

Chapter 1 : Poem Love of Fame, The Universal Passion (excerpt) Lyrics © theinnatdunvilla.com

*Love of Fame, the Universal Passion. in 7 Satires [By E. Young]. [Edward Young] on theinnatdunvilla.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text.*

Nor reigns Ambition in bold man alone; Soft female hearts the rude Invader own, But, there indeed, it deals in nicer things Than routing armies , and dethroning kings. Attend, and you discern it in the Fair Conduct a finger , or reclaim a hair ; Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye ; Or in full joy elaborate a sigh. A theme, fair ©! With all her lustre, now , her lover warms; Then , out of ostentation , hides her charms. O how she rolls her charming eyes in spite! And looks delightfully with all her might! But like our Heroes, much more brave, than wise, She conquers for the triumph, not the prize. Thus gloomy Zara with a solemn grace Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face. Whose Manners will not let her larum cease, Who thinks you are unhappy , when at peace. To find you news who racks her subtile head, And vows © That her great grandfather is dead. In that the skill of conversation lies. That shows , or makes you both polite, and wife. Zantippe cries " let Nymphs who nought cay say, " Be lost in silence, and resign the day: Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice, She shakes the curtains with her kind advice. Doubly like Eccho, sound is her delight, And the last word is her eternal right. What strokes we feel from fancy , and from fate? If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow, We make misfortune, Suicides in woe. Is nature backward to torment, or kill? How oft the noon , how oft the midnight bell, That iron tongue of death! Our very joys are anxious, and expire Between satiety and fierce desire. Now what reward for all this grief, and toil? How have I seen a gentle Nymph draw nigh, Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye; Victorious tenderness! Graceful, as John , she moderates the reins, And whistles sweet her diuretic strains. Sesostriis -like, such Charioteers as these May drive six harnest monarchs , if they please. They drive, row, run , with love of Glory smit, Leap, swim, shoot-flying , and pronounce on wit. Some Ladies judgement , in their features , lies, And all their Genius sparkles from their eyes. But hold, she cries, Lamponer! Large his possessions, and beyond her own: Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town. Fancy, and Pride seek things at vast expence, Which relish nor to reason , nor to sense. For want © © but not of health, are Ladies ill, And tickets cure beyond the doctors-bill. Is her Lord angry, or has Viny chid? Dead is her father, or the mask forbid? Others with curious arts dim charms revive, And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five. You in the morning a fair nymph invite, To keep her word a brown one comes at night; Next day she shines in glossy black , and then Revolves into her native red agen. But one admirer has the painted lass, Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass. To deck the female cheek He only knows, Who paints less fair the lilly , and the rose. How gay they smile? Pure gurgling rills the lonely desart trace, And waste their musick on the savage race. Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss? Repine we guiltless in a world like this? Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs And larks, and nightingales, are odious things; But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight; And to be prest to death transports her quite. Or is the public to the private Scene? Choice of the prudent! Bv thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade, We court fair Wisdom, that celestial Maid: I owe to thee. There sport the Muses ; but not there alone: Their sacred force Amelia feels in town. Nought but a genius can a genius fit; A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit. Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy; Pleasure, like Quick-silver , is bright , and coy ; We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill, Still it eludes us, and it glitters still: Men love a mistress , as they love a feast ; How grateful one to touch , and one to taste? Yet sure there is a certain time of day, We wish our mistress, and our meat away; But soon the sated appetites return, Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn. Eternal love let Man, then, never swear; Let Women never triumph , nor despair. Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill; Hunger, and love are foreign to the will. But not of that unfashionable set Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met. Eternal love exactly hits her taste; Phillis demands eternal love at least. Some Nymphs prefer Astronomy to Love ; Elope from mortal men, and range above. The fair Philosopher to Rowley flies, Where in a box the whole Creation lies. She sees the Planets in their turns advance; And scorns, Poitier , thy sublunary dance. Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air, And Whiston has engagements with the fair. What vain experiments Sophronia tries! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got, Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot. To © © © turn, she never took the height Of

Saturn , yet is ever in the right, She strikes each point with native force of mind, While puzzled learning blunders far behind. Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought, The great are vanquisht, and the wise are taught. When such her mind, why will the fair express Their emulation only in their dress? In those licentious meetings acts the prude, And thanks her maker that her cards are good. Can she more decently the Doctor woo? Isaac , a brother of the canting strain, When he has knockt at his own scull in vain, To beauteous Marcia often will repair With a dark text, to light it at the fair. O how his pious soul exults to find Such love for holy men in womankind? The young and gay declining, Abra flies At nobler game, the mighty and the wise: Can wealth give happiness? Whatever fortune lavishly can pour The mind annihilates, and calls for more, Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says, Like any Lord it promises " " and pays. How will the miser startle to be told Of such a wonder, as insolvent gold? Then wed not acres, but a noble mind. Mistaken lovers who make worth their care, And think accomplishments will win the fair. But knowing her own weakness, she despairs To scale the Alps " " " that is, ascend the stairs. And that is spoke with such a dying fall, That Betty rather sees , than hears the call: O listen with attention most profound! Her voice is but the shadow of a sound. Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien, Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene. What nature dares to give , she dares to name. This honest fellow is sincere and plain, And justly gives the jealous husband pain. And now and then, to grace her eloquence, An oath supplies the vacancies of sense. By Jove , is faint, and for the simple swain; She, on the christian System, is prophane. A shameless woman is the worst of Men. A violated decency, now, reigns; And Nymphs for failings take peculiar pains. With Indian painters modern toasts agree, The point they aim at is deformity: They throw their persons with a hoydon-air Across the room, and toss into the chair. Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude, Nor conquer art , and nature , to be rude. Modern good-breeding carry to its height, And Lady D " " " self will be polite. Her bright example with success pursue, And all, but adoration, is your due. Autumnal Lyce carries in her face Memento mori to each publick place. While rival undertakers hover round; And with his spade the sexton marks the ground, Intent not on her own, but others doom, She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb. Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold, And nought of Lyce but herself is old. She grants indeed a Lady may decline, All Ladies but herself at ninety-nine. O how unlike her was the sacred age Of prudent Portia? That, and that only can old age sustain, Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain. Who into shelter takes their tender bloom, And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?

Chapter 2 : Love of Fame, The Universal Passion (excerpt) by Edward Young

*Love Of Fame, The Universal Passion (Excerpt) by Edward theinnatdunvilla.com rich with little were his judgment true
Nature is frugal and her wants are few Those few wants answerd bring sincere delights But fools create.*

And raise thy verse! Johnson responding to a warm reception at the outset of a five city tour of Australia in three days spoke at a luncheon of Australian leaders at Parliament House broadcast to a nationwide television audience. Johnson flew to Melbourne after the speech. A House vote of to sent the authorization bill to the White House. But authorization bills merely set a ceiling on the amount that can be spent; the actual money is provided in the appropriations bill. A joint conference is trying to reach a compromise. Opening the annual arms debate, Nikolai T. The reports said some buildings in the city also were machine gunned during a dog fight between attacking pilots and pilots loyal to the military command in the capital. The revolt of the Laotian air Force is over. Despite his dramatic bombing of Vientiane this morning, he has no support from regional commanders. The cause of the A-4 crashes was not known. Pilots destroyed 10 barges, five buildings and four trucks. Enders was called to duty in a reserve force that was mustered to defend Harrisburg. Lee ran out of gas in Gettysburg and returned to Virginia leaving a battlefield that was strewn with the bodies of 7, dead warriors, Union and Confederate, and more than 5, dead horses and mules. Of the 26, wounded in the four plus day fight, 21, remained in Gettysburg for care. The pleasing scene recalls my theme again, And shews the madness of ambitious men. Why want we then encomiums on the storm, Or famine or volcano? With dearth an pestilence to share the crown. A realm of death! Are there, said I, who from this sad survey, This human chaos, carry smiles away? How did my heart with indignation rise!

Chapter 3 : Full text of "Love of fame, the universal passion. In 7 satires [by E. Young]."

Love of Fame, the Universal Passion: In Seven Characteristical Satires [Edward Young] on theinnatdunvilla.com
**FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Leopold is delighted to publish this classic book as part of our extensive Classic Library collection.*

But you decline the mistress we pursue; Others are fond of Fame , but Fame of You. Thou shining supplement of public laws! Shall Funeral Eloquence her colours spread, And scatter roses on the wealthy Dead? Shall authors smile on such illustrious days, And fatirize with nothing â€” â€” but their praise? Why slumbers Pope , who leads the tuneful train, Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain? Will no superior Genius snatch the quill, And save me, on the brink, from writing ill? What will not men attempt for sacred praise? The proud to gain it toils on toils endure, The modest shun it, but to make it sure. What is not proud? The pimp is proud to see So many like himself in high degree: Some go to Church, proud humbly to repent, And come back much more guilty than they went: Others with wishful eyes on glory look, When they have got their picture towards a book, Or pompous title , like a gaudy Sign Meant to betray dull Sots to wretched wine. If at his Title T â€” â€” â€” had dropt his quill, T â€” â€” â€” might have past for a great genius still; But T â€” â€” â€” alas! Some for renown on scraps of Learning dote, And think they grow immortal as they quote. On Glass how witty is a noble Peer? Did ever Diamond cost a Man so dear? Polite Diseases make some Idiots vain , Which, if unfortunately well, they feign. What can she not perform? Sick with the love of Fame what throngs pour in, Unpeople court , and leave the senate thin? Who first the Catalogue shall grace? To Quality belongs the highest place. My Lord comes forward; forward let him come! With what a decent pride he throws his eyes Above the man by three descents less wise? Let high Birth triumph! What can be more great? Nothing â€” â€” but Merit in a low estate. Shall men, like figures , pass for high, or base, Slight, or important, only by their Place? Titles are marks of honest men, and wise ; The Fool, or Knave that wears a Title, lies. They that on glorious Ancestors inlarge, Produce their debt , instead of their discharge. Dorset , let those who proudly boast their Line, Like Thee, in worth hereditary, shine. Vain as false Greatness is, the Muse must own We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone. When men of Infamy to Grandeur soar, They light a torch to shew their shame the more. The man who builds, and wants where with to pay, Provides a Home from which to run away. In Britain what is many a lordly Seat, But a Discharge in full for an estate? The Bailiffs come rude men, prophanely bold! And bid him turn his Venus into gold. Men overloaded with a large estate May spill their Treasure in a nice Conceit; The rich may be polite, but oh! By your Revenue measure your expence, And to your funds and acres join your sense ; No man is blest by accident , or guess , True wisdom is the price of happiness ; Yet few without long discipline are sage, And our youth only lays up sighs for age. But how, my Muse, canst thou refuse so long The bright temptation of the Courtly throng, Thy most inviting Theme? As in its Home, it triumphs in high-place , And frowns a haughty Exile in disgrace. These sink, as Divers, for renown! As if by joy desert was understood, And all the fortunate were wise , or good. Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay, And stifled Groans frequent the Ball, and Play. What bodily fatigue is half so bad? With anxious care they labour to be glad. That Wheel of Fops! Courts can give nothing to the wise , and good, But scorn of Pomp, and love of Solitude. High stations tumults , but not bliss create; None think the Great unhappy, but the Great: Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a sting, Which makes a Swain as wretched as a King. I envy none their Pageantry, and show, I envy none the gilding of their woe. Give me, indulgent Gods! No splendid Poverty, no smiling Care, No well-bred Hate, or servile Grandeur there ; There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest, The sence is ravisht, and the soul is blest; On every Thorn delightful Wisdom grows, In every Rill a sweet Instruction flows: Here breathe, my Muse! And fewer shocks a Statesman gives his friend. Is there a man of an eternal Vein, Who lulls the Town in winter with his strain, At Bath in summer chants the reigning Lass, And sweetly whistles , as the waters pass? Is there, whom his tenth Epic mounts to Fame? Such, and such only might exhaust my Theme; Nor would these Heroes of the task be glad;.

Chapter 4 : Love Of Fame, The Universal Passion (Excerpt) Poem by Edward Young - Poem Hunter

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In Seven Characteristical Satires. Non minus ignotos generosis. These satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation; the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification. But it is possible, that satire may not do much good: Ethics, heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate, is to expose them. No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion if we are not impassive must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach: Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success: This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: Juvenal is ever in a passion; he has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the sixth satire where the occasion most required it, I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success; but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious satire on woman, which should have been the gayest of all. There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Such wits, like false oracles of old which were wits and cheats, should set up for reputation among the weak, in some Boeotia, which was the land of oracles; for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities; but not with equal success: Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: Some French writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach. Love, says he, is the son of the goddess poverty, and the god of riches: This addition may be made; viz. However, this is not necessity, but choice: My verse is satire; Dorset, lend your ear, And patronize a muse you cannot fear. Their wonted passport through the gates of fame: The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see, And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me. But you decline the mistress we pursue; Others are fond of fame, but fame of you. Thou shining supplement of public laws! Shall authors smile on such illustrious days, And satirize with nothing--but their praise? Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train, Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain? Will no superior genius snatch the quill, And save me, on the brink, from writing ill? The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure; The modest shun it, but to make it sure. What is not proud? The pimp is proud to see So many

like himself in high degree: Some go to church, proud humbly to repent, And come back much more guilty than they went: Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote, And think they grow immortal as they quote. On glass how witty is a noble peer! Did ever diamond cost a man so dear? Polite diseases make some idiots vain, Which, if unfortunately well, they feign. Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see; And stranger still! What can she not perform? The love of fame Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame: This passion with a pimple have I seen Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen. It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail, And I the little hero of each tale. Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour in, Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin! My glowing subject seems but just begun, And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run. Aid me, great Homer! Who first the catalogue shall grace? To quality belongs the highest place. My lord comes forward; forward let him come! With what a decent pride he throws his eyes Above the man by three descents less wise! If virtues at his noble hands you crave, You bid him raise his fathers from the grave. Let high birth triumph! What can be more great? Nothing--but merit in a low estate. Shall men, like figures, pass for high, or base, Slight, or important, only by their place? Titles are marks of honest men, and wise; The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies. They that on glorious ancestors enlarge, Produce their debt, instead of their discharge. Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line, Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine. When men of infamy to grandeur soar, They light a torch to show their shame the more. Those governments which curb not evils, cause! The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay, Provides a home from which to run away. In Britain, what is many a lordly seat, But a discharge in full for an estate? The bailiffs come rude men profanely bold! And bid him turn his Venus into gold. Men, overloaded with a large estate, May spill their treasure in a nice conceit: The rich may be polite; but, oh! By your revenue measure your expense; And to your funds and acres join your sense. Yet few without long discipline are sage; And our youth only lays up sighs for age. But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long The bright temptation of the courtly throng, Thy most inviting theme? The court affords Much food for satire;--it abounds in lords. As in its home it triumphs in high place, And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace. These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast, With pride inverted, of their honours lost. What numbers here, through odd ambition, strive To seem the most transported things alive! As if by joy, desert was understood; And all the fortunate were wise and good. Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay, And stifled groans frequent the ball and play. Completely drest by 8 Monteuil, and grimace, They take their birth-day suit, and public face: What bodily fatigue is half so bad? With anxious care they labour to be glad. Those dear destroyers of the tedious day! That wheel of fops! Call it diversion, and the pill goes down. Fools grin on fools, and, stoic-like, support, Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court. Courts can give nothing, to the wise and good, But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude. High stations tumult, but not bliss, create: None think the great unhappy, but the great: Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting, Which makes a swain as wretched as a king. I envy none their pageantry and show; I envy none the gilding of their woe.