

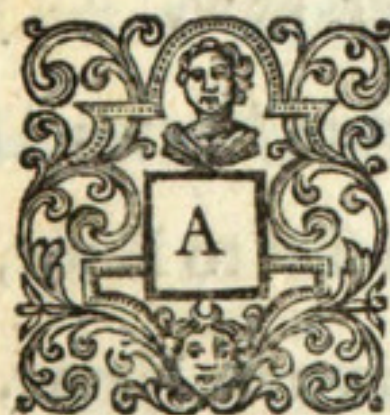


P O E M S  
O N  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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*A Description of BATH.*

*Humbly Inscribed to Her Royal Highness  
the Princess AMELIA.*



MELIA, beauteous PRINCESS, deign  
What the *Muse* sings: to You the <sup>[to view]</sup>  
To You, in whom with Joy we see <sup>[Song is due;</sup>  
True *Royal* Greatness, and an *humble* <sup>[combin'd</sup>  
<sup>[Mind.]</sup>

Deign You, bright Maid, to hear my artless Lays;

You'll awe the snarling Critics into Praise.

If Goodness can this bold Address forgive,

Nurs'd by your Smiles, my humble Rhymes shall <sup>[live.]</sup>



To sing the Town, where balmy Waters flow,  
To which AMELIA's Health the Nations owe,  
My Muse aspires; while conscious Blushes rise,  
And her weak Pinions tremble, ere she flies;  
Till, drawing Vigour from those living Springs,  
She dares to raise her Voice, and stretch her Wings.  
Not the fam'd Springs, which gave Poetic Fire,  
Had nobler Virtues, or could more inspire.  
Too weak my Voice; but Great AMELIA's Name  
Shall raise my Numbers, and defend my Fame.

LONG ere the *Roman* Eagle hither flew,  
Ere *Albion's* Sons their pow'rful Virtues knew;  
BRUTE's great Descendant rais'd them first to Fame,  
And, from their Use, assign'd the Town its Name.  
PALLAS he chose Protectress of the Streams,  
PALLAS the \* City her Protectress claims;

\* The City of BATH is call'd in the British Language *Caer Palludar*.

Thus



Thus He, who of Man's Fall divinely sings,  
 Tells from old Records, wrote of *Gothic* Kings.  
 The *Romans* well this ancient Story knew,  
 MINERVA'S Statues their Devotion drew;  
 Of curious Art her noble \* *Bust* appears,  
 Safe from the Ruin of a thousand Years.  
 These salutary Streams alone can boast  
 Their Virtues not in thrice five Ages lost.  
 The floating Waters, from their hidden Source,  
 Thro' the same *Strata* keep unerring Course;  
 The flowing *Sulphur* meets dissolving *Steel*,  
 And heat in *Combat*, till the Waters boil:  
 United then, enrich the healing Stream,  
 HEALTH to the *Sick* they give, and to the *Waters*,  
 [FAME.

THUS oft contending *Parties* rage and hate,  
 Malignant both, and push each other's Fate;

\* There is now an antique *Bust* in the Town-hall of BATH, suppos'd to belong to a Roman Statue of PALLAS.



At last, their Fury spent, and cloy'd with Blood,  
They *join* in *Friendship* for the *Public Good*.

HITHER foul SCURVY, odious to the Sight;  
And VAPOURS, which, in *ev'ry Form*, affright;  
Sharp COLIC, groaning with a *Jaundice* Face;  
White LEPROSY, of old *Egyptian* Race;  
The shaking PALSY; RHEUMATISM lame;  
And meager INDIGESTION pining came;  
With many dreadful *Ails*, without a Name. }

FATAL Effects of LUXURY and EASE!  
We *drink* our POISON, and we *eat* DISEASE;  
Indulge our SENSES at our REASON's Cost,  
Till *Sense* is *Pain*, and *Reason's* hurt, or lost.

NOT so, O TEMP'RANCE bland! when rul'd by  
The *Brute's* obedient, and the *Man* is free: <sup>[thee,</sup>  
Soft are his *Slumbers*, balmy is his *Rest*,  
His *Veins* not boiling from the *Midnight Feast*;  
Touch'd



Touch'd by AURORA's rosy Hand, he wakes,  
 Peaceful and calm ; and with the World partakes  
 The joyful Dawnings of returning Day,  
 For which their grateful Thanks the whole Creation  
 All but the *human Brute*; 'Tis he alone <sup>[pay!</sup>  
 Whose Deeds of Darkness fly the rising Sun.

'Tis to thy Rules, O TEMPERANCE! we owe  
 All Pleasures which from *Health* and *Strength* can <sup>[flow:</sup>  
*Vigour of Body, Purity of Mind,*  
 Unclouded *Reason, Sentiments* refin'd,  
 Unmix'd, untainted Joys, without *Remorse,*  
 Th' intemp'rate Sinner's never-failing Curse.

OUR *Waters* wash those num'rous Ills away,  
 And grant the *trembling Wretch* a longer Day.  
 O may returning HEALTH more *Wisdom* give!  
 Let *Death's* Approaches teach us how to live.



IF but *one* LEPER cur'd, makes *Jordan's* Stream,  
 In Sacred Writ, a venerable Theme,  
 What *Honour's* to thy *sov'reign Waters* due,  
 Where *Sick*, by *Thousands*, do their *Health* re-  
 [new ?

THE *Min'ral Steams* which from the BATHS arise,  
 From *noxious Vapours* clear the *neighb'ring* Skies :  
 When FEVERS bore an epidemic Sway,  
 Unpeopled Towns, swept Villages away ;  
 While *Death* abroad dealt *Terror*, and *Despair*,  
 The *Plague* but *gently touch'd* within their Sphere.

BLEST *Source of Health*, seated on *rising Ground*,  
 With friendly Hills by Nature *guarded* round ;  
 From *Eastern Blasts*, and *sultry South* secure ;  
 The *Air's balsamic*, and the *Soil* is *pure*.

WHAT *boundless Prospects* from yon tow'ring  
 [Height  
 Of *Hills*, and *Plains*, and *Vallies* strike the Sight !

*Towns,*



*Towns, Rivers, Villas, Flocks and Herds* appear,  
And all the various Products of the Year.

Thence view the *pendant Rock's* majestic Shade,  
That speaks the Ruins conqu'ring *Time* has made:

Whether the *Egg* was by the *Deluge* broke,  
Or Nature since has felt some other Shock;

Ingenious BURNET, thine's a pleasing Scheme,  
A gay Delusion, if it be a Dream.

The shatter'd *Rocks* and *Strata* seem to say,  
Nature is *old*, and tends to her *Decay*:

Yet *lovely* in *Decay*, and *green* in *Age*,  
Her Beauty lasts her, to her *latest Stage*.

*Wisdom* immense contriv'd the wond'rous *Ball*,  
And *Form* sprung forth, obedient to his Call.

He fix'd her Date, and bid the *Planet* run  
Her *annual* Race around the *central Sun*:

He bid the *Seasons, Days, and Nights* return,  
Till the pent Fires which at the *Center* burn,  
Shall the *whole Globe* to one huge *Cinder* turn.

}



Then, like a *Phœnix*, she again shall rise,  
 And the *New World* be peopled from the *Skies*;  
 Then *Vice*, and all her Train of Ills shall cease,  
 And *Truth* shall reign with *Righteousness* and *Peace*.

SURROUNDED by the AVON's winding Streams,  
 Beneath the Hills, a peopled Island seems;  
 An antient *Abbey* in its Center stands,  
 The labour'd Work of superstitious Hands.  
 When *Holy Craft* supreme did guide the Helm,  
 And *Gothic Darkness* overspread the Realm;  
 The *artful Priest* amaz'd the gaping Croud,  
 And *sacred Truth* was veil'd in *mystic Cloud*;  
 When *living Saints* for *true Devotion* bled;  
 And *Rites prophane* were offer'd to the *Dead*;  
 When *Idol Images* Devotion drew,  
 And *Idol Gods* were worshipp'd as the *true*;  
 Witness yon *Front*; how impiously design'd  
 In *Stone* to represent th' *Eternal Mind*!

Witness



Witness the *Saints* and *Angels* on the *Wall*!  
*Deaf* to their Vor'ries *Prayers*, and *silent* to their  
Welcome, fair LIBERTY, and LIGHT *divine*! <sup>[Call.</sup>  
Yet *wider* spread your Wings, and brighter shine;  
Dart *livelier* Beams on ev'ry *British* Soul,  
And scatter *slavish* *Darkness* to the Pole.  
Now for *pure* *Worship* is the *Church* design'd;  
O that the Muse cou'd say to *that* confin'd!  
Ev'n there, by *meaning* *Looks*, and *cringing* *Bows*,  
The *Female* *Idol* her *Adorer* knows!  
Fly hence, *Prophane*, nor taint this Sacred Place;  
Mock not thy GOD, to flatter CÆLIA's Face.  
This Sacred Pile incloses honour'd Dust,  
And pompous *Monuments* secure the Trust:  
There MONTAGUE, the Noble Prelate, lies,  
With pious Hands up-lifted to the Skies:  
A VIRGIN here enjoys eternal Fame,  
Join'd on the Marble with Great DRYDEN's Name.



THE spacious PORTICO demands my Song,  
 Where *Beaux*, and *Belles* appear, a shining Throng!  
 To take a *cordial Draught*, and *cheer* the *Soul*,  
 Like HOMER's Gods, when *Nectar* crown'd the  
 Correct the Fabric, *simple, neat, and plain*,<sup>[Bowl.</sup>  
 Of *Parian*, nor *Ægyptian* Marble vain,  
 But *innocently white*, it's proud to show,  
 In *neighb'ring Hills* what beauteous Pillars grow.

THE BATHS adjoining form two *ample Squares*,  
 Around the *Walls* the *Roman* Art appears;  
*Niches* and *Arches* there the *Bathers* find,  
 A *Shelter* from the *Rain*, and blust'ring *Wind*.  
 BLADUD himself sits *Guardian* of the *Streams*,  
 Whose noble *Virtues* give them \* *Royal Names*.

† NOT far from hence, a *Bath* of *gentler* Heat,  
 The *tender Virgin* finds a safe *Retreat*

\* *King and Queen's Bath.*

† *Cross Bath.*



From *Sights* indecent, and from *Speeches* lewd,  
Which dare not there, with *Satyr-Face*, intrude.  
Just in the midst a *Marble Cross* there stands,  
Which Popish Minds with pious Awe commands,  
Devoid *itself* of *Pow'r* to heal our Woes,  
Yet, deck'd with *monumental Crutches*, shows  
What *mighty Cures* this wond'rous *Pool* has done,  
And these the *Trophies* from *Diseases* won.  
The *Sailor* thus, on foaming Billows tost,  
His *Ship*, and *Ship-Mates* in the Tempest lost,  
Did some kind God's assisting Pow'r implore,  
And when, by Aid Divine, he reach'd the Shore,  
Strait to the Temple of the God he flew,  
His briny Coat he thought the Temple's Due:  
And near the dropping Garment, on the Wall  
He wrote, with grateful Praise, the moving Tale.

\* Thro' yon high *arched Gate* on either Hand,  
In comely Order, *Rows of Buildings* stand;

\* *West Gate.*



See *Squares*, and *Hospitals*, and *Temples* rise,  
 From whence let *pure Devotion* pierce the Skies.  
 A *Fountain* flows, which *stately Walls* surround,  
 And *Palaces* o'erspread the verdant Ground.  
 Where *Herds* were wont to drink the cooling  
 And *Birds* on bending Branches us'd to sing. <sup>[Spring,</sup>

LEAVING the *West*, I guide my View around,  
 And mark the *City's* venerable *Bound*.  
 Where the Remains of many an hundred Year,  
 In rev'rend Ruins, on the Walls appear,  
 \* A *Fury's Head* with snaky Hair there stands;  
 Here *Hercules* th' attentive Eye demands;  
 And there a *Shepherd* and his *youthful Dame*;  
 These Monuments, and more, are known to Fame.

HENCE view the *Grove*; it forms a verdant  
 See the Trees wanton in the Eastern Air; <sup>[Square,</sup>

\* See Guydot's *Translation of the Antiquities of Bath*.



*Aurora* gilds them with a temp'rate Ray,  
 And *lofty Buildings* shade in Noon of Day.  
 An *Obelisk* doth now its Center grace,  
 The latest, proudest, Honour of the Place.  
 To future Times this Monument shall show,  
 How much all *Britons*, and all *Belgians* owe,  
 To Springs which sav'd from Death the Great, <sup>[NASSAU.]</sup>  
 From HIM, and beauteous ANNA, shall descend,  
 Heroes like WILLIAM, ready to defend  
 Fair *Liberty* oppress'd, and trampled *Laws*,  
 Or die with Pleasure in the glorious Cause.  
 What less than this can Prophecy divine,  
 When WILLIAM'S Blood is mix'd with GEORGE'S  
[Line?]

NOR think, O NASH, the Muse forgets thy Praise,  
 Enough for thee this Monument to raise :  
 What greater Honour can thy Pride receive,  
 Than that THY Name with great NASSAU shall live ?

WHERE



WHERE the *smooth Bowl*\* was wont to skim the  
 Now stately Rooms for Pleasure change the Scene; <sup>[Green,</sup>  
 Where *Music* warbles, and the *Dancers* bound,  
 While the high Roof re-echoes to the Sound.  
 There blooming Virgins kindle am'rous Fires;  
 And there the God of Wit with Verse inspires.  
 The *rattling Dye* enchants the *Miser's Heir*,  
 The *hoarded Sums* the *sharking Gamesters* share:  
 Th' important Bus'ness of the Fair, *Quadrille*,  
 Employs those Hours which *Dancing* cannot kill;  
 Or fav'rite *Ombre*, sweetly sung by POPE,  
 Appalls their *Cheeks* with *Fear*, or reddens them <sup>[with Hope.</sup>  
 There *Miss* soon learns the Language of the *Eyes*,  
 The *witless Beau* looks soft, and swears he dies;  
 And who can think so *fine* a *Lover* lyes?  
 There *Pagan*, *Turk*, the *Papist*, and the *Jew*,  
 And all Mankind's *Epitome* you view.

\* Where Lindsey's New Room now stands, was a Bowling-Green not long since.



But fly, my Muse, fly this enchanting Place,  
Nor *Man*, thro' all his Pleasures, dare to trace.

BUT see thro' yonder\* Door a safe *Retreat*;  
There rest secure, amidst the *Wise*, and *Great*:  
Heroes of *antient*, and of *modern* Song,  
The bending Shelves in comely Order throng,  
Hither, ye *Nymphs*, attend the leading Muse,  
With her the *Labours* of the *Wise* peruse;  
Their *Maxims* learn, their *Precepts* be your Guide.  
Think *Virtuous Knowledge* WOMAN's truest Pride:  
*One* Hour thus spent, more *solid* Joys shall give,  
Than the gay *Idler* knows, or *Fools* conceive:

Now leave the *Terrace*, and th' extended Scene  
Of *Hills* inclos'd, and *Meadows* ever green,  
Descend to *Walks*, 'twixt *Limes* in adverse Rows,  
And view the gay *Parterre* that ever blows.

\* Mr. Leake's Shop.



This fair \* *Pavilion* view, around its Base

Observe the Sportings of the *scaly Race*.

A cool *Recess*, the MUSES *chosen Seat*,

From *Crouds*, and *empty Noise*, a blest Retreat!

The lovely *Landscape*, and the silent *Stream*,

Inspire the *Poet*, and present the Theme.

Round the *green Walk* the *River* glides away,

Where 'midst *Espaliers* balmy *Zephyrs* play,

And fan the *Leaves*, and cool the scorching *Ray* : }

View the brown Shadows of yon *pathless Wood*;

And *craggy Hills*, irregular and rude!

Where Nature sports romantic: Hence is seen

The *new-made Road*, and wonderful *Machine*,

*Self-moving* downward from the Mountain's Height,

A *Rock* its Burden of a *Mountain's Weight*.

HAIL, mighty *Genius*! born for *Great Designs*,

T' *adorn* your *Country*, and to *mend* the *Times*;

\* Harrison's *Banqueting-House*.



*Virtue's Exemplar* in degen'rate Days,  
All who love *Virtue*, love to speak *your* Praise :  
You chide the Muse that dares your *Virtues* own,  
And, veil'd with *Modesty*, would live unknown ;  
An *honest Muse*, no Prostitute for *Gain*,  
*Int'rest* may court her, but shall court in vain :  
But ever pleas'd to set *true Worth* in View,  
Yours *shall* be *seen*, and *will*, by All but *You*.

PROPHETIC here, the Muse shall build thy Seat,  
Great like thy *Soul*, in ev'ry Part complete :  
On this fair Eminence the *Fabric* stands,  
The finish'd Labour of a thousand Hands ;  
The *Hill*, the *Dale*, the *River*, *Groves* and *Fields*,  
Vary the *Landscape*, which thy *Prospect* yields ;  
Whole *Vales* of *Fruit-trees* give our Eyes Delight,  
Yet scorn alone to gratify the *Sight* ;  
Beneath the Load the tender Branch shall bend,  
And the rich Juice regale its *Master's Friend*.



Thy Taste refin'd appears in yonder Wood,  
Not *Nature* tortur'd, but by *Art* improv'd:  
Where *cover'd Walks* with *open Vista's* meet,  
An *Area* here, and there a *stady Seat*.  
A thousand Sweets in mingled Odours flow  
From blooming *Flow'rs*, which on the Borders grow.  
In num'rous Streams the murm'ring Waters thrill,  
Uniting all, obedient to thy Will;  
Till by thy Art, in *one Canal* combin'd,  
They thro' the *Wood* in various *Mazes* wind;  
From thence the foaming Waves fall rapid down,  
In bold *Cascades*, and lash the rugged Stone.  
But here their Fury lost, the calmer Scene  
Delights the softer Muse, and Soul serene;  
An ample *Bason*, Center of the Place,  
In Lymph transparent holds the scaly Race;  
Its glassy Face, from ev'ry Ruffle free,  
Reflects the Image of each neighb'ring Tree;  
On which the *feather'd Choir*, melodious, throng,  
By Love inspir'd, unite in tuneful Song;

Their



Their tuneful Song the echoing *Woods* resound,  
 And falling *Waters* add a solemn Sound,  
 Sure this the Muses haunt ; 'tis hallow'd Ground !  
 Here could the Muse for ever spend her Days,  
 And chant, in humble Rhymes, the Owner's Praise,  
 How by his Art, young MYRA \* shall no more  
 Her STREPHON's Letter lost, with Sighs deplore,  
 Unjustly jealous of her faithful Swain,  
 Whilst he expects the kind Return in vain.  
 How from the † Mountain's rocky Sides he drew  
 A thousand shining Palaces to view :  
*Temples*, and *Hospitals* in ev'ry Land,  
 From Age to Age, his Monuments shall stand.  
*Envy* itself shall die, and fickle *Fame*,  
 When he is dead, do Justice to his Name.  
 Had I or PINDAR's Wing, or HOMER's Fire ;  
 VIRGIL's true Greatness, or soft HORACE' Lyre ;

\* Mr. ALLEN contriv'd and settled the Cross-Post, by which means Letters are now convey'd to a great many Towns safely, which used formerly to miscarry oftener than they were received.

† Quarries.



Could I, like tuneful POPE, command the NINE;  
Did my Verse flow, and as it flows, refine;  
Thus would I sing; but O, with Grief I find  
My feeble Pen but faintly paints my Mind!  
Myself unequal to the great Design,  
The Task to abler Poets I resign.

