

**THE SPLEEN: AN EPISTLE  
INSCRIBED TO HIS PARTICULAR  
FRIEND MR. C. J., TO WHICH IS  
ADDED SOME OTHER PIECES BY  
THE FAME HAND**

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The Spleen: An Epistle Inscribed to His Particular Friend Mr. C. J., to Which Is Added Some  
Other Pieces by the Fame Hand by Matthew Green

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**MATTHEW GREEN**

**THE SPLEEN: AN EPISTLE  
INSCRIBED TO HIS PARTICULAR  
FRIEND MR. C. J., TO WHICH IS  
ADDED SOME OTHER PIECES BY  
THE FAME HAND**



THE  
S P L E E N.  
AN  
E P I S T L E

Inscribed to his particular FRIEND  
Mr. C J.

---

By the late Mr. MATTHEW GREEN,  
of the Custom-house, *London.*

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The Third EDITION, corrected.

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To which is added,  
Some other Pieces by the same Hand.

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*Orandum est, ut fit mens sana in corpore sano.*

JUVENAL. Sat. X. v. 356.

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE author of the following poem had the greatest part of his time taken up in business; but was accustomed at his leisure hours to amuse himself with striking out small sketches of wit or humour for the entertainment of his friends, sometimes in verse, at other times in prose. The greatest part of these alluded to incidents known only within the circle of his acquaintance. The subject of the following poem will be more generally understood. It was at first a very short copy of verses; but at the desire of the person, to whom it is addressed, the author enlarged it to its present state. As it was writ without any design of its pas-

ing beyond the hands of his acquaintance, so the author's unexpected death soon after, disappointed many of his most intimate friends in their design of prevailing on him to review and prepare it for the sight of the public. It therefore now appears under all the disadvantages, that can attend a posthumous work, But it is presumed, every imperfection of this kind is abundantly overbalanced by the peculiar and unborrowed cast of thought and expression, which manifests itself throughout, and secures to this performance the first and principal character necessary to recommend a work of genius, that of being an original.

T H E

( 1 )

THE  
S P L E E N.

**T**HIS motly piece to you I send,  
Who always were a faithful friend ;  
Who, if disputes should happen hence,  
Can best explain the author's sense ;  
And, anxious for the publick weal,         §  
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

THE want of method pray excuse,  
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse,

Mc

A 3

Nor,



Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,  
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

10

THE child is genuine ; you can trace  
Throughout, the fire's transmitted face.  
Nothing is stol'n : my Muse, tho' mean,  
Draws from the spring, she finds within ;  
Nor vainly buys, what Gildon sells,  
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

15

SCHOOL-HELPS I want to climb on high,  
Where all the antient treasures lie,  
And there unseen commit a theft  
On wealth in Greek exchequers left,  
Then where ? from whom ? what can I steal ?  
Who only with the moderns deal ;  
This were attempting to put on  
Rayment from naked bodies won :  
They safely sing before a thief,  
They cannot give, who want relief ;

20

25

Some

Some few excepted, names well known,  
 And justly laurel'd with renown,  
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,  
 And theft detects : of theft beware ;      30  
 From Moore to lasht, example fit,  
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

FIRST know, my friend, I do not mean  
 To write a treatise on the spleen ;  
 Nor to prescribe, when nerves convulse ;      35  
 Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse :  
 If I am right, your question lay,  
 What course I take to drive away  
 The day-mare spleen, by whose false pleas  
 Men prove mere suicides in ease ;      40  
 And how I do myself demean  
 In stormy world to live serene.

WHEN by it's magick lanthorn spleen  
 With frightful figures spread life's scene,

And threaten'g prospects urg'd my fears, 45  
 A stranger to the luck of heirs ;  
 Reason, some quiet to restore,  
 Shew'd part was substance, shadow more ;  
 With spleen's dead weight tho' heavy grown,  
 In life's rough tide I sunk not down, 50  
 But swam, till fortune threw a rope,  
 Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I ALWAYS choose the plainest food  
 To mend viscosity of blood.  
 Hail! water-gruel, healing power, 55  
 Of easy access to the poor ;  
 Thy help love's confessors implore,  
 And doctors secretly adore :  
 To thee I fly, by thee dilute,  
 Thro' veins my blood doth quicker shoot, 60  
 And by swift current throws off clean  
 Prolific particles of spleen.