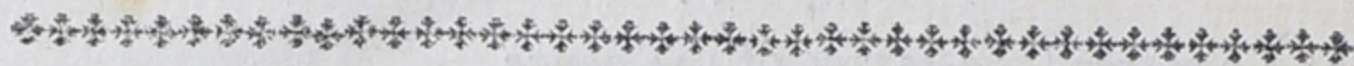


“ Tread soft, ye lovers, o’er this hallow’d ground,
 “ Here lies fond Damon by his Sylvia’s side;
 “ Their souls in life by mutual love were bound,
 “ Nor death the lasting union could divide.”



A POEM to the Memory of THOMAS, late
 Marquis of WHARTON, Lord Privy Seal.

VAIN are these pomps, thy funeral rites to grace,
 And blazon forth thy long *Patrician* race;
 These banners mark’d with boasted feats of old,
 And streamers waving with distinguish’d gold.
 Proud hieroglyphics! where are darkly shown
 Thy brave forefathers merits, not thy own.
 Herald forbear! these painted honours give
 To names that only in thy paint can live.
 Thy colours fade near this illustrious clay,
 And all thy gaudy gildings die away.

See, * heaven displeas’d thy fond attempt upbraids,
 And claims the province thy bold hand invades;
 Untimely darkness gathering round the skies,
 Blackens the morn to grace his obsequies.
 The sick’ning sun shines dim, and in the sight
 Of gazing crowds, resigns his waning light;
 Mark how he labours with relapse of night!

* The marquis was inter’d at Winchendon on the 22d of
 April 1715. The total eclipse of the sun happening whilst his
 remains were on the road, stopped the procession.

How his diminish'd face a crescent seems,
 Like Cynthia newly silver'd with his beams.
 But as in full eclipse his light expires,
 Back to its source our gelid blood retires ;
 Chill'd with surprize, our trembling joints unbrace,
 And pale confusion sits on every face.
 The bleating flocks, no more the shepherd's care,
 Stray from those folds to which they wou'd repair.
 Home to his young the raven wings his way,
 And leaves untasted his yet bleeding prey.
 While tow'ring larks their rival notes prolong,
 They drop benighted in their morning song.
 Darknes and horror reign o'er earth and skies,
 And nature for awhile with WHARTON dies.

O ! speak, refulgent parent of the day !
 With beamy eye who dost the globe survey ;
 Thou radiant source of wit's diviner fire !
 Thou truest judge of what thou dost inspire !
 Say, hast thou seen in any age, or clime,
 Since thy bright race began to measure time,
 So great a genius rise ? in ev'ry part
 So form'd by nature, finish'd so by art ?
 Such manly sense, with so much fire of mind ?
 Judgment so strong, to wit so lively join'd ?
 No prepossession sway'd his equal soul,
 Steady to truth she pointed as her pole :
 Convinc'd of varying in the least degrees,
 Her pliant index she reclaim'd with ease.

Early thro' custom's and prescription's yoke,
 Tyrants of weaker souls, his reason broke.
 Good sense revering from the meanest hand,
 He durst authority in robes withstand.

Determin'd always on maturer thought,
 Still by new reasons, to new measures brought;
 Firm, but not stubborn; thoughtful, not involv'd;
 Swift to perform what slowly he resolv'd.

No tempests rag'd within his peaceful breast,
 Where kindling passion reason soon suppress.
 'Midst all events his firmness he maintain'd,
 Struggled with great, but slighter ills disdain'd.
 Thus what philosophers could only preach,
 His inborn virtue did in practice reach.

Nature design'd him master of address;
 None knew it more, nor seem'd to know it less.
 It work'd like magic on your yielding heart,
 Sure was the charm, but secret was the art.
 In human nature most exactly learn'd,
 The artful man he through his masque discern'd.
 With chosen baits that every temper take,
 He knew of knave or fool good use to make.

His easy breeding free from form and rules,
 That stiffen the civility of fools,
 Of various turn, for all occasions fit,
 Was squar'd with judgment, and well touch'd with wit.
 Free of access, from affectation clean,
 Great without pride, nor when familiar, mean.

Obliging

Obliging always with good-natur'd sense,
 Nor apt to give nor apt to take offence.
 Nor fond when kind, nor harsh when most severe,
 Betwixt extremes he justly knew to steer.
 In conversation wond'rous was his art
 To guard his own, and sift another's heart.
 To mirth and wit he led the cheerful way,
 Reserv'dly open and discreetly gay;
 Nor could the softest hour his secret soul betray.
 Bright as the youngest, as the oldest wise,
 In both extremes, alike he gave surprize.

In body active, yet his sprightly mind
 Within that body felt herself confin'd. —
 When thoughts important claim'd no longer place,
 Then building, planting, and the speedy race,
 Paintings, and books successive took their round,
 No blanks of time were in his journal found.
 Skill'd in the ends of his existence, he
 To be unuseful thought was not to be.

Polite his taste of arts, but vain was art
 Where nature had so greatly done her part.
 Through tiresome mediums we at truth arrive;
 His easy knowledge seem'd intuitive.
 No copy'd beauties meanly form'd his mind,
 By heav'n a great original design'd.
 The seeds of science in his blood were sown,
 Born with philosophy, 'twas all his own †.

† The poet design'd by this to cover the marquiss's want of literature, for he studied men and the world more than books.

Nor

Nor bribes nor threat'nings could his zeal abate
 To serve his country, and avert her fate.
 Firm to her laws and liberties he stood,
 Submitting private views to public good.
 Who could obsequious with the current swim,
 Whigs might be call'd, but Tories were to him.
 Persons or parties he no longer knew,
 When swerving once from honest, just, and true.
 Oft has he stem'd the rage of impious times,
 When patriot virtues bore the brand of crimes.
 To check proud tyrants born, and factions awe,
 But most devoted to good kings and law.
 Twice his dear country was on ruin's brink,
 Resolv'd to save her, or with her to sink,
 His brave attempts successful twice he saw,
 Once in wise BRUNSWICK, once in great NASSAU.

No bolder champion in religion's cause;
 None fought more battles, nor with more applause.
 To arms he flew as danger press'd her home,
 And snatch'd the hopeless prey from France and Rome.
 But as from conscience pure, religion springs,
 He freedom press'd in unessential things.
 Coercive laws, he rightly understood,
 Might make men hypocrites, but never good.
 All genuine virtue is by nature free;
 And will, when forc'd, no longer virtue be.

Who justly would his eloquence declare,
 Himself must WHARTON'S fertile genius share.

Would

Would you conceive it? see how o'er the sands
 Fair Thames advances where Augusta stands.
 Gentle he flows, but with resistless force,
 Not like the rapid Rhone's impetuous course;
 Tho' deep, so clear are his transparent streams,
 His bottom rising to his surface seems.
 Full is his spreading current, but restrain'd.
 And still within its flow'ry banks contain'd.
 Alternate wealth his two extremes unfold,
 Downwards he sends us bread, and upwards gold.
 Flow, sweetest river! still thy course prolong!
 Thus deep and clear, thus gentle, full and strong,
 That distant ages may the image see
 Of WHARTON'S flowing eloquence in thee.
 So shall no torrents foil thy crystal stream,
 Thou patriot's emblem, and thou poet's theme!

Ye nobles who surround the British throne,
 Reflect its lustre, and improve your own;
 You who resemble, in rich robes of state,
 That majesty august on which you wait,
 Witness how often his decisive sense,
 His wit, his art, and copious eloquence,
 Have singly won the question to his side,
 Made Oxford blush, and St. John drop his pride;
 Whilst every ear was with his accents charm'd,
 As every breast was with his ardour warm'd:
 Faction was touch'd and felt the secret force,
 Dumb, and convicted, but without remorse,

Envy with rage contending in her face,
To see his triumph and her just disgrace.

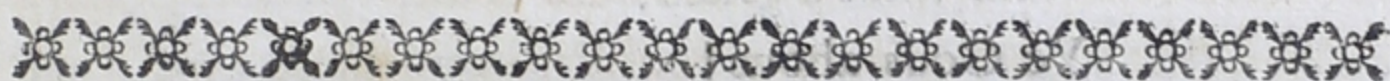
Nor less in council did his weight appear,
The ablest statesman, as the brightest peer.
Thou mighty prince, who from perfidious power
Didst speed to save us in a timely hour ;
Whilst beauty join'd with valour form'd thy train,
To grace our court, and raise our martial vein ;
Whose rising beams made drooping Credit thrive,
Religion spring, fair Liberty revive :
Say, if thy chosen ministers, who sate
With thee to guide the great machine of state,
A more consummate character could boast,
Than that which Britain in her WHARTON lost.

Oh ! had kind heaven (if prayers were not too late)
Another lustrum added to his date,
How would his head, his heart, his hand conspire,
To punish traitors as their crimes require !
To crush rebellion, bridle factious rage,
And quell the monsters of an impious age !
How would his bosom beat with joy to see,
Great GEORGE ! the British legend true in thee !
To see thee o'er the vanquish'd dragon ride,
And free thy kingdoms from his rage and pride !
Whilst peace and plenty spread their golden wings
Around the best of men, the best of kings,
And every tide shall waft into thy ports
Wealth from all lands, and homage from all courts.

But

But sov'reign heav'n, whose ways are ever wise,
 || Just drew the glorious dawn before his eyes ;
 And for his happier son reserv'd the fight
 Of Brunswick's power in its meridian light.
 GEORGE shall in him prove honour, courage, truth,
 And find the father in the pregnant youth.

Thus the great leader of the Hebrew bands,
 Through opening billows and o'er burning sands,
 From Egypt's yoke, and haughty Pharaoh's chains,
 To Canaan's fruitful hills, and flow'ry plains,
 From Pisgah's height the promis'd land descry'd ;
 More was forbid ; he saw, rejoic'd, and dy'd.



PARAPHRASE upon a FRENCH SONG.

By the late WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

*Venge moy d'une ingrate maitresse,
 Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvresse.*

KIND relief in all my pain,
 Jolly Bacchus! hear my pray'r,
 Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair!
 In thy smiling cordial bowl,
 Drown the sorrows of my soul,
 All thy deity employ,
 Gild each gloomy thought with joy,

|| *He died a few months after the accession of GEORGE I.*