

STAR GAZERS.

What crowd is this? what have we here! we must not
pass it by;

A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:
Long is it as a Barber's Poll, or Mast of little Boat,
Some little Pleasure-Skiff, that doth on Thames's waters
float.

The Show-man chuses well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy
Square;

And he's as happy in his night, for the heavens are
blue and fair;

Calm, though impatient is the Crowd; Each is ready
with the fee,

And envies him that's looking—what an insight must
it be!

Yet, Show-man, where can lie the cause? Shall thy
 Implement have blame,

A Boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to
 shame?

Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault?

Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is this resplendent
 Vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here?

Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be dear?

The silver Moon with all her Vales, and Hills of mightiest
 fame,

Do they betray us when they're seen? and are they but
 a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong,

And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do her
 wrong?

Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long have had,

And are returned into themselves, they cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrain'd to think that these Spectators
rude,

Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,
Have souls which never yet have ris'n, and therefore
prostrate lie?

No, no, this cannot be — Men thirst for power and
majesty !

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind
employ

Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and steady joy,
That doth reject all shew of pride, admits no outward sign,

Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine !
Whatever be the cause, 'tissure that they who pry & pore
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than
before :

One after One they take their turns, nor have I one
espied

That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.