man
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for their commander, after the English had conquered Canada ; having been taught to believe that, aided by France, they might make a vigorous push and drive us out of North America. Pondiac asked me in his language, which Godefroi interpreted, " whether I was come to tell lies, like the rest of my countrymen." He said, " That Ononteeo (the French king) was not crushed as the English had reported, but had got upon his legs again," and presented me a letter from New Orleans, directed to him, written in French, full of the most improbable falsehoods, though beginning with a truth. The writer mentioned the repulse of the English troops in the Mississippi, who were going to take possession of Fort Chartres, blamed the Natchez nation for their ill conduct in that affair, made our loss in that attack to be very considerable, and concluded with assuring him, that a French army was landed in Louisiana, and that his father (the French king) would drive the English out of the country. I began to reason with him ; but St. Vincent hurried me away to his cabin ; where, when he talked to me of the French army, I asked him if he thought me fool enough to give credit to that account ;

count ; and told him that none but the simple Indians could be so credulous. Attawang, the Uttawaw chief, came to seek me, and carried me to his cabin. The next day (28th) I went to the grand council, and addressed the chiefs. When I mentioned that their father, the king of France, had ceded those countries to their brother the king of England, (for so the two kings are called by the Indians) the great Miamis chief started up and spoke very loud, in his singular language, and laughed. Godefroi whispered me, that it was very lucky that he received my intelligence with contempt and not anger, and desired me to say no more, but sit down, and let my chief speak ; accordingly I sat down, and he produced his belts, and spoke. I have called the Miamis tongue a singular language ; because it has no affinity in its sound with any other Indian language which I have heard. It is much wondered whence this nation came ; who differ as much from all the other nations in their superstitious practices, as in their speech, and manner of encamping. As they left the Uttawaw villages before me on their way home, we traced their encampments, where we saw their offerings of tobacco, made by every individual

vidual each morning, ranged in the nicest order, on long slips of bark both on the shore, and on rocks in the river. They carry their God in a bag, which is hung in the front of their encampment, and is visited by none but the priest; if any other person presumes to advance between the front of the encampment and that spirit in the bag, he is put to death: and I was told that a drunken French soldier, who had done so, was with great difficulty saved. When the council was over, St. Vincent changed his note, and told me that if I could ensure to him his pardon, he would go to Detroit. I answered him, "that it was not in my power to promise it." However, as I found that I could not well do without him, I contrived to make him my friend. Pontiac said to my chief: "If you have made peace with the English, we have no business to make war on them. The war-belts came from you." He afterwards said to Godefrois: "I will lead the nations to war no more; let'em be at peace, if they chuse it: but I myself will never be a friend to the English. I shall now become a wanderer in the woods; and if they come to seek me there, while I have an ar-

“row left, I will shoot at them.” This I imagined he said in despair, and gave it as my opinion, that he might easily be won to our interest; and it afterwards proved so. He made a speech to the chiefs, who wanted to put me to death, which does him honour; and shews that he was acquainted with the law of nations: “We must not,” said he, “kill ambassadors: do we not send them to the Flat-heads, our greatest enemies, and they to us? Yet these are always treated with hospitality.” The following day (29th) the Mokawk, who commanded the Indians in the provision-boat, stole away, without taking my letter to General Bradstreet, as he had been ordered, having, the night before, robbed us of almost every thing, and sold my rum (two barrels) to the Uttawaws. The greater part of the warriors got drunk; and a young Indian drew his knife, and made a stroke at me; but Godefroi seized his arm, threw him down, and took the knife from him. He certainly saved my life, for I was sitting, and could not have avoided the blow though I saw it coming. I was now concealed under my matress, as all the young Indians were determined to murder me; was afterwards obliged to put on Indian shoes and

cover

cover myself with a blanket to look like a savage, and escape by fording the river into a field of Indian corn with St. Vincent, Godefroi, and the other Canadian. Pontiac asked Godefroi, who returned to the village to see what was going on, "what he had done with the English man." And being told, he said, "you have done well." Attawang came to see me, and made his two sons guard me. Two Kickapoo chiefs came to me, and spoke kindly, telling me that they had not been at war with the English for seven years. Two Miamis came likewise, and told me that I need not be afraid to go to their village. A Huron woman however abused me because the English had killed her son. Late at night I returned to Attawang's cabin, where I found my servant concealed under a blanket, the Indians having attempted to murder him; but they had been prevented by St. Vincent. There was an alarm in the night, a drunken Indian having been seen at the skirt of the wood. One of the Delaware nation, who happened to be with Pontiac's army, passing by the cabin where I lay, called out in broken English: "D——d son of a b——ch." All this while I saw none of my own Indians: I be-

lieve their situation was almost as perilous as my own. The following day (30th) the Miamis and Kickapoos set out on their return home, as provisions were growing scarce. An Indian, called the little chief, told Godefroi that he would send his son with me, and made me a present of a volume of Shakespear's plays; a singular gift from a savage. He however begged a little gun-powder in return, a commodity to him much more precious than diamonds. The next day (31st) I gave Attawang, who was going to Detroit, a letter for General Bradstreet, and to one of my servants whom I sent along with this chief, I gave another for his Aid de Camp. And now, having purchased three horses and hired two canoes to carry our little baggage, I set out once more, having obtained Pondiac's consent, for the Illinois country, with my twelve Indians, the two Canadians, one servant, St. Vincent's two slaves, and the little chief's son and nephew. There was scarcely any water in the channel of the river, owing to the great drought, so that the canoes could hardly be dragged along empty in some places. We passed by the island where is Pondiac's village, and arrived at a little village consisting of only two pretty

pretty large cabins, and three small ones, and here we encamped : that is, we lay on the ground ; and as a distinguished personage, I was honoured by having a few small branches under me, and a sort of basket-work made by bending boughs with their ends fixed in the earth, for me to thrust my head under to avoid the musketoes or large gnats with which that country is infested. The day following (August 1st) arrived St. Vincent and Pondiac. The latter gave the former the great belt, forty years old, on which were described two hundred and ten villages. St. Vincent joined us, and we set forward, and arrived at another village of the Uttawaws, the last of their villages we had to pass. One of the chiefs of this village gave me his hand, and led us into the cabin for strangers, where was Katapelleecy, a chief of very great note, who gave his hand to all my fellow-travellers, but not to me. This man was a famous dreamer, and told St. Vincent that he had talked with the great spirit the preceding night ; and had he happened to dream any thing to my disadvantage the night I lay there, it had been over with me. The Indian who gave me his hand, went into the upper range of beds, and came down dressed in a laced scarlet

let coat with blue cuffs, and a laced hat. I wondered more at the colour of the cloaths than at the finery; and was told that it was a present from the English, and that this Indian had conducted Sir William Johnson to Detroit. The next morning (2d) he told me the English were liars; that if I spoke falsehoods he should know it, and asked why the General desired to see the Indians at Detroit, and if he would cloathe them. I assured him that the General sought their friendship; and gave him, at his own request, a letter of recommendation to him. We then continued our route towards the Miamis country, putting our baggage into the canoes, but the greater part of us went by land, as the water was so shallow, that those who worked the canoes were frequently obliged to wade and drag them along. We met an Indian and his wife in a canoe returning from hunting; and bought plenty of venison ready dressed, some turkeys, and a great deal of dried fish for a small quantity of powder and shot. The following day (3d) we were over-taken by Pondiac's nephew and two other young Uttawaws, who, with the Chippawaws before-mentioned, made the party twenty-four. We met an Indian who, as we afterwards

wards found, had been despatched to Pontiac with belts from the Shawanese and Delawares; but he would not stop to talk to us. This day I saw made the most extraordinary meal to which I ever was or ever can be witness. Till these last named Indians joined us we had killed nothing but a very large wild cat, called 'a pichou, which indeed was very good eating: but this day we eat two deer, some wild turkeys, wild geese, and wild ducks, besides a great quantity of Indian corn. Of the wild ducks and Indian corn we made broth; the Indians made spoons of the bark of a tree in a few minutes, and, for the first time, I eat of boiled wild duck. When we marched on after dinner, I could perceive no fragments left. What an Indian can eat is scarcely credible to those who have not seen it. Indeed the Frenchmen, who had been used to savage life, expressed their astonishment at the quantity which had been devoured. The next day (4th) we found plenty of game, having sufficient time to hunt for it, as the canoes were for the greatest part of the day dragged along, there not being water sufficient to float them. The day after (5th) we met an Indian on a handsome white horse, which had been General Braddock's,

Braddock's, and had been taken ten years before when that General was killed on his march to Fort du Quesne, afterwards called Fort Pitt, on the Ohio. The following day (6th) we arrived at a rocky shoal, where the water was not more than two or three inches deep, and found a great number of young Indians spearing fish with sticks burnt at the end and sharpened ; an art at which they are very dexterous ; for the chief, who steered my canoe with a setting-pole (no oars being used the whole way), whenever he saw a fish, used to strike it through with his pole, though the end had been blunted and made as flat and broad as a shilling, pin it to the ground, then lift it out of the water, and shake it into the boat. I never saw him miss a fish which he took aim at. The day after, on the seventh of September, in the morning we got into easy water, and arrived at the meadow near the Miamis fort, pretty early in the day. We were met at the bottom of the meadow by almost the whole village, who had brought spears and tomahawks, in order to despatch me ; even little children had bows and arrows to shoot at the Englishman who was come among them ; but I had the good fortune to stay in the canoe,

canoe, reading the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra, in the volume of Shakespear which the little chief had given me, when the rest went on shore, though perfectly ignorant of their intention, I pushed the canoe over to the other side of the river, where I saw a man cutting wood. I was surprised to hear him speak English. On questioning him I found he was a prisoner, had been one of Lieutenant Holmes's garrison at the Miamis Fort, which officer the Indians had murdered, a young squaw whom he kept having enticed him out of the garrison under a pretext of her mother's wanting to be bled. They cut off his head, brought it to the fort, and threw it into the coporal's bed, and afterwards killed all the garrison except five or six whom they reserved as victims to be sacrificed when they should lose a man in their wars with the English. They had all been killed except this one man whom an old squaw had adopted as her son. Some years afterwards, when I lay on board a transport in the harbour of New York, in order to return to Europe, Sir Henry Moore, then governor of that province, came to bid me adieu, and was rowed on board by this very man among others. The man immediately recollected

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me ; and we felt, on seeing each other, what those only can feel who have been in the like situations. On our arrival at the fort, the chiefs assembled, and passed me by, when they presented the pipe of friendship ; on which I looked at Godefrois, and said : “ Mauvais augure pour moi.” A bad omen for me. Nor was I mistaken ; for they led my Indians to the village, on the other side of the water, and told me to stay in the fort with the French inhabitants ; though care had been taken to forbid them to receive me into their houses, and some strings of wampum, on which the French had spoken to spare my life, had been refused. We wondered at this treatment, as we expected that I should be civilly received ; but soon learned that this change of temper was owing to the Shawanese and Delawares, a deputation of fifteen of them having come there with fourteen belts and six strings of wampum ; who, in the name of their nations, and of the Senecas, declared they would perish to a man before they would make peace with the English : seven of them had returned to their villages ; five were gone to Wyaut ; and three had set out the morning I had arrived for St. Joseph ; (a fortunate circumstance for me, for they had

had determined to kill me). The Shawanese and Delawares begged of the Miamis either to put us to death (the Indians and myself) or to tie us and send us prisoners to their villages, or at least to make us return. They loaded the English with the heaviest reproaches ; and added, that while the sun shone they would be at enmity with us. The Kiccapoos, Mascoutins, and Wiatanons, who happened to be at the Miamis village declared, that they would dispatch me at their villages, if the Miamis should let me pass. The Shawanese and Delawares concluded their speeches with saying : “ This is the last belt we shall “ send you, till we send the hatchet ; which will be “ about the end of next month (October).” Doubtless their design was to amuse General Bradstreet with fair language, to cut off his army at Sandusky, when least expected, and then to send the hatchet to the nations : a plan well laid ; but of which it was my good fortune to prevent them from attempting the execution. To return to myself : I remained in the fort, and two Indian warriors (one of whom was called Vifenslair) with tomahawks in their hands, seized me, one by each arm ; on which I turned to Godefroi, the only person who had not left me, and

cried out to him, seeing him stand motionless and pale : " Eh bien ! Vous m' abandonnez donc ? " Well then ! You give me up ? He answered : " Non, mon capitaine, je ne vous abandonnerai jamais, " No, my captain, I will never give you up ; and followed the Indians, who pulled me along to the water-side, where I imagined they intended to put me into a canoe ; but they dragged me into the water. I concluded their whim was to drown me, and then scalp me ; but I soon found my mistake, the river being fordable. They led me on till we came near their village ; and there they stopped and stripped me. They could not get off my shirt, which was held by the wrist bands, after they had pulled it over my head, and in rage and despair I tore it off myself. They then bound my arms with my sash, and drove me before them to a cabin, where was a bench, on which they made me sit. The whole village was now in an uproar. Godefroi prevailed with St. Vincent, who had followed us to the water-side, but had turned back, to come along with him ; and encouraged Pondiac's nephew and the little chief's son to take my part. St. Vincent brought the great belt, and Pondiac's nephew spoke. Nana-

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mis, an Indian, bid Godefroi take courage, and not quit me. Godefroi told le Cygne, a Miamis chief, that his children where at Detroit ; and that, if they killed me, he could not tell what might befall them. He spoke likewise to le Cygne's son, who whispered his father, and the father came and unbound my arms, and gave me his pipe to smoke. Vifentair, upon my speaking, got up and tied me by the neck to a post. And now every one was preparing to act his part in torturing me. The usual modes of torturing prisoners are applying hot stones to the soles of the feet, running hot needles into the eyes, which latter cruelty is generally performed by the women, and shooting arrows and running and pulling them out of the sufferer in order to shoot them again and again : this is generally done by the children. The torture is often continued two or three days, if they can contrive to keep the prisoner alive so long. These modes of torture I should not have mentioned, if the gentleman who advised me to publish my journal, had not thought it necessary. It may easily be conceived what I must have felt at the thought of such horrors which I was to endure. I recollect perfectly what my apprehensions were. I had

had not the smallest hope of life ; and I remember that I conceived myself as it were going to plunge into a gulf, vast, immeasurable ; and that, in a few moments after, the thought of torture occasioned a sort of torpor and insensibility ; and I looked at Godefroi, and seeing him exceedingly distressed, I said what I could to encourage him : but he desired me not to speak. I supposed that it gave offence to the savages, and therefore was silent ; when Pacanne, king of the Miamis nation, and just out of his minority, having mounted a horse and crossed the river, rode up to me. When I heard him calling out to those about me, and felt his hand behind my neck, I thought he was going to strangle me out of pity : but he untied me, saying (as it was afterwards interpreted to me) I give that man his life. “ If you “ want meat (for they sometimes eat their prisoners) “ go to Detroit, or upon the lake (meaning go face “ your enemies the English) and you’ll find enough. “ What business have you with this man’s flesh, “ who is come to speak to us ?” I fixed my eyes steadfastly on this young man, and endeavoured by looks to express my gratitude. An Indian then presented me his pipe ; and I was dismissed by being pushed

pushed rudely away. I made what haste I could to a canoe, and passed over to the fort, having received on my way a smart cut of a switch from an Indian on horseback. Mr. Levi, a Jew trader, and some foldiers, who were prisoners, came to see me. Two very handsome young Indian women came likewise, seemed to compassionate me extremely, and asked Godefroi a thousand questions. If I remember right, they were the young king's sisters. Happy Don Quixote, attended by princesses ! I was never left alone, as the wretches, who stripped and tied me, were always lurking about to find an opportunity to stab me. I lay in the house of one L'Esperance, a Frenchman. The next day my Indians spoke on their belts. The two wretches still sought an opportunity to kill me. The day following the Miamis returned their answer : " That we must go " back ;" shewed the belts of the Senecas, Shawanese, and Delawares ; gave my Indians a small string of white wampum ; and told them : " to go and inform their chiefs of what they had seen and heard." While the council sat I was concealed in L'Esperance's garret, as Godefroi was obliged to attend it. Being determined at all events to get into the Illinois country

country if possible, St. Vincent and I agreed, that he should endeavour to gain le Cygne and the young king to attend me to Wyaut : but, in the middle of the night, St. Vincent came and awoke me, told me that two Frenchmen were just arrived from St. Joseph, and that the Delewares, who were there, were coming back to the Miamis village. He advised me to send for my chief immediately, and tell him, for his own safety as well as mine, to try to get leave to go away in the morning, (for the Miamis had appointed the next day but one for our departure). This was accordingly done, and leave obtained. I went to visit le Cygne, who told me, “ that he would have been glad to have attended me “ to Wyaut ; but that he could not think of leading “ me to my death: for that there were so many tomahawks lifted up there, that he should have trembled “ to have gone himself.” I gave notes to Pacanne and Pondiac’s nephew, setting forth that they had saved my life, and entreating all Englishmen to use them kindly. (Pacanne shewed his paper to Colonel Croghan, when he made his tour through the Indian country, and the Colonel was pleased to bring him to Detroit, and, at a private meeting appointed for

for that purpose, sent for me, and gave me a very handsome present to lay at his feet). We gave all our blankets and shirts to those Indians who had done us service ; and hearing that the chiefs were in council, and talked of not allowing me to return with my party, but of detaining me prisoner ; and my Indians themselves appearing uneasy, having left my money and baggage with one Capucin, a Frenchman, I hurried away about noon, vexed at heart that I had not been able to execute the orders I had received. I gave General Bradstreet's letter for Monsieur St. Ange, the French commandant at Fort Chartres, to St. Vincent, to deliver to that officer ; and signed a certificate which he was pleased to put into my hands, specifying that, on many occasions, he had saved my life. Fear lent wings to my Indians this day ; and we continued our march till it was quite dark, being apprehensive of an attack. We set out very early the next morning ; and as nothing worthy of observation happened, my thoughts were taken up during this day's journey in admiring the fine policy of the French with respect to the Indian nations ; of which, from among a thousand, I shall select two remarkable instances,

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which I mention as not only worthy of imitation, but to wear out of the minds of such of my countrymen as have good sense and humanity the prejudices conceived against an innocent, much-abused, and once happy people ; who have as deep a sense of the justice and benevolence of the French, as of the wrongs and haughty treatment which they have received from their present masters. The first of these is the encouragement given by the French court to marriages betwixt its subjects and Indian women ; by which means Lewis got admission into their councils, and all their designs were known from their very birth. Add to this, that the French so entirely won their affections by this step, that to this hour the savages say, that the French and they are one people. The next instance is, the prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors to Indians, under pain of not receiving absolution : it is what the French call a *cas réservé* ; none but a bishop can absolve a person guilty of it. This prevented many mischiefs too frequent among the unfortunate tribes of savages, who are fallen to our lot. From drunkenness arise quarrels, murders, and what not ? for there is nothing, however shocking and abominable, that the
most

innocent of that innocent people are not madly bent on when drunk. From imposing on the drunken Indian in trade, abusing his drunken wife, daughter, or other female relation, and other such scandalous practices arise still greater evils. When such things are done (and they are done) can we wonder that the Indians seek revenge? The ill conduct of a few dissolute pedlars has often cost the lives of thousands of his Majesty's most industrious subjects, who were just emerging from the gloom of toil and want, to the fair prospect of ease and contentment. The following day, while we were shooting at some turkeys, we discovered the cabins of a hunting party on the opposite side of the Miamis river; the men were in the woods; but a squaw came over to us, who proved to be the wife of the little chief. Godefrois told her that I was gone to the Illinois country with her son. She informed us that the Indians were not returned from Detroit; and added that there were four hundred Delawares and three hundred Shawanese (as she had been told) at the Uttawaw villages, who wanted to go and set fire to that place. We were sure that this piece of news about the Shawanese and Delawares was false, as the Ut-

tawaws themselves wanted provisions: but my Indians believed it, and it served to bring them over at once to my way of thinking, which was, to pass through the woods, and avoid the villages of the Uttawaws. They were all much alarmed, but in particular the Huron of Loretto. This regenerate monster of the church, this Christian savage, who spoke French fluently, had the cruelty and insolence to tell me, that as I could not march as fast as the rest, I must take an old man and a boy (both lame) and make the best of my way: that the chief would go with me, and he would conduct the other, who were eleven in number, and all able men. I spoke to him with gentleness, and begged that he would not think of separating from us; on which he said something, that I did not understand, in his language which resembles that of the five nations, and of course was understood by my chief, and which vexed him so much, that he told me, "I might go by myself;" but I found means to pacify him. I now told Godefroi, who was of himself so determined, that he would of course go with me. Upon this the Huron gave us very gross language; and indeed such stubborn impudence I never saw. He told the
chief

chief that if he suffered me to take my horses with me, we should be discovered, but I obtained the chief's consent, to take them a little way. I then proposed going into the wood to settle the distribution of our provisions and ammunition; but the Huron would listen to nothing: so leaving him and his party, consisting of ten, with my best horse, which he said he would turn loose as soon as he should get a little way further, I struck into the wood with Godefroi, the chief, the old Indian, and the Indian boy; Godefroi and myself on horseback. We went North East from twelve o'clock till two; from two to five we went North; and finding a pool of water, we took up our lodgings there. The next day we continued our route North, North East, being as nearly as we could guess in the course of the Miamis river. We endured great thirst all this day. About three o'clock we reached the swamps, which, by the dryness of the season, might have passed for meadows, and not finding any water, about five o'clock we made a hole, two feet deep, with our hands, (for we had no kind of tool fit for that use) where some tall, broad grass grew; and getting good water, though very muddy, we made a
fire,

fire, and determined to pass the night by the side of our little well. We travelled in the swamps the following day till half an hour after one o'clock, at which time we came to open woods, having found water in two places on our way; but we could find none when we wanted to repose ourselves at the close of day. We therefore set to work, as the day before, and made a hole four feet deep in a place which must be a swamp in the wet season: but it was three hours before we got a draught of what I might rather call watery mud than muddy water. We were forced from want of water to stew a turkey in the fat of a racoon; and I thought I had never eaten any thing so delicious, though salt was wanting: but perhaps it was hunger which made me think so. We heard four shots fired very near us just before dark; we had a little before discovered the tracks of Indians, and they undoubtedly had discovered ours, and, supposing us friends, fired to let us know where they were. These shots alarmed our chief, and he told me that I must leave my horses behind. I bid Godefroi drive them to some little distance from us, and let them go: accordingly he went towards the place where we had left them, as if he intended

intended to do so ; but, unknown me, to wisely deferred it till morning, hoping our chief would change his mind. This night the chief, seeing me writing by the light of the fire, grew jealous, and asked if I was counting the trees. The next morning the chief being a little intimidated, instead of going East North East, as agreed on the night before, in order to draw near the Miamis river, went due North ; by which means he led us into the most perplexed wood I ever saw. He had my compass, which I asked him for, and wanted to carry about me, as he very seldom looked at it ; but this gave great offence, and he told me I might go by myself. In short, he was grown captious beyond measure. In order to please him, we had put his pack on one of our horses ; but we were forced to take it off again, as a loaded horse could not force its way through the thick wood we were in. I found such a difficulty in leading my horse (for it was impossible to ride) through this part of the forest, that I called out to the party for God's sake to stop till I could see them, or I should never see them more : at that time I could not be more than fifteen yards behind them. They had hurried on in pursuit of a rattle-snake. The chief

now

now told me again, that I must let my horses go ; but Godefroi convinced me, that I could not reach Detroit without them. I therefore resolved, if he persisted, to quit him, to take Godefroi with me, and to kill one of my horses for a supply of food, for we had very little ammunition left, and no provisions. However the chief grew good-humoured by Godefroi's management ; and as he now thought himself out of danger, changed his course, going East North East. We soon got into a fine open wood, where there was room to drive a coach and six. Here we halted to refresh ourselves by smoking our pipes, having nothing to eat, the old Indian, who always ranged as we travelled on, having found no game that morning. As I had not been used to smoking, I desired to have sumach leaves only, without tobacco ; but, after a few whiffs, I was so giddy, that I was forced to desist : probably an empty stomach was the chief cause of this unpleasant effect of smoking. Soon after we came into extensive meadows ; and I was assured that those meadows continue for a hundred and fifty miles, being in the winter drowned lands and marshes. By the dryness of the season they were now beautiful pastures : and
here

here presented itself one of the most delightful prospects I ever beheld ; all the low grounds being meadow, and without wood, and all the high grounds being covered with trees, and appearing like islands ; the whole scene seemed an elysium. Here we found good water, and sat down by it, and made a comfortable meal of what the old Indian had killed, after we left our halting-place. We afterwards continued our route, and at five o'clock discovering a small rivulet, which gave us all, and me in particular, inexpressible pleasure, we made a fire by the side of it, and lay there all night. The day following, we crossed the tracks of a party of men running from the Uttawaw villages directly up into the woods, which we imagined to be those of the Huron's party who might have lost their way ; as it proved. I laughed and joked a good deal with Godefroi on this occasion ; for when the Huron left us, I asked in a sneering manner, " if he had any commands, in case " I should get before him to Detroit : " and he answered me in the same tone, " if when you arrive, " you don't find me there, you may safely say that I " am gone to the devil." Soon after, to our great joy, we fell into the path leading from the Uttawaw

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villages

villages to Detroit, and struck into a by-path to avoid meeting Indians ; but unluckily stumbled on that which led from the great path to Attawang's village. We met three Hurons on horseback, who told us, that peace was concluded, that the Uttawaws had returned the day before to their villages, and that General Bradstreet was to be at Cedar-Point that night on his way to Sandusky. One of these Indians had been present when I was prisoner at Attawang's village ; and though I was dressed like a Canadian, and spoke French to Godefroi to prevent discovery, recollected me to be the Englishman he had seen there. I gave him a letter from St. Vincent to Pontiac which I had promised to deliver. They then took their leave of us ; and as soon as they were out of sight, we turned into the great path, and putting our Indians on our horses, Godefroi and I walked at a very great rate. We arrived at the Pootiwatamy village at a quarter past three, where I had the pleasure of seeing English colours flying. I wanted to avoid the village ; but the chief, being very hungry (for we had eat nothing that day) fell into a passion, and asked what we were afraid of. He knew he ran no risk here. I was a little

little vexed, and mounting my horse bid him follow. I went to the village, where I bought a little Indian corn and a piece of venison ; and then Godefroi and I rode on till it was dark, in hopes of reaching Detroit the next day ; and finding water, made a fire near it, and passed the night there, having left our fellow-travellers to sleep with the Pootiwatamies ; who, as none of them knew me, were told by Godefroi that I was gone to the country of the Illinois, and that he growing tired of the journey, and wanting to see his children, was on his return home. The next morning we set out at the dawn of day ; and, to save ourselves the trouble of making a raft, took the upper road, though the journey was much longer that way, hoping to find the river fordable, in which we were not disappointed. We travelled this day a great way, and our horses were so much fatigued, that they were hardly able to carry us towards the close of the day. We found fresh horse-dung on the road, which Godefroi having curiously examined, knew that some Indians had just passed that way ; and by their tracks he was sure they were before us. He therefore made an excuse to halt for about an hour, endeavouring to conceal the truth

from me ; but I was no stranger to his real motive. However, about seven o'clock we arrived at Detroit ; whence I was fifty leagues distant when I left the Miamis river and struck into the woods : and by the circuit I was obliged to make to avoid pursuit, I made it at least fourscore leagues, or two hundred and forty miles. The Huron and his people did not arrive till many days after, and in three different parties. They had lost their way ; were obliged to divide themselves into small bodies in order to seek for game ; had suffered extremely by fatigue and hunger ; one having died by the way, and all the rest being very ill when they reached Detroit. The Huron I imagined would have died. I gave him, as well as all the others, all the assistance in my power ; but could not help reproaching him with his barbarity to me, and reminding him, “ that the “ Great Spirit had protected one whom he had “ abandoned, and punished him who had basely deserted his fellow-warrior.” Immediately after my arrival at Detroit, I sent an express to General Bradstreet, with an account of my proceedings, and to warn him of the dangerous situation he was in, being advanced some miles up the Sandusky river, and
surrounded

furrounded with treacherous Indians. The moment he received my letter, he removed, falling down the river, till he reached Lake Erie : by this means he disappointed their hopes of surprizing his army. This army however suffered extremely afterwards, and great numbers were lost in traversing the desert, many of their boats having in the night been dashed to pieces against the shore, while the soldiers were in their tents. The boats were unfortunately too large to be drawn out of the water. The centinels gave the alarm on finding the sudden swell of the lake, but after infinite labour, from the loss of boats, a large body of men were obliged to attempt to reach Fort Niagara by land, many of whom perished. It is worthy of remark, that, during this violent swell of the waters, soldiers stood on the shore with lighted candles, not a breath of wind being perceived. This phenomenon often happens. Another curious fact respecting the waters of these lakes is, that they rise for seven years and fall for seven years; or in other words, there is a seven years tide. I have read somewhere, that the Caspian sea overflows its banks once in fifteen years. This, however, is denied elsewhere. But, if the former opinion

opinion be really the case, as the American lakes and the Caspian sea are in parts of the earth almost opposite to each other, it might be worth while to enquire, whether, when they are at the lowest in one place, they are at the highest in that which is opposite, or both rise and fall at the same time ?

The Natchez nation, mentioned in the letter to Pondiac, which he shewed me, and who were blamed by the rest of the Indian army for having fired too soon on the English who were sent to take possession of Fort Charters by way of the Mississippi river, no doubt did it by design, that the troops might have an opportunity of retreating ; for the French had formerly endeavoured to extirpate that nation, and had nearly succeeded in the undertaking, a small number only having escaped the massacre. It is not probable such an action could ever be forgiven ; especially by savages. This nation have a perpetual fire ; and two men are appointed to watch it. It has been conjectured that their ancestors were deserters from the Mexicans who worship the sun.

The Miamis nation, of whom I have spoken so much, and into whose hands I fell after leaving Pondiac's army at the Uttawaw villages, are the very people

people who have lately defeated the Americans in three different battles ; and when the last accounts from that country reached us, they were encamped on the banks of the Ohio, near the falls or cataracts of that river.

It may not be improper to mention, that if I could have completed the tour intended, viz. from Detroit to New Orleans, thence to New York, and thence to Detroit again, whence I set out, it would have been a circuit little short of five thousand miles.

DETROIT, September 25, 1764.

L E T T E R
TO A
F R I E N D
ON THE
POETICAL ELOCUTION OF THE THEATRE
AND THE
MANNER OF ACTING TRAGEDY.

G

L E T T E R

T O A

F R I E N D.

A GREEABLY to your desire, I have thrown together a few thoughts on the Poetical Elocution of the Theatre, to which I have joined some remarks on the Manner of Acting Tragedy. Our English Roscius, as he is called, is considered as the model of theatrical perfection; and of course is generally imitated by those of his profession. A lady, of whose literary talents I profess myself a warm admirer, has, in an introduction to her essay on the writings and genius of Shakespear, declared, that Mr. Garrick acted with the same inspiration with which that author wrote. I take the liberty to dissent from this lady with all her genius, and af-

firm, that no two men ever differed more than Shakespear and Garrick : the one was all nature, the other all art ; but art of an exquisite kind : yet still it was art. Shakespear wrote from his heart ; Garrick played from his head. Garrick had many transcendent qualities : his animation, though often introduced improperly ; his thorough conception of his character ; his skill in managing his voice, which I think was his greatest excellence, though frequently abused ; his graceful deportment ; and lastly, though blemished with trick, his mute play. By the way, I would advise our actors to use great caution in this silent language : it is of a peculiarly delicate nature, and I never saw more than one player who was perfect in it ; a French actresses, whom I shall soon have occasion to mention. While Garrick displayed these shining qualities, the world were inclined to over-look his faults. They did not foresee the consequence. The misfortune is, that while his fort is unattained, his foible is commonly aggravated. May I hope to see the day when some heaven-taught tragedian shall arise ; who, breaking the trammels forced on genius by public opinion, shall dare to follow nature, and, acting
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from his own feelings, disdain the sudden and unnatural transition of voice ; the studied, and always premature, start ; the pantomime-gesture ; and all trick, calculated to produce what is called stage-effect : miserable expedients, fit only for a booth in a fair, not for the royal theatres of the metropolis. Such a performer I have seen ; but not in England : a woman, not young, not handsome ; but endowed with such theatrical powers, as pleased all who had eyes, delighted all who had ears, charmed all who had understanding, and transported all who had feeling hearts. Every time I saw her, the actress was lost to me : she was not Du Menil ; she was the character she represented. *She*, indeed, acted as Shakespear wrote ; and often I said to myself with a sigh : “ O that thou hadst been a man, and born in “ England ! and that honest Will Shakespear could “ be alive again to see thee in his tragical dramas ! ” What a Macbeth, what a Lear, what an Othello, what a Hamlet, what a Richard, would she have made ! Angels might have stooped from their skies, to behold the scene ; and have shed celestial tears. I have already declared that I mean to speak of tragedy only. I am going to treat of poetical utterance ;

ance ; and there comedy is out of the question : for it is our good fortune not to have our comedies absurdly written in rhyme, or even in blank verse. The latter, however, is wonderfully calculated for the bufkin. It is not by any means so well suited to the epic poem, as to the drama. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, when I have read a page or two, seems quite monotonous, having neither the rhythmus of the ancients, nor its convenient, though pitiful substitute, the rhyme of the moderns. I never perceived this monotony when acting or reading a tragedy. The reason is obvious : blank verse in the drama should be spoken ; in epic poetry, recited. Yet they occasionally borrow from each other : but this requires great skill in the actor and reader. Du Menil, as an actress, possessed that skill in perfection. All others whom I have seen, to borrow an expression which Shakespear has put into the mouth of Lear, "were sophisticated ; she was the thing itself." I am ready to confess that Garrick had a tincture of this skill in the dialogue ; but in soliloquy, in the delivering of which has was admired, and justly too on other accounts, he recited when he should have spoken : this was a double disadvantage ; for it was unnatural,

unnatural, and more exposed his false emphasis. Quin always recited ; it was the method of his school : it was preposterously wrong ; but at the same time pleasing to accurate readers of poetry, because the recitation was perfect. But modern spouting, as it is humourously called, burlesques the drama ; for it has Garrick's awkward hobble, joined with Quin's unnatural and pompous manner. I never can be angry at it : it always makes me laugh. Poems, whether in rhyme or blank verse, should always be recited, except when, as I have said, they borrow from the drama. Rhymes in the drama must always be recited : but it would be much better to have them expunged. Garrick, at the conclusion of one of the acts of the tragedy of Jane Shore, had he known himself, would have cursed the author for putting rhymes into the speech of Hastings. I learnt to bear Mrs. Yates's tone ; but I never could bring myself to endure Mr. Garrick's hobble. He spoke blank verse very ill ; rhyme, despicably : and every player, man and woman, now on the stage, has caught the infection : though a few of them deliver rhyme better than he did. I have been told that Mr. Garrick said of Mrs Siddons, that he wondered how she got rid of her ti-tum-ti. I know not how she got
rid

rid of her ti-tum-ti, but I know how, with all her excellence, she got her hobble-ti-trot : she got it, as all others got it, from Mr. Garrick ; and he perhaps from Mr. Giffard. This our actors might throw off, at least in some degree ; though it is not perhaps one in a thousand who could speak perfectly, even if he possessed judgment sufficient for it ; because both a poetical ear and poetical tongue are equally necessary. Mr. Sheridan had great judgment : the other requisites were sparingly given him. Mr. Quin possessed them all in a high degree. I remember him, though I was very young. His broad pronunciation might not please the ladies and fine gentlemen of the age ; but me it pleased : I liked the manly tones. He was what I call a perfect reciter of verse : too pompous, I confess, but that was the vice of the old stage. In his emphasis, which is the soul of oratory, he was ever correct : in his blank verse, and in his rhyme, as correct as in his prose. In repeating verse, he excelled, by infinite degrees, all I ever heard. I never could catch him tripping in his emphasis ; though I have detected in a small failure of the kind the divine Du Menil, and even in speaking those four celebrated lines in Phædra, which a great French critic has declared her to repeat in a manner

manner never to be equalled by any other. These are the four lines which cost le Couvreur her life. I remember to have sat near a gentleman who was a critic, when Garrick was playing Henry IV. The sick king was lecturing his wild son Harry. This gentleman exclaimed to his friend, with rapture, that it was impossible to speak blank verse better ; though Garrick's Muse was at that moment on crutches, and I could not sit easy on my seat to hear her. I never forgot that line ; and have often mentioned it to my acquaintance, and repeated it à la Garrick. I remember to have heard long ago, that there had been a scheme formed for Quin to read Milton's Paradise Lost to a certain number of subscribers : but it was laid aside. I always have taken delight in reading passages in Milton's poem ; but I never read much of it, as I have already said, that my ear did not feel itself weary ; though that is not the case in acting tragedy, or even in reading it. A fine English poem in rhyme, such as some of Pope's, I could read for a whole day : Virgil's fourth Æneid, in the original Latin verse, for ever. This is melodiously divine. I knew a lady who would have been a perfect reciter of English poetry, if she had not

been averse from instruction. Mrs. Pope, in the character of Desdemona, is the most perfect repeater of blank verse I have heard since Quin's time. Her performance of that part, about twelve years ago, gave me inexpressible pleasure. Except one little error, her emphasis was faultless. But this is not always the case. The difficulty lies in impassioned parts. Garrick's speaking was almost faultless in the character of Richard III. It was the first part he appeared in at Goodman's fields, and probably he might have a better instructor than he had afterwards; for he had the merit and advantage of being diffident, and consulted those who were able to teach him. Though capital tragedians, Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Siddons excepted, are no longer seen among us, the stage abounds with good ones of the second rate; and it is a thousand pities that they have not a perfect speaker of poetry among them, like Quin, without his pomp. Mrs. Pope, I believe, might have been such; and some others probably would not have been far short of her: Mademoiselle Du Menil's rapidity of speech, joined with Quin's correctness, would make perfect poetic elocution in the tragic drama. At any rate our tragedians might all
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be made better than they are; they possess not Garrick's hobble only, but his wrong rules: for some of his rules for speaking verse were as false as his ear was imperfect. He sacrificed sense to sound; and his sound itself was discord. It may be objected that all these observations are merely opinion. No such matter:—they are founded in truth and nature, and may be made clear to persons of an ordinary capacity. All may understand what very few can execute. In the repeating of poetry, besides the continuity and the exquisite delicacy of cadence, every word must have its proper tone, every word its due portion of breath; for by the smallest inaccuracy in any of these four things, all the fine effect of the verse is lost. I remember that I once turned a passage of Ossian's poems into rhyme, by way of experiment, and shewed the lines to a young clergyman, who found great fault, and very justly, with one of them, as a strangely unmusical one. I asked him to repeat the line. He did so; and made it discord itself. I then desired him to listen to me: and he was forced to confess, that, though I could not make it beautiful, I however contrived to hide its deformity. They who wish to improve themselves in

the reading of poetry, should first study the rhythmus, and afterwards rhyme, together with blank verse: and I think that, to arrive at perfection, they should accustom themselves to the reciting of unmelodious verses; as the Roman gladiators performed their exercise with unweildly arms, that those used in the amphitheatre might seem light in their hands. Among the men, the best *casual* repeater of blank verse we have lately heard, was Mr. Henderson; especially in level speaking: but, besides his having *usually* the hobble of Garrick, he often fell into the most odious whine I ever heard on the stage. This was an incurable malady. Once, when Quin performed the part of Brutus in Shakespear's Julius Cæsar, I remember to have heard a player, in the very insignificant character of Antony's messenger, deliver a speech as well as ever Quin himself spoke. I was amazed; and, at the close of his speech, was delighted to find that there were a few among the audience who applauded. I never could discover who he was. I imagined that Quin had taken great pains to teach him that speech: if so, he had been a most apt scholar. I heard an actor too several years ago, at the little theatre in the Hay-market, repeat blank verse

verse unexceptionably well : I sat astonished ; but my astonishment was much increased, when, after a few lines incomparably well delivered, and with all the ease of a veteran, he at once grew insufferably slovenly in his manner of speaking, as if he had been mocking himself. This actor was to me a phenomenon. I never before or since heard the like. I cannot but think, that, with proper instruction, he might have made a great poetical speaker. His name is Blisset ; and I am told he is now on the stage at Bath and in no great estimation. Mr. Garrick's bad manner of speaking verse, has universally obtained, since he rose to fame, and Quin in fullen majesty retired. Mr. Garrick was, however, the greatest performer I ever saw in England. Such were his imitative powers, that he could sometimes rival even Du Menil, with all her feeling ; and, like her, unhinge the mind and burst the heart : but he has sunk the stage much by introducing trick to fascinate the eyes and ears of persons of weak judgment : and his want of poetic elocution has robbed the British tragic Muse of half her dignity : a dignity raised to the highest pitch by the genius of Shakspeare, and the nature of the English language, so admirably

mirably adapted to blank verse, of which that writer so thoroughly understood the use. Mr. Garrick certainly was not sensible of his want of poetic delivery, though I think he might have been from his not being able to learn to repeat the chorus to Henry V. ; if he had been sensible of it, he never would have recited his ode in memory of Shakespear before the public. With all the instruction given him, and with all his pains, his recitation was very imperfect. He was, however, as usual, much applauded ; “ action to the generality being eloquence,” as Shakespear has said, “ and their eyes more learned than their ears.” Yet as I have known some able critics, who, at times, severely censured his action, I must suppose that there were others, who, in spite of public prejudice, could discover the defects of his delivery. Raphael was a great painter, but a poor colourist ; Garrick a great tragedian, but a poor speaker of verse. What painter endeavours to colour like Raphael ? Why then do all our actors strive to speak verse like Garrick ? Because they want a better guide : while painters have their Titian, Titian’s colours still glow : Quin’s voice is heard no more. A natural representation of the passions
certainly

certainly makes an actor: but if that actor speaks with impropriety, while my eyes are delighted, my ears are pained; while my heart approves, my mind condemns; and I am pulled different ways like a criminal on the rack. As it is a great disadvantage to the late Mr. Garrick to consider himself only as a tragedian, where his poetical speaking was defective; I think it is but justice to declare, that in comedy he was as excellent as in tragedy, with the advantage of good profe-elocution. I must further observe, that the great Du Menil, whom I have set so far above him, could not play comedy; for she trusted to her feelings, and wanted his art. Indeed she almost imagined herself the person whom she represented, which is all an actor can do, for to believe it quite, he must be out of his senses and forget his lesson: it followed of course, that her action was always a little short of nature, and but a very little. Garrick generally went beyond nature; and whatever is in the least over-acted, shews the player, however artful, to be, at the time, utterly void of feeling.

I am now going to inform you of what I propose to do, in order, if possible, to convince our tragedians that they are wrong. While Garrick is the model,

model, they never can rise to any great degree of excellence. Garrick's imitations of nature are by others, I believe, scarcely imitable ; nor, in my opinion, are they worth imitating, if they could be equalled. He played on a false principle : he played from his head, not from his heart, as I have said already. To drop him entirely, and to copy nature, would not bring us to perfection for ages. No painter can go far, who studies nature only : he must copy the antique ; and from them learn the work of ages in a few years. So a tragedian, unless heaven-born, like Du Menil, must have some great model before him, and then he may improve apace. Quin, in reciting ; Du Menil in acting tragedy ; were perfect, as far as I can judge of perfection : I cannot conceive the smallest degree of excellence beyond them. But they are gone : true ; but I am ready to step forward as their humble substitute. As to Quin's manner of reciting, I did not learn what I know of it from him ; but received it, as he did, from nature ; though he might improve me, as Booth did him. As to Du Menil's manner of acting tragedy, that I did receive from her, and must ever be greatly her inferior : but I can imitate her manner

ner at least, and that must serve. Phædra is the part in which I recollect her best. I have therefore translated that tragedy, and mean, if I can any where find an opportunity, to attempt to teach some tractable actresses to recite, in that character, as correctly as Quin; joining to that recitation, as well as I am able, the exquisite sensibility and rapidity of Du Menil. Thus may Garrick's imitative acting and bad recitation be lost forever; and tragedians learn to move the heart by true feelings, and delight the ear with poetic melody. In order the more easily to introduce Mademoiselle Du Menil's manner of acting tragedy, I have endeavoured in all those scenes where Phædra is present, to make my translation correspond with her style of performing, I hope not altogether without success: I expect however a good deal of trouble in preventing my English Phædra from chattering, when she attempts Du Menil's rapidity, a fault to which the clashing of consonants in our language makes actors subject; especially till they are cured of the English habit of speaking with a little mouth. I shall the more readily undertake to instruct some actresses in the part of Phædra, from its having been the practice of the

I great

great dramatic poet, whose tragedy I have translated : for Racine, as well as Virgil, could both recite and write poetry, and taught the famous Champmeilé the part of Phædra line by line.

To recite verse, especially rhyme, in a perfect manner, is, I believe, the rarest gift bestowed on man. England produces men excellent in every other art and science ; but an excellent reciter of verse, public or private, I have not heard since the days of Quin ; and I almost despair of ever hearing another. I consider it as a lost art ; and it would give me extreme satisfaction to be instrumental in its recovery. From want of skill in this art, Garrick, in attempting to recite his ode in memory of Shakespear, became an actor instead of a reciter, and besides using a false emphasis in an hundred instances, put on the buskin, when he should have worn the bay ; and, in some parts, descended even to that pantomime which he always introduced in reciting prologues. Garrick and verse were not made to agree : continuity and cadence were all he knew of it. What then must his imitators be ? I heard his ode in memory of Shakespear recited at Bath in a manner which made Garrick's appear seraphic : yet the theatre

atre rang with applause. A stranger might be tempted to think, that Englishmen love nothing but noise, dissonance, and absurdity. But I have had proofs enow that there are attic ears and nice judgments to be found among us, especially among a London audience : the difficulty lies in finding performers with such ears and judgments, and tongues too, to gratify the discerning few, and improve the taste of the many.

In order to mend a bad habit, I would advise our tragedians, especially those who have not a good poetical ear, not to consider that it is verse which they are reciting ; or rather, after having repeated a speech as verse, and got it well by heart, to run it over frequently as prose : thus Sir Joshua Reynolds, after finishing highly, undoes his work, and gives it that masterly air, as if struck out by a few dashes of the pencil.

Like Garrick, most of our tragedians play from the head more than from the heart, and like him too, affect to value themselves upon it, contrary to the opinion of all the able critics whom the world hath produced. *If you wish me to weep, you must weep yourself.* So said Horace ; and what man of judgment ever denied it ? Yet Garrick is reported to

have said, that no one could be an actor who was not able to make love to a post as well as to the most beautiful woman. Our female tragedians have long excelled the male; because they have retained the manner of the feeling Cibber.

I am sensible what odium he is likely to incur, who treats with disrespect an idol which the people have set up. But I neither mean to satirize Mr. Garrick, nor the performers at the theatres. I love a player; and, if he is a man of decent manners, I respect him: if to that be added genius, I revere him. I admired Mr. Garrick; and thought him a prodigy amongst tragedians of imitative genius: but if I prefer a feeling actor to an imitating one, I am sure I am right. We have had lately several capital actresses, but not capital actors; because Mrs. Cibber felt, and Garrick did not feel. To what else can it possibly be attributed? We have more genius now on the stage among the male performers, than ever I remember: but I repeat, what I have often declared many years ago: "Our actors will never reach excellence, till they drop Garrick, and take a feeling model, if they can find one." To study nature only, as I have already said, will not thoroughly
answer

answer the purpose, though it may do a good deal towards it. As to Garrick's recitation of blank verse ; if he has been pronounced superior to all the world, and particularly to Quin, I will not whisper to the reeds, but proclaim to all mankind, that Midas had the ears of an ass.

Otway in writing, Garrick in acting, and Sheridan in reciting, were prompted by Melpomene : but she herself wrote through Shakespear, acted through Du Menil, and recited through Quin.

There is a tragic as well as comic caricature. How were our buffoons of low comedy put to the blush, when the town saw, with astonishment, the naivety of Weston ? I mean before he was intoxicated with applause and with drink. There is a natural taste in man which, however vitiated, will break out when he sees a genuine representation of manners which are familiar to him as in low comedy. 'Tis a great mistake that they must always be described on the theatre above the standard of life. What Weston was in low comedy, Mademoiselle Du Menil was in the higher walk of tragedy ; and the tragic buffoons of Paris shrunk before her. All admired : all saw that true tragedy was true nature.

I had

I had always been of that opinion ; and, on seeing her, I knew that I was right. When I say that true tragedy is true nature, I mean nature embellished, nature corrected from herself : this was Du Menil's nature. Garrick's nature was nature adulterated with art. With sorrow, however, I must confess, that ordinary minds, which are far the greater number, cannot discover nature, I mean in elevated characters, whether in genteel comedy or tragedy, unless she is shewn to them through a magnifying-glass ; we cannot therefore wonder that players, who are ever covetous of popularity, often attend more to stage effect, than to chaste acting. The player most resembling Garrick of all I have seen was Le Kain, of the Paris stage. He was of small stature, like Garrick ; but inferior to him in voice, face, and shape. He had much of his animation ; like him too he always went beyond nature : but his recitation was greatly superior to that of Garrick ; though in this he was excelled by a cotemporary, La Noue. Du Menil, who appeared with him, eclipsed him by her acting ; but by that only. You will pronounce me perhaps very extravagant when I declare to you that I think tragedy was born and
died

died with Du Menil ; and you will no doubt be amazed when I acquaint you that I never saw her since I was twenty-one years of age. I indeed constantly attended the French theatre for fifteen months ; but, from prejudice, was so disgusted with what I saw for the three or four first months, that nothing but the solemn vow I had made to a father, then in his grave, that I would make myself master of the French language could have made me persist. O, unfortunate English travellers ! who, visiting Paris while Du Menil flourished, had not so strong a motive as I had to stimulate you to persevere in your attendance and attention. If the world ever afforded me a pleasure equal to that of reading Shakspeare at the foot of a water-fall in an American desert ; it was Du Menil's performance of tragedy.

If Garrick was able now and then to "*snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,*" as Pope has said of writers : Du Menil had it in her power to do it whenever she pleased.

One actor, and one only, have I ever heard deliver a speech of length with any resemblance of the manner of Du Menil ; I mean Mr. Pope, in the character of Castalio, when he curses woman : there

was

was that torture of mind, that energy and rapidity which man, in the rage of disappointed love, must ever experience and use. The house felt the truth and force of the representation, and a great applause ensued. I was as much pleased with the audience as with the performer, being convinced that, if tragedians would lead the way, the public would follow them to the temple of taste. But as the whole merit of the acting consisted in a strict adherence to truth and nature, divested of all affectation or trick, it was not deemed worthy of imitation.

ODES

TRADUITES EN FRANÇAIS PAR L'AUTEUR LUI-MÊME.

La traduction des quatre premières revue et corrigée par
Monsieur D. C. Y.

Et celle de la dernière par *Monsieur S.*

Ceux des Français, qui ont connu l'auteur au siége de la
Martinique, se souviendront peut-être de l'estime qu'il
a toujours montrée pour leur nation, & ne feront pas
surpris que cette estime se soit changée en admiration.

ODES

WITH A FRENCH TRANSLATION BY THE AUTHOR.

The translation of the first four revised and corrected by

Monfieur D. C. Y.

And that of the last by *Monfieur S.*

About twelve years ago I translated Juvenal's Satires: but the Tenth only was published. I have now selected two from the remaining fifteen; the Fourth, being a fine picture of the court of a luxurious despot; and the Fourteenth, which treats of education: for I have long been of opinion, that the art of government and that of education are of more value than all the sciences.

S A T I R A I V .

ECCE iterùm Crispinus ; & est mihi sæpè vocandus
Ad partes, monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis, æger, solâque libidine fortis :
Delicias viduæ tantùm aspernatur adulter.
Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quantâ nemorum vectetur in umbrâ,
Jugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit ædes ?
Nemo malus felix, minimè corruptor, & idem
Incestus, cum quo nuper vittata jacebat
Sanguine adhuc vivo terram fubitura sacerdos.
Sed nunc de factis levioribus : & tamen alter
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub judice morum.

Nam

S A T I R E I V

ONCE more Crispinus ; and I here engage
 Often to bring the monster on the stage ;
 To virtue dead, to lewd excesses prone,
 A sickly creature, strong in lust alone ;
 For puny vice of too debauch'd a mind,
 And to no charms but those of widows blind :
 What profits it, by slaves or mules convey'd,
 To haunt the portico, or court the shade ;
 Or domes and acres near the forum feize ;
 The vicious heart is always ill at ease.
 That heart a vestal's ruin durst contrive,
 Tho' unchaste vestals are interr'd alive.

But now we treat of lighter faults, tho' vile ;
 Yet him no beastliness can e'er defile :

Titius

Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Seioque, decebat
Crispinum. Quid agas, cum dira & fœdior omni
Crimine persona est? nullum sex millibus emit,
Æquantem sanè paribus festertia libris,
Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.
Consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
Præcipuam in tabulis ceram fenis abstulit orbi.
Est ratio ulterior, magnæ si misit amicæ,
Quæ vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.
Nil tale expectes: emit sibi. Multa videmus,
Quæ miser & frugi non fecit Apicius. Hoc tu
Succinctus patriâ quondam, Crispine, papyro?
Hoc pretium squamæ? potuit fortasse minoris
Piscator, quam piscis, emi. Provincia tanti
Vendit agros; sed majores Apulia vendit,

Titius or Seius might the cenfor dread ;
 Such freaks would draw his vengeance on their head ;
 But in Crispinus they're becoming deeds ;
 The fellow's character such scandal needs ;
 What punishment for *him* can censors find,
 More foul in person than deprav'd in mind.

He bought a barbel at th' enormous rate
 Of six sestertia for just six pounds weight ;
 Prodigious price ! So truly, among those
 Who know to mend a tale, the story goes :
 I could have laugh'd, and prais'd his roguish skill,
 If he had had in view a glutton's will,
 And some old dotard, for a meal so rare,
 Had made the giver of the fish his heir ;
 Or had it to some pamper'd punk been sent,
 Who in her window'd den rides closely pent :
 No such advantage this foul sinner sought ;
 'Twas for himself the precious dish was bought :
 Apicius is surpass'd, and, beastly waste,
 Rais'd to a pitch beyond his reach and taste ;
 One who trust'd up in bark from Egypt came,
 His want and parsimony puts to shame.
 Was this a price for scales ? one would have thought
 'T would both the fish and fisherman have bought :
 Provincial farms are sold at cheaper rates,
 And, in Apulia, moderate estates.

When

Quales tunc epulas ipsum glutisse putemus
Induperatorem ? cùm tot festertia, partem
Exiguam, & modicæ sumptam de margine cœnæ
Purpureus magni ructâret scurra Palatî,
Jam princeps equitum, magnâ qui voce solebat
Vendere municipales fractâ de merce filuros ?

Incipe Calliope, licet hic confidere : non est
Cantandum : res vera agitur. Narrate puellæ
Pierides ; profit mihi vos dixisse puellas.

Cùm jam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
Ultimus, & calvo ferviret Roma Neroni,
Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile rhombi,
Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon,
Implevitque sinus : neque enim minor hæserat illis,
Quos operit glacies Mæotica, ruptaque tandem

When princely cost infects a private board,
 How shall the glutton on the throne afford
 A luxury proportion'd to support,
 And furnish out a banquet for the court :
 Of what shall be compos'd the sumptuous treat,
 When a court of sycophant is grown so great,
 And gives a sum excessive for a fish,
 Th' imperial table deems a trifling dish ?
 This jester of the palace, now become
 One of the proudest of the proud of Rome,
 This leader of the knights, hawk'd snads before,
 Known from his rivals by his louder roar.

Begin Calliope ; deep, solemn, slow,
 Grand as the subject let the numbers flow :
 Begin Pierian maids, your aid I claim ;
 I who invoke you by so fair a name.

*When Nero, bald-pate, horrid vengeance hur'd,
 And with infernal fury tore the world ;
 Near Venus' fane, on Ancon's shore was caught
 A turbot vast ; itself an ample draught :
 It fill'd the net ; not less than those that sleep,
 Hid under ice, in the Meotic deep ;
 And when approaching suns dart keener beams,
 And the mafs melting pours in copious streams,*

Down

Solibus effundit torpentis ad ostia Ponti

Defidia tardos, & longo frigore pingues.

Destinat hoc monstrum cymbæ linique magister

Pontifici fummo : quis enim proponere talem,

Aut emere auderet ? Cùm plena & littora multo

Delatore forent ; dispersi protinus algæ

Inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo ;

Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem,

Depastumque diu vivaria Cæfaris, inde

Elapsum, veterem ad dominum debere reverti.

Si quid Palphurio, si credimus Armillato,

Quicquid conspicuum, pulchrumque est æquore toto,

Res fisci est, ubicunque natat : donabitur ergò,

Ne pereat, jam letifero cedente pruinis

Autumno, jam quartanam sperantibus ægris.

Stridebat deformis hyems, prædamque recentem

Servabat : tamen hic poperat, velut urgeat Auster.

Utque

*Down to the lazy Pontic's outlets go,
In sluggish shoals, majestically slow ;
Thro' sloth grown dull and of unweildly mould,
And fatten'd by the length of winter's cold.*

The master of the boat resolv'd to keep
This valuable monster of the deep,
For the chief pontiff ; for by whom so bold
Durst such a fish be either bought or sold ?
When vile informers cover all the shore,
And eagerly in mud and sea-weed pore ;
These knaves would send to court the welcome news,
And swear the fish escap'd from Cesar's stews ;
“ Who dares his emp'ror's property detain ?
“ The turbot to its lord must go again.”
The naked boatman, of his prize bereft,
Would be himself secur'd, and tried for theft.
Since all is Cesar's, as these spies maintain,
Whatever rare and beauteous swims the main.
The fisher vow'd to lay it at his feet,
And haste to court while yet the fish was sweet,
Tho' hoary frost thro' all the fields appear'd,
And weakly frames returning agues fear'd :
Cold blew the wind, and lively look'd the prey,
Yet seem'd the clown to dread the sultry day,
Hurrying alone, to make the people think
He almost smelt the fish already stink.

L

When

Utque lacus fuberant, ubi quanquam dirata servat
Ignem Trojanum, & Vestam colit Alba minorem,
Obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.
Ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine valvæ.
Exclusi expectant admissa obsonia patres.
Itur ad Atridem : tum Picens, Accipe, dixit,
Privatis majora focus : genialis agatur
Iste dies ; propera stomachum laxare saginis,
Et tua servatum consume in sæcula rhombum.
Ipse capi voluit. Quid apertius ? & tamen illi
Surgebant cristæ. Nihil est, quod credere de se
Non possit, cùm laudatur diis æqua potestas.
Sed deerat pisci patinæ mensura. Vocantur
Ergo in conciliùm procures, quos oderat ille ;

When now the glad Picenian boor drew nigh,
 And view'd the lakes where Alba's ruins lie ;
 Where still the people adoration pay,
 To Trojan Vesta in a simpler way ;
 Forth from the town the noisy rabble ran,
 And gaping, staring, shoving, stopp'd the man :
 But pressing thro', he came where, by command,
 Excluded from the court, the fathers stand :
 And now on easy hinges mov'd the gate ;
 When, lo ! Atrides in his pride of state :
 Then thus the fawning clown : " Accept, dread lord,
 " This fish, too sumptuous for a private board ;
 " This fish before your sacred feet I lay :
 " Indulgent to your genius crown the day ;
 " Take stomach-cakes, and feasts on that which grew
 " To such enormous bulk to pleasure you :
 " It would be taken, proud for you to die.
 " Can aught be plainer ? Sire, I scorn a lie."
 And yet in ebbing life all eyes could see
 The creature swell, and struggle to be free :
 But short of vanity all flatt'ries fall,
 He who affects the god can swallow all.

Now as no dish could large enough be found,
 He call'd his peers, the matter to propound :
 A ghastly paleness ev'ry face o'er-spread ;
 The tyrant's friendship was their greatest dread.

In quorum facie miseræ, magnæque sedebat
Pallor amicitiae. Primus, clamante Liburno,
Currite, jam sedit, raptâ properabat abollâ
Pegasus, attonitæ positus modò villicus urbi.
Anne aliud tunc præfecti ? Quorum optimus atque
Interpres legum sanctissimus ; omnia quanquam
Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi
Justitia. Venit & Crispi jucunda senectus.
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium. Maria, ac terras, populosque regenti
Quis comes utilitor, si clade & peste sub illa
Sævitiâ damnare, & honestum afferre liceret
Consilium ? sed quid violentius aure tyranni ?
Cum quo de pluviis, aut æstibus, aut nimboſo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici ?
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.
Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
Solstitia, his armis, illa quoque tutus in aula.
Proximus ejusdem properabat Acilius ævi

Cum

Hark, a Liburnian, taller than the crowd,
 " Away, away; he's seated;" cries aloud.

First, in a hurry, tucking up his gown,
 Ran Pegasus, the bailiff of the town,
 (What more than bailiffs were the prefects *then*)
 This pious judge, and most esteem'd of men,
 Durst not, in such sad times, the laws maintain,
 But blam'd his fate, and saw oppression reign.

Next came old Crispus, pleasant in his age,
 Smooth as his tongue, the manners of the sage;
 A tender-hearted man, and well inclin'd
 By mild advice to humanize the mind
 Of that fierce ruffian, whose despotic sway
 Seas, lands, and men were destin'd to obey;
 If selfish souls could e'er be taught to feel,
 If aught had pow'r to soften hearts of steel:
 But what more dangerous than a tyrant's ear?
 His friends, ev'n of the weather spoke with fear.
 Against the torrent Crispus never strove;
 Nor e'er revil'd the prince he could not love:
 He was not one of those who pow'r defy,
 And in the cause of virtue wish to die:
 He thought e'en virtue might be bought too dear,
 And therefore lived to see his eightieth year.

Next him, of equal age, came tott'ring on
 Acilius, follow'd by his hapless son;

A youth

Cum juvane indigno, quem mors tam sæva maneret,
Et domini gladiis tam festinata : sed olim
Prodigio par est in nobilitate senectus.
Unde fit, ut malim fraterculus esse gigantum.
Profuit ergo nihil misero, quod cominùs urfos
Figebet Numidas, Albanâ nudus arenâ
Venator. Quis enim jam non intelligat artes
Patricias? Quis priscum illud miretur acumen,
Brute tuum? Facile est barbato imponere regi.
Nec melior vultu quamvis ignobilis ibat
Rubrius, offensæ veteris reus, atque tacendæ;
Et tamen improbior Satiram scribente cinædo:
Montani quoque venter adest abdomine tardus:
Et matutino fudans Crispinus amomo;
Quantum vix redolent duo funera : sævior illo
Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro:
Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis
Fuscus, marmoreâ medatitus prælia villâ:

Et

A youth who merited a better fate,
 But 'twas that merit caus'd the tyrant's hate :
 Nought more portentous in these times appears,
 Than one of noble blood advanc'd in years ;
 Whence I would rather be of humble birth,
 A dwarfish brother of the sons of earth :
 Naked this desp'rate youth at Alba fought,
 But conqu'ring lions could avail him nought ;
 Patrician arts are understood too well,
 And Brutus' story every clown can tell :
 Old-fashion'd cunning ! 'twas an easy thing
 To cheat by mimic pow'rs a bearded king.

Now follow'd Rubrius, of ignoble race ;
 His look was dismal, tho' his birth was base :
 Of an old crime the foul reproach he bore,
 Which decency must draw the curtain o'er ;
 Yet durst with insolence the vicious note,
 Like that imperial brute who satires wrote.

Montanus next the council-table gain'd,
 Slow with the load of flesh his sides sustain'd.
 Crispinus came with ointment cover'd over ;
 At two interments we scarce lavish more.

And Pompey, fiercer of the two, whose skill,
 Subtle as bloody, could with whipsers kill.

He too, the man of might, who armies led,
 Fuscus, on whom the Dacian vultures fed ;

Who,

Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
Qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ,
Grande, & conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum,
Cæcus adulator, dirusque à ponte fatelles,
Dignus Arcinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
Blandaque devexæ jactaret basia rhedæ.
Nemo magis rhombum stupuit : nam plurima dixit
In lævum conversus : at illi dextra jacebat
Bellua : sic pugnæ Cilicis laudabat & ictus ;
Et pegma, & pueros inde ad velaria raptos.
Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus œstro
Percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat ; et ingens
Omen habes, inquit, magni, clarique triumphi :
Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus : peregrina est bellua. Cernis
Erectas in terga fudes ? Hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret, & annos.

Quidnam

Who, in his mind, saw hostile troops retreat,
And conquer'd nations at his sumptuous feat.

Then came the base Catullus, stain'd with blood ;
Near whom no virgin e'er untempted stood :
Blind as he was he grop'd his way to crimes,
By vice distinguish'd, in the worst of times.
A new court-sycophant, to honours led,
Tho' once the murd'ring minion begg'd his bread ;
At some bridge-foot, still fit to keep his stand,
And, to excite compassion, kifs his hand :
None more admir'd the turbot's size and make,
Yet was he guilty of a strange mistake ;
Stretch'd on the right the wondrous creature lay,
He gravely turn'd his head a diff'rent way :
So would he often, at the scenic shews,
Applaud the flying boys, and fencer's blows.

Veiento came not short ; with fury fir'd,
Like fierce Bellona's priest he seem'd inspir'd,
" This fith," said he, " by pow'r divine is sent,
" The happy omen of some great event ;
" Some splendid triumph shall adorn your reign,
" Some royal captive lead the mournful train ;
" Nay, Britain's monarch, flying o'er his team,
" Arviragus, may tumble from the beam :
" That 'tis a foreign creature plain appears,
" You see his spacious back is stuck with spears."

M

Nought

Quidnam igitur censes? Conciditur? Abfit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait; testa alta paretur,
Quæ tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem.
Debetur magnus patinæ subitusque Prometheus:
Argillam, atque rotam citiùs properate: sed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Cæsar, figuli tua castra sequantur.
Vicit digna viro sententia: noverat ille
Luxuriam imperii veterem, noctesque Neronis
Jam medias, aliamque famem, cùm pulmo Falerno
Arderet. Nulli major fuit usus edendi
Tempestate meâ. Circæis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad faxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morfu:
Et semel aspecti littus dicebat echini.
Surgitur & misso procures exire jubentur
Concilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem

Traxerat

Nought by this fawning slave remain'd untold,
Except whence came the turbot, and how old.

Cesar at length the weighty question put,
"What say ye, fathers; shall the fish be cut?"
Far be that dire disgrace, Montanus cries,
From a sea-monster of so vast a size;
'Tis easy to bespeak an earthen dish,
Whose ample orb may hold the gorgeous fish:
Send for a potter, skilful at his trade,
By whom the pan may out of hand be made;
Quick bring the clay and wheel; and henceforth, fire,
In all your camps keep potters in the rear.

This sage advice applause from Cesar drew,
Imperial luxury its author knew;
He had been train'd in Nero's beastly court,
The lewd companion of his midnight sport;
Had learn'd to make pall'd appetite return,
And with strong wine o'er-loaden stomachs burn;
To eat by rule none better understood,
His taste was supereminently good;
Soon as an oyster touch'd his lips, he'd name
The very rock from which that oyster came;
And if a crab was offer'd to his view,
At the first glimpse its shore the glutton knew.

They rise; the bowing senate throng the door;
Prets to begone, nor feel the panic o'er:

Traxerat attonitos, & festinare coactos,
Tanquam de Cattis aliquid, torvisque Sicambris
Dicturus; tanquam diversis partibus orbis
Anxia præcipi venisset epistola pennâ.

Atque utinam his potiùs nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi
Illustrasque animas impunè, & vindice nullo.
Sed periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
Cœperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti,

The great commander, by his sov'reign pow'r,
Had dragg'd them full of fears to Alba's tow'r :
As when some dang'rous news the state alarms,
The Catti or Sicambri up in arms ;
Or anxious letters, coming on the wing,
From distant climes unwelcome tidings bring.

O ! that such whims as these, absurd and vain,
Had made the whole employment of his reign ;
In which so many gallant chiefs of Rome
Met unreveng'd an ignominious doom !
Yet he who long the daunted great withstood,
And rioted uncheck'd in Lamian blood,
Sour to the vulgar, soon receiv'd the blow,
That sent him headlong to the shades below.

S A T I R A XIV.

PLRIMA sunt, Fuscine, et famâ digna sinistra
 Et nitidis maculam hæsuram figentia rebus,
 Quæ monfrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.
 Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit & hæres
 Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.
 Nec de se meliùs cuiquam sperare propinquo
 Concedet juvenis, qui radere tubera terræ,
 Boletum condire, & eodem jure natantes
 Mergere ficedulas didicit, nebulone parente,
 Et canâ monfrante gulâ. Cùm septimus annus
 Tranſierit puero, nondum omni dente renato

Barbatus

S A T I R E XIV.

HOW oft, Fuscinus, habits worthy blame,
 Habits that tarnish an illustrious name,
 By parents prone to vice, and void of thought,
 To harmless childhood shamefully are taught !
 If dice, sad pastime, to the father yield,
 The same vile arms his little son shall wield.
 So of that ill-train'd youth his friends despair,
 Who peels champignons with peculiar care ;
 The floating beccafico skill'd to steep,
 In precious mushroom-liquor plunging deep ;
 His parents fav'ry messes fond to note,
 The baby mimic of a hoary throat :
 Ere yet sev'n years experience he has known,
 Before his second set of teeth is grown,

A thousand

Barbatus licet admoveas mille inde magistros,
Hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cœnare paratu
Semper, et à magnâ non degenerare culinâ.
Mitem animam, et mores modicis erroribus æquos
Præcipit, atque animos fervorum, & corpora nostrâ
Materiâ constare putat, paribusque elementis :
Au sœvire docet Rutilus ? qui gaudet acerbo
Plagarum strepitu, & nullam Sirena flagellis
Comparat, Antiphates trepidi laris, ac Polyphemus ?
Tum felix, quoties aliquis tortore vocato
Uritur ardenti duo propter lineæ ferro.
Quid suadet juveni lætus stridore catenæ,
Quem mirè afficiunt inscripta ergastula, carcer
Rusticus ? Exspectas ut non sit adultera Largæ
Filia, quæ nunquam maternos dicere mœchos
Tam citò, nec tanto poterit contexere curfu,
Ut non ter decies respiret ? Conscia matri
Virgo fuit : ceras nunc hâc dictante pufillas
Implet, et ad mœchum dat eisdem ferre cinædis.
Sic natura jubet : velociùs & citiùs nos

Corrumpunt

A thousand tutors on this hand provide,
 And place as many on the further side ;
 He'll never from his glutton taste depart,
 But carry still the kitchen in his heart.
 Does Rutilus display a gentle mind,
 To pardon inadvertencies inclin'd ;
 That slaves have bodies like our own believe,
 Or that from heav'n like us they souls receive ?
 No, Rutilus a savage temper shews,
 And cheers his rancour with the sound of blows ;
 No Siren's notes, like flagellation, please
 This Polyphemus, this Antiphates,
 Supremely blest, when slaves the torture feel,
 And for two clouts endure the burning steel :
 How shall that youth be humaniz'd, whose fire
 Aught but the rattling chain could ne'er admire ;
 Whose eyes are gratified with horrid fights,
 Whose heart the brand or country jail delights ?
 Can Larga's daughter ever modest prove,
 And loath the trade impure of lawless love ;
 Who, calling Larga's list of lovers o'er,
 Must draw her breath a hundred times or more ?
 The child had eyes, and now she sends abroad
 Soft notes, the dictates of the batter'd bawd ;
 And, as her trusty messengers, employs
 Her execrable mother's filthy boys :

Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Cùm fubeunt animos auctoribus. Unus, & alter
Forſitan hæc ſparnant juvenes, quibus arte benignâ
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.
Sed reliquos fugienda patrum veſtigia ducunt ;
Et monſtrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpæ.
Abſtineas igitur damnandis ; hujus enim vel
Una potens ratio eſt, ne crimina noſtra ſequantur
Ex nobis geniti ; quoniam dociles imitandis
Turpibus ac pravis omnes ſumus ; & Catilinam
Quocunque in populo videas, quocunque ſub axe
Sed non Brutus erit, Bruti nec avunculus uſquam.
Nil dictu fœdum, viſuque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ puer eſt. Procul hinc, procul inde puellæ
Lenonum, & cantus pernoctantis paraſiti.
Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Si quid
Turpe paras, nec tu pueri contempſeris annos :
Sed peccaturo obſiſtat tibi filius infans.
Nam ſi quid dignum cenſoris fecerit irâ,
(Quando quidem ſimilem tibi ſe non corpore tantùm,
Nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius) & cùm
Omnia deterius tua per veſtigia peccet,

Parental vices soon our hearts infect,
 Because they flow from those we most respect.
 Yet here and there a youth of folly born,
 His father's vices will reject with scorn ;
 But such are sent heav'n's bounty to display,
 And Titan forms their hearts of finest clay :
 The rest from vile example vice acquire,
 Drawn by the vortex that ingulph'd the fire.
 Then let the parent blameful actions shun,
 'Tis cause sufficient that they spoil the son ;
 Prone is the nature of the human race
 To imitate whate'er is foul and base ;
 And tho' no clime from Catilines is free,
 We scarce a Brutus or a Cato see.
 Let nought improper to be seen or said
 Approach the threshold where a boy is bred :
 Away, begone, ye wanton brothel-throng ;
 Begone, ye parasites, with midnight song ;
 The greatest rev'rence is to childhood due ;
 Let not its ruin rise from copying you :
 If ill you purpose, to the boy give heed,
 And let his presence stop the vicious deed.
 Now, if the censor should the youth rebuke,
 (Not like his fire in nought but shape and look,
 But in his turpitude of life the same)
 Doubtless against his morals you'll exclaim ;

Corripies nimirum, et castigabis acerbo
Clamore, ac post hæc tabulas mutare parabis.
Unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
Cum facias pejora fenex ? vacuumque cerebro
Jampridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita quærat ?
Hospite venturo cessabit nemo tuorum :
Verre pavementum ; nitidas ostende columnas ;
Arida cum totâ descendat aranea telâ :
Hic læve argentem ; vasa aspera tergeat alter :
Vox domini fremit instantis, virgamque tenentis.
Ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore fæda canino
Atria displiceant oculis venientis amici,
Ne perfusa luto sit porticus : et tamen uno
Semodio scobis hæc emaudet servulus unus.
Illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
Aspiciat sine labe domum, vitioque carentem ?
Gratum est, quod patriæ civem populoque dedisti,
Si facis ut patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis et bellorum, et pacis rebus agendis.
Plurimum enim intererit quibus artibus & quibus hunc tu
Moribus instituas. Serpente ciconia pullos
Nutrit, & inventâ per devia rura lacertâ :
Illi eadem sumptis quærunt animalia pennis.

Vultur

And vow, if that loose course he follow still,
 You'll spurn the profligate, and change your will.
 Say, with what front can you those threats employ,
 And claim a parent's right to chide the boy ;
 While you, with all your years, are far less wife,
 And for the cupping-horn your noddle cries ?

Gods! what a rout, when you a guest expect !
 Arm'd with a sapling, you the work direct ;
 Scrub all the floors, and make the pillars clean,
 And let no spiders, or their webs, be seen ;
 You scour the figur'd plate, and you the plain ;
 Loud cries the master in a threat'ning strain.
 O, wretched mortal! are you then distress'd
 Left your neglected hall offend your guest ;
 Left foul with dirt your portico be seen,
 Which half a peck of scatter'd dust would clean ;
 And watch not that your house be undefil'd,
 And vices banish'd that corrupt your child ?
 Thanks to that fire a grateful people owes,
 Who some new citizen on Rome bestows ;
 If useful arts the gen'rous youth endow,
 Form'd for the camp, the forum, and the plough,
 Much it imports what precepts we instil :
 The stork the serpent carries in her bill,
 Warm in their nest, to feed her callow brood ;
 And ever after servants are their food :

By

Vultur jumento & canibus crucibusque relictis,
Ad fœtus properat, partemque cadaveris affert.
Hinc est ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis, & se
Pascentis, propria cùm jam facit arbore nidos.
Sed leporem, aut capream, famulæ Jovis, & generosæ
In saltu venantur aves : hinc præda cubili
Ponitur : inde autem, cùm se matura levârit
Progenies stimulante fame, festinat ad illam,
Quam primùm rupto prædam gustaverat ovo.

Ædificator erat Centronius, et modò curvo
Littore Caietæ, summâ nunc Tiburis arce,
Nunc Prænestinis in montibus, alta parabat
Culmina villarum, Græcis longèque petitis
Marmoribus, vincens Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem ;
Ut spado vincebat Capitolia nostra Posides.
Dum sic ergo habitat Centronius, imminuit rem,
Fregit opes, nec parva tamen mensura relictæ
Partis erat : totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
Dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas.

Quidam

By the keen vulture to her young are brought
 The flesh of dogs, and that on crosses fought;
 Such carcases supply the vultures grown,
 When nests they build for younglings of their own:
 The birds of Jove, and those of noble breed,
 On hares and roes that range the forest feed;
 Hence to their home the talon'd race convey
 The fav'ry morsels of the mangled prey;
 The brood when fledg'd seek that they tasted first,
 When with their beaks the brittle shell they burst.

Centronius, eager to acquire a name,
 Built many an edifice of stately frame;
 One while Cajeta's winding shore he chose,
 One while on Tiburs' summit structures rose;
 Now on Prenestes' hills, uprear'd sublime,
 Stood domes of marble from some distant clime;
 The fane of Hercules was far out-done,
 To Fortune's temple they superior shone;
 As those Pofides, that rich eunuch, rais'd,
 More than our capitols the fight amaz'd:
 To sooth his pride in this display of taste,
 Centronius' wealth was running fast to waste;
 But, stopt in his career by ruling fate,
 He died, and left his heir a large estate:
 The same destructive passion seiz'd the son;
 And he by splendid villas was undone.

Some,

Quidam fortiti metuentem Sabbota patrem,
Nil præter nubes, & cœli numen adorant :
Nec distare putant humanâ carne fuillam,
Quâ pater abstinuit ; mox & præputia ponunt :
Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges,
Judaicum ediscunt, & servant, ac metuunt jus,
Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses,
Non monstrare vias, eadem nisi sacra colenti ;
Quæsitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.
Sed pater in causâ, cui septima quæque fuit lux
Ignava, et partem vite non attingit ullam.

Sponte tamen juvenis imitantur cætera : solam
Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.
Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ,
Cum sit triste habitu, vultuque et veste severum.
Nec dubiè tanquam frugi laudatur avarus,
Tanquam parcus homo, et rerum tutela suarum
Certa magis, quam si fortunas fervet easdem
Hesperidum serpens, aut Ponticus. Adde quod hunc, de
Quo loquor, egregium populus putat atque verendum
Artificem : quippe his crescunt patrimonia fabris,
Sed crescunt quocunque modo, majoraque fiunt
Incude assiduâ, semperque ardente caniuo.

Et

Some, sprung from fathers, who with rev'rent awe,
 Observ'd the sabbaths of the Jewish law,
 Their adoration to the gods deny,
 All but the clouds and ruler of the sky ;
 Swine's flesh alike as man's they dare not eat,
 Because it never was their parent's meat,
 Their fore-skins are cut off, when newly born,
 And soon they learn the Roman laws to scorn ;
 The Jewish rites they study, keep, and dread,
 And all in Moses' mystic volume read ;
 Aidless they leave the traveller to stray,
 Who worships Providence a diff'rent way ;
 Nor will they to the spring the thirsty lead,
 Unless a brother of the curtail breed :
 Their fathers are the cause ; who idle lay,
 And of their lives'lost ev'ry seventh day.

To copy vice, by nature, youth is given ;
 Led to all others, but to av'rice driv'n :
 For this can feign, and virtue's look express,
 Grave in its carriage, countenance, and dress ;
 The miser for his prudence lives ador'd,
 Intrepid guardian of his sacred hoard ;
 Nor Pontic nor Hesperian snake of old,
 His rich depofite watch'd, as he his gold ;
 On such a man the crowd with rapture gaze,
 And as a wondrous artist loudly praise ;

O

These

Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros,
Qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati
Pauperis esse putat, juvenes hortatur, ut illam
Ire viam pergant, & eidem incumbere sectæ.
Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa : his protinus illos
Imbuit, & cogit minimas edificere fordes.
Mox acquirendi docet infatiabile votum.
Servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo,
Ipse quoque efuriens : neque enim omnia sustinet unquam
Mucida cærulei panis consumere frustra,
Hæsternum solitus medio fervare minutal
Septembri ; nec non differre in tempora cænæ
Alterius, conchem æstivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique siluro,
Filaque sectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negarit.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas ?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato ?

Interea

These are the drudges who estates acquire,
 Still sounds their anvil, and still glows the fire;
 By unremitting toil each fortune grows,
 But how the work is done, heav'n only knows.
 That wealth alone felicity can give,
 And who is poor in wretchedness must live,
 Is the mean father's creed, who urges on
 To usury and craft th' ingenuous son.
 Vice has its elements; first these are taught,
 And soon to sordid arts the boy is brought;
 Then, in the filth of lucre plunging deep,
 He learns the miser's trade to rob and heap.
 The fire his miserable morsel faves,
 And by false measure starves his wretched slaves;
 Nor suffers all his crusts, tho' hard and four'd,
 Of vilest bread to be at once devour'd;
 E'en in September's putrifying heat,
 He locks up half his medley mews of meat;
 He, for another supper, steals the dish
 That holds the poor remains of beans and fish;
 For stinking shads a private corner seeks,
 Mix'd with the counted strings of sorry leeks:
 Should he invite the wretch who begs his bread,
 He'd scorn with such rank offals to be fed.
 What end is answer'd by this golden hoard,
 With plague, with torment, by the miser stor'd?

Intereâ pleno cum turget facculus ore,
Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit :
Et minus hanc optat, qui non habet. Ergo paratur
Altera villa tibi, cùm rus non sufficit unum,
Et proferre libet fines ; majorque videtur,
Et meliôr vicina feges. Mercaris, & hunc, &
Arbusta, & densâ montem qui canet olivâ :
Quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,
Nocte boves macri, lassoque famelica collo
Armenta ad virides hujus mittentur aristas ;
Nec priùs inde domum, quam tota novalia sævos
In ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
Dicere vix possis, quam multi talia plorent,
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.

Sed qui sermones ? Quæ fœdæ buccina famæ ?
Quid nocet hoc, inquit. Tunicam mihi malo lupini,
Quàm si me toto laudet vicinia pago
Exigui ruris paucissima farra fecantem.
Scilicet et morbis et debilitate carebis,

Et

'Tis folly manifest ; 'tis madness, sure,
 To aim at dying rich by living poor.
 When cramm'd with coin the bursting bag o'erflows,
 The love of money with the money grows :
 He who possesses but a slender store,
 Is ever found the last to covet more.
 You'll buy another villa, other grounds,
 One farms too little, you'll extend your bounds ;
 Your neighbour's grain seems lovelier to your view,
 You'll purchase that fair crop, and orchard too ;
 Nay add his plenteous olives to your store,
 And buy the hill with blossoms silver'd o'er :
 But if not all your gold, not all your art,
 Can tempt this neighbour with his lands to part,
 Your meager ox, and all the famish'd breed,
 By night are driv'n on verdant ears to feed ;
 So bare the field is stript, that one would swear
 The reaper with his sickle had been there :
 How many mourn their loss I scarce could tell,
 How many thus are forc'd their farms to sell.

But sad and furly sounds the trump of fame :
 " What's that to me ? I scorn an empty name :
 " I rather would have wealth, and live despis'd,
 " Than shine by all around for virtue priz'd ;
 " If to that virtue must be join'd the pain
 " To store from little fields small heaps of grain."

Doubtless,

Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempora vitæ
Longa tibi post hæc fato meliore dabuntur ;
Si tantam culti solus possederis agri,
Quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.
Mox etiam fractis ætate, ac Punica passis
Prælia, vel Pyrrhum immanem, gladiosque Molossos,
Tandem pro multis vix jugera bina dabantur
Vulneribus. Merces ea sanguinis atque laboris
Nullis visa unquam mertitis minor, aut ingrata
Curta fides patriæ. Saturabat glebula talis
Patrem ipsum, turbamque casæ, quâ foeta jacebat
Uxor, & infantes ludebant quatuor, unus
Vernula, tres domini : sed magnis fratribus horum
A fœro vel fulco redeuntibus, altera cœna
Amplior, & grandes fumabant pultibus ollæ.
Nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.
Inde ferè scelerum causæ, nec plura venena
Miscuit, aut ferro grassatur sæpiùs ullum
Humanæ mentis vitium, quàm sæva cupido

Doubtless, you no infirmities will share,
 No sickness undergo, no grief, no care,
 Your life will reach above life's common date,
 And pass serenely thro' the smiles of fate ;
 When-e'er as large a tract of land is gain'd,
 As Tatius and his realm of old maintain'd :
 Long after, to the Roman, broke with age,
 Train'd to defy the Punic's soldier's rage,
 Or the fell monarch's in Molossian wars,
 Two acres recompens'd a world of scares ;
 For modest worth their value understood,
 Nor deem'd too small for all his toil and blood :
 The scanty produce of this little spot
 Sustain'd the fire, and all that throng'd the cot ;
 Where his industrious wife in child-bed lay,
 And four stout infants were engag'd at play,
 Three masters ; one, a slave ; where, smoaking hot,
 The pulse appear'd in a capacious pot ;
 A second mess with hearty labour earn'd
 By their big brothers from the plough return'd :
 The whole extent of this old warrior's field
 Space for a modern garden scarce would yield.

Here the chief source of villany we find ;
 And never more has man's distemper'd mind
 Recourse to daggers or the poison'd bowl,
 Than when the lust of riches stains the soul :

For

Indomiti census. Nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et citò vult fieri. Sed quæ reverentia legum ?
Quis metus, aut pudor est unquam properantis avari ?
Vivite contenti casulis, & collibus istis,
O pueri, Marfus dicebat & Hernicus olim,
Vestinusque senex : panem quæramus aratro,
Qui fatis est mensis. Laudant hoc Numina ruris,
Quorum ope & auxilio, grata post munus arista,
Contingunt homini veteris fastidia quercus,
Nil vetitum fecisse volet, quem non pudet alto
Per glaciem perone tegi ; qui summovet Euros
Pellibus inverfis. Peregrina ignotaque nobis
Ad scelus atque nefas, quodcumque est, purpura ducit.
Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus. At nunc
Post finem Butumni mediâ de nocte supinum
Clamorus juvenem pater excitat ; accipe ceras,
Scribe puer, vigila, causas age, perlege rubras
Majorum leges, aut vitem posce libello.
Sed caput intactum buxo, naresque pilosas

For they who in pursuit of fortune run,
 Will ever with the business quickly done.
 Then what respect, what reverence of the law,
 What shame, what fears, can posting misers awe ?
 " Your cots and hills, my children, be your pride,"
 The good old Marſian and Veſtinian cried ;
 " We'll earn our bread by turning up the foil,
 " The rural deities applaud our toil ;
 " By their aſſiſtance corn was taught to grow ;
 " To them contempt of acorn-meals we owe.
 " Nothing irregular that man can do,
 " Who bluſhes not to wear a clumsy ſhoe ;
 " Who, rough and hardy, wades thro' mountain-ſnows,
 " And the furr'd ſkin inverts, when Eurus blows :
 " 'Tis foreign purple, boys, to us unknown,
 " That into ev'ry vice has nations thrown."
 Thus they harangu'd of old, their youth to ſave
 Such the wiſe precepts thoſe good ancients gave
 But now the father, ere the night be gone,
 After the end of autumn, wakes the ſon :
 Rouſe, boy, take up your tablets, quick ; write, plead,
 And the red laws of your forefathers read ;
 Or, if your choice, petition for the vine,
 Around your head your hair diſorder'd twine,
 Your noſtrils ſhagg'd, and ſhoulders broad diſplay,
 And Lelius' ſelf with wonder ſhall ſurvey ;

Annotet, et grandes miretur Lælius alas.
Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantùm,
Ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Afferat : aut longas castrorum ferre labores
Si piget, et trepido solvunt tibi cornua ventrem,
Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere possis
Pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
Ullius subeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra :
Nec credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter
Unguenta, et corium. Lucri bonus est odor ex re
Quâlibet. Illa tuo sententia semper in ore
Versetur, dis atque ipso Jove digna, poëtæ :
Unde habeas quærit nemo ; sed oportet habere.
Hoc monstrant vetulæ pueris poscentibus assẽm :
Hoc discunt omnes ante Alpha et Beta puellæ.

Talibus instantem monitis quemcunque parentem
Sic possem affari : dic, ô vanissime, quis te
Festinare jubet ? meliorem præsto magistro
Discipulum. Securus abi : vinceris, ut Ajax
Præteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
Parcendum est teneris : nondum implevêre medullas.

Brigantian huts and Moorish cots destroy,
 And a rich eagle at threescore enjoy.
 But if the duties of the camp you fear,
 If the loud trumpet terrify your ear,
 The profitable line of commerce try,
 And what will sell for twice its value buy;
 Let not foul wares excite your discontent,
 Tho' fit beyond the Tiber to be sent;
 Where profit is concern'd, 'tis foolish pride
 To think perfumes are sweeter than a hide;
 The smell of lucre is a grateful thing,
 Tho' from abominable filth it spring:
 Safely the poet's maxim all may trust,
 "None question whence you have, but have you must."
 A sentence worthy of the pow'rs above,
 Nay fit to be the words of sov'reign Jove:
 'Tis this the tattling nurse repeats with joy,
 When jingling *asses* please the craving boy;
 And little girls are taught this modern creed,
 Before the chits their alphabet can read.

To some base father, teaching thus his son,
 I'd cry aloud; "Vain wretch, why urge him on?
 "Too fast he hurries, nor has need of you;
 "The scholar soon the master will out do:
 "As Ajax Telamon excell'd in might;
 "As Peleus yielded to his son in fight."

Nativæ mala nequitia: cùm pectore barbam
Cœperit, et longi mucronem admittere cultri,
Falsus erit testis, vendet perjuriam summâ
Exiguâ, Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
Elatam jam crede nurum, si limina vestra
Mortiferâ cum dote subit. Quibus illa premetur
Per somnum digitis? Nam quæ terrâque marique
Acquirenda putes, brevior via conferet illi.
Nullus enim magni sceleris labor. Hæc ego nunquam
Mandavi, dices olim, nec talia suavi:
Et lævo monitu pueros producit avaros;
Mentis causa malæ tamen est et origo penes te.
Nam quisquis magni censûs præcepit amorem,
Et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicare
Dat libertatem, totas effundit habenas
Curriculo: quem si revoces, subsistere nescit,
Et te contempto rapitur, metisque relictis.
Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere, quantum
Permittas: adeò indulgent sibi latius ipsi.
Cùm dicis juveni, stultum, qui donet amico,
Qui paupertatem levet, attollatque propinqui;

Et

Abfurd your practice villany to teach,
Doubt not the parent's vice his foul will reach :
Soon as the manly down his cheek shall grace
And the keen razor skim his tender face ;
At Ceres' flurine the perjur'd knave shall stand,
And on the goddess' foot extend his hand :
Should some rich virgin mount his genial bed,
Believe the hapless fair already dead ;
The black attempt is certain to succeed,
A finger's touch achieves the monstrous deed :
Traffick by sea and land you recommend,
He learns a shorter way to gain his end ;
Small pains suffice to make the finish'd knave.
You'll say, such principles you never gave ;
Yet you first bent the genius of your son,
The source of all his heart and hand have done ;
For parents who to guile their children train,
Who taint their tender minds with lust of gain,
Who shew them how by cheating fortunes grow,
The reins at random on the chariot throw ;
The driver's voice the steeds refuse to hear,
And rush impetuous in their wild career :
None will so far his liberty resign,
To drop the rascal where you draw the line.
By calling blockhead him who helps his friends,
Or to his poor relations presents sends,

You

Et spoliare doces, et circumscribere, et omni
Crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te est,
Quantus erat patriæ Deciorum in pectore, quantum
Dilexit Thebas, si Græcia vera, Menæceus :
In quorum fulcis legiones dentibus anguis
Cum clypeis nascuntur, et horrida bella capeffunt
Continuò, tanquam et tubicen furrexerit unà.
Ergo ignem, cujus scintillas ipse dedisti,
Flagrantem latè, et rapientem cuncta videbis.
Nec tibi parceretur misero, trepidumque magistrum
In caveâ magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
Nota mathematicis genesis tua : sed grave tardas
Expectare colos, morieris flamine nondum
Abrupto : jam nunc obſtas, et vota moraris ;
Jam torquet juvenem longa et cervina senectus.
Ocius Archigenem quære, atque eme quod Mithridates
Compofuit, ſi vis aliam decerpere ficum,
Atque alias tractare roſas : medicamen habendum eſt,
Sorbere ante cibum quod debeat aut pater aut rex.
Monſtro voluptatem egregium, cui nulla theatra,
Nulla æquare queas prætoris pulpita lauti,

You teach to gather wealth by impious art,
 That wealth whose dazzling charms enslave your heart ;
 How strong your passion for destructive gold !
 Such for their country heroes felt of old ;
 Such in the bosoms of the Decii grew ;
 Such in Meneceus' breast, if Greece say true :
 Greece, in whose furrows men in arms arose,
 And with insatiate fury dealt their blows ;
 From dragons' teeth upsprung those men of might,
 Who fought, as tho' the trump had rous'd the fight ;
 Thus from a spark a mighty fire you raise,
 And the flames spread, till all is in a blaze.
 Your wretched self shall feel this lion's pow'r ;
 Th' ungrateful whelp his keeper shall devour :
 Astrologer's you think your fortune know,
 But distaffs work intolerably flow ;
 Perish you must, ere yet your thread is broke ;
 Your long-enduring years the youth provoke :
 Send to the doctor ; let a dose be bought
 Of that fam'd compound Mithridates wrought ;
 If you indulge a wish on earth to dwell
 New figs to gather, or new roses smell :
 Take physic, ere your slaves the dinner bring,
 'Tis good for ev'ry fire, and ev'ry king.

A comic shew diverts the watchful eye,
 A shew, with which no scenic sport can vie,

The

Si spectes quanto capitis discrimine constant
Incrementa domûs, æratâ multus in arcâ
Fiscus, et ad vigilem ponendi Castora nummi,
Ex quo Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit, et res
Non potuit servare suas. Ergo omnia Floræ
Et Cereris licet, et Cybeles aulæa relinquo,
Tanto majores humana negotia ludi.
An magis oblectant animum jactata petauro
Corpora, quique solent rectum descendere funem ?
Quam tu, Coryciâ semper qui puppe moraris,
Atque habitas, coro semper tollendus et Austro,
Perditus ac vilis facci mercator olentis ?
Qui gaudes pingue antiquæ de littore Cretæ
Passum et municipes Jovis advexisse lagenas ?
Hic tamen ancipiti figens vestigia plantâ
Victum illâ mercede parat, brumamque famemque
Illâ recte cavet : tu propter mille talenta
Et centum villas temerarius. Aspice portus,
Et plenum magnis trabibus more. Plus hominum est jam
In pelago : veniet classis, quocumque vocârit
Spes lucri ; nec Carpathium, Gætulaque tantum

The splendid spectacles surpaffing far,
 Giv'n by the pretor in his pompous car,
 When thofe egregious mifchiefs we behold,
 That wait on childifh men who thirft for gold;
 Whofe brafs-bound coffers many a bag contain
 Of coins defign'd for watchful Caftor's fane;
 (For fince the theft of Mars's helm was known,
 None truft a godhead plunder'd of his own.)
 To idle games 'tis folly to refort:
 The bufy fcenes of life yield nobler fport.
 Can vaulting tumblers more delight afford;
 Can he who flies along the floping cord;
 Than you, rich fool, who in your vefel dwell,
 Tofs'd as the tempeft blows and waters fwell;
 Who, loft to fhame, your customers attend,
 And pedler-like, your aromatics vend;
 Import of Cretan wine a muddy ftore,
 And deal in flagons from Jove's native fhore?
 He who along the rope extended fides,
 A cloak and fupper by his art provides;
 But what pays you for all your dread alarms?
 A thoufand talents and a hundred farms.
 Ships cover now our fea, as well as ports;
 Man more to water than to land reforts:
 On Lybian and Carpathian waves we ride,
 The gulf of Hercules fhall next be tried:

Q

And

*Æquora tranfiliet : sed longè Calpe relictâ,
Audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.*

*Grande operæ pretium est, ut tenso folle reverti
Inde domum possis, tumidâque superbus alutâ,
Oceani monstra, et juvenes vidisse marinos.
Non unus mentes agitat furor. ille fororis
In manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur et igni.
Hic bove percusso mugire Agamemnona credit,
Aut Ithacum. Parcat tunicis licèt atque lacernis,
Curatoris eget, qui navem mercibus implet
Ad summum latus, et tabulâ distinguitur undâ;
Cùm sit causa mali tanti, et discriminis hujus,
Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.
Occurrunt nubes & fulgura : solvite funem,
Frumenti dominus clamat, piperisque coemptor ;
Nil color hic cœli, nil fascia nigra minatur :
Æstivum tonat. Infelix, ac forsitan ipsâ
Nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur
Obrutus, et zonam lævâ morfuve tenebit.
Sed, cujus votis modò non suffecerat aurum,
Quod Tagus, et rutilâ volvit Pactolus arenâ,*

And the bold sailor, with astonish'd ear,
The hissing of the solar chariot hear.

A noble feat, to distant climes to roam,
That with swell'd purples you may strut at home,
And tell the crowd, in ostentatious strain,
What tritons rose and monsters of the main !
Unlike are madmen : one a sister fears,
And thinks a fury with her torch appears ;
Another, when his spear a bullock gores,
Thinks Agamemnon or Ulysses roars :
As much that man demands a keeper's care,
Tho' he forbears his vest and cloak to tear,
Fond in an over-loaden ship to sleep,
While one poor plank preserves him from the deep ;
The prize for which he runs this desp'rate race,
A piece of silver with a pigmy face.
Lo, dusk and light'ning ! " Launch into the main ;"
Cries out the mighty lord of spice and grain,
" That gloom is nothing but a flying cloud ;
" 'Tis only summer-thunder roars so loud,"
Miser, whom no prognostics can affect,
Perhaps this night thy vessel may be wreck'd ;
Thou pale and struggling by the surge be roll'd,
And thy left hand or teeth thy girdle hold :
Thou, not content the treasures to command
Of Tagus' and Pactolus' glitt'ring sand,

Frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni,
Exiguusque cibus, mersâ rate naufragus assem
Dum petit, et pictâ se tempestate tuetur.
Tantis parta malis, curâ majore metuque
Servantur. Misera est magni custodia censûs.

Dispositis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro
Electro, signisque suis, Phrygiâque columnâ,
Atque ebore, et latâ testudine. Dolia nudi
Non ardent Cynici : si fregeris, altera fiet
Cras domus ; aut eadem plumbo commissâ manebit.
Sensit Alexander, testâ cùm vidit in illâ
Magnum habitatorem, quantò felicior hic, qui
Nil cuperet, quàm qui totum sibi posceret orbem,
Passurus gestis æquanda pericula rebus.
Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia : nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam. Mensura tamen quæ
Sufficiat censûs, si quis me consulat, edam.
In quantum sitis atque fames & frigora poscunt :
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis ;

Quantum

A lamentable figure, rags may't wear,
 And all the pains of cold and hunger bear ;
 The ship-wreck'd beggar's character perform,
 And sue for *affes* with a painted form.
 When ills bring wealth, we fear its loss the more ;
 And 'tis a wretched life to watch our store.

His buckets plac'd in order in his hall,
 And guards of servants ready at the call,
 Rich Licinus with pain retires to bed,
 His amber and his statues fill his head ;
 He pines amidst his iv'ry and his shells,
 While in his pan content the cynic dwells ;
 Break it, to-morrow he'll a stronger find ;
 Or his old vessel's cracks with solder bind.
 When Alexander in amazement found
 So great a being in so small a round,
 He felt how happier he who nought desires,
 Than he who for his empire worlds requires ;
 Who 'midst his conquests must great ills sustain ;
 And shares no glory equal to his pain.
 All heav'n would favour man, if man were wise ;
 And thou, fool fortune, tumble from the skies.

Should I be ask'd my judgment to relate,
 And shew what makes a competent estate ;
 I'd say ; " As much as will from hunger save ;
 " What Epicurus' little garden gave ;

" What

Quantum Socratici cæperunt antè Penates.
Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
Acribus exemplis videor te claudere ; misce
Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus ; effice summam,
Bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
Hæc quoque si rugam trahit extenditque labellum,
Sume duos equites, fac tertia quadringenta :
Si nondum implevi gremium, si panditur ultrà :
Nec Cræsi fortuna unquam, nec Persica regna
Sufficient animo, nec divitiæ Narcissi,
Indulfit Cæsar cui Claudius omna, cujus
Paruit imperiis uxorem occidere iustus.

“ What made great Socrates rich, gay, and free :

“ Nature and wisdom never disagree.”

These may be thought examples, too severe,

Of our own mode let something then appear :

Take what the Rofcian laws prescribe for those,

For whom are set apart the cushion'd rows ;

But if your wishes have not reach'd their height,

Take twice the value of a knight's estate ;

If yet you hang your lip, and knit your brow,

Thrice that equestrian fortune I'll allow ;

If still you spread your lap, and gape for more,

Not all the shining heaps of Crefus' store,

Not the vast Persian empire, would you find

Enough to satisfy your boundless mind :

Endless 'twould be to grant the fums you crave ;

Too small the wealth of that enfranchish'd slave,

The proud Narcissus, who his prince reprov'd,

And made fond Claudius slay the wife he lov'd.

O D E

Addressée à l'Assemblée Nationale de France.

I.

AU dedans des murs de cette cité la gloire de la France, où la Seine roule ses flots argentés, les amis de l'homme s'investissent de leur dignité, tandis que les tyrans *se dispersent* fuyant un sort ignominieux. Ces sages que la vénération entoure s'asseyent, semblables aux demi-dieux de l'antiquité. Mais ces demi-dieux furent des Guerriers illustres par leur taille & leur audace. Ceux ci sont des héros pacifiques, leurs armes sont d'une trempe plus qu'humaine. l'Esclave du pouvoir sans bornes voit *déjà* s'avancer l'heure heureuse où des millions d'êtres vont jouir d'un meilleur destin ; les nations de l'univers attendent cette heure avec une ardeur tremblante.

Ce n'est pas dans une plaine immense, parmi des cadavres déchirés, au milieu d'un fracas effroyable, c'est dans Paris devenu les délices du monde, c'est dans cette Athènes de la France polie, que la vraie gloire établit son séjour, déjà elle a lancé la verge de fer loin des bornes Françaises, pour orner d'un sceptre d'or la main monarque.

L'hypocrisie

O D E

Addressed to the National Assembly of France.

I.

WITHIN that city's walls, of Gaul the pride,
 Where Sequana devolves her silver tide,
 The friends of man their state assume,
 While tyrants fly a shameful doom.
 Aweful the sages sit, like demi-gods of old ;
 But demi-gods were warriors big and bold ;
 Pacific heroes these, with minds of giant mould.
 The slave of law-lefs pow'r
 Foretells that happy hour,
 When millions shall enjoy a better fate :
 The nations of the world with trembling ardour wait.
 It is not in a spacious plain,
 Horrific with the mangled slain,
 But in Lutetia, fought by all,
 That Athens of the polish'd Gaul,
 That honest Glory takes her stand,
 The rod of iron hurls from Gallic land.
 And with a golden sceptre decks the monarch's hand.

R

Hypocritify

II.

L'hypocrisie aux yeux louches qui se dérobe sous le déguisement du sage, maintenant épouvantée s'enfuit loin de sa cellule en vomissant des imprécations. Les trésors qu'elle entassa vont réjouir le pauvre, et soulager une détresse non méritée. Loin d'ici loin d'ici Frelons qui ne naîsez que pour les titres. Qui osez insolemment mépriser ceux qui valent mieux que vous, Race Gothique, qui ne connoissez d'autre bonheur que celui de jouer, de vous parer, de danser, de folâtrer. Qui ne redoutez que le travail utile, et qui affamés chez vous, excitez des guerres pour gagner votre pain. Ho ! la noblesse Britannique est riche et peu nombreuse ; elle n'a pas besoin de s'abreuver de sang. Opulente et généreuse, ses trésors aident l'état, et soulagent la vieillesse et l'infortune.

III.

Sages poursuivez vos desseins et reformez le monde. Puisse le ciel écartant tout orage confondre l'orgueil des prêtres des nobles et des rois et les écraser eux-mêmes contre la terre. Mon imagination enflammée semble encore s'embraser davantage. Emporté loin de moi au grand jour de la Confédération je vis le champ de Mars, et tout le spectacle divin. Je vis l'ombre d'Alfred portée sur le sein de l'air orageux, monté sur un char aérien il voloit. Son char
etoit

II.

Hypocrisy, with leering eyes,
 That lurks beneath the saint's disguise,
 Scar'd from her cell, with curses flies :
 Her hidden stores the poor shall bless,
 And ease unmerited distress.
 Down, down, ye drones, to titles born,
 Who proudly dare your betters scorn ;
 Ye Gothic tribe, whose greatest joy
 Is but to game, to dress, to dance, to toy ;
 Who nought but useful labour dread,
 And, starving when at home, raise wars to gain your bread.
 Lo ! Britain's nobles, rich and few,
 Need not in blood their hands imbrue :
 Largely they give, as largely they receive ;
 Their treasures aid the state, and age and want relieve.

III.

Proceed ye sages, and the world reform.
 May heav'n avert the threaten'd storm ;
 The pride of monarchs, nobles, priests, confound,
 And dash them to the ground.
 Still my transported fancy seems to glow ;
 For, on the great confederation-day,
 In trance ecstatic as I lay,
 I saw the field of Mars, and all the god-like shew :
 I saw the shade of Alfred there,
 Borne on the bosom of the stormy air ;

etoit trainé par deux aigles blancs, il contemplot avec ravissement l'Assemblée auguste exaltée dans la plaine à jamais célèbre. Il voyoit mille Alfreds unis pour la même cause, pour briser les chaines de l'esprit humain, pour affranchir, instruire, et relever l'humanité avilie.

IV.

Que l'on décore d'une couronne civique le front de chacun de ces grands hommes. Jeune Amon où sont maintenant tes lauriers? Qu'on oublie désormais tous tes exploits, ton passage du Granique, les campagnes de Syrie que tu abreuvais de sang pour ensuite vivre en insensé et mourir en ivrogne. Loin d'ici Tyran trop séduisant de la race Julienne, dont l'ame jalouse ne put souffrir les regards Altiers d'un rival, et qui craignis par dessus tout de voir briller la pourpre impériale sur un citoyen dont les facultés étoient inférieures aux tiennes : Oh ! les heros patriotes que Rome produisit dans des tems reculés ne furent pas tels que toi. Ils ne connurent point la fatale ambition, on ne les vit point comme des bêtes féroces saisir leur patrie gémissante et en déchirer le Sein. Mais malgré tout ton art séduisant, le poignard atteignit le cœur du traître, et le chauve après s'être enivré d'un orgueil insensé, finit par nager dans son sang.

Achevez

Mounted on his aerial car he flew ;
His car two milk-white eagles drew ;
With rapture he survey'd the venerable train,
Exalted in the splendid plain ;
A thousand Alfreds in one cause combin'd,
To break the shackles of the human mind,
To succour, blest, inform, and dignify mankind.

IV.

Grace with the civic crown each worthy's brow.
Young Ammon, where are all thy laurels now ?
Be thy glories hence forgot ;
The passage of the Granic flood,
The fields of Syria drench'd in blood,
To live a madman, and to die a dot.
Hence, specious tyrant of the Julian line,
Whose jealous spirit could not brook
A rival's lofty look ;
But fear'd to see imperial purple shine,
On one whose pow'rs were short of thine ;
Not such the patriot chiefs that Rome once bore ;
To damn'd ambition strangers they ;
They seized not, like fell beasts of prey,
Their groaning country, nor her bowels tore :
But, spite of all thy pleasing art,
The dagger reach'd the traitor's heart,
And the bald fool of pride lay weltring in his gore.

Ye

V.

Achievez votre ouvrage, immortels philanthropes. Le foible ne commandra plus aux forts. Je vois revivre les tribunaux domestiques, des femmes artificieuses n'aspireront plus à l'empire, l'homme qui s'étoit oublié va rentrer dans ses droits long-tems perdus, car la femme avoit usurpé la domination sur lui par la futilité de sa parure, par un langage enchanteur que ses yeux exprimèrent, elle l'avoit plongé dans la folie, et enchaîné à son obeissance. Un amour déréglé avoit infesté le pays. La politesse Française ne consistoit plus qu'à flatter les femmes. Celles-ci sacrifioient leur vertu à la passion de dominer. Cette mode *funeste* s'étoit répandue par toute l'Europe, et la lubricité élevant sa tête de hydre avoit soufflé son poison mortel sur toutes les nations d'alentour.

VI.

Mais les jours de Saturne reviennent, les sages amis de la patrie s'assemblent. Brulant de la sainte flamme de la gloire pacifique ils pressent tout ce qui est juste tout ce qui est grand. Oui, la simplicité va renaître, la modeste Vénus tiendra encore une fois sa cour. On n'abusera plus du mariage. L'homme devenu lui même dédaignera des spectacles dignes
tout

V.

Ye great philanthropists, go on,
Till all the work be done.
The weak shall rule the strong no more ;
I see domestic tribunals revive ;
Industrious wives no more for empire strive,
But to emasculated man his long-lost rights restore :
For woman bad usurp'd his sway,
And by the mummery of dress,
And language which bright eyes express,
Could fascinate the fool and bring him to obey :
Promiscuous love infected all the land ;
To flatter females was politeness deem'd,
Adult'rous commerce gallantry esteem'd,
And woman gave up virtue to obtain command :
The Gallic mode thro' Europe spread,
Lewdness rear'd its hydra head,
And on the nations round its deadly poison shed.

VI.

But now Saturnian days return ;
The patriotic sages meet :
They urge whate'er is good, whate'er is great,
And with the gentle flame of peaceful glory burn.
Again simplicity shall rise, again
The modest Venus hold her reign.

No

tout au plus d'amuser l'enfance. La jeune fille que la flatterie entourait n'entendra plus la douce absurdité soufflée à son oreille. Mais les deux sexes chériront à l'envi la vertu. Oh qu'il est délicieux de changer ainsi, de quitter les sentiers du vice pour marcher dans ceux de la vertu, d'abandonner la sombre demeure de l'affliction, pour habiter sous le berceau joyeux de la félicité, et de faire succéder un Paradis terrestre aux horreurs du ténare !

VII.

Brave Français, qu'opprima la tyrannie, tu reconnois enfin que le gouvernement de ton rival, est meilleur que le tien. Puissé ton exemple enflammer les autres nations. Puissent-elles, admirant les sages lois d'Albion, revendiquer avec énergie les droits de l'humanité. Chère Liberté, sans toi toute pensée de bonheur est une chimère. Par toi le pauvre devient joyeux, mais sans toi le riche éprouve la détresse. C'est toi qui inspires le courage aux timides, est qui communique la vigueur aux vieillards et aux foibles. Tout ce que tu daignes toucher est converti en or. O Déesse ! encore et toujours fournis à la Grande Bretagne, et tandis que tu laisses tomber tes faveurs sur la France, fais que les rudes enfans de ton île chérie ressentent à jamais ce vif sentiment du prix de tes dons, qui dans le moment embrase les Français.

No more shall marriage be abus'd,
 Nor manly minds with childish shews amus'd.
 No more the flatter'd fair shall hear
 Soft nonsense whisper'd in her ear ;
 But both the sexes vie in holding virtue dear.
 Delightful change, thus to forsake
 The paths of vice, and those of virtue take !
 To quit calamity's dark cell,
 In the gay bow'r of happiness to dwell ;
 To reach an earthly heav'n, and fly an earthly hell !

VII.

At length, brave Gaul, by tyranny oppress'd,
 Thou see'st thy rival's government is best.
 May thy example others fire,
 Albion's sage laws may all admire,
 And to the rights of man with energy aspire.
 Dear Liberty, without thy aid,
 Thoughts of pleasure are a jest ;
 By thee the poor are chearful made,
 And, wanting thee, the rich distressed.
 Thou mak'st the timid bold,
 Giv'st vigour to the weak and old,
 And what thou deign'st to touch is turn'd to gold.
 Still, goddess, still on Britain smile ;
 And, while on Gallic land thy favours fall,
 Grant that the rougher sons of thy lov'd isle
 May ever prize thy gifts, as now the sons of Gaul.

O D E

Adressée à l'auteur inconnu des Leçons à un Jeune Prince.

I.

TOI, que l'on distingue parmi les chefs de cette armée intrépide qui commença la guerre de la raison, je te salue, puissant Hercule de la philosophie, le ciel te fit naître pour dompter *à leur tour* les tyrans foulant aux pieds les droits de l'homme; et ton ame revoltée des maux de l'espèce humaine doit avoir reçu une empreinte divine. Sans doute il étoit glorieux de voir jadis des princes pompeusement décorés fuyant à travers la poussière Olympique. Mais le regard du sage dédaignant la magnificence des Rois, se détourne pour se reposer sur Aristide noblement juste. Oui tu es aussi juste aussi grand qu' Aristide. Et l'humanité couronne ta vertu.

II.

Mais n'as tu pas craint de souiller ta plume, en traçant les foiblesses des hommes du pouvoir ? Ton génie n'a fait
que

ODE

Addressed to the unknown Author of Lessons to a Young Prince.

I.

HAIL, mighty leader of the van
 Of that brave host, who reason's war began ;
 Herculean sage, whom Providence decreed
 To quell the tyrant breed,
 That trample on the rights of man :
 To feel for all thy race is godlike worth indeed.
 Glorious was the fight of old,
 Splendid princes to behold,
 Flying through Olympic dust ;
 But the philosophic eye
 Splendid princes passes by,
 To gaze on Aristides nobly just ;
 Yet thou art nobly just as he,
 And crown'st thy justice with humanity.

II.

But why did'st thou defile thy pen,
 To trace the weaknesses of pow'rful men ?

que les éssaroucher ; peut-être en épargnant les grands on eut pu les changer. Oh ! que tu as bien plus utilement employé tes heures, lorsque, évitant des discussions ennuyeuses, tu déploies à nos yeux sous des emblèmes intéressans la route facile qui mène à l'art de gouverner les hommes ! C'en est fait. Les ressorts frauduleux de la politique sont dévoilés, et nous ne voyons plus qu'avec mepris ces hommes qui voudroient encore intimider et asservir les ames foibles. Monarques, que des courtisans impies adorent plus que Dieu même, et vous puissans de l'état à qui les rois prodiguent les titres de très-honorables rougissez enfin. Rougissez aussi vous prêtres qui vous êtes chargés d'interpréter les volontés célestes ; l'éclat de la gloire d'Alfred vous anéantit tous.

III.

A ce nom d'Alfred mon ame me semble tout en feu, l'œil de mon imagination voit sa figure auguste, son sceptre, sa couronne, sa robe Bretonne de couleur d'azur, tandis que tout son peuple se range au tour de lui, comme des enfans au tour de leur père. Quoique régnant dans un siècle barbare, il fut faire sa cour aux doctes sœurs. Il devint un législateur divin, et par lui la férocité Gothique fut changée en douceur Athénienne. Monarques, d'où vient votre clémence ? Quel vice a pu corrompre vos ames ? Ah n'emportez plus au tombeau l'exécration des humains. Honorez l'homme juste, récompensez le brave, et concevez qu'un homme vertueux ne peut jamais devenir esclave.

Bretons,

Thy wit serves only to offend ;
 Better to spare the great, and hope the great will mend :
 More profitably far thy hours are spent,
 When thou, without a tedious clew,
 By diagrams lay'st open to our view,
 An easy way, that leads to government :
 Each fraudulent art is now explain'd ;
 With scorn we see weak minds to fear and slavery train'd.
 Blush kings, whom courtiers more than God adore,
 Blush lords, whom kings right honourable call,
 Blush priests, impow'r'd heav'n's myst'ries to explore,
 The blaze of Alfred's fame annihilates you all.

III.

At Alfred's name my spirits seem on fire,
 With fancy's eye his princely form I view,
 The sceptre, crown, and British robe of blue,
 While all his people hang, like children, round their fire :
 Though reigning in a barb'rous age,
 He woo'd the tuneful nine ;
 And, grown a law-giver divine,
 Turn'd to Athenian mildness Gothic rage.
 Ye monarchs, whence the stupor in your souls ?
 What vice your intellect controls ?
 Sink not with curses to the grave ;
 Esteem the good, reward the brave,
 And learn, a virtuous man can never make a slave.

Glow

IV.

Bretons, vos cœurs ne s'embrasent-ils pas quand vous lisez le livre de ce grand homme ? Contemplez le plan admirable d'Alfred, et sachez que le pouvoir des Rois vient des hommes, et non de Dieu. Les Bretons divisés par dizaines nommoient leur chefs. Ceux-ci en nommoient d'autres pour gouverner les centaines ; ces derniers créaient des *sherifs* pour gouverner les comtés. * Le Michle-Ghemot dominoit sur tout. Ce Michle-Ghemot couronnoit le plan d'Alfred, et le yeoman quoique sans armoirie n'oublioit pas qu'il étoit homme. Si le Paysan fut compté pour rien, il n'en put accuser que la tyrannie de son Baron. Les prêtres il est vrai furent indépendans du trône. Mais quel mortel eût osé entreprendre d'abaisser le Sacerdoce dont la coupe empoisonnoit les Rois, et dont les anathèmes damnoient le vulgaire.

V.

Brave mortel, tu ne peux voir sans ravissement une nation rivale s'agitant pour devenir libre. Que les tyrans et leurs esclaves employent toute leur puissance pour écraser les bourgeois naissans de la liberté et du bonheur public, de véritables philosophes rougiroient d'attaquer même un ennemi s'il est opprimé ; ils sont ardens, ils sont humains, au delà

* Terme Saxon qui signifie Grande Assemblée, ou si l'on veut Assemblée Nationale.

même

IV.

Glow not your hearts, ye Britons, when you look
 In this great fage's book ?
 Contemplate Alfred's admirable plan,
 And know, the pow'r of kings is not from God, but man :
 The tythings yearly rulers chose,
 From many tythings hundreds rose,
 Rieves were elected counties to control,
 The mickle-ghemot tow'r'd above the whole ;
 The mickle-ghemot crown'd great Alfred's plan,
 And ev'ry cretfeles yeoman felt himself a man :
 If the poor peasant pafs'd for nought,
 'Twas the tyrannic baron's fault ;
 If priests claim'd independence on the crown,
 Who could attempt to pull the priesthood down,
 Whose cup could kill the king, whose sentence damn the
 clown ?

V.

Brave man, thou can'st with rapture see
 A rival nation struggling to be free :
 Let tyrants and their slaves their pow'rs employ,
 To kill the buds of liberty and joy ;
 To wound a foe oppress'd, the truly great disdain,
 Beyond the patriot fervent and humane ;

He

même du patriote. Celui-ci borne tous ses vœux à voir sa patrie heureuse. Mais ton ame magnanime ne peut être satisfaite d'aucun sentiment s'il n'a pour objet le bonheur du genre humain entier. Oh ! si ton corps ainſique ta penſée pouvoit prendre un effort, et aller chercher d'autres mondes, ſi porté ſur l'aile rapide des vens tu pouvois t'élancer au travers de l'éther, à la ſuite des comètes, parcourir le Zodiaque et la voie lactée, ſi dans ta courſe tu voyois quelque trace de l'aſtuce et du deſpotiſme des rois, oui ton vœu ſeroit de précipiter les tyrans du haut de leurs trones étoilés et de laiſſer le bonheur dans tous les mondes habités.

VI.

Oh ! ſi mon cœur pouvoit ſentir comme le tien, ſi mon ame pouvoit ſ'embraſer des mêmes tranſports, ravi du vaſte deſſein de fixer ici-bas le bonheur et la liberté, de faire croître des baumes et des fleurs, dans des lieux où naiſſent les poiſons et les herbes malignes, combien je dédaignerois ces hommes lâches et bas, toujours factieux, jamais fidèles, ſoit qu'ils paroiſſent les partiſans des Rois, ſoit qu'ils ſe diſent les amis des peuples ! Ces hommes qui, ſemblables aux nimphes errantes pendant la nuit, ſ'en vont vendant leurs faveurs, et affectent le langage des anges pour mieux parvenir à leur but.

He to his country's int'rest is confin'd ;
 But nought befits thy mighty mind,
 That teems not with delight to all the human kind :
 O ! if thy body, like thy soul, could soar,
 And other worlds explore ;
 Could'st thou bestride the blust'ring gale,
 Or shoot through either in the comet's tail,
 And, in the zodiac, or the milky-way,
 Find king-craft and despotic sway,
 Tyrants would from their starry thrones be hurl'd,
 And ev'ry race be blest, that dwell in ev'ry world.

V.

O ! could my bosom feel like thine,
 My soul with equal transport glow,
 Enraptur'd with the vast design
 Of fixing liberty and peace below ;
 Of planting balms and flow'rs, where weeds and poisons
 grow ;
 How would I scorn the narrow-minded crew,
 Ever factious, never true,
 Whether the monarch's or the people's friends ;
 Who, like the nymphs that nightly rove,
 Prostitute for hire their love,
 And speak with angels' tongues, to serve their private ends.

T

But

but. Une liberté égoïste est une illusion. Non, jamais la liberté ne nous rendra heureux, si l'amour de l'humanité ne remplit nos âmes. Ciel Propice, avec la liberté Angloise accorde moi le plus précieux de tes dons, donne-moi la plus aimable des vertus, la sensibilité. Oh ! attendris, humanise mon cœur. Fais qu'il faigne à l'aspect de l'infortune d'autrui, et qu'à la vue de la France devenue libre, il s'abîme dans un torrent de Joie.

But selfish freedom is a jest ;
Freedom cannot make us blest,
Unless the love of man possess the breast.
With British liberty, indulgent heav'n,
To me thy better grace be giv'n,
That loveliest virtue, Charity bestow ;
O ! humanize my heart, to bleed at others' woe,
And for emancipated Gaul with floods of joy o'er-flow.

O D E

Adresse à Louis Seize Roi des Français.

I.

GRAND Louis, l'objet particulier des soins célestes, toi qui réunis les plus douces vertus qui font le charme d'un siècle éclairé et poli, mortel le plus heureux de tous ceux qui portent le sceptre, la loyauté de ton cœur est pour toi une source intarissable de gloire, et les peuples te proclament leur monarque et leur pere. Qu'a gagné la France, ou qu'ont gagné ses Rois, en soutenant leur puissance par la force des armes ? La guerre et la famine désolèrent le peuple, et le prince régna au sein de la tristesse et du deuil. Le monde est une vaste republique, le zèle du patriote lui est souvent funeste. Mais qu'entens-je ? La trompette d'airain retentit, quelle est cette foule d'hommes qui vont et viennent tout couverts d'un acier brillant ? Mars s'est réveillé, les drapeaux sont déployés—aux armes, aux armes—exterminons les nations—le patriote assassine pour faire le bien de sa patrie. Victoire, triomphe. Qu'on apporte la récompense

O D E

Addressed to Lewis the Sixteenth, King of the French.

I.

GREAT Lewis, heav'n's peculiar care,
 Born with the mildest virtues, which engage
 A polish'd and enlighten'd age,
 Happiest of all who sceptres bear,
 Thy meekness shall increase of honour bring,
 And all thy people hail their father and their king.
 What hath Gaul or Gaul's kings gain'd,
 By pow'r with arms maintain'd ?
 The people starv'd and bled, the monarch mourn'd and
 reign'd.
 The world is one great commonweal,
 And painful of the patriot's zeal :
 Hark ! the brazen trumpets blow ;
 Glitt'ring in steel, what numbers come and go !
 Mars is rous'd, Rome's eagles fly ;
 To arms, and let the nations die ;

The

rècompense du vainqueur—des cadavres ennemis servent de pâture aux vautours.—et le marinier plonge ses rames dans des flots de sang humain.

II.

Mais à présent tout est changé. L'airain martial sera désormais inutile ; Louis tu gouverneras en paix, Grand Prince puisse l'on régner être de longue durée, et puisse ta gloire aller toujours croissant. Le commerce et le crédit renaitront, les manufactures et les beaux arts prospéreront. Que les tyrans s'exercent à exceller dans l'art de la guerre. Alfred pensa et gouverna bien ; étudia son système que peu de mortels jusqu'ici ont compris, *ce système qui respire* une sagesse vraiment royale. Un art divin qui dompte la volonté, et corrige le cœur—un art qui rend les peuples heureux parcequ'il les rend bons. Le patricien régénéré, et qui n'étoit plus que l'esclave fier et superbe des rois et de la beauté, quittera le barbare métier du soldat, et transformera son fer assassin en soc de charue. Alors tandis que le vigneron taillera la vigne, assis sous des pampres entrelasés il caressera sur ses genoux son fils encore enfant, il lui racontera les victoires sanglantes que gagnèrent les Bretons ; il lui dira
comment

The patriot murders for his country's good :
Io triumphe ! bring the victor's meed ;
 Barbarian carcases the vultures feed,
 And seamen dip their oars in tides of human blood.

II.

But now the martial brags shall cease,
 Lewis, thou shalt rule in peace ;
 Long be thy reign, great prince, and still thy fame
 encrease :

Commerce and credit shall revive,
 The finer arts improve, and manufactures thrive.
 The tyrant may in war excel ;
 But Alfred thought, and govern'd well :
 His system learn, which few have understood :
 A princely skill, a godlike art,
 Which tames the will, and mends the heart ;
 An art, which makes us blest, because it makes us good.
 The fall'n patrician, proud and brave,
 Royalty's and beauty's slave,
 Shall quit the soldier's barb'rous trade,
 And to a plough-share turn the murd'ring blade ;
 Then, while the dresser prunes the vine,
 Careffing on his knee his little son,
 There the wide-spreading branches twine,

Shall

comment les Rois ambitieux de la France furent humiliés, et comment la France elle même vit le moment de sa ruine.

III.

Les femmes dont la franchise et la réserve étoient des vertus factices, qui employoient mille artifices perfides pour captiver les cœurs inconstans les femmes, qui, toujours enivrées d'amour et de volupté, uniquement occupées de étude des modes et des graces—ne charmoient que par les couleurs empruntées de leur visage, et par l'affectation d'une démarche femillante délicate et légère, les femmes mèneront désormais une vie domestique. Mères tendres, épouses attentives elles ne verront plus assis à leur côté, un noble tout parfumé, applaudissant aux fausses faillies de la beauté.—Le cénobite hideusement costumé ne contera plus ses mensonges sacrés à la jeune fille ou ne lui adressera plus sa prière amoureuse comme Gerard à son amante la Cadie. On n'entendra plus les courtisanes se plaindre que d'autres femmes sous le masque de l'hipocrisie empiètent sur leurs droits, et entretiennent un commerce sourd et illicite.

IV.

Aspire, O Louis, à des choses sublimes, dedaigne ces Rois sans vertu qui par force ou par un lâche artifice ont réduit

Shall tell what bloody battles Britons won,
 How Gaul's ambitious kings were crush'd, and Gaul her-
 self undone.

III.

The beauteous sex, by maxim free or coy,
 Who, by a thousand meretricious arts,
 Captivate inconstant hearts,
 A sex, still full of love and joy,
 Studying fashions, studying grace,
 Dazzling with a painted face,
 And tripping on the toe with minc'd affected pace,
 Hence shall lead domestic lives,
 Tender mothers, careful wives ;
 No noble now shall effenc'd sit,
 Lift'ning to modish beauty's wit ;
 No more the faint without a shirt
 With holy tales grifettes divert,
 Or offer up a tender pray'r,
 Like Gerard to his dear Cadière :
 No more complaints by harlots shall be made,
 That hypocrites their rights invade,
 And matrons carry on a dark, illicit trade.

IV.

Lewis, aim at mighty things ;
 Scorn, royal Gaul, ungen'rous kings,

U

Who,

réduit au rang des esclaves les hommes à qui ils durent toute leur grandeur. Oui voila ce qu'ont fait des monarques, voila même ce qu'ils ont vanté comme des exploits glorieux. Louis onze apprit aux Rois à étendre leur puissance aux dépens de leur gloire ; il leur apprit à armer le lâche pour asservir le brave défarmé. Qu'est-ce donc que la race entiere des despotes ? qu'est-ce ? Si non des brigands dans un rang élevé. Des hommes moins coupables gémissent dans les fers, tandisque le scélerat couronné, après avoir démoli l'autel de la liberté, pillé jusqu' à ses esclaves, et tout égorgé au tour de lui, Règne avec magnificence.

V.

Ce fut toi Norman despote qui portas le coup fatal qui terrassa le *Micle-Ghemot : et qui soumis la Bretagne à ton rude joug. Ufurpateur audacieux, tu fondis sur sa côte, comme un tonnerre, à la tête d'une armée puissante. Les Généraux paroissoient aussi brillans que le soleil, les chefs du second rang étoient couverts de panaches, et tous ces esclaves sous leurs costumes fantasques ressembloient à au-

* Assemblée de la nation.

Who, by force or low deceit,
 Make those slaves, who made them great;
 For this have monarchs done, and thought a glorious
 feat :

Lewis, eleventh of the name,
 Shew'd kings to raise their pow'r, and sink their fame,
 To keep the base in arms, the brave unarm'd to tame.
 What are the whole despotic race ?
 What but robbers high in place :
 But meaner villains toil in chains,
 While the knave, who wears a crown,
 Pulls the shrine of freedom down,
 Plunders his slaves, ambitious wars maintains,
 And, murd'ring all around, magnificently reigns.

V.

'Twas thou, tyrannic Norman, thou
 Who gav'st the fatal blow,
 That laid the Mickle-Ghemot low,
 And to thy galling yoke mad'st Britain bow :
 Thou, bold usurper, to her coast
 Cam'st thund'ring with thy mighty host ;
 Leaders refulgent as the sunny day,
 Inferior chiefs, with plumage gay,
 And slaves, like errant knights, in fanciful array :

tant de chevaliers érrans. Tout brulans de la soif des conquêtes les Barons étoient à la tête de leurs mirmidons affamés et couverts de elinquant. La désolation marquoit leur route, tandisque les citoyens dépouillés s'enfuyoient. Ainsi lorsque de riches moissons ornent les champs d'Egypte, une armée de fauterelles s'empare des depouilles dorées les noirs escadrons couvrent au loin la campagne, jusqu'à ce que le dieu du Nil se levant tout à coup sur son lit de roseaux agite les ornemens Augustes de sa tête humide. Réjouis-toi digne Monarque des Français devenus libres, tu n'auras pas besoin de violence ni d'artifice. Règne, Louis, dans les cœurs de tes peuples et sois véritablement Roi.

VI.

Pour vous ames Britanniques d'une trempe sublime, vous qui déplorez non seulement les maux de votre patrie mais encore ceux du genre humain, vous dont la probité ne fut jamais vendue. Si par votre zèle bienfaissant et divin vous pouviez purger notre république corrompue. Et chasser de leurs places ces hommes inutiles dont l'oisiveté se paye du salaire de l'ouvrier mourant de faim, si l'édifice superbe élevé par Alfred pouvoit être débarrassé des horreurs et des décombres dont le Norman le remplit; alors la France et la Bretagne puissances toujours rivales, mais pleines d'estime l'une pour l'autre, déformais rigides dans la vertu, raffinées dans les arts, s'unissant comme deux sœurs accomplies,

pourroient

Fir'd with the lust of pow'r, thy barons led
 Their tinsel'd myrmidons to hunt for bread;
 Destruction mark'd their way, and all the ruin'd natives
 fled.

So, when rich harvests wave o'er Egypt's foil,
 Locusts seize the golden spoil;
 O'er all the land the fable squadrons spread,
 And Nilus, starting from his oozy bed,
 Shakes the terrific honours of his dripping head.
 Hail, monarch of the French from slav'ry freed;
 No violence or falsehood thou shalt need;
 Reign, Lewis, in thy people's hearts, and be a king indeed.

IV.

Ye British souls of finest mould,
 Who, not your country's woes alone,
 But all mankind's afflictions moan,
 Whose probity was never fold,
 Could your benevolent and godlike zeal
 Purge our corrupted commonweal?
 All useless placemen drive away,
 For whose repose starv'd lab'ers pay;
 If the fair fabric Alfred rear'd
 From Norman filth and rubbish could be clear'd;
 Then Gaul and Britain, rival pow'rs, but kind,
 In virtue rigid, and in arts refin'd,
 Like two accomplish'd sisters, might delight mankind:
 Then

pourroient charmer le monde. Alors aussi l'on verroit dans George et dans Louis la Royauté d'accord avec la philosophie, on verroit dans eux le Roi, le philosophe, et le citoyen réunis. Louis et George surpasseroient de beaucoup leurs ancêtres. Et la sagesse d'Alfred ajouteroit un nouveau lustre à la race des Brunswicks et des Bourbons.

Then too, in George and Lewis might we see
Philosophy and royalty agree ;
See the king, citizen, and sage combine,
Lewis and George their ancestors outline,
And Alfred's wisdom grace the Brunswick and the Bour-
bon line !

O D E

Adressée à l'armée Française.

I.

CIEL ! J'entens des cris effroyables ; des canons ! des conous fendent les nues ; et maintenant des acclamations de victoire et de joie s'élèvent de tout côté. Je sens, je sens que mon ame s'embrase, avec transport je saisis et je frappe la lyre : que les nations les plus éloignées entendent mes accens——la liberté, ce don divin, la liberté, O France, est ta conquête, et l'horrible tour de la tyrannie est de niveau avec le sol. Où est maintenant la superbe Bastille, où sont ses portes de fer, ses verroux d'acier, qu'est devenu ce sombre, cet humide ce lugubre séjour que l'horreur même frémissait d'habiter ? Où sont ces cris affreux, ces gémissemens, et toutes ces images du tartare ? Quels spectres consumés de douleur je vois arrachés des cachots du désespoir ? Ils tombent en défaillance en respirant un air pur ; ils marchent à tâtons, confondus de l'éclat du jour, comme les
matelots

O D E

Addressed to the French Army.

I.

HARK! I hear tumultuous cries;
 Cannons, cannons rend the skies;
 And now the shouts of joy, of victory arise.
 With ecstasy I strike the lyre,
 I feel, I feel myself my soul on fire;
 Let distant nations catch the sound:
 Liberty, the gift divine,
 Liberty, O Gaul! is thine,
 And tyranny's dread tow'r lies level with the ground.
 Where is now the proud Bastille,
 Her iron doors, and bolts of steel;
 The dark, the damp, the doleful cell,
 Where even horror fear'd to dwell?
 O! where he groans, her shrieks, and all her images of
 hell?

X

What

matelots dans la tempête, quand les éclairs se jouent et serpentent au tour d'eux.

II.

C'est à vous braves, soldats, que la gloire en est due, c'est à vous que la France doit sa liberté. Je vois un superbe et glorieux changement ; les guerriers savent et servir et vivre libres : les rudes enfans de Mars ont connu la philanthropie : en vain la fausse gloire a fait entendre sa voix, vos cœurs généreux ont frémi à la seule pensée de verser le sang de vos frères. Soldat, dans quelque pays que tu sois né, abhorre de forger des fers à ta patrie ; sois l'ami de la paix et de la liberté ; mais quand une fois la trompette martiale aura retenti, vole et défends avec zèle la cause patriotique ; à des actions héroïques oppose des actions plus héroïques encore, surpasse toi toi même, disperse tes ennemis, alors maître de la victoire, que ton chant de triomphe soit celui-ci. J'ai vaincu ; j'ai obéi à la nation, à la loi, et au roi.

Le

What woe-worn spectres I survey !
 Rais'd from the dungeons of despair,
 They faint, on breathing purer air,
 And grope, confounded at the flash of day,
 Like failors in a storm, when forked light'nings play.

II.

To you, brave men, the praise is due ;
 Gaul her freedom owes to you :
 A great, a glorious change I see ;
 Warriors can serve, and yet be free ;
 The rugged sons of Mars have learnt philanthropy :
 False honour's call your noble hearts withstood,
 And shudder'd at the thought of shedding kindred
 blood.

Thou, man of war, wherever born,
 To forge thy country's fetters scorn ;
 Of peace and freedom be the friend ;
 But when the martial trumpet blows,
 With zeal the patriot cause defend ;
 Bold deeds with bolder deeds oppose ;
 Then, then be more than man, and terrify thy foes :
 The battle won, this song of triumph sing ;
 " *I conquer'd ; I obey'd the nation, law, and king !*"

III.

Le mortel qui combat pour un tyran est à la fois un infensé et un scélérat ; quand ses compatriotes auront perdu tous leurs droits, quel bras pourra le défendre lui même de l'ignominie ; le malheureux, il deviendra bientôt à son tour la victime de ce même tyran. En vain il s'affligera, il ira se perdre dans la tombe sans emporter les regrets de personne. Les tigres ne font point la guerre aux tigres, les ours vivent en paix avec les ours. Mais les rois superbes déshonorent leur naissance, ils voudroient bassément retrécir jusqu'à la pensée de l'homme, et deviennent furieux si leurs semblables sont libres. Le bon roi des Français est digne de régner ; humain, loyal, et généreux il chérira son peuple, et soutiendra la cause de son pays. Oh ! si les dieux cédant aux vœux audacieux d'un mortel tel que moi, m'accordoient un empire à mon choix, la couronné Française pourroit seule flatter mon ambition, elle seule vaudroit à mes yeux la couronne du monde.

IV.

Vertueuse France, dont le soldat même est philosophe,
aujourd'hui échappée à tous les dangers, quel exemple su-
blime

III.

He, who for a tyrant fights,
 Acts the fool as well as knave :
 When his com-patriots lose their rights,
 What arm from shame himself can save ?
 His delegated pow'r
 Is lost in one unlucky hour ;
 Unpitied he repines, and sinks into the grave.
 Tigers war not with their race ;
 Bears with brother bears agree :
 But haughty kings their birth disgrace,
 Meanly human minds debase
 And rage to find their fellow-men are free :
 Gaul's good king is fit to reign,
 Easy, gentle, and humane :
 He shall his people love, his country's laws maintain.
 O ! should the Gods a realm decree,
 To one of daring hopes like me,
 And bid me on my choice decide ;
 The Gallic crown alone could sooth my pride ;
 The Gallic crown would balance those of all the world
 beside.

IV.

Wife Gaul, escap'd from mis'ry's brink,
 Whose very foldiers think,

A great

blime tu donnes à quelques fières nations d'anlentour, dont les armées féroces, plongées dans la plus profonde ignorance, indignes même de la paye qu'elles reçoivent, ne connoissent que des plaisirs dignes des barbares ? Qu'on leur ordonne d'aller écraser leur patrie déjà opprimée, on les verra courir tête baissée sans raisonner : et si le prêtre se joint au monarque, il n'y aura pas de forfait que ces barbares aient horreur de commettre. Qu'on leur commande d'affaîfner leur femmes, d'arracher la vie aux auteurs de leurs jours, animés d'une entrepîdité infensée, égarés par une phrénéfie religieuse ils croiront que le chemin des enfers est la route la plus sûre qui mène au ciel.

V.

Oh, si de tels soldats, indignes de marcher sur le fol Français, osoient jamais en franchir les bornes, puissent-ils à travers les lueurs des brasiers éternels voir soudain les ombres de leurs pères ; ou plutôt, O France, enseigne leur comment des esclaves peuvent devenir libres ; et si les malheureux refusent de voir la lumière, O France, ne crains pas de les écraser, car les laches tenteroient de t'affaîfner toi même. Nations infortunées qui vous laissez conduire comme de vils troupeaux par des rois orgueilleux, ou par des prêtres plus orgueilleux encore. Vous ne connoissez plus d'autre maxime que l'obéissance passive ; pour eux vous endurez

A great example thou hast set,
 To some proud nations round ;
 Whose armies waste the mite they get,
 In brutal pleasures drown'd ;
 Unhumaniz'd, and sunk in ignorance profound :
 Bid them their injur'd country crush,
 They reason not, but on they rush :
 And if the priest the monarch aid,
 At horrors they are undismay'd ;
 Bid them assassinate their wives,
 Or rob their parents of their lives,
 The dauntless fools, by holy frenzy driv'n,
 Would think the road to hell the surest way to heav'n.

V.

If such an army Gaul invades,
 Too vile to tread on Gallic ground,
 Soon may they see their fathers' shades,
 In the dim glare of light profound :
 Shew them how slaves may soon be free ;
 But if the blockheads will not see,
 Crush them, intrepid Gaul, or they will murder thee.
 O, wretched nations ! led, like beasts,
 By haughty kings, or haughtier priests,
 Passive obedience is your creed ;
 For them you starve, for them you bleed ;

And,

durez la famine, vous versez votre sang pour eux, ainsi, malgré la raison divine qui vous inspirait, étouffant dans leur naissance les sentimens les plus généreux, vous vous êtes à la fin étourdies vous mêmes, jusqu'au point de ne plus sentir qu'on vous opprime.

VI.

Florissante Bretagne, rivages heureux, où les rois et les prêtres ne peuvent plus tromper, où les esprits éclairés ne prennent plus le mensonge pour la vérité, ne respecteront plus que ce qui est digne d'être respecté, et n'honoreront les rois et les prêtres, qu'autant que ceux-ci ne s'écarteront pas du sentier de la vertu, O Bretagne, dans tes plaines, dans tes campagnes fertiles, souverain maître de lui même le laboureur est roi ; tandis-qu'ailleurs il gémit vassal affugetti sous un despote avide qui lui accorde à peine les premiers moyens de l'existence, et l'enchaîne à la terre, comme il renferme dans un parc le troupeau que l'on tond pour enrichir ce tyran qui calcule ainsi son opulence sur la multitude des bêtes qu'il engraisse, et sur le nombre des hommes qu'il affame. O France ! trois fois heureuse, fais revivre non ce siècle fabuleux des poètes, mais le vrai siècle d'or. C'est de la célèbre Albion que tu reçus le plan divin que tu pourfuis : avant que le vice fût venu ternir l'éclat de sa constitution, elle étoit florissante sous le règne d'Alfred et de la vertu. Et sa grandeur eut à jamais effacé la gloire

et

And, tho' with godlike reason blest,
 Each gen'rous thought is stifled in the breast,
 Till brutaliz'd you sink, nor know you are oppress'd.

VI.

Distinguish'd Britain! happy shore!
 Where kings and priests can cheat no more;
 Where open'd minds mistake not false for true;
 But shew respect where most respect is due;
 And honour kings and priests alone who virtue's paths pursue
 In thy rich fields and flow'ry plains,
 Lord of himself the peasant reigns;
 While some the vassals of proud masters live,
 Whose av'rice scarce the means of life will give;
 Nay some, like sheep within their pen,
 To lands are fix'd, for lords to fleece;
 Who prosper by the vast increase
 Of pamper'd hogs, and famish'd men.
 Thrice happy Gaul! the golden age renew;
 Not the poetic, but the true;
 From Albion's honour'd isle the heav'nly plan you drew;
 Ere yet her state corruption stain'd,
 When virtue bloom'd, and Alfred reign'd:

Y

Glorious

et de Rome et d'Athènes, fi l'enfant *bâtard d'Arlette eut
été suffoqué dans le Sein de sa mere.

VII.

Magnanimes soldats, sages et vertueux Français, qui chérissiez le roi, mais qui detestiez le tyran, qui avez su préférer la félicité des peuples, à la pompe du monarque, oh ne mettez pas toutes les visions au rang des choses vaines,—écoutez le songe de votre poete ; j'ai vu les portes de l'enfer s'ouvrir, j'ai vu une foule de furies s'élancer de son sein, les chefs portoient les symboles de la splendeur royale, tandis que des simulacres de nobles se disperfoient au milieu d'elles ; mais rien n'égalait la fureur d'une certaine cohorte que je crus être la cohorte des prêtres, dans les transports de leur rage ils rouloient des yeux pleins de feu, couroient ça et là en secouant leurs torches ardentes, poussant des hurlemens, et faisant des contorsions effroyables, ils annoncoient les incendies, la défolation, la destruction, et la mort, aux mortels audacieux qui embrassant la doctrine de la liberté, n'aspirent à rien moins en reformant le monde, qu'à faire oublier qu'il y eut jamais eu un enfer. Tout ce-ci ne fut qu'un songe. Mais n'a-t'on pas vu des songes se verifier ? Les rois, les prêtres, et les nobles sont vos ennemis naturels : mais la Brétagne jamais ne concourra à reforcer vos chaînes,

* Guillaume le conquérant.

Glorious still had been her doom,
 Beyond the fame of Greece or Rome,
 Had Arlette's spurious child been strangled in the womb.

VII.

Ye gallant foldiers, sage, enlighten'd Gauls,
 Who love the king, the tyrant hate ;
 Prompt to prefer, when pity calls,
 The bliss of millions to the monarch's state ;
 Attend ; nor visions idle deem ;
 Hear, O hear ! your poet's dream :
 Methought the gates of hell were open'd wide,
 And out a thousand Furies flew ;
 Their leaders wore the marks of regal pride,
 While some like nobles struck my view ;
 But, fierce above the rest, appear'd a priest-like crew.
 With their rolling eye-balls glaring,
 With their brandish'd torches flaring,
 Prancing to their horrid yell,
 Loud they menac'd conflagration.
 Death, destruction, extripation,
 To that execrable race,
 Who, freedom's doctrines durst embrace,
 And by reforming man, aspir'd to ruin hell.
 This was a dream ; but may not dreams prove true ?
 Kings, priests, and nobles must be foes to you :

la Bretagne abhore le despotisme. George retrace à nos yeux le tableau des plus douces vertus, et la race généreuse des Chatams doit chérir le genre humain : mais si jamais un ministre téméraire, quelle que soit sa naissance, oseroit concevoir un si infame projet, il exciteroit contre lui la vengeance de la nation, et seroit plongé dans sa disgrâce.

ODE

Yet Britain will not forge your chains ;
Britain despotism disdains ;
In George we all the gentlest virtues trace ;
And Chatham's gen'rous blood must love the human race :
Should some rash minister, whate'er his line,
Harbour such a base design,
'Twould rouse the nation's wrath, and plunge him in
disgrace.

O D E

POUR LE 14^{ME} DE JUILLET, 1791.

*Jour Anniversaire de la Fédération Française en 1790, et de la
Prise de la Bastille en 1789.*

I.

LES dieux se livroient à un doux repos, sur des lits superbes placés autour du trône auguste, sur lequel Jupiter étoit assis. La divine miséricorde brilloit sur son front radieux. Plein de cette bienveillance infinie, qui lui fit vouloir et décréter le bonheur de toutes ses créatures, avant même qu'elles eussent reçu l'existence ; et de cette sagesse merveilleuse, qui lui fournit les moyens de les conduire, par des routes mystérieuses mais sûres, à la félicité parfaite et ineffable que sa bonté leur a destinée ; son intelligence suprême ne cessoit de s'occuper de la délivrance de l'homme—de sa délivrance du pouvoir tyrannique, et de la rapacité des faux pasteurs qui dévorent leurs troupeaux. Le père des dieux fit signe avec son sceptre ; toutes les puissances célestes prêtent l'oreille en silence. Il secoue sa tête parfumée d'ambroisie, & avec un air plein de grace & de majesté,

O D E

FOR THE 14TH OF JULY, 1791.

*The Anniversary of the French Federation in 1790, and of the
Taking of the Bastille in 1789.*

I.

ON beds of gold the Gods reclin'd,
While Jove possess'd his starry throne ;
The rays of mercy on his visage shone,
And man's redemption fill'd th' eternal mind ;
Redemption from the tyrant's pow'r,
And fangs of priests who flocks devour :
The fire his sceptre wav'd with grace divine,
The pow'rs in silence mark'd the sign,
While he his locks ambrosial shook,
And gracious, but with awful look,
Pronounc'd the word, " *Let man be free.*"

Transported

jefté, il prononce ces paroles : “ *que l’homme foit libre.*”
Ravis du nouveau décret, tous les dieux fe levent à l’in-
ftant : l’heureufe nouvelle fe propage avec rapidité, & tout
l’Olympe retentit de cantiques de louanges & d’allégreffe.

II.

Vêtu d’une longue robe de pourpre & couronné de
laurier, au milieu du chœur des mufes, Apollon accorde fa
lyre fuperbe. Ils chantent les exploits de Jupiter, les ex-
ploits merveilleux de Jupiter, pendant fa jeunefle : quand
il lança fa foudre brulante : quand fon tonnerre ébranla
l’univers, jufqu’à ce que le fang impur des Titans eut
changé la face du monde, en un fpectacle hideux. A l’ouïe
de ces divins accords, tout l’Olympe s’écrie, en pouffant des
cris de joie vifs & redoublés : “ que le grand Jupiter règne
à jamais ! Il a exalté l’homme, cet etre fauvage et a demi
civilifé, qui fent fa célefte origine : & qui, cependant, ef-
clave de fes paffions, eft barbare envers fes femblables.”

Alors

Transported at the new decree,
 Each godhead started from his bed ;
 Swiftly the joyful tidings spread,
 And heav'n's high concave rang with praise and jubilee.

II.

In purple robes, that swept the ground,
 With wreaths of laurel crown'd,
 Amid the Muses' quire,
 Apollo tun'd his golden lyre ;
 The feats of Jove they sung,
 The wond'rous feats of Jove while young ;
 When his fiery bolts he hurl'd,
 When his thunder shook the world,
 Till blood of Titans slain,
 With filthy forms disfigur'd all the plain.
 The heav'nly host, who heard the song,
 Shouting loud, and shouting long,
 Exclaimed : " Let mighty Jove for ever reign !"
 Thro' heav'n a pleasing murmur ran ;
 " Jove has elevated man ;
 " That peevish being, half-refin'd,
 " Who feels the God within the mind,
 " Yet, slave to self, is barb'rous to his kind."

Z

Now

III.

Alors le père des hommes & des dieux incline majestueusement son front auguste, et un torrent de lumière le dérobe à tous les regards. Pendant que les dieux détournent leurs yeux éblouis, une étincelle divine, plus prompt que l'éclair, perce les nues, et touchant la terre, fait naître à l'instant, un amour inconnu jusqu'alors, la charité la plus illimitée. Ce fut sur la France qu'elle tomba. Heureuse contrée ! un moment suffit pour l'enflammer : un moment suffit pour exalter l'âme sensible de ses heureux habitants. Par tout on voit éclater la plus douce philanthropie ; par tout les loix maintiennent les droits des hommes : par tout on exerce les tyrans ; par tout on ne voit regner que l'affection la plus fraternelle. Deformais la liberté & l'amour le plus noble et le plus illimité rempliront tous les cœurs. Ces sentimens sublimes ne seront plus renfermés dans les bornes étroites, que les circonstances ou les passions auront prescrites : Les rives ensanglantées du Pérou ne gémiront plus sous le fer des tyrans : les habitants opprimés de l'Asie partageront les bienfaits du père de la nature : et toi, Africain infortuné, ne désespère point ; ton Clarkson ne cessera pas de s'intéresser à ton sort, il ne cessera pas de réclamer, en ta faveur, cette liberté précieuse dont l'avarice te prive ; jusqu'à ce qu'elle en rougisse, & qu'elle adopte des sentimens plus humains.

O honte !

III.

Now the great father gave the nod,
And lo ! a flood of glory hid the God.
While the celestials veil'd their eyes,
A spark emitted pierc'd the skies,
And swifter flew than light'ning flies ;
Which, touching earth,
Gave instant birth
To love unfelt before, and boundless charities.
On Gaul it fell ; at once it blaz'd ;
At once the human mind was rais'd :
The philanthropic passion burst,
The laws, the rights of man maintain'd,
Tyrants of every kind were crus'd,
And nought but love fraternal reign'd :
Love and freedom shall abound,
Not limited to nations round ;
Peru's oppress'd and blood-stain'd shore
Shall wear the tyrant's chain no more ;
Asia's sons Jove's gifts shall share ;
Nor thou, poor African despair ;
Thy Clarkson shall not cease to plead for thee,
Till av'rice blush, and learn humanity.

IV.

O honte ! O douleur ! Pourquoi faut-il que la terre produise des monstres dénaturés ! Dans ce moment même s'élèvent, à mes yeux, les spectres horribles des tyrans—le furieux Cortez, l'affreux Pizzare, le cruel Almagre, ces tigres, altérés de sang humain, immolent houteusement & sans pitié, des millions de victimes. Mais qui peut soutenir la vue de l'exécrable Di Luc, ce pontife infatiable, cet absurde théophage, qui juroit sur son dieu de nager dans l'or & dans le sang ! Ah ! détournons les yeux de ces horreurs, & contemplons plutôt ces regions fortunées, où, justes appreciateurs des vrais biens, des mortels généreux ne soupirent qu'après la liberté, & laissent aux ames ordinaires, le désir immodéré des richesses.

V.

C'est aujourd'hui le grand, l'heureux jour, dans lequel la France a brisé ses fers, & assuré sa félicité. Exalté par cet effort sublime, le Génie prend l'essor, il s'élance, il se transporte dans ces tems fortunés, où les myriades qui peuplent toutes les parties du monde habitable, viendront offrir leurs encens à l'autel de la liberté ; où Paris fera regarder

IV.

O shame ! O grief ! that earth
Should give inhuman monsters birth !
E'en now, before my waking eyes,
The forms of tyrants rife ;
Cortez, whose heart the furies fear'd,
Pizzaro, with a fiend-like frown,
Almagro all with blood befear'd,
Their naked victims mowing down :
But O ! what eye the sight can brook
Of that infernal priest Di Luc,
Who eat his God, and, eating, swore,
To roll in gold, and wade in gore ?
Fancy, from horrors turn away,
An Gallia's happy shores behold ;
Her gen'rous sons for freedom pray,
And leave to vulgar souls the thirst of gold.

V.

This is the great, auspicious morn,
When Gaul performed her work divine :
How many nations, yet unborn,
Shall incense bring to Freedom's shrine ;
Lutetia's plains the land of virtue call,
And tell of demi-gods who dwelt in Gaul !

E'en

gardé, avec raison, comme le berceau de la vertu ; et où on s'entretiendra des demi-dieux, qui vecurent jadis dans cette heureuse contrée. Aujourd'hui même, ses illustres habitants ont quelque chose de divin ; car certainement, ils ont une puissance plus qu'humaine, ces Etres favorisés, que Jupiter a choisis dans sa sagesse, pour montrer aux hommes le chemin de la liberté, dont il veut qu'ils jouissent tous un jour. Elle est descendue du ciel cette flamme glorieuse : ce rayon divin illuminera tous les esprits : un enthousiasme sacré embrasera toutes les âmes, & la lumière la plus vive se répandra rapidement d'un bout du monde jusqu' à l'autre.

VI.

Les hommes ressemblent aux dieux, quand un esprit de paix & de fraternité en rassemble des millions : animés de cet esprit, des millions se sont rassemblés sur les rives délicieuses de la Seine : un sentiment divin les a réunis, & ce même sentiment leur a fait jurer : de ne cesser jamais, de se disputer le prix de la vertu ; de vivre libres, ou de mourir de même. Heureuse France ! le démon de l'ambition ne tourmentera plus tes paisibles habitants : il ne ravagera plus ces plaines superbes où la nature & l'industrie concourent à l'envi à augmenter leurs jouissances, ce démon cruel, qui a dépeuplé tant de nations, & dévasté tant de royaumes ;
qui

E'en now her sons like gods appear ;
For more than human pow'rs have they,
Whom Jove, decreeing freedom here,
Hath singled out to lead the way.
From heav'n it came,
The glorious flame ;
The ray divine
On all shall shine ;
Enthusiastic ardour fire the soul,
And one vast blaze of light extend from pole to pole.

VI.

We emulate the pow'rs above,
When millions meet in peace and love ;
And millions met on Seine's fair shore ;
In love they met, in love they swore
In virtue's sacred cause to vie,
To live in freedom, or in freedom die.
Thrice happy Gaul ! in thy sweet plains
No more the fiend Ambition reigns ;
That fiend, who nations has undone,
Who fancies millions made for one,
And dreams he honours man, whene'er he gilds his chains.

For

qui ose penser, dans sa fureur insensée, que des millions d'Êtres sensibles ont pu être créés, pour être asservis aux caprices d'un seul homme ; & qui croit honorer ses tristes victimes, en les chargeant de chaînes dorées. La flamme épurée de la liberté ne peut pas s'éteindre dans les cœurs magnanimes, qu' elle a une fois embrasés. — Affranchis à jamais de toute servitude, aucun François ne peut violer son serment ; aucun François ne peut renoncer à la liberté acquise. Le même esprit animera tous les habitants de ce vaste empire ; & la paix & l'abondance qu'on y verra régner, annonceront à toute la terre, qu'il est l'azile de la liberté.

VII.

Anglois ! célébrez le jour auguste, qui a rendu la liberté à la France. Ecartez toute idée indigne des grands cœurs. Ceux qui le sont véritablement, ne peuvent qu' aimer ceux qui leur ressemblent. Les François se sont affranchis par leur valeur ; car la valeur a accompli ce que la philosophie avoit commencé. Et, puisque la liberté est en danger, sans doute le moment heureux n'est pas éloigné, où la Grande Bretagne sortira aussi de son assoupissement, et chassera de son sein la corruption ; avant que les calamités les plus funestes viennent l'accabler ; & que la guerre civile, & toutes ses horreurs éclatent de toutes parts. Songeons donc, pendant qu'il en est encore tems, Songeons aux moyens de détourner

For ever in the gallant heart
A patriotic flame must burn ;
No Frank can from his oath depart ;
No Frank to servitude return :
One generous spirit shall give life to all,
And peace and plenty prove that Freedom dwells in Gaul.

VII.

Let Britons celebrate the day,
Which liberty to Gallia gave ;
Away, ye jealous thoughts, away ;
The brave should ever love the brave :
Gallia her freedom has by valour won ;
For valour finish'd that which wisdom had begun.
And sure, since freedom is at stake,
That happy hour is near at hand,
When Britain shall from slumber wake,
And drive corruption from the land :
Ere dire calamities her isle befall,
And civil broil and horror burst on all.

A a

Think

détourner l'affreuse tempête qui nous menace. Sougeons que tout délai devient un crime ; & hâtons nous de commencer une réforme salutaire. Pendant que dans les champs éloignés de la Pologne, le paysan étonné voit tomber ses chaînes, enseignons à un peuple outragé à reprendre ses droits ; à remonter à la source de la corruption, & à arrêter son cours destructeur. L'assemblée nationale établie par le grand Alfred réme dicroit à tous les maux, & feroit renaître le patriotisme dans tous les cœurs.

F I N.

Think then, ye worthies, think in time,
How to avert the threat'ning storm ;
Think that delay becomes a crime,
And O ! begin the great reform :
While, in Polonia's distant plains,
Th' astonish'd peasant drops his chains,
Teach a wrong'd people to resume control ;
To trace corruption to its source,
And stop its desolating course :
Great Alfred's folk-mote would reclaim the whole,
And into every breast infuse a patriot soul.

FINIS.