



O D E to the Hon. C. Y.

By the Same.

CHARLES, son of Yorke, who on the mercy-seat
 Of justice states the bounds of right and wrong;
 Not like the vulgar law-bewilder'd throng,
 Who in the maze of error, hope to meet
 Truth, or hope rather to delude with lies
 And airy phantoms, under truth's disguise.

Some wrapt in precedents, or points decreed,
 Or lop or stretch the laws to forms precise:
 Some, who the pedantry of rules despise,
 Plain sense adopt, from legal fetters freed;
 Sense without science, fleeting, unconfin'd,
 Is empty guess, and shifts with ev'ry wind.

But he, thy fire, with more discerning toil,
 Rang'd the wide field, sagacious to explore
 Where lay dispers'd or hid the precious ore;
 Then form'd into a whole the gather'd spoil,
 Law, reason, equity, which now unite,
 Reflecting each on each a friendly light.

Blest

Blest in a guide, a pattern so compleat,
 Tread, as thou do'st his footsteps; for not rude
 Thy genius, not uncultur'd, unsubstid'd.
 Yet there are intervals and seasons meet,
 To smoothe the brow of thought; nor thou disdain
 Fit hour of vacance with the Muse's train.

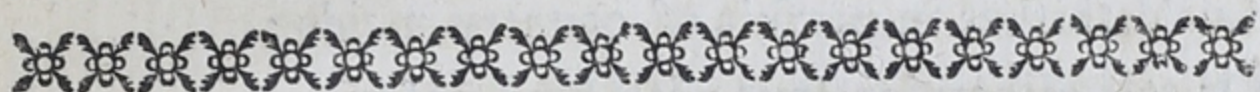
Let meaner spirits, cast in common mould,
 Who feed on husks of learned lore, refuse
 To hear the lessons of the warbling Muse;
 Nor know that bards, the law-givers of old,
 By soothing song to moral truth beguil'd
 Man, till then fierce, a lawless race, and wild.

What means the lyre, by which the fabled sage
 Drew beasts to listen, and made rocks advance
 Around him as he play'd, in mystick dance?
 What, but the Muse? who soften'd human rage,
 Parent of concord, she prepar'd the plan
 Of social life, and man attun'd to man,

She taught the sphere to move in fair array,
 Each in their orbits heark'ning to her strain;
 Else would they wander o'er th' ethereal plain
 Licentious, but that she directs their way:
 She aw'd to temper, by her magick spell,
 The warring elements, and powers of hell.

They

They err, who think the MUSES not ally'd
 To THEMIS ; both are of celestial birth :
 Both give peace, order, harmony to earth ;
 Both by one heav'nly fountain are supply'd ;
 And men and angels hymn, in general quire,
 What law ordains, and what the NINE inspire.



From C Æ L I A to C L O E.

By the Same.

I Rural life enjoy, the town's your taste,
 In this we differ, twins in all the rest.
 Yet when the dog-star brings diseases on,
 And each fond mother trembles for her son ;
 Now when the Mall's forlorn, the beaux and belles
 All for retirement crowd to Tunbridge-Wells ;
 Say, will not CLOE for awhile withdraw
 From dear Vaux-hall and charming Ranelagh ?
 Sure at this homely hutt one may contrive
 Awhile not only to exist, but live ;
 For not dull landscapes here my thoughts engross,
 Woods, lawns, and rills, and grottoes green with moss.