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TO THE  
*Discontented and Unquiet.*

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Vertue alone makes the  
Mind Easie.

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Imitated partly from *Casimire* : Book 4. Ode 15.

*Nil est, Munati, nil iterum canam*

*Mortale nil est immedicabilis*

*Immune tædî, &c.*

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**M**ADAM, There's nothing here that's free  
From wearisome Anxiety :  
And the whole Round of Mortal Joys  
With short possession tires and cloy :  
'Tis a dull Circle that we tread  
Just from the Window to the Bed,

We



We rise to see and to be seen,  
Gaze on the World a while, and then  
We Yawn and Stretch to Sleep again.  
But F A N C Y, that uneasie Guest  
Still holds a Lodging in our Beast;  
She finds or frames Vexations still,  
Her self the greatest Plague we feel.

We take strange Pleasure in our Pain,  
And make a Mountain of a Grain,  
Assume the Load, and pant and sweat  
Beneath th' Imaginary Weight.  
With our dear selves we live at strife,  
While the most constant Scenes of Life  
From Peevish Humours are not free;  
Still we affect Variety:  
Rather than pass an Easie Day,  
We Fret and Chide the Hours away,  
Grow weary of this Rolling Sun,  
And vex that he should ever run  
The same old Track; and still, and still  
Rise red behind yon Eastern Hill,

And



And chide the Moon that darts her Light  
Thro' the same Casement every Night.

We shift our Chambers and our Homes  
To dwell where Trouble never comes :  
*Sylvia* has left the City Croud,  
Against the Court exclaims aloud,  
Flies to the Woods ; a Hermit-Saint !  
She loaths her Patches, Pins, and Paint,  
Dear Diamonds from her Neck are torn :  
But HUMOUR, that Eternal Thorn  
Sticks in her Heart : She's hurry'd still  
'Twixt her Wild Passions and her Will :  
Haunted and hagg'd where're she roves  
By purling Streams, and silent Groves,  
Or with her Furies, or her Loves.

Then our own Native Land we hate,  
Too Cold, too Windy, or too Wet ;  
Change the thick Climate, and repair  
To *France* or *Italy* for Air ;



In vain we change, in vain we fly ;  
Go *Sylvia*, mount the Whirling Sky,  
Or ride upon the Feather'd Wind ;  
In vain ; If this Diseased Mind  
Clings fast and still sits close behind.  
Faithful Disease, that never fails  
Attendance at her Ladies side  
Over the Desert or the Tide  
On rolling Wheels or flying Sails.

Happy the Soul that Vertue shows  
To fix the place of her Repose,  
Needless to move ; for she can dwell  
In her Old Grandfire's Hall as well.  
V E R T U E that never loves to roam,  
But sweetly hides her self at Home,  
And easy on a Native Throne  
Of humble Turf sits gently down.

Yet should Tumultuous Storms arise  
And mingle Earth and Seas, and Skies,



Should the Waves swell, and make her roll

Across the Line or near the Pole,

Still She's at Peace; for well She knows

To lanch the Stream that Duty shows,

And makes her Home wher'ere She goes.

Bear her, ye Seas, upon your Breast,

Or waft her, Winds, from East to West

On the soft Air; She cannot find

A Couch so easie as her Mind,

Nor breathe a Climate half so kind.