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THE
POETICAL WORKS OF

William **Cowper**

VOLUME THE FIRST



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1853



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MEMOIR OF COWPER.

~~~~~ Formed by Nature, as by Virtue form'd  
To polish, to instruct, improve thy age:  
To give to Poetry a facied charm  
Unfelt before,—and in one hallow'd theme,  
To blend the Seraph's with the Poet's fire'

*Tribute to the Memory of Cowper.*



WILLIAM COWPER was the eldest son of the Reverend John Cowper, Rector of Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, and was born at that place on the 15th of November, o. s., 1731. His family which was ancient and respectable, was settled in Suffex in the reign of Edward the Fourth; and in 1641 Sir William Cowper was created a baronet, which dignity descended to his grandson, who left issue two sons. Sir William Cowper, the eldest, became Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Anne, by whom he was raised to the peerage, and by George the First was created Earl Cowper. Spencer Cowper, the Earl's younger brother, was bred to the bar, and was made Justice of the Common Pleas in 1727. He had three sons, namely, William Cowper, Clerk of the House of Lords; John, the father of the Poet; and Aftiley Cowper, a barrister, and one of the Clerks of Parliament, who left two daughters his coheirs, of whom Harriet was the wife of Sir Thomas Helketh.

The Reverend John Cowper, the second son of Judge Cowper, was chaplain in ordinary to the King, and married Ann, daughter of Roger Donne, of Ludham Hall, in Norfolk, Esq. a descendant, it is said, of the celebrated Dr. Donne, and by her had WILLIAM, the Poet, a son named John, who took orders, and other children who died young.



When in his sixth year Cowper lost his mother, who died in childhood, in 1737, an event which is presumed to have had a fatal influence on his happiness through life. The filial tenderness with which he revered her memory was manifested many years afterwards, on receiving her portrait, and in the affecting lines which he addressed to it. That poem contains also a pleasing notice of his childhood, and of his remembrance of his early home.

Soon after his mother's death he was sent to the school of Dr. Pitman, at Market Street, in Hertfordshire.\* In no instance was the error of not attending to the peculiar mental organization of a child before a particular plan of education was pursued more serious than in the case of Cowper. Possessed of a mind that shrunk from severity with a morbid sensitiveness, and endowed with faculties that required the most gentle culture to bring them to maturity, he was at once exposed to the discipline of a public school; and, as usual, was placed at the mercy of a (tripling, who had purchased the right to be a tyrant by having first been a slave. "I was," he says, "singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object: upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper, who, by his savage treatment of me, inspired such a dread of his figure upon my mind that I well remember being afraid to lift up my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and that I knew him by his shoe-buckles better than any other part of his dress." The boy's cruelty being at length discovered, he was expelled from the school, and Cowper was removed from it at the same time.

Whatever may be said of the advantages of a public school, no reasonable person will assert that the same system of education is desirable in every case, without reference to the constitution, or capacity of the child; for the absurdity of such an argument would only be exceeded by pretending that a delicate exotic, if exposed to the wintry winds of our northern climate, will flourish with the same vigour as under its native sky.

On quitting school he was placed under the care of an eminent surgeon and oculist for a complaint in his eyes, where he remained

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\* Hayley says but Cowper himself says, in a Memoir of his Early Life, that he was then sent to a considerable school in Bedfordshire.—8vo, and Edit. 1816.

man, Bonnell Thornton, and Lloyd; and from his regard to the two first he contributed some papers to the *Connoisseur*, which they conducted. A sportive Epistle to Lloyd is printed among his miscellaneous pieces.

Like most other poets, Cowper's talent for versification displayed itself early, and the first production which is extant is part of an Ode on reading Sir Charles Grandison, which was written when he was very young.

Although always more or less the victim of hypochondriasis, which was at this time increased by the fear that as his patrimony was nearly exhausted he might be reduced to poverty, it was not until he was called upon to appear before the public that his infirmity assumed the character of madness. Upon this painful subject it is distressing to dwell, and as he has himself written the history of his calamity,\* the details may with propriety be omitted.

In 1762 the office of Clerk of the Journals, as well as the situations of Reading Clerk, and Clerk of the Private Committees, in the House of Lords, appointments of considerable emolument, became vacant; and his uncle, in whose gift they were, offered the two most profitable places to Cowper. "Dazzled," he observes, "by so splendid a proposal," he at once accepted it without reflecting upon his incapacity to execute an office of so public a nature; and the dread of appearing in so conspicuous a situation, induced him to exchange the appointments of Reading Clerk, and the Clerkship of the Private Committees for the less valuable one of Clerkship of the Journals. This sacrifice was not however attended with the result which he expected. His friend's right of nomination was opposed, and his nominee was threatened with a public examination at the bar of the house as to his fitness for the office. Cowper's feelings upon the occasion are best described in his own words:

"All the horror of my fears and perplexities now returned: a thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence. I knew, to demonstration, that upon these terms, the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the house, that I might there publicly

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\* *Memoirs of the Early Life of Cowper*, written by himself. ixmo, 1816, ad Edit,

entitle myself to the office, was, in effect, to exclude me from it. In the mean time, the interest of my friend, the causes of his choice, and my own reputation and circumstances, all urged me forward, all pressed me to undertake that which I saw to be impracticable. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion, is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horror of my situation; others can have none. My continual misery at length brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; a finger raised against me was more than I could stand against.

"In this posture of mind I attended regularly at the office; where, instead of a fowl upon the rack, the most active spirits were essentially necessary to my purpose. I expected no assistance from any one there, all the inferior clerks being under the influence of my opponent; accordingly I received none. The journal books were indeed thrown open to me; a thing which could not be refused; and from which, perhaps, a man in health, and with a head turned to business, might have gained all the information he wanted. But it was not so with me. I read without perception, and was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office been my friend, it would have availed me little; for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of manuscripts without direction. Many months went over me thus employed; constant in the use of means, despairing as to the issue. The feelings of a man, when he arrives at the place of execution, are, probably, much as mine were every time I set my foot in the office, which was every day for more than half a year together."

He availed himself of the vacation to recruit his spirits by a visit to Margate, where he withdrew his thoughts from the prospect which distressed him. <sup>a</sup> About the beginning of October, 1763," he proceeds, "I was again required to attend the office, and to prepare for the pulch. This no sooner took place than all my misery returned. Again I visited the scene of ineffectual labours; again I felt myself pressed by necessity on either side, with nothing but despair in prospect. To this dilemma was I reduced, either to keep possession of the office to the last extremity, and by so doing, expose myself to a public rejection for inefficiency; (for the little knowledge I had acquired would have quite forsaken me at the bar of the House,) or else to fling

it up at once, and by this means, run the hazard of ruining my benefactor's right of appointment, by bringing his discretion into question. In this situation, such a fit of passion has sometimes seized me, when alone in my chambers, that I have cried out aloud, and cursed the hour of my birth; lifting up my eyes to heaven, at the same time, not as a suppliant, but in the hellish spirit of rancorous reproach, and blasphemy against my Maker."

It would be painful to follow him further in his description of his wretchedness, and it is sufficient to state, that as his day of trial approached, he looked with eager hope to losing his senses, that he might avoid appearing at the bar of the house of Lords; but being disappointed in his expectation, despair made him contemplate self-destruction as the only escape from his misery. His brother, who was a clergyman, and some other friends, endeavoured to soothe him by spiritual consolation, but in vain; and in a violent paroxysm of his disease he suddenly lost his reason. After consulting with his family, his brother resolved to place him at St. Albans, under the care of Dr. Cotton, who kept a house for insane patients, and to the (kind and humanity of that gentleman he owed his recovery after a seclusion of several months. The chief symptom of his disorder was a conviction of his unworthiness in reference to religion; "a sense," to use his own expression, "of self-loathing and abhorrence, united to a fear of instantaneous judgement." Cowper continued with Dr. Cotton about eighteen months; and as his views of religion were still tinged with fanaticism, he refused to return to London on account of its profligacy; and that he might not be tempted to do so by pecuniary considerations, he resigned his Commissionership of Bankrupts, by which he reduced his income to an amount scarcely adequate to his maintenance.

At the suggestion of his brother, he removed, in June, 1765, to Huntingdon; and from that time Cowper may almost be considered his own biographer, in consequence of his voluminous correspondence, in which he mentions every thing in which he was concerned. His letters, which have long been before the world, are highly appreciated; and copious extracts from such of them as throw light upon his character, his pursuits, his opinions, or which elucidate his history, will be introduced into this Memoir.

He had not been many months at Huntingdon, before he be-

came known to the family of the Rev. William Unwin, the leflurer of two churches in that town ; and fuch was the mutual pleafure which the acquaintance produced, that Cowper became a permanent inmate with them. Mr. Unwin's eftablifhment confifted of his wife—the Mary of the Poet—his fon, who entered into holy orders, and a daughter. His firft letter, after his arrival in Huntingdon, was addreffed to Jofeph Hill, Efq. an intimate friend who managed his pecuniary affairs, dated on the 24th June, 1765, in which he informed him that he was reftored to perfect health both of mind and body j and in October he thus fpoke of the Unwins :

" I have added another family to the number of thofe I was acquainted with, when you were here. Their name is Unwin—the moft agreeable people imaginable; quite fociable, and as free from the ceremonious civility of country gentlefolks as any I ever met with. They treat me more like a near relation than a franger, and their houfe is always open to me. The old gentleman carries me to Cambridge in his chaife. He is a man of learning and good fenfe, and as fimple as Parfon Adams. His wife has a very uncommon underftanding, has read much to excellent purpofe, and is more polite than a duchefs. The fon, who belongs to Cambridge, is a moft amiable young man, and the daughter quite of a piece with the reft of the family. They fee but little company, which fuits me exactly ; go when I will, I find a houfe full of peace and cordiality in all its parts, and am fure to hear no fcandal, but fuch difcourfe inftead of it, as we are all the better for. You remember Rouffleau's defcription of an Englifh morning; fuch are the mornings I fpend with thefe good people, and the evenings differ from them in nothing, except that they are ftill more fnug, and quieter. Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon fo well before I knew them, and am apt to think, I fliould find every place difagreeable, that had not an Unwin belonging to it."

In March, 1766, he obferved in a letter to his coufin, Mrs. Cowper, of Park Houfe, near Hertford: " I have great reafon, my dear Coufin, to be thankful to the gracious Providence, that conduced me to this place. The lady, in whofe houfe I live, is fo excellent a perfon, and regards me with a friendship fo truly Chriftian, that I could almoft fancy my own mother reftored to life again, to compenfate to me for all the friends I have loft, and

all my connexions broken. She has a son at Cambridge in all respects worthy of such a mother, the most amiable young man I ever knew. His natural and acquired endowments are very considerable, and as to his virtues, I need only say, that he is a Christian. It ought to be a matter of daily thanksgiving to me, that I am admitted into the society of such persons, and I pray God to make me, and keep me, worthy of them."

It appears from the following description of the manner in which he passed his time, that he was encouraged in that religious abstraction from the world, by the habits of the family with which he resided. From the last paragraph, it is manifest that Cowper had entertained an idea of taking orders, and that his mind was entirely absorbed by spiritual considerations:

"I am obliged to you for the interest you take in my welfare, and for your inquiring so particularly after the manner in which my time passes here. As to amusements, I mean what the world calls such, we have none: the place indeed swarms with them, and cards and dancing are the professed business of almost all the gentle inhabitants of Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them, or to be accessories to this way of murdering our time, and by so doing have acquired the name of Methodists. Having told you how we do not spend our time, I will next say how we do. We breakfast commonly between eight and nine till eleven, we read either the Scripture, or the Sermons of some faithful preacher of these holy mysteries: at eleven we attend Divine Service, which is performed here twice every day, and from twelve to three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where with Mrs. Unwin, and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some Hymns of Martin's collection, and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we usually go forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we feel home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church time and dinner,

At night we read and converse as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns, or a sermon, and last of all the family are called to prayers.—I need not tell you, that such a life as this is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness, accordingly we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our Salvation for such companions, and for such a life, above all for a heart to like it.

" I have had many anxious thoughts about taking Orders, and I believe every new convert is apt to think himself called upon for that purpose; but it has pleased God, by means which there is no need to particularize, to give me full satisfaction as to the propriety of declining it: indeed they who have the least idea of what I have suffered from the dread of public exhibitions, will readily excuse my never attempting them hereafter. In the mean time, if it please the Almighty, I may be an instrument of turning many to the truth in a private way, and hope that my endeavours in this way have not been entirely unsuccessful. Had I the zeal of Moses, I would want an Aaron to be my spokesman."

The happiness of the family with which he was domesticated sustained a severe blow in June, 1767, by the death of Mr. Unwin, who was thrown from his horse, and died within a few days. This event did not dissolve their little society, as he continued to reside with his widow; but they removed to Olney, in Buckinghamshire, in October the same year, their motive for selecting that place, being a desire to live near the Rev. John Newton, who evinced much sympathy for Mrs. Unwin's situation. For many years after Cowper came to Olney, religion was the principal, if not the exclusive subject of his thoughts. Excepting that he occasionally indulged his taste for a garden, and in mechanical labour, all his time was given to writing hymns, to prayer meetings, or in spiritual conversations with Mr. Newton, whose opinions appear very closely to have resembled the Poet's; and an intimacy arose which was only terminated by death. It can scarcely be doubted that this intercourse fostered Cowper's mental infirmity. All his letters at that period show how entirely it was engrossed by one object, and form a remarkable contrast to the playfulness by which his subsequent correspondence is distinguished. The letter which he wrote to Mrs. Cowper is a sufficient exemplification of this remark:

" MY DEAR COUSIN,

" I HAVE not been behind hand in reproaching myself with neglect, but desire to take blame to myself for my unprofitableness in this, as well as in all other respects. I take the next immediate opportunity however of thanking you for yours, and of assuring you that instead of being surpris'd at your silence, I rather wonder that you, or any of my friends, have any room left for carelessness and negligent correspondence in your memories. I am obliged to you for the intelligence you send me of my kindred, and rejoice to hear of their welfare. He who fetters the bounds of our habitations has at length cast our lot at a great distance from each other, but I do not therefore forget their former kindness to me, or cease to be interested in their well being. You live in the centre of a world I know you do not delight in. Happy are you, my dear friend, in being able to discern the insufficiency of all it can afford, to fill and satisfy the desires of an immortal soul. That God who created us for the enjoyment of himself has determined in mercy that it shall fail us here, in order that the blessed result of all our inquiries after happiness in the creature may be a warm pursuit, and a close attachment to our true interest, in fellowship and communion with Him, through the name and mediation of a dear Redeemer. I bless his goodness and grace that I have any reason to hope I am a partaker with you in the desire after better things, than are to be found in a world polluted with sin, and therefore devoted to destruction. May he enable us both to consider our present life in its only true light, as an opportunity put into our hands to glorify him amongst men, by a conduct suited to his word and will. I am miserably defective in this holy and blessed art, but I hope there is at the bottom of all my sinful infirmities a sincere desire to live just so long as I may be enabled, in some poor measure, to answer the end of my existence in this respect, and then to obey the summons, and attend him in a world where they who are his servants here shall pay him an unfeigned obedience for ever. Your dear mother is too good to me, and puts a more charitable construction upon my silence than the fact will warrant. I am not better employed than I should be in corresponding with her. I have that within which hinders me wretchedly in every thing that I ought to do, but is prone to trifle, and let time, and every good thing run to waste. I hope however to write to her soon.



" My love and beft wiflies attend Mr. Cowper, and all that inquire after me. May God be with you to blefs you, and do you good by all his difpenfations 5 don't forget me when you are fpeaking to our beft Friend before his mercy feat.

" Yours ever, W. COWPER.

" N. B. I am not married."

The poftfcript was intended to contradift a rumour which was circulated, that Cowper had married Mrs. Unwin; and as fhe was not more than ten years older than himfelf, nothing but their exemplary characters prevented the connexion from being viewed with fufpicion. All his biographers have attributed their attachment to friendfliip, excepting one, who ftates that Cowper intended to marry her; that the recurrence of his malady alone prevented it; and that he repeatedly declared, that if he ever entered a church again, it would be for the purpofe of making her his wife.\*

In March, 1770, Cowper loft his brother, the Reverend John Cowper, to whose affectionate care he was much indebted during his illnefs at St. Albans, and whose lofs he deeply deplored. The Poet did homage to his worth both in profe and verfe, and the following lines muft be familiar to his readers:

I had a Brother once:  
Peace to the memory of a man of worth '  
A man of letters, and of manners too '  
Of manners, fweet as virtue always weais,  
When gay good humour drefleb her in fmiles '  
He graced a college, in which older yet  
Was facied, and was honoured, loved, and wept  
By more than one, themfelves confpicious there.

Towards the end of the year, 1770, Cowper again experienced a return of his calamity, which Hayley fays produced a chafm in his correffpondence of ten years; but this is not ftrictly correct, for though he may have fuffered to fome extent from 1770 to 1773, it was not until the laft mentioned year that his complaint rendered him incapable of writing. This is evident from the ftate-

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\* Memoir of Cowper, by the Rev, S, Gieathead, prefixed to an edition of his Poems, 161110. 1816.

ment of Hayley himself, as he says, that until that time, he assisted Newton in writing the Olney Hymns; and some letters from him to Mr. Hill, dated in August, 1771, and June, July, and November, 1772, have been published.\* Though these letters show that he was then suffering from a heavy depression of spirits, they afford no indication of insanity. The latest of them was dated on the 5th of November, 1772:

" Believe me, my dear friend, truly sensible of your invitation, though I do not accept it. My peace of mind is of so delicate a constitution, that the air of London will not agree with it. You have my prayers, the only return I can make you, for your many acts of still-continued friendship. If you would smile, or even laugh at my conclusion, and I were near enough to see it, I should not be angry, though I should be grieved. It is not long since I should have laughed at such a recompense myself. But glory be to the name of Jesus, those days are past, and, I trust, never to return <sup>fr</sup>

Early in 1773, however, he experienced a severe paroxysm of dependency, and required all the zeal and tender firmness which he found in Mrs. Unwin. That admirable woman watched over him with the (skill of a physician and the endearing kindness of a mother. For three years the sufferings of the patient and the vigilance of his nurse were extraordinary; but towards the end of the year 1776 Mrs. Unwin had the happiness to find her solicitude fully repaid by his gradual recovery. With that gentleness and tact which only a woman knows how to display, (he gradually drew his mind from the subject that had overwhelmed it; and until he was sufficiently restored to take pleasure in literary pursuits, he found amusement in taming some hares. His success he has himself described, and one of the group is immortalized in " The Task." In November, 1776, Cowper resumed his correspondence with Mr. Hill, and that letter, simple as it is, (shows a wonderful improvement in the state of his mind. From that time his correspondence is marked by humour and playfulness, without any allusion to those solemn considerations to which every thing had hitherto given place. Hayley passes over the period between 1776 and 1780 in a few words, and has not given

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\* Private Correspondence of Cowper, edited by Dr. Johnson, 2 vols. 8vo. 1824.

any of his letters until the latter year. The deficiency is, however, supplied by the Collection edited by Dr. Johnson, where his correspondence with Mr. Hill occurs. It related chiefly to literature, and contains Cowper's criticism on various books which Hill had lent him.

In January, 1778, he wrote to Mr. Hill in reference to his pecuniary affairs: " I shall be glad if you will let me know whether I am to understand by the foregoing you express, that any part of my former supplies is actually cut off, or whether they are only more tardy in coming in, than usual. It is useful even to the rich, to know, as nearly as may be, the exact amount of their income; but how much more so to a man of my small dimensions. If the former should be the case, I shall have less reason to be surprised, than I have to wonder at the continuance of them so long. Favours are favours indeed, when laid out upon so barren a soil, where the expense of sowing is never accompanied by the smallest hope of return. What pain there is in gratitude, I have often felt; but the pleasure of requiting an obligation has always been out of my reach."

In April in that year, he thus noticed the death of Sir Thomas Hesketh, the husband of his amiable cousin, who it seems bequeathed him a legacy: " Poor Sir Thomas! I knew that I had a place in his affections, and from his own information, many years ago, a place in his will; but little thought that after the lapse of so many years I should still retain it. His remembrance of me, after so long a season of separation, has done me much honour, and leaves me the more reason to regret his decease."

Great part of Cowper's time was, at this period, spent in reading aloud to Mrs. Unwin in his garden, in which he took great delight, and manual occupations also amused him. Early in 1780, his friend, Mr. Newton, removed to London, where he obtained the living of St. Mary, Woolnoth.

The state of Cowper's feelings are so well described in two letters from him to Mrs\* Cowper, the one dated 20th July, 1780, and the other on the 31st of the next month, that it is impossible to resist making some extracts from them.

" You see me sixteen years older, at the least, than when I saw you last; but the effects of time seem to have taken place rather on the outside of my head than within it. What was brown has become gray, but what was foolish remains foolish

ftill. Green fruit muft rot before it ripens, if the feafon is fuch as to afford it nothing but cold winds and dark clouds, that interrupt every ray of funihine. My days fteal away filently, aïd,^ march on (as poor mad King Lear would have made his foldien march), as if they were (hod with felt; not fo filently but that I hear them, yet were it not that I am always liftening to their flight, having no infirmity that I had not when I was much younger, I fliould deceive myfelf with an imagination that I am ftill young.

" I am fond of writing, as an amufement, but I do not always find it one. Being rather fcantly furnifhed with fubjects, that are good for any thing, and correponding only with thofe, who have no relifli for fuch as are good for nothing; I often find myfelf reduced to the neceffity, the difagreeable neceffity, of writing about myfelf. This does not mend the matter much, for though in a defcription of my own condition, I difcover abundant materials to employ my pen upon, yet as the tafk is not very agreeable to me, fo I am fufficiently aware, that it is likely to prove irkfome to others. A painter who fliould confine himfelf in the exercife of his art to the drawing of his own picture, muft be a wonderful coxcomb, if he did not foon grow fick of his occupation, and be peculiarly fortunate, if he did not make others as fick as himfelf." " Your time of life is comparatively of a youthful date. You may think of Death as much as you pleafe (you cannot think of it too much); but I hope you will live to think of it many years.

" It cofts me not much difficulty to fuppofe that my friends who were already grown old, when I faw them laft, are old ftill; but it cofts me a good deal fometimes to think of thofe who were at that time young, as being older than they were. Not having been an eyewitnefs of the change that time has made in them, and my former idea of them not being corrected by obfervation, it remains the fame; my memory prefents me with this image unimpaired, and while it retains the refemblance of what they were, forgets that by this time the picture may have loft much of its likenefs, through the alteration that fucceeding years have made in the original. I know not what impreffions time may have made upon your perfon, for while his claws (as our grannams called them) ftrike deep furrows in fome faces, he feems to (heath them with much tendernefs, as if fearful of doing injury to others. But though an enemy to the perfon, he is a friend to

the mind, and you have found him so. Though even in this respect his treatment of us depends upon what he meets with at our hands; if we use him well, and listen to his admonitions, he is a friend indeed, but otherwise the worst of enemies, who takes from us daily something that we valued, and gives us nothing better in its stead. It is well with them, who like you can stand a tiptoe on the mountain top of human life, look down with pleasure upon the valley they have passed, and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a happy flight into Eternity. Yet a little while, and your hope will be accomplished."

With the exception of fugitive pieces, which he sent in his letters to his correspondents, his muse had as yet produced nothing; and though he was now in his forty-ninth year, not the slightest indications were put forth of his becoming a regular author. In October, 1779, he forwarded to Hill his verses entitled, <sup>c</sup> "The Pine Apple and the Bee," written a few weeks before that gentleman received his lines on the promotion of Lord Thurlow, on which occasion Cowper observed :

"Your approbation of my last Heliconian present encourages me to send you another. I wrote it, indeed, on purpose for you; for my subjects are not always such as I could hope would prove agreeable to you. My mind has always a melancholy cast, and is like some pools I have seen, which, though filled with a black and putrid water, will nevertheless, in a bright day, reflect the sunbeams from their surface."

On sending Mr. Hill an enigma in July, 1780, he thus adverted to his habitual dejection : "My enigma will probably find you out, and you will find out my enigma at some future time. I am not in a humour to transcribe it now. Indeed I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state. His antic gesticulations would be unreasonable at any rate, but more especially so if they should distort the features of the mournful attendants into laughter. But the mind long wearied with the futilities of a dull, dreary prospect, will gladly fix its eyes on any thing that may make a little variety in its contemplations, though it were but a kitten playing with her tail."

From that dejection, however, nothing so effectually raised his

fpirits as poetry. Of this he was fully sensible, when he remarked to Mr. Newton, in December in the same year :

" At this season of the year, and in this gloomy uncomfortable climate, it is no easy matter for the owner of a mind like mine to divert it from sad subjects, and to fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement. Poetry, above all things, is useful to me in this respect. While I am held in pursuit of pretty images, or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable recollection that I must, after all, go home and be whipt again. It will not be long, perhaps, before you will receive a poem, called the Progress of Error. That will be succeeded by another, in due time, called Truth. Don't be alarmed. I ride Pegasus with a curb. He will never run away with me again. I have even convinced Mrs. Unwin that I can manage him, and make him stop when I please."

This was the first notification to Mr. Newton of his intention to appear as an author, and when he found that Mr. Hill was apprised of his design, he expressed the greatest surprise; but gave him the following account of his motive:

" My labours are principally the production of the last winter; all, indeed, except a few of the minor pieces. When I can find no other occupation, I think, and when I think, I am very apt to do it in rhyme. Hence it comes to pass that the season of the year which generally pinches off the flowers of poetry, unfolds mine, such as they are, and crowns me with a winter garland. In this respect, therefore, I and my contemporary bards are by no means upon a par. They write when the delightful influences of fine weather, fine prospects, and a brisk motion of the animal spirits make poetry almost the language of nature; and I, when icicles depend from all the leaves of the Parnassian laurel, and when a reasonable man would as little expect to succeed in verse, as to hear a black-bird whistle. This must be my apology to you for whatever want of fire and animation you may observe in what you will shortly have the perusal of. As to the public, if they like me not, there is no remedy."

It was chiefly at the request of Mrs. Unwin that Cowper was induced to undertake a poetical piece of any extent. Affection is lynx-eyed in discovering whatever is beneficial to its object,

and in prefling upon her friend an occupation for which nature had peculiarly adapted him, fhe difplayed confiderable judgement. The " Progreffs of Error" was fuggefted by her as his theme, and in treating on it, he fays his fole object was to be ufeul. The Preface was written by Mr. Newton, at that gentleman's fpecial defire, and the volume was publifhed in 1783; but it was for fome time treated with neglect, and it was not until his fubfequent productions eftablifhed his reputation that the beauties of his earlier pieces began to be appreciated.

The next fubjeft which engaged his attention was his Poem entitled " Truth;" but before he had fairly tranfcribed it for prefs, he commenced " Expoftulation j" and in a letter to Mr. Newton, in March, 1781, he fays: " If a Board of Inquiry were to be eftablifhed, at which poets were to undergo an examination refpecting the motives that induced them to publifh, and I were to be fummoned to attend, that I might give an account of mine, I think I could truly fay, what perhaps few poets could, that though I have no objection to lucrative confequences, if any fuch fhould follow, they are not my aim; much lefs is it my ambition to exhibit myfelf to the world as a genius. What then, fays Mr. Prefident, can poffibly be your motive ? I anfwer with a bow—Amufement. There is nothing but this—no occupation within the compafs of my fmall fphere, Poetry excepted—that can do much towards diverting that train of melancholy thoughts, which, when I am not thus employed, are for ever pouring themfelves in upon me. And if I did not publifh what I write, I could not intereft myfelf fufficiently in my own fuccefs, to make an amufement of it."

Early in July, 1781, Cowper formed an acquaintance with Lady Auften, a woman of confiderable talents and accomplifhments, who poffeffed great influence over him, and, for fome time, added much to the happinefs of his retirement. To her the world is mainly indebted for " The Taffk," " Johnny Gilpin," and for the tranflation of Homer, a circumftance which entitles her to be fpecially commemorated in a life of the Poet. Lady Auften\* was the widow of Sir Robert Auften, Baronet,

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\* Her maiden name was Richardfon. She married Sir Robert Auften very early in life, and parted fome years in France. Her ladyfhip fubfequently married a Monf. de Tardif, a French gentleman, of poetical talents, and died at Paris on the 12th of Auguft, 1802.

and paying a vifit to her fitter Mrs. Jones, the wife of a clergyman, who lived at Clifton, Cowper obferved her at a (hop in Olney. He was fo ftruck with her appearance that he requested Mrs. Unwin to make her acquaintance, which foon ripened into intimacy, and fhe was afterwards always defignated by him as his " Sifter Anne," Speaking of her firft vifit, in a letter dated July 7, 1781, he fays:

" Lady Auften, waving all forms, has paid us the firft vifit; and not content with fhewing us that proof of her refpect, made handfome apologies for her intrufion. We returned the vifit yefterday. She is a lively agreeable woman; has feen much of the world, and accounts it a great fimpleton, as it is. She laughs and makes laugh, and keeps up a converfation without feeming to labour at it."

On the 12th of July he wrote the following humorous letter to Mr. Newton:

" MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

" I AM going to fend, what when you have read, you may fcratch your head, and fay, I fuppofe, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verfe or not:—by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme, but if it be, did you ever fee, of late or of yore, fuch a ditty before? The thought did occur, to me and to her, as Madam and I, did walk not fly, over hills and dales, with fpreading fails, before it was dark, to Wefton Park.

" The news at *Oney*<sup>A</sup> is little or noney, but fuch as it is, I fend it, viz. Poor Mr. Peace, cannot yet ceafe, addling his head, with what you faid, and has left parifli church, quite in the lurch, having almoft fwore, to go there no more.

" Page and his wife, that made fuch a frife, we met them twain, in Dog lane,\* we gave them the wall, and that was all. For Mr. Scot, we have feen him not, except as he pafs'd, in a wonderful hafte, to fee a friend, in Silver cnd,<sup>f</sup> Mrs. Jones propofes, e'er July clofes, that fhe and her fifter, and her Jones Mifter, and we that are here, our courfe fhall fteer, to dine in the Spinney,<sup>!</sup> but for a guinea, if the weather fhould hold, fo hot and fo cold, we had better by far, ftay where we are. For the

\* Clofe by Cowper's houfe at Olney.

t A lane adjoining Cowpei's houfe

J Sir J. Throckmorton's.



grafs there grows, while nobody mows (which is very wrong), fo rank and long, that fo to fpeak, 'tis at leaft a week, if it happens to rain, e'er it dries again.

" I have writ Charity, not for popularity, but as well as I cou'd, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer, fhould fay,<sup>c</sup> to be fure, the gentleman's mufe wears Methodift flioes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that fhe and her bard have little regard for the tafte and fafhions, and ruling paffions, and hoydening play of the modern day; and though fhe affume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch, if fhe can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new confruction: fhe has baited her trap, in hopes to fnap all that may come, with a fugar-plum.' —His opinion in this will not be amifs; 'tis what I intend my principal end; and if I fucceed, and folks fhould read, till a few are brought to a ferious thought, I fhall think I am paid, for all I have faid, and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far from hence, to the end of my fenfe, and, by hook or crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

" I have heard before of a room with a floor laid upon fprings, and fuch like things, with fo much art, in every part, that when you went in you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, fwimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of fte, in a figure of eight, without pipe or firing or any fuch thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and, as you advance, will keep you ftill, though againft your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere Madam and you are quite worn out with jigging about, I take my leave; and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me—

W. C.

" P. S. When I concluded, doubtlefs you did think me right, as well you might, in faying what I faid of Scot; and then it was true, but now it is due to Him to note, that fince I wrote, Himfelf and He has vifited we."

He was at this time employed on his poem on Charity, which he confidered would be a proper fequel to " Hope;" and on the 22nd of the fame month he told Mr. Newton he was" in

the middle of an affair called, , Convention,' which, as<sup>c</sup> Table Talk' ferves, in the preſent volume, by way of introductory fiddle to the band that follows, I deſign (hall perform the ſame office in a ſecond."

Neither conſtant occupation nor ſociety was capable of entirely removing Cowper's conſtitutional dejection of ſpirits; and though his letters at this period evince much cheerfulneſs, and occaſionally ſportive vivacity, the feeds of his malady were far from eradicated. To Mr. Newton, in Auguſt, 1781, he obſerved: " My thoughts are clad in a ſober livery, for the moſt part as grave as that of a biſhop's ſervant's. They turn too upon ſpiritual ſubjects, but the talleſt fellow, and the loudeſt amongſt them all, is he who is continually crying, with a loud voice, *Aſtum eſt de te, periiſti*. You wiſh for more attention, I for leſs. Diſſipation itſelf would be welcome to me, ſo it were not a vicious one; but however earneſtly invited, it is coy, and keeps at a diſtance. Yet with all this diſtreſſing gloom upon my mind, I experience, as you do, the flipperineſs of the preſent hour, and the rapidity with which time eſcapes me. Every thing around us, and every thing that befalls us, conſtitutes a variety, which, whether agreeable or otherwiſe, has ſtill a thievifli propenſity, and ſteals from us days, months, and years, with ſuch unparalleled 'addreſs, that even while we ſay they are here, they are gone. From infancy to manhood is rather a tedious period, chiefly, I ſuppoſe, becauſe at that time we aſt under the control of others, and are not ſuffered to have a will of our own. But thence downward into the vale of years, is ſuch a declivity, that we have juſt an opportunity to reſlect upon the ſteepneſs of it, and then find ourſelves at the bottom."

About this time Lady Auſten became the tenant of the parſonage in Olney: as it communicated by a door in the garden wall with the Poet's reſidence, a conſtant intercourſe ſubſiſted between the two families; and they dined alternately with each other. Her Ladyſhip's muſical acquirements induced Cowper to write ſeveral ſongs for her, and for three years his happieſt hours were ſpent in her ſociety.

His letters to Mr. Newton, in the autumn of 1781, related chiefly to the publication of his Poems, and their progrefs through the preſs. Of " Retirement" he gave him the ſubjoined account:

" I have already begun and proceeded a little way in a poem

called Retirement. My view in choofmg that fubjeft is to direft: to the proper ufe of the opportunities it affords for the cultivation of a man's beft interefts; to cenfure the vices and the follies which people carry with them into their retreats, where they make no other ufe of their leifure than to gratify themfelves with the indulgence of their favourite appetites, and to pay themfelves, by a life of pleafure, for a life of bufinefs, In conclufion, I would enlarge upon the happinefs of that ftate, when difcreetly enjoyed and religiously improved. But all this is, at prefent, in embryo. I generally defpair of my progrefs when I begin; but if, like my travelling 'fquire, I fliould kindle as I go, this likewife may make a part of the volume, for I have time enough before me."

Cowper was peculiarly fortunate in having a publifher who, to the habits of a man of bufinefs, united confiderable critical judgement and good tafte, Since literature has degenerated into a mere calculation of profit and lofs, publifhers of this clafs have nearly become extint, but of the valuable affiftance which an intelligent bookfeller may afford to an author, no one is more aware than the writer of the prefent Memoir.

Cowper repeatedly expreffes to Mr. Newton and others his acknowledgments for his publifher Mr. Johnfon's fuggeftions; and the following letters to him, ftill farther evince the poet's obligations:

TO MR. JOHNSON.

SIR,

I AM obliged to you for your queries, the poems will be the better for them. I wifh you always to read me with the clofeft attention and to give my lines as ftrict a fcruity as you can find time for : fome things always efcape a writer, which yet ftrike a judicious reader perhaps at the firft view; and while you allow me a right of decifion in the laft instance, if I go into public with any uncorrected faults upon my head, the blame and the difgrace will be all my own. You will perceive that I have made fome ufe of the liberty I ftipulated for beforehand, and though I have followed your advice in feveral paffages, yet not in all. I proceed according to previous engagements to give my reafons.

No man living abhors a loufe more than I do, but hermits are notoriously infefted with thefe vermin; it is even a part of their fuppofed meritorious mortification to encourage the breed; the

fa,9: being true becomes an important feature in the face of that folly I mean to expofe, and having occafion to mention the loathfome animal, I cannot, I think, do better than call him by his loathfome name. It is a falfe delicacy that is offended by the mention of any thing God has feen fit to create, where the laws of modefty are not violated, and therefore we will not mind it.

*Die then.* The word italicifed to direft the emphafis, the objection to that line I fuppofe muft vanifli, at leaft I can fee none, the fentiment I take to be unquestionably true. I confefs the two lines that clofe the period are two of my favourites, they may poffibly at firft fight feem chargeable with fome harfhnefs of expreffion, but that harfhnefs is rather to be afcribed to the truth they convey, than to the terms in which it is conceived; every body knows that a final rejettion of the Gofpel muft terminate in deftruction; the words damnable and damned may be vehement indeed, but they are no more than adequate to the cafe, nor would any other words that I can think of do juftice to the idea they intend; that vehemence is indeed the very circumftance that gives them a peculiar propriety in the place they occupy, they bring up the rear of a whole claufe of admonitions and cautions, and therefore cannot make too forcible an imprefion, they are the lead at the end of the bludgeon.

You may draw on me when you pleafe for about eight hundred lines, I have juft finifhed a poem of that length, which I intended ftiould take the lead in a fecond volume, upon proper encouragement to print again. But if you choofe to begin with Table Talk and end with Converfation (for that is the title of it), I have no objection: the laft bears no affinity to the firft except in the name of it.

*Olney, Auguft 6, 1781.*

TO MR. JOHNSON, BOOKSELLER.

SIR,

I RETURN the copy always by the firft opportunity, though fometimes I may feem to detain it longer than neceffary. We have the poft but three times a week. Mr. Newton writes me word he has received <sup>c</sup> *Converfation*/ which, therefore, I fuppofe will foon pay its refpects to you. I am now writing, but whether what I write will be ready for the prefent volume, fliould you choofe to inferit it, I know not. I never write except when I

can do it with facility, and am rather apprehensive that the muse is about to forsake me for the present & ever since I could use a pen I have been subject to such vicissitudes.

September 3, 1781,

I have corrected no mistakes but my own.

In a letter to Johnson, dated Feb. 17, 1782, he says, "I now reckon the book finished, and therefore once for all and very unfeignedly return you my thanks for the many useful hints you have given me; and if I were to prefix an advertisement to the reader, would most willingly acknowledge myself indebted to my bookseller as my very judicious and only corrector."

There is much novelty in Cowper's opinion of music, as conveyed in a letter to Mr. Newton, in September, 1781: "The lawfulness of music, when used with moderation, and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and beguile the natural understanding, than music, always music, music in season and out of season, weakens and destroys the (spiritual) discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it, which cannot be the case when it is the only occupation, it degenerates into a sensual delight, and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, greater perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same."

Cowper's observations upon the Ocean, which occur in a letter, dated September, 1781, are extremely poetical: "I think with you, that the most magnificent object under heaven is the great deep; and cannot but feel an unpolite species of astonishment, when I consider the multitudes that view it without emotion, and even without reflection. In all its various forms, it is an object of all others the most fitted to affect us with lasting impressions of the awful Power that created and controls it. I am the less inclined to think this negligence excusable, because at a time of life when I gave as little attention to religious subjects as almost any man, I yet remember that the waves would preach to me, and that in the midst of dissipation I had an ear to hear them. One of Shakespeare's characters says,<sup>c</sup> 'I am never merry when I hear sweet music.' The same effect that harmony

seems to have had upon him, I have experienced from the fight and found of the ocean, which have often composed my thoughts into a melancholy not unpleasing, nor without its use."

In the autumn of 1782 Cowper wrote the popular ballad of Johnny Gilpin, which originated in the following circumstance. With the hope of diverting his mind during an unusually severe attack of gloom, Lady Austen related to him the history of the renowned citizen, which she had heard in her childhood. The tale made a vivid impression, and the next morning he told her that the ludicrous incident had convulsed him with laughter during the night, and that he had embodied the whole into a ballad. It was first printed anonymously in the *Public Advertiser*; and Henderfon, the comedian, having recited it in public, with the humorous expression of which it is susceptible, the poem soon attained the popularity it still enjoys. In a letter dated on the 4th November in that year, to Mr. Unwin, Cowper observed in reference to the ballad:

" You tell me that John Gilpin made you laugh tears, and that the ladies at court are delighted with my Poems. Much good may they do them! May they become as wise as the writer wishes them, and they will be much happier than he! I know there is in the book that wisdom which cometh from above, because it was from above that I received it. May they receive it too! For whether they drink it out of the cistern, or whether it falls upon them immediately from the clouds as it did on me, it is all one. It is the water of life, which whosoever drinketh shall thirst no more. As to the famous horseman above-mentioned, he and his feats are an inexhaustible source of merriment. At least we find him so, and seldom meet without refreshing ourselves with the recollection of them. You are perfectly at liberty to deal with them as you please. *Auctore tantum anonymo imprimantur*; and when printed send me a copy."

Alluding to a fever with which he was attacked in August, 1783, Cowper remarked that wine never had any effect upon his head, and that a fever did not render him in any degree delirious, excepting when it was of a highly dangerous nature, facts as anomalous as many others, in relation to his physical and mental constitution. His correspondence, in the years 1782 and 1783, treated chiefly of religious topics and politics, and contains comparatively few allusions to himself. It is manifest, from the fol-

lowing passage in a letter in November, 1782, that his situation, in relation to exterior circumstances, was one of happiness and contentment; and, but for the occasional attacks of his mental infirmity, that his lot was an enviable one:

" I lead the life I always wished for; and, the single circumstance of dependence excepted, (which, between ourselves, is very contrary to my predominant humour and disposition), have no want left broad enough for another wish to stand upon."

Indications of the presence of his malady are sometimes perceptible even in the most cheerful of his letters, and the conclusion of one, on miscellaneous subjects, to Mr. Newton, in February, 1783, is in these remarkable words; " We truly love you both, think of you often, and one of us prays for you:—*the other will, when he can pray for himself*" The state of his mind, in April following, is thus beautifully, but affectingly described :

" My device was intended to represent, not my own heart, but the heart of a Christian, mourning and yet rejoicing, pierced with thorns, yet wreathed about with roses. I have the thorn without the rose. My brier is a wintry one, the flowers are withered, but the thorn remains. My days are spent in vanity, and it is impossible for me to spend them otherwise. No man upon earth is more sensible of the unprofitableness of a life like mine than I am, or groans more heavily under the burthen; but this too is vanity, because it is in vain; my groans will not bring the remedy, because there is no remedy for me. The time when I seem to be most rationally employed is when I am reading."

His view of his spiritual estate was so wretched, that, for many years, he thought himself unworthy of going to church, or of addressing the Almighty in prayer. This appears in the fragment of a curious letter written to Mr. Unwin in May, 1783.

" They that have found a God, and are permitted to worship him, have found a treasure, of which, highly as they may prize it, they have but very scanty and limited conceptions. Take my word for it,—the word of a man singularly well qualified to give his evidence in this matter, who having enjoyed the privilege some years, has been deprived of it more, and has no hope that he shall live to recover it. These are my Sunday morning speculations,—the found of the bells suggested them, or rather, gave them such an emphasis that they forced their way into my pen,

in spite of me! for, though I do not often commit them to paper, they are never absent from my mind."

In September following he observes :

" I have been lately more dejected and more distressed than usual; more harassed by dreams in the night, and more deeply poisoned by them in the following day. I know not what is portended by an alteration for the worse, after eleven years of misery; but firmly believe that it is not designed as the introduction of a change for the better. I now see a long winter before me, and am to get through it as I can. I know the ground before I tread upon it. It is hollow; it is agitated; it suffers (hocks in every direction; it is like the foil of Calabria—all whirlpool and undulation. But I must reel through it; at least, if I be not swallowed up by the way."

In this strain does he frequently advert to himself; but in the early part of 1783, Lady Austen strove to allure him from his reflections by calling his poetic talents again into action, and urged him to try his powers in blank verse. After repeated felicitations, he promised, if she would suggest a subject, he would comply with her request. " Oh," she replied, " you can never be in want of a subject, you can write upon any: write upon this sofa." Such was the origin of " The Sofa." As soon as it was completed he commenced the other pieces which form " The Task," and he was occupied upon the contents of that volume until September, 1784, when it was sent to press. His next piece was the *Tirocinium*, of which he gave the following account in a letter, in November, 1784:

" The Task, as you know, is gone to the press: since it went I have been employed in writing another poem, which I am now transcribing, and which, in a short time, I design (shall follow. It is intitled, *Tirocinium*, or a Review of Schools: the business and purpose of it are, to censure the want of discipline, and the scandalous inattention to morals, that obtain in them, especially in the large; and to recommend private tuition as a mode of education preferable on all accounts; to call upon fathers to become tutors of their own sons, where that is practicable; to take home a domestic tutor where it is not; and if neither can be done, to place them under the care of such a man as he to whom I am writing; some rural parson, whose attention is limited to a few."



It has been well observed, that the year 1784 was an eventful one in Cowper's life, not only from his having completed "The Task," and commenced the translation of Homer, but from his losing the society of Lady Austen. The cause of the interruption to their friendship is glossed over with Mr. Hayley's usual skill, nor have either of the other biographers of the poet explained the circumstance. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Unwin became jealous of the influence which that lady possessed over him, and he was reduced to the alternative of sacrificing his intimacy with one of them. To his credit he did not permit the fascinating qualities of her ladyship to outweigh the claims of services and friendship, but wrote a farewell letter to her, explaining the painful circumstances which obliged him to renounce her society. Hayley says, Lady Austen confirmed him in his opinion, that a more admirable letter could not have been written, but admirable as it was, it wounded her feelings so much as to induce her to destroy it. From that moment they met no more; and as the materials have been suppressed, which would elucidate the history of this unfortunate affair, no speculations on the subject will be hazarded. "The Task" appeared in 1785, and its author presented a copy to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and another personage, with both of whom he was intimate in early life. Neither of them acknowledged the gift, and the circumstance excited the Poet's repentment to such a degree, that he alluded to it with some bitterness in a future production,

In February, 1784, he described himself in a manner which applies to many other literary persons: "The morning is my writing time, and in the morning I have no spirits. So much the worse for my correspondents. Sleep, that refreshes my body, seems to cripple me in every other respect. As the evening approaches I grow more alert, and when I am retiring to bed, am more fit for mental occupation than at any other time. So it fares with us whom they call nervous. By a strange inversion of the animal economy, we are ready to sleep when we have most need to be awake, and go to bed just when we might fit up to some purpose. The watch is regularly wound up, it goes in the night when it is not wanted, and in the day stands still."

Cowper's reverence for the memory of his mother has been already adverted to, but it is so pleasingly shown in a letter of condolence to Mr. Hill on the death of that gentleman's parent

in November, 1784, that it would be improper to omit it: " To condole with you on the death of a mother aged eighty-seven would be absurd; rather, therefore, as is reasonable, I congratulate you on the almost singular felicity of having enjoyed the company of so amiable and so near a relation so long. Your lot and mine, in this respect, have been very different, as indeed in almost every other. Your mother lived to see you rise, at least to see you comfortably established in the world. Mine dying when I was six years old, did not live to see me sink in it. You may remember with pleasure, while you live, a blessing vouchsafed to you so long, and I while I live must regret a comfort of which I was deprived so early. I can truly say, that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short. But the ways of God are equal; and when I reflect on the pangs she would have suffered had she been a witness of all mine, I feel more cause to rejoice than to mourn that she was hidden in the grave so soon."

Perhaps the following explanation of the notice of Bishop Bagot ought to form a note to the Poem on Public Schools: it places Cowper's love of justice in a strong light, and it would be unjust to him to pass it over:

" I intended in my last to have given you my reasons for the compliment that I paid Bishop Bagot, left, knowing that I have no personal connexion with him, you should suspect me of having done it rather too much at a venture. In the first place, then, I wished the world to know that I have no objection to a bishop, *quia* bishop. In the second place, the brothers were all five my schoolfellows, and very amiable and valuable boys they were. Thirdly, Lewis, the bishop, had been rudely and coarsely treated in the Monthly Review, on account of a sermon which appeared to me, when I read their extract from it, to deserve the highest commendations, as exhibiting explicit proof of both his good sense and his unfeigned piety. For these causes, me thereunto moving, I felt myself happy in an opportunity to do public honour to a worthy man, who had been publicly traduced."

There is much playful sarcasm upon the manner in which persons in an elevated station sometimes treat their inferiors in a letter which he wrote to Mr. Unwin in March, 1785: " I was

pleased too, to see my opinion of his Lordship's *nonchalance* upon a subject that you had so much at heart, completely verified. I do not know that the eye of a nobleman was ever differed. I cannot help supposing, however, that were that organ, as it exists in the head of such a personage, to be accurately examined, it would be found to differ materially in its construction from the eye of a commoner; so very different is the view that men in an elevated and in an humble station have of the same object. What appears great, sublime, beautiful, and important to you and to me, when submitted to my Lord, or his Grace, and submitted too with the utmost humility, is either too minute to be visible at all, or, if seen, seems trivial and of no account."

In tracing Cowper's career from his letters, a painful duty is continually forced upon his biographer of noticing the occasional preference of that calamity which lay like an incubus upon his spirits. To have introduced all the allusions to the subject which occur in his correspondence would have needlessly wounded the reader's feelings, but the existence of that malady forms part of the Poet's history, and its occurrence, force, and duration, must necessarily be sometimes adverted to. It would be curious, were it possible, to examine the verses which were composed when the cloud was darkest with those which were written when he was free from the obscuration. In May, 1785, he says, in a letter to Mr. Newton,

<sup>u</sup> I am sensible of the tendernefs and affectionate kindness with which you recollect our past intercourse, and express your hopes of my future reformation. I too, within the last eight months, have had my hopes, though they have been of short duration, cut off, like the foam upon the waters. Some previous adjustments, indeed, are necessary, before a lasting expectation of comfort can have place in me. There are those persuasions in my mind which either entirely forbid the entrance of hope, or, if it enter, immediately eject it. They are incompatible with any such inmate, and must be turned out themselves before so desirable a guest can possibly have secure possession. This you say will be done. It may be, but it is not done yet; nor has a single step in the course of God's dealings with me been taken towards it. If I mend, no creature ever mended so slowly that recovered at last. I am like a slug or snail that has fallen into a deep well: slug as he is, he performs his descent with an alacrity

proportioned to his weight: but he does not crawl up again quite so fast. Mine was a rapid plunge; but my return to daylight, if I am indeed returning, is leisurely enough."

A description of the place in which the greater part of the works of a favourite author were composed is interesting:

"I write in a nook that I call my Boudoir. It is a summer-house not much bigger than a sedan-chair, the door of which opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles, and the window into my neighbour's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary, now dead, as a smoking-room; and under my feet is a trap-door, which once covered a hole in the ground where he kept his bottles. At present, however, it is dedicated to nobler uses. Having lined it with garden-mats, and furnished it with a table and two chairs, here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or to the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion; for intruders sometimes trouble me in the winter evenings at Olney. But (thanks to my Boudoir) I can now hide myself from them. A poet's retreat is sacred. They acknowledge the truth of that proposition, and never presume to violate it."

To the appearance of the second volume of his Poems, Cowper was indebted for a renewal of his friendship with his cousin Lady Hesketh. After her marriage she lived some time abroad, which, with other circumstances, interrupted their intercourse for many years, but the perusal of "The Task" recalled him to her memory, and (he wrote her a very kind letter. In his reply, written in October, 1785, after expressing the delight which her communication had occasioned him, he said,

"I can truly boast of an affection for you, that neither years, nor interrupted intercourse, have at all abated. I need only recollect how much I valued you once, and with how much cause, immediately to feel a revival of the same value; if that can be said to revive, which at the most has only been dormant for want of employment, but I flatter it when I say that it has slept. A thousand times have I recollected a thousand scenes, in which our two selves have formed the whole of the drama, with the greatest pleasure \ at times, too, when I had no reason to suppose that I should ever hear from you again. I have laughed with you at the Arabian Nights Entertainment, which afforded us, as you well know, a fund of merriment that deserves never to be

forgot. I have walked with you to Netley Abbey, and have scrambled with you over hedges in every direction, and many other feats we have performed together, upon the field of my remembrance, and all within these few years. Should I say within this twelvemonth, I should not transgress the truth. The hours that I have spent with you were among the pleafanteft of my former days, and are therefore chronicled in my mind fo deeply, as to feel no erasure.

" My dear Coufm, dejection of fpirits, which, I fuppofe, may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find conftant employment neceffary, and therefore take care to be conftantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind fufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But compofition, efpecially of verfe, abforbs it wholly. I write, therefore, generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening I tranfcribe. I read alfo, but lefs than I write, for I muft have bodily exercife, and therefore never pafs a day without it."

Cowper's next letter to her, dated on the Qth of November following, is important, as it fhows that Lady Heflceth had benevolently offered to increafe his pecuniary refources:

" My benevolent and generous Coufin, when I was once afked if I wanted any thing, and given delicately to underftand that the inquirer was ready to fupply all my occafions, I thankfully and civilly, but pofitively, declined the favour. I neither fuffer, nor have fuffered, any fuch inconveniences as I had not much rather endure than come under obligations of that fort to a perfon comparatively with yourfelf a franger to me. But to you I anfwer otherwife. I know you thoroughly, and the liberality of your difpofition, and have that confummate confidence in the fincerity of your wifli to ferve me, that delivers me from all awkward conftraint, and from all fear of trefpaffing by acceptance. To you, therefore, I reply, yes. Whenfoever and whatfoever, and in what manner foever you pleafe; and add moreover, that my affection for the giver is fuch as will increafe to me tenfold the fatisfaftion that I fhall have in receiving. It is neceffary, however, that I fhould let you a little into the ftate of my finances, that you may not fuppofe them more narrowly circumfcribed than they are. Since Mrs. Unwin and I have lived at Olney, we had but one purfe, although during the whole of that time

till lately, her income was nearly double mine. Her revenues indeed are now in some measure reduced, and do not much exceed my own; the worst consequence of this is, that we are forced to deny ourselves some things which hitherto we have been better able to afford, but they are such things as neither life, nor the well being of life, depend upon. My own income has been better than it is, but when it was best, it would not have enabled me to live as my connexions demanded that I should, had it not been combined with a better than itself, at least at this end of the kingdom. Of this I had full proof during three months that I spent in lodgings in Huntingdon, in which time, by the help of good management, and a clear notion of economical matters, I contrived to spend the income of a twelve-month. Now, my beloved Cousin, you are in possession of the whole case as it stands. Strain no points to your own inconvenience or hurt, for there is no need of it, but indulge yourself in communicating (no matter what) that you can spare without missing it, since by so doing you will be sure to add to the comforts of my life one of the sweetest that I can enjoy—a token and proof of your affection."

During the whole of the year 1785 Cowper was occupied upon the translation of Homer, and his letters prove that he was fully sensible of the magnitude of the effort. His mind was indeed nearly absorbed with the subject, and whatever may be the opinion of his success, no one can doubt that he taxed his powers to the uttermost to deserve it. The motive which induced him to undertake so Herculean a task was, he informed Mr. Newton in December, 1785, accidental:

"For some weeks after I had finished the Task, and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was through necessity idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so. One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supportable, I took up the Iliad; and merely to divert attention, and with no more preconception of what I was then entering upon, than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the twelve first lines of it. The same necessity pressing me again, I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more. Every day bringing its occasion for employment with it, every day consequently added something to the work; till at last I began to reflect thus:—The Iliad and the Odyssey together

confist of about forty thousand verses. To tranflate these forty thousand verses will furnish me with occupation for a considerable time. I have already made some progress, and I find it a most agreeable amusement. Homer, in point of purity, is a most blameless writer; and, though he was not an enlightened man, has interspersed many great and valuable truths throughout both his poems. In short, he is in all respects a most venerable old gentleman, by an acquaintance with whom no man can disgrace himself. The literati are all agreed to a man, that, although Pope has given us two pretty poems under Homer's titles, there is not to be found in them the least portion of Homer's spirit, nor the least resemblance of his manner. I will try, therefore, whether I cannot copy him somewhat more happily myself. I have at least the advantage of Pope's faults and failings, which, like so many buoys upon a dangerous coast, will serve me to steer by, and will make my chance for success more probable. These, and many other considerations, but especially a mind that abhorred a vacuum as its chief bane, impelled me so effectually to the work, that ere long I mean to publish proposals for a subscription to it, having advanced so far as to be warranted in doing so.

Intense occupation had not, however, the effect of totally banishing the enemy to his peace of mind. In May, 1786, when the revival of the Iliad for the press employed every moment of his time, he told Mr. Newton, " Within this hour arrived three sets of your new publication,\* for which we sincerely thank you. We have breakfasted since they came, and consequently, as you may suppose, have neither of us yet had an opportunity to make ourselves acquainted with the contents. I (shall be happy (and when I say that, I mean to be understood in the fullest and most emphatical sense of the word) if my frame of mind {shall be such as may permit me to study them. But Adam's approach to the tree of life, after he had sinned, was not more effectually prohibited by the flaming sword that turned every way, than mine to its great Antetype has been now almost these thirteen years, a short interval of three or four days, which passed about this time twelvemonth, alone excepted. For what reason it is that I am thus long excluded, if I am ever again to be admitted, is known

to God only. I can say but this: that if he is still my Father, this paternal severity has, toward me, been such as that I have reason to account it unexampled. For though others have suffered desertion, yet few, I believe, for so long a time, and perhaps none a desertion accompanied with such experiences. But they have this belonging to them: that as they are not fit for recital, being made up merely of infernal ingredients, so neither are they susceptible of it; for I know no language in which they could be expressed. They are as truly things which it is not possible for man to utter, as those were which Paul heard and saw in the third heaven. If the ladder of Christian experience reaches, as I suppose it does, to the very presence of God, it has nevertheless its foot in the abyss. And if Paul stood, as no doubt he did, in that experience of his to which I have just alluded, on the topmost round of it, I have been standing, and still stand on the lowest, in this thirteenth year that has passed since I descended. In such a situation of mind, encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair, and a thousand times filled with unspeakable horror, I first commenced an author. Distress drove me to it; and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment, still recommends it. I am not, indeed, so perfectly hopeless as I was; but I am equally in need of an occupation, being often as much, and sometimes even more, worried than ever. I cannot amuse myself, as I once could, with carpenters' or with gardeners' tools, or with squirrels and guinea-pigs. At that time I was a child. But since it has pleased God, whatever else he withholds, to restore to me a man's mind, I have put away childish things. Thus far, therefore, it is plain that I have not chosen or prescribed to myself my own way, but have been providentially led to it; perhaps I might say, with equal propriety, compelled and scourged into it: for certainly, could I have made my choice, or were I permitted to make it even now, those hours which I spend in poetry I would spend with God. But it is evidently his will that I mould spend them as I do, because every other way of employing them he himself continues to make impossible. If, in the course of such an occupation, or by inevitable consequence of it, either my former connexions are revived, or new ones occur, these things are as much a part of the dispensation as the leading points of it themselves; the effect, as much as the cause. If his purposes in thus directing me are



gracious, he will take care to prove them such in the issue *I* and, in the mean time, will preserve me (for he is able to do that in one condition of life as in another) from all mistakes in conduct that might prove pernicious to myself, or give reasonable offence to others. I can say it as truly as it was ever spoken,—Here I am; let him do with me as seemeth him good."

He was visited by Lady Hesketh at Olney, and at her suggestion he was induced to remove to the village of Weston in November following. Few of Cowper's pieces are better known than "the Rose," which is associated with the recollections of our earliest childhood. The authorship of this poem being claimed by a lady, he informed Lady Hesketh of the circumstance which produced it:

"I could pity the poor woman who has been weak enough to claim my song. Such pilferings are sure to be detected. I wrote it, I know not how long, but I suppose four years ago. The Rose in question was a rose given to Lady Austen by Mrs. Unwin, and the incident that suggested the subject occurred in the room in which you slept at the vicarage, which Lady Austen made her dining-room. Some time since, Mr. Bull going to London I gave him a copy of it, which he undertook to convey to Nichols, the printer of the Gentleman's Magazine. He showed it to a Mrs. C.—, who begged to copy it, and promised to send it to the printer's by her servant. Three or four months afterwards, and when I had concluded it was lost, I saw it in the Gentleman's Magazine, with my signature, W. C. Poor simpleton! She will find now perhaps that the Rose had a thorn, and that she has pricked her fingers with it."

A lady of the name of King sought a correspondence with the poet in 1788, and at her request he was induced to give her the following amusing account of his pursuits before he became an author:

"There was a time, but that time was before I commenced writer for the press, when I amused myself in a way somewhat similar to yours; allowing, I mean, for the difference between masculine and female operations. The scissels and the needle are your chief implements; mine were the chisel and the saw. In those days you might have been in some danger of too plentiful a return for your favours. Tables, such as they were, and joint-stools such as never were, might have travelled to Perton-

hall in moſt inconvenient abundance. But I have long ſince diſcontinued this practice, and many others which I found it neceſſary to adopt, that I might eſcape the worſt of all evils, both in itſelf and in its confequences—an idle life. Many arts I have exerciſed with this view, for which nature never deſigned me ; though among them were ſome in which I arrived at conſiderable proficiency, by mere dint of the moſt heroic perfeverance, There is not a Tquire in all this country who can boaſt of having made better ſquirrel-houſes, hutches for rabbits, or bird-cages, than myſelf; and in the article of cabbage-nets I had no ſuperior, I even had the hardineſs to take in hand the pencil, and ſtudied a whole year the art of drawing. Many figures were the fruit of my labours, which had, at leaſt, the merit of being unparalleled by any production either of art or nature. But before the year was ended, I had occaſion to wonder at the progreſs that may be made, in deſpite of natural deficiency, by dint alone of practice; for I actually produced three landſcapes, which a lady thought worthy to be framed and glazed. I then judged it high time to exchange this occupation for another, left, by any ſubſequent productions of inferior merit, I ſhould forfeit the honour I had ſo fortunately acquired. But gardening was, of all employments, that in which I ſucceeded beſt; though even in this I did not ſuddenly attain perfection. I began with lettuces and cauliflowers: from them I proceeded to cucumbers; next to melons. I then purchaſed an orange-tree, to which, in due time, I added two or three myrtles. Theſe ſerved me day and night with employment during a whole ſevere winter. To defend them from the froſt, in a ſituation that expoſed them to its feverity, coſt me much ingenuity and much attendance. I contrived to give them a fire-heat; and have waded night after night through the ſnow, with the bellows under my arm, juſt before going to bed, to give the laſt poſſible puff to the embers, left the froſt ſhould ſeize them before morning. Very minute beginnings have ſometimes important confequences. From nurſing two or three little evergreens, I became ambitious of a green-houſe, and accordingly built one; which, verſe excepted, afforded me amuſement for a longer time than any expedient of all the many to which I have fled for refuge from the miſery of having nothing to do."

It was ſcarcely poſſible without exceeding the neceſſary limits

of this memoir to insert extracts from Cowper's letters on political subjects, and had it been possible, remarks on events of only temporary interest, however important the subject or clever the observations, would not be acceptable to readers, when the affairs adverted to have become mere matter of history. That he was a staunch whig is apparent from a letter written to Lady Hesketh in March, 1790: "I am neither Tory nor High Churchman, but an old Whig, as my Father was before me: and an enemy, consequently, to all tyrannical impositions."

A distant relation of the Poet, through his mother, a Mr. John Benn, and who subsequently took Orders, and has distinguished himself as the ablest of his biographers, inspired him with great affection. His letters to that gentleman, who was then a very young man, are among the most pleasing of his correspondence. There is much warmth of heart in the following, written in March, 1790:

"My boy, I long to see thee again. It has happened, some way or other, that Mrs. Unwin and I have conceived a great affection for thee. That I should be thus to be wondered at, because thou art a friend of my own mother; neither is the wonder great that (he should fall into the same predicament, for she loves every thing that I love. You will observe that your own personal right to be beloved makes no part of the consideration. There is nothing that I touch with so much tenderness as the vanity of a young man because I know how extremely susceptible he is of impressions that might hurt him in that particular part of his composition. If you should ever prove a coxcomb, from which character you stand just now at a greater distance than any young man I know, it shall never be said that I have made you one; no, you will gain nothing by me but the honour of being much valued by a poor poet, who can do you no good while he lives, and has nothing to leave you when he dies. If you can be contented to be dear to me on these conditions, so you shall; but other terms more advantageous than these, or more inviting, none have I to propose. Farewell. Puzzle not yourself about a subject when you write to either of us; every thing is subject enough from those we love."

In May in that year the Laureat died, and Lady Hesketh offered Cowper all her interest to get him nominated his successor. His reply indicates either that he was little influenced

by ambition, or that he entertained a low opinion of the proposed distinction.

" *The Lodge*, May 28, 1790.

" MY DEAREST COZ,

" I THANK thee for the offer of thy best services on this occasion. But Heaven guard my brows from the wreath you mention, whatever wreath beside may hereafter adorn them! It would be a leaden extinguisher, clapped on all the fire of my genius, and I should never more produce a line worth reading. To speak seriously, it would make me miserable, and therefore I am sure that thou, of all my friends, wouldst least wish me to wear it.

" Adieu, ever thine—in Homer-hurry,

"W.C."

There is so much good sense in the advice which he gave to his young kinsman, Mr. Johnson, on the subject of academical distinctions, that it cannot be too widely circulated. How many young men are there who make University honours the goal of their ambition, and imagine that the fame which is produced by distinguishing themselves at College, is sufficient for the rest of their lives, and of whom consequently no more is known!

" You never pleased me more than when you told me you had abandoned your mathematical pursuits. It grieved me to think that you were wasting your time merely to gain a little Cambridge fame, not worth your having. I cannot be contented that your renown should thrive no where but on the banks of the Cam. Conceive a nobler ambition, and never let your honour be circumscribed by the paltry dimensions of a University!"

In July in that year he informed Mr. Johnson that he had finished the *Iliad*. Like Pope, he was accustomed to write parts of it on scraps of paper and backs of letters, as appears from a letter to Mrs. King, in which he enclosed his translation of some Latin letters by a Dutch clergyman at the Cape of Good Hope, which were published in 1792 :

" I have hardly a scrap of paper belonging to me that is not scribbled over with blank verse and taking out your letter from a bundle of others this moment, I find it thus inscribed on the leaf side.

—meantime his steeds

Snorted, by Myrmidions detained, and loofed  
From their own mailer's chariot, foanTd to fly.

You will eafily guefs to what they belong; and I mention the circumftance merely in proof of my perpetual engagement to Homer, whether at home or abroad; for when I committed thefe lines to the back of your letter, I was rambling at a confiderable diftance from home. I fet one foot on a mole-hill, placed my hat with the crown upward on my knee, laid your letter upon it, and with a pencil wrote the fragment that I have fent you. In the fame pofture I have written many and many a paffage of a work which I hope foon to have done with. But all this is foreign to what I intended when I firft took pen in hand. My purpofe then was, to excufe my long filence as well as I could, by telling you that I am at prefent not only a labourer in verfe, but in profe alfo, having been requested by a friend, to whom I could not refufe it, to translate for him a ferief of Latin letters received from a Dutch minifter of the gofpel at the Cape of Good Hope. With this additional occupation you will be fenfible that my hands are full; and it is a truth that, except to yourfelf, I would, juft at this time, have written to nobody."

The principal reference in his correpondence, in 1790, to his mental ailment, is in a letter to Mr. Newton, in Oftober:

" The only confolation left me on this fubject is, that the voice of the Almighty can in one moment cure me of this mental infirmity. That He can, I know by experience; and there are reafons for which I ought to believe that He will. But from hope to defpair is a tranfition that I have made fo often, that I can only confider the hope that may come, and that fometimes I believe will, as a fhort prelude of joy to a miferable conclufion of forrow that (hall never end. Thus are my brighteft profpects clouded, and thus to me is hope itfelf become like a withered flower, that has loft both its hue and its fragrance."

Few authors will difpute the juftice of the following remark on the unwillingnefs of the Univerfities to patronize literature by applying part of their funds to the purchafe of books:

" You have not, I hope, forgot to tell Mr. Frog,\* how much

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\* His familiar defignation of his friend Mi. Throckinorton.

I am obliged to him for his kind, though unfuccefsful attempt in my favour at Oxford. It feems not a little extraordinary that perfons fo nobly patronized themfelves, on the fcore of literature, mould refolve to give no encouragement to it in return. Should I find a fair opportunity to thank them hereafter, I will not neglect it.

" Could Homer come himfelf, diftrefVd and poor,  
And tune his harp at Rhedicina'b door,  
The lich old vixen would exclaim, I fear,  
\* Begone! no tiamper gets a farthing here.<sup>1</sup>"

In another letter Cowper fays, the anfwer of the Univerfity of Oxford to the requelt was, " that they fubfcribe to nothing!"

The tranflation of the Iliad and Odyffey, on which he beftowed five years, was publifhied in two quarto volumes, in July, 1791. The Iliad was infcribed to his kmfman, Earl Cowper, and the Odyffey was dedicated to the Dowager Lady Spencer, who has mown him many marks of kindnefs. Succefs was not, however, the immediate reward of his toil, and the revifions which he made for the fecond edition were attended by fcarcely lefs labour than the original compofition.

Cowper had learnt from experience that intenfe literary application was the only remedy for his malady, and foon after his tranflation of Homer appeared, he gladly accepted the propofition of his publifher to fuperintend a new and Iplendid edition of Milton's works, with notes and a tranflation of his Latin and Italian Poems. This undertaking accidentally produced him the acquaintance of Hayley, who was then engaged on a Life of that Poet. A correpondence commenced, and the greateft intimacy was in a very fhort time the refult: before they had ever feen each other, Cowper told him in a letter dated in April, 1792 :

" God grant that this friendfhip of ours may be a comfort to us all the reft of our days, in a world where true friendfhips are rarities, and efpecially where fuddenly formed they are apt foon to terminate ! But, as I faid before, I feel a difpofition of heart toward you, that I never felt for one whom I had never feen: and that (hall prove itfelf, I truft, in the event a propitious omen."

In the next month, Hayley paid a vifit to Wefton, and was received with the warmeft regard, but his reception is beft defcribed in his own words, becaufe they afford a graphic idea of Cowper's home:

" Our meeting, so singularly produced, was a source of reciprocal delight. We looked cheerfully forward to the unclouded enjoyment of many social and literary hours. My host, though now in his sixty-first year, appeared as happily exempt from all the infirmities of advanced life as friendship could wish him to be : and his more elderly companion, not materially oppressed by age, discovered a benevolent alertness of character that seemed to promise a continuance of their domestic comfort. Their reception of me was kindness itself. I was enchanted to find that the manners and conversation of Cowper resembled his poetry,—charming by unaffected elegance, and the graces of a benevolent spirit. I looked with affectionate veneration and pleasure on the lady who, having devoted her life and fortune to the service of this tender and sublime genius, in watching over him with maternal vigilance through many years of the darkest calamity, appeared to be now enjoying a reward justly due to the noblest exertions of friendship, in contemplating the health and the renown of the poet whom she had the happiness to preserve. It seemed hardly possible to survey human nature in a more touching and a more satisfactory point of view."

During this visit a heavy calamity befell Cowper, by Mrs. Unwin being seized with paralysis, and his letters are full of the consolation which he derived from the sympathy and kindness of Hayley.

A letter which he wrote at this period to his publisher on the subject of his edition of Milton is now published for the first time:

" *Weston Underwood,*  
July 8, 1792,

« DEAR SIR,

Truditor dies die,  
Novaeque peigunt inteiore lunae.

" DAYS, weeks, and months escape me, and nothing is done, nor is it possible for me to do anything that demand study and attention in the present state of our family, I am the electrician; I am the escort into the garden; I am wanted, in short, on a hundred little occasions that occur every day in Mrs. Unwin's present state of infirmity; and I see no probability that I shall be less occupied in the same indispensable duties for a long time to come. The time fixed in your proposals for publication mean-

while steals on; and I have lately felt my engagement for Milton bear upon my spirits with a pressure which, added to the pressure of some other private concerns, is almost more than they are equal to. Tell me if you expect to be punctual to your obligation with the public, and that the artists will be ready with their part of the business so soon as the spring of 94? I cannot bear to be waited for, neither shall I be able to perform my part of the work with any success if I am hunted; and I ask this question thus early lest my own distresses should increase, and should ultimately prove a distress to you. My translations are finished, and when I have finished also the revival of them, will be, I believe, tolerably well executed. They shall be heartily at your service, if by this unhappy interception my time should be so mortened as to forbid my doing more.

<sup>u</sup> Your speedy answer will oblige yours affectionately,

“W<sup>M</sup>. COWPER.

<sup>41</sup> There is one Richard Coleman in the world, whom I have educated from an infant, and who is utterly good for nothing; but he is at present in great trouble, the fruit of his own folly. I send him, by this post, an order upon you for eight guineas."

As a convincing proof of the influence which Hayley possessed over his mind, he alone, of all his friends, was able to persuade him to leave Weston, and visit him at Eartham, in Sussex. This journey, which took place in July, 1792, was the first which he had made for twenty years. Whilst under Hayley's roof their mornings were spent in revising Cowper's translation of Milton's Latin and Italian Poems, and after dinner they amused themselves with forming a metrical version of Andreini's *Adamo*; but their chief occupation was in contributing to Mrs. Unwin's comfort. Writing from Eartham to Lady Hesketh, Cowper observed.

<sup>44</sup> I am, without the least diminution, in good health; my spirits are about as good as you have ever seen them; and if increase of appetite and a double portion of sleep be advantageous, such are the advantages that I have received from this migration. As to that gloominess of mind which I have had these twenty years, it cleaves to me even here; and could I be translated to Paradise, unless I left my body behind me, would cleave to me



even there also. It is my companion for life, and nothing will ever divorce us."

After spending about six weeks with Hayley he returned to Weymouth, having on the road passed a day with his venerable kinsman, General Cowper.

Cowper's sentiments on the Established Church, as expressed in a letter to Mr. Hill, in December, 1792, were extremely liberal:

"As to the reformation of the church, I want none, unless by a better provision for the inferior clergy; and if that could be brought about by emaciating a little some of our too corpulent dignitaries, I should be well contented. The dissenters, I think, Catholics and others, have all a right to the privilege of all other Englishmen, because to deprive them is persecution; and persecution on any account, but especially on a religious one, is an abomination. But after all, *valeat respublica*^ I love my Country, I love my King, and I wish peace and prosperity to Old England."

In June, 1793, he contemplated writing a Poem, entitled, the Four Ages, but he only completed a fragment. This work, he then observed, is the utmost that he aspired to, but he adds, "Heaven knows with how feeble a hope."

Cowper's letters about September in that year contain notices of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, which are of some interest. To Mr. Johnson he says,— "Here you will meet Mr. Rose, who comes on the 8th, and brings with him Mr. Lawrence, the painter, you may guess for what purpose." On the 5th of October he told Mr. Hayley, "On Tuesday we expect company. Mr. Rose and Lawrence the painter. Yet once more is my patience to be exercised, and once more I am made to wish that my face had been moveable, to put on and take off at pleasure, so as to be portable in a bandbox, and sent to the artist." To Mr. Rose he remarked in November following, "My hope was, that the fine frost would bring you, and the amiable painter with you. If, however, you are prevented by the business of your respective professions, you are well prevented, and I will endeavour to be patient. When the latter was here, he mentioned one day the subject of Diomedes's horses, driven under the axle of his chariot by the thunderbolt which fell at their feet, as a subject for his pencil. It is certainly a noble one, and therefore worthy of his study and attention. It occurred to me at the

moment, but I know not what it was that made me forget it again the next moment, that the horses of Achilles flying over the fofs, with Patroclus and Automedon in the chariot, would be a good companion for it. Should you happen to recollect this, when you next see him, you may submit it if you please, to his consideration. I {tumbled yesterday on another subject, which reminded me of the said excellent artist, as likely to afford a fine opportunity to the expression that he could give it. It is found in the {hooting match in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, between Meriones and Teucer. The former cuts the firing with which the dove is tied to the mast-head, and sets her at liberty; the latter {landing at his side, in all the eagerness of emulation, points an arrow at the mark with his right hand, while with his left he snatches the bow from his competitor. He is a fine poetical figure, but Mr. Lawrence himself must judge whether or not he promises as well for the canvass."

In November Hayley paid a second visit to Weston. He found Cowper apparently well, and enlivened by the society of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rose. The latter arrived from Althorpe, the seat of Lord Spencer, and was charged to invite him to meet Gibbon at that place. He, however, declined the proffered civility, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his friends that he would accept it. Upon this occasion Hayley perceived the approach of the storm which finally wrecked his intellect: "He possessed," he says, "completely at this period all the admirable faculties of his mind, and all his native tenderness of heart; but there was something indefinable in his appearance, which led me to apprehend, that without some signal event in his favour to re-animate his spirits, they would gradually sink into hopeless dejection. The state of his aged infirm companion afforded additional ground for increasing solicitude. Her cheerful and beneficent spirit could hardly resist her own accumulated maladies, so far as to preserve ability sufficient to watch over the tender health of him, whom she had watched and guarded so long. Imbecility of body and mind must gradually render this tender and heroic woman unfit for the charge which (he had so laudably sustained. The signs of such imbecility were beginning to be painfully visible; nor can nature present a spectacle more truly pitiable than imbecility in such a shape, eagerly grasping for dominion, which it knows not either how to retain, or how to relinquish."

In January, 1794, Cowper told a friend, "I have just ability

enough to transcribe, which is all that I have to do at present : God knows that I write, at this moment, under the pressure of feelings not to be described."

At that time his correspondence with his friends ceased, and he again became a victim to hypochondriacs, to an extent which was truly deplorable: his condition may be judged of by the account which Mr. Greathead gave of him in April in that year to Hayley:

" Lady Hefketh's correspondence acquainted you with the melancholy relapse of our dear friend at Weston; but I am uncertain whether you know, that in the last fortnight he has refused food of every kind, except now and then a very small piece of toasted bread, dipped generally in water, sometimes mixed with a little wine. This, her ladyship informs me, was the case till last Saturday, since when, he has eat a little at each family meal. He persists in refusing such medicines as are indispensable to his state of body. In such circumstances, his long continuance in life cannot be expected. How devoutly to be wished is the alleviation of his danger and distress. You, dear Sir, who know so well the worth of our beloved and admired friend, sympathize with his affliction, and deprecate his loss doubtless in no ordinary degree; you have already most effectually expressed and proved the warmth of your friendship. I cannot think that any thing but your society would have been sufficient, during the infirmity under which his mind has long been oppressed, to have supported him against the shock of Mrs. Unwin's paralytic attack. I am certain that nothing else could have prevailed upon him to undertake the journey to Eartham. You have succeeded where his other friends knew they could not, and where they apprehended no one could. How natural, therefore, nay, how reasonable, is it for them to look to you, as most likely to be instrumental, under the blessing of God, for relief in the present distressing and alarming crisis' It is, indeed, scarcely attemptable to ask any person to take such a journey, and involve himself in so melancholy a scene, with an uncertainty of the desired success: increased as the apparent difficulty is, by dear Mr. Cowper's aversion to all company, and by poor Mrs. Unwin's mental and bodily infirmities. On these accounts Lady Hefketh dares not ask it of you, rejoiced as she would be at your arrival. Am not I, dear Sir, a very presumptuous person, who, in the face of all

write a paflage in the Iliad. This he did, and fent it to Hayley, which was the laft effort of his pen.

By the middle of February his weaknefs had increafed to fuch a degree as to render him unable to bear the motion of a carriage, and he now ceafed to come down ftairs, but daily removed from his bed-room to another apartment above it; and before the end of March he was confined to his own chamber. His friend Mr. Rofe then vifited him, and though he betrayed little pleafure at his arrival, he was much grieved at his departure. On the 18th of April his diflblution appeared to be fo clofe at hand, that Mr. Johnfon ventured to apprife him of the fact. " After a pause," fays that admirable friend, in his *Life of Cowper*, " of a few moments, which was lefs interrupted by the objections of his depending relative than he had dared to hope, he proceeded to an obfervation more confolatory ftill; namely, that in the world to which he was haftening, a merciful Redeemer had prepared unfpeakable happinefs for all his children, and therefore for him. To the firft part of this fentence he had liftened with compofure, but the concluding words were no fooner uttered, than his paffionately expreffed entreaties that his companion would difift from any further obfervations of a fimilar kind, clearly proved, that though it was on the eve of being invefted with angelic light, the darknefs of delufion ftill veiled his fpirit."

In the early part of Monday, the 21ft, he appeared to be dying, but he fo far rallied as to partake flightly of dinner, and continued to fink gradually during Tuefday, Wednefday, and Thurfday. In the courfe of Thurfday night he feemed exhausted, and on Mifs Perowne, whofe afliduous attentions to the Poet for the laft five years of his exiftence cannot be too highly praifed, offering him fome refrefhment, he obferved, " What can it fignify?" which were the laft words he uttered. At five in the morning of Friday, the 25th of April, a deadly change was obferved in his countenance, and he continued infenfible from that time until about five minutes before five in the afternoon, when he expired, being then in his feventieth year. " In fo mild and gentle a manner," fays Mr. Johnfon, who was prefent, " did his fpirit take its flight, that the perfons around him who had their eyes fixed on his countenance, did not perceive the precife moment of his departure."

Cowper was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, in the Church of Eaft Dereham, on Saturday the 3rd of May; and a monument is placed over his grave with this infcription by Hayley:

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

*Born in Hertfordshire 1731. Buried  
in this Church 1800.*

YE, who with warmth the public triumph feel  
Of talents, dignified by facred zeal,  
Here, to devotion's Bard devoutly juft,  
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowpers duft'  
England, exulting in his ipotleis fame,  
Ranks with her deareft fons his fav'iite name j  
Senfe, fancy, wit, fuffice not all to laife  
So clear a title to affectionS praife:  
His higheft honours to the heart belong;  
His viitues formM the magic of his fong.

Hayley thus dcfcribcs Cowper's perfon and deportment :

" From his figure, as it firft appeared to me in his fixty-fecond year, I fliould imagine that he muft have been very comely in his youth; and little had time injured his countenance, fmce his features exprefled at that period of life all the powers of his mind, and all the fenfibility of his heart. He was of a middle ftature, rather ftrong than delicate in the form of his limbs: the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a bluifh grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his drefs he was neat, but not finical j in his diet temperate, and not dainty. He had an air of penfive referve in his deportment, and his extreme fhynefs fometimes produced in his manner an indefcribable mixture of awkwardnefs and dignity; but no being could be more truly graceful when he was in perfect health and perfectly pleafed with his fociety. Towards women in particular, his behaviour and converfation was delicate and fafcinating in the higheft degree."

Cowper's talents and character are fo fully difplayed in his correpondence and poems, that it is unneceflary in this place to fay anything upon either. His works have attained a popularity which is irreflftible evidence of their merit, and the readers of this edition do not require a long effay pointing out faults which they cannot fail to perceive, or by noticing beauties which they

are fure to difcover. It is certainly proper that difquifitions on the peculiar genius of Poets fhould be written; but upon Cowper's produ&ions numerous eflays already exift, and it would be as needlefs to repeat what has been before faid, as it would be ridiculous to labour after original ideas when the fubjed has been exhaufted by far abler critics.







## PREFACE.\*

**W**HEN an Author, by appearing in print, requests an audience of the Public, and is upon the point of speaking for himself, whoever presumes to step before him with a preface, and to say, "Nay, but hear me first," should have something worthy of attention to offer, or he will be justly deemed officious and impertinent. The judicious reader has probably, upon other occasions, been beforehand with me in this reflection: and I am not very willing it should now be applied to me, however I may seem to expose myself to the danger of it. But the thought of having my own name perpetuated in connexion with the name in the title-page is so pleasing and flattering to the feelings of my heart, that I am content to risk something for the gratification.

This Preface is not designed to commend the Poems to which it is prefixed. My testimony would be insufficient for those who are not qualified to judge properly for themselves, and unnecessary to those who are. Besides, the reasons which render it improper and unseemly for a man to celebrate his own performances, or those of his nearest relatives, will have some influence in suppressing much of what he might otherwise wish to say in favour of a friend, when that friend is indeed an alter idem, and excites almost the same emotions of sensibility and affection as he feels for himself.

It is very probable these Poems may come into the hands of some persons, in whom the sight of the author's name will awaken a recollection of incidents and scenes, which through length of time they had almost forgotten. They will be reminded of one, who was once the companion of their chosen hours, and

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\* Published with the first volume.



who fet out with them in early life in the paths which lead to literary honours, to influence and affluence, with equal profpects of fuccefs. But he was fuddenly and powerfully withdrawn from thofe purfuits, and he left them without regret; yet not till he had fufficient opportunity of counting the coft, and of knowing the value of what he gave up. If happinefs could have been found in claffical attainments, in an elegant tafte, in the exertions of wit, fancy, and genius, and in the efteem and converfe of fuch perfons, as in thefe refpects were moft congenial with himfelf, he would have been happy. But he was not. He wondered (as thoufands in a fimilar fituation ftill do) that he fhould continue difatisfied, with all the means apparently conducive to fatisfadion within his reach. But in due time the caufe of his difappointment was difcovered to him;—he had lived without God in the world. In a memorable hour the wifdom which is from above vifited his heart. Then he felt himfelf a wanderer, and then he found a guide. Upon this change of views, a change of plan and conduit followed of courfe. When he faw the bufy and the gay world in its true light, he left it with as little reluctance as a prifoner, when called to liberty, leaves his dungeon. Not that he became a Cynic or an Afcetic—a heart filled with love to God will affuredly breathe benevolence to men. But the turn of his temper inclining him to rural life, he indulged it, and the providence of God evidently preparing his way and marking out his retreat, he retired into the country. By thefe fteps, the good hand of God, unknown to me, was providing for me one of the principal bleifings of my life; a friend and a counfellor, in whofe company for almoft feven years, though we were feldom feven fucceffive waking hours feparated, I always found new pleafure. A friend who was not only a comfort to myfelf, but a bleffing to the affectionate poor people among whom I then lived.

Some time after inclination had thus removed him from the hurry and bufle of life, he was ftill more fecluded by a long indifpofition, and my pleafure was fucceeded by a proportionable degree of anxiety and concern. But a hope that the God whom he ferved would fupport him under his affliftion, and at length vouchfafe him a happy deliverance, never forfook me. The defirable crisis, I truft, is now nearly approaching. The dawn, the preface of returning day, is already arrived. He is again enabled

to resume his pen, and some of the first fruits of his recovery are here presented to the public. In his principal subjects the same acumen, which distinguished him in the early period of life, is happily employed in illustrating and enforcing the truths, of which he received such deep and unalterable impressions in his maturer years. His fate, if it may be called so, is benevolent, (like the operations of the skilful and humane surgeon, who wounds only to heal) dictated by a just regard for the honour of God, and indignant grief excited by the profligacy of the age, and a tender compassion for the souls of men.

His favourite topics are left inserted in the piece entitled Table Talk; which therefore, with some regard to the prevailing taste, and that those, who are governed by it, may not be discouraged at the very threshold from proceeding farther, is placed first. In most of the large Poems which follow, his leading design is more explicitly avowed and pursued. He aims to communicate his own perceptions of the truth, beauty, and influence of the religion of the Bible—a religion, which, however discredited by the misconduct of many, who have not renounced the Christian name, proves itself, when rightly understood, and cordially embraced, to be the grand desideratum, which alone can relieve the mind of a man from painful and unavoidable anxieties, inspire it with stable peace and solid hopes, and furnish those motives and prospects which, in the present state of things, are absolutely necessary to produce a conduct worthy of a rational creature, distinguished by a vastness of capacity which no assemblage of earthly good can satisfy, and by a principle and preintimation of immortality.

At a time when hypothesis and conjecture in philosophy are so justly exploded, and little is considered as deserving the name of knowledge, which will not stand the test of experiment, the very use of the term experimental in religious concerns is by too many unhappily rejected with disgust. But we well know, that they, who affect to despise the inward feelings which religious persons speak of, and to treat them as enthusiasm and folly, have inward feelings of their own, which, though they would, they cannot suppress. We have been too long in the secret ourselves, to account the proud, the ambitious, or the voluptuous happy. We must lose the remembrance of what we once were before we can believe a man is satisfied with himself, merely be-

cause he endeavours to appear so, A smile upon the face is often but a mask worn occasionally and in company, to prevent, if possible, a suspicion of what at the same time is passing in the heart. We know that there are people who seldom smile when they are alone, who therefore are glad to hide themselves in a throng from the violence of their own reflexions; and who, while by their looks and their language they wish to persuade us they are happy, would be glad to change their conditions with a dog. But in defiance of all their efforts, they continue to think, forbode, and tremble. This we know, for it has been our own fate, and therefore we know how to commiserate it in others. From this fate the Bible relieved us. When we were led to read it with attention) we found ourselves described—we learnt the causes of our inquietude—we were directed to a method of relief—we tried, and we were not disappointed.

*Deus nobis hec otia fecit.*

We are now certain that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. It has reconciled us to God, and to ourselves, to our duty, and our situation. It is the balm and cordial of the present life, and a sovereign antidote against the fear of death.

Sed hactenus hsec. Some smaller pieces upon less important subjects close the volume. Not one of them, I believe, was written with a view to publication, but I was unwilling they should be omitted.

JOHN NEWTON,

*Charles Square, Hoxton,  
February 18, 1782.*



## TABLE TALK.

Si te forte meae gravis uret farcina chartae,  
Abjicito. *Hor. Lib. i. Ep. 13.*

A.

**Y**OU told me, I remember, glory built  
On selfish principles is shame and guilt:  
The deeds, that men admire as half  
divine,

Stark naught, because corrupt in their design.  
Strange doctrine this! that without scruple tears  
The laurel that the very lightning spares ;  
Brings down the warrior's trophy to the dust,  
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.

JS. I grant that men continuing what they are,  
Fierce, avaricious, proud, there must be war.  
And never meant the rule should be applied  
To him that fights with justice on his side.

Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,  
Reward his memory, dear to every muse,  
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,  
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,  
Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,  
And will prevail or perish in her cause.

Tis to the virtues of fuch men man owes  
 His portion in the good that heaven beftows.  
 And when recording hiftory difplays  
 Feats of renown, though wrought in ancient days,  
 Tells of a few ftout hearts that fought and died  
 Where duty placed them, at their country's fide ;  
 The man that is not moved with what he reads,  
 That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,  
 Unworthy of the bleffings of the brave,  
 Is bafe in kind, and born to be a flave.

But let eternal infamy purfue  
 The wretch to nought but his ambition true,  
 Who, for the fake of filling with one blaft  
 The poft-horns of all Europe, lays her wafte.  
 Think yourfelves ftation'd on a towering rock,  
 To fee a people fcatter'd like a flock,  
 Some royal maftiff panting at their heels,  
 With all the favage thirft a tiger feels;  
 Then view him felf-proclaim'd in a gazette  
 Chief monfter that has plagued the nations yet!  
 The globe and fceptre in fuch hands mifplaced,  
 Thofe enfigns of dominion, how difgraced!  
 The glafs, that bids man mark the fleeting hour,  
 And Death's own feythe would better fpeak his  
                   power;

Then grace the bony phantom in their ftead  
 With the king's fhoulderknot and gay cockade;  
 Clothe the twin brethren in each other's drefs,  
 The fame their occupation and fuccefs.

A. Tis your belief the world was made for man;  
 Kings do but reaſon on the felfſame plan:  
 Maintaining yours, you cannot theirs condemn,

Who think, or seem to think, man made for them.

B. Seldom, alas! the power of logic reigns  
 With much sufficiency in royal brains;  
 Such reasoning falls like an inverted cone,  
 Wanting its proper base to stand upon.  
 Man made for kings! those optics are but dim  
 That tell you so—say, rather, they for him.  
 That were indeed a king-ennobling thought,  
 Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.  
 The diadem, with mighty projects lined,  
 To catch renown by ruining mankind,  
 Is worth, with all its gold and glittering store,  
 Just what the toy will sell for, and no more.

Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good,  
 How seldom used, how little understood!  
 To pour in Virtue's lap her just reward;  
 Keep Vice restrain'd behind a double guard;  
 To quell the faction, that affronts the throne,  
 By filent magnanimity alone;  
 To nurse with tender care the thriving arts;  
 Watch every beam philosophy imparts;  
 To give religion her unbridled scope,  
 Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;  
 With close fidelity and love unfeign'd  
 To keep the matrimonial bond untaught;  
 Covetous only of a virtuous praise,  
 His life a lesson to the land he sways;  
 To touch the sword with conscientious awe,  
 Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;  
 To sheath it in the peace-restoring close  
 With joy beyond what victory bestows;  
 Blest country, where these kingly glories shine!

Bleft England, if this happinefs be thine!

A. Guard what you fay; the patriotic tribe  
Will sneer, and charge you with a bribe.—B. A '  
The worth of his three kingdoms I defy, [bribe ?  
To lure me to the bafenefs of a lie.

And of all lies (be that one poet's boaft),  
The lie that flatters I abhor the moft.

Thofe arts be theirs that hate his gentle reign ;  
But he that loves him has no need to feign.

A. Your fmooth eulogium, to one crown ad-  
Seems to imply a cenfure on the reft. [drefTd,

B. Quevedo, as he tells his fober tale,  
Aik'd, when in hell, to fee the royal jail;

Approved their method in all other things:

" But where, good fir, do you confine your kings ?"

" There," faid his guide, " the group is full in view."

" Indeed!" replied the Don, " there are but few."

His black interpreter the charge difdain'd ;—

" Few, fellow ?—there are all that ever reign'd."

Wit undiftinguifhing is apt to ftrike

The guilty and not guilty both alike :

I grant the farcafms are too fevere,

And we can readily refute it here;

While Alfred's name, the father of his age,

And the Sixth Edward's grace the hiftoric page.

A. Kings then at laft have but the lot of all :  
By their own conduft they muft ftand or fall.

B. True. While they live, the courtly laureat pays  
His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of praife ;

And many a dunce, whose fingers itch to write,

Adds, as he can, his tributary mite:

A fubjeft's faults a fubjeft may proclaim,

A monarch's errors are forbidden game!  
Thus free from cenfure, overawed by fear,  
And praifed for virtues that they fcorn to wear,  
The fleeting forms of majefty engage  
Refpeft, while ftalking o'er life's narrow ftage;  
Then leave their crimes for hiftory to fcarn,  
And afk with bufy fcorn, Was this the man ?

I pity kings, whom worftup waits upon  
Obfequious from the cradle to the throne;  
Before whofe infant eyes the flatterer bows,  
And binds a wreath about their baby brows;  
Whom education ftiflfens into ftate,  
And death awakens from that dream too late.  
Oh! if fervility with fupple knees,  
Whofe trade it is to fmile, to crouch, to pleafe;  
If fmooth diffimulation, fkill'd to grace  
A devil's purpofe with an angel's face;  
If fmiling peerefles and fimpering peers,  
Enfompaffing his throne a few fhort years ;  
If the gilt carriage and the pamper'd fteed,  
That wants no driving, and difdains the lead;  
If guards, mechanically form'd in ranks,  
Playing, at beat of drum, their martial pranks,  
Shouldering and ftanding as if ftruck to ftone,  
While condefcending majefty looks on;  
If monarchy confift in fuch bafe things,  
Sighing, I fay again, I pity kings!

To be fufpeded, thwarted, and withftood,  
E'en when he labour's for his country's good ;  
To fee a band, call'd patriot for no caufe,  
But that they catch at popular applaufe,  
Carelefs of all the anxiety he feels,



Hook difappointment on the public wheels;  
 With all their flippant fluency of tongue,  
 Moft confident, when palpably moft wrong:  
 If this be kingly, then farewell for me  
 All kingfhip; and may I be poor and free!

To be the Table Talk of clubs up flairs,  
 To which the unwafh'd artificer repairs,  
 To indulge his genius after long fatigue,  
 By diving into cabinet intrigue ;  
 (For what kings deem a toil, as well they may,  
 To him is relaxation and mere play) ;  
 To win no praife when well wrought plans prevail,  
 But to be rudely cenfured when they fail ;  
 To doubt the love his favourites may pretend,  
 And in reality to find no friend;  
 If he indulge a cultivated tafte,  
 His galleries with the works of art well graced,  
 To hear it calFd extravagance and wafte;  
 If thefe attendants, and if fuch as thefe,  
 Muft follow royalty, then welcome eafe;  
 However humble and confined the fphere,  
 Happy the ftate that has not thefe to fear.

A. Thus men, whofe thoughts contemplative  
 On fituations that they never felt, [have dwelt  
 Start up fagacious, cover'd with the duft  
 Of dreaming ftudy and pedantic ruft,  
 And prate and preach about what others prove,  
 As if the world and they were hand and glove.  
 Leave kingly backs to cope with kingly cares;  
 They have their weight to carry, fubjefts theirs;  
 Poets, of all men, ever leaft regret  
 Increafing taxes and the nation's debt.

Could you contrive the payment, and rehearse  
 The mighty plan, oracular, in verse,  
 No bard, howe'er majestic, old or new,  
 Should claim my fix'd attention more than you.

JB. Not Brindley nor Bridgewater would essay  
 To turn the course of Helicon that way;  
 Nor would the Nine consent the sacred tide  
 Should purl amidst the traffic of Cheapside,  
 Or tinkle in 'Change Alley, to amuse  
 The leathern ears of stockjobbers and Jews.

A. Vouchsafe, at least, to pitch the key of rhyme  
 To themes more pertinent, if less sublime.  
 When ministers and ministerial arts,  
 Patriots, who love good places at their hearts,  
 When admirals extoid for standing still,  
 Or doing nothing with a deal of skill;  
 Generals, who will not conquer when they may,  
 Firm friends to peace, to pleasure, and good pay;  
 When Freedom, wounded almost to despair,  
 Though discontent alone can find out where;  
 When themes like these employ the poet's tongue,  
 I hear—as mute as if a yren fung.  
 Or tell me, if you can, what power maintains  
 A Briton's scorn of arbitrary chains?  
 That were a theme might animate the dead,  
 And move the lips of poets cast in lead.

B. The cause, though worth the search, may yet  
 Conjecture and remark, however shrewd. [elude  
 They take perhaps a well directed aim,  
 Who seek it in his climate and his frame.  
 Liberal in all things else, yet Nature here  
 With stern severity deals out the year.

Winter invades the fpring, and often pours  
 A chilling flood on fummer's drooping flowers;  
 Unwelcome vapours quench autumnal beams,  
 Ungenial blafts attending curl the freams:  
 The peafants urge their harveft, ply the fork  
 With double toil, and fhiver at their work.  
 Thus with a rigour, for his good defign'd,  
 She rears her favourite man of all mankind.  
 His form robuft and of elaftic tone,  
 Proportion'd well, half mufcle and half bone,  
 Supplies with warm activity and force  
 A mind well lodged, and mafculine of courfe.  
 Hence Liberty, fweet Liberty infpires  
 And keeps alive his fierce but noble fires.  
 Patient of conftitutional control,  
 He bears it with meek manlinefs of foul;  
 But if authority grow wanton, woe  
 To him that treads upon his free-born toe ;  
 One ftep beyond the boundary of the laws  
 Fires him at once in Freedom's glorious caufe.  
 Thus proud prerogative, not much revered,  
 Is feldom felt, though fometimes feen and heard;  
 And in his cage, like parrot fine and gay,  
 Is kept to ftrut, look big, and talk away.

Born in a climate fofter far than ours,  
 Not form'd like us, with fuch Herculean powers,  
 The Frenchman, eafy, debonair, and brifc,  
 Give him his lafs, his fiddle, and his frifk,  
 Is always happy, reign whoever may,  
 And laughs the fenfe of mifery far away :  
 He drinks his fimple beverage with a guft;  
 And, feafting on an onion and a cruft,

We never feel the alacrity and joy  
 With which he shouts and carols *Vive le Roy*,  
 Filled with as much true merriment and glee  
 As if he heard his king say—Slave, be free!

Thus happiness depends, as Nature flows,  
 Less on exterior things than most suppose.  
 Vigilant over all that he has made,  
 Kind Providence attends with gracious aid,  
 Bids equity throughout his works prevail,  
 And weighs the nations in an even scale;  
 He can encourage slavery to a mile,  
 And fill with discontent a British isle.

A. Freeman and slave then, if the case be such,  
 Stand on a level; and you prove too much:  
 If all men indiscriminately share  
 His fostering power, and tutelary care,  
 As well be yoked by Despotism's hand,  
 As dwell at large in Britain's charter'd land.

J3. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to  
 show,  
 That slaves, however contented, never know.  
 The mind attains beneath her happy reign  
 The growth that Nature meant she should attain;  
 The varied fields of science, ever new,  
 Opening and wider opening on her view,  
 She ventures onward with a prosperous force,  
 While no base fear impedes her in her course:  
 Religion, richest favour of the skies,  
 Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes;  
 No shades of superstition blot the day,  
 Liberty chafes all that gloom away;  
 The foul, emancipated, unoppressed,

Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,  
 Learns much; and to a thousand listening minds  
 Communicates with joy the good he finds;  
 Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show  
 His manly forehead to the fiercest foe;  
 Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,  
 His spirits rising as his toils increase,  
 Guards well what arts and industry have won,  
 And Freedom claims him for her firstborn son.  
 Slaves fight for what were better cast away—  
 The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway;  
 But they that fight for freedom undertake  
 The noblest cause mankind can have at stake,  
 Religion, virtue, truth, whatever we call  
 A blessing, freedom is the pledge of all.  
 O Liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,  
 The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;  
 Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse,  
 Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse;  
 Heroic song from thy free touch acquires  
 Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires:  
 Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,  
 And I will sing, if Liberty be there;  
 And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,  
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

A. Sing where you please; in such a cause I  
 An English poet's privilege to rant. [grant  
 But is not Freedom—at least, is not ours  
 Too apt to play the wanton with her powers,  
 Grow freakish, and o'erleaping every bound  
 Spread anarchy and terror all around? [horse

B. Agreed. But would you sell or flay your

For bounding and curvetting in his course ?  
Or if, when ridden with a careless rein,  
He break away, and seek the distant plain ?  
No. His high mettle, under good control,  
Gives him Olympic speed, and shoots him to the  
goal ^

Let Discipline employ her wholesome arts;  
Let magistrates alert perform their parts,  
Not idly or put on a prudential mask,  
As if their duty were a desperate task;  
Let active laws apply the needful curb,  
To guard the peace that riot would disturb;  
And Liberty, preserved from wild excess,  
Shall raise no feuds for armies to suppress.  
When tumult lately burst his prison door,  
And set plebeian thousands in a roar;  
When he usurp'd authority's just place,  
And dared to look his master in the face;  
When the rude rabble's watchword was—Destroy,  
And blazing London seem'd a second Troy,  
Liberty blush'd, and hung her drooping head,  
Beheld their progress with the deepest dread ;  
Blush'd, that effects like these (he should produce,  
Worse than the deeds of galley-slaves broke loose.  
She loses in such forms her very name,  
And fierce licentiousness should bear the blame.

Incomparable gem! thy worth untold ;  
Cheap, though blood-bought, and thrown away  
when sold;

May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend  
Betray thee while professing to defend!  
Prize it, ye ministers; ye monarchs, spare;

Ye patriots, guard it with a miser's care.

A. Patriots, alas! the few that have been found  
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,  
The country's need have scantily supplied;  
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.

B. Not so—the virtue still adorns our age,  
Though the chief after died upon the stage.  
In him Demosthenes was heard again;  
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;  
She clothed him with authority and awe,  
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.  
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,  
And all his country beaming in his face,  
He stood, as some inimitable hand  
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.  
No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose  
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;  
And every venal flatterer for the yoke  
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Such men are raised to station and command,  
When Providence means mercy to a land.  
He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe  
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;  
To manage with address, to seize with power  
The crisis of a dark decisive hour. ,  
So Gideon earned a victory not his own;  
Subserviency his praise, and that alone.

Poor England! thou art a devoted deer,  
Beset with every ill but that of fear.  
The nations hunt; all mark thee for a prey;  
They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay,  
Undaunted still, though wearied and perplex'd,

Once Chatham faved thee; but who faves thee  
 Alas! the tide of pleafure fweps along [next?  
 All that fhould be the boaft of Britifh fong,  
 Tis not the wreath that once adorn'd thy brow,  
 The prize of happier times, will ferve thee now.  
 Our anceftry, a gallant chriftian race,  
 Patterns of every virtue, every grace,  
 Confei'd a God; they kneel'd before they fought,  
 And praifed him in the victories he wrought.  
 Now from the duft of ancient days bring forth  
 Their fober zeal, integrity, and worth;  
 Courage, ungraced by thefe, affronts the Ikies,  
 Is but the fire without the facrifice.  
 The fream that feeds the wellfpring of the heart  
 Not more invigorates life's nobleft part,  
 Than virtue quickens with a warmth divine  
 The powers that fin has brought to a decline.

A. The ineftimable eflimate of Brown  
 Rofe like a paper-kite, and charm'd the town;  
 But meafures, plann'd and executed well,  
 Shifted the wind that raifed it, and it fell.  
 He trod the very felfsame ground you tread,  
 And viftory refuted all he faid.

B. And yet his judgment was not framed amifs;  
 Its error, if it err'd, was merely this—  
 He thought the dying hour already come,  
 And a complete recovery ftruck him dumb.

But that effeminacy, folly, luft,  
 Enervate and enfeeble, and needs muft;  
 And that a nation ftiaefully debafed  
 Will be defpifed and trampled on at laft,  
 Unlefs fweet penitence her powers renew,



Is truth, if history itself be true.  
There is a time, and justice marks the date,  
For long forbearing clemency to wait;  
That hour elapsed, the incurable revolt  
Is punish'd, and down comes the thunderbolt.  
If Mercy *then* put by the threatening blow,  
Must (he perform the same kind office *now* ?  
May she! and, if offended Heaven be still  
Accessible, and prayer prevail, she will.  
'Tis not, however, insolence and noise,  
The tempest of tumultuary joys,  
Nor is it yet dependence and dismay  
Will win her visits or engage her stay ;  
Prayer only, and the penitential tear,  
Can call her smiling down, and fix her here.

But when a country (one that I could name)  
In prostitution sinks the fence of flame;  
When infamous venality, grown bold,  
Writes on his bosom, *To be let or fold*;  
When perjury, that heaven-defying vice,  
Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,  
Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,  
To turn a penny in the way of trade;  
When Avarice starves (and never hides his face)  
Two or three millions of the human race,  
And not a tongue inquires how, where, or when,  
Though conscience will have twinges now and  
When profanation of the sacred cause [then ;  
In all its parts, times, ministry, and laws,  
Bespeaks a land, once christian, fallen and lost,  
In all that wars against that title most;  
What follows next let cities of great name,

And regions long since defolate, proclaim.  
Nineveh, Babylon, and ancient Rome  
Speak to the present times, and times to come; -  
They cry aloud in every careless ear,  
" Stop, while ye may; suspend your mad career!  
O learn, from our example and our fate,  
Learn wisdom and repentance ere too late!"

Not only vice disposes and prepares  
The mind, that flumbers sweetly in her snares,  
To stoop to tyranny's usurp'd command,  
And bend her polish'd neck beneath his hand  
(A dire effect; by one of Nature's laws  
Unchangeably connected with its cause);  
But Providence himself will intervene,  
To throw his dark displeasure o'er the scene.  
All are his instruments; each form of war,  
What burns at home, or threatens from afar,  
Nature in arms, her elements at strife,  
The forms that overfet the joys of life,  
Are but his rods to scourge a guilty land,  
And waste it at the bidding of his hand.  
He gives the word, and mutiny soon roars  
In all her gates, and shakes her distant shores;  
The standards of all nations are unfurl'd;  
She has one foe, and that one foe the world.  
And if he doom that people with the frown,  
And mark them with the seal of wrath press'd down,  
Obduracy takes place; callous and tough,  
The reprobated race grows judgment-proof:  
Earth shakes beneath them, and Heaven roars  
above;  
But nothing scares them from the course they love;

To the lascivious pipe and wanton fong,  
 That charm down fear, they frolic it along,  
 •With mad rapidity and unconcern,  
 Down to the gulf from which is no return.  
 They trust in navies, and their navies fail—  
 God's curse can cast away ten thousand fail!  
 They trust in armies, and their courage dies;  
 In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies;  
 But all they trust in withers, as it must,  
 When he commands in whom they place no trust.  
 Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast  
 A long despoiled, but now victorious, host;  
 Tyranny fends the chain that must abridge  
 The noble sweep of all their privilege ;  
 Gives liberty the last, the mortal stroke;  
 Slips the slave's collar on, and snaps the lock.

A. Such lofty strains embellish what you teach,  
 Mean you to prophecy, or but to preach ?

J?. I know the mind that feels indeed the fire  
 The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,  
 Afts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,  
 Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.  
 If human woes her soft attention claim,  
 A tender sympathy pervades the frame,  
 She pours a sensibility divine  
 Along the nerve of every feeling line.  
 But if a deed not tamely to be borne  
 Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,  
 The strings are swept with such a power, so loud,  
 The storm of music shakes the astonished crowd.  
 So, when remote futurity is brought  
 Before the keen inquiry of her thought,  
 A terrible sagacity informs

The poet's heart; he looks to distant forms;  
 He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers;  
 And arm'd with strength surpassing human powers,  
 Seizes events as yet unknown to man,  
 And darts his soul into the dawning plan.  
 Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name  
 Of prophet and of poet was the fame ;  
 Hence British poets too the priesthood shared,  
 And every hallow'd druid was a bard.  
 But no prophetic fires to me belong;  
 I play with syllables, and sport in song.

A. At Westminster, where little poets strive  
 To fet a distich upon six and five,  
 Where discipline helps opening buds of sense,  
 And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,  
 I was a poet too : but modern taste  
 Is so refined, and delicate, and chaste,  
 That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,  
 Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.  
 Thus, all success depending on an ear,  
 And thinking I might purchase it too dear,  
 If sentiment were sacrificed to sound,  
 And truth cut short to make a period round,  
 I judged a man of sense could scarce do worse  
 Than caper in the morris dance of verse.

B. Thus reputation is a spur to wit,  
 And some wits flag through fear of losing it.  
 Give me the line that ploughs its stately course  
 Like a proud swan, conquering the stream by force;  
 That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,  
 Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.  
 When labour and when dullness, club in hand,

Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,  
 Beating alternately, in measured time,  
 The clockwork tintinabulum of rhyme,  
 Exact and regular the founts will be;  
 But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

From him who rears a poem lank and long,  
 To him who strains his all into a song,  
 Perhaps some bonny Caledonian air,  
 All birks and braes, though he was never there;  
 Or, having whelp'd a prologue with great pains,  
 Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains;  
 A prologue interdash'd with many a floke,  
 An art contrived to advertise a joke,  
 So that the jest is clearly to be seen,  
 Not in the words—but in the gap between ;  
 Manner is all in all, whatever is writ,  
 The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

To dally much with subjects mean and low  
 Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.  
 Neglected talents run into decay,  
 And every effort ends in puff-pin play.  
 The man that means success should soar above  
 A soldier's feather, or a lady's glove;  
 Else, summoning the Muse to such a theme,  
 The fruit of all her labour is whipt-cream.  
 As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—  
 Stoop'd from its highest pitch to pounce a wren.  
 As if the poet, purposing to wed,  
 Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread.

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,  
 And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard:  
 To carry nature lengths unknown before,

To give a Milton birth, afk'd ages more.  
 Thus genius rofe and fet at order'd times,  
 And {hot a day-fpring into diftant climes,  
 Ennobling every region that he chofe,  
 He funk in Greece, in Italy he rofe;  
 And, tedious years of Gothic darknefs pafPd,  
 Emerged all fplendour in our ifle at laft.  
 Thus lovely Halcyons dive into the main,  
 Then ihow far off their Ihining plumes again.

A. Is genius only found in epic lays ?  
 Prove this, and forfeit all pretence to praife.  
 Make their heroic powers your own at once,  
 Or candidly confefs yourfelf a dunce.

B. Thefe were the chief; each interval of night  
 Was graced with many an undulating light;  
 In lefs illuftrious bards his beauty fhone  
 A meteor or a ftar; in thefe, the fun.

The nightingale may claim the topmoft bough,  
 While the poor grafshopper muft chirp below.  
 Like him unnoticed, I, and fuch as I,  
 Spread little wings, and rather fkip than fly;  
 Perch'd on the meagre produce of the land,  
 An ell or two of propped we command;  
 But never peep beyond the thorny bound,  
 Or oaken fence, that hems the paddock round.

In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart  
 Had faded, poetry was not an art;  
 Language above all teaching, or if taught,  
 Only by gratitude and glowing thought,  
 Elegant as fimplicity, and warm  
 As ecftafy, unmanacled by form,  
 Not prompted, as in our degenerate days,

By low ambition and the thirft of praife,  
 Was natural as is the flowing fream,  
 And yet magnificent—a God the theme!  
 That theme on earth exhausted, though above  
 'Tis found as everlafting as his love,  
 Man lavifti'd all his thoughts on human things—  
 The feats of heroes and the wrath of kings;  
 But flill, while virtue kindled his delight,  
 The fong was moral, and fo far was right.  
 'Twas thus till luxury feduced the mind  
 To joys lefs innocent, as lefs refined;  
 Then genius danced a bacchanal; he crown'd  
 The brimming goblet, feized the thyrfus, bound  
 His brows with ivy, rufh'd into the field  
 Of wild imagination, and there reel'd  
 The viftim of his own lafcivious fires,  
 And, dizzy with delight, profaned the facred wires.

Anacreon, Horace play'd in Greece and Rome  
 This Bedlam part; and others nearer home.  
 When Cromwell fought for power, and while he  
 The proud protetor of the power he gain'd, [reign'd  
 Religion harfh, intolerant, auftere,  
 Parent of manners like herfelf fevere,  
 Drew a rough copy of the Chriftian face  
 Without the fmile, the fweetnefs, or the grace;  
 The dark and fullen humour of the time  
 Judged every effort of the Mufe a crime;  
 Verfe, in the fineft mould of fancy caft,  
 Was lumber in an age fo void of tafte:  
 But when the fecond Charles aflumed the fway,  
 And arts revived beneath a fofter day,  
 Then, like a bow long forced into a curve,

The mind, releas'd from too constrain'd a nerve,  
Flew to its first position with a spring  
That made the vaulted roofs of pleasure ring.  
His court, the disblute and hateful school  
Of wantonnefs, where vice was taught by rule,  
Swarm'd with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid  
With brutal lust as ever Circe made.  
From these a long succession, in the rage  
Of rank obscenity, debauch'd their age;  
Nor ceased till, ever anxious to redress  
The abuses of her sacred charge, the priests,  
The Muse intrusted a well nurtured train  
Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain,  
And claim the palm for purity of song,  
That lewdness had usurp'd and worn so long.  
Then decent pleafantry and sterling sense,  
That neither gave nor would endure offence,  
Whipp'd out of fight, with fatigue just and keen,  
The puppy pack that had defiled the scene.

In front of these came Addison. In him  
Humour in holiday and lightly trim,  
Sublimity and attic taste combined,  
To polish, furnish, and delight the mind.  
Then Pope, as harmony itself exad,  
In verse well disciplined, complete, compact,  
Gave virtue and morality a grace  
That, quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face,  
Levied a tax of wonder and applause,  
E'en on the fools that trampled on their laws.  
But he (his musical finesse was such,  
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)  
Made poetry a mere mechanic art;



And every warbler has his tune by heart-  
 Nature imparting her fatiric gift,  
 Her ferious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,  
 With droll fobriety they raifed a fmile  
 At folly's coft, themfelves unmoved the while.  
 That confellation fet, the world in vain  
 Muft hope to look upon their like again.

A. Are we then left—B. Not wholly in the dark;  
 Wit now and then, ftruck fmartly, (hows a fpark,  
 Sufficient to redeem the modern race  
 From total night and abfolute difgrace.  
 While fervile trick and imitative knack  
 Confine the million in the beaten track,  
 Perhaps fome courfer, who difdains the road,  
 Snuffs up the wind, and flings himfelf abroad.

Contemporaries all fuppaffd, fee one,  
 Short his career indeed, but ably run.  
 Churchill, himfelf unconfcious of his powers,  
 In penury confumed his idle hours;  
 And, like a fcatter'd feed at random fown,  
 Was left to fpring by vigour of his own.  
 Lifted at length, by dignity of thought  
 And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,  
 He laid his head in luxury's foft lap,  
 And took, too often, there his eafy nap.  
 If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,  
 'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.  
 Surly and flovenly, and bold and coarfe,  
 Too proud for art, and trufting in mere force,  
 Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,  
 Always at fpeed, and never drawing bit,  
 He ftruck the lyre in fuch a carelefs mood,

And fo difdain'd the rules he underftood,  
The laurel feem'd to wait on his command;  
He fnatch'd it rudely from the Mufe's hand.

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,  
Forms, opens, and gives fcent to every flower;  
Spreads the frefli verdure of the field, and leads  
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads:  
She fills profufe ten thoufand little throats  
With mufic, modulating all their notes; [known,  
And charms the woodland fcenes, and wilds un-  
With artlefs airs and concerts of her own:  
But feldom (as if fearful of expenfe)  
Vouchfafes to man a poet's juft pretence—  
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,  
Harmony, ftrength, words exquisitely fought;  
Fancy, that from the bow that fpanns the iky  
Brings colours, dipp'd in heaven, that never die;  
A foul exalted above earth, a mind  
Skilled in the characters that form mankind;  
And as the fun, in rifing beauty drefFd,  
Looks to the weftward from the dappled eaft,  
And marks, whatever clouds may interpofe,  
Ere yet his race begins, its glorious clofe;  
An eye like his to catch the diftant goal;  
Or, ere the wheels of verfe begin to roll,  
Like his to flied illuminating rays  
On every fcene and fubjeft it furveys:  
Thus graced, the man aflerts a poet's name,  
And the world cheerfully admits the claim.

Pity! Religion has fo feldom found  
A ikilful guide into poetic ground!  
The flowers would fpring where'er fhe deign'd to  
ftray,

And every Muse attend her in her way.  
 Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,  
 And many a compliment politely penn'd;  
 But, unattired in that becoming veft  
 Religion weaves for her, and half undreff'd,  
 Stands in the defert ihivering and forlorn,  
 A wintry figure, like a wither'd thorn.  
 The fhelves are full, all other themes are fped;  
 Hackney'd and worn to the laft flimfy thread,  
 Satire has long fince done his beft; and curft  
 And loathfome ribaldry has done his worft;  
 Fancy has fported all her powers away  
 In tales, in trifles, and in children's play;  
 And 'tis the fad complaint, and almoft true,  
 Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.  
 'Twere new indeed to fee a bard all fire,  
 Touch'd with a coal from heaven, aflume the lyre,  
 And tell the world, ftill kindling as he fung,  
 With more than mortal mufic on his tongue,  
 That He, who died below and reigns above,  
 Infpire the fong, and that his name is Love.

For after all, if merely to beguile,  
 By flowing numbers and a flowery ftyle,  
 The taedium that the lazy rich endure,  
 Which now and then fweet poetry may cure;  
 Or, if to fee the name of idle felf,  
 Stamp'd on the well bound quarto, grace the fhelf,  
 To float a bubble on the breath of fame,  
 Prompt his endeavour, and engage his aim,  
 Debafted to fervile purpofes of pride,  
 How are the powers of genius mifapplied!  
 The gift, whofe office is the giver's praife,

To trace him in his word, his works, his ways!  
Then fspread the rich difcovery, and invite  
Mankind to (hare in the divine delight:  
Diftorted from its ufe and juft defign,  
To make the pitiful pofleffor fhine,  
To purchafe at the fool-frequented fair  
Of vanity a wreath for felf to wear,  
Is profanation of the bafeft kind—  
Proof of a trifling and a worthlefs mind.

A. Hail, Sternhold, then; and, Hopkins, hail!

B. Amen.

If flattery, folly, luft employ the pen;  
If acrimony, flander, and abufe  
Give it a charge to blacken and traduce;  
Though Butler's wit, Pope's numbers, Prior's eafe,  
With all that fancy can invent to pleafe,  
Adorn the polifh'd periods as they fall,  
One madrigal of theirs is worth them all.

A. 'Twould thin the ranks of the poetic tribe,  
To dafh the pen through all that you profcibe.

B. No matter—we could fhift when they were  
not;  
And fliould, no doubt, if they were all forgot.





## THE PROGRESS OF ERROR.

Si quid loquar audiendum,     *Hor. Lib. iv. Od. 2.*

**S**ING, Mufe (if fuch a theme, fo dark, fo  
long,  
May find a Mufe to grace it with a fong),  
By what unfeen and unfufpefted arts  
The ferpent Error twines round human hearts;  
Tell where fhe lurks, beneath what flowery {hades,  
That not a glimpe of genuine light pervades,  
The poifonous, black, infinuating worm  
Succefsfully conceals her loathfome form.  
Take, if ye can, ye carelefs and fupine,  
Counfel and caution from a voice like mine!  
Truths, that the theorift could never reach,  
And obfervation taught me, I would teach,  
Not all, whofe eloquence the fancy fills,  
Mufical as the chime of tinkling rills,  
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,  
Can trace her mazy windings to their end;  
Difcern the fraud beneath the fpecious lure,  
Prevent the danger, or prefcribe the cure.  
The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,  
Falls foporific on the littlefs ear;

Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display  
Shines as it runs, but grafp'd at, flips away.

Placed for his trial on this buftling ftage,  
From thoughtlefs youth to ruminating age,  
Free in his will to choofe or to refufe,  
Man may improve the crifis, or abufe;  
Elfe, on the fatalift's unrighteous plan,  
Say to what bar amenable were man ?  
With nought in charge he could betray no truft ;  
And, if he fell, would fall becaufe he muft;  
If love reward him, or if vengeance ftrike,  
His recompense in both unjuft alike.  
Divine authority within his breaft  
Brings every thought, word, action, to the teft;  
Warns him or prompts, approves him or refrains,  
As reafon, or as paffion, takes the reins.  
Heaven from above, and Confcience from within,  
Cry in his ftartled ear—" Abftain from fin!"  
The world around folicits his defire,  
And kindles in his foul a treacherous fire;  
While, all his purpofes and fteps to guard,  
Peace follows virtue as its fure reward;  
And pleafure brings as furely in her train  
Remorfe, and forrow, and vindictive pain.

Man, thus endued with an elective voice,  
Muft be fupplied with objects of his choice.  
Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,  
Or prefent, or in profpect, meet his fight;  
Thefe open on the fpot their honey'd ftore;  
Thofe call him loudly to purfuit of more.  
His unexhausted mine the fordid vice  
Avarice fhows, and virtue is the price.

Here various motives his ambition raise— [praise;  
Power, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of  
There beauty woos him with expanded arms;  
E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.

Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refined  
Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,  
Seek to supplant his unexperienced youth,  
Or lead him devious from the path of truth;  
Hourly allurements on his passions press,  
Safe in themselves, but dangerous in the excess.

Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air!  
O what a dying, dying close was there!  
'Tis harmony from yon sequester'd bower,  
Sweet harmony, that foothes the midnight hour!  
Long ere the charioteer of day had run  
His morning course the enchantment was begun;  
And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,  
Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain.

Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent,  
That virtue points to? Can a life thus spent  
Lead to the bliss (he promises the wife,  
Detach the soul from earth, and speed her to the skies?  
Ye devotees, to your adored employ,  
Enthralled, drunk with an unreal joy,  
Love makes the music of the blest above,  
Heaven's harmony is universal love;  
And earthly founts, tho' sweet and well combined,  
And lenient as soft opiates to the mind,  
Leave vice and folly unfurled behind.

Gray dawn appears; the sportsman and his train  
Speckle the bosom of the distant plain;  
Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighbouring lairs;

Save that his scent is less acute than theirs,  
 For persevering chafe, and headlong leaps,  
 True beagle as the {launched hound he keeps.  
 Charged with the folly of his life's mad scene,  
 He takes offence, and wonders what you mean ;  
 The joy, the danger, and the toil o'er pays—  
 'Tis exercise, and health, and length of days.  
 Again impetuous to the field he flies;  
 Leaps every fence but one, there falls and dies;  
 Like a slain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,  
 Unmii'T'd but by his dogs and by his groom.

Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,  
 Lights of the world, and ilars of human race;  
 But if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,  
 Prodigious, ominous, and view'd with fear:  
 The comet's baneful influence is a dream;  
 Yours real, and pernicious in the extreme.  
 What then!—are appetites and lufts laid down  
 With the same ease the man puts on his gown ?  
 Will avarice and concupiscence give place,  
 Charm'd by the founts—Your Reverence, or your  
 Grace ?

No. But his own engagement binds him fail;  
 Or, if it does not, brands him to the lair,  
 What Atheists call him—a defigning knave,  
 A mere church juggler, hypocrite, and flave.  
 Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,  
 A cast-back'd huntsman, and a fiddling priest!  
 He from Italian songsters takes his cue:  
 Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.  
 He takes the field, the mailer of the pack [back.  
 Cries Well done, Saint!—and claps him on the



Is this the path of fanftity ? Is this  
 To ftand a waymark in the road to blifs ?  
 Himfelf a wanderer from the narrow way,  
 His filly fheep what wonder if they ftray ?  
 Go, caft your orders at your Bifhop's feet,  
 Send your difhonour'd gown to Monmouth Street!  
 The facred function in your hands is made—  
 Sad facrilege! no function, but a trade!

Occiduus is a paftor of renown,  
 When he has pray'd and preach'd the fabbathdown,  
 With wire and catgut he concludes the day,  
 Quavering and femiquavering care away.  
 The full concerto fwells upon your ear ;  
 All elbows (hake. Look in, and you would fwear  
 The Babylonian tyrant with a nod  
 Had fummon'd them to ferve his golden god.  
 So well that thought the employment feems to fuit,  
 Pfaltery and fackbut, dulcimer and flute.  
 O fie! 'tis evangelical and pure:  
 Obferve each face, how fober and demure!  
 Ecftafy fets her ftamp on every mien;  
 Chins fallen, and not an eyeball to be feen.  
 Still I infift, though mufic heretofore  
 Has charm'd me much (not e'en Occiduus more),  
 Love, joy, and peace make harmony more meet  
 For fabbath evenings, and perhaps as fweet.

Will not the ficklieft Iheep of every flock  
 Refort to this example as a rock;  
 There ftand, and juftify the foul abufe  
 Of fabbath hours with plaufible excufe;  
 If apoftolic gravity be free  
 To play the fool on Sundays, why not we ?

If he the tinkling harpfichord regards  
 As inoffensive, what offence in cards ?  
 Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay!  
 Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.

Oh Italy! thy fabbaths will be foon  
 Our fabbaths, clofed with mummary and buffoon.  
 Preaching and pranks will fhare the motley fcene,  
 Ours parcel'd out, as thine have ever been,  
 God's worfhip and the mountebank between.  
 What fays the prophet ? Let that day be bleft  
 With holinefs and confecrated reft.  
 Paftime and bufinefs both it fhould exclude,  
 And bar the door the moment they intrude;  
 Nobly diftinguifh'd above all the fix  
 By deeds in which the world muft never mix.  
 Hear him again. He calls it a delight,  
 A day of luxury obferved aright,  
 When the glad foul is made Heaven's welcome gue ft,  
 Sits banqueting, and God provides the feaft.  
 But triflers are engaged and cannot come ;  
 Their anfwer to the call is—*Not at home.*

O the dear pleafures of the velvet plain,  
 The painted tablets, dealt and dealt again!  
 Cards with what rapture, and the polifti'd die,  
 The yawning chafm of indolence fupply!  
 Then to the dance, and make the fober moon  
 Witnefs of joys that fhun the fight of noon.  
 Blame, cynic, if you can, quadrille or ball,  
 The fnug clofe party, or the fplendid hall,  
 Where Night, downftooping from her ebon throne,  
 Views conftellations brighter than her own.  
 'Tis innocent, and harmlefs, and refined,

The balm of care, Elyfium of the mind.  
 Innocent! Oh, if venerable Time  
 Slain at the foot of Pleafure be no crime,  
 Then with his filver beard and magic wand,  
 Let Comus rife Archbiftiop of the land;  
 Let him your rubric and your feafts prefcribe,  
 Grand metropolitan of all the tribe.

Of manners rough, and coarfe athletic caft,  
 The rank debauch fuits Clodio's filthy tafte.  
 Rufillus, exquisitely form'd by rule,  
 Not of the moral, but the dancing fchool,  
 Wonders at Clodio's follies, in a tone  
 As tragical, as others at his own.  
 He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the fcore,  
 Then kill a conftable, and drink five more;  
 But he can draw a pattern, make a tart,  
 And has the ladies' etiquette by heart.  
 Go, fool; and, arm in arm with Clodio, plead  
 Your caufe before a bar you little dread;  
 But know the law that bids the drunkard die  
 Is far too juft to pafs the trifler by.  
 Both baby-featured, and of infant fize,  
 View'd from a diftance, and with heedlefs eyes,  
 Folly and innocence are fo alike,  
 The difference, though eflential, fails to ftrike.  
 Yet Folly ever has a vacant flare,  
 A fimpering countenance, and a trifling air;  
 But innocence, fedate, ferene, ered,  
 Delights us, by engaging our refped.

Man, Nature's gueft by invitation fweet,  
 Receives from her both appetite and treat;  
 But, if he play the glutton and exceed,

His benefactrefs blufhes at the deed;  
 For Nature, nice, as liberal to difpenfe,  
 Made nothing but a brute the flave of fenfe.  
 Daniel ate pulfe by choice—example rare !  
 Heaven bleiFd the youth, and made him frefh and  
 Gorgonius fits, abdominous and wan, [fair.  
 Like a fat fquab upon a Chinefe fan:  
 He fnuffs far off the anticipated joy;  
 Turtle and venifon all his thoughts employ;  
 Prepares for meals as jockeys take a fvveat,  
 Oh, naufeous!—an emetic for a whet!  
 Will Providence overlook the wafted good ?  
 Temperance were no virtue if he could.

That pleafures, therefore, or what fuch we call,  
 Are hurtful is a truth confefPd by all.  
 And fome, that feem to threaten virtue lefs,  
 Still hurtful in the abufe, or by the excefs.

Is man then only for his torment placed  
 The centre of delights he may not tafte ?  
 Like fabled Tantalus, condemned to hear  
 The precious fream ftill purling in his ear,  
 Lip-deep in what he longs for, and yet curft  
 With prohibition and perpetual thirft ?  
 No, wrangler—deftitute of flame and fenfe,  
 The precept, that enjoins him abftinence,  
 Forbids him none but the licentious joy,  
 Whofe fruit, though fair, tempts only to deftroy.  
 Remorfe, the fatal egg by Pleafure laid  
 In every bofom where her neft is made,  
 Hatch'd by the beams of truth, denies him reft,  
 And proves a raging fcorpion in his breaft.  
 No pleafure ? Are domeftic comforts dead ?

Are all the namelefs fweets of friendship fled ?  
 Has time worn out, or fafhion put to fhame  
 Good fenfe, good health, good confcience, and good  
 All thefe belong to virtue, and all prove [fame ?  
 That virtue has a title to your love.  
 Have you no touch of pity, that the poor  
 Stand ftarved at your inhofpitable door?  
 Or if yourfelf, too fcantily fupplied,  
 Need help, let honeft induftry provide.  
 Earn, if you want; if you abound, impart:  
 Thefe both are pleafures to the feeling heart.  
 No pleafure ? has fome fickly eaftern wafter  
 Sent us a wind to parch us at a blaft ?  
 Can Britifh Paradife no fcenes afford  
 To pleafe her fated and indifferent lord ?  
 Are fweet philofophy's enjoyments run  
 Quite to the lees ? And has religion none ?  
 Brutes capable fhould tell you 'tis a lie,  
 And judge you from the kennel and the fty.  
 Delights like thefe, ye fenfual and profane,  
 Ye are bid, begg'd, befought to entertain;  
 Caird to thefe cryftal freams, do ye turn off  
 Obfcene to fwill and fwallow at a trough ?  
 Envy the beaft, then, on whom Heaven beftows  
 Your pleafures, with no curfes in the clofe.

Pleafure admitted in undue degree  
 Enflaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.  
 'Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice  
 Unnerves the moral powers, and mars their ufe;  
 Ambition, avarice, and the luft of fame,  
 And woman, lovely woman, does the fame.  
 The heart, furrender'd to the ruling power

Of fome ungovern'd paffion every hour,  
 Finds by degrees the truths that once bore fway,  
 And all their deep impreffion wear away ;  
 So coin grows fmoother, in traffic current pafPd,  
 Till Caefar's image is effaced at laft.

The breach, tho' fmall at firft, foon opening wide,  
 In rufhes folly with a full moon tide,  
 Then welcome errors, of whatever lize,  
 To juftify it by a thoufand lies.

As creeping ivy clings to wood or ftone,  
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon ;  
 So fophiftry cleaves clofe to and protects  
 Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defeds.  
 Mortals, whofe pleafures are their only care,  
 Firft wi(h to be impofed on, and then are.  
 And, left the fulfome artifice fhould fail,  
 Themfelves will hide its coarfenefs with a veil.  
 Not more induftrious are the juft and true  
 To give to Virtue what is Virtue's due—  
 The praife of wifdom, comelinefs, and worth,  
 And call her charms to public notice forth—  
 Than Vice's mean and difingenuous race  
 To hide the (hocking features of her face.  
 Her form with drefs and lotion they repair;  
 Then kifs their idol, and pronounce her fair.

The facred implement I now employ  
 Might prove a mifchief, or at beft a toy;  
 A trifle, if it move but to amufe ;  
 But, if to wrong the judgment and abufe,  
 Worfe than a poniard in the bafeft hand,  
 It ftabs at once the morals of a land.

Ye writers of what none with fafety reads,

Footing it in the dance that Fancy leads ;  
 Ye novelifts, who mar what ye would mend,  
 Sniveling and driveling folly without end;  
 Whofe correfponding mifles fill the ream  
 With fentimental frippery and dream,  
 Caught in a delicate foft filken net  
 By fome lewd earl, or rake-hell baronet:  
 Ye pimps who, under virtue's fair pretence,  
 Steal to the clofet of young innocence,  
 And teach her, unexperienced yet and green,  
 To fcribble as you fcribbled at fifteen ;  
 Who, kindling a combuftion of defire,  
 With fome cold moral think to quench the fire;  
 Though all your engineering proves in vain,  
 The dribbling fream ne'er puts it out again :  
 Oh that a verfe had power, and could command  
 Far, far away, thefe flefh-flies of the land,  
 Who fatten without mercy on the fair,  
 And fuck, and leave a craving maggot there!  
 Howe'er difguifed the inflammatory tale,  
 And cover'd with a fine-fpun fpecious veil;  
 Such writers, and fuch readers owe the guft  
 And relifh of their pleafure all to luft.

But the mufe, eagle-pinion'd, has in view  
 A quarry more important {till than you;  
 Down, down the wind fhe fwims, and fails away,  
 Now ftoops upon it, and now grafps the prey.

Petronius! all the mufes weep for thee;  
 But every tear fhall fcald thy memory:  
 The graces too, while Virtue at their Ihrine  
 Lay bleeding under that foft hand of thine,  
 Felt each a mortal ftab in her own breaft,

Abhorr'd the sacrifice, and curst the priest.  
 Thou polish'd and high-finish'd foe to truth,  
 Graybeard corrupter of our listening youth,  
 To purge and fling away the filth of vice,  
 That so refined it might the more entice,  
 Then pour it on the morals of thy son,  
 To taint *his* heart was worthy of *thine own* !  
 Now, while the poison all high life pervades,  
 Write if thou canst, one letter from the shades,  
 One, and one only, charged with deep regret,  
 That thy worst part, thy principles, live yet;  
 One sad epistle thence may cure mankind  
 Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears  
 Our most important are our earliest years;  
 The mind, impenetrable and soft, with ease  
 Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,  
 And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue  
 That Education gives her, false or true.  
 Plants raised with tendernefs are seldom strong ;  
 Man's coltish disposition asks the thong;  
 And without discipline the favourite child,  
 Like a neglected forester, runs wild.  
 But we, as if good qualities would grow  
 Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow ;  
 We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek;  
 Teach him to fence and figure twice a week;  
 And having done, we think, the best we can,  
 Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.

From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home ;  
 And thence with all convenient speed to Rome,  
 With reverend tutor, clad in habit lay,



To teafe for cafh, and quarrel with all day;  
With memorandum book for every town,  
And every port, and where the chaife broke down;  
His ftock, a few French phrafes got by heart,  
With much to learn, but nothing to impart.  
The youth, obedient to his fire's commands,  
Sets off a wanderer into foreign lands:  
Surprifed at all they meet, the gofling pair,  
With awkward gait, ftretch'd neck, and iilly flare,  
Difcover huge cathedrals built with ftone,  
And fteeples towering high much like our own;  
But fhow peculiar light by many a grin  
At Popifh practices obferved within.

Ere long fome bowing, fmirking, fmart abbe  
Remarks two loiterers that have loft their way;  
And, being always primed with *politejfe*  
For men of their appearance and addrefs,  
With much compaffion undertakes the talk  
To tell them more than they have wit to afk;  
Points to infcriptions wherefoe'er they tread,  
Such as, when legible, were never read,  
But being canker'd now and half worn out,  
Craze antiquarian brains with endlefs doubt;  
Some headlefs hero, or fome Caefar fhow—  
Defective only in his Roman nofe;  
Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,  
Models of Herculeanean pots and pans;  
And fells them medals, which, if neither rare  
Nor ancient, will be fo preferved with care.

Strange the recital! from whatever caufe  
His great improvement and new lights he draws,  
The fquire, once bafhful, is fhamefaced no more,

But teems with powers he never felt before;  
 Whether increafed momentum, and the force  
 With which from clime to clime he fped his courfe  
 (As axles fometimes kindle as they go),  
 Chafed him, and brought dull nature to a glow ;  
 Or whether clearer fides and fofter air,  
 That make Italian flowers fo fweet and fair,  
 Frefhening his lazy fpirits as he ran,  
 Unfolded genially, and fpread the man;  
 Returning, he proclaims, by many a grace,  
 By fhugs and ftrange contortions of his face,  
 How much a dunce, that has been fent to roam,  
 Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

Accomplifhments have taken virtue's place,  
 And wifdom falls before exterior grace:  
 We flight the precious kernel of the ftone,  
 And toil to polifh its rough coat alone.  
 A juft deportment, manners graced with eafe,  
 Elegant phrafe, and figure form'd to pleafe,  
 Are qualities that feem to comprehend  
 Whatever parents, guardians, fchools intend;  
 Hence an unfurnifh'd and a liftlefs mind,  
 Though bufy, trifling; empty, though refined;  
 Hence all that interferes, and dares to clafh  
 With indolence and luxury, is trafh;  
 While learning, once the man's exclufive pride,  
 Seems verging faft towards the female fide.

Learning itfelf, received into a mind  
 By nature weak, or viciously inclined,  
 Serves but to lead philofophers aftray,  
 Where children would with eafe difcern the way.  
 And of all arts fagacious dupes invent

To cheat themselves and gain the world's aflent,  
The worft is—Scripture warp'd from its intent.

The carriage bowls along, and all are pleafed  
If Tom be fober, and the wheels well greafed;  
But if the rogue have gone a cup too far,  
Left out his linch-pin, or forgot his tar,  
It fufflers interruption and delay,  
And meets with hindrance in the fmootheft way.  
When fome hypothefis abfurd and vain  
Has fiird with all its fumes a critic's brain,  
The text that forts not with his darling whim,  
Though plain to others, is obfcure to him.  
The will made fubjeft to a lawlefs force,  
All is irregular, and out of courfe;  
And Judgment drunk, and bribed to lofe his way,  
Winks hard, and talks of darknefs at noonday.

A critic on the facred book ihould be  
Candid and learn'd, difpaffionate and free;  
Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,  
From fancy's influence, and intemperate zeal;  
But above all (or let the wretch refrain,  
Nor touch the page he cannot but profane),  
Free from the domineering power of luft ;  
A lewd interpreter is never juft.

How fhall I fpeak thee, or thy power addrefs,  
Thou god of our idolatry, the Prefs ?  
By thee religion, liberty, and laws,  
Exert their influence and advance their caufe:  
By thee worfe plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,  
Diffufed, make Earth the veftibule of Hell ;  
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wife;  
Thou ever bubbling fpring of endlefs lies;

Like Eden's dread probationary tree,  
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

No wild enthufiaft ever yet could reft  
Till half mankind were like himfelf poffeff'd.  
Philofophers, who darken and put out  
Eternal truth by everlafting doubt;  
Church quacks, with paffions under no command,  
Who fill the world with dodtrines contraband,  
Difcoverers of they know not what, confined  
Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind;  
To freams of popular opinion drawn,  
Depofit in thofe fhallows all their fpawn.  
The wriggling fry foon fill the creeks around,  
Poifoning the waters where their fwarms abound.  
Scorn'd by the nobler tenants of the flood,  
Minnows and gudgeons gorge the unwholefome  
The propagated myriads fpread fo fail, [food.  
E'en Leuwenhoeck himfelf would ftand aghaft,  
Employed to calculate the enormous fum,  
And own his crab-computing powers overcome.  
Is this hyperbole? The world well known,  
Your fober thoughts will hardly find it one.

Frelh confidence the fpeculatift takes  
From every hair-brain'd profelyte he makes;  
And therefore prints: himfelf but half deceived,  
Till others have the footing tale believed.  
Hence comment after comment fpun as fine  
As bloated fpiders draw the flimfy line.  
Hence the fame word, that bids our lufts obey,  
Is mifapplied to fanftify their fway.  
If ftubborn Greek refufe to be his friend,  
Hebrew or Syriac fhall be forced to bend;

If languages and copies all cry, No!—  
 Somebody proved it centuries ago.  
 Like trout purfued, the critic in defpair  
 Darts to the mud, and finds his fafety there:  
 Women, whom cuftom has forbid to fly  
 The fcholar's pitch (the fcholar beft knows why),  
 With all the fimple and unletter'd poor,  
 Admire his learning, and almoft adore.  
 Whoever errs, the prieft can ne'er be wrong,  
 With fuch fine words familiar to his tongue.

Ye ladies! (for, indifferent in your caufe,  
 I fhould deferue to forfeit all applaufe)  
 Whatever fhocks or gives the leaft offence  
 To virtue, delicacy, truth, or fenfe  
 (Try the criterion, 'tis a faithful guide),  
 Nor has, nor can have, Scripture on its fide.

None but an author knows'an author's cares,  
 Or Fancy's fondnefs for the child (he bears.  
 Committed once into the public arms,  
 The baby feems to fmile with added charms.  
 Like fomething precious ventured far from fhore,  
 'Tis valued for the danger's fake the more.  
 He views it with complacency fupreme,  
 Solicits kind attention to his dream;  
 And daily, more enamour'd of the cheat,  
 Kneels, and afks Heaven to blefs the dear deceit.  
 So one, whofe ftory ferves at leaft to fhew  
 Men loved their own productions' long ago,  
 Woo'd an unfeeling ftatue for his wife,  
 Nor refted till the gods had given it life.  
 If fome mere driveller fuck the fugar'd fib,  
 One that ftill needs his leading-firing and bib,

And praise his genius, he is soon repaid  
In praise applied to the same part—his head;  
For 'tis a rule that holds for ever true,  
Grant me discernment, and I grant it you.

Patient of contradiction as a child,  
Affable, humble, diffident, and mild;  
Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke ;  
Your blunderer is as sturdy as a rock.  
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,  
A muleteer's the man to set him right.  
First Appetite enlists him Truth's sworn foe,  
Then obstinate Self-will confirms him so.

Tell him he wanders; that his error leads  
To fatal ills; that, though the path he treads  
Be flowery, and he see no cause of fear,  
Death and the pains of Hell attend him there:  
In vain; the slave of arrogance and pride,  
He has no hearing on the prudent side.  
His still refuted quirks he still repeats;  
New raised objections with new quibbles meets;  
Till sinking in the quicksand he defends,  
He dies disputing, and the contest ends—  
But not the mischiefs; they, still left behind,  
Like thistle-feeds, are sown by every wind.

Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill;  
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;  
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,  
First put it out, then take it for a guide.  
Halting on crutches of unequal size,  
One leg by truth supported, one by lies;  
They fiddle to the goal with awkward pace,  
Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,  
And thefe reciprocally thofe again.

The mind and conduft mutually imprint  
And ftamp their image in each other's mint;  
Each fire and dam, of an infernal race,  
Begetting and conceiving all that's bafe.

None fends his arrow to the mark in view,  
Whofe hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.  
For though, ere yet the fliaft is on the wing,  
Or when it firft forfakes the elaftic firing,  
It err but little from the intended line,  
It falls at laft far wide of his defign;  
So he that fees a manfion in the iky  
Muft watch his purpofe with a fteadfaft eye;  
That prize belongs to none but the fincere,  
The leaft obliquity is fatal here.

'With caution tafte the fweet Circean Cup;  
He that fips often, at laft drinks it up.  
Habits are foon affumed; but when<sup>^</sup>we ftrive  
To ftrip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.  
Call'd to the temple of impure delight,  
He that abftains, and he alone, does right.  
If a wilh wander that way, call it home;  
He cannot long be fafe whofe wifhes roam.  
But if you pafs the threfhold, you are caught;  
Die then, if power Almighty fave you not.  
There hardening by degrees, till double fteePd,  
Take leave of nature's God, and God reveaPd;  
Then laugh at all you trembled at before;  
And, joining the freethinkers' brutal roar,  
Swallow the two grand noftrums they difpenfe—  
That Scripture lies, and blafphemy is fenfe.

If clemency revolted by abuse  
Be damnable, then damn'd without excuse.

Some dream that they can silence, when they will,  
The storm of passion, and say, *Peace, be still*:  
But, " *Thus far and no farther* " when address'd  
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,  
Implies authority that never can,  
That never ought to be the lot of man.

But, muse, forbear; long flights forebode a fall;  
Strike on the deep-toned chord the sum of all.

Hear the just law—the judgment of the flues!  
He that hates truth (hall be the dupe of lies ;  
And he that *will* be cheated to the last,  
Delusions flrong as Hell (hall bind him fast.  
But if the wanderer his mistake discern,  
Judge his own ways, and fight for a return,  
Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss  
For ever and for ever ? No—the Cross!  
There and there only (though the deist rave,  
And atheism, if Earth bear so base a slave);  
There and there only is the power to save.  
There no delusive hope invites despair ;  
No mockery meets you, no deception there.  
The spells and charms, that blinded you before,  
All vanish there, and fascinate no more.

I am no preacher, let this hint suffice—  
The Cross once seen is death to every vice;  
Else He that hung there suffer'd all his pain,  
Bled, groan'd, and agonized, and died in vain.





## TRUTH.

*Penfantur trutina. Hor. Lib. ii. Ep. i.*



**M**JAN, on the dubious waves of error toPd,  
His {hip half founder'd, and his compafs  
loft,

Sees, far as human optics may command,  
A fleeping fog, and fancies it dry land;  
Spreads all his canvafs, every finew plies;  
Pants for it, aims at it, enters it, and dies!  
Then farewell all felf-fatisfying fchemes,  
His well built fyftems, philofophic dreams;  
Deceitful views of future blifs, farewell!  
He reads his fentence at the flames of Hell.

Hard lot of man—to toil for the reward  
Of virtue, and yet love it! Wherefore hard?—  
He that would win the race muft guide his horfe  
Obedient to the cuftoms of the courfe;  
Elfe, though unequal'd to the goal he flies,  
A meaner than himfelf ihall gain the prize.  
Grace leads the right way: if you choofe the wrong,  
Take it and perifh; but refrain your tongue;  
Charge not, with light fufficient and left free,  
Your wilful fuicide on God's decree.

<sup>1</sup> Oh how unlike the complex works of man

Heaven's eafy, artlefs, unencumbered plan!  
 No meretricious graces to beguile,  
 No cluftering ornaments to clog the pile;  
 From oftentation, as from weaknefs, free,  
 It ftands like the cerulean arch we fee,  
 Majeftic in its own fimplicity.  
 Infcribed above the portal, from afar  
 Confpicuous as the brightnefs of a ftar,  
 Legible only by the light they give,  
 Stand the foul-quickenng words—*Believe and live.*  
 Too many, fhock'd at what fhould charm them  
 Defpife the plain direction, and are loft, [moft,  
 Heaven on fuch terms! (they cry witfi proud dif-  
 Incredible, impoffible, and vain!— [dain)  
 Rebel, becaufe 'tis eafy to obey;  
 And fcorn, for its own fake, the gracious way.  
 Thefe are the fober, in whofe cooler brains  
 Some thought of immortality remains;  
 The reft too bufy or too gay to wait  
 On the fad theme, their everlafting ftate,  
 Sport for a day, and perifh in a night;  
 The foam upon the waters not fo light.

Who judg'd the Pharifee? What odious eaufe  
 Expofed him to the vengeance of the laws?  
 Had he feduced a virgin, wrong'd a friend,  
 Or ftabb'd a man to ferve fome private end?  
 Was blafphemy his fin? Or did he ftray  
 From the ftrict duties of the facred day?  
 Sit long and late at the caroufing board?  
 (Such were the fins with which he charged his Lord)  
 No—the man's morals were exaft; what then?  
 'Twas his ambition to be feen of men;

His virtues were his pride; and that one vice  
 Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;  
 He wore them as fine trappings for a ihow,  
 A praying, fynagogue-frequenting beau.

The felf-applauding bird, the peacock, fee—  
 Mark what a fumptuous pharifee is he!  
 Meridian funbeams tempt him to unfold  
 His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold:  
 He treads as if, fome folemn mufic near,  
 His meafured ftep were governed by his ear;  
 And feems to fay—Ye meaner fowl, give place,  
 I am all fplendour, dignity, and grace!

Not fo tffe pheafant on his charms prefumes,  
 Though he too has a glory in his plumes.  
 He, Chriftianlike, retreats with modeft mien  
 To the clofe copfe, or far fequefter'd green,  
 And fhines without defiring to be feen.  
 The plea of works, as arrogant and vain,  
 Heaven turns from with abhorrence and difdain;  
 Not more affronted by avow'd negledt,  
 Than by the mere diffemblers's feign'd refped.  
 What is all righteoufnefs that men devife?  
 • What, but a fordid bargain for the fkies?  
 But Chrift as foon would abdicate his own,  
 As ftoop from heaven to fell the proud a throne.

His dwelling a recefs in fome rude rock;  
 Book, beads, and maple difh, his meagre flock;  
 In fhirt of hair and weeds of canvafs drefTd,  
 Girt with a bell-rope that the Pope has bleff'd;  
 Aduft with ftripes told out for every crime,  
 And fore tormented long before his time;  
 His prayer preferred to faints that cannot aid;

His praise postponed, and never to be paid;  
 See the sage hermit, by mankind admired,  
 With all that bigotry adopts inspired,  
 Wearing out life in his religious whim,  
 Till his religious whimfy wears out him.  
 His works, his abstinence, his zeal allow'd,  
 You think him humble—God accounts him proud.  
 High in demand, though lowly in pretence,  
 Of all his conduct this the genuine sense—  
 My penitential stripes, my {beaming blood,  
 Have purchased heaven, and prove my title good.

Turn eastward now, and Fancy shall apply  
 To your weak sight her telegraphic eye.  
 The Bramin kindles on his own bare head  
 The sacred fire, self-torturing his trade!  
 His voluntary pains, severe and long,  
 Would give a barbarous air to British song;  
 No grand inquisitor could worse invent  
 Than he contrives to suffer well content.

Which is the fainter worthy of the two ?  
 Part all dispute, yon anchorite, say you.  
 Your sentence and mine differ. What's a name ?  
 I say the Bramin has the fairer claim.  
 If sufferings, scripture no where recommends,  
 Devoted by self to answer selfish ends,  
 Give faintship, then all Europe must agree  
 Ten traveling hermits suffer less than he.

The truth is, (if the truth may suit your ear,  
 And prejudice have left a passage clear)  
 Pride has attained its most luxuriant growth,  
 And poison'd every virtue in them both.  
 Pride may be pamper'd while the flesh grows lean;

Humility may clothe an Englifh dean;  
 That grace was Cowper's—his, confeff'd by all—  
 Though placed in golden Durham's fecond ftall.  
 Not all the plenty of a bifhop's board,  
 His palace, and his lacqueys, and " My Lord,"  
 More nourifh pride, that condefcending vice,  
 Than abftinence, and beggary, and lice;  
 It thrives in mifery, and abundant grows:  
 In mifery fools upon themfelves impofe.

But why before us Proteftants produce  
 An Indian myftic, or a French reclufe ?  
 Their fin is plain ; but what have we to fear,  
 Reformed and well intruded ? You fhall hear.

Yon ancient prude, whofe withered features (how  
 She might be young fome forty years ago,  
 Her elbows pinion'd clofe upon her hips,  
 Her head ereft, her fan upon her lips,  
 Her eyebrows arch'd, her eyes both gone aftray  
 To watch yon amorous couple in their play,  
 With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies  
 The rude inclemency of wintry fkies,  
 And fails with lappet head and mincing airs  
 Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers.  
 To thrift and parfimony much inclined,  
 She yet allows herfelf that boy behind;  
 The fhivering urchin, bending as he goes,  
 With flipflop heels, and dewdrop at his nofe,  
 His predeceffor's coat advanced to wear,  
 Which future pages are yet doom'd to fhare,  
 Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,  
 And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.

She, half an angel in her own account,

Doubts not hereafter with the faints to mount,  
 Though not a grace appears on ftridteft fearch,  
 But that fhe fafts, and, item, goes to church.  
 Confcious of age, fhe recollects her youth,  
 And tells, not always with an eye to truth,  
 Who fpann'd her waift, and who, where'er he came,  
 Scrawl'd upon glafs Mifs Bridget's lovely name;  
 Who ftole her flipper, filPd it with tokay,  
 And drank the little bumper every day.  
 Of temper as envenom'd as an afp,  
 Cenforious, and her every word a wafp;  
 In faithful memory fhe records the crimes,  
 Or real or fictitious, of the times;  
 Laughs at the reputations fhe has torn,  
 And holds them dangling at arm's length in fcorn.

Such are the fruits of fanftimonious pride,  
 Of malice fed while flefh is mortified:  
 Take, Madam, the reward of all your prayers,  
 Where hermits and where Bramins meet with  
 theirs;

Your portion is with them.—Nay, never frown,  
 But, if you pleafe, fome fathoms lower down.

Artift, attend—your brufhes and your paint—  
 Produce them—take a chair—now draw a faint.  
 Oh forrowful and fad! the ftreaming tears  
 Channel her cheeks—a Niobe appears!  
 Is this a faint? Throw tints and all away—  
 True piety is cheerful as the day,  
 Will weep indeed and heave a pitying groan  
 For others' woes, but fmiles upon her own.

What purpofe has the King of faints in view?  
 Why falls the gofpel like a gracious dew?

To call up plenty from the teeming earth,  
 Or curfe the defert with a tenfold dearth ?  
 Is it that Adam's offspring may be faved  
 From fervile fear, or be the more enflaved ?  
 To loofe the links that gall'd mankind before,  
 Or bind them fafter on, and add ftill more ?  
 The freeborn Chriftian has no chains to prove,  
 Or, if a chain, the golden one of love :  
 No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,  
 What fear he feels his gratitude infpires.  
 Shall he, for fuch deliverance freely wrought,  
 Recompence ill ? He trembles at the thought.  
 His matter's intereft and his own combined  
 Prompt every movement of his heart and mind :  
 Thought, word, and deed, his liberty evince,  
 His freedom is the freedom of a prince.

Man's obligations infinite, of courfe  
 His life fhould prove that he perceives their force ;  
 His utmoft he can render is but fmall—  
 The principle and motive all in all.  
 You have two fervants—Tom, an arch, fly rogue,  
 From top to toe the Geta now in vogue,  
 Genteel in figure, eafy in addrefs,  
 Moves without noife, and fwift as an exprefs,  
 Reports a meflage with a pleafing grace,  
 Expert in all the duties of his place;  
 Say, on what hinge does his obedience move ?  
 Has he a world of gratitude and love ?  
 No, not a fpark—'tis all mere {harper's play;  
 He likes your houfe, your houfemaids, and your pay;  
 Reduce his wages, or get rid of her,  
 Tom quits you, with—Your moft obedient, Sir.

The dinner ferved, Charles takes his ufual ftand,  
 Watches your eye, anticipates command;  
 Sighs if perhaps your appetite fhould fail;  
 And if he but fufpedts a frown, turns pale;  
 Confults all day your intereft and your eafe,  
 Richly rewarded if he can but pleafe;  
 And, proud to make his firm attachment known,  
 To fave your life would nobly rifk his own.

Now which ftands higheft in your ferious  
 thought ?

Charles, without doubt, fay you—and fo he ought;  
 One aft, that from a thankful heart proceeds,  
 Excels ten thoufand mercenary deeds.

Thus Heaven approves as honeft and fincere  
 The work of generous love and filial fear;  
 But with averted eyes the omnifcient Judge  
 Scorns the bafe hireling, and the flavifh drudge.

Where dwell thefe matchlefs faints ? old Curio  
 cries.

E'en at your fide, Sir, and before your eyes,  
 The favoured few—the enthufiafts you defpife.  
 And pleafed at heart becaufe on holy ground  
 Sometimes a canting hypocrite is found,  
 Reproach a people with his fingle fall,  
 And caft his filthy raiment at them all.  
 Attend! an apt fimilitude fhall fhew  
 Whence fprings the conduft that offends you fo.

See where it fmokes along the founding plain,  
 Blown all aflant, a driving, dafhing rain,  
 Peal upon peal redoubling all around,  
 Shakes it again and fafter to the ground;  
 Now flafling wide, now glancing as in play,



Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away.  
Ere yet it came the traveller urged his fteed,  
And hurried, but with unfuccefsful fpeed ;  
Now drench'd throughout, and hopelefs of his cafe,  
He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace.  
Suppofe, unlook'd for in a fcene fo rude,  
Long hid by interpoling hill or wood,  
Some maniiion, neat and elegantly dreff'd,  
By fome kind hofpitable heart poffeff'd,  
Offer him warmth, fecurity, and reft;  
Think with what pleafure, fafe and at his eafe,  
He hears the tempeft howling in the trees;  
What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ,  
While danger pafPd is turn'd to prefent joy.  
So fares it with the firmer, when he feels  
A growing dread of vengeance at his heels:  
His confcience, like a glafly lake before,  
Lafh'd into foaming waves, begins to roar;  
The law grown clamorous, though filent long,  
Arraigns him, charges him with every wrong—  
Afferts the rights of his offended Lord,  
And death or reftitution is the word:  
The laft impoffible, he fears the firft,  
And, having well deferved, expeds the worft.  
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home;  
Oh for a Ihelter from the wrath to come!  
Crufh me, ye rocks; ye falling mountains, hide,  
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide.—  
The fcrutiny of thofe all-feeing eyes  
I dare not—And you need not, God replies;  
The remedy you want I freely give;  
The book (hall teach you—read, believe, and live!

'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,  
 Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore:  
 And Justice, guardian of the dread command,  
 Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.  
 A foul redeemed demands a life of praise;  
 Hence the complexion of his future days,  
 Hence a demeanour holy and unspick'd,  
 And the world's hatred, as its sure effect.

Some lead a life unblamable and just,  
 Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust:  
 They never sin—or if (as all offend)  
 Some trivial slips their daily walk attend,  
 The poor are near at hand, the charge is small,  
 A flight of gratitude atones for all.  
 For though the Pope has lost his interest here,  
 And pardons are not sold as once they were,  
 No papist more desirous to compound  
 Than some grave sinners upon English ground.  
 That plea refused, other quirks they seek—  
 Mercy is infinite, and man is weak;  
 The future shall obliterate the past,  
 And heaven, no doubt, shall be their home at last.

Come, then—a still, small whisper in your ear—  
 He has no hope that never had a fear;  
 And he that never doubted of his fate,  
 He may perhaps—perhaps he may—too late.

The path to bliss abounds with many a snare;  
 Learning is one, and wit, however rare.  
 The Frenchman, first in literary fame,  
 (Mention him if you please. Voltaire?—The same.)  
 With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,  
 Lived long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died;

The Scripture was his jeft book, whence he drew  
*Bon mots* to gall the Chriftian and the Jew ;  
 An infidel in health, but what when fick ?  
 Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick :  
 View him at Paris in his laft career,  
 Surrounding throngs the demigod revere,  
 Exalted on his pedeftal of pride,  
 And fumed with frankincenfe on every fide,  
 He begs their flattery with his lateft breath,  
 And, fmother'd in't at laft, is praifed to death.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,  
 Pillow and bobbins all her little ftore,  
 Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,  
 Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,  
 Juft earns a fcanty pittance, and at night  
 Lies down fecure, her heart and pocket light;  
 She, for her humble fphere by nature fit  
 Has little underftanding, and no wit,  
 Receives no praife; but, (though her lot be fuch  
 Toilfome and indigent), flie renders much;  
 Juft knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—  
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;  
 And in that charter reads with fparkling eyes  
 Her title to a treafure in the flues.

Oh, happy peafant! Oh, unhappy bard!  
 His the mere tinfel, hers the rich reward;  
 He praifed perhaps for ages yet to come,  
 She never heard of half a mile from home :  
 He, loft in errors, his vain heart prefers,  
 She, fafe in the fimplicity of hers.

Not many wife, rich, noble, or profound  
 In fcience, win one inch of heavenly ground.

And is it not a mortifying thought  
The poor should gain it, and the rich {ould not ?  
No—the voluptuaries, who ne'er forget  
One pleasure lost, lose heaven without regret ;  
Regret would rouse them, and give birth to prayer,  
Prayer would add faith, and faith would fix them  
there.

Not that the Former of us all in this,  
Or aught he does, is governed by caprice;  
The supposition is replete with sin,  
And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.  
Not so—the silver trumpet's heavenly call  
Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all:  
Kings are invited, and would kings obey,  
No slaves on earth more welcome were than they;  
But royalty, nobility, and state,  
Are such a dead preponderating weight,  
That endless bliss (how strange forer it seem),  
In counterpoise, flies up and kicks the beam.  
'Tis open, and ye cannot enter—why ?  
Because ye will not, Conyers would reply—  
And he says much that many may dispute  
And cavil at with ease, but none refute.  
Oh, blest'd elf: of penury and want,  
The feed foun there, how vigorous is the plant!  
No foil like poverty for growth divine,  
As leanest land supplies the richest wine.  
Earth gives too little, giving only bread,  
To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head :  
To them the founding jargon of the schools  
Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools:  
The light they walk by, kindled from above,

Shows them the fhorteft way to life and love:  
They, ftrangers to the controverfial field,  
Where deifts, always foil'd, yet fcorn to yield,  
And never check'd by what impedes the wife,  
Believe, rufli forward, and poffefs the prize.

Envy, ye great, the dull unlettered fmall:  
Ye have much caufe for envy—but not all.  
We boaft fome rich ones whom the Gofpel fways,  
And one that wears a coronet and prays;  
Like gleanings of an olive tree they flow,  
Here and there one upon the topmoft bough.

How readily, upon the Gofpel plan,  
That queftion has its anfwer—What is man?  
Sinful and weak, in every fenfe a wretch;  
An inftrument, whose chords upon the ftretch,  
And ftrain'd to the laft fcrow that he can bear,  
Yield only difcord in his Maker's ear:  
Once the bleft residence of truth divine,  
Glorious as Solyma's interior flirine,  
Where, in his own oracular abode,  
Dwelt vifibly the light-creating God;  
But made long fince, like Babylon of old,  
A den of mifchiefs never to be told:  
And jfhe, once miftrefs of the realms around,  
Now fcatter'd wide and no where to be found,  
As foon fhall rife and reafcend the throne,  
By native power and energy her own,  
As nature, at her own peculiar coft,  
Reftore to man the glories he has loft.  
Go—bid the winter ceafe to chill the year,  
Replace the wandering comet in his fphere,  
Then boaft (but wait for that unhop'd for hour)

The self-reftoring arm of human power.  
 But what is man in his own proud esteem?  
 Hear him—himself the poet and the theme:  
 A monarch clothed with majesty and awe,  
 His mind his kingdom, and his will his law;  
 Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes,  
 Supreme on earth, and worthy of the skies,  
 Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,  
 And, thunderbolts excepted, quite a God!

So long he, charm'd with his own mind and form,  
 The fong magnificent—the theme a worm!  
 Himself so much the fource of his delight,  
 His Maker has no beauty in his fight.  
 See where he fits, contemplative and fix'd,  
 Pleasure and wonder in his features mix'd, •  
 His paffions tamed and all at his control,  
 How perfect the compofure of his foul;  
 Complacency has breathed a gentle gale  
 O'er all his thoughts, and fwell'd his eafy fail:  
 His books well trimm'd, and in the gayeft fyle,  
 Like regimented coxcombs rank and file,  
 Adorn his intellefts as well as fhelves,  
 And teach him notions fplendid as themfelves:  
 The Bible only ftands neglected there,  
 Though that of all moft worthy of his care;  
 And, like an infant troublefome awake,  
 Is left to fleep for peace and quiet fake.

What fhall the man deferue of humankind,  
 Whofe happy fkill and induftry combined  
 Shall prove (what argument could never yet)  
 The Bible an impofture and a cheat?  
 The praifes of the libertine profelTd,

The worst of men, and curses of the best.  
 Where should the living, weeping o'er his woes;  
 The dying, trembling at the awful close;  
 Where the betray'd, forsaken, and oppress'd,  
 The thousands whom the world forbids to rest,  
 Where should they find (those comforts at an end  
 The Scripture yields), or hope to find, a friend?  
 Sorrow might muse herself to madness then,  
 And, seeking exile from the sight of men,  
 Bury herself in solitude profound,  
 Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the ground.  
 Thus often Unbelief, grown sick of life,  
 Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife;  
 The jury meet, the coroner is short,  
 And lunacy the verdict of the court.  
 Reverse the sentence, let the truth be known,  
 Such lunacy is ignorance alone;  
 They knew not, what some bishops may not know,  
 That Scripture is the only cure of woe;  
 That field of promise, how it flings abroad  
 Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road!  
 The foul, repining on afflicted relief,  
 Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,  
 Forgets her labour as she toils along,  
 Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

But the same word, that, like the polished flint,  
 Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care,  
 Kills too the flowery weeds, where'er they grow,  
 That bind the sinner's Bacchanalian brow.  
 Oh, that unwelcome voice of heavenly love,  
 Sad messenger of mercy from above!  
 How does it grate upon his thankless ear,

Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear!  
 His will and judgment at continual strife,  
 That civil war imbitters all his life;  
 In vain he points his powers against the skies,  
 In vain he closes or averts his eyes,  
 Truth will intrude—he bids him yet beware;  
 And shakes the sceptic in the corner's chair.  
 Though various foes against the Truth combine,  
 Pride above all opposes her design;  
 Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,  
 The subtle serpent with the loftiest crest,  
 Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,  
 Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.

And is the foul indeed so lost?—she cries,  
 Fallen from her glory, and too weak to rise?  
 Torpid and dull, beneath a frozen zone,  
 Has she no spark that may be deem'd her own?  
 Grant her indebted to what zealots call  
 Grace undeferved, yet surely not for all!  
 Some beams of reftitude (he yet displays,  
 Some love of virtue, and some power to praise;  
 Can lift herself above corporeal things,  
 And, soaring on her own unborrow'd wings,  
 Possess herself of all that's good or true,  
 Avert the skies, and vindicate her due.  
 Past indiscretion is a venial crime,  
 And if the youth, unmellow'd yet by time,  
 Bore on his branch, luxuriant then and rude,  
 Fruits of a blighted size, austere and crude,  
 Maturer years (shall happier stores produce,  
 And meliorate the well concocted juice.  
 Then, conscious of her meritorious zeal,



To Justice she may make her bold appeal,  
And leave to Mercy, with a tranquil mind,  
The worthless and unfruitful of mankind.  
Hear then how Mercy, flighted and defied,  
Retorts the affront against the crown of Pride.

Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorr'd,  
And the fool with it, that insults his Lord.  
The atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought  
Is not for you—the righteous need it not.  
Seekest thou yon harlot, wooing all she meets,  
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,  
Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,  
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn:  
The gracious Iower, unlimited and free,  
Shall fall on her, when Heaven denies it thee.  
Of all that wisdom dictates this the drift,  
That man is dead in sin, and life a gift.

Is virtue then, unless of Christian growth,  
Mere fallacy, or foolishness, or both?  
Ten thousand fates lost in endless woe,  
For ignorance of what they could not know?  
That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue;  
Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong!  
Truly, not I.—The partial light men have,  
My creed persuades me, well employ'd, may save;  
While he that scorns the noonday beam, perverse,  
Shall find the bleating unimproved a curse.  
Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind  
Left sensuality and drofs behind,  
Possess for me their undisputed lot,  
And take unenvied the reward they fought.  
But still in virtue of a Saviour's plea,

Not blind by choice, but destined not to see.  
 Their fortitude and wisdom were a flame  
 Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,  
 Derived from the same source of light and grace,  
 That guides the Christian in his swifter race ;  
 Their Judge was Conscience, and her rule their law;  
 That rule, pursued with reverence and with awe,  
 Led them, however faltering, faint, and slow,  
 From what they knew to what they wish'd to know.  
 But let not him that shares a brighter day  
 Traduce the splendour of a noontide ray,  
 Prefer the twilight of a darker time,  
 And deem his base stupidity no crime ;  
 The wretch, that flights the bounty of the skies,  
 And sinks while favour'd with the means to rise,  
 Shall find them rated at their full amount,  
 The good he scorn'd all carried to account.

Marshalling all his terrors as he came,  
 Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,  
 From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,  
 Life for obedience, death for every flaw.  
 When the great Sovereign would his will express,  
 He gives a perfect rule, what can He less ?  
 And guards it with a fardion as severe  
 As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear:  
 Else his own glorious rights he would disclaim,  
 And man might safely trifle with his name.  
 He bids him glow with unremitting love  
 To all on earth, and to Himself above;  
 Condemns the injurious deed, the slanderous tongue,  
 The thought that meditates a brother's wrong;  
 Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,

His condud, to the teft, but tries his heart.

Hark! univerfal Nature Ihook and groan'd;  
Twas the laft trumpet—fee the Judge enthroned!  
Roufe all your courage at your utmoft need,  
Now fummon every virtue, ftand and plead.  
What! filent? Is your boafting heard no more?  
That felf-renouncing wifdom, learn'd before,  
Had fhed immortal glories on your brow,  
That all your virtues cannot purchafe now.

All joy to the believer! He can fpeak—  
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.  
Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,  
And cut up all my follies by the root,  
I never trufted in an arm but thine,  
Nor hoped, but in thy righteoufnefs divine:  
My prayers and alms, imperfekt and defiled,  
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;  
Howe'er perform'd, it was their brighteft part,  
That they proceeded from a grateful heart;  
Cleanfed in thine own all-purifying blood,  
Forgive their evil, and accept their good:  
I caft them at thy feet—my only plea  
Is what it was, dependence upon Thee:  
While ftruggling in the vale of tears below,  
That never fail'd, nor ihall it fail me now.

Angelic gratulations rend the ikies,  
Pride falls unpitied, never more to rife,  
Humility is crown'd, and Faith receives the prize.



## EXPOSTULATION.

Tantane, tarn patiens, nullo certamine toll!  
Dona fines ? Vlrg.



WHY weeps the Mufe for England ? What  
appears  
In England's cafe to move the Mufe to  
tears ?

From fide to fide of her delightful ifle  
Is fhe not clothed with a perpetual fmile ?  
Can Nature add a charm, or Art confer  
A new-found luxury, not feen in her ?  
Where under heaven is pleafure more purfued,  
Or where does cold reflection lefs intrude ?  
Her fields a rich expanfe of wavy corn,  
Potir'd out from Plenty's overflowing horn ;  
Ambrofial gardens, in which Art fupplies  
The fervour and the force of Indian fkies ;  
Her peaceful fhores, where bufy Commerce waits  
To pour his golden tide through all her gates;  
Whom fiery funs, that fcorch the ruflet fpice  
Of eaftern groves, and oceans floor'd with ice,  
Forbid in vain to puffh his daring way  
To darker climes, or climes of brighter day;  
Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,  
From the World's girdle to the frozen pole;

The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn ftreets,  
Her vaults below, where every vintage meets;  
Her theatres, her revels, and her fports;  
The fcenes to which not youth alone reforts,  
But age, in fpite of weaknefs and of pain,  
Still haunts, in hope to dream of youth again;  
All fpeak her happy: let the Mufe look round  
From Eaft to Weft, no forrow can be found;  
Or only what, in cottages confined,  
Sighs unregarded to the paffing wind.

Then wherefore weep for England? What appears  
In England's cafe to move the Mufe to tears?

The prophet wept for Ifrael; wifh'd his eyes  
Were fountains fed with infinite fupplies;  
For Ifrael dealt in robbery and wrong;  
There were the fcorner's and the flanderer's tongue;  
Oaths, ufed as playthings or convenient tools,  
As intereft biafd knaves, or fafhion fools;  
Adultery, neighing at his neighbour's door;  
Oppreffion, labouring hard to grind the poor;  
The partial balance and deceitful weight;  
The treacherous fmile, a maſk for fecret hate;  
Hypocrify, formality in prayer,  
And the dull fervice of the lip were there.  
Her women, infolent and felf-careff'd,  
By Vanity's unwearied finger drelTd,  
Forgot the blufh that Virgin fears impart  
To modeft cheeks, and borrowed one from art;  
Were juft fuch trifles, without worth or ufe,  
As filly pride and idleneſs produce;  
Curl'd, fcented, furbelow'd, and flounced around,  
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,

They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,  
And fight'd for every fool that fluttered by.

He saw his people slaves to every lust,  
Lewd, avaricious, arrogant, unjust;  
He heard the wheels of an avenging God  
Groan heavily along the distant road;  
Saw Babylon set wide her two-leaved doors  
To let the military deluge pass;  
Jerusalem a prey, her glory spoil'd,  
Her princes captive, and her treasures spoil'd ;  
Wept till all Israel heard his bitter cry,  
Stamp'd with his foot, and smote upon his thigh;  
But wept, and stamp'd, and smote his thigh in vain,  
Pleasure is deaf when told of future pain,  
And sounds prophetic are too rough to suit  
Ears long accustomed to the pleasing lute :  
They scorn'd his inspiration and his theme,  
Pronounced him frantic, and his fears a dream ;  
With self-indulgence wing'd the fleeting hours,  
Till the foe found them, and down fell the towers.

Long time Assyria bound them in her chain,  
Till penitence had purged the public stain,  
And Cyrus, with relenting pity moved,  
Returned them happy to the land they loved;  
There, proof against prosperity, awhile  
They flood the test of her ensnaring smile,  
And had the grace in scenes of peace to show  
The virtue they had learn'd in scenes of woe.  
But man is frail, and can but ill sustain  
A long immunity from grief and pain;  
And after all the joys that plenty leads,  
With tiptoe step vice silently succeeds.

When he that ruled them with a shepherd's rod,  
In form a man, in dignity a God,  
Came, not expected in that humble guise,  
To lift and search them with unerring eyes,  
He found, conceal'd beneath a fair outside,  
The filth of rottenness and worm of pride;  
Their piety a system of deceit,  
Scripture employed to sanctify the cheat;  
The Pharisee the dupe of his own art,  
Self-idolized, and yet a knave at heart.

When nations are to perish in their sins,  
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins;  
The priest, whose office is, with zeal sincere,  
To watch the fountain and preserve it clear,  
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,  
While others poison what the flock must drink;  
Or, waking at the call of lust alone,  
Infuses lies and errors of his own:  
His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure;  
And, tainted by the very means of cure,  
Catch from each other a contagious spot,  
The foul forerunner of a general rot.  
Then Truth is hush'd, that Heresy may preach;  
And all is traffic that Reason cannot reach;  
Then God's own image on the foul impress'd  
Becomes a mockery and a standing jest;  
And faith, the root whence only can arise  
The graces of a life that wins the skies,  
Loses at once all value and esteem,  
Pronounced by greybeards a pernicious dream:  
Then ceremony leads her bigots forth,  
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;

While truths, on which eternal things depend,  
Find not, or hardly find, a fingle friend:  
As foldiers watch the fignal of command,  
They learn to bow, to kneel, to fit, to ftand;  
Happy to fill religion's vacant place  
With hollow form, and gefture, and grimace.

Such, when the Teacher of his church was there,  
People and priefte, the fons of Ifrael were ;  
Stiff in the letter, lax in the defign  
And import, of their oracles divine;  
Their learning legendary, falfe, abfurd,  
And yet exalted above God's own word;  
They drew a curfe from an intended good,  
PufF'd up with gifts they never underftood.  
He judged them with as terrible a frown,  
As if not love, but wrath, had brought him down:  
Yet he was gentle as foft fummer airs,  
Had grace for others' fins, but none for theirs;  
Through all he fpoke a noble plainnefs ran—  
Rhetoric is artifice, the work of man ;  
And tricks and turns, that fancy may devise,  
Are far too mean for Him that rules the fkies.  
The aftonifh'd vulgar trembled while he tore  
The mafk from faces never feen before;  
He ftripp'd the impoftors in the noonday fun,  
Show'd that they followed all they feem'd to fhun;  
Their prayers made public, their excefs kept  
As private as the chambers where they flept;  
The temple and its holy rites profaned  
By mummeries He that dwelt in it difdain'd;  
Uplifted hands, that at convenient times  
Could adt extortion and the worft of crimes,



Wafli'd with a neatnefs fcrupuloufly nice,  
And free from every taint but that of vice.  
Judgement, however tardy, mends her pace  
When Obftinacy once has conquer'd Grace.  
They faw diftemper heal'd, and life reftored,  
In anfwer to the fiat of his word;  
ConfefTd the wonder, and with daring tongue  
Blafphemed the authority from which it fprung.  
They knew, by fure prognoftics feen on high,  
The future tone and temper of the fky;  
But, grave diflembles! could not underftand  
That fin let loofe fpeaks punifhment at hand.

Afk now of hiftory's authentic page,  
And call up evidence from every age;  
Difplay with buiy and laborious hand  
The bleflings of the moft indebted land;  
What nation will you find, whofe annals prove  
So rich an intereft in Almighty love ?  
Where dwell they now, where dwelt in ancient day  
A people planted, water'd, bleft as they ?  
Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim  
The favours pour'd upon the Jewifli name;  
Their freedom purchafed for them at the coil  
Of all their hard oppreffors valued moft;  
Their title to a country not their own  
Made fure by prodigies till then unknown;  
For them the ftates they left made wafte and void;  
For them the ftates to which they went deftroy'd;  
A cloud to meafure out their march by day,  
By night a fire to cheer the gloomy way;  
That moving fignal fummoning, when beft,  
Their hofit to move, and, when it ftay'd, to reft.

For them the rocks difflbled into a flood,  
The dewes condenfed into angelic food,  
Their very garments facred, old yet new,  
And Time forbid to touch them as he flew;  
Streams, fwelPd above the bank, enjoin'd to ftand  
While they pafFd through to their appointed land;  
Their leader arm'd with meeknefs, zeal, and love,  
And graced with clear credentials from above;  
Themfelves fecured beneath the Almighty wing;  
Their God their captain,\* lawgiver, and king;  
Crown'd with a thoufand victories, and at laft  
Lords of the conquer'd foil, there rooted faft,  
In peace poffeffing what they won by war,  
Their name far publifh'd, and revered as far;  
Where will you find a race like theirs, endow'd  
With all that man e'er wilh'd, or Heaven beftow'd ?

They, and they only, amongft all mankind,  
Received the tranfcript of the eternal Mind:  
Were trufted with his own engraven laws,  
And conftituted guardians of his caufe;  
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the prieftly call,  
And theirs by birth the Saviour of us all.  
In vain the nations, that had feen them rife  
With fierce and envious yet admiring eyes,  
Had fought to crufti them, guarded as they were  
By power divine, and fkill that could not err.  
Had they maintain'd allegiance firm and fure,  
And kept the faith immaculate and pure,  
Then the proud eagles of all-conquering Rome  
Had found one city not to be overcome;

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\* Vide Jofhua v. 14.

And the twelve ftandards of the tribes unfurl'd  
Had bid defiance to the warring world.  
But grace abused brings forth the fouleft deeds,  
As richeft foil the moft luxuriant weeds.  
Cured of the golden calves, their fathers' fin,  
They fet up felf, that idol god within;  
View'd a Deliverer with difdain and hate,  
Who left them ftill a tributary ftate;  
Seized faft his hand, held out to fet them free  
From a worfe yoke, and nail'd it to the tree:  
There was the confummation and the crown,  
The flower of Ifrael's infamy full blown;  
Thence date their fad declenfion, and their fall,  
Their woes, not yet repeal'd, thence date them all.

Thus fell the beft instructed in her day,  
And the moft favoured land, look where we may.  
Philofophy indeed on Grecian eyes  
Had pour'd the day, and clear'd the Roman fkies;  
In other climes perhaps creative art,  
With power furpafling theirs, performed her part;  
Might give more life to marble, or might fill  
The glowing tablets with a jufter ikill,  
Might fhine in fable, and grace idle themes  
With all the embroidery of poetic dreams;  
'Twas theirs alone to dive into the plan  
That truth and mercy had reveal'd to man ;  
And, while the world befide, that plan unknown,  
Deified ufelefs wood or fenfelefs ftone.  
They breathed in faith their well directed prayers,  
And the true God, the God of truth, was theirs.

Their glory faded, and their race difperfed,  
The laft of nations now, though once the firft;

They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,  
Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn :  
If we escaped not, if Heaven spared not us,  
PeePd, scatter'd, and exterminated thus;  
If Vice received her retribution due,  
When we were visited, what hope for you ?  
When God arises with an awful frown  
To punish lust, or pluck presumption down ;  
When gifts perverted, or not duly prized,  
Pleasure overvalued, and his grace despised,  
Provoke the vengeance of his righteous hand,  
To pour down wrath upon a thankless land:  
He will be found impartially severe,  
Too just to wink, or speak the guilty clear.

Oh Israel, of all nations most undone!  
Thy diadem displaced, thy sceptre gone ;  
Thy temple, once thy glory, fallen and rased,  
And thou a worshipper e'en where thou mayst;  
Thy services, once only without spot,  
Mere shadows now, their ancient pomp forgot;  
Thy Levites, once a consecrated host,  
No longer Levites, and their lineage lost,  
And thou thyself o'er every country frown,  
With none on earth that thou canst call thine own;  
Cry aloud, thou that fittest in the dust,  
Cry to the proud, the cruel, and unjust ;  
Knock at the gates of nations, rouse their fears;  
Say wrath is coming, and the storm appears;  
But raise the shrillest cry in British ears.

What ails thee, restless as the waves that roar,  
And fling their foam against thy chalky shore ?  
Mistress, at least while Providence (shall please,

And trident-bearing queen of the wide seas—  
 Why, having kept good faith, and often (hown  
 Friendship and truth to others, find'st thou none ?  
 Thou that hast fet the persecuted free,  
 None interposes now to succour thee.  
 Countries indebted to thy power, that flin'e  
 With light derived from thee, would smother thine:  
 Thy very children watch for thy disgrace,  
 A lawless brood, and curse thee to thy face.  
 Thy rulers load thy credit, year by year,  
 With sums Peruvian mines could never clear;  
 As if, like arches built with skillful hand,  
 The more 'twere press'd the firmer it would stand.

The cry in all thy ships is still the same,  
 Speed us away to battle and to fame.  
 Thy mariners explore the wild expanse,  
 Impatient to defy the flags of France;  
 But, though they fight as thine have ever fought,  
 Return ashamed without the wreaths they fought.  
 Thy senate is a scene of civil jar,  
 Chaos of contraries at war;  
 Where sharp and solid, phlegmatic and light,  
 Discordant atoms meet, ferment, and fight;  
 Where Obstinacy takes his sturdy stand,  
 To disconcert what Policy has planned;  
 Where Policy is buffed all night long  
 In setting right what Faction has set wrong;  
 Where flails of oratory thresh the floor,  
 That yields them chaff and dust, and nothing more.  
 Thy rack'd inhabitants repine, complain,  
 Tax'd till the brow of Labour sweats in vain;  
 War lays a burden on the reeling state,

And Peace does nothing to relieve the weight;  
Successeful loads succeeding broils impose,  
And fighting millions prophesy the close.

Is adverse Providence, when ponder'd well,  
So dimly writ, or difficult to spell,  
Thou canst not read with readiness and ease  
Providence adverse in events like these?  
Know then that heavenly wisdom on this ball  
Creates, gives birth to, guides, consummates all;  
That, while laborious and quick-thoughted man  
Snuffs up the praise of what he seems to plan,  
He first conceives, then perfects his design,  
As a mere instrument in hands divine:  
Blind to the working of that secret power  
That balances the wings of every hour,  
The busy trifler dreams himself alone,  
Frames many a purpose, and God works his own.  
States thrive or wither as moons wax and wane,  
Even as his will and his decrees ordain;  
While honour, virtue, piety, bear sway,  
They flourish; and, as these decline, decay:  
In just repentment of his injured laws,  
He pours contempt on them, and on their cause;  
Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart  
The web of every scheme they have at heart;  
Bids rottenness invade and bring to dust  
The pillars of support in which they trust,  
And do his errand of disgrace and blame  
On the chief strength and glory of the frame.  
None ever yet impeded what He wrought,  
None bars Him out from his most secret thought:  
Darkness itself before His eyes is light,

And Hell's clofe mifchief naked in His fight.

Stand now and judge thyfelf—Haft thou incurr'd  
His anger who can waſte thee with a word,  
Who poiſes and proportions fea and land,  
Weighing them in the hollow of his hand,  
And in whoſe awful fight all nations ſeem  
As graſhoppers, as duſt, a drop, a dream ?  
Haft thou (a ſacrilege his foul abhors)  
Claim'd all the glory of thy prosperous wars ?  
Proud of thy fleets and armies, ſtolen the gem  
Of his juſt praiſe, to lavifh it on them ?  
Haft thou not learn'd, what thou art often told,  
A truth ſtill ſacred, and believed of old,  
That no ſucceſs attends on ſpears and ſwords  
Unbleſt, and that the battle is the Lord's ?  
That Courage is his creature; and Diſmay  
The poſt, that at his bidding ſpeeds away,  
Ghaſtly in feature, and his ſtammering tongue  
With doleful rumour and bad preſage hung,  
To quell the valour of the ſtoutest heart,  
And teach the combatant a woman's part ?  
That he bids thouſands fly when none purſue,  
Saves as he will by many or by few,  
And claims for ever, as his royal right,  
The event and ſure deciſion of the fight ?

Haft thou, tho' ſuckled at fair Freedom's breſt,  
Exported ſlavery to the conquer'd Eaſt ?  
Pull'd down the tyrants India ſerved with dread,  
And raiſed thyſelf, a greater, in their ſtead ?  
Gone thither arm'd and hungry, return'd full,  
Fed from the richeſt veins of the Mogul,  
A deſpot big with power obtain'd by wealth,

And that obtain'd by rapine and by ftealth ?  
 With Afiatic vices ftored thy mind,  
 But left their virtues and thine own behind ?  
 And, having truck'd thy foul, brought home the fee,  
 To tempt the poor to fell himfelf to thee ?

Haft thou by ftatute fhoved from its defign  
 The Saviour's feaft, his own bleft bread and wine,  
 And made the iymbols of atoning grace  
 An office key, a picklock to a place,  
 That infidels may prove their title good  
 By an oath dipp'd in facramental blood ?  
 A blot that will be ftill a blot, in fpite  
 Of all that grave apologifts may write;  
 And though a Bifhop toil to cleanfe the ftain,  
 He wipes and fcours the filver cup in vain.  
 And haft thou fworn on every flight pretence,  
 Till perjuries are common as bad pence,  
 While thoufands, carelefs of the damning fin,  
 Kifs the book's outfide, who ne'er look within ?

Haft thou, when Heaven has clothed thee with  
 difgrace,  
 And, long provoked, repaid thee to thy face  
 (For thou haft known eclipfes, and endured  
 Dimnefs and anguifh, all thy beams obfcured,  
 When fin'has fhed difhonour on thy brow;  
 And never of a fabler hue than now),  
 Haft thou, with heart perverfe and confcience fear'd,  
 Defpifing all rebuke, ftill perfevered,  
 And having chofen evil, fcorn'd the voice  
 That cried Repent!—and gloried in thy choice ?  
 Thy faftings, when calamity at laft  
 Suggefts the expedient of a yearly faft,



What mean they ? Canst thou dream there is a  
In lighter diet at a later hour, [power  
To charm to fleep the threatenings of the flues,  
And hide paft folly from all-feeing eyes ?  
The faft that wins deliverance, and fufpends  
The ftroke that a vindictive God intends,  
Is to renounce hypocrify ; to draw  
Thy life upon the pattern of the law ;  
To war with pleafures, idolized before ;  
To vanquifh luft, and wear its yoke no more.  
All fafting elfe, whate'er be the pretence,  
Is wooing mercy by renew'd offence.

Haft thou within thee fins, that in old time  
Brought fire from Heaven, the fex-abufing crime,  
Whofe horrid perpetration ftamps difgrace,  
Baboons are free from, upon human race ?  
Think on the fruitful and well water'd fpot  
That fed the flocks and herds of wealthy Lot,  
Where Paradife feem'd ftill vouchsafed on earth,  
Burning and fcorch'd into perpetual dearth,  
Or, in his words who damn'd the bafe defire,  
Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire :  
Then Nature injured, fcandalized, defiled,  
Unveil'd her blufhing cheek, look'd on, and fmiled ;  
Beheld with joy the lovely fcene defaced,  
And praifed the wrath that laid her beauties wafte.

Far be the thought from any verfe of mine,  
And farther ftill the form'd and fix'd defign,  
To thruft the charge of deeds that I deleft  
Againft an innocent unconfcious breaft ;  
The man that dares traduce, becaufe he can  
With fafety to himfelf, is not a man :

An individual is a facred mark,  
 Not to be pierced in play, or in the dark;  
 But public cenfure fpeaks a public foe,  
 Unlefs a zeal for virtue guide the blow.

The prietly brotherhood, devout, fincere,  
 From mean felf-intereft and ambition clear,  
 Their hope in Heaven, fervility their fcorn,  
 Prompt to perfuade, expoftulate, and warn,  
 Their wifdom pure, and given them from above,  
 Their ufefulness enfured by zeal and love,  
 As meek as the man Mofes, and withal  
 As bold as in Agrippa's prefence Paul,  
 Should fly the world's contaminating touch,  
 Holy and unpolluted:—are thine fuch ?  
 Except a few with Eli's fpirit bleft,  
 Hophni and Phineas may defcribe the reft.

Where fhall a teacher look, in days like thefe,  
 For ears and hearts that he can hope to pleafe ?  
 Look to the poor,—the fimple and the plain  
 Will hear perhaps thy falutary ftrain:  
 Humility is gentle, apt to learn,  
 Speak but the word, will Men and return.  
 Alas, not fo! the pooreft of the flock  
 Are proud, and fet their faces as a rock ;  
 Denied that earthly opulence they choofe,  
 God's better gift they fcoff at and refufe.  
 The rich, the produce of a nobler ftem,  
 Are more intelligent at leaft,—try them.  
 Oh vain inquiry! they without remorse  
 Are altogether gone a devious courfe;  
 Wherebeckoning Pleafure leads them, wildly ftray;  
 Have burft the bands, and caft the yoke away.

Now borne upon the wings of truth fublime,  
Review thy dim original and prime.  
This ifland, fpot of unreclaimed rude earth,  
The cradle that received thee at thy birth,  
Was rock'd by many a rough Norwegian blaft,  
And Danifh howlings feared thee as they pafTd;  
For thou waft born amid the din of arms,  
And fuck'd a breaft that panted with alarms.  
While yet thou waft a groveling puling chit,  
Thy bones not fafhion'd, and thy joints not knit,  
The Roman taught thy ftubborn knee to bow,  
Though twice a Cefar could not bend thee now.  
His viftory was that of orient light,  
When the fun's shafts difperfe the gloom of night.  
Thy language at this diftant moment (hows  
How much the country to the conqueror owes;  
Exprefſive, energetic, and refined,  
It fparkles with the gems he left behind:  
He brought thy land a blefling when he came,  
He found thee favage, and he left thee tame;  
Taught thee to clothe thy pink'd and painted hide,  
And grace thy figure with a foldier's pride;  
He fow'd the feeds of order where he went,  
Improved thee far beyond his own intent,  
And, while he ruled thee by the fword alone,  
Made thee at laft a warrior like his own.  
Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,  
Needs only to be feen to be admired ;  
But thine, as dark as witcheries of the night,  
Was form'd to harden hearts and flock the fight ;  
Thy Druids ftruck the well ftrung harps they bore  
With fingers deeply dyed in human gore;

And while the victim flowly bled to death,  
Upon the tolling chords rung out his dying breath.

Whobrought the lamp that with awakening beams  
Difpell'd thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams,  
Tradition, now decrepit and worn out,  
Babbler of ancient fables, leaves a doubt:  
But ftill light reach'd thee; and thofe gods of thine,  
Woden and Thor, each tottering in his fhrine,  
Fell broken and defaced at his own door,  
As Dagon in Philiftia long before.

But Rome with forceries and magic wand  
Soon raifed a cloud that darkened every land;  
And thine was fmother'd in the ftench and fog  
Of Tiber's marfhes and the papal bog.

Then priefts with bulls and briefs and (haven crowns,  
And griping fifts, and unrelenting frowns,  
Legates and delegates with powers from hell,  
Though heavenly in pretenfion, fleeced thee well;  
And to this hour, to keep it frefh in mind.

Some twigs of that old fcourge are left behind.\*  
Thy foldiery, the Pope's well managed pack,  
Were trained beneath his lafh, and knew the fmack,  
And, when he laid them on the fcant of blood,  
Would hunt a Saracen through fire and flood.

Lavifh of life, to win an empty tomb,  
That proved a mint of wealth, a mine to Rome,  
They left their bones beneath unfriendly ikies,  
His worthlefs abfolution all the prize.

Thou waft the verieft flave, in days of yore,  
That ever dragg'd a chain or tugg'd an oar;

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\* Which may be found at Doctors' Commons.

Thy monarchs arbitrary, fierce, unjust,  
 Themſelves the flaves of bigotry or luſt,  
 Diſdain'd thy counſels, only in diſtreſs  
 Found thee a goodly ſponge for Power to preſs.  
 Thy chiefs, the lords of many a petty fee,  
 Provoked and haraſſ'd, in return plagued thee;  
 Call'd thee away from peaceable employ,  
 Domeſtic happineſs and rural joy,  
 To waſte thy life in arms, or lay it down  
 In cauſeleſs feuds and bickerings of their own.  
 Thy parliaments adored, on bended knees,  
 The Sovereignty they were conven'd to pleaſe;  
 Whate'er was aſk'd, too timid to reſiſt,  
 Compli'd with, and were graciouſly diſmiſſ'd;  
 And if ſome Spartan foul a doubt expreſſ'd,  
 And, bluſhing at the tamenefs of the reſt,  
 Dared to ſuppoſe the ſubjeſt had a choice,  
 He was a traitor by the general voice.  
 O Have! with powers thou didſt not dare exert,  
 Verſe cannot ſtoop ſo low as thy deſert;  
 It ſhakes the fides of ſplenetic Diſdain,  
 Thou ſelf-entitled ruler of the main,  
 To trace thee to the date when yon fair ſea,  
 That clips thy ſhores, had no ſuch charms for thee;  
 When other nations flew from coaſt to coaſt,  
 And thou haſt neither fleet nor flag to boaſt.

Kneel now, and lay thy forehead in the duſt;  
 Bluſh if thou canſt; not petrified, thou muſt:  
 Aſt but an honeſt and a faithful part;  
 Compare what then thou waſt with what thou art;  
 And God's diſpoſing providence confeſſ'd,  
 Obduracy itſelf muſt yield the reſt.—

Then thou art bound to ferve him, and to prove,  
Hour after hour, thy gratitude and love.

Has he not hid thee, and thy favour'd land,  
For ages fafe beneath his flickering hand,  
Given thee his bleffing on the cleared proof,  
Bid nations leagued againft thee ftand aloof,  
And charged Hoftility and Hate to roar  
Where elfe they would, but not upon thy fhore ?  
His power fecured thee, when prefumptuous Spain  
Baptized her fleet Invincible in vain;  
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and refig'n'd  
To every pang that racks an anxious mind,  
Afk'd of the waves that broke upon his coaft,  
What tidings ? and the furge replied—All loft!  
And when the Stuart, leaning on the Scot,  
Then too much fear'd, and now too much forgot,  
Pierced to the very centre of thy realm,  
And hoped to feize his abdicated helm,  
'Twas but to prove how quickly, with a frown,  
He that had raifed thee could have pluck'd thee  
Peculiar is the grace by thee poffeſſ'd, [down.  
Thy foes implacable, thy land at reft ;  
Thy thunders travel over earth and feas,  
And all at home is pleafure, wealth, and eafe.  
'Tis thus, extending his tempeftuous arm,  
Thy Maker fills the nations with alarm,  
While his own Heaven furveys the troubled fcene,  
And feels no change, unfhaken and ferene.  
Freedom, in other lands fcarce known to flrine,  
Pours out a flood of fplendour upon thine;  
Thou haft as bright an intereft in her rays  
As ever Roman had in Rome's beft days.

True freedom is where no restraint is known  
That Scripture, justice, and good sense difown.  
Where only vice and injury are tied,  
And all from shore to shore is free beside.  
Such freedom is—and Windfor's hoary towers  
Stood trembling at the boldness of thy powers,  
That won a nymph on that immortal plain,  
Like her the fabled Phoebus woo'd in vain :  
He found the laurel only—happier you  
The unfading laurel, and the virgin too!

Now think, if Pleasure have a thought to spare;  
If God himself be not beneath her care;  
If business, constant as the wheels of time,  
Can pause one hour to read a serious rhyme ;  
If the new mail thy merchants now receive,  
Or expectation of the next give leave ;  
Oh think, if chargeable with deep arrears  
For such indulgence gilding all thy years,  
How much, though long neglected, shining yet,  
The beams of heavenly truth have swelPd the debt.  
When persecuting zeal made royal sport  
With tortured innocence in Mary's court,  
And Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,  
Enjoy'd the (how, and danced about the flake ;  
The sacred book, its value understood,  
Received the seal of martyrdom in blood.  
Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,  
Seem to reflection of a different race,  
Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere,  
In such a cause they could not dare to fear ;

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\* Alluding to the grant of Magna Charta, which was extorted from King John by the barons at Runnymede near Windfor.

They could not purchase earth with such a prize,  
Nor spare a life too short to reach the skies.  
From them to thee, convey'd along the tide  
Their streaming hearts pour'd freely, when they died,  
Those truths, which neither use nor years impair,  
Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.  
What dotage will not Vanity maintain ?  
What web too weak to catch a modern brain ?  
The moles and bats in full assembly find,  
On special search, the keen-eyed eagle blind.  
And did they dream, and art thou wiser now ?  
Prove it—if better, I submit and bow.  
Wisdom and Goodness are twin-born, one heart  
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.

So then—as darkness overspread the deep,  
Ere Nature rose from her eternal sleep,  
And this delightful earth, and that fair sky,  
Leap'd out of nothing, call'd by the Most High;  
By such a change thy darkness is made light,  
Thy chaos order, and thy weakness might ;  
And He, whose power mere nullity obeys,  
Who found thee nothing, form'd thee for his praise.  
To praise him is to serve him, and fulfil,  
Doing and suffering, his unquestion'd will;  
'Tis to believe what men inspired of old,  
Faithful, and faithfully inform'd, unfold;  
Candid and just, with no false aim in view,  
To take for truth what cannot but be true;  
To learn in God's own school the Christian part,  
And bind the sacred assign'd thee to thine heart:  
Happy the man there seeking and there found,  
Happy the nation where such men abound!



How fhall a verfe imprefs thee ? by what name  
Shall I adjure thee not to court thy fhame ?  
By theirs whofe bright example, unimpeach'd,  
Direfts thee to that eminence they reach'd,  
Heroes and worthies of days paft, thy fires ?  
Or His, who touch'd their heart with hallow'd fires ?  
Their names, alas ! in vain reproach an age,  
Whom all the vanities they fcorn'd engage ;  
And His, that feraphs tremble at, is hung  
Difgracefully on every trifler's tongue,  
Or ferves the champion in forenfic war  
To flourifh and parade with at the bar.  
Pleasure herfelf perhaps fuggefts a plea,  
If intereft move thee, to perfuade e'en thee ;  
By every charm that fmiles upon her face,  
By joys poffeft, and joys ftill held in chafe,  
If dear fociety be worth a thought,  
And if the feaft of freedom cloy thee not,  
Refleft that thefe, and all that feems thine own,  
Held by the tenure of his will alone,  
Like angels in the fervice of their Lord,  
Remain with thee, or leave thee at his word !  
That gratitude and temperance in our ufe  
Of what he gives, unfparing and profufe,  
Secure the favour, and enhance the joy,  
That thanklefs wafte and wild abufe deftroy.

But above all reflect, how cheap foe'er  
Thofe rights, that millions envy thee, appear,  
And though refolv'd to rifk them, and fwim down  
The tide of pleasure, heedlefs of His frown,  
That bleffings truly facred, and when given,  
Mark'd with the fignature and ftamp of Heaven,

The word of prophecy, those truths divine,  
Which make that Heaven, if thou desire it, thine,  
(Awful alternative! believed, beloved,  
Thy glory, and thy shame if unimproved),  
Are never long vouchsafed, if puff'd aside  
With cold disgust or philosophic pride;  
And that, judicially withdrawn, disgrace,  
Error, and darkness occupy their place.

A world is up in arms, and thou, a spot  
Not quickly found, if negligently fought,  
Thy foul as ample as thy bounds are small,  
Endurest the brunt, and dar'st defy them all;  
And wilt thou join to this bold enterprise  
A bolder still, a contest with the Iksies?  
Remember, if He guard thee and secure,  
Whoe'er assails thee, thy success is sure;  
But if He leave thee, though the {kill and power  
Of nations, sworn to spoil thee and devour,  
Were all collected in thy single arm,  
And thou could'st laugh away the fear of harm,  
That strength would fail, opposed against the push  
And feeble onset of a pigmy ru(h.

Say not (and if the thought of such defence  
Should spring within thy bosom, drive it thence),  
What nation amongst all my foes is free  
From crimes as base as any charged on me?  
Their measure fill'd, they too shall pay the debt,  
Which God, though long forbore, will not forget.  
But know that Wrath divine, when most severe,  
Makes justice still the guide of his career,  
And will not punish, in one mingled crowd,  
Them without light, and thee without a cloud.

Mufe, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,  
Still murmuring with the folemn truths I teach;  
And while at intervals a cold blaft fings  
Through the dry leaves, and pants upon the firings,  
My foul fhall figh in fecret, and lament  
A nation fcourged, yet tardy to repent.  
I know the warning fong is fung in vain;  
That few will hear, and fewer heed the ftrain;  
But if a fweeter voice, and one defign'd  
A bleffing to my country and mankind,  
Reclaim the wandering thoufands, and bring home  
A flock fo fcatter'd and fo wont to roam,  
Then place it once again between my knees;  
The found of truth will then be fure to pleafe;  
And truth alone, where'er my life be caft,  
In fcenes of plenty, or the pining wafte,  
Shall be my chofen theme, my glory to the laft.





## HOPE.

. . . . . doceas iter, et facra oftia pandas.

*Pirg. En. 6.*



?SK what is human life—the fage replies,  
Withdifappointment lowering in his eyes,  
A painful paffage o'er a reftlefs flood,  
A vain purfuit of fugitive falfe good,  
A fcene of fancied blifs and heart-felt care,  
Clofing at laft in darknefs and defpair.  
The poor, inured to drudgery and diftreffs,  
Aft without aim, think little, and feel lefs,  
And no where, but in feign'd Arcadian fcenes,  
Tafte happinefs, or know what pleafure means.  
Riches are paff'd away from hand to hand,  
As fortune, vice, or folly may command;  
As in a dance the pair that take the lead  
Turn downward, and the loweft pair fucceed,  
So fhifting and fo various is the plan  
By which Heaven rules the mix'd affairs of man;  
Viciffitude wheels round the motley crowd,  
The rich grow poor, the poor become purfe-proud;  
Bufmefs is labour, and man's weaknefs fuch,  
Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much:  
The very fenfe of it foregoes its ufe,

By repetition pall'd, by age obtuse.  
 Youth loft in diffipation we deplore,  
 Through life's fad remnant, what no fighs reftore;  
 Our years, a fruitlefs race without a prize,  
 Too many, yet too few to make us wife.

Dangling his cane about, and taking fnuff,  
 Lothario cries, What philofophic fluff—  
 O querulous and weak ;—whofe ufelefs brain  
 Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain;  
 Whofe eye reverted weeps o'er all the paff,  
 Whofe proppedl (hows thee a difheartening waffe;  
 Would age in thee relign his wintry reign,  
 And youth invigorate that frame again,  
 Renew'd defire would grace with other fpeech  
 Joys always prized, when placed within our reach.

For lift thy palfied head, {hake off the gloom  
 That overhangs the borders of thy tomb,  
 See Nature gay, as when fhe firft began  
 With fmiles alluring her admirer man;  
 She fpreads the morning over eaftern hills,  
 Earth glitters with the drops the night diftills;  
 The fun, obedient, at her call appears  
 To fling his glories o'er the robe fhe wears;  
 Banks clothed with flowers, groves fill'd with  
     fpriightly founds,  
 The yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, rifing grounds,  
 Streams edged with ofiers, fattening every field  
 Where'er they flow, now feen and now conceal'd ;  
 From the blue rim, where fkies and mountains meet,  
 Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,  
 Ten thoufand charms, that only fools defpife,  
 Or pride can look at with indifferent eyes,

All fpeak one language, all with one fweet voice  
 Cry to her univerfal realm, Rejoice!  
 Man feels the fpur of paffions and defires,  
 And fhe gives largely more than he requires;  
 Not that his hours devoted all to Care,  
 Hollow-eyed Abftinence, and lean Defpair,  
 The wretch may pine, while to his fmell, tafte, fight,  
 She holds a Paradife of rich delight;  
 But gently to rebuke his awkward fear,  
 To prove that what fhe gives fhe gives fincere,  
 To banifh hefitation, and proclaim  
 His happinefs, her dear, her only aim.  
 'Tis grave Philofophy's abfurdeft dream,  
 That Heaven's intentions are not what they feem,  
 That only fhadows are difpenfed below,  
 And earth has no reality but woe.

Thus things terreftrial wear a different hue,  
 As youth or age perfuades; and neither true.  
 So Flora's wreath through colour'd cryftal feen,  
 The rofe or lily appears blue or green,  
 But ftill the imputed tints are thofe alone  
 The medium reprefents, and not their own.

To rife at noon, fit flipfhod and undrefT'd,  
 To read the news, or fiddle, as feems beft,  
 Till half the world comes rattling at his door,  
 To fill the dull vacuity till four;  
 And, juft when evening turns the blue vault gray,  
 To fpend two hours in dreffing for the day;  
 To make the Sun a bauble without ufe,  
 Save for the fruits his heavenly beams produce ;  
 Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,  
 Who bids him fhine, or if he fhine or not;

Through mere neceffity to clofe his eyes  
Juft when the larks and when the fhepherds rife;  
Is fuch a life, fo tediouslly the fame,  
So void of all utility or aim,  
That poor Jonquil, with almoft every breath,  
Sighs for his exit, vulgarly called death:  
For he, with all his follies, has a mind  
Not yet fo blank, or fafhionably blind,  
But now and then perhaps a feeble ray  
Of diftant wifdom fhoots acrofs his way;  
By which he reads, that life without a plan,  
As ufelefs as the moment it began,  
Serves merely as a foil for difcontent  
To thrive in; an incumbrance ere half fpent.  
Oh! wearinefs beyond what afles feel,  
That tread the circuit of the ciftern wheel;  
A dull rotation, never at a ftay,  
Yefterday's face twin image of to-day;  
While converfation, an exhausted flock,  
Grows drowiy as the clicking of a clock.  
No need, he cries, of gravity ftuff'd out  
With academic dignity devout,  
To read wife lectures, vanity the text:  
Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next;  
For truth felf-evident, with pomp imprefTd,  
Is vanity furpaffing all the reft.

That remedy, not hid in deeps profound,  
Yet feldom fought where only to be found,  
While paflion turns afide from its due fcope  
The inquirer's aim, that remedy is Hope.  
Life is His gift, from whom whate'er life needs,  
And every good and perfed gift, proceeds;

Bestow'd on man, like all that we partake,  
Royally, freely, for his bounty's sake;  
Transient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,  
And yet the feed of an immortal flower;  
Design'd, in honour of his endless love,  
To fill with fragrance his abode above;  
No trifle, howsoever short it seem,  
And, howsoever shadowy, no dream ;  
Its value, what no thought can ascertain,  
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain.

Men deal with life as children with their play,  
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away ;  
Live to no sober purpose, and contend  
That their Creator had no serious end.  
When God and man stand opposite in view,  
Man's disappointment must of course ensue.  
The just Creator condescends to write,  
In beams of inextinguishable light,  
His names of wisdom, goodness, power, and love,  
On all that blooms below, or shines above;  
To catch the wandering notice of mankind,  
And teach the world, if not perversely blind,  
His gracious attributes, and prove the share  
His offspring hold in his paternal care.  
If, led from earthly things to things divine,  
His creature thwart not his august design,  
Then praise is heard instead of reasoning pride,  
And captious cavil and complaint subside.  
Nature, employ'd in her allotted place,  
Is handmaid to the purposes of Grace;  
By good vouchsafed makes known superior good,  
And bliss not seen by blessings understood:



That blifs, reveal'd in Scripture, with a glow  
 Bright as the covenant-enfuring bow,  
 Fires all his feelings with a noble fcorn  
 Of fenfual evil, and thus Hope is born.

Hope fets the ftamp of vanity on all  
 That men have deem'd fubftantial fince the fall,  
 Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe  
 From emptinefs itfelf a real ufe ;  
 And while fhe takes, as at a father's hand,  
 What health and fober appetite demand,  
 From fading good derives, with chemic art,  
 That lafting happinefs, a thankful heart.  
 Hope, with uplifted foot, fet free from earth,  
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,  
 On fteady wings fails through the immense abyfs,  
 Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of blifs,  
 And crowns the foul, while yet a mourner here,  
 With wreaths like thofe triumphant fpirits wear.  
 Hope, as an anchor firm and fure, holds faft  
 The Chriftian veflel, and defies the blaft.  
 Hope! nothing elfe can nourifh and fecure  
 His new-born virtues, and preferve him pure.  
 Hope ! let the wretch, once confcious of the joy,  
 Whom now defpairing agonies deftroy,  
 Speak, for he can, and none fo well as he,  
 What treafures centre, what delights in thee.  
 Had he the gems, the fpices, and the land  
 That boafts the treafure, all at his command;  
 The fragrant grove, the ineftimable mine,  
 Were light, when weigh'd againft one fmile of thine.

Though, clafp'd and cradled in his nurfe's arms,  
 He fhine with all a cherub's artlefs charms,

Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,  
 Stubborn and fturdy, a wild afs's colt;  
 His paffions, like the watery ftores that fleep  
 Beneath the fmiling furface of the deep,  
 Wait but the lafhes of a wintry fform,  
 To frown and roar, and fhake his feeble form.  
 From infancy through childhood's giddy maze,  
 Fro ward at fchool, and fretful in his plays,  
 The puny tyrant burns to fubjugate  
 The free republic of the whip-gig jftate.  
 If one, his equal in athletic frame,  
 Or, more provoking ftill, of nobler name,  
 Dare ftep acrofs his arbitrary views,  
 An Iliad, only not in verfe, enfues:  
 The little Greeks look trembling at the fcales,  
 Till the beft tongue or heavieft hand prevails.

Now fee him launched into the world at large;  
 If prieft, fupinely droning o'er his charge,  
 Their fleece his pillow, and his weekly drawl,  
 Though fhort, too long, the price he pays for all.  
 If lawyer, loud whatever caufe he plead,  
 But proudeft of the worft, if that fucceed.  
 Perhaps a grave phyfician, gathering fees,  
 Punftually paid for lengthening out difeafe;  
 No Cotton, whose humanity fheds rays,  
 That make fuperior fkill his fecond praife.  
 If arms engage him, he devotes to fport  
 His date of life fo likely to be fhort;  
 A foldier may be any thing, if brave;  
 So may a tradefman, if not quite a knave.  
 Such fluff the world is made of; and mankind  
 To paffion, intereft, pleafure, whim, refign'd,

Infift on, as if each were his own Pope,  
 Forgiveness, and the privilege of hope ;  
 But Conscience, in some awful silent hour,  
 When captivating lusts have lost their power,  
 Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,  
 Reminds him of religion, hated theme !  
 Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,  
 And tells of laws despised, at least not kept;  
 Shows with a pointing finger, and no noise,  
 A pale procession of past sinful joys,  
 All witnesses of blessings foully scorn'd,  
 And life abused, and not to be scorn'd.  
 Mark these, she says; these, summon'd from afar,  
 Begin their march to meet thee at the bar;  
 There find a Judge inexorably just,  
 And perish there, as all presumption must.

Peace be to those (such peace as earth can give)  
 Who live in pleasure, dead even while they live;  
 Born capable indeed of heavenly truth;  
 But down to latest age, from earliest youth,  
 Their mind a wilderness through want of care,  
 The plough of wisdom never entering there.  
 Peace (if infirmity may claim  
 A right to the meek honours of her name)  
 To men of pedigree, their noble race,  
 Emulous always of the nearest place  
 To any throne, except the throne of grace.  
 Let cottagers and unenlighten'd swains  
 Revere the laws they dream that Heaven ordains;  
 Resort on Sundays to the house of prayer,  
 And ask, and fancy they find, blessings there.  
 Themselves, perhaps, when weary they retreat

To enjoy cool nature in a country feat,  
 To exchange the centre of a thousand trades,  
 For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and cascades,  
 May now and then their velvet cushions take,  
 And seem to pray for good example fake;  
 Judging, in charity, no doubt, the town  
 Pious enough, and having need of none.  
 Kind souls! to teach their tenantry to prize  
 What they themselves, without remorse, despise:  
 Nor hope have they, nor fear of aught to come,  
 As well for them had prophecy been dumb;  
 They could have held the condud: they pursue,  
 Had Paul of Tarsus lived and died a Jew;  
 And truth, proposed to reasoners wife as they,  
 Is a pearl cast—completely cast away. [sport,

They die.—Death lends them, pleased and as in  
 All the grim honours of his ghastly court.  
 Far other paintings grace the chamber now,  
 Where late we saw the mimic landscape glow:  
 The busy heralds hang the fable scene  
 With mournful scutcheons, and dim lamps between;  
 Proclaim their titles to the crowd around,  
 But they that wore them move not at the found;  
 The coronet, placed idly at their head,  
 Adds nothing now to the degraded dead;  
 And e'en the star, that glitters on the bier,  
 Can only say—Nobility lies here.  
 Peace to all such—'twere pity to offend,  
 By useless censure, whom we cannot mend;  
 Life without hope can close but in despair,  
 'Twas there we found them, and must leave them  
 As when two pilgrims in a forest stray, [there.

Both may be loft, yet each in his own way;  
 So fares it with the multitudes beguiled  
 In vain opinion's wafte and dangerous wild ;  
 Ten thoufand rove the brakes and thorns among,  
 Some eaftward, and fome weftward, and all wrong.  
 But here, alas! the fatal difference lies,  
 Each man's belief is right in his own eyes;  
 And he that blames, what they have blindly chofe,  
 Incurs repentment for the love he fhows.

Say, botanift, within whofe province fall  
 The cedar and the hyflbp on the wall,  
 Of all that deck the lanes, the fields, the bowers,  
 What parts the kindred tribes of weeds and flowers?  
 Sweet fcant, or lovely form, or both combined,  
 Diftinguifti every cultivated kind ;  
 The want of both denotes a meaner breed,  
 And Chloe from her garland picks the weed.  
 Thus hopes of every fort, whatever feft  
 Esteem them, fow them, rear them, and proteft,  
 If wild in nature, and not duly found,  
 Gethfemane! in thy dear hallow'd ground,  
 That cannot bear the blaze of Scripture light,  
 Nor cheer the fpirit, nor refrefh the fight,  
 Nor animate the foul to Chriftian deeds,  
 (Oh caft them from thee!) are weeds, arrant weeds.

Ethelred's houfe, the centre of fix ways,  
 Diverging each from each, like equal rays,  
 Himfelf as bountiful as April rains,  
 Lord paramount of the furrounding plains,  
 Would give relief of bed and board to none,  
 But guefts that fought it in the appointed One:  
 And they might enter at his open door,

Even till his fpacious hall would hold no more.  
He fent a fervant forth by every road,  
To found his horn, and publifh it abroad, [low,  
That all might mark—knight, menial, high, and  
An ordinance it concern'd them much to know.  
If after all fome headftrong hardy lout  
Would difobey, though fure to be fhut out,  
Could he with reafon murmur at his cafe,  
Himfelf fole author of his own difgrace ?  
No! the decree was juft and without flaw;  
And he that made had right to make the law;  
His fovereign power and pleafure unreftrain'd,  
The wrong was his who wrongfully complain'd.

Yet half mankind maintain a churlifh ftrife  
With Him the Donor of eternal life,  
Becaufe the deed, by which his love confirms  
The largefs he beftows, prefcribes the terms.  
Compliance with his will your lot enfures,  
Accept it only, and the boon is yours.  
And fure it is as kind to fmile and give,  
As with a frown to fay, Do this, and live.  
Love is not pedler's trumpery, bought and fold ;  
He *will* give freely, or he *mil* withhold ;  
His foul abhors a mercenary thought,  
And him as deeply who abhors it not;  
He ftipulates indeed, but merely this,  
That man will freely take an unbought blifs,  
Will truft him for a faithful generous part,  
Nor fet a price upon a willing heart.  
Of all the ways that feem to promife fair,  
To place you where his faints his prefence (hare,  
This only can; for this plain caufe, expreff'd

In terms as plain, Himself has fhut the reft.  
But oh the ftrife, the bickering, and debate,  
The tidings of unpurchafed Heaven create!  
The flirited fan, the bridle, and the tofs,  
All fpeakers, yet all language at a lofs.  
From ftuccoed walls fmart arguments rebound;  
And beaus, adept in every thing profound,  
Die of difdain, or whistle off the found.  
Such is the clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,  
The explofion of the levell'd tube excites,  
Where mouldering abbey walls o'erhang the glade,  
And oaks coeval fpread a mournful (hade;  
The fcreaming nations, hovering in mid air,  
Loudly repent the ftranger's freedom there,  
And feem to warn him never to repeat  
His bold intrufion on their dark retreat.

Adieu, Vinfo cries, ere yet he fips  
The purple bumper trembling at his lips,  
Adieu to all morality! if Grace  
Make works a vain ingredient in the cafe.  
The ChrifHan hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—  
If I miftake not—Blockhead! with a fork!—  
Without good works, whatever fome may boaft,  
Mere folly and delufion—Sir, your toaft.  
My firm perfuafion is, at leaft fometimes,  
That Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his  
With nice attention in a righteous fcale, [crimes  
And fave or damn as thefe or thofe prevail.  
I plant my foot upon this ground of truft,  
And filence every fear with—God is juft.  
But if perchance on fome dull drizzling day  
A thought intrude, that fays, or feems to fay,

If thus the important caufe is to be tried,  
Suppofe the beam Iould dip on the wrong fide ?  
I foon recover from thefe needlefs frights,  
And God is merciful—fets all to rights.  
Thus between juftice, as my prime fupport,  
And mercy, fled to as the laft refort,  
I glide and (teal along with heaven in view,  
And—pardon me, the bottle ftands with you.

I never will believe, the colonel cries,  
The fanguinary fchemes that fome devife,  
Who make the good Creator on their plan  
A being of lefs equity than man.  
If appetite, or what divines call luft,  
Which men comply with e'en becaufe they mult,  
Be punilh'd with perdition, who is pure ?  
Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is fure.  
If fentence of eternal pain belong  
To every fudden flip and tranfient wrong,  
Then Heaven enjoins the fallible and frail  
A hopelefs talk, and damns them if they fail.  
My creed (whatever fome creed-makers mean  
By Athanafian nonfenfe, or Nicene),  
My creed is, he is fafe that does his belt,  
And death's a doom fufficient for the reft.

Right, fays an enfig; and for aught I fee,  
Your faith and mine fubftantially agree;  
The belt of every man's performance here  
Is to difcharge the duties of his fphere.  
A lawyer's dealings Iould be jult and fair,  
Honefty Ihines with great advantage there.  
Fafting and prayer fit well upon a prieft,  
A decent caution and referve at leaft.



A foldier's beft is courage in the field,  
With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd;  
Manly deportment, gallant, eafy, gay;  
A hand as liberal as the light of day;  
The foldier thus endow'd, who never (brinks,  
Nor clofets up his thoughts, whatever he thinks,  
Who fcorns to do an injury by Health,  
Muft go to Heaven—and I muft drink his health.  
Sir Smug, he cries (for loweft at the board,  
Juft made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,  
His fhoulders witnefling by many a phrug  
How much his feelings fuffer'd, fat Sir Smug)  
Your office is to winnow falfe from true ;  
Come, prophet, drink, and tell us, What think you?

Sighing and fmiling as he takes his glafs,  
Which they that woo preferment rarely pafs,  
Fallible man, the church-bred youth replies,  
Is ftill found fallible, however wife;  
And differing judgements ferve but to declare,  
That truth lies fomewhere, if we knew but where.  
Of all it ever was my lot to read,  
Of critics now alive or long fince dead,  
The book of all the world that charm'd me moft  
Was, well-a-day, the title page was loft;  
The writer well remarks, A heart, that knows  
To take with gratitude what Heaven beftows,  
With prudence always ready at our call,  
To guide our ufe of it, is all in all.—  
Doubtlefs it is, To which, of my own ftore,  
I fuperadd a few eflentials more;  
But thefe, excufe the liberty I take,  
I waive juft now, for convention's fake.

Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,  
And add Right Reverend to Smug's honour'd name.

And yet our lot is given us in a land  
Where buiy arts are never at a Hand;  
Where Science points her telefcopic eye,  
Familiar with the wonders'of the fky;  
Where bold Inquiry, diving out of fight,  
Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light;  
Where nought eludes the perfevering queft,  
That fafhion, tafte, or luxury fuggeft.

But above all, in her own light array'd,  
See Mercy's grand apocalypfe difplay'd!  
The facred book no longer fuffers wrong,  
Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue;  
But fpeaks with plainnefs art could never mend,  
What fimpleft minds can fooneft comprehend.  
God gives the word, the preachers throng around,  
Live from his lips, and fpread the glorious found:  
That found befpeaks Salvation on her way,  
The trumpet of a life-reftoring day ;  
'Tis heard where England's eaftern glory ihines,  
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.  
And ftill it fpreads. See Germany fend forth  
Her fons\* to pour it on the fartheft north:  
Fired with a zeal peculiar, *they* defy  
The rage and rigour of a polar fky,  
And plant fuccefsfully fweet Sharon's rofe  
On icy plains and in eternal fnows.

O bleft within the enclofure of your rocks,  
Nor herds have ye to boaft, nor bleating flocks;

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\* The Moravian Miffionaries in Greenland.—See Krantz.

No fertilizing fstreams your fields divide,  
That (how reverfed the villas on their fide;  
No groves have ye ; no cheerful found of bird,  
Nor voice of turtle in your land is heard;  
Nor grateful eglantine regales the fmell  
Of thofe that walk at evening where ye dwell;  
But Winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,  
Sits abfolute on his unfhaken throne;  
Piles up his ftores amidft the frozen walle,  
And bids the mountains he has built ftand faft;  
Beckons the legions of his fforms away  
From happier fcenes, to make your land a prey;  
Proclaims the foil a conquelt he has won,  
And fcorns to fhare it with the diftant Sun.  
—Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied ifle !  
And peace the genuine offspring of her fmile;  
The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds  
In chains of error our accomplifh'd minds,  
That decks, with all the fplendour of the true,  
A falfe religion, is unknown to you.  
Nature indeed vouchfafes for our delight  
The fweet viciflitudes of day and night ;  
Soft airs and genial moifture feed and cheer  
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here;  
But brighter beams, than his who fires the ikies,  
Have rifen at length on your admiring eyes,  
That flioot into your darkeft caves the day,  
From which our nicer optics turn away.

Here fee the encouragement Grace gives to vice,  
The dire effeft of mercy without price!  
What were they? what fome fools are made by art,  
They were by nature, atheifts, head and heart.

The grofs idolatry blind heathens teach  
 Was too refined for them, beyond their reach.  
 Not e'en the glorious fun, though men revere  
 The monarch moft that feldom will appear,  
 And tho' his beams, that quicken where they fhine,  
 May claim fome right to be efteem'd divine,  
 Not e'en the fun, defirable as rare,  
 Could bend one knee, engage one votary there;  
 They were, what bafe credulity believes  
 True Chriftians are, diflembles, drunkards, thieves.  
 The full gorged favage at his naufeous feaft  
 Spent half the darknefs, and fnored out the reft,  
 Was one, whom juftice, on an equal plan  
 Denouncing death upon the fins of man,  
 Might alfo have indulged with an efcape,  
 Chargeable only with a human fhape.

What are they now ?—Morality may fpare  
 Her grave concern, her kind fufpicions there ;  
 The wretch, that once fang wildly, danced, and  
 laugh'd,

And fuck'd in dizzy madnefs with his draught,  
 Has wept a filent flood, reverfed his ways,  
 Is fober, meek, benevolent, and prays,  
 Feeds fparingly, communicates his ftore,  
 Abhors the craft he boafted of before,  
 And he that ftole has learn'd to fteal no more.  
 Well fpake the prophet, Let the defert fing,  
 Where fprang the thorn, the fpiry fir fhall fpring,  
 And where unfightly and rank thirties grew,  
 Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

Go now, and with important tone demand  
 Op what foundation virtue is to ftand,

If self-exalting claims be turn'd adrift,  
 And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift;  
 The poor reclaim'd inhabitant, his eyes  
 Gliftening at once with pity and furprife,  
 Amazed that fhadows fhould obfcure the fight  
 Of one, whofe birth was in a land of light,  
 Shall anfwer, Hope, fweet Hope, has fet me free,  
 And made all pleafures elfe mere drofs to me.

Thefe, amidft fcenes as wafte as if denied  
 The common care that waits on all befeide,  
 Wild as if Nature there, void of all good,  
 Play'd only gambols in a frantic mood,  
 (Yet charge not heavenly fkill with having plann'd  
 A plaything world, unworthy of his hand;)   
 Can fee his love, though fecret evil lurks  
 In all we touch, ftamp'd plainly on his works;  
 Deem life a bleffing with its numerous woes,  
 Nor fpurn away a gift a God beftows.

Hard tafk indeed o'er arctic feas to roam!  
 Is hope exotic ? grows it not at home ?  
 Yes, but an objedt, bright as orient morn,  
 May prefs the eye too clofely to be borne;  
 A diftant virtue we can all confefs,  
 It hurts our pride, and moves our envy lefs.

Leuconomus (beneath well founding Greek  
 I flur a name a poet muft not fpeak)  
 Stood pilloried on infamy's high ftage,  
 And bore the pelting fcorn of half an age;  
 The very butt of (lander, and the blot  
 For every dart that malice ever fhoot.  
 The man that mentioned *him* at once difmiff'd  
 All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiff'd;

His crimes were fuch as Sodom never knew,  
And Perjury flood up to fwear all true;  
His aim was mifchief, and his zeal pretence,  
His fpeech rebellion againft common fenfe;  
A knave, when tried on honefty's plain rule;  
And when by that of reafon, a mere fool;  
The world's beft comfort was, his doom was paff'd;  
Die when he might, he muft be damn'd at laft.

Now, Truth, perform thine office; wift afide  
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride,  
Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes  
This more than monfter in his proper guife.

He loved the world that hated him: the tear  
That dropp'd upon his Bible was fincere;  
Affail'd by fcandal and the tongue of ftrife,  
His only anfwer was a blamelefs life;  
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,  
Had each a brother's intereft in his heart.  
Paul's love of Chrif, and fteadinefs unbribed,  
Were copied clofe in him, and well tranfcribed.  
He follow'd Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,  
His apoftolic charity the fame.

Like him, croff'd cheerfully tempeftuous feas,  
Forfaking country, kindred, friends, and eafe;  
Like him he labour'd, and like him content  
To bear it, fuffer'd ihame where'er he went.

Blufh, Calumny! and write upon his tomb,  
If honeft eulogy can fpare thee room,  
Thy deep repentance of thy thoufand lies,  
Which, aim'dathim, havepierced the offended fkies;  
And fay, Blot out my fin, confeff'd, deplored,  
Againft thine image, in thy faint, O Lord!

No blinder bigot, I maintain it still,  
Than he who muft have pleafure, come what will:  
He laughs, whatever weapon Truth may draw,  
And deems her {harp artillery mere ftrow.  
Scripture indeed is plain; but God and he  
On fcripture ground are fure to difagree;  
Some wifer rule muft teach him how to live,  
Than that his Maker has feen fit to give;  
Supple and flexible as Indian cane,  
To take the bend his appetites ordain;  
Contrived to fuit frail nature's crazy cafe,  
And reconcile his lufts with faving grace.  
By this, with nice precifion of defign,  
He draws upon life's map a zig-zag line,  
That (hows how far 'tis fafe to follow fin,  
And where his danger and God's wrath begin.  
By this he forms, as pleafed he fports along,  
His well poifed eftimate of right and wrong;  
And finds the modifh manners of the day,  
Though loofe, as harmlefs as an infant's play.

Build by whatever plan caprice decrees,  
With what materials, on what ground you pleafe;  
Your hope {hall ftand unblamed, perhaps admired,  
If not that hope the Scripture has required.  
The ftange conceits, vain projects, and wild dreams,  
With which hypocrify for ever teems,  
(Though other follies ftrike the public eye,  
And raife a laugh) pafs unmolefted by;  
But if, unblamable in word and thought,  
A MAN arife, a man whom God has taught,  
With all Elijah's dignity of tone,  
And all the love of the beloved John,

To fform the citadels they build in air,  
And fmite the untemper'd wall; 'tis death to fpare.  
To fwEEP away all refuges of lies,  
And place, inftead of quirks themfelves devife,  
LAMA SABACTHANI before their eyes;—  
To prove that without Chrift all gain is lofs,  
All hope defpair, that ftands not on his crofs;—  
Except the few his God may have impreff'd,  
A tenfold frenzy feizes all the reft.

Throughout mankind, the Chriftian kind at leaft,  
There dwells a confcioufnefs in every breaft,  
That folly ends where genuine hope begins,  
And he that finds his heaven muft lofe his fins.  
Nature oppofes with her utmoft force  
This riving ftroke, this ultimate divorce;  
And, while religion feems to be her view,  
Hates with a deep fincerity *the true*:  
For this, of all that ever influenced man,  
Since Abel worfhipp'd, or the world began,  
This only fpares no luft, admits no plea,  
But makes him, if at all, completely free;  
Sounds forth the fignal, as fhe mounts her car,  
Of an eternal, univerfal war;  
Rejedts all treaty, penetrates all wiles,  
Scorns with the fame indifference frowns and fmiles;  
Drives through the realms of Sin, where Riot reels,  
And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels!  
Hence, all that is in man, pride, paffion, art,  
Powers of the mind, and feelings of the heart,  
Infenfible of Truth's almighty charms,  
Starts at her firft approach, and founds to arms!  
While Bigotry, with well diffembled fears,



His eyes fhut faft, his fingers in his ears,  
Mighty to parry and puflî by God's word  
With fenfelefs noife, his argument the fword,  
Pretends a zeal for godlinefs and grace,  
And fpits abhorrence in the Chriftian's face.

Parent of Hope, immortal Truth! make known  
Thy deathlefs wreaths and triumphs all thine own:  
The filent progrefs of thy power is fuch,  
Thy means fo feeble, and defpifed fo much,  
That few believe the wonders thou haft wrought,  
And none can teach them but whom thou haft taught.  
Oh fee me fworn to ferve thee, and command  
A painter's fkill into a poet's hand,  
That, while I trembling trace a work divine,  
Fancy may ftand aloof from the defign,  
And light and fhade, and every ftroke be thine.

If ever thou haft felt another's pain,  
If ever when he figh'd haft figh'd again,  
If ever on thine eyelid ftood the tear  
That pity had engendered, drop one here.  
This man was happy—had the world's good word,  
And with it every joy it can afford;  
Friendftiip and love feem'd tenderly at ftife,  
Which moft ihould fweeten his untroubled life;  
Politely learn'd, and of a gentle race,  
Good breeding and good fenfe gave all a grace,  
And whether at the toilet of the fair  
He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there,  
Or if in mafculine debate he ihared,  
Enfured him mute attention and regard.  
Alas how changed! Expreffive of his mind,  
His eyes are funk, arms folded, head reclined;

Thofe awful fyllables, hell, death, and fin,  
Though whifper'd, plainly tell what works within;  
That confcience there performs her proper part,  
And writes a doomfday fentence on his heart!  
Forfaking, and forfaken of all friends,  
He now perceives where earthly pleafure ends;  
Hard talk ! for one who lately knew no care,  
And harder ftill as learnt beneath defpair;  
His hours no longer pafs unmark'd away,  
A dark importance faddens every day;  
He hears the notice of the clock, perplex'd,  
And cries, Perhaps eternity ftrikes next!  
Sweet mufic is no longer mufic here,  
And laughter founds like madnefs in his ear:  
His grief the world of all her power difarms;  
Wine has no tafte, and beauty has no charms:  
God's holy word, once trivial in his view,  
Now by the voice of his experience true,  
Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone  
Muft fpring that hope he pants to make his own.

Now let the bright reverfe be known abroad;  
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.  
As when a felon, whom his country's laws  
Have juftly doom'd for fome atrocious caufe,  
Expects in darknefs and heart-chilling fears  
The fhameful clofe of all his mifpent years;  
If chance, on heavy pinions flowly borne,  
A tempeft uftier in the dreaded morn,  
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,  
The thunder feems to fummon him away,  
The warder at the door his key applies,  
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:

If then, juſt then, all thoughts of mercy loſt,  
 When Hope, long lingering, at laſt yields the gholt,  
 The found of pardon pierce his ſtartled ear,  
 He drops at once his fetters and his fear;  
 A tranſport glows in all he looks and ſpeaks,  
 And the firſt thankful tears bedew his cheeks.  
 Joy, far ſuperior joy, that much outweighs  
 The comfort of a few poor added days,  
 Invades, poſſeſſes, and o'erwhelms the foul  
 Of him whom Hope has with a touch made whole.  
 'Tis heaven, all heaven deſcending on the wings  
 Of the glad legions of the King of kings;  
 'Tis more—'tis God diffuſed through every part,  
 'Tis God himſelf triumphant in his heart.  
 O welcome now the ſun's once hated light,  
 His noonday beams were never half ſo bright.  
 Not kindred minds alone are call'd to employ  
 Their hours, their days, in liſtening to his joy;  
 Unconſcious nature, all that he furveys,  
 Rocks, groves, and ſtreams muſt join him in his  
 praife.

Theſe are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,  
 The ſcenes of withered age and beardless youth;  
 Theſe move the cenſure and illiberal grin  
 Of fools that hate thee and delight in fin :  
 But theſe ſhall laſt when night has quenched the pole,  
 And heaven is all departed as a ſcroll:  
 And when, as Juſtice has long ſince decreed,  
 This earth ſhall blaze, and a new world ſucceed,  
 Then theſe thy glorious works, and they who ſhare  
 That Hope which can alone exclude deſpair,  
 Shall live exempt from weakneſs and decay,

The brighteft wonders of an endlefs day.

Happy the bard (if that fair name belong  
To him that blends no fable with his fong)  
Whofe lines uniting, by an honeft art,  
The faithful monitor's and poet's part,  
Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,  
And while they captivate, inform the mind:  
Still happier, if he till a thankful foil,  
And fruit reward his honourable toil:  
But happier far, who comfort thofe that wait  
To hear plain truth at Judah's hallow'd gate:  
Their language fimple, as their manners meek,  
No ihining ornaments have they to feek;  
Nor labour they, nor time nor talents wafte,  
In fortifying flowers to fuit a fickle tafte;  
But while they fpeak the wifdom of the fkies,  
Which art can only darken and difguife,  
The abundant harveft, recompence divine,  
Repayes their work—the gleanings only mine.





## CHARITY.

Quo nihil majus meliufve terris  
Fata donavere, bonique divi;  
Nee dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum  
Tempora prifcum.

*Hor. Lib. iv. Ode 2.*

**F**FAIREST and foremost of the train that  
wait [ftate  
On man's most dignified and happiest  
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,  
Chief grace below, and all in all above,  
Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea)  
A task I venture on, impelled by thee:  
O never seen but in thy blest effects,  
Nor felt but in the soul that Heaven feels;  
Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known  
To other hearts, must have thee in his own.  
Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,  
Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires,  
And, though disgraced and flighted, to redeem  
A poet's name, by making thee the theme.

God, working ever on a social plan,  
By various ties attaches man to man:  
He made at first, though free and unconfined,  
One man the common father of the kind;  
That every tribe, though placed as he sees best,  
Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,

Differing in language, manners, or in face,  
Might feel themselves allied to all the race.  
When Cook—lamented, and with tears as juſt  
As ever mingled with heroic duſt,  
Steer'd Britain's oak into a world unknown,  
And in his country's glory fought his own,  
Wherever he found man, to nature true,  
The rights of man were facred in his view;  
He foothed with gifts, and greeted with a ſmile  
The ſimple native of the new found ifle;  
He ſpurn'd the wretch that flighted or withſtood  
The tender argument of kindred blood;  
Nor would endure, that any ſhould control  
His freeborn brethren of the fouthern pole.

But though ſome nobler minds a law reſpect,  
That none ſhall with impunity neglect,  
In baſer fouls unnumber'd evils meet,  
To thwart its influence, and its end defeat.  
While Cook is loved for ſavage lives he ſaved,  
See Cortez odious for a world enſlaved!  
Where waſt thou then, ſweet Charity? where then,  
Thou tutelary friend of helpleſs men ?  
Waſt thou in monkish cells and nunneries found,  
Or building hoſpitals on Engliſh ground ?  
No.—Mammon makes the world his legatee  
Through fear, not love; and Heaven abhors the fee.  
Wherever found (and all men need thy care),  
Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.  
The hand that flew till it could flay no more  
Was glued to the ſword hilt with Indian gore.  
Their prince, as juſtly feated on his throne  
As vain imperial Philip on his own,

Trick'd out of all his royalty by art,  
 That ftripp'd him bare, and broke his honeft heart,  
 Died by the fentence of a ihaven prieft,  
 For fcorning what they taught him to deteft.  
 How dark the veil that intercepts the blaze  
 Of Heaven's myfterious purpofes and ways;  
 God flood not, though he feem'd to ftand, aloof;  
 And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof:  
 The wreath he won drew down an infant curfe,  
 The fretting plague is in the public purfe,  
 The canker'd fpoil corrodes the pining ftate,  
 Starved by that indolence their mines create.

Oh, could their ancient Incas rife again,  
 How would they take up Ifrael's taunting ftrain!  
 Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we fee  
 The robber and the murderer weak as we?  
 Thou, that haft wafted earth, and dared defpife  
 Alike the wrath and mercy of the ikies,  
 Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid  
 Low in the pits thine avarice has made.  
 We come with joy from our eternal reft  
 To fee the oppreffbr in his turn opprell'd.  
 Art thou the God, the thunder of whofe hand  
 Roll'd over all our defolated land,  
 Shook principalities and kingdoms down,  
 And made the mountains tremble at his frown?  
 The fword fhall light upon thy boafted powers,  
 And wafte them, as thy fword has wafte'd ours.  
 'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,  
 And vengeance executes what juftice wills.

Again—the band of commerce was defign'd  
 To aflbciate all the branches of mankind;

And if a boundless plenty be the robe,  
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.  
Wife to promote whatever end he means,  
God opens fruitful Nature's various scenes:  
Each climate needs what other climes produce,  
And offers something to the general use;  
No land but listens to the common call,  
And in return receives supply from all.  
This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,  
Cheers what were else a universal shade,  
Calls Nature from her ivy-mantled den,  
And softens human rock-work into men.  
Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,  
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race;  
Not only fills Necessity's demand,  
But overcharges her capacious hand:  
Capricious taste itself can crave no more  
Than she supplies from her abounding store:  
She strikes out all that luxury can ask,  
And gains new vigour at her endless talk.  
Hers is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,  
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre;  
From her the canvass borrows light and shade,  
And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade.  
She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,  
Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,  
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,  
Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

These are the gifts of Art; and Art thrives most  
Where commerce has enrich'd the busy coast;  
He catches all improvements in his flight,  
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's fight,



Imports what others have invented well,  
And fits his own to match them or excel.  
'Tis thus, reciprocating each with each,  
Alternately the nations learn and teach;  
While Providence enjoins to every soul  
A union with the vast terraqueous whole.

Heaven speed the canvass, gallantly unfurl'd  
To furnish and accommodate a world,  
To give the pole the produce of the sun,  
And knit the unfocial climates into one!—  
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave  
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,  
To succour wafted regions, and replace  
The smile of opulence in sorrow's face!—  
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen  
Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene,  
Charged with a freight transcending in its worth  
The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,  
That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,  
A herald of God's love to pagan lands!—  
But ah! what will can prosper, or what prayer,  
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,  
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,  
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?  
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,  
All bonds of nature in that moment end;  
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,  
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.  
The fable warrior, frantic with regret  
Of her he loves, and never can forget,  
Loses in tears the far receding shore,  
But not the thought that they must meet no more;

Deprived of her and freedom at a blow,  
 What has he left that he can yet forego?  
 Yes, to deep fadness fullenly resign'd,  
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind;  
 Puts off his generous nature; and, to suit  
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.

Oh most degrading of all ills that wait  
 On man, a mourner in his best estate!  
 All other sorrows virtue may endure,  
 And find submission more than half a cure;  
 Grief is itself a medicine, and bestow'd  
 To improve the fortitude that bears the load,  
 To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,  
 The path of Wisdom, all whose paths are peace.  
 But slavery!—Virtue dreads it as her grave:  
 Patience itself is meaner in a slave;  
 Or if the will and sovereignty of God  
 Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,  
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,  
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.  
 Nature imprints upon whatever we see,  
 That has a heart and life in it, Be free!  
 The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force  
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:  
 He breaks the cord that held him at the rack;  
 And, conscious of an uncumber'd back,  
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein;  
 Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;  
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs;  
 Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,  
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,

Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ?  
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead  
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?  
 So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold  
 To quit the forest and invade the fold:  
 So may the ruffian, who with ghastly glide,  
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bedfide;  
 Not he, but his emergence forced the door,  
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.

Has God then given its sweetness to the cane,  
 Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain ?  
 Built a brave world, which cannot yet subside,  
 Unless his right to rule it be denied ?  
 Impudent blasphemy! So Folly pleads,  
 And, Avarice being judge, with ease succeeds.

But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,  
 That man make man his prey, because he *must*;  
 Still there is room for pity to abate,  
 And soothe the furrows of so sad a fate.  
 A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,  
 The Scripture placed within his reach, he ought,  
 That souls have no discriminating hue,  
 Alike important in their Maker's view;  
 That none are free from blemish since the fall,  
 And love divine has paid one price for all.  
 The wretch that works and weeps without relief  
 Has one that notices his silent grief.  
 He, from whose hands alone all power proceeds,  
 Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,  
 Considers *all* injustice with a frown ;  
 But *marks* the man that treads his fellow down.  
 Begone! the whip and bell in that hard hand

Are hateful enfigns of ufurp'd command.  
Not Mexico could purchafe kings a claim  
To fcourge him, wearinefs his only blame.  
Remember, Heaven has an avenging rod;  
To fmite the poor is treafon againft God.

Trouble is grudgingly and hardly brook'd,  
While life's fublimeft joys are overlooked:  
We wander o'er a funburnt thirfty foil,  
Murmuring and weary of our daily toil,  
Forget to enjoy the palm-tree's offer'd (hade,  
Or tafte the fountain in the neighbouring glade:  
Elfe who would lofe, that had the power to improve,  
The occafion of tranfmuting fear to love ?  
Oh 'tis a godlike privilege to fave,  
And he that fcorns it is himfelf a Have.  
Inform his mind; one flafh of heavenly day  
Would heal his heart, and melt his chains away.  
V Beauty for afhes" is a gift indeed,  
And flaves, by truth enlarged, are doubly freed.  
Then would he fay, fubmiffive at thy feet,  
While gratitude and love made fervice fweet,  
My dear deliverer out of hopelefs night,  
Whofe bounty bought me but to give me light,  
I was a bondman on my native plain,  
Sin forged, and ignorance made faft, the chain;  
Thy lips have flied inftruition as the dew,  
Taught me what path to fhun, and what purfue;  
Farewell, my former joys! I figh no more  
For Africa's once loved, benighted fliore;  
Serving a benefactor, I am free;  
At my beft home, if not exiled from thee.

Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds

A fream of liberal and heroic deeds;  
The fwell of pity, not to be confined  
Within the fcanty limits of the mind,  
Difdains the bank, and throws the golden fands,  
A rich depofit, on the bordering lands:  
Thefe have an ear for *His* paternal call,  
Who makes fome rich for the fupply of all;  
God's gift with pleafure in his praife employ;  
And *Thornton* is familiar with the joy.

Oh could I worfhip aught beneath the ikies  
That earth has feen, or fancy can devife,  
Thine altar, facred Liberty, ihould ftand,  
Built, by no mercenary vulgar hand,  
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair  
As ever drefFd a bank or fcented fummer air.  
Duly, as ever on the mountain's height  
The peep of morning flied a dawning light;  
Again, when evening in her fober veft  
Drew the gray curtain of the fading weft,  
My foul fhould yield thee willing thanks and praife  
For the chief bleffings of my faireft days:  
But that were facrilege—praife is not thine,  
But his who gave thee, and preferves thee mine:  
Elfe I would fay, and as I fpake bid fly  
A captive bird into the boundlefs iky,  
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come  
From Sparta hither, and art here at home.  
We feel thy force ilill aftive, at this hour  
Enjoy immunity from prieitly power,  
While confcience, happier than in ancient years,  
Owns no fuperior but the God ihe fears.  
Propitious fpirit! yet expunge a wrong

Thy rights have fuffer'd, and our land, too long.  
Teach mercy to ten thoufand hearts, that fhare  
The fears and hopes of a commercial care.  
Prifons exp'd the wicked, and were built  
To bind the lawlefs, and to punifh guilt;  
But fhipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood  
Are mighty mifchiefs, not to be withstood;  
And honeft merit ftands on flippery ground,  
Where covert guile and artifice abound.  
Let juft reftraint, for public peace defign'd,  
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;  
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,  
But let infolvent innocence go free.

Patron of elfe the moft defpifed of men,  
Accept the tribute of a ftranger's pen;  
Verfe, like the laurel, its immortal meed,  
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed;  
I may alarm thee, but I fear the fhame  
(Charity chofen as my theme and aim)  
I muft incur, forgetting *Howard's* name.  
Bleft with all wealth can give thee, to refign  
Joys doubly fweet to feelings quick as thine,  
To quit the blifs thy rural fcenes beftow,  
To feek a nobler amidft fcenes of woe,  
To traverse feas, range kingdoms, and bring home,  
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,  
But knowledge fuch as only dungeons teach,  
And only fymathy like thine could reach;  
That grief, fequefter'd from the public ftage,  
Might fmooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage;  
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,  
The boldeft patriot might be proud to feel.

O that the voice of clamour and debate,  
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,  
Were hush'd in favour of thy generous plea,  
The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!

Philosophy, that does not dream or stray,  
Walks arm in arm with Nature all his way;  
Compasses earth, dives into it, ascends  
Whatever steep inquiry recommends,  
Sees planetary wonders smoothly roll  
Round other systems under her control,  
Drinks wisdom at the milky stream of light,  
That cheers the silent journey of the night,  
And brings at his return a boorn charged  
With rich instruction, and a soul enlarged  
The treasured sweets of the capacious plan  
That Heaven spreads wide before the view of man,  
All prompt his pleased pursuit, and to pursue  
Still prompt him, with a pleasure always new;  
He too has a connecting power, and draws  
Man to the centre of the common cause,  
Aiding a dubious and deficient light  
With a new medium and a purer light.  
All truth is precious, if not all divine;  
And what dilates the powers must needs refine.  
He reads the skies, and, watching every change,  
Provides the faculties an ampler range ;  
And wins mankind, as his attempts prevail,  
A prouder station on the general scale.  
But reason (till, unless divinely taught,  
Whate'er she learns, learns nothing as she ought;  
The lamp of revelation only shows  
What human wisdom cannot but oppose,

That man, in Nature's richest mantle clad,  
 And graced with all philosophy can add,  
 Though fair without, and luminous within,  
 Is still the progeny and heir of sin.  
 Thus taught, down falls the plumage of his pride;  
 He feels his need of an unerring guide,  
 And knows that falling he shall rise no more,  
 Unless the power that bade him stand restore.  
 This is indeed philosophy; this known  
 Makes wisdom, worthy of the name, his own;  
 And without this, whatever he discufs;  
 Whether the space between the stars and us;  
 Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,  
 Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea;  
 The solemn trifler with his boasted skill  
 Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still:  
 Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes  
 Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.  
 Self-knowledge truly learn'd of course implies  
 The rich possession of a nobler prize;  
 For self to self, and God to man reveal'd  
 (Two themes to Nature's eye for ever seal'd),  
 Are taught by rays, that fly with equal pace  
 From the same centre of enlightening grace.  
 Here stay thy foot; how copious, and how clear,  
 The overflowing well of Charity springs here!  
 Hark! 'tis the music of a thousand rills,  
 Some thro' the groves, some down the Hoping hills,  
 Winding a secret or an open course,  
 And all supplied from an eternal source.  
 The ties of Nature do but feebly bind;  
 And commerce partially reclaims mankind;



Philofophy, without his heavenly guide,  
 May blow up felf-conceit, and nourifli pride;  
 But, while his province is the reaſoning part,  
 Has ftill a veil of midnight on his heart:  
 'Tis truth divine, exhibited on earth,  
 Gives Charity her being and her birth.

Suppoſe (when thought is warm, and fancy flows,  
 What will not argument ſometimes ſuppoſe ?)  
 An ifle poſſeſſ'd by creatures of our kind,  
 Endued with reaſon, yet by nature blind.  
 Let ſuppoſition lend her aid once more,  
 And land ſome grave optician on the ſhore:  
 He claps his lens, if haply they may ſee,  
 Cloſe to the part where viſion ought to be;  
 But finds that, though his tubes aſſiſt the fight,  
 They cannot give it, or make darkneſs light.  
 He reads wife ledhires, and deſcribes aloud  
 A ſenſe they know not to the wondering crowd;  
 He talks of light and the priſmatic hues,  
 As men of depth in erudition uſe;  
 But all he gains for his harangue is—Well,—  
 What monſtrous lies ſome travellers will tell!

The foul, whoſe fight all-quickeniſg grace re-  
 news,  
 Takes the reſemblance of the good ſhe views,  
 As diamonds, tripp'd of their opaque diſguiſe,  
 Reſled the noonday glory of the ſkies.  
 She ſpeaks of Him, her author, guardian, friend,  
 Whole love knew no beginning, knows no end,  
 In language warm as all that love inſpires;  
 And, in the glow of her intenſe deſires,  
 Pants to communicate her noble fires.

She fees a world ftark blind to what employs  
Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys;  
Though wifdom hail them, heedlefs of her call,  
Flies to fave fome, and feels a pang for all:  
Herfelf as weak as her fupport is ftrong,  
She feels that frailty {he denied fo long ;  
And, from a knowledge of her own difeafe,  
Learns to compaffionate the fick (he fees.  
Here fee, acquitted of all vain pretence,  
The reign of genuine Charity commence.  
Though fcorn repay her fympathetic tears,  
She ftill is kind, and ftill fhe perfeveres;  
The truth fhe loves a fightlefs world blafpheme,  
'Tis childifh dotage, a delirious dream!  
The danger they difcern not they deny;  
Laugh at their only remedy, and die.  
But ftill a foul thus touch'd can never ceafe,  
Whoever threatens war, to fpeak of peace.  
Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,  
Her wifdom feems the weaknefs of a child:  
She makes excufes where fhe might condemn,  
Reviled by thofe that hate her, prays for them;  
Suspicion lurks not in her artlefs breaft,  
The worft fuggefted, fhe believes the beft;  
Not foon provoked, however ftung and teafed,  
And, if perhaps made angry, foon appeafed;  
She rather waives than will difpute her right;  
And injured, makes forgivenefs her delight.

Such was the portrait an apoftle drew,  
The bright original was one he knew;  
Heaven held his hand, the likenefs muft be true.

When one, that holds communion with the fkies,

Has fill'd his urn where thefe pure waters rife,  
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
 'Tis e'en as if an Angel (hook his wings;  
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
 That tells us whence his treafures are fupplied.  
 So when a flrip, well freighted with the ftokes  
 The fun matures on India's fpicey fhores,  
 Has dropped her anchor, and her canvafs furl'd,  
 In fome fafe haven of our weftern world,  
 'Twere vain inquiry to what port fhe went,  
 The gale informs us, laden with the fcent.

Some feek, when queafy confcience has its qualms,  
 To lull the painful malady with alms;  
 But Charity not feign'd intends alone  
 Another's good—theirs centres in their own;  
 And, too fhort lived to reach the realms of peace,  
 Muft ceafe for ever when the poor fhall ceafe,  
 Flavia, moft tender of her own good name,  
 Is rather carelefs of her fitter's fame:  
 Her fuperfluity the poor fupplies,  
 But, if fhe touch a character, it dies.  
 The feeming virtue weigh'd againft the vice,  
 She deems all fafe, for fhe has paid the price:  
 No charity but alms aught values (he,  
 Except in porcelain on her mantle-tree.  
 How many deeds, with which the world has rung,  
 From pride, in league with ignorance, have fprung!  
 But God o'errules all human follies ftill,  
 And bends the tough materials to his will.  
 A conflagration, or a wintry flood,  
 Has left fome hundreds without home or food:  
 Extravagance and avarice (hall fubfcribe,

While fame and self-complacence are the bribe.  
 The brief proclaim'd, it visits every pew,  
 But first the 'Squire's, a compliment but due:  
 With slow deliberation he unties  
 His glittering purse, that envy of all eyes!  
 And, while the clerk just puzzles out the psalm,  
 Slides guinea behind guinea in his palm;  
 Till finding, what he might have found before,  
 A smaller piece amidst the precious store,  
 Pinch'd close between his finger and his thumb,  
 He half exhibits, and then drops the sum.  
 Gold, to be sure!—Throughout the town 'tis told  
 How the good 'Squire gives never less than gold.  
 From motives such as his, though not the best,  
 Springs in due time supply for the distressed;  
 Not less effectual than what love bestows,  
 Except—that office clips it as it goes.

But lest I seem to sin against a friend,  
 And wound the grace I mean to recommend,  
 (Though vice derided with a just design  
 Implies no trespass against love divine),  
 Once more I would adopt the graver style,  
 A teacher should be sparing of his smile.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,  
 Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;  
 He hides behind a magisterial air  
 His own offences, and trips others bare;  
 Affects indeed a most humane concern,  
 That men, if gently tutor'd, will not learn;  
 That multiply folly, not to be reclaim'd  
 By softer methods, must be made ashamed;—  
 But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)

Too often rails to gratify his spleen.  
 Most fatirifts are indeed a public scourge;  
 Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;  
 Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stir'd,  
 The milk of their good purpose all to curd.  
 Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,  
 By lean despair upon an empty purse,  
 The wild air-taffins start into the street,  
 Prepared to poniard whomsoever they meet.  
 No skill in swordmanship, however just,  
 Can be secure against a madman's thrust;  
 And even virtue, so unfairly matched,  
 Although immortal, may be prick'd or scratch'd.  
 When scandal has new minted an old lie,  
 Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply,  
 'Tis call'd a satire, and the world appears  
 Gathering around it with erected ears:  
 A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd;  
 Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud;  
 Just as the sapience of an author's brain  
 Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain.  
 Strange! how the frequent interjected dash  
 Quickens a market, and helps off the trash;  
 The important letters, that include the rest,  
 Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd;  
 Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw,  
 The world is charm'd, and Scribe escapes the law.  
 So, when the cold damp shades of night prevail,  
 Worms may be caught by either head or tail;  
 Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,  
 They meet with little pity, no redress;  
 Plunged in the stream, they lodge upon the mud,

Food for the famish'd rovers of the flood.

All zeal for a reform, that gives offence  
To peace and charity, is mere pretence:  
A bold remark; but which, if well applied,  
Would humble many a towering poet's pride.  
Perhaps, the man was in a sportive fit,  
And had no other play-place for his wit;  
Perhaps, enchanted with the love of fame,  
He fought the jewel in his neighbour's flame;  
Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,  
The cause of virtue could not be his view.  
At every stroke wit flutters in our eyes;  
The turns are quick, the polished points surprise,  
But shine with cruel and tremendous charms,  
That, while they please, possess us with alarms;  
So have I seen (and hasten'd to the fight  
On all the wings of holiday delight),  
Where stands that monument of ancient power,  
Named with emphatic dignity, the Tower,  
Guns, halberds, swords, and pistols, great and small,  
In stately forms disposed upon the wall:  
We wonder, as we gaze stand below,  
That brass and steel should make so fine a show;  
But though we praise the exact designer's skill,  
Account them implements of mischief still.

No works shall find acceptance in that day,  
When all disguises shall be rent away,  
That square not truly with the Scripture plan,  
Nor spring from love to God, or love to man.  
As he ordains things fordid in their birth  
To be resolved into their parent earth;  
And, though the foul shall seek superior orbs,

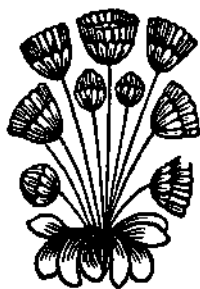
Whate'er this world produces, it abforbs;  
So felf ftarts nothing, but what tends apace  
Home to the goal, where it began the race.  
Such as our motive is our aim muft be;  
If this be fervile, that can ne'er be free :  
If felf employ us, whatfoe'er is wrought,  
We glorify that felf, not Him we ought;  
Such virtues had need prove their own reward,  
The Judge of all men owes them no regard.  
True Charity, a plant divinely nurfed,  
Fed by the love from which it rofe at firft,  
Thrives againft hope, and, in the rudeft fcene,  
Storms but enliven its unfading green;  
Exuberant is the fhadow it fupplies,  
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the Ikies.  
To look at Him, who form'd us and redeem'd,  
So glorious now, though once fo difteem'd;  
To fee a God ftretch forth his human hand,  
To uphold the boundlefs fcenes of his command ;  
To recoiled: that, in a form like ours,  
He bruifed beneath his feet the infernal powers,  
Captivity led captive, rofe to claim  
The wreath he won fo dearly in our name ;  
That throned above all height he condefcends  
To call the few that truft in him his friends;  
That, in the heaven of heavens, that fpace he deems  
Too fcanty for the exertion of his beams,  
And fliines, as if impatient to be/low  
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;  
That fight imparts a never dying flame,  
Though feeble in degree, in kind the fame.  
Like Him the foul, thus kindled from above,

Spreads wide her arms of univerfal love;  
And, ftill enlarged as fhe receives the grace,  
Includes creation in her clofe embrace.  
Behold a Chriftian!—and without the fires  
The founder of that name alone infpires,  
Though all accomplifhments, all knowledge meet,  
To make the fhining prodigy complete,  
Whoever boafts that name—behold a cheat!

Were love, in thefe the world's laft dotting years,  
As frequent as the want of it appears,  
The churches warm'd, they would no longer hold  
Such frozen figures, ftiff as they are cold;  
Relenting forms would lofe their power, or ceafe;  
And e'en the dipp'd and fprinkled live in peace:  
Each heart would quit its prifon in the breaft,  
And flow in free communion with the reft.  
The ftatefman, fkilPd in projeds dark and deep,  
Might burn his ufelefs Machiavel, and fleep;  
His budget, often fill'd, yet always poor,  
Might fwing at eafe behind his ftudy door,  
No longer prey upon our annual rents,  
Or fcare the nation with its big contents:  
Difbanded legions freely might depart,  
And flaying man would ceafe to be an art.  
No learned difputants would take the field,  
Sure not to conquer, and fure not to yield;  
Both fides deceived, if rightly underftood,  
Pelting each other for the public good.  
Did Charity prevail, the prefs would prove  
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love;  
And I might fpare myfelf the pains to fliew  
What few can learn, and all fuppofe they know.



Thus have I fought to grace a ferious lay  
With many a wild, indeed, but flowery fpray,  
In hopes to gain, what elfe I muft have loft,  
The attention pleafure has fo much engrofFd.  
But if unhappily deceived I dream,  
And prove too weak for fo divine a theme,  
Let Charity forgive me a miftake,  
That zeal, not vanity, has chanced to make,  
And fpare the poet for his fubject's fake.





## CONVERSATION.

Nam neque me tantum venientis fibilus auftri,  
Nee percussa juvant fluflu tarn litora, nee quse  
Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

*Virg. Eel. v.*



THOUGH Nature weigh our talents, and  
dispenfe  
To every man his modicum of fenfe,  
And Converfation in its better part  
May be efteem'd a gift, and not an art,  
Yet much depends, as in the tiller s toil,  
On culture, and the fowing of the foil.  
Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearfe,  
But talking is not always to converfe;  
Not more diftinfte from harmony divine,  
The conftant creaking of a country figh.  
As alphabets in ivory employ  
Hour after hour the yet unletter'd boy,  
Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee  
Thofe feeds of fcience call'd his A B C;  
So language in the mouths of the adult,  
Witnefs its insignificant refult,  
Too often proves an implement of play,  
A toy to fport with, and pafs time away.

Colleft at evening what the day brought forth,  
Compreſs the ſum into its ſolid worth,  
And if it weigh the importance of a fly,  
The ſcales are falſe, or algebra a lie.  
Sacred interpreter of human thought,  
How few reſped: or uſe thee as they ought!  
But all ſhall give account of every wrong,  
Who dare diſhonour or defile the tongue;  
Who prostitute it in the cauſe of vice,  
Or ſell their glory at a market price ;  
Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,  
The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon.

There is a prurience in the ſpeech of ſome,  
Wrath ſtays him, or elſe God would ſtrike them  
His wife forbearance has their end in view, [dumb:  
They fill their meaſure, and receive their due.  
The heathen lawgivers of ancient days,  
Names almoſt worthy of a Chriſtian praiſe,  
Would drive them forth from the refort of men,  
And ſhut up every fatyr in his den.  
Oh come not ye near innocence and truth,  
Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth!  
Infedlious as impure, your blighting power  
Taints in its rudiments the promiſed flower;  
Its odour periph'd and its charming hue,  
Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it ſmells of you.  
Not e'en the vigorous and headlong rage  
Of adoleſcence, or a firmer age,  
Affords a plea allowable or juſt  
For making ſpeech the pamperer of luſt;  
But when the breath of age commits the fault,  
'Tis nauſeous as the vapour of a vault.

So wither'd ftumps difgrace the fylvan fcene,  
No longer fruitful, and no longer green ;  
The faplefs wood, diverted of the bark,  
Grows fungous, and takes fire at every fpark.

Oaths terminate, as Paul obferves, all ftrife—  
Some men have furely then a peaceful life!  
Whatever fubjeft occupy difcourfe,  
The feats of Veftris, or the naval force,  
Afleveration bluftering in your face  
Makes contradiction fuch a hopelefs cafe:  
In every tale they tell, or falfe or true,  
Well known, or fuch as no man ever knew,  
They fix attention, heedlefs of your pain,  
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain;  
And e'en when fober truth prevails throughout,  
They fwear it, till affurance breeds a doubt.  
A Perfian, humble fervant of the Sun,  
Who though devout, yet bigotry had none,  
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his addrefs.  
With adjurations every word imprefs,  
Supposed the man a Bifhop, or at leaft,  
God's name fo much upon his lips, a prieft;  
Bow'd at the clofe with all his graceful airs,  
And begg'd an intereft in his frequent prayers.

Go, quit the rank to which ye flood preferr'd,  
Henceforth aflbciate in one common herd;  
Religion, virtue, reaſon, common fenſe,  
Pronounce your human form a falfe pretence;  
A mere difguife, in which a devil lurks,  
Who yet betrays his ſecret by his works.

Ye powers who rule the tongue, iffuch there are,  
And make colloquial happinefs your care,

Preferve me from the thing I dread and hate,  
A duel in the form of a debate.  
The clalh of arguments and jar of words,  
Worfe than the mortal brunt of rival fwords,  
Decide no queftion with their tedious length,  
For oppofition gives opinion ftrength,  
Divert the champions prodigal of breath,  
And put the peaceably difpofed to death.  
O thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,  
Nor carp at every flaw you may difcern;  
Though fyllogifms hang not on my tongue ,  
I am not furely always in the wrong;  
'Tis hard if all is falfe that I advance,  
A fool muft now and then be right by chance.  
Not that all freedom of diflent I blame;  
No—there I grant the privilege I claim.  
A difputable point is no man's ground;  
Rove where you pleafe, 'tis common all around.  
Difcourfe may want an animated No,  
To brufh the furface, and to make it flow;  
But ftill remember, if you mean to pleafe,  
To prefs your point with modefty and eafe.  
The mark, at which my jufter aim I take,  
Is contradiction for its own dear fake.  
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,  
Knots and impediments make fometh'g hitch;  
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,  
Your thread of argument is fnapp'd again;  
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,  
Will judge himfelf deceived, and prove it too.  
Vociferated logic kills me quite,  
A noify man is always in the right.

I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,  
 Fix on the wainfcot a diftreffful ftare,  
 And, when I hope his blunders are all out,  
 Reply difcreetly—To be fure—no doubt!

Dubius is fuch a fcrupulous good man—  
 Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.  
 He would not, with a peremptory tone,  
 Affert the nofe upon his face his own;  
 With hefitation admirably flow,  
 He humbly hopes—prefumes—it may be fo.  
 His evidence, if he were calPd by law  
 To fwear to fome enormity he faw,  
 For want of prominence and juft relief,  
 Would hang an honeft man, and fave a thief.  
 Through conftant dread of giving truth offence,  
 He ties up all his hearers in fufpenfe;  
 Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not;  
 What he remembers feems to have forgot;  
 His fole opinion, whatfoe'er befall,  
 Centring at laft in having none at all.  
 Yet, though he teafe and baulk your liftening ear,  
 He makes one ufeul point exceeding clear ;  
 Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme  
 A fceptic in philofophy may feem,  
 Reduced to practice, his beloved rule  
 Would only prove him a confummate fool;  
 Ufelefs in him alike both brain and fpeech,  
 Fate having placed all truth above his reach,  
 His ambiguities his total fum,  
 He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their  
 The pofitive pronounce without difmay ; [way,

Their want of light and intellect fupplied  
By fparks abfurdity ftrikes out of pride.  
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,  
They always are decilive, clear, and ftrong.  
Where others toil with philofophic force,  
Their nimble nonfence takes a ihorter courfe;  
Flings at your head conviftion in the lump,  
And gains remote conclufions at a jump :  
Their own defed, invifible to them,  
Seen in another, they at once condemn;  
And, though felf-idolized in every cafe,  
Hate their own likenefs in a brother's face.  
The caufe is plain, and not to be denied,  
The proud are always moft provoked by pride.  
Few competitions but engender fpite;  
And thofe the moft, where neither has a right.

The point of honour has been deem'd of ufe,  
To teach good manners, and to curb abuſe:  
Admit it true, the confequence is clear,  
Our polifh'd manners are a mafk we wear,  
And at the bottom barbarous ftill and rude;  
We are refrain'd indeed, but not fubdued.  
The very remedy, however fure,  
Springs from the mifchief it intends to cure,  
And favage in its principle appears,  
Tried, as it fhould be, by the fruit it bears.  
'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend  
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;  
That now and then a hero muft deceafe,  
That the furviving world may live in peace.  
Perhaps at laft cloſe ſcrutiny may fhew  
The praftice daftardly, and mean, and low;

That men engage in it compell'd by force;  
And fear, not courage, is its proper fource.  
The fear of tyrant cuftom, and the fear  
Left fops fhould cenfure us, and fools fhould fneer.  
At leaft to trample on our Maker's laws,  
And hazard life for any or no caufe,  
To rufh into a fix'd eternal ftate  
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,  
Or fend another fhivering to the bar  
With all the guilt of fuch unnatural war,  
Whatever ufe may urge, or honour plead,  
On reafon's verdift is a madman's deed.  
Am I to fet my life upon a throw,  
Becaufe a bear is rude and furly? No—  
A moral, fenfible, and well bred man  
Will not affront me, and no other can.  
Were I empower'd to regulate the lifts,  
They fhould encounter with well loaded fifts;  
A Trojan combat would be fomething new;  
Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue;  
Then each might fhew, to his admiring friends,  
In honourable bumps his rich amends,  
And carry, in contufions of his fkull,  
A fatisfactory receipt in full.

A ftory, in which native humour reigns,  
Is often ufeful, always entertains:  
A graver fad, enlifted on your fide,  
May furnifh illuftration, well applied;  
But fedentary weavers of long tales  
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.  
'Tis the moft afmine employ on earth,  
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,



And echo converfations, dull and dry,  
 Embellifh'd with—*befaid*, *znctfofaid* I.  
 At every interview their route the fame,  
 The repetition makes attention lame:  
 We buſtle up with unfucceſſful ſpeed,  
 And in the fadeſt part cry—Droll indeed !  
 The path of narrative with care purſue,  
 Still making probability your clue;  
 On all the veſtiges of truth attend,  
 And let *them* guide you to a decent end.  
 Of all ambitions man may entertain,  
 The worſt that can invade a fickly brain  
 Is that which angles hourly for ſurprize,  
 And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.  
 Credulous infancy, or age as weak,  
 Are fitteſt auditors for ſuch to ſeek,  
 Who to pleaſe others will themſelves diſgrace,  
 Yet pleaſe not, but affront you to your face.  
 A great retailer of this curious ware,  
 Having unloaded and made many flare,  
 Can this be true?—an arch obſerver cries;—  
 Yes (rather moved), I ſaw it with theſe eyes!  
 Sir! I believe it on that ground alone ;  
 I could not, had I ſeen it with my own.

A tale ſhould be judicious, clear, ſuccinct;  
 The language plain, and incidents well link'd;  
 Tell not as new what every body knows,  
 And, new or old, flill haften to a cloſe;  
 There, centring in a focus round and neat,  
 Let all your rays of information meet.  
 What neither yields us profit nor delight  
 Is like a nurſe's lullaby at night;

Guy Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanore,  
Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,  
Makes half a sentence at a time enough ;  
The dozing fages drop the drowsy strain,  
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again  
Such often, like the tube they so admire,  
Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.  
Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,  
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,  
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours  
The sex whose preference civilizes ours;  
Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants,  
To poison vermin that infest his plants;  
But are we so to wit and beauty blind,  
As to despise the glory of our kind,  
And (how the softest minds and fairest forms  
As little mercy as he grubs and worms ?  
They dare not wait the riotous abuse  
Thy thirst-creating fleams at length produce,  
When wine has given indecent language birth,  
And forced the floodgates of licentious mirth ;  
For feaborn Venus her attachment flows  
Still to that element from which {he rose,  
And with a quiet, which no fumes disturb,  
Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,  
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,  
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,  
Touch'd with a magnet, had attracted his.  
His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,  
Proves after all a windgun's airy charge,—

An extraft of his diary—no more,—  
 A taftelefs journal of the dqy before.  
 He walk'd abroad, overtaken in the rain,  
 CalPd on a friend, drank tea, ftepp'd home again,  
 Refum'd his purpofe, had a world of talk  
 With one he ftumbled on, and loft his walk.  
 I interrupt him with a fudden bow,  
 Adieu, dear Sir! left you Ihould lofe it now.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,  
 A fine pufs gentleman that's all perfume;  
 The fight's enough—no need to fmell a beau—  
 Who thrufts his nofe into a raree-lhow ?  
 His odoriferous attempts to pleafe  
 Perhaps might prosper with a fwarm of bees;  
 But we that make no honey, though we fting,  
 Poets, are fometimes apt to maul the thing.  
 Tis wrong to bring into a mix'd refort,  
 What makes fome lick, and others *a-la-mort*,  
 An argument of cogence, we may fay,  
 Why fuch a one Ihould keep *himfelfzwzy*.

A graver coxcomb we may fometimes fee,  
 Quite as abfurd though not fo light as he :  
 A lhallow brain behind a ferious mafk,  
 An oracle within an empty calk,  
 The folemn fop; lignificant and budge ;  
 A fool with judges, amongft fools a judge.  
 He fays but little, and that little faid  
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.  
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
 But when you knock it never is at home:  
 Tis like a parcel fent you by the ftage,  
 Some handfome prefent, as your hopes prefage;

Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove  
 An abfent friend's fidelity and love,  
 But when unpacked your difappointment groans  
 To find it fluff'd with brickbats, earth, and ftones.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,  
 In making known how oft they have been fick,  
 And give us, in recitals of difeafe,  
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;  
 Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,  
 How an emetic or cathartic fped ;  
 Nothing is flightly touch'd, much lefs forgot,  
 Nofe, ears, and eyes feem prefent on the fpot.  
 Now the diftemper, fpite of draught or pill,  
 Victorious feem'd, and now the doftor's ikill;  
 And now—alas, for unforefeen mifhaps!  
 They put on a damp nightcap, and relapfe;  
 They thought they muft have died, they were fo bad;  
 Their peevifh hearers almoft wifti they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,  
 You always do too little or too much:  
 You ipeak with life, in hopes to entertain,  
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain;  
 You fall at once into a lower key,  
 That's worfe—the drone-pipe of an humblebee.  
 The fouthern fafti admits too ftrong a light,  
 You rife and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.  
 He ihakes with cold—you ftir the fire and ftrive  
 To make a blaze—that's roafting him alive.  
 Serve him with venifon, and he choofes fifh ;  
 With fole—that's juft the fort he would not wifh.  
 He takes what he at firft profefTd to loathe,  
 And in due time feeds heartily on both;

Yet ftill, overclouded with a conftant frown,  
He does not fwallow, but he gulps it down.  
Your hope to pleafe him vain on every plan,  
Himfelf fhould work that wonder if he can—  
Alas! his efforts double his diftreffs,  
He likes yours little, and his own ftill lefs.  
Thus always teafing others, always teafed,  
His only pleasure is—to be difpleafed.

I pity bafhful men, who feel the pain  
Of fancied fcorn and undeferved difdain,  
And bear the marks upon a blufhing face  
Of needlefs ftame, and felf-imposed difgrace.  
Our fenfibilities are fo acute,  
The fear of being filent makes us mute.  
We fometimes think we could a fpeech produce  
Much to the purpofe, if our tongues were loofe;  
But being tied, it dies upon the lip,  
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip:  
Our wafted oil unprofitably burns,  
Like hidden lamps in old fepulchral urns.  
Few Frenchmen of this evil have complain'd;  
It feems as if we Britons were ordain'd,  
By way of wholefome curb upon our pride,  
To fear each other, fearing none befide.  
The caufe perhaps inquiry may defcry,  
Self-fearching with an introverted eye,  
Conceal'd within an unfufpected part,  
The vaineft corner of our own vain heart:  
For ever aiming at the world's efteem,  
Our felf-importance ruins its own fcheme;  
In other eyes our talents rarely fhown,  
Become at length fo fplendid in our own,

We dare not rilK them into public view,  
Left they mifcarry of what feems their due.  
True modefty is a difcerning grace,  
And only blufhes in the proper place;  
But counterfeit is blind, and fkulks through fear,  
Where 'tis a fhame to be aihamed to appear:  
Humility the parent of the firft,  
The laft by Vanity produced and nurfed.  
The circle form'd, we fit in filent ftate,  
Like figures drawn upon a dial plate;  
Yes, Ma'am, and No, Ma'am, utter'd foftly, fhew  
Every five minutes how the minutes go;  
Each individual, fuffering a conftraint,  
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint;  
As if in clofe committee on the iky,  
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry;  
And finds a changing clime a happy fource  
Of wife reflection and well timed difcourfe.  
We next inquire, but foftly and by ftealth,  
Like confervators of the public health,  
Of epidemic throats, if fuch there are,  
And coughs, and rheums, and phthific, and catarrh,  
That theme exhausted, a wide chafm enfues,  
FilPd up at laft with interefting news,  
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,  
And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed :  
But fear to call a more important caufe,  
As if'twere treafon againft Englifh laws.  
The vifit paid, with ecftafy we come,  
As from a feven years' tranfportation, home,  
And there refume an unembarraFd brow,  
Recovering what we loft we know not how,

The faculties, that seem'd reduced to nought,  
Expression and the privilege of thought.

The reeking, roaring hero of the chase,  
I give him over as a desperate case.  
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,  
Never, if honest ones, when death is sure;  
And though the fox he follows may be tamed,  
A mere fox-follower never is reclaim'd.  
Some farrier (should prescribe his proper course,  
Whose only fit companion is his horse,  
Or if, deserving of a better doom,  
The noble beast judge otherwise, his groom.  
Yet e'en the rogue that serves him, tho' he stand  
To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,  
Prefers his fellow grooms with much good sense,  
Their skill a truth, his matter's a pretence.  
If neither horse nor groom afford the squire,  
Where can at last his jockeyship retire ?  
Oh, to the club, the scene of savage joys,  
The school of coarse good fellow/ship and noise;  
There, in the sweet society of those  
Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,  
Let him improve his talent if he can,  
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

Man's heart had been impenetrably seal'd,  
Like theirs that cleave the flood or graze the field,  
Had not his Maker's all-beflowing hand  
Given him a soul, and bade him understand;  
The reasoning power vouchsafed of course infer'd  
The power to clothe that reason with his word;  
For all is perfect that God works on earth,  
And He that gives conception adds the birth.

If this be plain, 'tis plainly underftood,  
What ufes of this boon the giver would.  
The mind, defpatch'd upon her bufy toil,  
Should range where Providence has blefFd the foil ;  
Vifiting every flower with labour meet,  
And gathering all her treafures fweet by fweet,  
She fhould imbue the tongue with what ftie fips,  
And fhed the balmy blefling on the lips,  
That good diffufed may more abundant grow,  
And fpeech may praife the power that bids it flow.  
Will the fweet warbler of the livelong night,  
That fills the listening lover with delight,  
Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,  
To learn the twittering of a meaner bird ?  
Or make the parrot's mimicry his choice,  
That odious libel on a human voice ?  
No—Nature, unfophifticate by man,  
Starts not afide from her Creator's plan;  
The melody, that was at firft defign'd  
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,  
Is note for note delivered in our ears,  
In the laft fcene of her fix thoufand years.  
Yet Fafhion, leader of a chattering train,  
Whom man, for his own hurt permits to reign,  
Who fliifts and changes all things but his fhape,  
And would degrade her votary to an ape,  
The fruitful parent of abufe and wrong,  
Holds a ufurp'd dominion o'er his tongue;  
There fits and prompts him with his own difgrace,  
Prefcribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,  
And, when accomplifh'd in her wayward fchool,  
Calls gentleman whom fhe has made a fool.



'Tis an unalterable fix'd decree,  
That none could frame or ratify but (he,  
That heaven and hell, and righteoufnefs and fin,  
Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within,  
God and his attributes (a field of day  
Where 'tis an angel's happinefs to fray),  
Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,  
Be never named in ears efteem'd polite.  
That he who dares, when fhe forbids, be grave,  
Shall fland profcribed, a madman or a knave,  
A clofe defigner not to be believed,  
Or, if excufed that charge, at leafi deceived.  
Oh, folly worthy of the nurfe's lap,  
Give it the breaft, or flop its mouth with pap!  
Is it incredible, or can it feem  
A dream to any except thofe that dream,  
That man fhould love his Maker, and *that* fire,  
Warming his heart, fhould at his lips tranfpire?  
Know then, and modeftly let fall your eyes,  
And veil your daring creft that braves the ikies;  
That air of infolence affronts your God,  
You need his pardon, and provoke his rod:  
Now, in a pofture that becomes you more  
Than that heroic ftrut affumed before,  
Know, your arrears with every hour accrue  
For mercy fhown, while wrath is juftly due.  
The time is fhort, and there are fouls on earth,  
Though\* future pain may ferve for prefent mirth,  
Acquainted with the woes that fear or fhame,  
By fafhion taught, forbade them once to name,  
And, having felt the pangs you deem a jeft,  
Have proved them truths too big to be expreffd.

Go seek on Revelation's hallow'd ground,  
Sure to succeed, the remedy they found;  
Touch'd by that power that you have dared to mock,  
That makes feasts feable, and disblives the rock,  
Your heart {hall yield a life-renewing stream,  
That fools, as you have done, (hall call a dream.

It happened on a solemn eventide,  
Soon after He that was our surety died,  
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,  
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,  
Sought their own village, busied as they went  
In musings worthy of the great event:  
They spoke of him they loved, of him whose life,  
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,  
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,  
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.  
The recollection, like a vein of ore,  
The farther traced, enrich'd them still the more;  
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one  
Sent to do more than he appear'd to have done;  
To exalt a people, and to place them high  
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.  
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,  
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,  
And ask'd them with a kind engaging air,  
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.  
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,  
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,  
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well  
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,  
That reaching home, The night, they said, is near,  
We must not now be parted, sojourn here—

The new acquaintance soon became a guest,  
And made so welcome at their simple feast,  
He blest the bread, but vanished at the word,  
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!  
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say,  
Did they not burn within us by the way ?

Now theirs was converse such as it behoves  
Man to maintain, and such as God approves:  
Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,  
But yet successful, being aim'd at him.  
Christ and his character their only scope,  
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,  
They felt what it became them much to feel,  
And, wanting him to lose the sacred seal,  
Found him as prompt, as their desire was true,  
To spread the newborn glories in their view.

Well—what are ages and the lapse of time  
Match'd against truths, as lasting as sublime ?  
Can length of years on God himself exact ?  
Or make that fiction which was once a fact ?  
No—marble and recording brass decay,  
And, like the graver's memory, pass away;  
The works of man inherit, as is just,  
Their author's frailty, and return to dust:  
But truth divine for ever stands secure,  
Its head as guarded as its base as sure;  
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,  
The pillar of the eternal plan appears,  
The raging storm and dashing wave defies,  
Built by that Architect who built the skies.  
Hearts may be found, that harbour at this hour  
That love of Christ in all its quickening power,,

And lips unfain'd by folly or by frife,  
Whofe wifdom, drawn from the deep well of life,  
Taftes of its healthful origin, and flows  
A Jordan for the ablution of our woes.  
O days of heaven, and nights of equal praife,  
Serene and peaceful as thofe heavenly days,  
When fouls drawn upwards in communion fweet  
Enjoy the ftillnefs of fome dole retreat,  
Difcourfe, as if releafed and fafe at home,  
Of dangers paft, and wonders yet to come,  
And fpread the facred treafures of the breaft  
Upon the lap of covenanted Reft!

What, always dreaming over heavenly things,  
Like angel-heads in ftone with pigeon wings ?  
Canting and whining out all day the word,  
And half the night ? fanatic and abfurd!  
Mine be the friend lefs frequent in his prayers,  
Who makes no buftle with his foul's affairs,  
Whofe wit can brighten up a wintry day,  
And chafe the fplenetic dull hours away;  
Content on earth in earthly things to fhine,  
Who waits for heaven ere he becomes divine,  
Leaves faints to enjoy thofe altitudes they teach,  
And plucks the fruit placed more within his reach.

Well fpoken, Advocate of fin and ftame,  
Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name.  
Is fparkling wit the world's exclufive right ?  
The fix'd fee-fimple of the vain and light ?  
Can hopes of heaven, bright profpects of an hour,  
That come to waft us out of forrow's power,  
Obfcure or quench a faculty that finds  
Its happieft foil in the fereneft minds ?

Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,  
And brings the trifler under rigorous fway,  
But gives it usefulness unknown before,  
And purifying, makes it finer the more.  
A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,  
A beam that aids, but never grieves the fight;  
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,  
'Tis always active on the side of truth ;  
Temperance and peace insure its healthful state,  
And make it brightest at its latest date.  
Oh I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,  
Ere life go down, to see such fights again)  
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,  
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;  
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,  
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen eyed ;  
A man that would have foil'd at their own play  
A dozen would-bes of the modern day;  
Who, when occasion justified its use,  
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,  
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,  
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,  
His rich materials, and regale your ear  
With strains it was a privilege to hear:  
Yet above all his luxury supreme,  
And his chief glory was the gospel theme;  
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,  
His happy eloquence seem'd there at home,  
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,  
But to treat justly what he loved so well.

It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,  
When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,

Suppose *themfelves* monopolifts of fenfe,  
And wifer men's ability pretence.  
Though time will wear us, and we muft grow old,  
Such men are not forgot as foon as cold,  
Their fragrant memory will outlaft their tomb,  
Embalm'd for ever in its own perfume.  
And to fay truth, though in its early prime,  
And when unftain'd with any groffer crime,  
Youth has a fpightlinefs and fire to boaft,  
That in the valley of decline are loft,  
And Virtue with peculiar charms appears,  
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years;  
Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,  
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd,  
That fire abated which impels rafh youth,  
Proud of his fpeed, to overhoot the truth,  
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,  
Mellows and makes the fpeech more fit for ufe,  
And claims a reverence in its fhortening day,  
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.  
The fruits of age, lefs fair, are yet more found  
Than thofe a brighter feafon pours around;  
And like the ftoces autumnal funs mature,  
Through wintry rigours unimpair'd endure.

What is fanatic frenzy, fcorn'd fo much,  
And dreaded more than a contagious touch?  
I grant it dangerous, and approve your fear,  
That fire is catching if you draw too near;  
But fage obfervers oft miftake the flame,  
And give true piety that odious name.  
To tremble (as the creature of an hour  
Ought at the view of an Almighty power)

Before His prefence, at whofe awful throne  
 All tremble in all worlds, except our own,  
 To fupplicate his mercy, love his ways,  
 And prize them above pleafure, wealth, or praife,  
 Though common fenfe, allow'd a cafting voice,  
 And free from bias, muft approve the choice,  
 Convikts a man fanatic in the extreme,  
 And wild as madnefs in the world's efteem.  
 But that difeafe, when foberly defined,  
 Is the falfe fire of an o'erheated mind;  
 It views the truth with a diftorted eye,  
 And either warps or lays it ufelefs by;  
 Tis narrow, felfifh, arrogant, and draws  
 Its fordid nourishment from man's applaufe;  
 And while at heart fin unrelinquifti'd lies,  
 Prefumes itfelf chief favourite of the ikies.  
 'Tis fuch a light as putrefaction breeds  
 In fly-blown flefh, whereon the maggot feeds,  
 Shines in the dark, but ufher'd into day,  
 The ftench remains, the luftre dies away.

True blifs, if man may reach it, is compofed  
 Of hearts in union mutually difclofed;  
 And, farewell elfe all hope of pure delight,  
 Thofe hearts fhould be reclaim'd, renew'd, upright.  
 Bad men, profaning friendftiip's hallow'd name,  
 Form, in its ftead, a covenant of fhame,  
 A dark confederacy againft the laws  
 Of virtue, and religion's glorious caufe:  
 They build each other up with dreadful (kill,  
 As baftions fet point blank againft God's will;  
 Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt,  
 Deeply refolved to (hut a Saviour out;—

Call legions up from hell to back the deed;  
And, curfed with conquest, finally fucceed.  
But foulds, that carry on a bleft exchange  
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,  
And with a fearlefs confidence make known  
The forrows fympathy esteems its own,  
Daily derive increafing light and force  
From fuch communion in their pleafant courfe,  
Feel lefs the journey's roughnefs and its length,  
Meet their oppofers with united ftrength,  
And one in heart, in intereft, and defign,  
Gird up each other to the race divine.

But Converfation, choofe what theme we may,  
And chiefly when religion leads the way,  
Should flow, like waters after fummer fflowers,  
Not as if raifed by mere mechanic powers.  
The Chriftian, in whofe foul, though now diftrefFd,  
Lives the dear thought of joys he once poffefFd,  
When all his glowing language iflied forth  
With God's deep ftamp upon its current worth,  
Will fpeak without difguife, and muft impart,  
Sad as it is, his undiflembling heart,  
Abhors conftraint, and dares not fain a zeal,  
Or feem to boaft a fire he does not feel.  
The fong of Sion is a taftelefs thing,  
Unlefs, when rifmg on a joyful wing,  
The foul can mix with the celeftial bands,  
And give the ftrain the compafs it demands.

Strange tidings thefe to tell a world, who treat  
All but their own experience as deceit!  
Will they believe, though credulous enough,  
To fwallow much upon much weaker proof,



That there are blest inhabitants of earth,  
Partakers of a new ethereal birth,  
Their hopes, desires, and purposes estranged  
From things terrestrial, and divinely changed,  
Their very language of a kind that speaks  
The soul's true interest in the good she seeks,  
Who deal with Scripture, its importance felt,  
As Tully with philosophy once dealt,  
And in the silent watches of the night,  
And through the scenes of toil-renewing light,  
The social walk, or solitary ride,  
Keep still the dear companion at their side ?  
No—fame upon a self-dishgracing age,  
God's work may serve an ape upon a stage  
With such a jest, as fill'd with hellish glee  
Certain invisibles as shrewd as he ;  
But veneration or respect finds none,  
Save from the subjects of that work alone.  
The world grown old, her deep discernment flows,  
Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose,  
Peruses closely the true Christian's face,  
And finds it a mere mask of fly grimace ;  
Usurps God's office, lays his bosom bare,  
And finds hypocrisy close lurking there ;  
And, serving God herself through mere constraint,  
Concludes his unfeign'd love of him a feint.  
And yet, God knows, look human nature through,  
(And in due time the world shall know it too)  
That since the flowers of Eden felt the blast,  
That after man's defection laid all waste,  
Sincerity towards the heart-searching God  
Has made the new-born creature her abode,

Nor fhall be found in unregenerate foulds,  
Till the laft fire burn all between the poles.  
Sincerity! Why 'tis his only pride,  
Weak and imperfekt in all grace befide,  
He knows that God demands his heart entire,  
And gives him all his juft demands require.  
Without it his pretenfions were as vain,  
As having it he deems the world's difdain;  
That great defed; would coft him not alone  
Man's favourable judgment, but his own ;  
His birthright fhaken, and no longer clear,  
Than while his conduft proves his heart fmcere.  
Retort the charge, and let the world be told  
She boafts a confidence fhe does not hold ;  
That, confcious of her crimes, fhe feels inftead  
A cold mifgiving, and a killing dread :  
That while in health the ground of her fupport  
Is madly to forget that life is fhort;  
That fhe trembles, knowing fhe muft die,  
Her hope prefumption, and her faith a lie ;  
That while fhe dotes, and dreams that fhe believes,  
She mocks her Maker, and herfelf deceives,  
Her utmoft reach, hiftorical affent,  
The dodtrines warp'd to what they never meant;  
That truth itfelf is in her head as dull  
And ufelefs as a candle in a fkull,  
And all her love of God a groundlefs claim,  
A trick upon the canvafs, painted flame.  
Tell her again, the sneer upon her face,  
And all her cenfures of the work of grace,  
Are infincere, meant only to conceal  
A dread fhe would not, yet is forced to feel;

That in her heart the Chriftian fhe reveres,  
And while fhe feems to fcorn him, only fears.

A poet does not work by fquare or line,  
As fmiths and joiners perfeft a defign;  
At leaft we moderns, our attention lefs,  
Beyond the example of our fires digrefs,  
And claim a right to fcamper and run wide,  
Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide.  
The world and I fortuitoufly met;  
I owed a trifle, and have paid the debt;  
She did me wrong, I recompens'd the deed,  
And having ftruck the balance, now proceed.  
Perhaps however, as fome years have pafFd  
Since fhe and I converf'd together laft,  
And I have lived reclufe in rural fhades,  
Which feldom a diftindt report pervades,  
Great changes and new manners have occurred,  
And bleft reforms, that I have never heard,  
And fhe may now be as difcreet and wife,  
As once abfurd in all difcerning eyes.  
Sobriety perhaps may now be found  
Where once intoxication prefFd the ground ;  
The fubtle and injurious may be juft,  
And he grown chafte that was the flave of luft;  
Arts once efteem'd may be with fhame difmifTd;  
Charity may relax the mifer's fift;  
The gamefter may have caft his cards away,  
Forgot to curfe, and only kneel to pray.  
It has indeed been told me (with what weight,  
How credibly, 'tis hard for me to ftate)  
That fables old, that feem'd for ever mute,  
Revived, are haftening into frefh repute,

And gods and goddefles difcarded long  
Like ufelefs lumber, or a ftroller's fong,  
Are bringing into vogue their heathen train,  
And Jupiter bids fair to rule again ;  
That certain feafts are intituted now,  
Where Venus hears the lover's tender vow ;  
That all Olympus through the country roves,  
To confecrate our few remaining groves,  
And Echo learns politely to repeat  
The praife of names for ages obfolete ;  
That having proved the weaknefs, it fliould feem,  
Of revelation's ineffectual beam,  
To bring the paffions under fober fway,  
And give the moral fprings their proper play,  
They mean to try what may at laft be done,  
By flout fubftantial gods of wood and ftone,  
And whether Roman rites may not produce  
The virtues of old Rome for Englifh ufe.  
May much fuccefs attend the pious plan,  
May Mercury once more embellifh man,  
Grace him again with long forgotten arts,  
Reclaim his tafte, and brighten up his parts,  
Make him athletic as in days of old,  
Learn'd at the bar, in the palaefta bold,  
Diveft the rougher fex of female airs,  
And teach the fofter not to copy theirs:  
The change ihall pleafe, nor fhall it matter aught  
Who works the wonder, if it be but wrought.  
'Tis time, however, if the cafe ftand thus,  
For us plain folks, and all who fide with us,  
To build our altar, confident and bold,  
And fay as ftern Elijah faid of old,

The trife now ftands upon a fair award,  
If Ifrael's Lord be God, then ferve the Lord:  
If he be filent, faith is all a whim,  
Then Baal is the God, and worfhip him.

Digreflion is fo much in modern ufe,  
Thought is fo rare, and fancy fo profufe,  
Some never feem fo wide of their intent,  
As when returning to the theme they meant;  
As mendicants, whofe bufinefs is to roam,  
Make every parifh but their own their home.  
Though fuch continual zigzags in a book,  
Such drunken reelings have an awkward look,  
And I had rather creep to what is true,  
Than rove and ftagger with no mark in view;  
Yet to confult a little feem'd no crime,  
The freakifli humour of the prefent time :  
But now to gather up what feems difperfed,  
And touch the fubjeft I defign'd at firft,  
May prove, though much befide the rules of art,  
Beit for the public, and my wifeft part.  
And firft, let no man charge me, that I mean  
To clofe in fable every focial fcene,  
And give good company a face fevere,  
As if they met around a father's bier;  
For tell fome men, that pleafure all their bent,  
And laughter all their work, is life mifpent,  
Their wifdom burfts into this fage reply,  
Then mirth is fin, and we ihould always cry.  
To find the medium afks fome fhare of wit,  
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.  
But though life's valley be a vale of tears,  
A brighter fcene beyond that vale appears,

Whofe glory, with a light that never fades,  
Shoots between fcatter'd rocks and opening fhades,  
And while it flows the land the foul defires,  
The language of the land the feeks infpires.  
Thus touch'd, the tongue receives a facred cure  
Of all that was abfurd, profane, impure;  
Held within modeft bounds, the tide of fpeech  
Purfues the courfe that Truth and Nature teach;  
No longer labours merely to produce  
The pomp of found, or tinkle without ufe;  
Where'er it winds, the falutary fstream,  
Sprightly and frefh, enriches every theme,  
While all the happy man poffefFd before,  
The gift of nature, or the claflic ftore,  
Is made fubfervient to the grand defign,  
For which Heaven form'd the faculty divine.  
So fhould an idiot, while at large he ftrays,  
Find the fweet lyre on which an artift plays,  
With rafh and awkward force the chords he lhakes,  
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes;  
But let the wife and well inftrufed hand  
Once take the (hell beneath his juft command,  
In gentle founds it feems as it complained  
Of the rude injuries it late fuftain'd,  
Till tuned at length to fome immortal fong,  
It founds Jehovah's name, and pours his praife  
along.



## RETIREMENT.

. . . . . ftudiis florens ignobilisoti.

*Virg\** *Geor. lib. 4.*

**H** JACKNEY'D in bufmefs, wearied at the  
oar  
Which thoufands, once faft chain'd to,  
quit no more,  
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,  
All wifh, or feem to wifh, they could forego;  
The ftatelman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,  
Pants for the refuge of fome rural fliade,  
Where, all his long anxieties forgot  
Amid the charms of a fequefter'd fpot,  
Or recollefted only to gild o'er,  
And add a fmile to what was fweet before,  
He may poffefs the joys he thinks he fees,  
Lay his old age upon the lap of cafe,  
Improve the remnant of his wafted fpan,  
And, having lived a trifler, die a man.  
Thus confcience pleads her caufe within the breaft,  
Though long rebell'd againft, not yet fuppreifd,  
And calls a creature form'd for God alone,  
For Heaven's high purpofes, and not his own,  
Calls him away from felfifh ends and aims,  
From what debilitates and what inflames,

From cities humming with a restless crowd,  
Sordid as adive, ignorant as loud,  
Whose higheft praise is that they live in vain,  
The dupes of pleasure, or the flaves of gain,  
Where works of man are clufter'd close around,  
And works of God are hardly to be found,  
To regions where, in spite of sin and woe,  
Traces of Eden are still seen below,  
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,  
Remind him of his Maker's power and love.  
'Tis well if, look'd for at so late a day,  
In the last scene of such a senseless play,  
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,  
And grace his action ere the curtain fall.  
Souls, that have long despised their heavenly birth,  
Their wishes all impregnated with earth,  
For threecore years employed with ceaseless care  
In catching smoke and feeding upon air,  
Conversant only with the ways of men,  
Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.  
Inveterate habits choke the unfruitful heart,  
Their fibres penetrate its tenderest part,  
And, draining its nutritious powers to feed  
Their noxious growth, starve every better feed.

Happy, if full of days—but happier far,  
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,  
Sick of the service of a world, that feeds  
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,  
We can escape from custom's idiot way,  
To serve the Sovereign we were born to obey.  
Then sweet to muse upon his skill display'd  
(Infinite skill) in all that he has made!



To trace in Nature's moft minute defign  
The fignature and ftamp of power divine,  
Contrivance intricate, expreff'd with eafe,  
Where unaflifted fight no beauty fees,  
The fhapely limb and lubricated joint,  
Within the fmall dimeniions of a point,  
Mufcle and nerve miraculoufly I pun,  
His mighty work, who fpeaks and it is done,  
The invifible in things fcarce feen reveald,  
To whom an atom is an ample field;  
To wonder at a thoufand infect forms,  
Thefe hatch'd, and thofe refuscitated worms,  
New life ordain'd and brighter fcenes to fhare,  
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air,  
Whofe ihape would make them, had they bulk  
and fize,  
More hideous foes than fancy can devife ;  
With helmed-heads, and dragon-fcales adorn'd,  
The mighty myriads, now fecurely fcorn'd,  
Would mock the majefty of man's high birth,  
Defpife his bulwarks, and unpeople earth :  
Then with a glance of fancy to furvey,  
Far as the faculty can ftretch away,  
Ten thoufand rivers pour'd at his command,  
From urns that never fail, through every land ;  
Thefe like a deluge with impetuous force,  
Thofe winding modeftly a filent courfe;  
The cloud-furmourning Alps, the fruitful vales;  
Seas, on which every nation ipreads her fails;  
The fun, a world whence other worlds drink light,  
The crefcent moon, the diadem of night:  
Stars countlefs, each in his appointed place,

Fail anchored in the deep abyfs of fpace—  
At fuch a fight to catch the poet's flame,  
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,  
Thefe are thy glorious works, thou Source of good,  
How dimly feen, how faintly underftood!  
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,  
This univerfal frame, thus wondrous fair;  
Thy power divine, and bounty beyond thought,  
Adored and praifed in all that thou haft wrought.  
Abforb'd in that immenfity I fee,  
I fhrink abafed, and yet afpire to thee;  
Intrud me, guide me to that heavenly day,  
Thy words, more clearly than thy works, difplay,  
That, while thy truths my groflier thoughts refine,  
I m<sup>ay</sup> refemble thee, and call thee mine.

O bleft proficiency! furpaffing all  
That men erroneoufly their glory call,  
The recompenfe that arts or arms can yield,  
The bar, the fenate, or the tented field.  
Compared with this fublimeft life below,  
Ye kings and rulers, what have courts to fhew?  
Thus ftudied, ufed and confecrated thus,  
Whatever *is*, feems form'd indeed for us;  
Not as the plaything of a froward child,  
Fretful unlefs diverted and beguiled,  
Much lefs to feed and fan the fatal fires  
Of pride, ambition, or impure defires,  
But as a fcale, by which the foul afcends  
From mighty means to more important ends,  
Securely, though by fteps but rarely trod,  
Mounts from inferior beings up to God,  
And fees, by no fallacious light or dim,

Earth made for man, and man himself for Him.

Not that I mean to approve, or would enforce,  
A superstitious and monastic course:

Truth is not local, God alike pervades

And fills the world of traffic and the shades,

And may be fear'd amid the deepest scenes,

Or scorn'd where business never intervenes.

But 'tis not easy with a mind like ours,

Conscious of weakness in its noblest powers,

And in a world where, other ills apart,

The roving eye misleads the careless heart,

To limit thought, by nature prone to stray

Wherever freakish fancy points the way;

To bid the pleadings of self-love be still,

Reign our own and seek our Maker's will;

To spread the page of Scripture, and compare

Our conduct with the laws engraven there;

To measure all that passes in the breast,

Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test;

To dive into the secret deeps within,

To spare no passion and no favourite sin,

And search the themes, important above all,

Ourselves, and our recovery from our fall.

But leisure, silence, and a mind released [created,

From anxious thoughts how wealth may be in-

How to secure, in some propitious hour,

The point of interest or the post of power,

A foul ferene, and equally retired

From objects too much dreaded or desired,

Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,

At least are friendly to the great pursuit.

Opening the map of God's extensive plan,

We find a little ifle, this life of man;  
 Eternity's unknown expanse appears  
 Circling around and limiting his years.  
 The busy race examine and explore  
 Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,  
 With care collect what in their eyes excels,  
 Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;  
 Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,  
 And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.  
 The waves overtake them in their ferious play,  
 And every hour sweep multitudes away;  
 They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,  
 Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.  
 A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes  
 Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize,  
 Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,  
 Seized with his fagnet, whom they serve and love;  
 Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait  
 A kind release from their imperfect state,  
 And unregretted are soon snatch'd away  
 From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

Nor these alone prefer a life sequester'd,  
 Who seek retirement for its proper use;  
 The love of change, that lives in every breast,  
 Genius, and temper, and desire of rest,  
 Discordant motives in one centre meet,  
 And each inclines its votary to retreat.  
 Some minds by nature are averse to noise,  
 And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,  
 The lure of avarice, or the pompous prize  
 That courts display before ambitious eyes;  
 The fruits that hang on pleasure's flowery stem,

Whatever enchants them, are no snares to them.  
To them the deep recesses of dusky groves,  
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,  
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,  
And hills that echo to the distant herds,  
Are luxuries excelling all the glare  
The world can boast, and her chief favourites share.  
With eager step, and carelessly array'd,  
For such a cause the poet seeks the shade,  
From all he fees he catches new delight,  
Pleased Fancy claps her pinions at the fight,  
The rising or the setting orb of day,  
The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,  
Nature in all the various shapes she wears,  
Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs,  
The snowy robe her wintry state affumes,  
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,  
All, all alike transport the glowing bard,  
Success in rhyme his glory and reward.  
O Nature! whose Elysian scenes disclose  
His bright perfections at whose word they rose,  
Next to that power who form'd thee and sustains,  
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.  
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand  
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,  
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,  
Give useful light though I should miss renown,  
And, poring on thy page, whose every line  
Bears proof of an intelligence divine,  
May feel a heart enrich'd by what it pays,  
That builds its glory on its Maker's praise.  
Woe to the man whose wit disclaims its use,

Glittering in vain, or only to feduce,  
Who ftudies nature with a wanton eye,  
Admires the work, but flips the leffon by;  
His hours of leifure and recefs employs  
In drawing pictures of forbidden joys,  
Retires to blazon his own worthlefs name,  
Or fhoot the carelefs with a furer aim.

The lover too fhuns bufinefs and alarms,  
Tender idolater of abfent charms.  
Saints offer nothing in their warmeft prayers  
That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs;  
'Tis confecration of his heart, foul, time,  
And every thought that wanders is a crime.  
In fighs he worships his fupremely fair,  
And weeps a fad libation in defpair;  
Adores a creature, and devout in vain,  
Wins in return an anfwer of difdain.  
As woodbine weds the plants within her reach,  
Rough elm, or fmoth-grain'd aih, or glofly beech,  
In fpiral rings afcends the trunk, and lays  
Her golden taflels on the leafy fprays,  
But does a mifchief while flie lends a grace,  
Straitening its growth by fuch a ftrift embrace;  
So love, that clings around the nobleft minds,  
Forbids the advancement of the foul he binds;  
The fuitor's air indeed he foon improves,  
And forms it to the tafte of her he loves,  
Teaches his eyes a language, and no lefs  
Refines his fpeech, and fafhions his addrefs;  
But farewell promifes of happier fruits,  
Manly defigns, and learning's grave purfuits;  
Girt with a chain he cannot wi(h to break,

His only blifs is forrow for her fake;  
Who will may pant for glory and excel,  
Her fmile his aim, all higher aims farewell!  
Thyrfis, Alexis, or whatever name  
May leaft offend againft fo pure a flame,  
Though fage advice of friends the moft fincere  
Sounds harfhly in fo delicate an ear,  
And lovers, of all creatures, tame or wild,  
Can leaft brook management, however mild,  
Yet let a poet (poetry difarms  
The fiercest animals with magic charms)  
Rifk an intrufion on thy penfive mood,  
And woo and win thee to thy proper good.  
Paftoral images and ftill retreats,  
Umbrageous walks and folitary feats,  
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious ftreams,  
Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and day dreams,  
Are all enchantments in a cafe like thine,  
Confpire againft thy peace with one defign,  
Soothe thee to make thee but a furer prey,  
And feed the fire that waftes thy powers away.  
Up—God has form'd thee with a wifer view,  
Not to be led in chains, but to fubdue;  
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and firft  
Points out a conflidt with thyfelf, the worft.  
Woman indeed, a gift he would beftow  
When he defign'd a paradife below,  
The richeft earthly boon his hands afford,  
Deferves to be beloved, but not adored.  
Poft away fwiftly to more aſtive fcenes,  
Colled: the fcatter'd truths that ftudy gleans,  
Mix with the world, but with its wifer part,

No longer give an image all thine heart;  
Its empire is not hers, nor is it thine,  
'Tis God's juft claim, prerogative divine.

Virtuous and faithful Heberden, whofe ikill  
Attempts no tafk it cannot well fulfil,  
Gives melancholy up to Nature's care,  
And fends the patient into purer air.  
Look where he comes—in this embower'd alcove  
Stand clofe conceal'd, and fee a ftatue move:  
Lips bufy, and eyes fix'd, foot falling flow,  
Arms hanging idly down, hands clafp'd below,  
Interpret to the marking eye diftreffs,  
Such as its fymptoms can alone exprefs.  
That tongue is filent now; that filent tongue  
Could argue once, could jeft or join the fong,  
Could give advice, could cenfure or commend,  
Or charm the forrows of a drooping friend.  
Renounced alike its office and its fport,  
Its brieker and its graver ftrains fall fliort;  
Both fail beneath a fever's fecret fway,  
And like a fummer brook are paft away.  
This is a fight for pity to perufe,  
Till (he refemble faintly what (he views,  
Till fympathy contraft a kindred pain,  
Pierced with the woes that fhe laments in vain.  
This, of all maladies that man infeft,  
Claims moft compaffion, and receives the leaft :  
Job felt it, when he groan'd beneath the rod  
And the barb'd arrows of a frowning God;  
And fuch emollients as his friends could fpare,  
Friends fuch as his for modern Jobs prepare.  
Bleft, rather curft, with hearts that never feel,



Kept fnug in caikets of clofe-hammer'd fteel,  
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,  
And minds that deem derided pain a treat,  
With limbs of Britifh oak, and nerves of wire,  
And wit that puppet prompters might infpire,  
Their fovereign noflrum is a clumsy joke  
On pangs enforced with God's fevereft ftroke.  
But with a foul that ever felt the fting  
Of forrow, forrow is a facred thing:  
Not to moleft, or irritate, or raife  
A laugh at its expenfe, is flender praife ;  
He that has not ufurp'd the name of man  
Does all, and deems too little all, he can,  
To affuage the throbbings of the fefter'd part,  
And ftaunch the bleedings of a broken heart.  
'Tis not, as heads that never ache fuppofe,  
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;  
Man is a harp, whofe chords elude the light,  
Each yielding harmony difpofed aright;  
The fcrews reverfed (a tafk which if he pleafe  
God in a moment executes with eafe),  
Ten thoufand thoufand firings at once go loofe,  
Loft, till he tune them, all their power and ufe.  
Then neither heathy wilds, nor fcenes as fair  
As ever recompens'd the peafant's care,  
Nor foft declivities with tufted hills,  
Nor view of waters turning bufy mills,  
Parks in which Art preceptrefs Nature weds,  
Nor gardens interfperfed with flowery beds,  
Nor gales, that catch the fcent of blooming groves,  
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,  
Can call up life into his faded eye,

That paffes all he fees unheeded by;  
No wounds like thofe a wounded fpirit feels,  
No cure for fuch, till God who makes them heals.  
And thou, fad fufferer under namelefs ill  
That yields not to the touch of human ikill,  
Improve the kind occafion, underftand  
A father's frown, and kifs his chaftening hand.  
To thee the dayfpring, and the blaze of noon,  
The purple evening and reflendent moon,  
The ftars that, fprinkled o'er the vault of night,  
Seem drops defcending in a flower of light,  
Shine not, or undefired and hated fliine,  
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:  
Yet feek Him, in his favour life is found,  
All blifs befide a fhadow or a found :  
Then Heaven, eclipsed fo long, and this dull earth,  
Shall feem to ftart into a fecond birth;  
Nature, a/Turning a more lovely face,  
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,  
Shall be deified and overlooked no more,  
Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,  
Impart to things inanimate a voice,  
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;  
The found (hall run along the winding vales,  
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

Ye groves (the ftatefman at his defk exclaims,  
Sick of a thoufand difappointed aims),  
My patrimonial treafure and my pride,  
Beneath your fhades your gray poiTeffbr hide,  
Receive me, languifhing for that repofe  
The fervant of the public never knows.  
Ye faw me once (ah, thofe regretted days,

When boyish innocence was all my praise !)  
Hour after hour delightfully allot  
To studies then familiar, since forgot,  
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,  
Catching its ardour as I mused along;  
Nor seldom, as propitious Heaven might fend,  
What once I valued and could boast, a friend,  
Were witnesses how cordially I preferred  
His undimbling virtue to my breast;  
Receive me now, not uncorrupt as then,  
Nor guiltless of corrupting other men,  
But versed in arts that, while they seem to flay  
A falling empire, hasten its decay.  
To the fair haven of my native home,  
The wreck of what I was, fatigued I come;  
For once I can approve the patriot's voice,  
And make the course he recommends my choice :  
We meet at last in one sincere desire,—  
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire.  
'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,  
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,  
That whirl away from business and debate  
The disencumber'd Atlas of the state.  
Afar not the boy, who, when the breeze of morn  
First shakes the glittering drops from every thorn,  
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush  
Sits linking cherry tones, or plating ruff,  
How fair is Freedom ?—he was always free:  
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,  
To snare the mole, or with ill-faught hook  
To draw the incautious minnow from the brook,  
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,

His flock the chief concern he ever knew;  
She shines but little in his heedless eyes,  
The good we never miss we rarely prize:  
But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,  
Escaped from office and its constant cares,  
What charms he sees in Freedom's smile express'd,  
In freedom lost so long, now repossess'd; [mands,  
The tongue, whose strains were cogent as corn-  
Revered at home, and felt in foreign lands,  
Shall own itself a stammerer in that cause,  
Or plead its silence as its best applause.  
He knows indeed that, whether dress'd or rude,  
Wild without art, or artfully subdued,  
Nature in every form inspires delight,  
But never mark'd her with so just a fight.  
Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated store,  
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er,  
Green balks and furrow'd lands, the stream that  
Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads, [spreads  
Downs that almost escape the inquiring eye,  
That melt and fade into the distant sky,  
Beauties he lately flighted as he pass'd,  
Seem all created since he travell'd last.  
Master of all the enjoyments he design'd,  
No rough annoyance rankling in his mind,  
What early philosophic hours he keeps,  
How regular his meals, how sound he sleeps!  
Not founder he that on the mainmast head,  
While morning kindles with a windy red,  
Begins a long look out for distant land,  
Nor quits till evening watch his giddy stand,  
Then swift descending with a seaman's haste,

Slips to his hammock, and forgets the blaſt.  
He chooſes company, but not the ſquire's,  
Whoſe wit is rudeneſs, whoſe good breeding tires;  
Nor yet the parſon's, who would gladly come,  
Obſequious when abroad, though proud at home;  
Nor can he much aſſect the neighbouring peer,  
Whoſe toe of emulation treads too near;  
But wiſely ſeeks a more convenient friend,  
With whom, diſmiſſing forms, he may unbend,—  
A man, whom marks of condeſcending grace  
Teach, while they flatter him, his proper place;  
Who comes when call'd, and at a word withdraws,  
Speaks with reſerve, and liſtens with applauſe;  
Some plain mechanic, who, without pretence  
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence;  
On whom he reſts well pleaſed his weary powers,  
And talks and laughs away his vacant hours.  
The tide of life, ſwift always in its courſe,  
May run in cities with a brisker force,  
But no where with a current ſo ſerene,  
Or half ſo clear as in the rural ſcene.  
Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliſs,  
What obvious truths the wiſeſt heads may miſs!  
Some pleaſures live a month, and ſome a year,  
But ſhort the date of all we gather here;  
Nor happineſs is felt, except the true,  
That does not charm the more for being new.  
This obſervation, as it chanced, not made,  
Or, if the thought occurred, not duly weigh'd,  
He ſighs—for after all by flow degrees  
The ſpot he loved has loſt the power to pleaſe;  
To croſs his ambling pony day by day

Seems at the best but dreaming life away;  
 The prospect, such as might enchant despair,  
 He views it not, or sees no beauty there ;  
 With aching heart, and discontented looks,  
 Returns at noon to billiards or to books,  
 But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,  
 A secret thirst of his renounced employs.  
 He chides the tardiness of every post,  
 Pants to be told of battles won or lost,  
 Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,  
 'Tis criminal to leave a sinking fate,  
 Flies to the levee, and, received with grace,  
 Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,  
 That dread the encroachment of our growing streets,  
 Tight boxes, neatly furnished, and in a blaze  
 With all a July sun's collected rays,  
 Delight the citizen, who, gazing there,  
 Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.  
 O sweet retirement, who would balk the thought,  
 That could afford retirement, or could not ?  
 'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,  
 The second milestone fronts the garden gate;  
 A step if fair, and, if a steeper approach,  
 You find safe shelter in the next stage coach.  
 There, prison'd in a parlour snug and small,  
 Like bottled wafers upon a southern wall,  
 The man of business and his friends compress'd  
 Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;  
 But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen  
 From every window, and the fields are green;  
 Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,

And what could a remoter scene show more ?  
A sense of elegance we rarely find  
The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,  
And ignorance of better things makes man,  
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can;  
And he, that deems his leisure well bestowed  
In contemplations of a turnpike road,  
Is occupied as well, employs his hours  
As wisely, and as much improves his powers,.  
As he that flumbers in pavilions graced  
With all the charms of an accomplished taste.  
Yet hence, alas! involencies; and hence  
The unpitied victim of ill judged expense,  
From all his wearisome engagements freed,  
Shakes hands with business, and retires indeed.

Your prudent grandmamas, ye modern belles,  
Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells,  
When health required it, would consent to roam,  
Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.  
But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,  
Ingenious to diversify dull life,  
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,  
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys,  
And all, impatient of dry land, agree  
With one consent to rush into the sea.  
Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,  
Much of the power and majesty of God.  
He swatches about the swelling of the deep,  
That shines and retreats, as infants smile and sleep ;  
Vast as it is, it answers as it flows  
The breathings of the lightest air that blows;  
Curling and whitening over all the waste,

The riling waves obey the increafing blaft,  
Abrupt and horrid as the tempeft roars,  
Thunder and flaſh upon the ſteadfaſt ſhores,  
Till he, that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein,  
Then all the world of waters ileeps again.  
Nereids or Dryads, as the faſhion leads,  
Now in the floods, now panting in the meads,  
Votaries of pleaſure ſtill, where'er (he dwells,  
Near barren rocks, in palaces, or cells,  
O grant a poet leave to recommend  
(A poet fond of nature, and your friend)  
Her flighted works to your admiring view;  
Her works muſt needs excel who faſhion'd you.  
Would ye, when rambling in your morning ride,  
With ſome unmeaning coxcomb at your ſide,  
Condemn the prattler, for his idle pains,  
To waſte unheard the muſic of his ſtrains,  
And, deaf to all the impertinence of tongue,  
That, while it courts, affronts and does you wrong,  
Mark well the finiſh'd plan without a fault,  
The ſeas globoſe and huge, the overarching vault,  
Earth's millions daily fed, a world employ'd  
In gathering plenty yet to be enjoy'd,  
Till gratitude grew vocal in the praife  
Of God, beneficent in all his ways;  
Graced with ſuch wiſdom, how would beauty ſhine!  
Ye want but that to ſeem indeed divine.

Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,  
Force many a ſhining youth into the ſhade,  
Not to redeem his time, but his eſtate,  
And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.  
There, hid in loathed obſcurity, removed



From pleafures left, but never more beloved,  
He juft endures, and with a fickly fpleen  
Sighs o'er the beauties of the charming fcene.  
Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme;  
Streams tinkle fweetly in poetic chime:  
The warblings of the blackbird, clear and ftrong,  
Are mufical enough in Thomfon's fong;  
And Cobham's groves, and Windfor's green retreats,  
When Pope defcribes them, have a thoufand fweets;  
He likes the country, but in truth muft own,  
Moft likes it, when he ftudies it in town.

Poor Jack—no matter who—for when I blame,  
I pity, and muft therefore fink the name,  
Lived in his faddle, loved the chafe, the courfe,  
And always, ere he mounted, kiff'd his horfe.  
The eftate, his fires had own'd in ancient years,  
Was quickly diftanced, match'd againft a peer's.  
Jack vanifh'd, was regretted and forgot;  
'Tis wild good nature's never failing lot.  
At length, when all had long fuppofed him dead,  
By cold fubmerfion, razor, rope, or lead,  
My lord, alighting at his ufual place,  
The Crown, took notice of an oftler's face.  
Jack knew his friend, but hoped in that difguife  
He might efcape the moft obferving eyes,  
And whittling, as if unconcern'd and gay,  
Curried his nag, and looked another way.  
Convinced at laft, upon a nearer view,  
'Twas he, the fame, the very Jack he knew,  
O'erwhelm'd at once with wonder, grief, and joy,  
He prefTd him much to quit his bale employ;  
His countenance, his purfe, his heart, his hand,

Influence and power, were all at his command:  
Peers are not always generous as well bred,  
But Granby was, meant truly what he said.  
Jack bow'd, and was obliged; — confess'd 'twas  
That for retired he should not wish a change, [strange  
But knew no medium between guzzling beer,  
And his old flint—three thousand pounds a year.

Thus some retire to nourish hopeless woe;  
Some seeking happiness not found below;  
Some to comply with humour, and a mind  
To social scenes by nature disinclined;  
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disgust;  
Some self-impoverish'd, and because they must;  
But few, that court Retirement, are aware  
Of half the toils they must encounter there.

Lucrative offices are seldom lost  
For want of powers proportioned to the post:  
Give e'en a dunce the employment he desires,  
And he soon finds the talents it requires;  
A business with an income at its heels  
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.  
But in his arduous enterprise to close  
His active years with indolent repose,  
He finds the labours of that state exceed  
His utmost faculties, severe indeed.  
'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,  
But not to manage leisure with a grace;  
Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.  
The veteran freed, excused his talk at length,  
In kind compassion of his failing strength,  
And turn'd into the park or mead to graze,

Exempt from future fervice all his days,  
There feels a pleafure perfect in its kind,  
Ranges at liberty, and fnufts the wind:  
But when his lord would quit the bufy road,  
To tafte a joy like that he has beftow'd,  
He proves, lefs happy than his favoured brute,  
A life of eafe a difficult purfuit.  
Thought, to the man that never thinks, may feem  
As natural as when afleep to dream;  
But reveries (for human minds will aft)  
Specious in fhow, impoffible in fad,  
Thofe flimfy webs, that break as foon as wrought,  
Attain not to the dignity of thought:  
Nor yet the fwarms that occupy the brain,  
Where dreams of drefs, intrigue, and pleafure reign;  
Nor fuch as ufelefs converfation breeds,  
Or luft engenders, and indulgence feeds.  
Whence, and what are we? to what end ordain'd?  
What means the drama by the world fuftain'd?  
Bufinefs or vain amufement, care or mirth,  
Divide the frail inhabitants of earth.  
Is duty a mere fport, or an employ?  
Life an intrufted talent, or a toy?  
Is there, as reafon, confcience, Scripture fay,  
Caufe to provide for a great future day,  
When earth's affign'd duration at an end,  
Man fhall be fummon'd, and the dead attend?  
The trumpet—will it found? the curtain rife?  
And fhow the awful tribunal of the fkies,  
Where no prevarication fhall avail,  
Where eloquence and artifice fhall fail,  
The pride of arrogant diftindtions fall,

And confcience and our condud judge us all ?  
Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil  
To learned cares or philofophic toil,  
Though I revere your honourable names,  
Your ufeul labours, and important aims,  
And hold the world indebted to your aid,  
Enrich'd with the difcoveries ye have made;  
Yet let me ftand excufed, if I efteem  
A mind employed on fo fublime a theme,  
Pufhing her bold inquiry to the date  
And outline of the prefent tranfient ftate,  
And, after poifing her adventurous wings,  
Settling at laft upon eternal things,  
Far more intelligent, and better taught  
The ftrenuous ufe of profitable thought,  
Than ye, when happieft, and enlighten'd moft,  
And higheft in renown, can juftly boaft.

A mind unnerved, or indifpofed to bear  
The weight of fubjeds worthieft of her care,  
Whatever hopes a change of fcene infpires,  
Muft change her nature, or in vain retires.  
An idler is a watch that wants both hands;  
As ufelefs if it goes as when it ftands.  
Books, therefore, not the fcandal of the fhelves,  
In which lewd fenfualifts print out themfelves;  
Nor thofe, in which the ftage gives vice a blow,  
(With what fuccefs let modern manners (how;) )  
Nor his who, for the bane of thoufands born,  
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to fcorn,  
Skilful alike to feem devout and juft,  
And ftab religion with a fly fide thruft;  
Nor thofe of learn'd philologifts, who chafe

A panting syllable through time and space,  
 Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,  
 To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark ;  
 But such as learning without false pretence,  
 The friend of truth, the associate of sound sense,  
 And such as, in the zeal of good design,  
 Strong judgment labouring in the scripture mine,  
 All such as manly and great souls produce,  
 Worthy to live, and of eternal use:  
 Behold in these, what leisure hours demand,  
 Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.  
 Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,  
 And, while she polishes, perverts the taste;  
 Habits of close attention, thinking heads,  
 Become more rare as dissipation spreads,  
 Till authors hear at length one general cry,  
 Tickle and entertain us, or we die.  
 The loud demand, from year to year the fame,  
 Beggars invention, and makes fancy lame;  
 Till farce itself, most mournfully *jejeune*,  
 Calls for the kind assistance of a tune;  
 And novels (witness every month's Review)  
 Belie their name, and offer nothing new.  
 The mind, relaxing into needful sport,  
 Should turn to writers of an abler sort,  
 Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,  
 Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.

Friends (for I cannot flint, as some have done,  
 Too rigid in my view, that name to one;  
 Though one, I grant it, in the generous breast  
 Will stand advanced a step above the rest;  
 Flowers by that name promiscuously we call,

But one, the rofe, the regent of them all)—  
Friends, not adopted with a fchoolboy's hafte,  
But chofen with a nice difcerning tafte,  
Well born, well difciplined, who, placed apart  
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,  
And, (though the world may think the ingredients  
The love of virtue, and the fear of God ? [odd,)  
Such friends prevent what elfe would foon fucceed,  
A temper ruftic as the life we lead,  
And keep the polifh of the manners clean,  
As theirs who buftle in the bufieft fcene;  
For folitude, however fome may rave,  
Seeming a fanctuary, proves a grave,  
A fepulchre, in which the living lie,  
Where all good qualities grow fick and die.  
I praife the Frenchman,\* his remark was ihrewd,  
How fweet, how paffing fweet is folitude!  
But grant me ftill a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whifper—folitude is fweet.  
Yet neither thefe delights, nor aught befide,  
That appetite can afk, or wealth provide,  
Can fave us always from a tedious day,  
Or (hine the dulnefs of ftill life away;  
Divine communion, carefully enjoy'd,  
Or fought with energy, muft fill the void.  
O, facred art! to which alone life owes  
Its happieft feafons, and a peaceful clofe,  
Scorn'd in a world, indebted to that fcorn  
For evils daily felt and hardly borne,  
Not knowing thee, we reap, with bleeding hands,

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\* Bruyere.

Flowers of rank odour upon thorny lands,  
And, while experience cautions us in vain,  
Grapf feeming happinefs, and find it pain.  
Defpondence, felf-deferted in her grief,  
Loft by abandoning her own relief,  
Murmuring and ungrateful difcontent,  
That fcorns afflictions mercifully meant,  
Thofe humours, tart as wines upon the fret,  
Which idlenefs and wearinefs beget;  
Thefe, and a thoufand plagues that haunt thebreaft,  
Fond of the phantom of an earthly reft,  
Divine communion chafes, as the day  
Drives to their dens the obedient beafts of prey.  
See Judah's promifed king, bereft of all,  
Driven out an exile from the face of Saul,  
To diftant caves the lonely wanderer flies,  
To feek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.  
Hear the fweet accents of his tuneful voice,  
Hear him, o'erwhelm'd with forrow, yet rejoice ;  
No womanifh or wailing grief has part,  
No, not a moment, in his royal heart;  
'Tis manly mufic, fuch as martyrs make,  
Suffering with gladnefs for a Saviour's fake;  
His foul exults, hope animates his lays,  
The fenfe of mercy kindles into praife,  
And wilds, familiar with the lion's roar,  
Ring with ecftatic founds unheard before:  
'Tis love like his that can alone defeat  
The foes of man, or make a defert fweet.

Religion does not cenfure or exclude  
Unnumber'd pleafures harmlefsly purfued;  
To ftudy culture, and with artful toil

To meliorate and tame the ftubborn foil;  
To give diffimilar yet fruitful lands  
The grain, or herb, or plant that each demands;  
To cherifli virtue in an humble ftate,  
And (hare the joys your bounty may create;  
To mark the matchlefs workings of the power  
That fhuts within its feed the future flower,  
Bids thefe in elegance of form excel,  
In colour thefe, and thofe delight the fmell,  
Sends Nature forth the daughter of the fkies,  
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes;  
To teach the canvafs innocent deceit,  
Or lay the landfcape on the fnowy fheet—  
Thefe, thefe are arts purfued without a crime,  
That leave no ftain upon the wing of time.

Me poetry (or rather notes that aim,  
Feebly and vainly, at poetic fame)  
Employs, ihut out from more important views,  
Fail by the banks of the flow winding Oufe;  
Content if thus fequefter'd I may raife  
A monitor's though not a poet's praife,  
And while I teach an art too little known,  
To clofe life wifely, may not wafte my own.







## THE YEARLY DISTRESS,

*or Tithing-Time at STOCK, in ESSEX.*

Verfes addrefled to a country clergyman complaining of the difagreeablenefs of the day annually appointed for receiving the dues at the parfonage.



OME, ponder well, for 'tis no jeft,  
To laugh it would be wrong,  
The troubles of a worthy prieft,  
The burden of my fong.

This prieft he merry is and blithe  
Three quarters of the year,  
But oh! it cuts him like a fcythe  
When tithing-time draws near.

He then is full of frights and fears,  
As one at point to die,  
And long before the day appears  
He heaves up many a figh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,  
Along the miry road,  
Each heart as heavy as a log,  
To make their payments good.

In footh the forrow of fuch days  
Is not to be expreiFd,  
When he that takes and he that pays  
Are both alike diftreffd.

Now all unwelcome at his gates  
The clumsy fwains alight,  
With rueful faces and bald pates—  
He trembles at the fight.

And well he may, for well he knows  
Each bumpkin of the clan,  
Inftead of paying what he owes,  
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,  
And flings his head before,  
And looks as if he came to beg,  
And not to quit a fcore.

" And how does mifs and madam do,  
The little boy and all ?"  
" All tight and well. And how do you,  
Good Mr. What-d'ye-call?"

The dinner comes, and down they fit :  
Were e'er fuch hungry folk ?  
There's little talking, and no wit;  
It is no time to joke.

One wipes his nofe upon his fleeve,  
One fpits upon the floor,  
Yet, not to give offence or grieve,  
Holds up the cloth before.

192     *THE TEARLY DISTRESS.*

The punch goes round, and they are dull  
And lumpifh ftill as ever ;  
Like barrels with their bellies full  
They only weigh the heavier.

At length the bufy time begins,  
" Come, neighbours, we muft wag."  
The money chinks, down drop their chins,  
Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of froft,  
And one of ftorms and hail,  
And one of pigs that he has loft  
By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, " A rarer man than you  
In pulpit none hall hear :  
But yet, methinks, to tell you true,  
You fell it plaguy dear."

O why are farmers made fo coarfe,  
Or clergy made fo fine ?  
A kick, that fcarce would move a horfe,  
May kill a found divine.

Then let the boobies ftay at home ;  
'Twould coft him, I dare fay,  
Lefs trouble taking twice the fum  
Without the clowns that pay.

SONNER ro HENRT COWPER> *ESQ.*

*On his emphatical and inter ejjing Delivery of the  
Defence of Warren Raftings, Esq.  
in the Houfe of Lords.*



COWPER, whose filver voice, tafk'd fome-  
times hard,  
Legends prolix delivers in the ears  
(Attentive when thou read'ft) of England's peers,  
Let verfe at length yield thee thy juft reward.

Thou waft not heard with drowfy difregard,  
Expending late on all that length of plea  
Thy generous powers, but filence honour'd thee,  
Mute as e'er gazed on orator or bard.

Thou art not voice alone, but haft befide  
Both heart and head; and couldft with mufic  
fweet  
Of Attic phrafe and fenatorial tone,  
Like thy renown'd forefathers, far and wide  
Thy fame diffufe, praifed not for utterance meet  
Of *others'* fpeech, but magic of *thy own*.

*LINES ADDRESSED TO DR. DARWIN,*

*Author of the " Botanic Garden."*



TWO Poets,\* (poets, by report,  
Not oft so well agree)  
Sweet harmonists of Flora's court!  
Conspire to honour thee.

They best can judge a poet's worth  
Who oft themselves have known  
The pangs of a poetic birth  
By labours of their own.

We therefore pleased extol thy song,  
Though various, yet complete,  
Rich in embellishment as strong,  
And learned as 'tis sweet.

No envy mingles with our praise,  
Though, could our hearts repine  
At any poet's happier lays,  
They would—they must at thine.

But we, in mutual bondage knit  
Of friendship's closest tie,

\* Alluding to the poem by Mr. Hayley, which accompanied these lines.

Can gaze on even Darwin's wit  
With an unjaundiced eye;

And deem the Bard, whoe'er he be,  
And howsoever known,  
Who would not twine a wreath for thee,  
Unworthy of his own.

ON MRS. MONTAGUS FEATHER-  
HANGINGS.



THE Birds put off their every hue,  
To drefs a room for Montagu.  
The Peacock fends his heavenly dyes,  
His *rainbows* and *hisjtarry eyes* ;  
The Pheafant plumes, which round infold  
His mantling neck with downy gold ;  
The Cock his arch'd tail's azure fliow ;  
And, river-blanch'd, the Swan his fnow.  
All tribes befide of Indian name,  
That gloffy fliine, or vivid flame,  
Where rifes, and where fets the day,  
Whate'er they boaft of rich and gay,  
Contribute to the gorgeous plan,  
Proud to advance it all they can.  
This plumage neither dafhing fflower,  
Nor blafts, that fhake the dripping bower,  
Shall drench again or difcompofe,  
But fcreen'd from every fform that blows,

It boasts a splendour ever new,  
Safe with protecting Montagu.

To the same patroness resort,  
Secure of favour at her court,  
Strong Genius, from whose forge of thought  
Forms rise, to quick perfection wrought,  
Which, though new-born, with vigour move,  
Like Pallas springing arm'd from Jove—  
Imagination scattering round  
Wild roses over furrow'd ground,  
Which Labour of his frown beguile,  
And teach Philosophy a smile—  
Wit flitting on Religion's side,  
Whose fires, to sacred truth applied,  
The gem, though luminous before,  
Obtrudes on human notice more,  
Like sunbeams on the golden height  
Of some tall temple playing bright—  
Well tutor'd Learning, from his books  
Dismiss'd with grave, not haughty, looks,  
*Their* order on his shelves exact,  
Not more harmonious or compact  
Than that to which he keeps confined  
The various treasures of his mind—  
All these to Montagu's repair,  
Ambitious of a shelter there.  
There Genius, Learning, Fancy, Wit,  
Their ruffled plumage calm retire,  
(For stormy troubles loudest roar  
Around their flight who highest soar)  
And in her eye, and by her aid,  
Shine safe without a fear to fade.

She thus maintains divided fway  
 With yon bright regent of the day;  
 The plume and Poet both we know  
 Their luftre to his influence owe;  
 And (he the works of Phoebus aiding,  
 Both Poet faves and plume from fading.

## FERSES

*Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during  
 his folitary Abode in the I/land of  
 Juan Fernandez.*



AM monarch\*of all I furvey,  
 My right there is none to difpute;  
 From the centre all round to the fea  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O Solitude! where are the charms  
 That fages have feen in thy face?  
 Better dwell in the midft of alarms  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I muft finifh my journey alone,  
 Never hear the fweet mufic of fpeech—  
 I ftart at the found of my own.  
 The beafts that roam over the plain,  
 My form with indifference fee;  
 They are fo unacquainted with man,  
 Their tamenefs is flocking to me.



Society, friendship, and love,  
     Divinely bestowed upon man,  
 O, had I the wings of a dove,  
     How soon would I taste you again!  
 My sorrows I then might abate  
     In the ways of religion and truth,  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
     And be cheered by the follies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold  
     Resides in that heavenly word!  
 More precious than silver and gold,  
     Or all that this earth can afford,  
 But the sound of the church-going bell  
     These valleys and rocks never heard,  
 Never heard at the sound of a knell,  
     Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
     Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial endearing report  
     Of a land I shall visit no more.  
 My friends, do they now and then send  
     A wish or a thought after me ?  
 O tell me I yet have a friend,  
     Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
     Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
     And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there ;  
But alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There is mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought!  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

ON OBSERVING SOME NAMES OF  
LETHAL NOTE

*Recorded in the Biographia Britannica.*



H, fond attempt to give a deathless lot  
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!  
In vain, recorded in historic page,  
They court the notice of a future age:  
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land  
Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;  
Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,  
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,  
Has burnt to tinder a false last year's news,

The flame extind, he views the roving fire—  
 There goes my lady, and there goes the fquire,  
 There goes the parfon, oh illuftrious fpark!  
 And there, fcarce lefs illuftrious, goes the clerk!

*REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE,  
 Not to be found in any of the Books.*

**B**ETWEEN Nofe and Eyes a ftrange con-  
 teft arofe,  
 The fpectacles fet them unhappily wrong;  
 The point in difpute was, as all the world knows,  
 To which the faid fpedtales ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the caufe  
 With a great deal of (kill, and a wig full of  
 learning;  
 While chief baron Ear fat to balance the laws,  
 So famed for his talent in nicely difcerning.

In behalf of the Nofe it will quickly appear,  
 And your lordfhip, he faid, will undoubtedly find  
 That the Nofe has had fpedtales always in wear,  
 Which amounts to pofleffion time out of mind.

Then holding the fpedtales up to the court—  
 Your lordfhip obferves they are made with a  
 ftraddle,

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,  
Defign'd to fit clofe to it, juft like a faddle.

Again, would your lordfhip a moment fuppofe  
(Tis a cafe that has happened, and may be again)  
That the vifage or countenance had not a Nose,  
Pray who would, or who could, wear fpectacles  
then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument flows,  
With a reafoning the court will never condemn,  
That the fpectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then fhifting his fide (as a lawyer knows how),  
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:  
But what were his arguments few people know,  
For the court did not think they were equally  
wife.

So his lordfhip decreed with a grave folemn tone,  
Decifive and clear, without one if or but—  
That, whenever the Nose put his fpectacles on,  
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes fhould be ihut!

ON THE PROMOTION OF EDWARD  
THURLOW, ESS<sup>A</sup>

*To the Lord High Chancellorship of England.*



ROUND Thurlow's head in early youth,  
And in his sportive days,  
Fair Science pour'd the light of truth,  
And Genius shed his rays.

See! with united wonder cried  
The experienced and the fage,  
Ambition in a boy supplied  
With all the skill of age!

Difcernment, eloquence, and grace  
Proclaim him born to fway  
The balance in the higheft place,  
And bear the palm away.

The praife beftow'd was juft and wife;  
He fprang impetuous forth,  
Secure of conqueft, where the prize  
Attends fuperior worth.

So the beft courfer on the plain  
Ere yet he ftarts is known,  
And does but at the goal obtain  
What all had deem'd his own.

## ODE ro PEACE.

**C**OME, peace of mind, delightful gueft!  
 Return and make thy downy neft  
 Once more in this fad heart:  
 Nor riches I nor power purfue,  
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view;  
 We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,  
 From avarice and ambition free,  
 And pleafure's fatal wiles ?  
 For whom, alas! doft thou prepare  
 The fweets that I was wont to fhare,  
 The banquet of thy fmiles ?

The great, the gay, (hall they partake  
 The heaven that thou alone canft make ?  
 And wilt thou quit the fream  
 That murmurs through the dewy mead,  
 The grove, and the fequefter'd fhed,  
 To be a gueft with them ?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,  
 For thee I gladly facrificed  
 Whate'er I loved before;  
 And fhall I fee thee ftart away,  
 And helpiefs, hopeiefs, hear thee fay—  
 Farewell! we meet no more ?

*HUMAN FRAILITY.*

WEAK and irrefolute is man;  
 The purpose of to-day,  
 Woven with pains into his plan,  
 To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
 Vice seems already slain;  
 But Passion rudely snaps the string,  
 And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
 Finds out his weaker part;  
 Virtue engages his assent,  
 But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wife  
 Through all his art we view;  
 And while his tongue the charge denies,  
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length  
 And dangers little known,  
 A stranger to superior strength,  
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
 To reach the distant coast;  
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
 Or all the toil is lost.

*THE MODERN PATRIOT.*

REBELLION is my theme all day ;  
 I only wish 'twould come  
 (As who knows but perhaps it may ?)  
 A little nearer home.

Yon roaring boys, who rave and fight  
 On t'other side the Atlantic,  
 I always held them in the right,  
 But most so when most frantic.

When lawless mobs insult the court,  
 That man shall be my toast,  
 If breaking windows be the sport,  
 Who bravely breaks the most.

But O ! for him my fancy culls  
 The choicest flowers she bears,  
 Who constitutionally pulls  
 Your house about your ears.

Such civil broils are my delight,  
 Though some folks can't endure 'em,  
 Who say the mob are mad outright,  
 And that a rope must cure 'em.

A rope ! I wish we patriots had  
 Such firings for all who need 'em—  
 What ! hang a man for going mad !  
 Then farewell British freedom.



ON THE BURNING OF LORD MANS-  
FIELD'S LIBRARY,

*Together with his MSS. by the Mob> in the  
Month of June, 1780.*

O then—the Vandals of our isle,  
Sworn foes to fence and law,  
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile  
Than ever Roman saw!

And Murray fights o'er Pope and Swift,  
And many a treasure more,  
The well judged purchase, and the gift  
That graced his letter'd store.

*Their* pages mangled, burnt, and torn,  
The loss was *his alone*;  
But ages yet to come shall mourn  
The burning of *his own*.

ON THE SAME.

HEN wit and genius meet their doom  
In all devouring flame,  
They tell us of the fate of Rome,  
And bid us fear the fame.

O'er Murray's lofs the Mufes wept,  
 They felt the rude alarm,  
 Yet bleiTd the guardian care that kept  
 His facred head from harm.

There Memory, like the bee that's fed  
 From Flora's balmy ftore,  
 The quinteflence of all he read  
 Had treafured up before.

The lawlefs herd, with fury blind,  
 Have done him cruel wrong;  
 The flowers are gone—but ftill we find  
 The honey on his tongue.

**THE LOVE OF THE WORLD  
 REPROVED;**

*Or, Hypocrify detected.*



JHHUS fays the prophet of the Turk,  
 Good muffulman, abftain from pork;  
 There is a part in every fwine  
 No friend or follower of mine  
 May tafte, whate'er his inclination,  
 On pain of excommunication.

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\* It may be proper to inform the reader that this piece has already appeared in print, having found its way, though with fome unneceffary additions by an unknown hand, into the Leeds Journal, without the author's privity.

Such Mahomet's myfterious charge,  
 And thus he left the point at large.  
 Had he the finful part exprefFd,  
 They might with fafety eat the reft;  
 But for one piece they thought it hard  
 From the whole hog to be debarr'd;  
 And fet their wit at work to find  
 What joint the prophet had in mind.

Much controverfy ftraight arofe,  
 Thefe choofe the back, the belly thofe;  
 By fome 'tis confidently faid  
 He meant not to forbid the head;  
 While others at that dodtrine rail,  
 And piously prefer the tail.  
 Thus, confcience freed from every clog,  
 Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied  
 May make you laugh on t'other fide.  
 Renounce the world, the preacher cries;—  
 We do,—a multitude replies.  
 While one as innocent regards  
 A fnug and friendly game at cards;  
 And one, whatever you may fay,  
 Can fee no evil in a play;  
 Some love a concert, or a race;  
 And others fhooting, and the chafe.  
 Reviled and loved, renounced and follow'd,  
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is fwallow'd;  
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,  
 Yet likes a flice as well as he:  
 With fophiftry their fauce they fweeten,  
 Till quite from tail to fnout 'tis eaten.

ON WE  
 DEATH OF MRS. (AFTERWARDS LADT)  
 THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH.



E nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red  
 With tears o'er hapless favourites shed,  
     O share Maria's grief!  
 Her favourite, even in his cage,  
 (What will not hunger's cruel rage ?)  
     Aflaffin'd by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,  
 The egg was laid from which he sprung;  
     And, though by nature mute,  
 Or only with a whistle blest,  
 Well taught he all the sounds express'd  
     Of flageolet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll  
 Were brighter than the fleetest mole,  
     His bosom of the hue  
 With which Aurora decks the skies,  
 When piping winds fliall soon arise,  
     To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,  
 Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,  
     No cat had leave to dwell;

210    *\*ON THE DEARTH OF LADY*

And Bully's cage fupported flood  
On props of fmootheft-fliaven wood,  
    Large built and latticed well.

Well latticed,—but the grate, alas;  
Not rough with wire of fteel or brafs,  
    For Bully's plumage\* fake,  
But fmooth with wands from Oufe's fide,  
With which, when neatly peel'd and dried,  
    The fwains their bafkets make.

Night veiPd the pole : all feem'd fecure:  
When, led by infindt fharp and fure,  
    Subfiftence to provide,  
A beaft forth fallied on the fcout,  
Long back'd, long tail'd, with whifker'd fnout,  
    And badger-colour'd hide.

He, entering at the ftudy door,  
Its ample area 'gan explore;  
    And fomething in the wind  
Conjured, fniffing round and round,  
Better than all the books he found,  
    Food chiefly for the mind.

Juft then, by adverfe fate imprefFd,  
A dream difturb'd poor Bully's reft;  
    In fleep he feem'd to view  
A rat faft clinging to the cage,  
And, fcreaming at the fad prefage,  
    Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and fcent,  
Right to his mark the monfter went—  
    Ah, Mufe! forbear to fpeak  
Minute the horrors that enfued;  
His teeth were ftrong, the cage was wood—  
    He left poor Bully's beak.

O had he made that too his prey!  
That beak, whence iffued many a lay  
    Of fuch mellifluous tone,  
Might have repaid him well, I wote,  
For filencing fo fweet a throat,  
    Faft ftuck within his own.

Maria weeps,—the Mufes mourn;—  
So when, by Bacchanalians torn,  
    On Thracian Hebrus' fide  
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,  
His head alone remained to tell  
    The cruel death he died.



*THE ROSE.*



THE rofe had been wafh'd, juft wafti'd in  
 a flower,  
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd,  
 The plentiful moiſture encumbered the flower,  
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it feem'd to a fanciful view  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret  
 On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haftily feized it, unfit as it was  
 For a noſegay, fo dripping and drown'd,  
 And fwinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
 I fnapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And fuch, I exclaim'd, is the pitilefs part  
 Some aft by the delicate mind,  
 Regardlefs of wringing and breaking a heart  
 Already to forrow reſign'd.

This elegant rofe, had I fhaken it lefs,  
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;  
 And the tear, that is wiped with a little addrefs,  
 May be follow'd perhaps by a fmile.

*THE DOVES.*



REASONING at every step he treads,  
 Man yet mistakes his way,  
 While meaner things, whom instinct  
 leads,  
 Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,  
 And heard the voice of love;  
 The turtle thus address'd her mate,  
 And foothed the lightening dove:

Our mutual bond of faith and truth  
 No time shall disengage,  
 Those blessings of our early youth  
 Shall cheer our latest age :

While innocence without disguise  
 And constancy sincere,  
 Shall fill the circles of those eyes,  
 And mine can read them there;

Those ills, that wait on all below,  
 Shall ne'er be felt by me,  
 Or gently felt, and only so,  
 As being shared with thee.



When lightnings flafh among the trees,  
Or kites are hovering near,  
I fear left thee alone they feize,  
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myfelf a wife,  
And prefs thy wedded fide,  
Refolved a union form'd for life  
Death never fhall divide.

But oh! if, fickle and unchafte,  
(Forgive a tranfient thought)  
Thou couldft become unkind at laft,  
And fcorn thy prefent lot,

No need of lightnings from on high,  
Or kites with cruel beak;  
Denied the endearments of thine eye,  
This widow'd heart would break.

Thus fang the fweet fequefter'd bird,  
Soft as the paffing wind,  
And I recorded what I heard,  
A lefTon for mankind.

*A FABLE.*

RAVEN while with glofly breaft  
 Her new-laid eggs fhe fondly prefFd,  
 And, on her wickerwork high mounted,  
 Her chickens prematurely counted  
 (A fault philosophers might blame  
 If quite exempted from the fame),  
 Enjoy'd at eafe the genial day;  
 'Twas April, as the bumpkins fay,  
 The legiflature calFd it May.  
 But fuddenly a wind, as high  
 As ever fwept a winter lky,  
 Shook the young leaves about her ears,  
 And filPd her with a thoufand fears,  
 Left the rude blaft fhould fnap the bough,  
 And fpread her golden hopes below.  
 But juft at eve the blowing weather  
 And all her fears were hufli'd together:  
 And now, quoth poor unthanking Ralph,  
 'Tis over, and the brood is fafe;  
 (For ravens, though, as birds of omen,  
 They teach both conjurers and old women  
 To tell us what is to befall,  
 Can't prophecy themfelves at all.)  
 The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,  
 Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,

And deftined all the treafure there  
 A gift to his expecting fair,  
 Climb'd like a fquirrel to his dray,  
 And bore the worthlefs prize away.

*Moral.*

'Tis Providence alone fecures  
 In every change both mine and yours:  
 Safety confifts not in efcape  
 From dangers of a frightful fliape;  
 An earthquake may be bid to ipare  
 The man that's ftrangled by a hair.  
 Fate fteals along with filent tread,  
 Found ofteneft in what leaft we dread,  
 Frowns in the fform with angry brow,  
 But in the funfhine ftrikes the blow.

*ODE ro APOLLO.*

*On an Ink-glafs almoft dried in the Sun.*



DETRON of all thofe lucklefs brains,  
 That, to the wrong fide leaning,  
 Indite much metre with much pains,  
 And little or no meaning.

Ah why, fince oceans, rivers, fstreams,  
 That water all the nations,  
 Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,  
 In conftant exhalations.

Why, ftooping from the noon of day,  
 Too covetous of drink,  
 Apollo, haft thou ftole away  
 A poet's drop of ink ?

Upborne into the viewlefs air,  
 It floats a vapour now,  
 Impelrd through regions denfe and rare  
 By all the winds that blow.

Ordain'd perhaps ere fummer flies,  
 Combined with millions more,  
 To form an Iris in the ikies,  
 Though black and foul before.

Illuftrious drop! and happy then  
 Beyond the happieft lot,  
 Of all that ever pafFd my pen,  
 So foon to be forgot!

Phoebus, if fuch be thy defign,  
 To place it in thy bow,  
 Give wit, that what is left may fhine  
 With equal grace below.

## A COMPARISON.

**T**HE lapfe of time and rivers is the fame,  
Both fpeed their journey with a reftlefs  
ftream;

The filent pace, with which they fteal away,  
No wealth can bribe, no prayers perfuade to ftay;  
Alike irrevocable both when pafte,  
And a wide ocean fwallows both at laft.  
Though each refemble each in every part,  
A difference ftrikes at length the mufing heart;  
Streams never flow in vain; where fstreams abound,  
How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd!  
But time, that (ould enrich the nobler mind,  
Neglefted leaves a dreary wafte behind.

## ANOTHER.

*AddreJJed to a young Lady.*

**S**WEET fstream, that winds through yonder glade,  
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid-  
Silent and chafte fhe fteals along,  
Far from the world's gay bufy throng;

With gentle yet prevailing force,  
 Intent upon her deftined courfe;  
 Graceful and ufeul all fhe does,  
 Bleffing and bleft where'er fhe goes,  
 Pure bofom'd as that watery glafs,  
 And heaven reflected in her face.

THE POETS NEW-TEAKS GIFT.

*To Mrs. (afterwards LadyJ Throckmorton.*



ARIA! I have every good  
 For thee wifh'd many a time,  
 Both fad, and in a cheerful mood,  
 But never yet in rhyme.

To wifli thee fairer is no need,  
 More prudent, or more fprightly,  
 Or more ingenious, or more freed  
 From temper-flaws unfightly.

What favour then not yet poffleTd  
 Can I for thee require,  
 In wedded love already bleft,  
 To thy whole heart's defire ?

None here is happy but in part:  
 Full blifs is blifs divine ;  
 There dwells fome wifh in every heart,  
 And doubtlefs one in thine.

That wifh on fome fair future day,  
 Which Fate (hall brightly gild,  
 (Tis blamelefs, be it what it may)  
 I wifh it all fulfilled.

PAIRING riME ANTICIPATED.

A Fable.



SHALL not afk Jean Jaques Rouffeau\*  
 If birds confabulate or no;  
 'Tis clear, that they were always able  
 To hold difcourfe, at leaft in fable;  
 And e'en the child who knows no better  
 Than to interpret, by the letter,  
 A ftory of a cock and bull,  
 Muft have a moft uncommon fkull.

It chanced then on a winter's day,  
 But warm, and bright, and calm as May,  
 The birds, conceiving a defign  
 To foreftall fweet St. Valentine,  
 In many an orchard, copfe, and grove,  
 AfTembl'd on affairs of love,

---

\* It was one of the whimfical fpeculations of this philofopher, that all fables, which afcribe reafon and fpeech to animals, fhould be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, againft the evidence of his fenfes ?

And with much twitter and much chatter  
Began to agitate the matter.

At length a Bullfinch, who could boast  
More years and wisdom than the most,  
Entreated, opening wide his beak,  
A moment's liberty to speak;  
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,  
Delivered briefly thus his mind:

My friends! be cautious how ye treat  
The subject upon which we meet;  
I fear we shall have winter yet.

A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,  
With golden wing and satin poll,  
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried  
What marriage means, thus pert replied:

Methinks the gentleman, quoth he,  
Opposite in the apple tree,  
By his good will would keep us single  
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,  
Or (which is likelier to befall)  
Till death exterminate us all.

I marry without more ado;  
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,  
Turning short round, ftrutting, and fideling,  
Attested, glad, his approbation  
Of an immediate conjugation.  
Their sentiments so well expressed  
Influenced mightily the rest,  
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste,  
The leaves came on not quite so fast,



## 222 PAIRING *riME* ANTICIPATED.

And Deftiny, that fometimes bears  
 An afpeft ftern on man's affairs,  
 Not altogether fmiled on theirs.  
 The wind, of late breathed gently forth,  
 Now fhifted eaft, and eaft by north;  
 Bare trees and ftirubs but ill, you know,  
 Could fhelter them from rain or fnow,  
 Stepping into their nefts, they paddled,  
 Themfelves were chill'd, their eggs were addled;  
 Soon every father bird and mother  
 Grew quarrelfome, and peck'd each other,  
 Parted without the leaft regret,  
 Except that they had ever met,  
 And learn'd in future to be wifer,  
 Than to neglect a good advifer.

### *Moral.*

Mifles! the tale that I relate  
 This leflbn feems to carry—  
 Choofe not alone a proper mate,  
 But proper time to marry.

## THE DOG AND THE WATER LILT.

### *No Fable.*



HE noon was fhady, and foft airs  
 Swept Oufe's filent tide,  
 When, Tcaped from literary cares,  
 I wander'd on his fide.

My fpaniel, prettieft of his race,  
 And high in pedigree,  
 (Two nymphs\* adorn'd with every grace  
 That fpaniel found for me,)

Now wanton'd loft in flags and reeds,  
 Now ftarting into fight,  
 Purfued the fwallow o'er the meads  
 With fcarce a flower flight.

It was the time when Oufe difplay'd  
 His lilies newly blown;  
 Their beauties I intent furvey'd,  
 And one I wifh'd my own.

With cane extended far I fought  
 To fteer it clofe to land;  
 But ftill the prize, though nearly caught,  
 Efcaped my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unfuccefsful pains  
 With fix'd confiderate face,  
 And puzzling fet his puppy brains  
 To comprehend the cafe.

But with a cherup clear and ftrong  
 Difperfmg all his dream,  
 I thence withdrew, and follow'd long  
 The windings of the fream.

---

\* Sir Robert Gunning's daughters.

224      *DOG AND WATER LILT.*

My ramble ended, I returned;  
    Beau, trotting far before,  
The floating wreath again discern'd,  
    And plunging left the shore.

I faw him with that lily cropp'd  
    Impatient fwim to meet  
My quick approach, and foon he dropp'd  
    The treafure at my feet.

Charm'd with the fight, The world, I cried,  
    Shall hear of this thy deed :  
My dog fhall mortify the pride  
    Of man's fuperior breed:

But chief myfelf I will enjoin,  
    Awake at duty's call,  
To fhew a love as prompt as thine  
    To Him who gives me all.

*THE WINTER NOSEGAT.*



WHAT Nature, alas! has denied  
    To the delicate growth of our ifle,  
Art has in a meafure fupplied,  
And winter is deck'd with a fmile.  
See, Mary, what beauties I bring  
    From the ihelter of that funny ihed,  
Where the flowers have the charms of the fpring.  
    Though abroad they are frozen and dead\*

Tis a bower of Arcadian fweets,  
 Where Flora is ftill in her prime,  
 A fortrefs to which fhe retreats  
 From the cruel aflaults of the clime.  
 While earth wears a mantle of fnow,  
 Thefe pinks are as frefh and as gay  
 As the faireft and fweeteft that blow  
 On the beautiful bofom of May.

See how they have fafely furvived  
 The frowns of a lky fo fevere;  
 Such Mary's true love, that has lived  
 Through many a turbulent year.  
 The charpis of the late-blowing rofe  
 Seem'd graced with a livelier hue,  
 And the winter of forrow beft fhows  
 The truth of a friend fuch as you.

THE POET, THE OTSTER, AND  
 SENSITIVE PLANT.

N Oyfter, caft upon the fliore,  
 Was heard, though never heard before  
 Complaining in a fpeech well worded,  
 And worthy thus to be recorded:  
 Ah haplefs wretch I condemned to dwell  
 For ever in my native (hell;  
 Ordain'd to move when others pleafe,  
 Not for my own content or eafe;

226 THE POET, THE OYSTER,

But toff'd and buffeted about,  
 Now *in* the water and now *out*.  
 'Twere better to be born a ftone,  
 Of ruder ftiape, and feeling none,  
 Than with a tendernefs like mine,  
 And fenfibilities fo fine!  
 I envy that unfeeling fhrub,  
 Faft rooted againft every rub.  
 The plant he meant grew not far off,  
 And felt the fneer with fcorn enough:  
 Was hurt, difgufted, mortified,  
 And with afperity replied :

When, cry the botanifts, and flare,  
 Did plants call'd Senfitive grow there ?  
 No matter when—a poet's mufe is  
 To make them grow juft where {he choofes.

You fhapelefs nothing in a difh,  
 You that are but almoft a fifh,  
 I fcorn your coarfe infinuation,  
 And have moft plentiful occafion  
 To wifli myfelf the rock I view,  
 Or fuch another dolt as you:  
 For many a grave and learned clerk,  
 And many a gay unletter'd fpark,  
 With curious touch examines me,  
 If I can feel as well as he ;  
 And when I bend, retire, and fhrink,  
 Says—Well, 'tis more than one would think!  
 Thus life is fpent (oh fie upon't!)  
 In being touch'd, and crying—Don't 1

A poet, in his evening walk,  
 O'erheard and check'd this idle talk.

And your fine fenfe, he faid, and yours,  
Whatever evil it endures,  
Deferves not, if fo foon offended,  
Much to be pitied or commended.  
Difputes, though ihort, are far too long,  
Where both alike are in the wrong;  
Your feelings in their full amount  
Are all upon your own account.

You, in your grotto-work enclofed,  
Complain of being thus expofed;  
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat  
Save when the knife is at your throat,  
Wherever driven by wind or tide,  
Exempt from every ill befide.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamifh,  
Who reckon every touch a blemifh,  
If all the plants, that can be found  
Embellifhing the fcene around,  
Should droop and wither where they grow,  
You would not feel at all—not you.  
The nobleft minds their virtue prove  
By pity, fympathy, and love:  
Thefe, thefe are feelings truly fine,  
And prove their owner half divine,

His cenfure reach'd them as he dealt it,  
And each by fhrinking fhow'd he felt it.

## THE SHRUBBERT.

*Written in a time of Affliction.*



H happy ihades—to me unbleft!  
 Friendly to peace, but not to me!  
 How ill the fcene that offers reft,  
 And heart, that cannot reft, agree!

This glaffy ftream, that fpreading pine,  
 Thofe alders quivering to the breeze,  
 Might foothe a foul lefs hurt than mine,  
 And pleafe, if any thing could pleafe.

But fix'd unalterable care  
 Foregoes not what fhe feels within,  
 Shows the fame fadnefs every where,  
 And flights the feafon and the fcene.

For all that pleafed in wood or lawn,  
 While peace poffeff'd thefe filent bowers,  
 Her animating fmile withdrawn,  
 Has loft its beauties and its powers.

The faint or moralift fhould tread  
 This mofs-grown alley mufing, flow;  
 They feek like me the fecret (hade,  
 But not like me to nourifh woe!

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste  
 Alike admonish not to roam;  
 These tell me of enjoyments past,  
 And those of sorrows yet to come.

## MUTUAL FORBEARANCE

*Necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.*



THE lady thus address'd her spouse—  
 What a mere dungeon is this house!  
 By no means large enough; and was it,  
 Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,  
 Those hangings with their worn-out graces,  
 Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,  
 Are such an antiquated scene,  
 They overwhelm me with the spleen.  
 —Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,  
 Makes answer quite beside the mark :  
 No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,  
 Engaged myself to be at home,  
 And shall expect him at the door  
 Precisely when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf, the lady cried,  
 (And raised her voice, and frown'd beside)  
 You are so sadly deaf, my dear,  
 What shall I do to make you hear ?  
 Dismiss poor Harry! he replies;  
 Some people are more nice than wife,



## 230 *MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.*

For one flight trefpafs all this ftir ?  
 What if he did ride whip and fpur,  
 'Twas but a mile—your favourite horfe  
 Will never look one hair the worfe.  
 Well, I proteft 'tis pafst all bearing—  
 Child ! I am rather hard of hearing—  
 Yes, truly—one muft fcream and bawl:  
 I tell you, you can't hear at all!  
 Then, with a voice exceeding low,  
 No matter if you hear or no.

Alas! and is domeftic ftrife,  
 That foreft ill of human life,  
 A plague fo little to be fear'd,  
 As to be wantonly incurred,  
 To gratify a fretful paffion,  
 On every trivial provocation?  
 The kindeft and the happieft pair  
 Will find occafion to forbear;  
 And fomething every day they live  
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.  
 But if infirmities, that fall  
 In common to the lot of all,  
 A blemifh or a fenfe impair'd,  
 Are crimes fo little to be fpared,  
 Then farewell all that muft create  
 The comfort of the wedded ftate ;  
 Inftead of harmony, 'tis jar,  
 And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's lateft ftage,  
 Proof againft ficknefs and old age,  
 Preferved by virtue from declenfion,  
 Becomes not weary of attention;

But lives, when that exterior grace,  
Which firft infpired the flame, decays.  
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,  
To faults compaffionate or blind,  
And will with fympathy endure  
Thofe evils it would gladly cure:  
But angry, coarfe, and harfh expreffion  
Shows love to be a mere profelfion;  
Proves that the heart is none of his,  
Or foon expels him if it is.

*THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.*

ORCED from home and all its pleasures,  
Afric's coast I left forlorn ;  
To increafe the Granger's treafures,  
O'er the raging billows borne.  
Men from England bought and fold me,  
Paid my price in paltry gold;  
But, though Have they have enroll'd me,  
Minds are never to be fold.  
  
Still in thought as free as ever,  
What are England's rights, I aik,  
Me from my delights to fever,  
Me to torture, me to talk ?  
Fleecy locks and black complexion  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;  
Skins may differ, but affedion  
Dwells in white and black the fame.

Why did all-creating Nature  
 Make the plant for which we toil ?  
 Sighs muft fan it, tears muft water,  
 Sweat of ours muft drefs the foil.  
 Think, ye mafters iron-hearted,  
 Lolling at your jovial boards,  
 Think how many backs have fmarted  
 For the fweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye fometimes tell us,  
 Is there One who reigns on high ?  
 Has He bid you buy and fell us,  
 Speaking from his throne the fky ?  
 Afk Him, if your knotted fcourges,  
 Matches, blood-extorting fcrows,  
 Are the means that duty urges  
 Agents of his will to ufe ?

Hark ! He anfwers—Wild tornadoes,  
 Strewing yonder fea with wrecks;  
 Wafting towns, plantations, meadows,  
 Are the voice with which he fpeaks.  
 He, forefeeing what vexations  
 Afric's fons fhould undergo,  
 Fix'd their tyrants' habitations  
 Where his whirlwinds anfwer—No.

By our blood in Afric wafted,  
 Ere our necks received the chain;  
 By the miferies that we tafted,  
 Croffing in your barks the main;

By our fufferings, fince ye brought us  
To the man-degrading mart;  
All fuftain'd by patience, taught us  
Only by a broken heart;

Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
Till fome reafon ye (hall find  
Worthier of regard, and ftronger  
Than the colour of our kind.  
Slaves of gold, whofe fordid dealings  
Tarnifh all your boafed powers,  
Prove that you have human feelings,  
Ere you proudly queftion ours!

*PITT FOR POOR AFRICANS.*

*Video meliora proboque,  
Deteriora fequor.*



OWN I am (hock'd at the purchafe of  
(laves,  
And fear thofe who buy them and fell  
them are knaves; [groans,  
What I hear of their hardftiips, their tortures, and  
Is almoft enough to draw pity from (tones.

I pity them greatly, but I muft be mum,  
For how could we do without fugar and rum ?  
Efpecially fugar, fo needful we fee ?  
What, give up our deflerts, our coffee, and tea!

234 *PITT FOR POOR AFRICANS.*

Befides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes  
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains:  
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,  
And tortures and groans will be multiplied fill.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,  
Much more in behalf of your wilh might be faid;  
But, while they get riches by purchafing blacks,  
Pray tell me why we may not alfo go fnacks ?

Your fcruples and arguments bring to my mind  
A ftory fo pat, you may think it is coin'd,  
On purpofe to anfwer you, out of my mint;  
But I can allure you I faw it in print.

A youngfter at fchool, more fedate than the reft,  
Had once his integrity put to the teft;  
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
And afk'd him to go and aflift in the job.

He was fhock'd, fir, like you, and anfwer'd—" Oh  
no!

What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't  
go;

Befides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,  
Then think of his children, for they muft be fed."

" You fpeak very fine, and you look very grave,  
But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;  
If you will go with us, you lhall have a fliare,  
If not, you fhall have neither apple nor pear."

They fpoke, and Tom ponder'd—" I fee they will  
go:

Poor man! what a pity to injure him fo!

Poor man! I would fave him his fruit if I could,  
But flaying behind will do him no good.

" If the matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the  
tree;

But fmce they will take them, I think Til go too,  
He will lofe none by me, though I get a few."

His fcruples thus filenced, Tom felt more at eafe,  
And went with his comrades the apples to feize;  
He blamed and protefted, but join'd in the plan:  
He fhared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

*THE MORNING DREAM.*

 WAS in the glad feafon of fpring,  
Afleep at the dawn of the day,  
I dream'd what I cannot but fmg,  
So pleafant it feem'd as I lay.  
I dream'd that, on ocean afloat,  
Far hence to the weftward I iail'd,  
While the billows high lifted the boat,  
And the frefh-blowing breeze never faiPd.

236      *THE MORNING DREAM.*

In the fleerage a woman I faw,  
     Such at leaft was the form that (he wore,  
 Whofe beauty imprefFd me with awe,  
     Ne'er taught me by woman before.  
 She fat, and a fhield at her fide  
     Shed light, like a fun on the waves,  
 And fmiling divinely, (he cried—  
     " I go to make freemen of flaves."

Then raifing her voice to a drain  
     The fweeteft that ear ever heard,  
 She fung of the flave's broken chain,  
     Wherever her glory appeared.  
 Some clouds, which had over us hung,  
     Fled, chafed by her melody clear,  
 And methought while fhe liberty fung,  
     'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus fwiftly dividing the flood,  
     To a (lave-cultured ifland we came,  
 Where a Demon, her enemy, flood—  
     Oppreffion his terrible name.  
 In his hand, as the fign of his fway,  
     A fcourge hung with ladies he bore,  
 And flood looking out for his prey  
     From Africa's forrowful fhore.

But foon as approaching the land,  
     That goddefllike woman he view'd,  
 The fcourge he let fall from his hand,  
     With blood of his fubjects imbrued.

I faw him both ficken and die,  
 And the moment the monfter expired,  
 Heard fhouts, that afcended the Iky,  
 From thoufands with rapture infpired.

Awaking, how could I but mufe  
 At what fuch a dream fhould betide ?  
 But foon my ear caught the glad news,  
 Which ferved my weak thought for a guide;  
 That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves  
 For the hatred fhe ever had fliown  
 To the black-fceptred rulers of flaves,  
 Refolves to have none of her own.

THE DIVERTING HISTORT OF  
 JOHN GILPIN.

*Showing how he went farther than he intended,  
 and came fafe Home again.*



JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
 Of credit and renown,  
 A train-band Captain eke was he  
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's fpoufe faid to her dear,—  
 Though wedded we have been  
 Thefe twice ten tedious years, yet we  
 No holiday have feen.



To-morrow is our wedding day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton  
All in a chaife and pair.

My lifter, and my lifter's child,  
Myfelf, and children three,  
Will fill the chaife; fo you muft ride  
On horfeback after we.

He foon replied,—I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are flie, my deareft dear,  
Therefore it lhall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the Callender  
Will lend his horfe to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin,—That's well faid;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnilh'd with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kilFd his loving wife;  
O'erjoy'd was he to find,  
That, though on pleafure flie was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaife was brought,  
But yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, left all  
Should fay that lhe was proud.

So three doors off the chaife was ftay'd,  
Where they did all get in;  
Six precious fouls, and all agog  
To dafh through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk fo glad,  
The ftones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapfide were mad.

John Gilpin at his horfe's fide  
Seized faft the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in hafte to ride,  
But foon came down again;

For faddle-tree fcarce reach'd had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he faw  
Three cuftomers come in.

So down he came; for lofs of time,  
Although it grieved him fore,  
Yet lofs of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the cuftomers  
Were fuitied to their mind,  
When Betty fcreaming came down flairs,  
" The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewife,  
In which I bear my trufty fword  
When I do exercife.

Now Miftrefs Gilpin (careful foul!)  
Had two ftone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that fhe loved,  
And keep it fafe and found.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each fide,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brufh'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now fee him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble fteed,  
Full (lowly pacing o'er the ftones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding foon a fmooth road  
Beneath his well ihod feet,  
The fnorting beaft began to trot,  
Which gaJFd him in his feat.

So, Fair and foftly, John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop foon,  
In fpite of curb and rein.

So ftooping down, as needs he muft  
Who cannot fit upright,  
He grafp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horfe, who never in that fort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he fet out,  
Of running fuch a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like freamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At laft it flew away.

Then might all people well difcern  
The bottles he had flung;  
A bottle fwinging at each fide,  
As hath been faid or fung.

The dogs did bark, the children fcream'd,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every foul cried out, Well done!  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?  
His fame foon fpread around,  
He carries weight! he rides a race !  
'Tis for a thoufand pound !

And ftill, as faft as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were fhatte'r'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Mod piteous to be feen,  
Which made his horfe's flanks to fmoke  
As they had bafted been.

But ftill he feem'd to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might fee the bottle necks  
Still dangling at his waift.

Thus all through merry Iflington  
Thefe gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wafh  
Of Edmonton fo gay;

And there he threw the wafh about  
On both fides of the way,  
Juft like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goofe at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony fpied  
Her tender hufband, wondering much  
To fee how he did ride.

Stop, flop, John Gilpin!—Here's the houfe,  
They all at once did cry;  
The dinner waits, and we are tired:  
Said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horfe was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why ?—his owner had a houfe  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow fwift he flew,  
Shot by an archer ftrong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my fong.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And fore againft his will,  
Till at his friend's the Calender's  
His horfe at laft flood {till.

The Callender, amazed to fee  
His neighbour in fuch trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accofted him:

What news ? what news ? your tidings tell;  
Tell me you muft and fhall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleafant wit,  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the Callender  
In merry guife he fpoke:

I came becaufe your horfe would come;  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will foon be here,  
They are upon the road.

The Callender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a fingle word,  
But to the houfe went in;

Whence ftraight he came with hat and wig;  
A wig that flow'd behind,  
A hat not much the worfe for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus fhow'd his ready wit,  
My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs muft fit.

But let me fcrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face;  
And ftop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry cafe.

Said John, It is my wedding day,  
And all the world would ftare,  
If wife fhould dine at Edmonton,  
And I fhould dine at Ware.

So turning to his horfe, he faid,  
I am in hafte to dine;  
'Twas for your pleafure you came here,  
You fhall go back for mine.

Ah lucklefs fpeech, and bootlefs boaft!  
For which he paid full dear;  
For, while he fpake, a braying afs  
Did fing moft loud and clear;

Whereat his horfe did fnort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:  
He loft them fooner than at firft,  
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Miftrefs Gilpin, when (he faw  
Her hufband pofting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulPd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth (he faid,  
That drove them to the Bell,  
This fhall be yours, when you bring back  
My hufband fafe and well.

The youth did ride, and foon did meet  
John coming back amain;  
Whom in a trice he tried to ftop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frighted fteed he frighted more,  
And made him fafter run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went poftboy at his heels,  
The poftboy's horfe right glad to mifs  
The lumbering of the wheels.



Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus feeing Gilpin fly,  
With poftboy fcampering in the rear,  
They raifed the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! flop thief!—a highwayman !  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that paffed that way  
Did join in the purfuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in fhort fpace;  
The toll-men thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And fo he did, and won it too,  
For he got firfl to town;  
Nor ftopp'd till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us fing, Long live the king,  
And Gilpin, long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to fee!

THE DISTRESSED rRAFELLERS;  
OR LABOUR IN VAIN.

*An excellent New Song, to a \*Tune never fung before.*

i.



SING of a journey to Clifton,  
We would have perform'd if we could,  
Without cart or barrow to lift on  
Poor Mary and me through the mud.  
Slee fla Hud,  
Stuck in the mud,  
O, it is pretty to wade through a flood

n.

So away we went, flipping and fliding,  
Hop, hop, *a la mode de deux* frogs.  
Tis near as good walking as riding,  
When ladies are drefled in their clogs.  
Wheels no doubt  
Go brifldy about,  
But they clatter and rattle, and make fuch a rout!

in.

*She.* Well! now I proteft it is charming;  
How finely the weather improves!—

248     *DISTRESSED VRA7ELLERS.*

That cloud, though, is rather alarming ;  
How flowly and ftately it moves!

*He.* Pfhaw! never mind;

'Tis not in the wind;

We are travelling fouth, and /hall leave it behind

IV.

*She.* I am glad we are come for an airing,  
For folks may be pounded and penn'd,  
Until they grow rufty, not caring  
To ftir half a mile to an end.

*He.* The longer we ftay,

The longer we may;

It's a folly to think about weather or way.

V.

*She.* But now I begin to be frightened:  
If I fall, what a way I fhould roll!  
I am glad that the bridge was indifted.—  
Stop! flop! I am funk in a hole!

*He.* Nay, never care!

'Tis a common affair;

You'll not be the laft that will fet a foot there.

VI.

*She.* Let me breathe now a little, and ponder  
On what it were better to do,  
That terrible lane, I fee yonder,  
I think we fhall never get through!

*He.* So think I;

But, by the bye,

We never fhall know, if we never fhould try.

VII.

*She.* But fhould we get there, how (hall we get  
home?

What a terrible deal of bad road we have part,  
Slipping and fliding; and if we fhould come  
To a difficult ftile, I am ruined at laft.

Oh this lane!

Now it is plain  
That ftruggling and ftriving is labour in vain.

VIII.

*He.* Stick faft there, while I go and look.

*She.* Don't go away, for fear I fhould fall!

*He.* I have examined it every nook,  
And what you have here is a fample of all.

Come wheel round;

The dirt we have found  
Would be an eftate at a farthing a pound,

IX.

Now, Sifter Anne, the guitar you muft take;

Set it, and fing it, and make it a fong.

I have varied the verfe for variety fake,

And cut it off fhort, becaufe it was long.

Tis hobbling and lame,

Which critics won't blame,

For the fenfe and the found, they fay, fhould be the  
fame.

*THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-  
WORM.*



NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
Had cheer'd the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the Glow-worm by his spark;  
So stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.  
The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:—  
" Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,  
" As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong  
As much as I to spoil your song;  
For 'twas the self-same Power Divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night."  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And warbling out his approbation,

Releas'd him, as my story tells,  
And found a fupper fomewhere elfe.

Hence jarring feftaries may learn  
Their real intereft to difcern;  
That brother fhould not war with brother,  
And worry and devour each other;  
But fing and fhine by fweet content,  
Till life's poor tranfient night is fpent,  
Refpefting in each other's cafe  
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Thofe Chriftians beft deferve the name  
Who ftudioufly make peace-their aim;  
Peace both the duty and the prize  
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

*AN EPISTLE TO AN AFFLICTED PRO-  
TESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.*

MADAM,



STRANGER'S purpofe in thefe lays  
Is to congratulate, and not to praife;  
To give the creature the Creator's due  
Were fin in me, and an offence to you.  
From man to man, or e'en to woman paid,  
Praife is the medium of a knaviſh trade,  
A coin by Craft for Folly's ufe defign'd,  
Spurious, and only current with the blind.

The path of forrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where forrow is unknown;

252    *EPISTLE TO AN AFFLICTED*

No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode,  
 Who found not thorns and briers in his road.  
 The world may dance along the flowery plain,  
 Cheer'd as they go by many a brightly train,  
 Where Nature has her most velvet spread,  
 With unhod feet they yet securely tread,  
 Admonish'd, from the caution and the friend,  
 Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.  
 But He, who knew what human hearts would prove,  
 How slow to learn the dictates of his love,  
 That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,  
 A life of ease would make them harder still,  
 In pity to the souls his grace design'd  
 To rescue from the ruins of mankind,  
 Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,  
 And said, " Go, spend them in the vale of tears  
 O balmy gales of soul-reviving air!  
 O salutary streams, that murmur there!  
 These flowing from the Fount of Grace above,  
 Those breathed from lips of everlasting love.  
 The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys;  
 Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys ;  
 An envious world will interpose its frown,  
 To mar delights superior to its own;  
 And many a pang, experienced still within,  
 Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin:  
 But ills of every shape and every name,  
 Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel aim;  
 And every moment's calm, that soothes the breast,  
 Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast  
 Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste!

No fhepherd's tents within thy view appear,  
 But the chief Shepherd even there is near;  
 Thy tender forrows and thy plaintive ftrain  
 Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain ;  
 Thy tears all iffue from a fource divine,  
 And every drop befpeaks a Saviour thine.  
 So once in Gideon's fleece the dewes were found,  
 And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

*TO THE REV. W. CAWTHORNE  
 UNWIN.*



UNWIN, I ftould but ill repay  
 The kindnefs of a friend,  
 Whofe worth deferves as warm a lay  
 As ever friendihip penn'd,  
 Thy name omitted in a page  
 That would reclaim a vicious age.

A union form'd, as mine with thee,  
 Not rafhly, or in fport,  
 May be as fervent in degree,  
 And faithful in its fort,  
 And may as rich in comfort prove,  
 As that of true fraternal love.

The bud inferted in the rind,  
 The bud of peach or rofe,



Adorns, though differing in its kind,  
The flock whereon it grows,  
With flower as fweet, or fruit as fair,  
As if produced by nature there.

\

Not rich, I render what I may,  
I feize thy name in hafte,  
And place it in this firft eflay,  
Left this fliould prove the laft.  
"Tis where it fhould be—in a plan,  
That holds in view the good of man.

The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,  
Should be the poet's heart;  
Affection lights a brighter flame  
Than ever blazed by art.  
No mufes on thefe lines attend,  
I fink the poet in the friend.



## MINOR POEMS.

### *VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH, ON FINDING THE HEEL OF A SHOE.*

**F**ORTUNE! I thank thee: gentle God-  
defs! thanks!  
Not that my Mufe, though ba(hful, fhall

deny

She would have thank'd thee rather hadft thou caft  
A treafure in her way; for neither meed  
Of early breakfast, to difpel the fumes,  
And bowel-raking pains of emptinefs,  
Nor noontide feaft, nor evening's cool repaft,  
Hopes fhe from this, prefumptuous—tho' perhaps,  
The cobbler, leather-carving artift! might.  
Nathlefs flie thanks thee, and accepts thy boon,  
Whatever; not as erft the fabled cock,  
Vain-glorious fool! unknowing what he found,  
Spurn'd the rich gem thou gav'ft him. Wherefore,  
ah!

Why not on me that favour, (worthier fure!)  
Conferr'dft thou, Goddefs! Thou art blind, thou  
fay'ft:

Enough!—thy blindness shall excuse the deed.

Nor does my Muse no benefit exhale  
From this thy scant indulgence!—even here  
Hints worthy sage philosophy are found;  
Illustrious hints, to moralize my song!  
This ponderous Heel of perforated hide  
Compad; with pegs indented, many a row,  
Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks)  
The weighty tread of some rude peasant clown  
Upbore : on this supported oft, he stretch'd,  
With uncouth strides, along the furrow'd glebe,  
Flattening the stubborn clod, till cruel time  
(What will not cruel time ?) on a wry step  
Sever'd the strift cohesion; when, alas !  
He, who could erst, with even, equal pace,  
Pursue his destined way with symmetry,  
And some proportion form'd, now on one side,  
Curtailed and maim'd, the sport of vagrant boys,  
Curling his frail supporter, treacherous prop!  
With toilsome steps, and difficult, moves on:  
Thus fares it oft with other than the feet  
Of humble villager—the statesman thus,  
Up the steep road where proud ambition leads,  
Aspiring, first uninterrupted winds  
His prosperous way; nor fears miscarriage foul,  
While policy prevails, and friends prove true:  
But that support soon failing, by him left,  
On whom he most depended,—basely left,  
Betray'd, deserted,—from his airy height  
Headlong he falls; and through the rest of life  
Drags the dull load of disappointment on.

## AN ODE,

*On reading Richardsons Hiftory of Sir Charles  
Grandifon.*

**S**AY, ye apoftate and profane,  
Wretches, who blufh not to difdain  
Allegiance to your God,—  
Did e'er your idly-wafted love  
Of virtue for her fake remove,  
And lift you from the crowd ?

Would you the race of glory run,  
Know, the devout, and they alone,  
Are equal to the tafk:  
The labours of the illuftrious courfe  
Far other than the unaided force  
Of human vigour aik.

To arm againft repeated ill  
The patient heart too brave to feel  
The tortures of defpair:  
Nor fafer yet high-crefted Pride,  
When wealth flows in with every tide  
To gain admittance there.

To refcue from the tyrant's fword  
The opprefTd;—unfeen and unimplored,  
To cheer the face of woe;

From lawlefs infult to defend  
An orphan's right, a fallen friend,  
And a forgiven foe;

Thefe, thefe diftinguifh from the crowd,  
And thefe alone, the great and good,  
The guardians of mankind;  
Whofe bofbms with thefe virtues heave,  
O, with what matchlefs fpeed they leave  
The multitude behind!

Then afk ye, from what caufe on earth  
Virtues like thefe derive their birth ?  
Derived from Heaven alone,  
Full on that favour'd breaft they (hine,  
Where *faith* and *reignation* join  
To call the bleffing down.

*Such is that heart:*—but while the Mufe  
Thy theme, O Richardfon, purfues,  
Her feeble fpirits faint:  
She cannot reach, and would not wrong,  
That fubjedt for an angel's fong,  
The hero, and the faint!

*AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD,  
ESQ.*

**I**S not that I defign to rob  
Thee of thy birthright, gentle Bob,  
For thou art born fole heir, and fingle,  
Of dear Mat Prior's eafy jingle ;  
Not that I mean, while thus I knit  
My threadbare fentiments together,  
To (how my genius or my wit,  
When God and you know I have neither ;  
Or fuch as might be better fhown  
By letting poetry alone.  
'Tis not with either of thefe views  
That I prefumed to addrefs the Mufe :  
But to divert a fierce banditti,  
(Sworn foes to every thing that's witty !)  
That, with a black, infernal train,  
Make cruel inroads in my brain,  
And daily threaten to drive thence  
My little garrifon of fenfe ;  
The fierce banditti which I mean  
Are gloomy thoughts, led on by Spleen.  
Then there's another reafon yet,  
Which is, that I may fairly quit  
The debt, which juftly became due  
The moment when I heard from you :

And you might grumble, crony mine,  
 If paid in any other coin;  
 Since twenty {heets of lead, God knows,  
 (I would fay twenty {heets of profe)  
 Can ne'er be deem'd worth half fo much  
 As one of gold, and yours was fuch.  
 Thus the preliminaries fettled,  
 I fairly find myfelf *pitch-kettled*,\*  
 And cannot fee, though few fee better,  
 How I (hall hammer out a letter.

Firft, for a thought—fince all agree—  
 A thought—I have it—let me fee—  
 'Tis gone again—plague on't! I thought  
 I had it—but I have it not.  
 Dame Gurton thus, and Hodge her fon,  
 That ufeul thing, her needle, gone!  
 Rake well the cinders, fweep the floor,  
 And fift the duft behind the door;  
 While eager Hodge beholds the prize  
 In old grimalkin's glaring eyes ;  
 And Gammer finds it on her knees  
 In every (hining ftraw fhe fees.  
 This fimile were apt enough;  
 But I've another, critic-proof!  
 The virtuofos thus, at noon,  
 Broiling beneath a July fun,  
 The gilded butterfly purfues,  
 O'er hedge and ditch, through gaps and mews;

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\* Pitch-kettled, a favourite phrafe at the time when this Epiftle was written, expreffive of being puzzled, or what in the Spectator's time would have been called *bamboozled*.—**HAYLEY.**

And, after many a vain eflay,  
To captivate the tempting prey,  
Gives him at length the lucky pat,  
And has him fafe beneath his hat :  
Then lifts it gently from the ground ;  
But ah ! 'tis loft as foon as found ;  
Culprit his liberty regains,  
Flits out of fight, and mocks his pains.  
The fenfe was dark ; 'twas therefore fit  
With fimile to illuftrate it ;  
But as too much obfcures the fight,  
As often as too little light,  
We have our fimiles cut fhort,  
For matters of more grave import.  
That Matthew's numbers run with eafe,  
Each man of common fenfe agrees !  
All men of common fenfe allow  
That Robert's lines are eaiy too :  
Where then the preference fhall we place,  
Or how do juftice in this cafe ?  
Matthew (fays Fame) with endlefs pains  
Smooth'd and refined the meanefl ftrains ;  
Nor fuffer'd one ill chofen rhyme  
To efcape him at the idleft time ;  
And thus o'er all a luftre caft,  
That, while the language lives, fhall laft.  
An't pleafe your ladyfhip (quoth I, —  
For 'tis my bufinefs to reply ;)   
Sure fo much labour, fo much toil,  
Befpeak at leaft a ftubborn foil :  
Theirs be the laurel-wreath decreed,  
Who both write well, and write full fpeed !



Who throw their Helicon about  
 As freely as a conduit fpout!  
 Friend Robert, thus like *chienfa,vant*,  
 Lets fall a poem *en paj/ant*,  
 Nor needs his genuine ore refine!  
 Tis ready polifli'd from the mine.

1754-

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST  
 BOOK OF HORACE.

*A humorous Description of the Author's Journey  
 from Rome to Brundufium.*

 WAS a long journey lay before us,  
 When I and honeft Heliodorus,  
 Who far in point of rhetoric  
 Surpafles every living Greek,  
 Each leaving our refpective home,  
 Together fallied forth from Rome.  
 Firft at Aricia we alight,  
 And there refrefh, and pafs the night,  
 Our entertainment rather coarfe  
 Than fumptuous, but I've met with worfe.  
 Thence o'er the caufeway foft and fair  
 To Appiiform we repair.  
 But as this road is well fupplied  
 (Temptation ftrong!) on either fide

With inns commodious, snug, and warm,  
We split the journey, and perform  
In two days' time what's often done  
By brisker travellers in one.

Here, rather choosing not to sup  
Than with bad water mix my cup,  
After a warm debate in spite  
Of a provoking appetite,  
I sturdily resolved at last  
To balk it, and pronounce a fast,  
And in a moody humour wait,  
While my less dainty comrades bait.

Now o'er the spangled hemisphere  
Diffused the starry train appear,  
When there arose a desperate brawl;  
The slaves and bargemen, one and all,  
Rending their throats (have mercy on us!)  
As if they were resolved to stun us.  
"Steer the barge this way to the shore;  
I tell you we'll admit no more;  
Plague! will you never be content?"  
Thus a whole hour at least is spent,  
While they receive the several fares,  
And kick the mule into his gears.  
Happy, these difficulties past,  
Could we have fallen asleep at last!  
But, what with humming, croaking, biting,  
Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues uniting,  
These tuneful natives of the lake  
Conspired to keep us broad awake.  
Besides, to make the concert full,  
Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,

The bargeman and a paflenger,  
Each in his turn, eflay'd an air  
In honour of his abfent fair.  
At length the paflenger, oppreft  
With wine, left off, and fnored the reft.  
The weary bargeman too gave o'er,  
And hearing his companion fnore,  
Seized the occafion, fix'd the barge,  
Turn'd out his mule to graze at large,  
And flept forgetful of his charge.  
And now the fun o'er eaftern hill  
Difcover'd that our barge flood ftill;  
When one, whose anger vex'd him fore,  
With malice fraught, leaps quick on fhore;  
Plucks up a flake, with many a thwack  
Aflails the mule and driver's back.

Then flowly moving on with pain,  
At ten Feronia's fream we gain,  
And in her pure and glafly wave  
Our hands and faces gladly lave.  
Climbing three miles, fair Anxur's height  
We reach, with flony quarries white.  
While here, as was agreed, we wait,  
Till, charged with bufinefs of the flate,  
Maecenas and Cocceius come,  
The meflengers of peace from Rome.  
My eyes, by watery humours belear  
And fore, I with black balfam fmear.  
At length they join us, and with them  
Our worthy friend Fonteius came ;  
A man of fuch complete defert,  
Antony loved him at his heart.

At Fundi we refufed to bait,  
 And laugh'd at vain Aufidius' ftate,  
 A prator now, a fcribe before,  
 The purple-border'd robe he wore,  
 His flave the fmoking cenfer bore.  
 Tired, at Muraena's we repofe,  
 At Formia ftp at Capito's.

With fmiles the rifing morn we greet,  
 At Sinueffa pleafed to meet  
 With Plotius, Varius, and the bard  
 Whom Mantua firft with wonder heard.  
 The world no purer fpirits knows;  
 For none my heart more warmly glows.  
 O ! what embraces we beftow'd,  
 And with what joy our breafths o'erflow'd!  
 Sure, while my fenfe is found and clear,  
 Long as I live, I (hall prefer  
 A gay, good-natured, eafy friend,  
 To every blefling Heaven can fend.  
 At a fmall village the next night  
 Near the Vulturnus we alight;  
 Where, as employed on ftate affairs,  
 We were fupplied by the purveyors  
 Frankly at once, and without hire,  
 With food for man and horfe, and fire.  
 Capua next day betimes we reach,  
 Where Virgil and myfelf, who each  
 Labour'd with different maladies,  
 His fuch a ftomach, mine fuch eyes,  
 As would not bear ftrong exercife,  
 In drowfy mood to fleep refort;  
 Maecenas to the tennis-court.

Next at Cocceius' farm we're treated,  
 Above the Caudian tavern feated;  
 His kind and hospitable board  
 With choice of wholesome food was stored.

Now, O ye Nine, inspire my lays!  
 To nobler themes my fancy raise!  
 Two combatants, who scorn to yield  
 The noisy, tongue-disputed field,  
 Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim  
 A poet's tribute to their fame;  
 Cicirrus of true Ofcian breed,  
 Sarmentus, who was never freed,  
 But ran away. We don't defame him;  
 His lady lives, and still may claim him.  
 Thus dignified, in harder fray  
 These champions their keen wit display,  
 And first Sarmentus led the way.  
 "Thy locks," quoth he, "so rough and coarse,  
 Look like the mane of some wild horse."  
 We laugh: Cicirrus undismay'd—  
 "Have at you!"—cries, and shakes his head.  
 "'Tis well," Sarmentus says, "you've lost  
 That horn your forehead once could boast;  
 Since, maim'd and mangled as you are,  
 You seem to butt." A hideous fear  
 Improved, ('tis true,) with double grace  
 The native horrors of his face.  
 Well. After much jocofely said  
 Of his grim front, so fiery red,  
 (For carbuncles had blotched it o'er,  
 As usual on Campania's fiore)  
 "Give us," he cried, "since you're so big,

A fample of the Cyclops' jig!  
 Your fhanks methinks no bufkins afk,  
 Nor does your phiz require a mafk."  
 To this Cicirrus: " In return  
 Of you, Sir, now I fain would learn,  
 When 'twas, no longer deem'd a Have,  
 Your chains you to the Lares gave.  
 For though a fcrivener's right you claim,  
 Your lady's title is the fame.  
 But what could make you run away,  
 Since, pigmy as you are, each day  
 A fingle pound of bread would quite  
 O'erpower your puny appetite ?"  
 Thus joked the champions, while we laugh'd,  
 And many a cheerful bumper quafFd.

To Beneventum next we fteer;  
 Where our good hoft by over care  
 In roafting thruflies lean as mice  
 Had almoft fallen a facrifice.  
 The kitchen foon was all on fire,  
 And to the roof the flames afpire;  
 There might you fee each man and mafter  
 Striving, amidft this fad difafter,  
 To fave the fupper. Then they came  
 With fpeed enough to quench the flame.  
 From hence we firft at diftance fee  
 The Apulian hills, well known to me,  
 Parch'd by the fultry weftern blaft;  
 And which we never fhould have paf't,  
 Had not Trivicus by the way  
 Received us at the clofe of day.  
 But each was forced at entering here

To pay the tribute of a tear,  
For more of fmoke than fire was feen—  
The hearth was piled with logs fo green.  
From hence in chaifes we were carried  
Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarried  
At a finall town, whofe name my verfe  
(So barbarous is it) can't rehearfe.  
Know it you may by many a fign,  
Water is dearer far than wine.  
There bread is deem'd fuch dainty fare,  
That every prudent traveller  
His wallet loads with many a cruft;  
For at Canufium you might jufl  
As well attempt to gnaw a ftone  
As think to get a morfel down:  
That too with fcanty fstreams is fed;  
Its founder was brave Diomed.  
Good Varius (ah, that friends muft part!)  
Here left us all with aching heart.  
At Rubi we arrived that day,  
Well jaded by the length of way,  
And fure poor mortals ne'er were wetter:  
Next day no weather could be better;  
No roads fo bad; we fcarce could crawl  
Along to fifhy Barium's wall.  
The Egnatians next, who by the rules  
Of common fenfe are knaves or fools,  
Made all our fides with laughter heave,  
Since we with them muft needs believe  
That incenfe in their temples burns,  
And without fire to afhes turns.  
To circumcifion's bigots tell

Such tales! for me, I know full well  
That in high heaven, unmoved by care,  
The Gods eternal quiet fhare :  
Nor can I deem their fpleen the caufe,  
Why fickle Nature breaks her laws.  
Brundufium laft we reach: and there  
Stop ihort the Mufe and Traveller.

'759-

THE NINTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST  
BOOK OF HORACE.

*The Defer iption of an Impertinent. Adapted to  
the prefent times, 1759.*



S AUNTERING along the ftreeet one day,  
On trifles mufing by the way—  
Up fteps a free familiar wight,  
(I fcarcely knew the man by fight.)  
" Carlos," he cried, " your hand, my dear,  
Gad, I rejoice to meet you here!  
Pray Heaven I fee you well ?" " So fo;  
E'en well enough as times now go.  
The fame good wifties, Sir, to you."  
Finding he ftill purfued me clofe—  
" Sir, you have bufmefs I fuppose."  
" My bufinefs, Sir, is quickly done,  
'Tis but to make my merit known.



Sir, I have read"—" O learned Sir,  
 You and your learning I revere."  
 Then fweating with anxiety,  
 And fadly longing to get free,  
 Gods, how I fcamper'd, fcuffled for't,  
 Ran, halted, ran again, ftopp'd fhort,  
 Beckon'd my boy, and pull'd him near,  
 And whifper'd nothing in his ear.

Teafed with his loofe unjointed chat—  
 " What freet is this ? What houfe is that ?"  
 O Harlow, how I envied thee  
 Thy unabafh'd effrontery,  
 Who dareft a foe with freedom blame,  
 And call a coxcomb by his name!  
 When I return'd him anfwer none,  
 Obligingly the fool ran on,  
 " I fee you're difmally diftrei'd,  
 Would give the world to be releafed,  
 But by your leave, Sir, I fhall ftill  
 Stick to your fkirts, do what you will.  
 Pray which way does your journey tend?"  
 " O, 'tis a tedious way, my friend;  
 Acrofs the Thames, the Lord knows where,  
 I would not trouble you fo far/'  
 " Well, I'm at leifure to attend you."  
 "Are you?" thought I," the De'il befriend you."  
 No afs with double panniers rack'd,  
 Oppreff'd, o'erladen, broken-back'd,  
 E'er look'd a thoufandth part fo dull  
 As I, nor half fo like a fool.  
 " Sir, I know little of myfelf,  
 (Proceeds the pert conceited elf)

If Gray or Mafon you will deem  
 Than me more worthy your esteem.  
 Poems I write by folios  
 As faft as other men write profe;  
 Then I can fing fo loud, fo clear,  
 That Beard cannot with me compare.  
 In dancing too I all furpafs,  
 Not Cooke can move with fuch a grace/"  
 Here I made fhift with much ado  
 To interpofe a word or two.—  
 " Have you no parents, Sir, no friends,  
 Whofe welfare on your own depends?"  
 " Parents, relations, fay you ? No.  
 They're all difpofed of long ago."—  
 " Happy to be no more perplex'd!  
 My fate too threatens, I go next.  
 Difpatch me, Sir, 'tis now too late,  
 Alas! to ftruggle with my fate!  
 Well, I'm convinced my time is come—  
 When young, a gipfy told my doom;  
 The beldame fhook her palfied head,  
 As fhe perufed my palm, and faid:  
 'Of poifon, peftilence, or war,  
 Gout, ftone, defluxion, or catarrh,  
 You have no reaibn to beware.  
 Beware the coxcomb's idle prate;  
 Chiefly, my fon, beware of that.  
 Be fure, when you behold him, fly  
 Out of all earshot, or you die.'"

To Rufus' Hall we now draw near,  
 Where he was fummon'd to appear,  
 Refute the charge the plaintiff brought,

Or fuffer judgment by default,  
 " For Heaven's fake, if you love me, wait  
 One moment! I'll be with you ftraight."

Glad of a plaufible pretence—

" Sir, I muft beg you to difpenfe  
 With my attendance in the court.

My legs will furely fuffer for't."

" Nay, prithee, Carlos, ftop awhile!"

" Faith, Sir, in law I have no fkill.

Befides, I have no time to fpare,  
 I muft be going you know where."

" Well, I proteft, I'm doubtful now  
 Whether to leave my fuit or you !"

" Me without fcruple!" I reply,

" Me by all means, Sir!"—" No, not I.

*Allons, Monjieur!*" 'Twere vain, you know,  
 To ftrive with a victorious foe.

So I reluctantly obey,

And follow where he leads the way.

" You and Newcaftle are fo clofe,  
 Still hand and glove, Sir, I fuppoſe."—

" Newcaftle, let me tell you, Sir,  
 Has not his equal every where."

" Well. There indeed your fortune's made.

Faith, Sir, you underftand your trade.

Would you but give me your good word :

' Juft introduce me to my lord,

I fhould ferve charmingly by way

Of fecond fiddle, as they fay :

What think you, Sir ? 'twere a good jeft.

'Slife, we fhould quickly fcout the reft."—

" Sir, you miſtake the matter far,

We have no fecond fiddles there."

" Richer than I fome folks may be;

More learned, but it hurts not me.

Friends though he has of different kind,

Each has his proper place affign'd."

" Strange matters thefe alleged by you!"—

" Strange they may be, but they are true."—

" Well then, I vow, 'tis mighty clever,

Now I long ten times more than ever

To be advanced extremely near

One of his fhining character.

Have but the will—there wants no more,

'Tis plain enough you have the power.

His eafy temper (that's the worft)

He knows, and is fo fhy at firft.

But fuch a cavalier as you—

Lord, Sir, you'll quickly bring him to!

Well! if I fail in my defign,

Sir, it fhall be no fault of mine.

If by the faucy fervile tribe

Denied, what think you of a bribe ?

Shut out to-day, not die with forrow,

But try my luck again to-morrow.

Never attempt to vifit him

But at the moft convenient time,

Attend him on each levee day,

And there my humble duty pay,

Labour, like this, our want fupplies;

And they muft ftoop who mean to rife."

While thus he wittingly harangued,

For which you'll guefs I wifh'd him hang'd,

Campley, a friend of mine, came by,

Who knew his humour more than I;  
We flop, falute, and—" Why fo faft,  
Friend Carlos ? Whither all this hafte ?"  
Fired at the thoughts of a reprieve,  
I pinch him, pull him, twitch his fleeve,  
Nod, beckon, bite my lips, wink, pout,  
Do everything but fpeak plain out:  
While he, fad dog, from the beginning  
Determined to miftake my meaning,  
Inftead of pitying my curfe,  
By jeering made it ten times worfe.  
" Campley, what fecret (pray!) was that  
You wanted to communicate ?"  
" I recolledt. But 'tis no matter;  
Carlos, we'll talk of that hereafter.  
E'en let the fecret reft. 'Twill tell  
Another time, Sir, juft as well."  
Was ever fuch a difmal day ?  
Unlucky cur, he fteals away,  
And leaves me, half bereft of life,  
At mercy of the butcher's knife;  
When fudden, fhouting from afar,  
See his antagonift appear!  
The bailiff feized him, quick as thought,  
" Ho, Mr. Scoundrel! are you caught ?  
Sir, you are witnefs to the arreft."  
" Ay, marry, Sir, I'll do my beft."  
The mob huzzas. Away they trudge,  
Culprit and all, before the judge.  
Meanwhile, I luckily enough  
(Thanks to Apollo) got clear off.

*A TALE, FOUNDED ON A FACT WHICH  
HAPPENED IN JANUARY 1779.*



HERE Humber pours his rich commer-  
 cial fream  
 There dwelt a wretch, who breathed but  
 to blafpheme;  
 In fubterraneous caves his life he led,  
 Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread.  
 When on a day, emerging from the deep,  
 A fabbath-day, (fuch fabbaths thoufands keep!)  
 The wages of his weekly toil he bore  
 To buy a cock—whofe blood might win him more;  
 As if the nobleft of the feather'd kind  
 Were but for battle and for death defign'd;  
 As if the confecrated hours were meant  
 For fport, to minds on cruelty intent;  
 It chanced (fuch chances Providence obey)  
 He met a fellow-labourer on the way,  
 Whofe heart the fame defires had once inflamed;  
 But now the favage temper was reclaim'd.  
 Perfufion on his lips had taken place;  
 For all plead well who plead the caufe of grace.  
 His iron heart with Scripture he alTail'd,  
 Woo'd him to hear a fermon, and prevail'd.  
 His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,  
 Swift as the lightning-glimpfe the arrow flew.

He wept; he trembled; caft his eyes around,  
 To find a worfe than he; but none he found.  
 He felt his fins, and wonder'd he (hould feel.  
 Grace made the wound, and grace alone could heal.

Now farewell oaths, and blafphemies, and lies!  
 He quits the finner's for the martyr's prize.  
 That holy day was wafli'd with many a tear,  
 Gilded with hope, yet (haded too by fear.  
 The next, his fwarthy brethren of the mine  
 Learn'd, by his altered fpeech, the change divine!  
 Laugh'd when they fhould have wept, and fwore  
 the day

Was nigh when he would fwear as faft as they.  
 " No/' faid the penitent, " fuch words (hall (hare  
 This breath no more; devoted now to prayer.  
 O! if thou feed (thine eye the future fees)  
 That I (hall yet again blafpheme, like thefe;  
 Now ftrike me to the ground on which I kneel,  
 Ere yet this heart relapfes into fteel;  
 Now take me to that Heaven I once defied,  
 Thy prefence,thy embrace!"—He fpoke,and died!

*TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON, ON HIS  
 RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.*



HAT ocean you have late furvey'd,  
 Thofe rocks I too have feen,  
 But I afflided and difmay'd,  
 You tranquil and ferene.

You from the flood-controlling fteep  
 Saw ftretch'd before your view,  
 With confcious joy, the threatening deep,  
 No longer fuch to you.

To me the waves, that ceafelefs broke  
 Upon the dangerous coaft,  
 Hoarfely and ominoufly fpoke  
 Of all my treafure loft.

Your fea of troubles you have paf't,  
 And found the peaceful (hore;  
 I, tempeft-tofTd, and wreck'd at laft,  
 Come home to port no more.

*Off.* 1780.

LOVE ABUSED.

**W**HAT is there in the vale of life  
 Half fo delightful as a wife, [bine  
 When friendfliip, love, and peace corn-  
 To ftamp the marriage bond divine?  
 The fteam of pure and genuine love  
 Derives its current from above;  
 And earth a fecond Eden fflows,  
 Where'er the healing water flows:  
 But ah, if from the dykes and drains  
 Of fenfual Nature's feverifh veins,  
 Luft, like a lawlefs headftrong flood,  
 Impregnated with ooze and mud,



Defcending faft on every fide,  
 Once mingles with the facred tide,  
 Farewell the foul-enlivening fcene!  
 The banks that wore a fmiling green,  
 With rank defilement overfpread,  
 Bewail their flowery beauties dead.  
 The fream polluted, dark, and dull,  
 Diffufed into a Stygian pool,  
 Through life's laft melancholy years  
 Is fed with ever-flowing tears:  
 Complaints fupply the zephyr's part,  
 And fighs that heave a breaking heart.

*A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LADY  
 AUSTEN.*



DEAR ANNA—between friend and friend  
 Profe anfwers every common end ;  
 Serves in a plain and homely way,  
 To exprefs the occurrence of the day;  
 Our health, the weather, and the news!  
 What walks we take, what books we choofe ;  
 And all the floating thoughts we find  
 Upon the furface of the mind.

But when a poet takes the pen,  
 Far more alive than other men,  
 He feels a gentle tingling come  
 Down to his finger and his thumb,  
 Derived from nature's nobleft part,

The centre of a glowing heart:  
 And this is what the world, who knows  
 No flights above the pitch of prose,  
 His drear sublime vagaries flighting,  
 Denominates an itch for writing.  
 No wonder I, who scribble rhyme  
 To catch the triflers of the time,  
 And tell them truths divine and clear,  
 Which, couch'd in prose, they will not hear;  
 Who labour hard to allure and draw  
 The loiterers I never faw,  
 Should feel that itching and that tingling,  
 With all my purpose intermingling,  
 To your intrinsic merit true,  
 When call'd to address myself to you.

Myfterious are His ways whose power  
 Brings forth that unexpected hour,  
 When minds, that never met before,  
 Shall meet, unite, and part no more:  
 It is the allotment of the ikies,  
 The hand of the Supremely Wife,  
 That guides and governs our affections,  
 And plans and orders our connexions:  
 Directs us in our distant road,  
 And marks the bounds of our abode.  
 Thus we were fettled when you found us,  
 Peasants and children all around us,  
 Not dreaming of so dear a friend,  
 Deep in the byes of Silver-End.\*

---

\* An obscure part of Olney, adjoining to the residence of Cowper, which faced the market-place.

Thus Martha, e'en againft her will,  
Perch'd on the top of yonder hill ;  
And you, though you muft needs prefer  
The fairer fcenes of fweet Sancerre,\*  
Are come from diftant Loire to choofe  
A cottage on the banks of Oufe.  
This page of Providence quite new,  
And now juft opening to our view,  
Employs our prefent thoughts and pains :  
To guefs and fpeli what it contains:  
But day by day, and year by year,  
Will make the dark enigma clear;  
And furnifh us, perhaps, at laft,  
Like other fcenes already paff,  
With proof, that we, and our affairs,  
Are part of a Jehovah's cares:  
For God unfolds by flow degrees  
The purport of his deep decrees;  
Sheds every hour a clearer light  
In aid of our defective fight;  
And fpreads, at length, before the foul,  
A beautiful and perfedt whole,  
Which bufy man's inventive brain  
Toils to anticipate in vain.

Say, Anna, had you never known  
The beauties of a rofe full blown,  
Could you, though luminous your eye,  
By looking on the bud, defcry,  
Or guefs, with a prophetic power,

---

\* Lady Auften's refidence in France.

The future splendour of the flower ?  
Just to the Omnipotent, who turns  
The system of a world's concerns,  
From mere minutiae can deduce  
Events of most important use;  
And bid a dawning sky display  
The blaze of a meridian day.  
The works of man tend, one and all,  
As needs they must, from great to small!  
And vanity absorbs at length  
The monuments of human strength.  
But who can tell how vast the plan  
Which this day's incident began ?  
Too small, perhaps, the flight occasion  
For our dim-sighted observation ;  
It passed unnoticed, as the bird  
That cleaves the yielding air unheard,  
And yet may prove, when understood,  
A harbinger of endless good.

Not that I deem, or mean to call  
Friendship a blessing cheap or small:  
But merely to remark, that ours,  
Like some of nature's sweetest flowers,  
Rose from a seed of tiny size,  
That seem'd to promise no such prize;  
A transient visit intervening,  
And made almost without a meaning,  
(Hardly the effect of inclination,  
Much less of pleasing expectation)  
Produced a friendship, then begun,  
That has cemented us in one;

And placed it in our power to prove,  
 By long fidelity and love,  
 That Solomon has wifely fpoken ;  
 " A threefold cord is not foon broken/'

Dec. 17, 1781.

### THE COLUBRIAD.



CLOSE by the threfliold of a door nail'd  
 faft  
 Three kittens fat; each kitten look'd  
 aghaft.

I, pafling fwift and inattentive by,  
 At the three kittens caft a carelefs eye;  
 Not much concern'd to know what they did there;  
 Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.  
 But prefently a loud and furious hifs  
 Caufed me to flop, and to exclaim, " What's this ?"  
 When lo! upon the threfliold met my view,  
 With head ereft, and eyes of fiery hue,  
 A viper, long as Count de Grafle's queue.  
 Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,  
 Darting it full againft a kitten's nofe;  
 Who having never feen, in field or houfe,  
 The like, fat ftill and filent as a moufe;  
 Only projecting, with attention due,  
 Her whifker'd face, flie afk'd him, " Who are you ?"  
 On to the hall went I, with pace not flow,  
 But fwift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe;

With which well arm'd I haften'd to the fpot,  
To find the viper,—but I found him not.  
And turning up the leaves and flirubs around,  
Found only that he was not to be found.  
But ftill the kittens, fitting as before,  
Sat watching clofe the bottom of the door.  
" I hope," faid I, " the villain I would kill  
Has flipp'd between the door and the door fill;  
And if I make difpatch, and follow hard,  
No doubt but I ihall find him in the yard:"  
For long ere now it fhould have been rehearfed,  
Twas in the garden that I found him firfl.  
E'en there I found him, there the full grown cat  
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat:  
As curious as the kittens erft had been  
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.  
Fill'd with heroic ardour at the fight,  
And fearing every moment he would bite,  
And rob our houfehold of our only cat  
That was of age to combat with a rat;  
With outftretch'd hoe I flew him at the door,  
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE.

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

*Amicitia nifi inter bonos efle non poteft. — CICERO.*



**W**HAT virtue can we name, or grace,  
 But men unqualified and bafe  
 Will boaft it their poffeffion ?  
 Profufion apes the noble part  
 Of liberality of heart,  
 And dulnefs of difcretion.

But, as the gem of richeft coft  
 Is ever counterfeited moft,  
 So, always, imitation  
 Employs the utmoft fkill fhe can  
 To counterfeit the faithful man,  
 The friend of long duration.

Some will pronounce me too fevere—  
 But long experience Ipeak me clear ;  
 Therefore, that cenfure fcorning,  
 I will proceed to mark the fhelves  
 On which fb many dafh themfelves,  
 And give the fimple warning.

Youth, unadmonifh'd by a guide,  
 Will truft to any fair outfide ;  
 An error foon corrected ;

For who but learns with riper years,  
That man, when fmoother he appears  
Is moft to be fufpected ?

But here again a danger lies;  
Left thus deluded by our eyes,  
And taking trafh for treafure,  
We fhould, when undeceived, conclude  
Friendship imaginary good,  
A mere Utopian pleafure.

An acquifition, rather rare,  
Is yet no fubjeft of defpair;  
Nor fhould it feem diftreffful  
If, either on forbidden ground,  
Or where it was not to be found,  
We fought it unfuccefsful.

No friendship will abide the teft  
That ftands on fordid intereft  
And mean felf-love erected ;  
Nor fuch as may awhile fubfift  
Twixt fenfualift and fenfualift,  
For vicious ends connected.

Who hopes a friend, fhould have a heart  
Himfelf well furnifh'd for the part,  
And ready on occafion  
To fhew the virtue that he feeks ;  
For 'tis a union that befpeaks  
A juft reciprocation.



A fretful temper will divide  
The clofett knot that may be tied,  
By ceafelefs fliarp corrofion :  
A temper paffionate and fierce  
May fuddenly your joys difperfe  
At one immenfe explofion.

In vain the talkative unite  
With hope of permanent delight:  
The fecret juft committed  
They drop through mere defire to prate,  
Forgetting its important weight,  
And by themfelves outwitted.

How bright foe'er the profpedt feems,  
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,  
If envy chance to creep in ;  
An envious man, if you fucceed,  
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,  
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good poffeff'd,  
So jealousy looks forth diftrefFd  
On good that feems approaching;  
And, if fuccefs his fteps attend,  
Difcerns a rival in a friend,  
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illuftrious name  
(Unlefs belied by common fame)  
Are fadly prone to quarrel;

To deem the wit a friend difplays  
So much of lofs to their own praife,  
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee  
Will feldom fcruple to make free  
With friendship's fineft feeling;  
Will thruft a dagger at your breaft,  
And tell you 'twas a fpecial jeft,  
By way of balm for healing.

Beware of tattlers; keep your ear  
Clofe ftopt againft the tales they bear,  
Fruits of their own invention ;  
The feparation of chief friends  
Is what their kindnefs moft intends;  
Their fport is your diffeniion.

Friendship that wantonly admits  
A joco-ferious play of wits  
In brilliant altercation,  
Is union fuch as indicates,  
Like hand-in-hand infurance-plates,  
Danger of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boaft a foul  
True as the needle to the pole;  
Yet Shifting, like the weather,  
The needle's confancy forego  
For any novelty, and Show  
Its variations rather.

Infenfibility makes fome  
 Unfeafonably deaf and dumb,  
     When moft you need their pity;  
 'Tis waiting till the tears fhall fall  
 From Gog and Magog in Guildhall,  
     Thofe playthings of the city.

The great and fmall but rarely meet  
 On terms of amity complete :  
     The attempt would fcarce be madder,  
 Should any from the bottom hope,  
 At one huge flide, to reach the top  
     Of an eredled ladder.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix  
 Their heterogeneous politics  
     Without an effervescence,  
 Such as of falts with lemon juice,  
 But which is rarely known to induce,  
     Like that, a coalefcence.

Religion fhould extinguifh ftrife,  
 And make a calm of human life :  
     But even thofe, who differ  
 Only on topics left at large,  
 How fiercely will they meet and charge!  
     No combatants are ftiffer.

To prove, alas! my main intent,  
 Needs no great coft of argument,  
     No cutting and contriving;

Seeking a real friend, we deem  
To adopt the chymist's golden dream  
    With ftill lefs hope of thriving.

Then judge, or ere you choofe your man,  
As circumfpedly as you can,  
    And, having made eledion,  
See that no difrefped: of yours,  
Such as a friend but ill endures,  
    Enfeeble his affedion.

It is not timber, lead, and ftone,  
An architect requires alone,  
    To finifti a great building;  
The palace were but half complete  
Could he by any chance forget  
    The carving and the gilding.

As fimilarity of mind,  
Or fomething not to be defined,  
    Firft rivets our attention ;  
So manners, decent and polite,  
The fame we pradifed at firft fight,  
    Muft fave it from declenfion.

The man who hails you Tom—or Jack,  
And proves by thumping on your back  
    His fenfe of your great merit,  
Is fuch a friend, that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed,  
    To pardon or to bear it.

Some friends make this their prudent plan—

" Say little, and hear all you can;"

Safe policy, but hateful.

So barren fands imbibe the fflower,

But render neither fruit nor flower,

Unpleafant and ungrateful.

They whifper trivial things, and fmall ;

But to communicate at all

Things ferious deem improper;

Their feculence and froth they (how,

But keep the beft contents below,

Juft like a fimmering copper.

Thefe famples (for, alas! at laft

Thefe are but famples, and a tafte

Of evils yet unmention'd)

May prove the tafk a tafk indeed,

In which 'tis much if we fucceed,

However well intention'd.

Purfue the theme, and you lhall find

A difciplined and furnifti'd mind

To be at leaft expedient,

And, after fumming all the reft,

Religion ruling in the breaft

A principal ingredient.

True friendfhip has, in fhort, a grace

More than terreftrial in its face;

That proves it Heaven-defcended:

Man's love of woman not fo pure,  
 Nor, when fincereft, fo fecure  
 To laft till life is ended.

1782.

## ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

(70 the March in Scipio.) Written when the  
 News arrived.



TOLL for the brave!

The brave that are no more!  
 All sunk beneath the wave,  
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
 And she was overfet;  
 Down went the Royal George,  
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;  
 His last sea-fight is fought;  
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
No tempest gave the flock;  
She sprang no fatal leak;  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes!  
And mingle with our cup  
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are found,  
And she may float again  
Full charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er;  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the wave no more.

*Sept. 1782.*

*IN SUBMERSIONEM NAVIGII> GUI GEOR-  
GIUS REG4LE NOMEN, INDITUM.*

**P**LANGIMUS fortes. Periere fortes,  
Patrium propter periere littus  
Bis quater centum; fubito fub alto  
^Equore merfi.

Navis, innitens lateri, jacebat,  
Malus ad fummas trepidabat undas,  
*Cum* levis, funes quatiens, ad imum  
Depulit aura.

Plangirius fortes. Nimis, heu, caducam  
Fortibus vitem voluere Parcae,  
Nee finunt ultra tibi nos recentes  
Nectere laurus,

Magne, qui nomen, licet incanorum,  
Traditum ex multis atavis tulifti!  
At tuos olim memorabit aevum  
Omne triumphos,

Non hyems illos furibunda merfit,  
Non mari in claufo fcopuli latentes,  
Fifla non rimis abies, nee atrox  
Abftulit enfis.



Navitas fed turn nimium jocofi  
 Voce fallebant hilari laborem,  
 Et quiefcebat, calamoque dextram im-  
     pleverat heros.

Vos, quibus cordi eft grave opus piumque,  
 Humidum ex alto fpolium levate,  
 Et putrefcentes fub aquis amicos  
     Reddite amicis!

Hi quidem (fie Dls placuit) fuere:  
 Sed ratis, nondiim putris, ire poflit  
 Rurfus in bellum, Britonumque nomen  
     Tollere ad aftra.

### SONG. ON PEACE.

*Written in the Summer of 1794 at the Request of  
 Lady Aujlen, who gave the Sentiment.*

Air—" My fond fhepherds of late/" ctc.



No longer I follow a found;  
 No longer a dream I purfue:  
 No happinefs! not to be found,  
 Unattainable treafure, adieu!

I have fought thee in fplendour and drefs,  
 In the regions of pleafure and tafte;  
 I have fought thee, and feem'd to poffefs,  
 But have proved thee a vifion at laft.

An humble ambition and hope  
 The voice of true wifdom infpires;  
 'Tis fufficient, if Peace be the fcope,  
 And the fummit of all our defires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind  
 That feeks it in meeknefs and love;  
 But rapture and blifs are confined  
 To the glorified fpirits above.

## SONG.

*Alfo written at the Requeft of Lady Auften.*

Air—" **The Lafs** of Pattie's Mill."



WHEN all within is peace,  
 How nature feems to fmile!  
 Delights that never ceafe  
 The livelong day beguile.  
 From morn to dewy eve  
 With open hand {he (howers  
 Frefti bleffings to deceive,  
 And foothe the filent hours.

It is content of heart  
 Gives nature power to pleafe;  
 The mind that feels no fmart  
 Enlivens all it fees;

Can make a wintry fky  
 Seem bright as fmiling May,  
 And evening's clofing eye  
 As peep of early day.

The vaft majeftic globe,  
 So beauteoufly array'd  
 In nature's various robe,  
 With wondrous fkill difplay'd,  
 Is to a mourner's heart  
 A dreary wild at beft;  
 It flutters to depart,  
 And longs to be at reft.

*VERSES SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL  
 POEM ENTITLED MALEDICTION.*



H Friendfhip! cordial of the human  
 breaft!  
 So little felt, fo fervently profeffd!  
 Thy bloffoms deck our unfufpefting years;  
 The promife of delicious fruit appears:  
 We hug the hopes of conftancy and truth,  
 Such is the folly of our dreaming youth;  
 But foon, alas! detedt the rafli miftake  
 That fanguine inexperience loves to make;  
 And view with tears the expeted harveft loft,  
 Decay'd by time, or withered by a froft.

Whoever undertakes a friend's great part  
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,  
Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove  
A thousand ways the force of genuine love.  
He may be call'd to give up health and gain,  
To exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,  
To echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,  
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.  
The heart of man, for such a task too frail,  
When most relied on is most sure to fail;  
And, summon'd to partake its fellow's woe,  
Starts from its office like a broken bow.

Votaries of business and of pleasure prove  
Faithless alike in friendship and in love.  
Retired from all the circles of the gay,  
And all the crowds that bustle life away,  
To scenes where competition, envy, strife,  
Beget no thunder-clouds to trouble life,  
Let me, the charge of some good angel, find  
One who has known, and has escaped mankind;  
Polite, yet virtuous, who has brought away  
The manners, not the morals, of the day:  
With him, perhaps with *her* (for men have known  
No firmer friendships than the fair have shown),  
Let me enjoy, in some unthought-of spot,  
(All former friends forgiven, and forgot,)  
Down to the close of life's fast fading scene,  
Union of hearts without a flaw between.  
'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and it calls for praise,  
If God give health, that sunshine of our days!  
And if he add, a blessing shared by few,  
Content of heart, more praises still are due:—

But if he grant a friend, that boon pofleſPd  
 Indeed is treafure, and crowns all the reſt ;  
 And giving one, whoſe heart is in the ſkies,  
 Born from above and made divinely wife,  
 He gives, what bankrupt nature never can,  
 Whoſe nobleſt coin is light and brittle man,  
 Gold, purer far than Ophir ever knew,  
 A foul, an image of himſelf, and therefore true.

Nov. 1783.

# INBREnr^rEMnrctsp^rnHO-

MINIBUS CONCESSL

By Dr. Jortin.

**H**EI mihi! Lege rata ſol occidit atque re-  
 furgit, [ma?,  
 Lunaque mutatae reparat diſpendia for-  
 Aftraque, purpurei telis extincta diei,  
 Rurfus node vigent. Humiles telluris alumni,  
 Graminis herba virens, et florum pida propago,  
 Quos crudelis hyems lethali tabe peredit,  
 Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque fereni  
 Temperies anni, fcecundo e cepite furgunt.  
 Nos domini rerum, nos, magna et pulchra minati,  
 Cum breve ver vitæ robuſtaque tranſiit aetas,  
 Deficimus; nee nos ordo revolubilis auras  
 Reddit in aethereas, tumuli neque clauſtra reſolvit.

*ON THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN  
LIFE.*

*Tranjlation of the foregoing.*

UNS that fet, and moons that wane,  
Rife, and are reftored again ;  
Stars that orient day fubdues,  
Night at her return renews.  
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth  
Of the genial womb of Earth,  
Suffer but a tranfient death  
From the winter's cruel breath.  
Zephyr fpeaks ; ferener fkies  
Warm the glebe, and they arife.  
We, alas! Earth's haughty kings,  
We, that promife mighty things,  
Lofing foon life's happy prime,  
Droop, and fade, in little time.  
Spring returns, but not our bloom ;  
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

*Jan. 1784.*

## EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

**H**ERE Johnfon lies, a fage by all allow'd,  
 Whom to have bred may well make  
       England proud,  
 Whofe profe was eloquence, by wifdom taught,  
 The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;  
 Whofe verfe may claim — grave, mafculine, and  
       ftrong,  
 Superior praife to the mere poet's fong;  
 Who many a noble gift from Heaven poffeff'd,  
 And faith at laft, alone worth all the reft.  
 O man, immortal by a double prize,  
 By fame on earth—by glory in the Ikies !

*Jan. 1785.*

## TO MISS C -- , ON HER BIRfHDAT.

**H**OW many between eaft and weft  
       Difgrace their parent earth,  
 Whofe deeds conftrain us to deteft  
       The day that gave them birth !  
 Not fo when Stella's natal morn  
       Revolving months reftore,  
 We can rejoice that fhe was born,  
       And wifh her born once more !

1786.

**GRATITUDE.***Addressed to Lady Hejke.*

HIS cap, that so stately appears,  
 With ribbon-bound tassel on high,  
 Which seems by the crest that it bears  
 Ambitious of brushing the sky:  
 This cap to my Cousin I owe,  
 She gave it, and gave me beside,  
 Wreath'd into an elegant bow,  
 The ribbon with which it is tied.

This wheel-footed studying chair,  
 Contrived both for toil and repose,  
 Wide-elbow'd, and wadded with hair,  
 In which I both scribble and doze,  
 Bright-tudded to dazzle the eyes,  
 And rival in lustre of that  
 In which, or astronomy lies,  
 Fair Cassiopeia sits:

These carpets, so soft to the foot,  
 Caledonia's traffic and pride!  
 Oh spare them, ye' knights of the boot,  
 Escaped from a cross-country ride!  
 This table and mirror within,  
 Secure from collision and dust,



At which I oft fhawe cheek and chin,  
And periwig nicely adjuft:

This moveable ftructure of fhelves,  
For its beauty admired and its ufe,  
And charged with oftavos and twelves,  
The gayeft I had to produce;  
Where, flaming in fcarlet and gold,  
My poems enchanted I view,  
And hope, in due time, to behold  
My Iliad and OdyfTey too:

This china, that decks the alcove,  
Which here people call a buffet,  
But what the gods call it above  
Has ne'er been reveal'd to us yet:  
Thefe curtains, that keep the room warm  
Or cool, as the feafon demands,  
Thofe ftoves that for pattern and form  
Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands.

All thefe are not half that I owe  
To One, from our earlieft youth  
To me ever ready to fhew  
Benignity, friendship, and truth;  
For time, the deftroyer declared  
And foe of our perifhing kind,  
If even her face he has fp.ired,  
Much lefs could he alter her mind.

Thus compaff'd about with the goods  
And chattels of leifure and eafe,

I indulge my poetical moods  
 In many such fancies as these;  
 And fancies I fear they will seem—  
 Poets\* goods are not often so fine;  
 The poets will swear that I dream  
 When I sing of the splendour of mine.  
 1786.

LINES COMPOSED FOR A MEMORIAL OF  
 ASHLEY COWPER, ESQ.

*Immediately after his Death, by his Nephew  
 William of Wejlon.*

**F**AREWELL! endued with all that could  
 engage  
 All hearts to love thee, both in youth  
 and age!

In prime of life, for forthrightline's enroll'd  
 Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old;

In life's last stage, (O blessings rarely found!)  
 Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd;  
 Through every period of this changeful state  
 Unchanged thyself—wife, good, affectionate!

Marble may flatter, and lest this I should seem  
 Overcharged with praises on so dear a theme,  
 Although thy worth be more than half suppressed,  
 Love *shall* be satisfied, and veil the rest.

*June, 1788.*

ON THE *gpEEWS* VISIT TO LONDON,*The Night of the Seventeenth of March,*

1789.



WHEN, long fequefter'd from his throne,  
 George took his feat again,  
 By right of worth, not blood alone,  
 Entitled here to reign,

Then Loyalty, with all his lamps  
 New trimm'd, a gallant fhow!  
 Chafing the darknefs and the damp,  
 Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell, of ftreets or fquares,  
 Which form'd the chief difplay,  
 Thefe moft refembling clufter'd ftars,  
 Thofe the long milky way.

Bright ihone the roofs, the domes, the fpires,  
 And rockets flew, felf-driven,  
 To hang their momentary fires  
 Amid the vault of Heaven.

So, fire with water to compare,  
 The ocean ferves, on high  
 Up-fpouted by a whale in air,  
 To exprefs unwieldy joy.

Had all the pageants of the world  
 In one proceffion join'd,  
 And all the banners been unfurPd  
 That heralds e'er defign'd,

For no fuch fight had England's Queen  
 Forfaken her retreat,  
 Where George, recover'd, made a fcene  
 Sweet always, doubly fweet.

Yet glad (he came that night to prove,  
 A witnefs undefcied,  
 How much the object of her love  
 Was loved by all befide.

Darknefs the fkies had mantled o'er  
 In aid of her defign——  
 Darknefs, O Queen ! ne'er call'd before  
 To veil a deed of thine!

On borrow'd wheels away (he flies,  
 Refolved to be unknown,  
 And gratify no curious eyes  
 That night except her own.

Arrived, a night like noon ftie fees,  
 And hears the million hum;  
 As all by infcintd, like the bees,  
 Had known their fovereign come.

Pleas'd {he beheld aloft portray'd,  
 On many a fplendid wall,  
 Emblems of health and heavenly aid,  
 And George the theme of all.

Unlike the enigmatic line,  
So difficult to spell,  
Which (hook Belfliazzar at his wine  
The night his city fell.

Soon watery grew her eyes and dim,  
But with a joyful tear,  
None elfe, except in prayer for him,  
George ever drew from her.

It was a fcene in every part  
Like thofe in fable feign'd,  
And feem'd by fome magician's art  
Created and fuftain'd.

But other magic there, fhe knew,  
Had been exerted none,  
To raife fuch wonders in her view,  
Save love of George alone.

That cordial thought her fpirits cheer'd,  
And through the cumbrous throng,  
Not elfe unworthy to be fear'd,  
Conveyed her calm along.

So, ancient poets fay, ferene  
The fea-maid rides the waves,  
And fearlefs of the billowy fcene  
Her peaceful bofom laves.

With more than aftronomical eyes  
She view'd the Iparkling {how;  
One Georgian ftar adorns the flues,  
She myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night  
 Like that, once feen, fuffice,  
 Heaven grant us no fuch future fight,  
 Such previous woe the price!

*THE COCK-FIGHTERS GARLAND\**



USE—hide his name of whom I fing,  
 Left his furviving Houfe thou bring  
 For his fake into fcorn,  
 Nor fpeak the School from which he drew  
 The much or little that he knew,  
 Nor Place where he was born.

---

\* Written on reading the following in the obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1789.—" At Tottenham, John Ardefoif, Efq., a young man of large fortune, and in the fplendour of his carriages and horfes rivalled by few country gentlemen. His table was that of hofpitality, where, it may be faid, he facrificed too much to conviviality; but, if he had his foibles, he had his merits alfo, that far outweighed them. Mr. A. was very fond of cock-fighting, and had a favourite cock, upon which he had won many profitable matches. The laft bet he laid upon this cock he loft; which fo enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a fpit and roasted alive before a large fire. The fcreams of the miferable animal were fo affecting, that fome gentlemen who were prefent attempted to interfere, which fo enraged Mr. A. that he feized a poker, and with the moft furious vehemence declared, that he would kill the firft man who interpofed j but, in the midft of his paffionate afleverations, he fell down dead upon the fpot. Such, we are affured, were the circumftances which attended the death of this great pillar of humanity."

That fuch a man once was, may feem  
Worthy of record (if the theme  
Perchance may credit win)  
For proof to man, what Man may prove,  
If Grace depart, and Demons move  
The fource of guilt within.

This man (for lince the howling wild  
Difclaims him, Man he muft be ftyled)  
Wanted no good below;  
Gentle he was, if gentle birth  
Could make him fuch; and he had worth,  
If wealth can worth beftow.

In focial talk and ready jeft  
He fhone fuperior at the feaft,  
And qualities of mind,  
Illuftrious in the eyes of thofe  
Whofe gay fociety he chofe,  
PofTeff'd of every kind.

Methinks I fee him powder'd red,  
With bufhy locks his well dreff'd head  
Wing'd broad on either fide,  
The moffy rofe-bud not fo fweet ;  
His fteeds fuperb, his carriage neat  
As luxury could provide.

Can fuch be cruel ? Such can be  
Cruel as hell, and fo was he;  
A tyrant entertained

With barbarous fports, whofe fell delight  
Was to encourage mortal fight  
    'Twixt birds to battle train'd.

One feather'd champion he pofleFd,  
His darling far beyond the reft,  
    Which never knew difgrace,  
Nor e'er had fought but he made flow  
The life-blood of his fiercest foe,  
    The Caefar of his race.

It chanced at laft, when on a day,  
He pufti'd him to the desperate fray,  
    His courage droop'd, he fled.  
The Mafter ftorm'd, the prize was loft,  
And, infant, frantic at the coft,  
    He doom'd his favourite dead.

He feized him faft, and from the pit  
Flew to the kitchen, fnatch'd the fpit,  
    And, Bring me cord, he cried;  
The cord was brought, and, at his word,  
To that dire implement the bird,  
    Alive and ftruggling, tied.

The horrid fequel afks a veil;  
And all the terrors of the tale  
    That can be fhall be funk-  
Led by the fufferer's fcreams aright  
His ftiock'd companions view the fight,  
    And him with fury drunk.



All, fuppliant, beg a milder fate  
 For the old warrior at the grate:  
     He, deaf to pity's call,  
 Whirl'd round him rapid as a wheel  
 His culinary club of fteel,  
     Death menacing on all.

But vengeance hung not far remote,  
 For while he ftretch'd his clamorous throat,  
     And heaven and earth defied,  
 Big with a curfe too clofely pent,  
 That ftuggled vainly for a vent,  
     He totter'd, reel'd, and died.

'Tis not for us with rafh furmife,  
 To point the judgements of the flues;  
     But judgements plain as this,  
 That, fent for Man's inftrudion, bring  
 A written label on their wing,  
     'Tis hard tp read amifs.

*May*^ 1789.

TO WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.,

*By an old Schoolfellow of his at Wejlminjler\**



HASTINGS! I knew thee young, and of  
     a mind  
 While young humane, converfable, and  
     kind,

Nor can I well believe thee, gentle then,  
Now grown a villain, and the worst of men.  
But rather some suspect, who have oppress'd  
And worried thee, as not themselves the belt.

VERSES TO THE MEMOIR OF DR.  
LLOYD,\*

*Spoken at the Westminster Election next after  
his Decease.*



BUT fenex! periit fenex amabilis!  
Quo non fuit jucundior.  
Lugete vos, aetas quibus maturior  
Senem colendum praestitit,  
Seu quando, viribus valentioribus  
Firmoque fretus pedlore,  
Florentiori vos juventute excolens  
Cura fovebat patria;  
Seu quando fractus, jamque donatus rude,  
Vultu fedusque blandulo,

---

\* I make no apology for the introduction of the following lines, though I have never learned who wrote them. [They were written by Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster.] Their elegance will sufficiently recommend them to persons of classical taste and erudition, and I shall be happy if the English version that they have received from me be found not to dishonour them. Affection for the memory of the worthy man whom they celebrate alone prompted me to this endeavour,—W, COWPER.

Mifcere gaudebat fuas facetias  
     His annuls leporibus.  
 Vixit probus, puraque fimplex indole,  
     Blandifque comis moribus,  
 Et dives aequa mente—charus omnibus,  
     Unius\* audhis munere.  
 Ite tituli! mentis beatioribus  
     Aptate laudes debitas!  
 Nee inuidebat ille, fi quibus favens  
     Fortuna plus arriferat.  
 Placide fenex! levi quiefcas cefpite,  
     Etfi fuperbum nee vivo tibi  
 Decus fit inditum, nee mortuo  
     Lapis notatus nomine.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.



UR good old friend is gone, gone to his  
     reft,  
 Whofe focial converfe was itfelf a feaft.  
 O ye of riper age, who recolleft  
 How once ye loved and eyed him with refpect,  
 Both in the firmnefs of his better day,  
 While yet he ruled you with a father's fway,  
 And when, impair'd by time and glad to reft,

---

\* He was ulher and under matter of Weftminfter near fifty years, and retired from his occupation when he was near feventy, with a handfome penfion from the King.

Yet ftill with looks in mild complacence dreft,  
 He took his annual feat and mingled here  
 His fpriightly vein with yours—now drop a tear.  
 In morals blamelefs as in manners meek,  
 He knew no wifh that he might blufh to fpeak,  
 But, happy in whatever ftate below,  
 And richer than the rich in being fo,  
 Obtain'd the hearts of all, and fuch a meed  
 At length from one,\* as made him rich indeed.  
 Hence, then, ye titles, hence, not wanted here,  
 Go, garnifh merit in a brighter fphere,  
 The brows of thofe whofe more exalted lot  
 He could congratulate, but envied not.

Light lie the turf, good fenior! on thy breaft,  
 And tranquil as thy mind was be thy reft!  
 Though, living, thou hadft more defert than fame,  
 And not a ftone now chronicles thy name.

TO MRS. rHROCKMORTON,

*On her beautiful Tranfcript of Horace s Ode,*

*" AdLibrumfuum"*



MARIA, could Horace have gueiFd  
 What honour awaited his ode  
 To his own little volume addrefFd,  
 The honour which you have beftow'd;

---

\* Sec the note in the Latin copy.

Who have traced it in characters here,  
 So elegant, even, and neat,  
 He had laugh'd at the critical sneer  
 Which he seems to have trembled to meet.

And sneer, if you please, he had said,  
 A nymph shall hereafter arise  
 Who shall give me, when you are all dead,  
 The glory your malice denies;  
 Shall dignity give to my lay,  
 Although but a mere bagatelle;  
 And even a poet shall say,  
 Nothing ever was written so well.

*Feb. 1790.*

*TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORT OF  
 THE HALIBUT,*

*On which I dined this day, Monday, April 26,  
 1784.*



WHERE hast thou floated, in what seas  
 pursued  
 Thy pastime? When wast thou an egg  
 new spawn'd,  
 Loft in the immensity of ocean's waste?  
 Roar as they might, the overbearing winds  
 That rock'd the deep, thy cradle, thou wast fane—  
 And in thy minikin and embryo fate,

Attached to the firm leaf of some fait weed,  
Didst outlive tempests, such as wrung and rack'd  
The joints of many a stout and gallant bark,  
And whelm'd them in the unexplored abyfs.  
Indebted to no magnet and no chart,  
Nor under guidance of the polar fire,  
Thou waft a voyager on many coasts,  
Grazing at large in meadows submarine,  
Where flat Batavia just emerging peeps  
Above the brine—where Caledonia's rocks  
Beat back the furge—and where Hibernia (hoots  
Her wondrous causeway far into the main.  
—Wherever thou hast fed, thou little thought'ft,  
And I not more, that I should feed on thee.  
Peace, therefore, and good health, and much good  
fish,

To him who fent thee! and successes, as oft  
As it descends into the billowy gulf,  
To the same drag that caught thee!—Fare thee  
well!

Thy lot thy brethren of the flimy fin  
Would envy, could they know that thou waft  
doom'd

To feed a bard, and to be praised in verse.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A STONE

*Ere fled at the Sowing of a Grove of Oaks at Chillington^ the Seat of T. Giffard, Esq. 1790.*



THESE stones the era tell  
When some feeble mortal fell;  
I stand here to date the birth  
Of these hardy sons of Earth.

Which (hall longest brave the sky,  
Storm and frost—these Oaks or I?  
Pass an age or two away,  
I must moulder and decay,  
But the years that crumble me  
Shall invigorate the tree,  
Spread its branch, dilate its size,  
Lift its summit to the skies.

Cherish honour, virtue, truth,  
So (halt thou prolong thy youth.  
Wanting these, however fast  
Man be fix'd and form'd to last,  
He is lifeless even now,  
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

*June, 1790.*

*AN Or HER,*

*For a Stone erefted on ajimilar Occafion at the fame  
Place in the following year.*

*June, 1790.*



READER! Behold a monument  
That afks no figh or tear,  
Though it perpetuate the event  
Of a great burial here.

Anno 1791.

*TO MRS. KING,*

*On her kind Prefent to the Author, a Patchwork  
Counterpane of her own making.*



HE Bard, if e'er he feel at all,  
Muft fure be quicken'd by a call  
Both on his heart and head,  
To pay with tuneful thanks the care  
And kindnefs of a lady fair  
Who deigns to deck his bed.

A bed like this, in ancient time,  
On Ida's barren top fublime,  
(As Homer's Epic (hows)  
Compofed of fweeteft vernal flowers,  
Without the aid of fun or {howers,  
For Jove and Juno rofe.



Lefs beautiful, however gay,  
Is that which in the fcorching day  
    Receives the weary fwain,  
Who, laying his long fcythe afide,  
Sleeps on fome bank with daifies pied,  
    Till roused to toil again.

What labours of the loom I fee!  
Looms numberlefs have groan'd for me!  
    Should every maiden come  
To fcramble for the patch that bears  
The imprefs of the robe (*he wears,*  
    The bell would toll for fome.

And oh, what havoc would enfue!  
This bright difplay of every hue  
    All in a moment fled!  
As if a fform fhould ftrip the bowers  
Of all their tendrils, leaves, and flowers--  
    Each pocketing a fhred.

Thanks then to every gentle Fair  
Who will not come to peck me bare  
    As bird of borrowed feather,  
And thanks to one above them all,  
The gentle Fair of Pertenhall,  
    Who put the whole together.

*Auguft 14, 1790.*

TRANSLATION OF AN EPIGRAM  
OF HOMER\*

**P**AY me my price, potters! and I will  
fmg.  
Attend, O Pallas! and with lifted arm  
Protect their oven; let the cups and all  
The facred veffels blacken well, and, baked  
With good fuccefs, yield them both fair renown  
And profit, whether in the market fold  
Or ftreets, and let no ftrife enfue between us.  
But, oh ye potters! if with fhamelefs front  
Ye faliify your promife, then I leave  
No mifchief uninvoked to avenge the wrong.  
Come, Syntrips, Smaragus, Sabaftes, come,  
And Aibetus, nor let your direft dread,  
Omodamus, delay! Fire feize your houfe,  
May neither houfe nor veftibule efcape,  
May ye lament to fee confufion mar  
And mingle the whole labour of your hands,

---

\* No title is prefixed to this piece, but it appears to be a tranf-  
lation of one of the *E i r i y a T K* of Homer called <sup>C</sup>0 *Kaiuvos*  
or the Furnace. Herodotus, or whoever was the Author of the  
Life of Homer afcribed to him, obferves, "certain potters, while  
they were bufied in baking their ware, feeing Homer at a fmall  
diftnce, and having heard much faid of his wifdom, called to  
him, and promifed him a prefent of their commodity and of fuch  
other things as they could afford, if he would fmg to them, when  
he fang as follows."

And may a found fill all your oven, fuch  
 As of a horfe grinding his provender,  
 While all your pots and flagons bounce within.  
 Come hither alfo, daughter of the fun,  
 Circe the forcerefs, and with thy drugs  
 Poifon themfelves, and all that they have made!  
 Come alfo, Chiron, with thy numerous troop  
 Of centaurs, as well thofe who died beneath  
 The club of Hercules, as who efcaped,  
 And ftamp their crockery to duft; down fall  
 Their chimney; let them fee it with their eyes,  
 And howl to fee the ruin of their art,  
 While I rejoice; and if a potter ftoop  
 To peep into his furnace, may the fire  
 Flafh in his face and fcorch it, that all men  
 Obferve, thenceforth, equity and good faith.

*Oft.* 1790.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN  
 THORNTON, *ESQ.*



GETS attempt the nobleft tafk they can,  
 Praifing the Author of all good in man,  
 And, next, commemorating Worthies  
 loft,

The dead in whom that good abounded moft.

Thee, therefore, of commercial fame, but more  
 Famed for thy probity from fhore to fhore ;

Thee, Thornton! worthy in some page to shine,  
 As honest and more eloquent than mine,  
 I mourn; or, since thrice happy thou must be,  
 The world, no longer thy abode, not thee.  
 Thee to deplore were grief mispent indeed;  
 It were to weep that goodness has its meed,  
 That there is bliss prepared in yonder sky,  
 And glory for the virtuous when they die.

What pleasure can the miser's fondled hoard,  
 Or spendthrift's prodigal excess afford,  
 Sweet as the privilege of healing woe  
 By virtue suffer'd combating below?  
 That privilege was thine; Heaven gave thee means  
 To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,  
 Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn  
 As midnight, and despairing of a morn.  
 Thou hadst an industry in doing good,  
 Restless as his who toils and sweats for food;  
 Avarice in thee was the desire of wealth  
 By rust unperishable or by stealth;  
 And if the genuine worth of gold depend  
 On application to its noblest end,  
 Thine had a value in the scales of Heaven  
 Surpassing all that mine or mint had given.  
 And, though God made thee of a nature prone  
 To distribution boundless of thy own,  
 And still by motives of religious force  
 Impaired thee more to that heroic course,  
 Yet was thy liberality discreet,  
 Nice in its choice, and of a tempered heat;  
 And though in age unwearied, secret still,  
 As in some solitude the summer rill

Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,  
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

Such was thy charity; no fudden ftart,  
After long fleep, of paffion in the heart,  
But fteadfaft principle, and, in its kind,  
Of clofe relation to the Eternal Mind,  
Traced eafily to its true fource above,  
To Him whofe works befpeak his nature, Love.

Thy bounties all were Chriftian, and I make  
This record of thee for the GofpePs fake;  
That the incredulous themfelves may fee  
Its ufe and power exemplified in thee.

*Nov. 17go.*

### THE FOUR AGES.

*(A brief Fragment of an extenfive projefted Poem.)*



COULD be well content, allow'd the  
ufe [glean'd  
Of paff experience, and the wifdom  
From worn-out follies, now acknowledged fuch,  
To recommence life's trial, in the hope  
Of fewer errors, on a fecond proof!

Thus, while gray evening lull'd the wind, and  
call'd

Frefhti odours from the fhrubbery at my fide,  
Taking my lonely winding walk, I mufed,  
And held accuftom'd conference with my heart;

When from within it thus a voice replied:

" Couldst thou in truth ? and art thou taught  
at length

This wisdom, and but this, from all the past ?

Is not the pardon of thy long arrears,

Time waisted, violated laws, abuse

Of talents, judgements, mercies, better far

Than opportunity vouchsafed to err

With less excuse, and haply worse effect?"

I heard, and acquiesced : then to and fro

Oft pacing, as the mariner his deck,

My gravelly bounds, from self to human kind

I pass'd, and next consider'd—what is man.

Knows he his origin ? can he ascend

By reminiscence to his earliest date ?

Slept he in Adam ? And in those from him

Through numerous generations, till he found

At length his destined moment to be born ?

Or was he not, till fashon'd in the womb ?

Deep mysteries both! which schoolmen must have  
toil'd

To unriddle, and have left them mysteries still.

It is an evil incident to man,

And of the worst, that unexplored he leaves

Truths useful and attainable with ease,

To search forbidden deeps, where mystery lies

Not to be solved, and useless if it might.

Mysteries are food for angels; they digest

With ease, and find them nutriment; but man,

While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean

His manna from the ground, or starve and die.

\* \* \* \* \*

May, 1791.

## THE RETIRED CAT\*



POET'S Cat, fedate and grave  
As poet well could wish to have,  
Was much addid to inquire  
For nooks to which she might retire,  
And where, secure as mouse in chink,  
She might repose, or sit and think.  
I know not where she caught the trick—  
Nature perhaps herself had cast her  
In such a mould *philosophique*,  
Or else she learn'd it of her master.  
Sometimes ascending, *debonnair*,  
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,  
Lodged with convenience in the fork,  
She watch'd the gardener at his work ;

---

\* Cowper's partiality to animals is well known. Lady Hesketh, in one of her letters, states, " that he had, at one time, five rabbits, three hares, two guinea-pigs, a magpie, a jay, and a starling; besides two goldfinches, two canary birds, and two dogs. It is amazing how the three hares can find room to gambol and frolic (as they certainly do) in his small parlour;" and adds, " I forgot to enumerate a squirrel, which he had at the same time, and which used to play with one of the hares continually. One evening, the cat giving one of the hares a sound box on the ear, the hare ran after her, and having caught her, punished her by drumming on her back with her two feet, as hard as drumsticks, till the creature would have actually been killed, had not Mrs. Unwin rescued her,"

Sometimes her ease and folace fought  
In an old empty watering-pot;  
There, wanting nothing save a fan,  
To seem some nymph in her sedan  
Apparel'd in exalted fort,  
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change, it seems, has place  
Not only in our wiser race;  
Cats also feel, as well as we,  
That passion's force, and so did he.  
Her climbing, (he began to find,  
Exposed her too much to the wind,  
And the old utensil of tin  
Was cold and comfortable within :  
She therefore wish'd instead of those  
Some place of more serene repose,  
Where neither cold might come, nor air  
Too rudely wanton with her hair,  
And fought it in the likeliest mode  
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined  
With linen of the softest kind,  
With such as merchants introduce  
From India, for the ladies' use,  
A drawer impending o'er the rest,  
Half open in the topmost chest,  
Of depth enough, and none to spare,  
Invited her to flumber there ;  
Puffs with delight beyond expression  
Survey'd the scene, and took possession.  
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,  
And lul'd by her own humdrum song,



She left the cares of life behind,  
And flept as fhe would deep her laft,  
When in came, houfewifely inclined,  
The chambermaid, and fhut it faft;  
By no malignity impeird,  
But all unconfcious whom it held.

Awaken'd by the flock (cried Pufs)  
" Was ever cat attended thus ?  
The open drawer was left, I fee,  
Merely to prove a neft for me,  
For foon as I was well compofed,  
Then came the maid, and it was clofed.  
How fmooth thefe 'kerchiefs, and how fweet!  
Oh what a delicate retreat!  
I will refign myfelf to reft  
Till Sol, declining in the weft,  
Shall call to fupper, when, no doubt,  
Sufan will come and let me out/'

The evening came, the fun defcended,  
And Pufs remain'd ftill unattended.  
The night roll'd tardily away,  
(With her indeed 'twas never day);  
The fpriightly morn her courfe renew'd,  
The evening gray again enfued,  
And pufs came into mind no more  
Than if entomb'd the day before.  
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,  
She now prefaged approaching doom,  
Nor flept a fmgle wink, or purr'd,  
Confcious of jeopardy incurr'd.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,

Heard an inexplicable fcratching;  
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,  
And to himfelf he faid—" What's that?"  
He drew the curtain at his fide,  
And forth he peep'd, but nothing fpied.  
Yet, by his ear directed, gueff'd  
Something imprifon'd in the cheft,  
And, doubtful what, with prudent care  
Refolved it fliould continue there.  
At length a voice which well he knew,  
A long and melancholy mew,  
Saluting his poetic ears,  
Confoled him and difpelPd his fears:  
He left his bed, he trod the floor,  
He 'gan in hafte the drawers explore,  
The loweft firft, and without ftop  
The reft in order to the top.  
For 'tis a truth well known to moft,  
That whatfoever thing is loft,  
We feek it, ere it come to light,  
In every cranny but the right.  
Forth fkipPd the cat, not now replete  
As erft with airy felf-conceit,  
Nor in her own fond apprehenfion  
A theme for all the world's attention,  
But modeft, fober, cured of all  
Her notions hyperbolical,  
And wifhing for a place of reft .  
Any thing rather than a cheft.  
Then ftepp'd the poet into bed  
With this reflection in his head.

*Moral.*

Beware of too fublime a fenfe  
 Of your own worth and confequence :  
 The man who dreams himfelf fo great,  
 And his importance of fuch weight,  
 That all around, in all that's done,  
 Muft move and aft for Him alone,  
 Will learn in fchool of tribulation  
 The folly of his expectation.

1791.

*THE JUDGEMENT OF THE POETS.*

WO nymphs, both nearly of an age,  
 Of numerous charms poffefPd,  
 A warm difpute once chanced to wage,  
 Whofe temper was the beft.

The worth of each had been complete  
 Had both alike been mild:  
 But one, although her fmile was fweet,  
 Frown'd oftener than (he fmiled.

And in her humour, when fhe frown'd,  
 Would raife her voice, and roar,  
 And (hake with fury to the ground  
 The garland that fhe wore.

The other was of gentler caft,  
 From all fuch frenzy clear,  
 Her frowns were feldom known to laft,  
 And never proved fevere.

To poets of renown in fong  
 The nymphs referr'd the caufe,  
 Who, ftrange to tell, all judged it wrong,  
 And gave mifplaced applaufe.

They gentle call'd, and kind and foft,  
 The flippant and the fcold,  
 And though fhe changed her mood fo oft,  
 That failing left untold.

No judges, fure, were e'er fo mad,  
 Or fo refolved to err—  
 In fhort, the charms her fifter had  
 They lavifh'd all on her.

Then thus the God whom fondly they  
 Their great Infpirer call,  
 Was heard, one genial fummer's day,  
 To reprimand them all.

" Since thus ye have combined," he faid,  
 " My favourite nymph to flight,  
 Adorning May, that peevifh maid,  
 With June's undoubted right,

" The Minx (hall, for your folly's fake,  
 Still prove herfelf a fhrew,  
 Shall make your fcribbling fingers ache,  
 And pinch your nofes blue."

## TARDLET OAK.



**S**URVIVOR fole, and hardly fuch, of all  
That once lived here, thy brethren, at  
my birth

(Since which I number threefcore winters paft),  
A fhatter'd veteran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,  
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,  
Relics of ages ! Could a mind, imbued  
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,  
I might with reverence kneel, and worfhip thee,  
It feems idolatry with fome excufe,  
When our forefather Druids in their oaks  
Imagined fanftity. The confcience, yet  
Unpurified by an authentic aft  
Of amnefty, the meed of blood divine,  
Loved not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom  
Of thickeft (hades, like Adam after tafte  
Of fruit profcribed, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou waft a bauble once, a cup and ball  
Which babes might play with ; and the thievifh  
**jay,**

Seeking her food, with eafe might have purloin'd  
The auburn nut that held thee, fwallowing down  
Thy yet clofe-folded latitude of boughs  
And all thine embryo vaftnefs at a gulp.  
But Fate thy growth decreed ; autumnal rains  
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the foil

Defign'd thy cradle; and a flapping deer,  
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared  
The foft receptacle, in which, fecure,  
Thy rudiments fhould fleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Difprove it, if ye can,  
Ye reafoners broad awake, whose bufy fearch  
Of argument, employ'd too oft amifs,  
Sifts half the pleafures of fhort life away!

Thou felPft mature; and, in the loamy clod  
Swelling with vegetative force inftinft,  
Didft burft thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,  
Now ftars; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exaft;  
A leaf fucceeded, and another leaf,  
And, all the elements thy puny growth  
Foftering propitious, thou becameft a twig.

Who lived when thou waft fuch? Oh, couldft  
thou fpeak,  
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees  
Oracular, I would not curious afc  
The future, beft unknown, but, at thy mouth  
Inquifitive, the lefs ambiguous paft.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,  
The clock of hiftory, fafts and events  
Timing more punctual, unrecorded fads  
Recovering, and miftated fetting right——  
Defperate attempt, till trees fhall fpeak again!

Time made thee what thou waft, king of the  
woods;

And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave  
For owls to rooft in. Once thy fpreading boughs  
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flocks  
That grazed it flood beneath that ample cope

Uncrowded, yet fafe-fhelter'd from the fform.  
 No flock frequents thee now. Thou haft outlived  
 Thy popularity, and art become  
 (Unlefs verfe refcue thee awhile) a thing  
 Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus thro' all the ftages thou haft puff'd  
 Of treefhip—firft a feedling, hid in grafs;  
 Then twig; then fapling; and, as century roll'd  
 Slow after century, a giant bulk  
 Of girth enormous, with mofs-cuftion'd root  
 Upheaved above the foil, and fides emboff'd  
 With prominent wens globofe,—till at the laft  
 The rottennefs, which time is charged to inflid:  
 On other mighty ones, found alfo thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world  
 WitnefPd of mutability in all  
 That we account moft durable below!  
 Change is the diet on which all fubfift,  
 Created changeable, and change at laft  
 Deftroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat  
 Tranfmitting cloudlefs, and the folar beam  
 Now quenching in a boundlefs fea of clouds—  
 Calm and alternate fform, moifture and drought,  
 Invigorate by turns the fprings of life  
 In all that live, plant, animal, and man,  
 And in conclufion mar them. Nature's threads,  
 Fine paffing thought, e'en in their coarfeft works,  
 Delight in agitation, yet fuftain  
 The force that agitates not unimpair'd;  
 But worn by frequent impulfe, to the caufe  
 Of their beft tone their diffolution owe.

Thought cannot fpend itfelf, comparing ftill

The great and little of thy lot, thy growth  
From almost nullity into a fate  
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,  
Slow, into such magnificent decay.  
Time was when, settling on thy leaf, a fly  
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been  
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age  
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents  
That might have ribb'd the fides and plank'd the  
deck

Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms,  
The tipswright's darling treasure, didst present  
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,  
Warp'd into tough knee-timber,\* many a load!  
But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days  
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply  
The bottomless demands of contest waged  
For senatorial honours. Thus to Time  
The talk was left to whittle thee away  
With his fly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,  
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,  
Disjoining from the rest, has unobserved,  
Achieved a labour which had, far and wide,  
By man performed, made all the forest ring.

Embowel'd now, and of thy ancient self  
Possessing nought but the scoop'd rind, that seems  
A huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,  
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,

---

\* Knee-timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, which, by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the (hip's fides meet.



Thou tempest none, but rather much forbidd'ft  
 The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.  
 Yet is thy root sincere, found as the rock,  
 A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,  
 Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp  
 The stubborn foil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet  
 Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,  
 Though all the superstructure, by the tooth  
 Pulverized of venality, a hell  
 Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent  
 them off

Long lince, and rovers of the forest wild  
 With bow and shaft have burnt them. Some have  
 left

A splinter'd slump bleach'd to a snowy white ;  
 And some, memorial none where once they grew.  
 Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth  
 Proof not contemptible of what she can,  
 Even where death predominates. The spring  
 Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force  
 Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring wood,  
 So much thy juniors, who their birth received  
 Half a millenium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age  
 To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice  
 May be expedited from thee, seated here  
 On thy distorted root, with hearers none,  
 Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform  
 Myself the oracle, and will discourse  
 In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,  
 Drew not his life from woman ; never gazed,  
 With mute unconfciousness of what he saw,  
 On all around him ; learn'd not by degrees,  
 Nor owed articulation to his ear ;  
 But, moulded by his Maker into man  
 At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd  
 All creatures, with precision understood  
 Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd  
 To each his name significant, and, fill'd  
 With love and wisdom, rendered back to Heaven  
 In praise harmonious the first air he drew.  
 He was excused the penalties of dull  
 Minority. No tutor charged his hand  
 With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind  
 With problems. History, not wanted yet,  
 Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,  
 Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

\* \* \* \* \*

1791.

### TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

*Which the Author heard Jing on New Year's Day,*

1792.



HENCE is it that, amazed, I hear  
 From yonder wither'd spray,  
 This foremost morn of all the year,  
 The melody of May?

And why, lince thoufands would be proud  
Of fuch a favour fhown,  
Am I felefted from the crowd  
To witnefs it alone ?

Sing'ft thou, fweet Philomel, to me,  
For that I alfo long  
Have pradtifed in the groves like thee,  
Though not like thee in fong ?

Or fing'ft thou, rather, under force  
Of fome divine command,  
Commiffion'd to prefage a courfe  
Of happier days at hand ?

Thrice welcome then! for many a long  
And joylefs year have I,  
As thou to-day, put forth my fong  
Beneath a wintry iky.

But Thee no wintry fkies can harm,  
Who only need'fl to fing  
To make e'en January charm,  
And every feafon Spring.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

*Of Mifs Patty Moris, Sifter of Hannah More.*

**I**N vain to live from age to age  
While modern bards endeavour,  
I write my name in Patty's page,  
And gain my point for ever.

W. Cowper.

March 6, 1792.

SONNET TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE,  
ESQ.

**I**N country, Wilberforce, with juft dif-  
dain,  
Hears thee by cruel men and impious  
call'd

Fanatic, for thy zeal to loofe the intrall'd  
From exile, public fale, and flavery's chain.

Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-  
gall'd,  
Fear not left labour fuch as thine be vain.

Thou haft achieved a part ; haft gain'd the ear  
Of Britain's fenate to thy glorious caufe ;  
Hope fmiles, joy fprings, and, though cold caution  
paufe

And weave delay, the better hour is near  
 That fhall remunerate thy toils fevere  
 By peace for Afric, fenced with Britifh laws.

Enjoy what thou haft won, efteem and love  
 From all the juft on earth and all the bleft above.

*April 16, 1792.*

### EPIGRAM.

*(Printed in the Northampton Mercury.)*

 O purify their wine fome people bleed  
 A lamb into the barrel, and fucceed;  
 No noftrum, planters fay, is half fo good  
 To make fine fugar as a *negro's* blood.  
 Now *lambs* and *negroes* both are harmlefs things,  
 And thence perhaps this wondrous virtue fprings,  
 'Tis in the blood of innocence alone—  
 Good caufe why planters never try their own.

TO DR. AUSTIN, OF CECIL STREET,  
 LONDON.

 USTIN ! accept a grateful verfe from me,  
 The poet's treafure, no inglorious fee.  
 Loved by the Mufes, thy ingenuous mind  
 Pleafing requital in my verfe may find ;

Verfe oft has daſli'd the fcythe of Time aſide,  
 Immortalizing names which elſe had died:  
 And O ! could I command the glittering wealth  
 With which ſick kings are glad to purchaſe health !  
 Yet, if extenſive fame, and fure to live,  
 Were in the power of verſe like mine to give,  
 I would not recompenſe his art with leſs,  
 Who, giving Mary health, heals my diſtreſs.

Friend of my friend !\* I love thee tho' unknown,  
 And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

May 26, 1792.

### CATHARINA:

*The Second Part: On her Marriage to George  
 Courtenay, Eſq.*

**B**ELIEVE it or not, as you chooſe,  
 The doſtrine is certainly true,  
 That the future is known to the Muſe,  
 And poets are oracles too.  
 I did but expreſs a deſire  
 To ſee Catharina at home,  
 At the ſide of my friend George's fire,  
 And lo—ſhe is adluſually come.

Such prophecy ſome may deſpiſe,  
 But the wiſh of a poet and friend

---

\* Hayley.

Perhaps is approved in the fkies,  
And therefore attains to its end.  
'Twas a wiith that flew ardently forth  
From a bofom effectually warm'd  
With the talents, the graces, and worth  
Of the perfon for whom it was form'd.

Maria\* would leave us, I knew,  
To the grief and regret of us all,  
But lefs to our grief, could we view  
Catharina the Queen of the Hall.  
And therefore I wifh'd as I did,  
And therefore this union of hands;  
Not a whifper was heard to forbid,  
But all cry—Amen ! to the bans.

Since, therefore, I feem to incur  
No danger of wiflhing in vain  
When making good wifhes for Her,  
I will e'en to my wifhes again—  
With one I have made her a Wife,  
And now I will try with another,  
Which I cannot fupprefs for my life—  
How foon I can make her a Mother.

*June, 1792.*

---

\* Lady Throckmorton.

*EPITAPH ON FOP, A DOG BELONGING TO  
LADY fHROCKMORTON.*

**T**HOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop  
by name,  
Here moulders one whose bones some  
honour claim.

No fycophant, although of fpaniel race,  
And though no hound, a martyr to the chafe—  
Ye fquirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,  
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice ;  
This record of his fate exulting view,  
He died worn out with vain purfuit of you.

" Yes," — the indignant (hade of Fop replies —  
" And worn with vain purfuit man alfo dies."

*Auguft, 1792.*

*SONNET 70 GEORGE ROMNET, ESQ,*

*On his Pifture of me in Crayons, drawn at Eartham  
in the 6th Year of my Age, and in the Months of  
Auguft and September, 1792.*

**R**OMNEY, expert infallibly to trace  
On chart or canvafs, not the form alone  
And fernblance, but, however faintly  
(hown,



The mind's impreffion too on every face—  
 With ftrokes that time ought never to erafe  
     Thou haft fo pencil'd mine, that though I own  
     The fubjed worhlefs, I have never known  
 The artift fhining with fuperior grace.

But this I mark—that fymptoms none of woe  
     In thy incomparable work appear.  
 Well—I am fatisfied it fhould be fo,  
     Since, on maturer thought, the caufe is clear;

For in my looks what forrow couldft thou fee  
 When I was Hayley's gueft, and fat to thee ?

*Otfober, 1792.*

### MART AND JOHN.

**I**F John marries Mary, and Mary alone,  
     'Tis a very good match between Mary  
     and John.

Should John wed a fcore, oh, the claws and the  
     fcratches!

It can't be a match:—'tis a bundle of matches.

EPITAPH ON MR. CHESTER, OF  
CHICHELET.

**Y**EARS flow, and cease not, where the  
good man lies,  
Till all who know him follow to the  
fkie.

Tears therefore fall where Chester's ashes sleep;  
Him wife, friends, brothers, children, servants,  
weep—

And justly;—few shall ever him transcend  
As husband, parent, brother, mother, friend.

*April, 1793.*

TO MY COUSIN, ANNE BODHAM,  
*On Receiving from her a Network Purse, made by  
herself.*

**M**Y gentle Anne, whom heretofore,  
When I was young, and thou no more  
Than plaything for a nurse,  
I danced and fondled on my knee,  
A kitten both in size and glee,—  
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here;  
 But not of love;—that gem's too dear  
     For richest rogues to win it;  
 I, therefore, as a proof of love,  
 Esteem thy present far above  
     The best things kept within it.

*May* 4> \*793-

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE IN  
 THE AUTHORS GARDEN.



HIS cabin, Mary, in my sight appears,  
 Built as it has been in our waning years,  
 A rest afforded to our weary feet,  
 Preliminary to—the last retreat.

*May*, 1793.

TO MRS. UNWIN.



ARY! I want a lyre with other firings,  
 Such aid from Heaven as some have  
     feign'd they drew,  
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new  
 And undeafed by praise of meaner things,  
 That, ere through age or woe I fled my wings,  
     I may record thy worth with honour due,  
     In verse as musical as thou art true,  
 And that immortalizes whom it sings.

But thou haft little need. There is a book  
 By feraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,  
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
 A chronicle of aftions juft and bright;  
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, fhine,  
 And, fmce thou own'ft that praife, I fpare thee  
 mine.

May, 1793.

## TO JOHN JOHNSON,

*On his Prefenting me with an antique Buft of  
 Homer.*

**K**INSMAN beloved, and as a fon, by me!  
 When I behold this fruit of thy regard,  
 The fculptured form of my old fa-  
 vourite bard,

I reverence feel for him, and love for thee.

Joy too and grief. Much joy that there fhould be  
 Wife men and learn'd, who grudge not to reward  
 With fome applaufe my bold attempt and hard,  
 Which others fcorn; critics by courtefy.

The grief is this, that, funk in Homer's mine,

I lofe my precious years, now foon to fail,  
 Handling his gold, which, howfoe'er it fhine,  
 Proves drofs when balanced in the Chriftian  
 fcale.

Be wifer thou;—like our forefather Donne,  
 Seek heavenly wealth, and work for God alone.

May, 1793.

## TO A TOUNG FRIEND,

*On his Arriving at Cambridge wet when no Rain  
hadfallen there.*



IF Gideon's fleece, which drench'd with  
dew he found  
While moifture none refrefh'd the herbs  
around,

Might fitly repreſent the Church endow'd  
With heavenly gifts to heathens not allow'd;  
In pledge, perhaps, of favours from on high,  
Thy locks were wet when others' locks were dry.  
Heaven grant us. half the omen—may we fee  
Not drought on others, but much dew on thee!

*Mav,* 1793.

## A TALE\*



IN Scotland's realm, where trees are few,  
Nor even fhrubs abound ;  
But where, however bleak the view,  
Some better things are found.

---

\* This tale is founded on an article which appeared in the Buckinghamshire Herald, for Saturday, June I, 1793:—"Glasgow, May 23. In a block, or pulley, near the head of the maft of a gabert, now lying at the Broomielaw, there is a chaffinch's neft and four eggs. The neft was built while the vefſel lay at Green-

For husband there and wife may boast  
Their union undefiled,  
And false ones are as rare aloft  
As hedge-rows in the wild.

In Scotland's realm forlorn and bare  
The history chanced of late—  
This history of a wedded pair,  
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breath  
With genial instinct filled;  
They pair'd, and would have built a nest,  
But found not where to build.

The heaths uncovered and the moors  
Except with snow and fleet,  
Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores  
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they fought,  
Till both grew vex'd and tired;  
At length a ship arriving brought  
The good so long desired.

A ship?—could such a restless thing  
Afford them place of rest?  
Or was the merchant charged to bring  
The homeless birds a nest?

---

ock, and was followed hither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock, however, visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it, but when (he descends to the hull for food."

Hufh—filent hearers profit moft—  
This racer of the fea  
Proved kinder to them than the coaft,  
It ferved them with a tree.

But fuch a tree ! 'twas fhaven deal,  
The tree they call a maft,  
And had a hollow with a wheel  
Through which the tackle palFd.

Within that cavity aloft  
Their rooflefs home they fix'd,  
Form'd with materials neat and foft,  
Bents, wool, and feathers mix'd.

Four ivory eggs foon pave its floor  
With ruffet fpecks bedight—•  
The veffel weighs, forfakes the fhore,  
And leflens to the fight.

The mother-bird is gone to fea,  
As fhe had changed her kind;  
But goes the male ? Far wifer he  
Is doubtlefs left behind,

No;—Soon as from afhore he faw  
The winged manfion move,  
He flew to reach it, by a law  
Of never failing love.

Then, perching at his conforms fide,  
Was briskly borne along,  
The billows and the blaft defied,  
And cheer'd her with a fong.

The feaman with fincere delight  
His feather'd fhipmates eyes,  
Scarce lefs exulting in the fight  
Than when he tows a prize.

For feamen much believe in iigns,  
And from a chance fo new  
Each fome approaching good divines,  
And may his hopes be true!

Hail, honour'd land! a defert where  
Not even birds can hide,  
Yet parent of this loving pair  
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than refign  
Your matrimonial plan,  
Were not afraid to plough the brine  
In company with man.

For whofe lean country much difdain  
We Engliih often fhow,  
Yet from a richer nothing gain  
But wantonnefs and woe.

Be it your fortune, year by year,  
The fame refource to prove,  
And may ye, fometimes landing here,  
Inftrudt us how to love !



ON A SPANIEL, CALLED BEAU, KILLING  
A YOUNG BIRD.



SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,  
Well fed, and at his ease,  
Should wifer be than to pursue  
Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,  
Which flew not till to-day,  
Against my orders, whom you heard  
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat  
And ease a dog's pain,  
For him, though chafed with furious heat,  
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thief's fort,  
Or one whom blood allures,  
But innocent was all his sport  
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,  
Since, teach you all I can,  
I see you, after all my pains,  
So much resemble man?

July 15> 1793-

*BEAU'S REPLY.*

IR, when I flew to seize the bird  
 In spite of your command,  
 A louder voice than yours I heard,  
 And harder to withstand.

You cried—Forbear!—but in my breast  
 A mightier cried—Proceed!—  
 'Twas nature, Sir, whose strong behest  
 Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet, much as nature I respected,  
 I ventured once to break  
 (As you perhaps may recoiled:)  
 Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,  
 Passing his prison door,  
 Had flutter'd all his strength away,  
 And panting pressed the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing,  
 Not destined to my tooth,  
 I only kissed his ruffled wing,  
 And lick'd the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse  
 My disobedience now,  
 Nor blame reproof yourself refuse  
 From your aggrieved bow-wow :

If killing birds be fuch a crime  
 (Which I can hardly fee),  
 What think you, Sir, of killing time  
 With verfe addrefFd to me!

TO WILLIAM HATLET, ESQ.



EAR architect of fine *chateaux* in air,  
 Worthier to ftand for ever, if they could,  
 Than any built of ftone, or yet of  
 wood,

For back of royal elephant to bear ;  
 O for permiffion from the ikies to (hare,  
 Much to my own, though little to thy good,  
 With thee (not fubjeft to the jealous mood !)  
 A partnerfhip of literary ware !  
 But I am bankrupt now ; and doom'd henceforth  
 To drudge, in defcant dry, on others' lays ;  
 Bards, I acknowledge, of unequalPd worth !  
 But what is commentators' happieft praife ?  
 That he has furnifh'd lights for other eyes,  
 Which they who need them ufe, and then defpife.

7^29,1793.

ANSWER TO STANZAS ADDRESSED  
TO LADY HESKETH,

*By Miss Catherine Fanjhave, in returning a Poem of Mr.  
Cowper'sy lent to her, on condition /he Jhould neither /how  
it, nor take a Copy.*



Do be remember'd *thus* is fame,  
And in the first degree ;  
And did the *few like her* the fame,  
The prefs might deep for me.

So Homer, in the memory ftored  
Of many a Grecian belle,  
Was once preferved — a richer hoard,  
But never lodged fo well.

'793-

ON FLAXMANS PENELOPE.



HE fuitors finn'd, but with a fair excufe,  
Whom all this elegance might well fe-  
duce ;  
Nor can our censure on the hufband fall,  
Who, for a wife fo lovely, flew them all.

*Sept ember*) 1793.

TO THE SPANISH ADMIRAL COUNT  
 GRAZINA, on his Tranflating the Author's Song  
 on a Roſe into Italian Verſe.



Y roſe, Gravina, blooms anew,  
 And, ſteep'd not now in rain,  
 But in Caſtalian ſtreams by you,  
 Will never fade again.

'793-

TO MARY.



HE twentieth year is well nigh paſt  
 Since firſt our ſky was overcaſt ;  
 Ah would that this might be the laſt !  
 My Mary !

Thy ſpirits have a fainter flow,  
 I fee thee daily weaker grow ;—  
 Twas my diſtreſs that brought thee low,  
 My Mary !

Thy needles, once a ſhining ſtore,  
 For my ſake reſtleſs heretofore,  
 Now ruſt diſuſed, and (hine no more ;  
 My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill  
The same kind office for me still,  
Thy fight now secures not thy will,  
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,  
And all thy threads with magic art  
Have wound themselves about this heart,  
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language utter'd in a dream;  
Yet me they charm, whatever the theme,  
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,  
What fight worth seeing could I see ?  
The fun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign;  
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,  
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,  
That now at every step thou movest  
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,  
My Mary!

And (till to love, though preffd with ill,  
 In wintry age to feel no chill,  
 With me is to be lovely ftill,  
My Mary!

But ah! by conftant heed I know,  
 How oft the fadnefs that I {how  
 Transforms thy fmiles to looks of woe,  
My Mary!

And fhould my future lot be caft  
 With much refemblance of the paft,  
 Thy worn-out heart will break at laft,  
My Mary!

*Autumn* ^"1793.

*MONIES GLACIALES, IN OCEANO  
 GERMANICO NATANTES.*



**E**N, quae prodigia, ex oris allata remotis,  
 Oras adveniunt pavefada per aequora  
 noftras!

Non equidem priſcae faeculum rediifle videtur  
 Pyrrhae, cum Proteus pecus altos viſere monies  
 Et iylvas, egit. Sed tempora vix leviora  
 Adfunt, evulſi quando radicitiis alti  
 In mare deſcendunt montes, fludtusque pererrant.  
 Quid verb hoc monſtri eſt magis et mirabile viſu ?  
 Splendentes video, ceu pulchro ex aere vel auro  
 Conflatos, rutilique accinſtos undique gemmis,

Bacci cserulea, et flammās imitante pyropo.  
Ex oriente adfunt, ubi gazas optima tellus  
Parturit omnigenas, quibus aeva per orania fumptu  
Ingenti finxere fibi diademata reges ?  
Vix hoc crediderim. Non fallunt talia acutos  
Mercatorum oculos: prius et quā littora Gangis  
Liquiflent, avidis gratiffima praeda fuiffent.  
Ortos unde putemus ? An illos VesVius atrox  
Protulit, ignivomifve ejecit faucibus .Aetna ?  
Luce micant propria, Phcebite, per aera purum  
Nunc ftimulantis equos, argentea tela retorquent ?  
Phcebi luce micant. Ventis et fluctibus altis  
Appulfi, et rapidis fubter currentibus undis,  
Tandem non fallunt oculos. Capita alta videre eft  
Multa onerata nive et canis confperfa pruinis.  
Castera funt glacies. Procul hinc, ubi Bruma fere  
omnes

Contriftat menfes, portenta haec horrida nobis  
Ilia ftrui voluit. Qupties de culmine fummo  
Clivorum fluerent in littora prona, folutse  
Sole, nives, propero tendentes in mare curfu,  
Ilia gelu fixit. Paulatim attollere fefe  
Mirum coepit opus; glacieque ab origine rerum  
In glaciem aggefta fublimes vertice tandem  
AEquavitmontes, non crefcere nefcia moles.  
Sic immenfa diu ftetit, aeternumque ftetiflet,  
Congeries, hominum neque vi neque mobilis arte,  
Littora ni tandem declivia deferuiflet,  
Pondere vidta fuo. Dilabitur. Omnia circum  
Antra et faxa gemunt, fubito concuffa fragore,  
Dum ruit in pelagum, tanquam ftudiofa natandi,  
Ingens tota ftrues. Sic Delos dicitur olim,



Infula, in AEgeſeo fluitaffe erratica ponto.  
 Sed non ex glacie Delos; neque torpida Delum  
 Bruma inter rupes genuit nudum fterilemque.  
 Sed veſtita herbis erat ilia, ornataque nunquam  
 Decidua lauro; et Delum dilexit Apollo.  
 At vos, erroneſ horrendi, et caligine digni  
 Cimmeria, Deus idem odit. Natalia veſtra,  
 Nubibus involvens frontem, non ille tueri  
 Suſtinuit. Patrium vos ergo requirite caelum !  
 Ite! Redite! Timete moras; ni leniter auſtro  
 Spirante, et nitidas Phoebोजaculante faſtigias  
 Hoſtili vobis, pereatis gurgite miſti!

*March ii, 1799,*

ON THE ICE ISLANDS, SEEN FLOATING IN  
 THE GERMAN OCEAN.



\*HAT portents, from what diſtant region  
 ride,  
 Unſeen till now in ours, the aſtoniſh'd  
 tide?

In ages paſt, old Proteus, with his droves  
 Of fea-calves, fought the mountains and the groves.  
 But now, deſcending whence of late they flood,  
 Themſelves the mountains ſeem to rove the flood.  
 Dire times were they, full-charged with human  
 woes;

And theie, ſcarce leis calamitous than thoſe.  
 What view we now ? More wondrous ſtill!  
 Behold!

Like burnish'd brafs they fhine, or beaten gold;  
 And all around the pearl's pure fplendour fhow,  
 And all around the ruby's fiery glow.

Come they from India, where the burning earth,  
 All bounteous, gives her richeft treafures birth;  
 And where the coftly gems, that beam around  
 The brows of mightieft potentates, are found ?

No. Never fuch a countlefs dazzling {lore  
 Had left unfeen the Ganges' peopled fhore.

Rapacious hands, and ever-watchful eyes,  
 Should fooner far have mark'd and feized the prize.  
 Whence fprang they then ? Ejedted have they come  
 From Vefuvius', or from /Etna's burning womb ?  
 Thus fhine they felf-illumed, or but difplay  
 The borrow'd fplendours of a cloudlefs day ?

With borrow'd beams they fhine. The gales that  
 breathe

Now landward, and the current's force beneath,  
 Have borne them nearer: and the nearer fight,  
 Advantaged more, contemplates them aright.  
 Their lofty fummits crefted high they fhow,  
 With mingled fleet, and long-incumbent fnow.  
 The reft is ice. Far hence, where, moft fevere,  
 Bleak Winter well nigh faddens all the year,  
 Their infant growth began. He bade arife  
 Their uncouth forms, portentous in our eyes.  
 Oft as diflblved by tranfient funs, the fnow  
 Left the tall cliff to join the flood below;  
 He caught, and curdled with a freezing blaft  
 The current, ere it reach'd the boundlefs wafte.  
 By flow degrees uprofe the wondrous pile,  
 And long fucceffive ages roll'd the while;

Till, ceaseless in its growth, it claim'd to stand,  
Tall as its rival mountains on the land.  
Thus flood, and, unremovable by skill  
Or force of man, had flood the ftrudure ffill,  
But that, though firmly fix'd, fupplanted yet  
By preflure of its own enormous weight,  
It left the (helving beach—and, with a found  
That fhook the bellowing waves and rocks around,  
Self-launch'd, and fwiftly, to the briny wave,  
As if infintft with ftrong defire to lave,  
Down went the ponderous mafs. So bards of old  
How Delos fwam the ^Egean deep have told.  
But not of ice was Delos. Delos bore  
Herb, fruit, and flower. She, crown'd with laurel,  
wore,  
E'en under wintry fkies, a fummer fmile;  
And Delos was Apollo's favourite ifle.  
But, horrid wanderers of the deep, to you  
He deems Cimmerian darknefs only due.  
Your hated birth he deign'd not to furvey,  
But, fcornful, turn'd his glorious eyes away.  
Hence! Seek your home, nor longer rafhly dare  
The darts of Phoebus, and a fofter air;  
Left ye regret, too late, your native coaft,  
In no congenial gulf for ever loft!

March 19, 1799.

## THE CASTAWAY.



OBSCUREST night involved the fky,  
 The Atlantic billows roar'd,  
 When fuch a deftined wretch as I,  
 Wafh'd headlong from on board,  
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,  
 His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boaft  
 Than he with whom he went,  
 Nor ever fhip left Albion's coaft  
 With warmer wifhes fent.  
 He loved them both, but both in vain,  
 Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,  
 Expert to fwim he lay;  
 Nor foon he felt his ftrength decline,  
 Or courage die away :  
 But waged with death a lafling ftrife,  
 Supported by defpair of life,

He ihouted; nor his friends had faiFd  
 To check the veflel's courfe,  
 But fo the furious blaft prevailed,  
 That, pitilefs perforce,  
 They left their outcaft mate behind,  
 And fcudded ftill before the wind.

Some fuccour yet they could afford;  
And, fuch as ftorms allow,  
The cafk, the coop, the floated cord,  
Delay'd not to beftow:  
But he, they knew, nor (*hip* nor *fhore*,  
Whate'er they gave, fhould vifit more.

Nor, cruel as it feem'd, could he  
Their hafte himfelf condemn,  
Aware that flight, in fuch a fea,  
Alone could refcue them :  
Yet bitter felt it ftill to die  
Deferted, and his friends fo nigh.

He long furvives, who lives an hour  
In ocean, felf-upheld:  
And fo long he, with unfpent power,  
His deftiny repell'd:  
And ever, as the minutes flew,  
Entreated help, or cried—" Adieu !"

At length, his tranfient refpite paft,  
His comrades, who before  
Had heard his voice in every blaft,  
Could catch the found no more:  
For then, by toil fubdued, he drank  
The ftifling wave, and then he fank.

No poet wept him; but the page  
Of narrative fincere,  
That tells his name, his worth, his age,  
Is wet with Anfon's tear:

And tears by bards or heroes fhed  
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpofe not, or dream,  
Defcating on his fate,  
To give the melancholy theme  
A more enduring date:  
But mifery ftill delights to trace  
Its femblance in another's cafe.

No voice divine the ftorm allay'd,  
No light propitious fhine;  
When, fnatch'd from all effectual aid,  
We perifli'd, each alone :  
But I beneath a rougher fea,  
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

*March 20, 1799.*

THE SALAD. BT VIRGIL.

 HE winter night now well nigh worn  
away,  
The wakeful cock proclaimed approach-  
ing day,  
When Simulus, poor tenant of a farm  
Of narroweft limits, heard the ihrill alarm,  
Yawn'd, ftretch'd his limbs, and anxious to provide  
Againft the pangs of hunger unfupplied,  
By flow degrees his tatter'd bed forfook,  
And poking in the dark, explored the nook

Where embers flept with afhes heap'd around,  
And with burnt fingers'-ends the treafure found.

It chanced that from a brand beneath his nofe,  
Sure proof of latent fire, fome frnoke arofe;  
When trimming with a pin the incrufted tow,  
And ftooping it towards the coals below,  
He toils, with cheeks diftended, to excite  
The lingering flame, and gains at length a light.  
With prudent heed he fpreads his hand before  
The quivering lamp, and opes his granary door.  
Small was his flock, but taking for the day  
A meafured ftint of twice eight pounds away,  
With thefe his mill he feeks. A fhelf at hand,  
Fix'd in the wall, affords his lamp a ftand:  
Then baring both his arms—a fleevelefs coat  
He girds, the rough exuviae of a goat:  
And with a rubber, for that ufe defign'd,  
Cleanfing his mill within—begins to grind;  
Each hand has its employ; labouring amain,  
This turns the winch, while that fupplies the grain.  
The ftone revolving rapidly, now glows,  
And the bruifed corn a mealy current flows;  
While he to make his heavy labour light,  
Talks oft his left hand to relieve his right;  
And chants with rudeft accent, to beguile  
His ceafelefs toil, as rude a fttrain the while.  
And now," Dame Cybale, come forth!" he cries;  
But Cybale, ftill (lumbering, nought replies.

From Afric ihe, the fwain's fole ferving-maid,  
Whofe face and form alike her birth betray'd.  
With woolly locks, lips tumid, fable fkin,  
Wide bofom, udders flaccid, belly thin,

Legs flender, broad and moft mifshapen feet,  
 Chapp'd into chinks, and parch'd with folar heat.  
 Such, fummon'd oft, (he came; at his command  
 Frefh fuel heap'd, the deeping embers fann'd,  
 And made in hafte her fimmering fkillet fteam,  
 Replenifli'd newly from the neighbouring fteam.

The labours of the mill performed, a fieve  
 The mingled flour and bran muft next receive,  
 Which fhaken oft (hoots Ceres through refined,  
 And better drelFd, her hu(ks all left behind.  
 This done at once, his future plain repaft  
 Unleaven'd on a (haven board he caft,  
 With tepid lymph firft largely foak'd it all\*  
 Then gather'd it with both hands to a ball,  
 And fpreading it again with both hands wide,  
 With fprinkled fait the ftiffen'd mafs fupplied;  
 At length the ftubborn fubftance, duly wrought,  
 Takes from his palms imprelFd the ihape it ought,  
 Becomes an orb—and quartered into (hares,  
 The faithful mark of juft divifion bears.  
 Laft, on his hearth it finds convenient fpace,  
 For Cybale before had fwept the place,  
 And there, with tiles and embers overfpread,  
 She leaves it—reeking in its fultry bed.

Nor Simulus, while Vulcan thus alone  
 His part perform'd, proves heedlefs of his own,  
 But fedulous, not merely to fubdue  
 His hunger, but to pleafe his palate too,  
 Prepares more favoury food. His chimney-fide  
 Could boaft no gammon, faked well and dried,  
 And hook'd behind him; but fufficient (lore  
 Of bundled anife, and a cheefe it bore;



A broad round cheefe, which, through its centre  
ftrung

With a tough broom twig, in the corner hung;  
The prudent hero, therefore, with addrefs  
And quick defpatch, now feeks another mefs.

Clofe to his cottage lay a garden-ground,  
With reeds and ofiers fparely girt around:  
Small was the fpot, but liberal to produce;  
Nor wanted aught that ferves a peafant's ufe,  
And fometimes e'en the rich would borrow thence,  
Although its tillage was his fole expenfe.  
For oft as from his toils abroad he ceafed,  
Home-bound by weather, or fome ftated feaft,  
His debt of culture here he duly paid,  
And only left the plough to wield the fpade,  
He knew to give each plant the foil it needs,  
To drill the ground, and cover clofe the feeds;  
And could with eafe compel the wanton rill  
To turn and wind obedient to his will.  
There flourifh'd ftar-wort, and the branching beet,  
The forrel acid, and the mallow fweet,  
The fkirret, and the leek's afpiring kind,  
The noxious poppy—quencher of the mind!  
Salubrious fequel of a fumptuous board,  
The lettuce, and the long huge-bellied gourd;  
But thefe (for none his appetite control'd  
With ftridler fway) the thrifty ruftic fold;  
With broom twigs neatly bound, each kind apart,  
He bore them ever to the public mart:  
Whence laden ftill, but with a lighter load,  
Of caih well earn'd, he took his homeward road,  
Expendng feldom, ere he quitted Rome,

His gains in flefh-meat for a feaft at home.  
There, at no coft, on onions, rank and red,  
Or the cutTd endive's bitter leaf he fed:  
On fcallions diced, or with a fenfual guft,  
On rockets—foul provocatives of luft!  
Nor even (hunn'd with fmarting gums to prefs  
Nafturtium—pungent face-diftorting mefs!

Some fuch regale now alfo in his thought,  
With hafty fteps his garden-ground he fought ;  
There delving with his hands, he firft difplaced  
Four plants of garlick, large, and rooted faft;  
The tender tops of parfley next he culls,  
Then the old rue-bufh fliudders as he pulls;  
And coriander laft to thefe fucceeds,  
That hangs on flighteft threads her trembling feeds.

Placed near his fprihtly fire, he now demands  
The mortar at his fable fervant's hands ;  
When ftripping all his garlick firft, he tore  
The exterior coats, and caft them on the floor,  
Then caft away with like contempt the fldn,  
Flimfier concealment of the cloves within.  
Thefe fearch'd, and perfect found, he one by one  
Rinfed, and difpofed within the hollow ftone.  
Salt added, and a lump of falted cheefe,  
With his injected herbs he cover'd thefe,  
And tucking with his left his tunic tight,  
And feizing faft the peftle with his right,  
The garlick bruifing firft he foon expreiFd,  
And mix'd the various juices of the reft.  
He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below,  
Loft in each other, their own powers forego,  
And with the cheefe in compound, to the fight

Nor wholly green appear, nor wholly white.  
His nostrils oft the forceful fume refent,  
He curfed full oft his dinner for its fcent;  
Or with wry faces, wiping as he fpoke  
The trickling tears, cried " Vengeance on the  
fmoke!"

The work proceeds: not roughly turns he now  
The peftle, but in circles fsmooth and flow;  
With cautious hand, that grudges what it fpills,  
Some drops of olive oil he next infills.  
Then vinegar with caution fcarcely lefs,  
And gathering to a ball the medley mefs,  
Laft, with two fingers frugally applied,  
Sweeps the fmall remnant from the mortar's fide.  
And thus complete in figure and in kind,  
Obtains at length the Salad he defign'd.

And now black Cybale before him ftands,  
The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands,  
He glad receives it, chafing far away  
All fears of famine for the paffing day;  
His legs enclofed in bulkins, and his head  
In its tough cafque of leather, forth he led  
And yoked his fleers, a dull obedient pair,  
Then drove afield, and plunged the pointed (hare.

*June 8, 1799.*

## TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

**D**EAR Prefident, whose art sublime  
 Gives perpetuity to time,  
 And bids transadions of a day,  
 That fleeting hours would waft away  
 To dark futurity, survive,  
 And in unfading beauty live,—  
 You cannot with a grace decline  
 A special mandate of the Nine—  
 Yourself, whatever task you choofe,  
 So much indebted to the Muse.

Thus say the fifterhood : — We come —  
 Fix well your pallet on your thumb,  
 Prepare the pencil and the tints—  
 We come to furnish you with hints.  
 French difappointment, British glory,  
 Muft be the fubjed of the ftory.

Firft ftrike a curve, a graceful bow,  
 Then flope it to a point below ;  
 Your outline eafy, airy, light,  
 FilFd up becomes a paper kite.  
 Let independence, fanguine, horrid,  
 Blaze like a meteor in the forehead :  
 Beneath (but lay afide your graces)  
 Draw fix-and-twenty rueful faces,  
 Each with a flaring, fleadfaft eye,  
 Fix'd on his great and good ally.

France flies the kite—'tis on the wing—  
 Britannia's lightning cuts the string.  
 The wind that raised it, ere it ceases,  
 Just rends it into thirteen pieces,  
 Takes charge of every fluttering sheet,  
 And lays them all at George's feet.

Iberia, trembling from afar,  
 Renounces the confederate war.  
 Her efforts and her arts overcome,  
 France calls her flatter'd navies home:  
 Repenting Holland learns to mourn  
 The sacred treaties she has torn;  
 Astonishment and awe profound  
 Are stamp'd upon the nations round;  
 Without one friend, above all foes,  
 Britannia gives the world repose.

*ON THE AUTHOR OF LETTERS ON  
 LITERATURE\**



HE genius of the Augustan age  
 His head among Rome's ruins rear'd,  
 And bursting with heroic rage,  
 When literary Heron appear'd.

Thou hast, he cried, like him of old  
 Who fet the Ephesian dome on fire,

---

\* Nominally by Robert Heron, but written by John Pinkerton.  
 8vo. 1785.

By being fcandaloufly bold,  
Attained the mark of thy defire.

And for traducing Virgil's name  
Shalt fhare his merited reward ;  
A perpetuity of fame,  
That rots, and {links, and is abhorr'd.

## STANZAS

*On the late Indecent Liberties taken with the Remains  
of the great Milton.\* Anno 1790.*

“  E too, perchance, in future days,  
The fculptured ftone fhall fhew,  
With Paphian myrtle or with bays  
Parnaffian on my brow. •

" But I, or ere that feafon come,  
Efcaped from every care,  
Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,  
And fleep fecurely there."f

---

\* The bones of Milton, who lies buried in Cripplegate church, were difinterred; a pamphlet by Le faeve was publifhed at the time, giving an account of what appeared on opening his coffin.

*Forfttan et no/iros ducat de marmore vultus  
Neftens ant Paphia myrtl aut Parnaffide lauri  
Fronde comas—At ego fecura pace qulefcam.*

Milton in Manfo.

So fang, in Roman tone and ftyle,  
The youthful bard, ere long  
Ordain'd to grace his native ifle  
With her fublimeft fong.

Who then but muft conceive difdain,  
Hearing the deed unbleft  
Of wretches who have dared profane  
His dread fepulchral reft ?

Ill fare the hands that heaved the ftones\*  
Where Milton's afhes lay,  
That trembled not to grafp his bones  
And fteal his duft away!

O ill requited bard! neglect  
Thy living worth repaid,  
And blind idolatrous refpect  
As oiuch affronts thee dead,

*Augufta* 1790,

---

\* Cowper, no doubt, had in his memory the lines faid to have been written by Shakefpeare on his tomb:

" Good friend, for Jefus' fake forbear  
To dig the duft inclofed here.  
Bleft be the man that fpares thefe ftones,  
And curft be he that moves my bones."

TO THE REV. WILLIAM BULL.

June 22, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**I**F reading verfe be your delight,  
 'Tis mine as much, or more, to write;  
 But what we would, fo weak is man,  
 Lies oft remote from what we can.  
 For inftance, at this very time  
 I feel a wiith by cheerful rhyme  
 To foothe my friend, and, had I power,  
 To cheat him of an anxious hour;  
 Not meaning (for I muft confefs,  
 It were but folly to fupprefs)  
 His pleafure, or his good alone,  
 But fquinting partly at my own.  
 But though the fun is flaming high  
 In the centre of yon arch, the iky,  
 And he had once (and who but he ?)  
 The name for fetting genius free,  
 Yet whether poets of paff days  
 Yielded him undeferved praife,  
 And he by no uncommon lot  
 Was famed for virtues he had not;  
 Or whether, which is like enough,  
 His Highnefs may have taken huff,  
 So feldom fought with invocation,  
 Since it has been the reigning fafhion



To difregard his infpiration,  
 I feem no brighter in my wits,  
 For all the radiance he emits,  
 Than if I faw, through midnight vapour,  
 The glimmering of a farthing taper.

Oh for a fuccedaneum, then,  
 To accelerate a creeping pen!  
 Oh for a ready fuccedaneum,  
*Quod caput, cerebrum, et cranium*

*Pondere Hberet exofo,*  
*Et morbo jam caliginofa !*

'Tis here ; this oval box well fill'd  
 With beft tobacco, finely mill'd,  
 Beats all Anticyra's pretences  
 To difengage the encumber'd fenfes.

Oh Nymph of tranfatlantic fame,  
 Where'er thine haunt, whatever thy name,  
 Whether repofing on the fide  
 Of Oroonoquo's fpacious tide,  
 Or liflening with delight not fmall  
 To Niagara's diftant fall,  
 'Tis thine to cherifh and to feed  
 The pungent nofe-refrefhing weed,  
 Which, whether pulverized it gain  
 A fpeedy pafTage to the brain,  
 Or whether, touch'd with fire, it rife  
 In circling eddies to the flues,  
 Does thought more quicken and refine  
 Than all the breath of all the Nine—  
 Forgive the bard, if bard he be,  
 Who once too wantonly made free,  
 To touch with a fatiric wipe

That fymbol of thy power, the pipe;  
 So may no blight infest thy plains,  
 And no unfeafonable rains;  
 And fo may fmiling peace once more  
 Vilit America's fad ihore;  
 And thou, fecure from all alarms  
 Of thundering drums and glittering arms,  
 Rove unconfin'd beneath the (hade  
 Thy wide-expanded leaves have made;  
 So may thy votaries increafe,  
 And fumigation never ceafe.  
 May Newton with renew'd delights  
 Perform thine odoriferous rites,  
 While clouds of incenfe half divine  
 Involve thy difappearing fhrine;  
 And fo may fmoke-inhaling Bull  
 Be always filling, never full.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION TO  
 WILLIAM NORTECOT.

 IC fepultus eft  
 Inter fuorum lacrymas  
 GULIELMUS NORTHCOT,  
 GULIELMI et MARINE filius  
 Unicus, unice dilectus,  
 Qui floris ritu fuccifus eft femihiantis,  
 — Aprilis die feptimo,  
 1780, ^Et. 10.

Care, vale! Sed non aeternum, care, valetō!  
 Namque iterum tecum, fim modb dignus, ero.  
 Turn nihil amplexus poterit divellere noſtros,  
 Nee tu marceſces, nee lacrymabor ego.

### TRANSLATION.

**F**AREWELL! " But not for ever," Hope  
 replies,  
 Trace but his ſteps and meet him in the  
 Iſkies!  
 There nothing ſhall renew our parting pain,  
 Thou (halt not wither, nor I weep again.

### EPITAPH ON MRS. M. HIGGINS, OF WESTON.

**L**ILJAURELS may flouriſh round the con-  
 queror's tomb,  
 But happieſt they who win the world  
 to come:  
 Believers have a filent field to fight,  
 And their exploits are veiFd from human fight.  
 They in ſome nook, where little known they dwell,  
 Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hoſts of hell;  
 Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,  
 And all thoſe triumphs, Mary, now are thine.

## A RIDDLE.



AM juft two and two, I am warm, I am  
cold,

And the parent of numbers that cannot  
be told.

I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,  
I am often fold dear, good for nothing when bought;  
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of courfe,  
And yielded with pleafure when taken by force.

## ANSWER.

*From the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. Ixxvi.*

p. 1224,



RIDDLE by Cowper

Made me fwear like a trooper;

But my anger, alas! was in vain;

For, remembering the blifs

Of beauty's foft Kifs,

I now long for fuch riddles again.

*y.r.*



OWPER had finn'd with fome excuse,  
 If, bound in rhyming tethers,  
 He had committed this abufe  
 Of changing ewes for wethers;\*

But, male for female is a trope,  
 Or rather bold mifnomer,  
 That would have ftartled even Pope,  
 When he tranflated Homer.

IN SEDITIONEM HORRENDAM,

*Corrupt ells Gal lie is, ut fertur, Londini nuper  
 exortam.*



ERFIDA, crudelis, vifta et lymphata  
 furore,  
 Non armis, laurum Gallia fraude petit.  
 Venalem pretio plebem conducit, et urit

---

\* I have heard about my wether mutton from various quarters. It was a blunder hardly pardonable in a man who has lived amid fields and meadows, grazed by Iheep, almoft thefe thirty years. I have accordingly fatirized myfelf in two ftanzas which I compofed laft night, while I lay awake, tormented with pain, and well dofed with laudanum. If you find them not very brilliant, therefore, you will know how to account for it.—*Letter to Jofeph* //, April 15, 1792.

Undique privatas patriciaeque domes.  
Nequicquam conata sua, fcediffima sperat  
Pofle tamen noſtra nos fuperare manu.  
Gallia, vana fruſ! Precibus nunc utere! Vinces,  
Nam mites timidis, fupplicibusque fumus.

*TRANSLATION.*



FALSE, cruel, difappointed, ftung to the  
heart,  
France quits the warrior's for the aflaf-  
fin's part,  
To dirty hands a dirty bribe conveys,  
Bids the low ftreet and lofty palace blaze.  
Her fons, too weak to vanquiſh us alone,  
She hires the worſt and baſeſt of our own.  
Kneel, France! a fuppliant conquers us with eaſe,  
We always fpare a coward on his knees.

# TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES.

## FROM THE GREEK OF JULIANUS.



SPARTAN, his companion flain,  
 Alone from battle fled ;  
 His mother, kindling with difdain  
 That flic had borne him, ftruck him dead;  
 For courage, and not birth alone,  
 In Sparta, teftifies a fon!

## ON THE SAME BT PALLAADAS.



SPARTAN 'fcaping from the fight,  
 His mother met him in his flight,  
 Upheld a falchion to his breaft,  
 And thus the fugitive addrefPd:  
 " Thou canft but live to blot with {hame  
 Indelible thy mother's name,  
 While every breath that thou {halt draw  
 Offends againft thy country's law ;  
 But, if thou perifh by this hand.,  
 Myfelf indeed throughout the land,

To my diflionour, fhall be known  
 The mother ftill of fuch a fon;  
 But Sparta will be fafe and free,  
 And that (hall ferve to comfort me."

## AN EPITAPH.



Y name—my country—what are they to thee?

What, whether bafe or proud my pedigree?

Perhaps I far furpalFd all other men—

Perhaps I fell below them all—what then ?

Suffice it, ftranger! that thou feeft a tomb—

Thou know'ft its ufe—it hides—no matter whom.

## ANOTHER.



AKE to thy bofom, gentle Earth, a fwain  
 With much hard labour in thy fervice  
 worn!

He fet the vines that clothe yon ample plain,

And he thefe olives that the vale adorn.

He filPd with grain the glebe; the rills he led  
 Through this green herbage, and thofe fruitful  
 bowers;

Thou, therefore, Earth! lie lightly on his head,  
 His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.



## ANOTHER.

AINTER, this likenefs is too ftrong,  
And we fhall mourn the dead too long.

## ANOTHER.

T threefcore winters' end I died  
A cheerlefs being, fole and fad ;  
The nuptial knot I never tied,  
And wifh my father never had.

## BT CALLIMACHUS.

T morn we placed on his funereal bier  
Young Menalippus; and at eventide,  
Unable to fuftain a losf fo dear,  
By her own hand his blooming fifter died.  
Thus Ariflippus mourn'd his noble race,  
Annihilated by a double blow,  
Norfon could hope, nor daughter more to embrace,  
And all Cyrene fadden'd at his woe.

ON *MILriADES*.

MILTIADES! thy valour best  
 (Although in every region known)  
 The men of Perfia can attest,  
 Taught by thyself at Marathon.

ON AN *INFANT*.

BEWAIL not much, my parents! me, the  
 prey  
 Of ruthless Hades, and sepulchred here.  
 An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year,  
 He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,  
 Your young Callimachus; and if I knew  
 Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

BT *HERACLIDES*.

IN Cnidus born, the comfort I became  
 Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name.  
 His bed I (hared, nor proved a barren  
 bride,  
 But bore two children at a birth, and died.  
 One child I leave to solace and uphold  
 Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old.  
 And one, for his remembrance' sake, I bear  
 To Pluto's realm, till he (hall join me there.

## ON THE REED.



WAS of late a barren plant,  
Ufelefs, insignificant,  
Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,  
A native of the marfhy fliore;  
But gather'd for poetic ufe,  
And plunged into a fable juice,  
Of which my modicum I fip  
With narrow mouth and flender lip,  
At once, although by nature dumb,  
All eloquent I have become,  
And fpeak with fluency untired,  
As if by Phoebus' felf infpired.

## TO HEALTH.



LDEST born of powers divine!  
BlefTd Hygeia ! be it mine  
To enjoy what thou canft give,  
And henceforth with thee to live :  
For in power if pleafure be,  
Wealth, or numerous progeny,  
Or in amorous embrace,  
Where no fpy infefts the place ;  
Or in aught that heaven beftows  
To alleviate human woes,

When the wearied heart defpairs  
 Of a repite from its cares;  
 Thefe and every true delight  
 Flourifti only in thy fight;  
 And the lifter Graces three  
 Owe, themfelves, their youth to thee,  
 Without whom we may poffefs  
 Much, but never happinefs.

ON INVALIDS.



AR happier are the dead, methinks, than  
 they  
 Who look for death, and fear it every  
 day.

ON AN OLD WOMAN.



YCILLA dyes her locks, 'tis faid;  
 But 'tis a foul afperfion ;  
 She buys them black; they therefore  
 need  
 No fubfequent immerlion.

## ON THE ASTROLOGERS.

HE aftrologers did all alike preface  
My uncle's dying in extreme old age;  
One only difagreed. But he was wife,  
And fpoke not till he heard the funeral cries.

## ON FLATTERERS.

o mifchief worthier of our fear  
In nature can be found  
Than friendship, in oftent fincere,  
But hollow and unfound.  
For lull'd into a dangerous dream  
We clofe infold a foe,  
Who ftrikes, when moft fecure we feem,  
The inevitable blow.

## ON A TRUE FRIEND.

AST thou a friend? Thou haft indeed  
A rich and large fupply,  
Treafore to ferve your every need,  
Well managed, till you die.

## ON THE SWALLOW.



ATTIC maid! with honey fed,  
 Bear'ft thou to thy callow brood  
 Yonder locuft from the mead,  
 Deftined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,  
 Ye alike unfold the wing,  
 Migrate hither, fojourn here,  
 Both attendant on the fpring!

Ah, for pity drop the prize;  
 Let it not with truth be faid,  
 That a fongfter gafps and dies,  
 That a fongfter may be fed.

## ON LATE ACQUIRED WEALTH.



POOR in my youth, and in life's later  
 fcenes  
 Rich to no end, I curfe my natal hour,  
 Who nought enjoy'd while young, denied the  
 means ;  
 And nought when old enjoy'd, denied the power.

## ON A BATH, BT PLATO.



WID Cytherea to the ikies  
 From this pellucid lymph arife ?  
 Or was it Cytherea's touch,  
 When bathing here, that made it jfuch ?

## ON A FOWLER, BT ISIODORUS.



WTH feeds and birdlime, from the defert  
 air,  
 Eumelus gathered free, though fcanty,  
 fare.

No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kifs,  
 Nor luxury knew, fave liberty, nor blifs.  
 Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs  
 His feeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his fnares.

## ON NIOBE.



HARON! receive a family on board  
 Itfelf fufficient for thy crazy yawl,  
 Apollo and Diana, for a word  
 By me too proudly fpoken, flew us all.

## OAT A GOOD MAN.

RAVELLER, regret not me; for thou  
 (halt find  
 Juft caufe of forrow none in my deceafe,  
 Who, dying, children's children left behind,  
 And with one wife lived many a year in peace:  
 Three virtuous youths espoufed my daughters three,  
 And oft their infants in my bofom lay,  
 Nor faw I one, of all derived from me,  
 Touch'd with difeafe, or torn by death away.  
 Their duteous hands my funeral rites beftow'd,  
 And me, by blamelefs manners fitted well  
 To feek it, fent to the ferene abode  
 Where fhades of pious men for ever dwell.

## ON A MISER.

HEY call thee rich;—I deem thee poor,  
 Since, if thou dareft not ufe thy ftore,  
 But faveft it only for thine heirs,  
 The treafure is not thine, but theirs.



## ANOTHER.



MISER, traversing his house,  
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,  
And thus his uninvited guest

Briskly inquisitive address'd:

" Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it  
I owe this unexpected visit?"

The mouse her host obliquely eyed,

And, smiling, pleasantly replied :

" Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!

I come to lodge, and not to board/'

## ANOTHER.



ART thou some individual of a kind  
Long-lived by nature as the rook or hind ?  
Heap treasure, then, for if thy need be  
such,

Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.

But man thou seem'st, clear therefore from thy  
breast

This lust of treasure—folly at the best!

For why shouldst thou go wafted to the tomb,

To fatten with thy spoils thou know'st not whom ?



Herald of the genial hours,  
 Harming neither herbs nor flowers.  
 Therefore man thy voice attends  
 Gladly—thou and he are friends;  
 Nor thy never ceasing strains  
 Phoebus or the Muses disdain  
 As too simple or too long,  
 For themselves inspire the song.  
 Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,  
 Ever singing, sporting, playing,  
 What has nature else to show  
 Godlike in its kind as thou?

### ON HERMOCRATIA.



HERMOCRATIA named—have only  
 one,  
 Twice fifteen births I bore, and buried  
 none;

For neither Phoebus pierced my thriving joys,  
 Nor Dian,—(he my girls, or he my boys.  
 But Dian rather, when my daughters lay  
 In parturition, chafed their pangs away.  
 And all my sons, by Phoebus' bounty, shared  
 A vigorous youth, by sickness unimpaired.  
 O Niobe! far less prolific! see  
 Thy boast against Latona (hamed by me!

*FROM MENANDER.*

**F**OND youth! who dream'ft that hoarded  
                                   gold  
 Is needful, not alone to pay  
 For all thy various items fold,  
       To ferve the wants of every day;

Bread, vinegar, and oil, and meat,  
       For favoury viands feafon'd high;  
 But fomewhat more important yet—  
       I tell thee what it cannot buy.

No treafure, hadft thou more amafTd  
       Than fame to Tantalus aflign'd,  
 Would fave thee from a tomb at laft,  
       But thou muft leave it all behind.

I give thee, therefore, counfel wife;  
       Confide not vainly in thy ftore,  
 However large—much lefs defpife  
       Others comparatively poor;

But in thy more exalted ftate  
       A juft and equal temper (how,  
 That all who fee thee rich and great  
       May deem thee worthy to be fo.

ON PALLAS BATHING, FROM A HTMN  
OF CALLIMACHUS.



NOR oils of balmy fcent produce,  
Nor mirror for Minerva's ufe,  
Ye nymphs who lave her; fhe, array'd  
In genuine beauty, fcorns their aid.  
Not even when they left the fkies  
To feek on Ida's head the prize  
From Paris<sup>1</sup> hand, did Juno deign,  
Or Pallas in the cryftal plain  
Of Simois' fteam her locks to trace,  
Or in the mirror's polifh'd face,  
Though Venus oft with anxious care  
Adjufte twice a fingle hair.

TO DEMOSTHENES.



IT flatters and deceives thy view,  
This mirror of ill-polifh'd ore ;  
For were it juft, and told thee true,  
Thou wouldft confult it never more.

ON A *SIMILAR* CHARACTER.

YOU give your cheeks a rofy ftain,  
 With waihes dye your hair;  
 But paint and wafhes both are vain  
 To give a youthful air.

Thofe wrinkles mock your daily toil,  
 No labour will efface 'em,  
 You wear a mafk of fmootheft oil,  
 Yet ftill with eafe we trace 'em.

An art fo fruitleft then forfake,  
 Which though you much excel in,  
 You never can contrive to make  
 Old Hecuba young Helen.

ON AN *UGLT FELLOW*.

BEWARE, my friend! of cryftal brook,  
 Or fountain, left that hideous hook,  
 Thy nofe, thou chance to fee;  
 Narciffus' fate would then be thine,  
 And felf-detefted thou wouldft pine,  
 As felf-enamour'd he.

## ON A BATTERED BEAUTY.

**B**AIR, wax, rouge, honey, teeth you buy,  
 A multifarious store!  
 A mask at once would all supply,  
 Nor would it cost you more.

## ON A THIEF.

**W**HEN Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made  
 prize [fakes,  
 Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the  
 Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,  
 Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,  
 And whom, as arbiter and overfeer  
 Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here;  
 "Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new difafter;  
 Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his matter."<sup>1</sup>

## ON PEDIGREE.

*From Epicharmus.*

**M**Y mother! if thou love me, name no more  
 My noble birth! Sounding at every  
 breath  
 My noble birth, thou kill'ft me. Thither fly,  
 As to their only refuge, all from whom  
 Nature withholds all good befalls; they boast

Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs  
 Of their forefathers, and, from age to age  
 Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race:  
 But whom hast thou beheld, or canst thou name  
 Derived from no forefathers? Such a man  
 Lives not; for how could such be born at all?  
 And if it chance that, native of a land  
 Far distant, or in infancy deprived  
 Of all his kindred, one, who cannot trace  
 His origin, exist, why deem him sprung  
 From baser ancestry than theirs who can?  
 My mother! he whom nature at his birth  
 Endow'd with virtuous qualities, although  
 An jEthiop and a Have, is nobly born.

ON *ENVY*.

ITY, says the Theban bard,  
 From my wishes I discard;  
 Envy, let me rather be,  
 Rather far, a theme for thee!

Pity to distress is shewn,  
 Envy to the great alone.  
 So the Theban: but to fling  
 Less conspicuous be mine!  
 I prefer the golden mean,  
 Pomp and penury between;  
 For alarm and peril wait  
 Ever on the loftiest fate,  
 And the lowest to the end  
 Obloquy and scorn attend.



## BT MOSCHUS.



SLEPT when Venus enter'd : to my bed  
A Cupid in her beauteous hand she led,  
A bashful seeming boy, and thus she said :

" Shepherd, receive my little one! I bring  
An untaught love, whom thou must teach to sing."  
She said, and left him. I, suspecting nought,  
Many a sweet strain my subtle pupil taught,  
How reed to reed Pan first with softer bound,  
How Pallas' form'd the pipe of softest sound,  
How Hermes gave the lute, and how the quire  
Of Phoebus owe to Phoebus' self the lyre.  
Such were my themes; my themes nought heeded  
But ditties sang of amorous sort to me, [he,  
The pangs that mortals and immortals prove  
From Venus' influence, and the darts of love.  
Thus was the teacher by the pupil taught;  
His lessons I retain'd, and mine forgot.

## BT PHILEMON.



FT we enhance our ills by discontent,  
And give them bulk beyond what nature meant,  
A parent, brother, friend deceased, to cry—  
" He's dead indeed, but he was born to die."—  
Such temperate grief is suited to the fize  
And burthen of the loss; is just and wise.

But to exclaim, " Ah! wherefore was I born,  
 Thus to be left for ever thus forlorn ?"  
 Who thus laments his losfs invites diftrefs,  
 And magnifies a woe that might be lefs,  
 Through dull dependance to his lot refign'd,  
 And leaving reafon's remedy behind.



EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED FROM  
 THE LATIN OF OWEN.

*ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.*

**T**HOU mayft of double ignorance boaft,  
 Who know'ft not that thou nothing  
 know'ft.

*PRUDENT      SIMPLICITY*

**T**HAT thou mayft injure no man, dove-  
 like be,  
 And ferpent-like, that none may injure  
 thee!

## TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.



WISH thy lot, now bad, ftill worfe, my  
friend;  
For when at worft, they fay, things al-  
ways mend.



WHEN little more than boy in age,  
I deem'd myfelf almoft a fage:  
But now feem worthier to be ftyled,  
For ignorance, almoft a child.

## RETALIATION.



THE works of ancient bards divine,  
Aulus, thou fcorn'ft to read;  
And fhould pofterity read thine,  
It would be ftrange indeed!

## SUNSET AND SUNRISE.



CONTEMPLATE, when the fun de-  
clines,  
Thy death with deep reflexion!  
And when again he rifing (hines,  
Thy day of refurrection!

# TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FABLES OF GAY.

## *LEPUS MULTIS AMICUS.*

**U**SUS amicitia est, uni nifi dedita, ceu  
fit,  
Simplice ni nexus fcedere, lufus amor.

Incerto genitore puer, non faepe paternae  
Tutamen novit, deliciafque domus:  
Quique fibi fidos fore multos fperat, amicus,  
Mirum est huic mifero fi ferat ullus opem.

Comis erat, mitifque, et nolle et velle paratus  
Cum quovis, Gaii more modoque, Lepus,  
Ille, quot in fylvis et quot fpatiantur in agris  
Quadrupedes, norat conciliare fibi;  
Et quifque innocuo, invitoque laceffere quenquam  
Labra tenus faltem fidus amicus erat.  
Ortum fub lucis dum preffa cubilia linquit,  
Rorantes herbas, pabula fueta, petens,  
Venatorum audit clangores pone fequentem,  
Fulmineumque fonum territus erro fugit.  
Corda pavor pulfat, furfum fedet, erigit aures,  
Refpicit, et fentit jam prope adefle necem,  
Utque canes fallat, late circumvagus, illuc,  
Unde abiit, inira calliditate redit;

Viribus at fraſtis tandem ſe projicit ultro  
In media miſerum femianimemque via.  
Vix ibi ſtratus, equi fonitum pedis audit, et, oh ſpe  
Quam laſta adventu cor agitur equi!  
Dorſum (inquit) mihi, chare, tuum concede, tuoque  
Auxilio nares fallere, vimque canum.  
Me meus, ut noſti, pes prodiſt—fidus amicus  
Pert quodcunque lubens, nee grave ſentit, onus.  
Belle miſelle lepufcule, (equus reſpondet) amara  
Omnia quae tibi funt, funt et amara mihi.  
Verum age—fume animos—multi, me pone, bo-  
Adveniunt, quorum fis citb falvus ope. [nique  
Proximus armenti dominus bos follicitatus  
Auxilium his verbis ſe dare poſſe negat,  
Quando quadrupedum, quot vivunt, nullus amicum  
Me neſcire poteſt uſque fuiſſe tibi,  
Libertate aequus, quam cedit amicus amico,  
Utar, et abſque metu ne tibi diſpliceam;  
Hincme mandatamor. Juxtaſtum meſſisacervum  
Me mea, pra cunſtis chara, juvenca manet;  
Et quis non ultro quaecunque negotia linquit,  
Pareat ut dominſe, cum vocat ipſa ſuae?  
Neu me crudelem dicas—diſcedo—ſed hircus,  
Cujus ope effugias integer, hircus adefi.  
Febrem (ait hircus) habes. Heu, ficca ut lumina  
languent!  
Utque caput, collo deficiente, jacet!  
Hirfutum mihi tergum; et forſan laeferit aegrum,  
Vellere eris melius fultus, ovifque venit.  
Me mihi fecit onus natura, ovis inquit, anhelans  
Suſtineo lanae pondera tanta meae;  
Me nee velocem nee fortem jado, folentque

Nos etiam faevi dilacerare canes.  
 Ultimus accedit vitulus, vitulumque precatur,  
 Ut periturum alias ocyus eripiat.  
 Remne ego, refpondet vitulus, fufcepero tantam,  
 Non depulfus adhuc ubere, natus heri ?  
 Te, quern maturi canibus validique relinquunt,  
 Incolumem potero reddere parvus ego ?  
 Praterea tollens quern illi averfantur, amicis  
 Forte parum videar confuluifle meis.  
 Ignofcas oro. Fidiffima diflblciantur  
 Corda, et tale tibi fat liquet effe meum.  
 Ecce autem ad calces canis eft! te quanta perempto  
 Triftitia eft nobis ingruitura!—Vale!

AVARUS ET PLUTUS.



STA feneftra Euri flatu ftridebat, avarus  
 Ex fomno trepidus furgit, opumque me-  
 mor.  
 Lata filenter humi ponit veftigia, quemque  
 Refpicit ad fonitum refpicienfque tremit;  
 Anguftiffima quaeque foramina lampade vifit,  
 Ad vedes, obices, fertque refertque manum.  
 Dein referat crebris junftam compagibus arcam  
 Exultanfque omnes confpicit intus opes.  
 Sed tandem furiis ultricibus actus ob artes  
 Queis fua res tenuis creverat in cumulum,  
 Contortis manibus nunc flat, nunc peftora pulfans  
 Aurum execratur, perniciemque vocat ;  
 O mihi, ait, mifero mens quam tranquilla fuiflet,

Hoc celaflet adhuc fi modo terra malum!  
Nunc autem virtus ipfa eft venalis; et aurum  
    Quid contra vitii tormina faeva valet ?  
O initnicum aurum! O homini infeftiffima peftis;  
    Cui datur illecebras vincere pofle tuas ?  
Aurum homines fuafit contemnere quicquid honeftum eft,  
    Et prater nomen nil retinere boni.  
Aurum cunfta mali per terras femina fpargit;  
    Aurum nocturnis furibus arma dedit.  
Bella docet fortes, timidofque ad peffima ducit,  
    Foedifragas artes, multiplicefque dolos,  
Nee vitii quicquam eft, quod non inveneris ortum  
    Ex malefuada auri facrilegaque fame.  
Dixit, et ingemuit; Plutusque fuum fibi numen  
    Ante oculos, ira fervidus, ipfe ftetit.  
Arcam claufit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis  
    Oftendens; tremulum fie Deus increpuit.  
Queftibus his raucis mihi cur, ftulte, obftrepis  
    aures?  
Ifta tui fimilis triftia quifque canit.  
Commaculavi egone humanum genus, improbe ?  
    Culpa,  
Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua eft.  
Mene execrandum cenfes, quia tarn pretiofa  
    Criminibus fiunt perniciofa tuis ?  
Virtutis fpecie, pulchro ceu pallio amiftus  
    Quifque catus nebulo fordida facta tegit.  
Atque fuis manibus commiffa potentia, durum  
    Et dirum fubito vergit ad imperium.  
Hinc, nimium dum latro aurum detrudit in arcam,  
    Idem aurum latet in pectore peftis edax.

Nutrit avaritiam et factum, suspendere adunco  
 Suadet nafo inopes, et vitium omne docet.  
 Auri et larga probo fi copia contigit, inftar  
 Roris dilapfi ex aethere cunfta beat:  
 Turn, quafi numen ineflet, alit, foveat, educat orbos,  
 Et viduas lacrymis ora rigare vetat.  
 Quo fua crimina jure auro derivet avarus,  
 Aurum animae pretium qui cupit atque capit ?  
 Lege pari gladium incufet ficarius atrox  
 Caefo homine, et ferrum judicet efle reum.

PAPILIO ET UMAX.

 UI fubito ex imis rerum in faftigia furgit,  
 Nativas fordes, quicquid agatur, olet.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

*Mneid, Book viii. line 18.*

 HUS Italy was moved—nor did the chief  
 .Æneas in his mind lefs tumult feel.  
 On every fide his anxious thought he  
 turns,  
 Reftlefs, unfix'd, not knowing what to choofe.  
 And as a ciftern that in brim of brafs  
 Confines the cryftal flood, if chance the fun



Smite on it, or the moon's reflendent orb,  
The quivering light now flaflies on the walls,  
Now leaps uncertain to the vaulted roof:  
Such were the wavering motions of his mind.  
'Twas night—and weary nature funk to reft.  
The birds, the bleating flocks, were heard no more.  
At length, on the cold ground, beneath the damp  
And dewy vault, faft by the river's brink,  
The father of his country fought repofe.  
When lo! among the fpreading poplar boughs,  
Forth from his pleafant fstream, propitious rofe  
The god of Tiber: clear tranfparent gauze  
Infolds his loins, his brows with reeds are crown'd:  
And thefe his gracious words to foothe his care:  
    " Heaven-born, who bring'ft our kindred home  
        again,  
Refcued, and giv'ft eternity to Troy,  
Long have Laurentum and the Latian plains  
Expected thee; behold thy fix'd abode.  
Fear not the threats of war, the fform is pafFd,  
The gods appeafed. For proof that what thou  
    hear'ft  
Is no vain forgery or delufive dream,  
Beneath the grove that borders my green bank,  
A milk-white fwine, with thirty milk-white young,  
Shall greet thy wondering eyes. Mark well the  
    place;  
For 'tis thy place of reft, there end thy toils:  
There, twice ten years elapfed, fair Alba's walls  
Shall rife, fair Alba, by Afcanius' hand.  
Thus (hall it be;—now liften, while I teach  
The means to accomplifh thefe events at hand.

The Arcadians here, a race from Pallas sprung,  
 Following Evander's standard and his fate,  
 High on these mountains, a well chosen spot,  
 Have built a city, for their grandfire's sake  
 Named Pallanteum. These perpetual war  
 Wage with the Latians: join'd in faithful league  
 And arms confederate, add them to your camp.  
 Myself between my winding banks will speed  
 Your well oar'd barks to stem the opposing tide.  
 Rife, goddess-born, arise; and with the first  
 Declining stars seek Juno in thy prayer,  
 And vanquish all her wrath with suppliant vows.  
 When conquest crowns thee, then remember me.  
 I am the Tiber, whose caerulean stream  
 Heaven favours; I with copious flood divide  
 These grassy banks, and cleave the fruitful meads.  
 My mansion, this—and lofty cities crown  
 My fountain head/'—He spoke and fought the  
 deep,

And plunged his form beneath the closing flood.

./Eneas at the morning dawn awoke,  
 And, rising, with uplifted eye beheld  
 The orient fun, then dipp'd his palms, and scoop'd  
 The brimming stream, and thus address'd the skies:  
 " Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, who feed the  
 source

Of many a stream, and thou, with thy blest flood,  
 O Tiber, hear, accept me, and afford,  
 At length afford, a shelter from my woes.  
 Where'er in secret cavern under ground  
 Thy waters deep, where'er they spring to light,  
 Since thou hast pity for a wretch like me,

My offerings and my vows fhall wait thee ftill:  
Great horned Father of Hefperian floods,  
Be gracious now, and ratify thy word."  
He faid, and chofe two galleys from his fleet,  
Fits them with oars, and clothes the crew in arms.  
When lo! aftonifhing and pleafing fight,  
The milk-white dam, with her unfpotted brood,  
Lay ftretch'd upon the bank, beneath the grove.  
To thee, the pious Prince, Juno, to thee  
Devotes them all, all on thine altar bleed.  
That livelong night old Tiber fsmooth'd his flood,  
And fo refrain'd it that it feem'd to ftand  
Motionlefs as a pool, or filent lake,  
That not a billow might refift their oars.  
With cheerful found of exhortation foon  
Their voyage they begin ; the pitchy keel  
Slides through the gentle deep, the quiet ftream  
Admires the unwonted burthen that it bears,  
Well poliih'd arms, and vefels painted gay.  
Beneath the (hade of various trees, between  
The umbrageous branches of the fpreading groves,  
They cut their liquid way, nor day nor night  
They flack their courfe, unwinding as they go  
The long meanders of the peaceful tide.

The glowing fun was in meridian height,  
When from afar they faw the humble walls,  
And the few fcatter'd cottages, which now  
The Roman power has equal'd with the clouds;  
But fuch was then Evander's fcant domain.  
They fleer to fhore, and haften to the town.

It chanced the Arcadian monarch on that day,  
Before the walls, beneath a fhady grove,

Was celebrating high, in solemn feast,  
 Alcides and his tutelary gods.  
 Pallas, his son, was there, and there the chief  
 Of all his youth; with these, a worthy tribe,  
 His poor but venerable senate, burnt  
 Sweet incense, and their altars smoked with blood.  
 Soon as they saw the towering masts approach,  
 Sliding between the trees, while the crew rest  
 Upon their silent oars, amazed they rose,  
 Not without fear, and all forsook the feast.  
 But Pallas undismayed, his javelin seized,  
 Rushed to the bank, and from a rising ground  
 Forbade them to disturb the sacred rites.  
 " Ye stranger youth! what prompts you to explore  
 This untried way? and whither do ye steer?  
 Whence, and who are ye? Bring ye peace or war?"  
 Æneas from his lofty deck holds forth  
 The peaceful olive branch, and thus replies:  
 " Trojans and enemies to the Latian state,  
 Whom they with unprovoked hostilities  
 Have driven away, thou see'st. We seek Evander;  
 Say this—and say beside, the Trojan chiefs  
 Are come, and seek his friendship and his aid."  
 Pallas with wonder heard that awful name,  
 And, " Whosoever thou art," he cried, " come  
     forth;  
 Bear thine own tidings to my father's ear,  
 And be a welcome guest beneath our roof"  
 He said, and pressed the stranger to his breast:  
 Then led him from the river to the grove,  
 Where, courteous, thus Æneas greets the king:  
 " Best of the Grecian race, to whom I bow

(So wills my fortune) suppliant, and stretch forth  
In sign of amity this peaceful branch,  
I fear'd thee not, although I knew thee well  
A Grecian leader, born in Arcady,  
And kinsman of the Atreidae. Me my virtue,  
That means no wrong to thee—the Oracles,  
Our kindred families allied of old,  
And thy renown diffused through every land,  
Have all conspired to bind in friendship to thee,  
And fend me not unwilling to thy shores.  
Dardanus, author of the Trojan fate,  
(So say the Greeks) was fair Eleftra's son;  
Eleftra boasted Atlas for her sire,  
Whose shoulders high sustain the æthereal orbs.  
Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia bore,  
Sweet Maia, on Cyllene's hoary top.  
Her, if we credit ought tradition old,  
Atlas of yore, the selfsame Atlas, claim'd  
His daughter. Thus united close in blood,  
Thy race and ours one common fire confess.  
With these credentials fraught, I would not fend  
Ambassadors with artful phrase to found  
And win thee by degrees—but came myself—  
Me, therefore, me thou seest; my life the stake:  
'Tis I, Æneas, who implore thine aid.  
Should Daunia, that now aims the blow at thee,  
Prevail to conquer us, nought then, they think,  
Will hinder but Hesperia must be theirs,  
All theirs, from the upper to the nether sea.  
Take then our friendship, and return us thine.  
We too have courage, we have noble minds,  
And youth well tried, and exercised in arms."

Thus spake Æneas. He with fix'd regard  
 Surveyed him speaking, features, form, and mien.  
 Then briefly thus—"Thou noblest of thy name,  
 How gladly do I take thee to my heart,  
 How gladly thus confess thee for a friend!  
 In thee I trace Anchises; his thy speech,  
 Thy voice, thy countenance. For I well remember  
 Many a day since, when Priam journey'd forth  
 To Salamis, to see the land where dwelt  
 Hecuba, his sister, he push'd on  
 Even to Arcadia's frozen bounds. 'Twas then  
 The bloom of youth was glowing on my cheek;  
 Much I admired the Trojan chiefs, and much  
 Their king, the son of great Laomedon,  
 But most Anchises, towering o'er them all.  
 A youthful longing seized me to accost  
 The hero, and embrace him; I drew near,  
 And gladly led him to the walls of Pheneus.  
 Departing, he distinguish'd me with gifts,  
 A costly quiver stor'd with Lycian darts,  
 A robe inwove with gold, with gold embellish'd,  
 Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.  
 The friendly league thou hast solicited  
 I give thee, therefore, and to-morrow all  
 My chosen youth shall wait on your return.  
 Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,  
 Rejoice with us, and join to celebrate  
 These annual rites, which may not be delay'd,  
 And be at once familiar at our board."

He said, and bade replace the feast removed;  
 Himself upon a grassy bank disposed  
 The crew; but for Æneas order'd forth

A couch fspread with a lion's tawny ihag,  
And bade him (hare the honours of his throne.  
The appointed youth with glad alacrity  
Affitt the labouring priest to load the board  
With roafted entrails of the flaughter'd beeves,  
Well kneaded bread and mantling bowls. Well  
pleafed,

./Eneas and the Trojan youth regale  
On the huge length of a well pafured chine.  
Hunger appealed, and tables all defpatch'd,  
Thus fpake Evander: " Superftition here,  
In this old folemn feafting, has no part.  
No, Trojan friend, from utmoft danger faved,  
In gratitude this worfhip we renew.  
Behold that rock which nods above the vale,  
Thofe bulks of broken ftone difperfed around,  
How defolate the fhatrer'd cave appears,  
And what a ruin fpreads the incumber'd plain.  
Within this pile, but far within, was once  
The den of Cacus; dire his hateful form  
That fhunn'd the day, half monfter and half man.  
Blood newly fhed fteam'd ever on the ground  
Smoking, and many a vifage pale and wan  
Nail'd at his gate, hung hideous to the fight.  
Vulcan begot the brute: vaft was his fize,  
And from his throat he belch'd his father's fires.  
But the day came that brought us what we wifh'd,  
The affiftance and the prefence of a God,  
Flufti'd with his victory, and the fpoils he won  
From triple-form'd Geryon lately flain,  
The great avenger, Hercules, appear'd.  
Hither he drove his flately bulls, and pour'd

His herds along the vale. But the fly thief  
Cacus, that nothing might escape his hand  
Of villany or fraud, drove from the stalls  
Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four  
The fairest of his heifers; by the tail  
He dragg'd them to his den, that, there conceal'd,  
No footsteps might betray the dark abode.  
And now his herd with provender sufficed,  
Alcides would be gone: they as they went  
Still bellowing loud, made the deep-echoing woods  
And distant hills rebound: when hark! one ox,  
Imprison'd close within the vast recess,  
Lows in return, and frustrates all his hope.  
Then fury seized Alcides, and his breast  
With indignation heaved: grasping his club  
Of knotted oak, swift to the mountain top  
He ran, he flew. Then first was Cacus seen  
To tremble, and his eyes bespoke his fears.  
Swift as an eastern blast he sought his den,  
And dread, increasing, wing'd him as he went.  
Drawn up in iron flings above the gate,  
A rock was hung enormous. Such his haste,  
He burst the chains, and dropp'd it at the door,  
Then grappled it with iron work within  
Of bolts and bars by Vulcan's art contrived.  
Scarce was he fast, when panting for revenge  
Came Hercules; he gnaw'd his teeth with rage,  
And quick as lightning glanced his eyes around  
In quest of entrance. Fiery red and flung  
With indignation, thrice he wheel'd his course  
About the mountain; thrice, but thrice in vain,  
He strove to force the quarry at the gate,



And thrice fat down o'erwearied in the vale.  
There stood a pointed rock, abrupt and rude,  
That high o'erlook'd the rest, close at the back  
Of the fell monster's den, where birds obscene  
Of ominous note resorted, coughs and caws.  
This, as it lean'd obliquely to the left,  
Threatening the stream below, he from the right  
Puff'd with his utmost strength, and to and fro  
He shook the mass, loosening its lowest base;  
Then shoved it from its feat; down fell the pile;  
Sky thunder'd at the fall; the banks give way,  
The affrighted stream flows upward to his source.  
Behold the kennel of the brute exposed,  
The gloomy vault laid open. So, if chance  
Earth yawning to the centre should disclose  
The mansions, the pale mansions of the dead,  
Loathed by the gods, such would the gulf appear,  
And the ghosts tremble at the sight of day.  
The monster braying with unusual din  
Within his hollow lair, and fore amazed  
To see such sudden inroads of the light,  
Alcides prest him close with what at hand  
Lay readiest, stumps of trees, and fragments huge  
Of millstone size. He, (for escape was none)  
Wondrous to tell! forth from his gorge discharged  
A smoky cloud that darkened all the den;  
Wreath after wreath he vomited again,  
The smothering vapour mix'd with fiery sparks.  
No light could penetrate the veil obscure.  
The hero, more provoked, endured not this,  
But with a headlong leap he rush'd to where  
The thickest cloud enveloped his abode.

There grafp'd he Cacus, fpite of all his fires,  
 Till cruftl'd within his arms, the monfter flows  
 His bloodlefs throat, now dry with panting hard,  
 And his prelFd eyeballs ftart. Soon he tears down  
 The barricade of rock, the dark abyfs  
 Lies open; and the imprifon'd bulls, the theft  
 He had with oaths denied, are brought to light;  
 By the heels the mifcreant carcafs is dragg'd forth,  
 His face, his eyes, all terrible, his breaft  
 Befet with briftles, and his footy jaws  
 Are view'd with wonder never to be cloy'd.  
 Hence the celebrity thou feeft, and hence  
 This feftal day, Potitius firft enjoin'd  
 Pofterity thefe folemn rites, he firft  
 With thofe who bear the great Pinarian name  
 To Hercules devoted, in the grove  
 This altar built, deem'd facred in the higheft  
 By us, and facred ever to be deem'd.  
 Come then, my friends, and bind your youthful  
     brows  
 In praife of fuch deliverance, and hold forth  
 The brimming cup; your deities and ours  
 Are now the fame, then drink, and freely too."  
 So faying, he twifted round his reverend locks  
 A variegated poplar wreath, and fill'd  
 His right hand with a confecrated bowl.  
 At once all pour libations on the board,  
 All offer prayer. And now the radiant fphere  
 Of day defcending, eventide drew near.  
 When firft Potitius with the priests advanced,  
 Begirt with (kins, and torches in their hands.  
 High piled with meats of favoury tafte, they ranged

The chargers, and renew'd the grateful feaft.  
 Then came the Salii, crown'd with poplar too,  
 Circling the blazing altars; here the youth  
 Advanced, a choir harmonious, there were heard  
 The reverend feers refponfive; praife they fung,  
 Much praife in honour of Alcides' deeds;  
 How firft with infant gripe two ferpents huge  
 He ftrangled, fent from Juno; next they fung,  
 How Troja and Oechalia he deftroy'd,  
 Fair cities both, and many a toilfome tafk  
 Beneath Euryftheus (fo his ftepdame will'd)  
 Achieved victorious. Thou, the cloud-born pair,  
 Hylaeus fierce and Pholus, monftrous twins,  
 Thou flew'ft the minotaur, the plague of Crete,  
 And the vaft lion of the Nemean rock,  
 Thee Hell, and Cerberus, Hell's porter, fear'd,  
 Stretch'd in his den upon his half-gnaw'd bones.  
 Thee no abhorred form, not e'en the vaft  
 Typhceus could appal, though clad in arms.  
 Hail, true born fon of Jove, among the gods  
 At length enrolPd, nor leaft illuftrious thou,  
 Haft thou propitious, and approve our fongs!—  
 Thus hymn'd the chorus; above all they ling  
 The cave of Cacus, and the flames he breathed.  
 The whole grove echoes, and the hills refound.

The rites perform'd, all haften to the town.  
 The king, bending with age, held as he went  
 jEneas, and his Pallas by the hand,  
 With much variety of pleading talk  
 Shortening the way. ^Eneas, with a fmile,  
 Looks round him, charm'd with the delightful  
     fcene,

And many a question asks, and much he learns  
 Of heroes far renown'd in ancient times.  
 Then spake Evander: " These extensive groves  
 Were once inhabited by fawns and nymphs  
 Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race  
 Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms  
 And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew  
 Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke  
 The fteer, with forecaſt provident to ſtore  
 The hoarded grain, or manage what they had,  
 But brows'd like beaſts upon the leafy boughs,  
 Or fed voracious on their hunted prey. QSMANIA  
 An exile from Olympus, and expell'd COLLEG  
 His native realm by thunder-bearing Jove,  
 Firſt Saturn came. He from the mountains drew  
 This herd of men untractable and fierce,  
 And gave them laws: and call'd his hiding place  
 This growth of foreſts, Latium. Such the peace  
 His land poſſeſſ'd, the golden age was then,  
 So famed in ſtory; till by flow degrees  
 Far other times, and of far different hue,  
 Succeeded, thirſt of gold and thirſt of blood.  
 Then came Aufonian bands, and armed hoſts  
 From Sicily, and Latium often changed  
 Her matter and her name. At length aroſe  
 Kings, of whom Tybris of gigantic form  
 Was chief; and we Italians ſince have call'd  
 The river by his name; thus Albula  
 (So was the country call'd in ancient days)  
 Was quite forgot. Me from my native land  
 An exile, through the dangerous ocean driven,  
 Reſtleſs fortune and relentleſs fate,

Placed where thou feeft me. Phoebus, and  
The nymph Carmentis, with maternal care  
Attendant on my wanderings, fix'd me here.

[Ten lines omitted.]

He faid, and fhow'd him the Tarpeian rock,  
And the rude Ipot where now the capitol  
Stands all magnificent and bright with gold,  
Then overgrown with thorns. And yet e'en then  
The fwains beheld that facred fcene with awe;  
The grove, the rock, infpired religious fear.  
This grove, he faid, that crowns the lofty top  
Of this fair hill, fome deity, we know,  
Inhabits, but what deity we doubt.  
The Arcadians fpeak of Jupiter himfelf,  
That they have often feen him, fhaking here  
His gloomy ./Egis, while the thunder-ftorms  
Came rolling all around him. Turn thine eyes,  
Behold that ruin; thofe difmantled walls,  
Where once two towns, laniculum——,  
By Janus this, and that by Saturn built,  
Saturnia. Such difcourfe brought them beneath  
The roof of poor Evander; thence they faw,  
Where now the proud and ftately forum (lands,  
The grazing herds wide fcatter'd o'er the field.  
Soon as he enter'd—Hercules, he faid,  
Vidlorious Hercules, on this threshold trod,  
Thefe walls contained him, humble as they are.  
Dare to defpife magnificence, my friend,  
Prove thy divine defcent by worth divine,  
Nor view with haughty fcorn this mean abode.  
So faying, he led ^Eneas by the hand,

And placed him on a cushion stufPd with leaves,  
Spread with the skin of a Lybistian tear.

[The Epifode of Venus and Vulcan omitted.]

While thus in Lemnos Vulcan was employ'd,  
Awaken'd by the gentle dawn of day,  
And the thrill fong of birds beneath the eaves  
Of his low mansion, old Evander rose.  
His tunic, and the sandals on his feet,  
And his good sword well girded to his side,  
A panther's skin dependent from his left,  
And over his right shoulder thrown afloat,  
Thus was he clad. Two mastiffs follow'd him,  
His whole retinue and his nightly guard.

OVID. FRIST. LIB. V. ELEG. XII.

*Scribis, ut obletem.*



YOU bid me write to amuse the tedious  
hours,  
And save from withering my poetic  
powers;

Hard is the task, my friend, for verse should flow  
From the free mind, not fetter'd down by woe;  
Restless amidst unceasing tempests tost,  
Whoe'er has cause for sorrow, I have most.  
Would you bid Priam laugh, his sons all slain;  
Or childless Niobe from tears refrain,  
Join the gay dance, and lead the festive train?

Does grief or study most befit the mind  
To this remote, this barbarous nook confined ?  
Could you impart to my unflinching breast  
The fortitude by Socrates possessed,  
Soon would it sink beneath such woes as mine,  
For what is human strength to wrath divine ?  
Wife as he was, and Heaven pronounced him so,  
My sufferings would have laid that wisdom low.  
Could I forget my country, thee and all,  
And even the offence to which I owe my fall,  
Yet fear alone would freeze the poet's vein,  
While hostile troops swarm o'er the dreary plain.  
Add that the fatal ruft of long diffuse  
Unfits me for the service of the Muse.  
Thistles and weeds are all we can expect  
From the best soil impoverished by neglect;  
Unexercised, and to his fall confined,  
The fleetest racer would be left behind;  
The best built bark that cleaves the watery way,  
Laid useless by, would moulder and decay—  
No hope remains that time shall me restore,  
Mean as I was, to what I was before.  
Think how a series of depending cares  
Benumbs the genius, and its force impairs.  
How oft, as now, on this devoted sheet,  
My verse constrain'd to move with measured feet,  
Reluctant and laborious limps along,  
And proves itself a wretched exile's song.  
What is it tunes the most melodious lays ?  
<sup>3</sup>Tis emulation and the thirst of praise,  
A noble thirst, and not unknown to me,  
While smoothly wafted on a calmer sea.

But can a wretch like Ovid pant for fame ?  
 No, rather let the world forget my name.  
 Is it becaufe that world approved my drain,  
 You prompt me to the fame purfuit again ?  
 No, let the Nine the ungrateful truth excufe,  
 I charge my hopelefs ruin on the Mufe,  
 And, like Perillus, meet my juft defert,  
 The vidtim of my own pernicious art;  
 Fool that I was to be fo warn'd in vain,  
 And fhipwreck'd once, to tempt the deep again.  
 Ill fares the bard in this unletter'd land,  
 None to confult, and none to underftand.  
 The pureft verfe has no admirers here,  
 Their own rude language only fuits their ear.  
 Rude as it is, at length familiar grown,  
 I learn it, and almoft unlearn my own;—  
 Yet to fay truth, e'en here the Mufe difdains  
 Confinement, and attempts her former ftrains,  
 But finds the ftrong defire is not the power,  
 And what her tafte condemns, the flames devour.  
 A part, perhaps, like this, efcares the doom,  
 And though unworthy, finds a friend at Rome;  
 But oh the cruel art, that could undo  
 Its votary thus! would that could perfifh too!





## . HORACE. LIB. I. ODE IX.

*Vides, ut altdftet nfoe candidum  
Sorafte; . . . .*



SEEST thou yon mountain laden with  
deep fnow,  
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen  
bow,  
The freams, congeaFd, forget to flow,  
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile  
Of fuel on the hearth;  
Broach the beft caik, and make old Winter fmile  
With feafonable mirth,

This be our part—let Heaven difpofe the reft;  
If Jove command, the winds (hall fleep  
That now wage war upon the foamy deep,  
And gentle gales fpring from the balmy weft.

E'en let us drift to-morrow as we may,  
When to-morrow's palTd away,  
We at leaft fhall have to fay,  
We have lived another day;  
Your auburn locks will foon be filver'd o'er,  
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.

## HORACE. LIB. I. ODE XXXVIII

*Perjicos odi, puer, apparatus.*

OY, I hate their empty (hows;  
 Perfian garlands I deleft;  
 Bring not me the late-blown rofe,  
 Lingering after all the reft.

Plainer myrtle pleafes me,  
 Thus outfretch'd beneath my vine;  
 Myrtle more becoming thee,  
 Waiting with thy matter's wine.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME  
ODE.

OY ! I deleft all Perfian fopperies,  
 Fillet-bound garlands are to me difguft-  
 ing;  
 Talk not thyfelf with any fearch, I charge thee,  
 Where lateft rofes linger,  
 Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)  
 Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will difparage  
 Thee occupied to ferve me, or me drinking  
 Beneath my vine's cool ftielter.

## HORACE. LIB. II. ODE XVI.

*Otium Divos rogat in patenti.*

EASE is the weary merchant's prayer,  
Who ploughs by night the Ægean  
flood,  
When neither moon nor stars appear,  
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,  
For ease the Thracian hero fights,  
Delightful ease all pant to taste,  
A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,  
Nor all a Consul's guard beat off  
The tumults of a troubled breast,  
The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man whose table flows  
A few clean ounces of old plate,  
No fear intrudes on his repose,  
No fordid wishes to be great.

Poor (short-lived things, what plans we lay!  
Ah, why forsake our native home!  
To distant climates speed away;  
For self ticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard, and foön overtakes  
The well rigg'd fhip, the warlike fteed;  
Her deftined quarry ne'er forfakes,  
Not the wind flies with half her fpeed.

From anxious fears of future ill  
Guard well the cheerful, happy now;  
Gild e'en your forrows with a fmile,  
No bleffing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing fteeds and lowing herds,  
Thy numerous flocks around thee graze,  
And the beft purple Tyre affords  
Thy robe magnificent difplays.

On me indulgent Heaven beftow'd  
A rural manfion, neat and fmall;  
This lyre;—and as for yonder crowd,  
The happinefs to hate them all.

ON THE BENEFIT RECEIVED ET HIS  
MAJESTY FROM SEA-BATHING,  
*In the Tear 1789.*



SOVEREIGN of an ifle renown'd  
For undisputed fway,  
Wherever o'er yon gulf profound  
Her navies wing their way;

With jufter claim (he builds at length  
 Her empire on the fea,  
 And well may boaft the waves her ftrength  
 Which ftrength reftored to Thee.

ADDRESSED TO MISS MACARTNET,

*On Reading the Prayer for Indifference.*



ND dwells there in a female heart,  
 By bounteous heaven defign'd,  
 The choicest raptures to impart,  
 To feel the moft refined—

Dwells there a wifh in fuch a breaft  
 Its nature to forego,  
 To fmother in ignoble reft  
 At once both blifs and woe!

Far be the thought, and far the ftrain,  
 Which breathes the low defire,  
 How fweet foe'er the verfe complain,  
 Though Phoebus ftring the lyre.

Come, then, fair maid, (in nature wife)  
 Who, knowing them, can tell  
 From generous fympathy what joys  
 The glowing bofom fwell:

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\* Afterwards Mrs. Greville: for the Ode fee Annual Register, vol. v. p. 202.

In justice to the various powers  
Of pleafing, which you fhare,  
Join me, amid your lilent hours,  
To form the better prayer.

With lenient balm may *Oberon* hence  
To fairy land be driven,  
With every herb that blunts the fenfe  
Mankind received from heaven.

" Oh! if my Sovereign Author pleafe,  
Far be it from my fate  
To live, unblefFd, in torpid eafe,  
And flumber on in ftate.

Each tender tie of life defied  
Whence focial pleafures fpring,  
Unmoved with all the world befide,  
A folitary thing,"

Some Alpine mountain, wrapt in fnow,  
Thus braves the whirling blaft,  
Eternal winter doom'd to know,  
No genial fpring to tafte.

In vain warm funs their influence fhed,  
The zephyrs fport in vain,  
He rears unchanged his barren head,  
Whilft beauty decks the plain.

What though in fcaly armour dreff'd,  
*Indifference* may repel  
The (hafts of woe—in fuch a breaft  
No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,  
And fix'd by Heaven's decree,  
That all the true delights of man  
Should fpring from *Sympathy*.

'Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws  
Of nature we retain,  
Our self-approving bosom draws  
A pleafure from its pain.

Thus grief itfelf has comforts dear  
The fordid never know;  
And ecftafy attends the tear  
When virtue bids it flow.

For when it freams from that pure fource  
No bribes the heart can win,  
To check, or alter from its courfe,  
The luxury within.

Peace to the phlegm of fullen elves,  
Who, if from labour eafed,  
Extend no care beyond themfelves,  
Unpleafing and unpleafed.

Let no low thought fuggeft the prayer,  
Oh! grant, kind Heaven, to me,  
Long as I draw ethereal air,  
Sweet Senfibility.

Where'er the heavenly nymph is feen,  
With luftre-beaming eye,  
A train, attendant on their queen,  
(Her rofy chorus) fly.

The jocund Loves in Hymen's band,  
With torches ever bright,  
And generous Friendship hand in hand,  
With Pity's watery fight.

The gentler Virtues too are join'd  
In youth immortal warm;  
The foft relations, which, combined,  
Give life her every charm.

The Arts come fmiling in the clofe,  
And lend celeftial fire;  
The marble breathes, the canvafs glows,  
The Mufes fwEEP the lyre.

" Still may my melting bofom cleave  
To fufferings not my own,  
And ftill the figh refponfive heave  
Where'er is heard a groan.

So Pity fliall take Virtue's part,  
Her natural ally,  
And fafhioning my foften'd heart,  
Prepare it for the fky."

This artlefs vow may Heaven receive,  
And you, fond maid, approve:  
So may your guiding angel give  
Whate'er you wi(h or love.

So may the rofy-finger'd hours  
Lead on the various year,  
And every joy, which now is yours,  
Extend a larger fphere.



And funs to come, as round they wheel,  
 Your golden moments blefs  
 With all a tender heart can feel,  
 Or lively fancy guefs.  
 1762.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON,

*Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth.*

*May 28, 1782.*



SAYS the Pipe to the Snuffbox, I can't  
 underftand  
 What the ladies and gentlemen fee in  
 your face,  
 That you are in fafhion all over the land,  
 And I am fo much fallen into difgrace.

Do but fee what a pretty contemplative air  
 I give to the company—pray do but note 'em—  
 You would think that the wife men of Greece were  
 all there,  
 Or, at leaft, would fuppofe them the wife men  
 of Gotham.

My breath is as fweet as the breath of blown rofes,  
 While you are a nuifance where'er you appear;  
 There is nothing but fnivelling and blowing of  
 nofes,  
 Such a noife as turns any man's ftomach to hear.

Then lifting his lid in a delicate way,  
 And opening his mouth with a fmile quite en-  
 gaging,  
 The Box in reply was heard plainly to fay,  
 What a filly difpute is this we are waging!

If you have a little of merit to claim,  
 You may thank the fweet-fmelling Virginian  
 weed;  
 And I, if I feem to deferue any blame,  
 The beforemention'd drug in apology plead.

Thus neither the praife nor the blame is our own,  
 No room for a fneer, much lefs a *cachinnus*,  
 We are vehicles, not of tobacco alone,  
 But of any thing elfe they may choofe to put  
 in us.

## THE FLATTING MILL.

*An Illuftration.*



WHEN a bar of pure filver or ingot of gold  
 Is fent to be flatted or wrought into  
 \_\_\_\_\_length,  
 It is pafPd between cylinders often, and roll'd  
 In an engine of utmoft mechanical ftrength.

Thus tortured and fqueezed, at laft it appears  
 Like a loofe heap of ribbon, a glittering (how,  
 Like mufic it tinkles and rings in your ears,  
 And, warm'd by the preflure, is all in a glow.

This procefs achieved, it is doom'd to fuftain  
 The thump after thump of a gold-beater's mallet,  
 And at laft is of fervice in ficknefs or pain  
 To cover a pill for a delicate palate.

Alas for the Poet, who dares undertake  
 To urge reformation of national ill!  
 His head and his heart are both likely to ache  
 With the double employment of mallet and mill.

If he wifh to inftruft, he muft learn to delight,  
 Smooth, ducSile, and even his fancy muft flow,  
 Muft tinkle and glitter like gold to the fight,  
 And catch in its progrefs a fenfible glow.

After all he muft beat it as thin and as fine  
 As the leaf that enfolds what an invalid fwallows;  
 For truth is unwelcome, however divine,  
 And unlefs you adorn it, a naufea follows.

*EPITAPH ON A FREE BUT TAME  
 REDBREAST,*

*A Favourite of Mift Sally Hurdls.*



THESE are not dewdrops, thefe are tears,  
 And tears by Sally fhed  
 For abfent Robin, who fhe fears,  
 With too much caufe, is dead.

One morn he came not to her hand  
As he was wont to come,  
And, on her finger perch'd, to stand  
Picking his breakfast-crumbs.

Alarm'd, (he call'd him, and perplex'd  
She fought him, but in vain—  
That day he came not, nor the next,  
Nor ever came again.

She therefore raised him here a tomb,  
Though where he fell, or how,  
None knows, so secret was his doom,  
Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died  
In social Robin's stead,  
Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,  
Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold  
Nor spiritlessly tame;  
Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,  
But always in a flame.

*March, 1792.*

## SONNET

*Addre/ed to William Hay ley, Esq.*



HAYLEY—thy tendernefs fraternal fhown  
In our firft interview, delightful gueft!  
To Mary, and me for her dear fake  
diftreff'd,

Such as it is has made my heart thy own,  
Though heedlefs now of new engagements grown ;  
For threefcure winters make a wintry breaft,  
And I had purpofed ne'er to go in queft  
Of Friendfhip more, except with God alone.

But Thou haft won me; nor is God my foe,  
Who, ere this laft afflictive fcene began,  
Sent Thee to mitigate the dreadful blow,  
My Brother, by whofe fympathy I know  
Thy true deferts infallibly to fcán,  
Not more to admire the Bard than love the Man.

*June 2, 1792.*

## AN EPITAPH.



HERE lies one who never drew  
Blood himfelf, yet many flew;  
Gave the gun its aim, and figure  
Made in field, yet ne'er pulPd trigger.

Armed men have gladly made  
 Him their guide, and him obey'd;  
 At his signified desire  
 Would advance, present, and fire—  
 Stout he was, and large of limb,  
 Scores have fled at sight of him!  
 And to all this fame he rose  
 Only following his Nose.  
 Neptune was he call'd, not He  
 Who controls the boisterous sea,  
 But of happier command,  
 Neptune of the furrow'd land;  
 And, your wonder vain to shorten,  
*Pointer to Sir John Tbrockmorton.*

1792.

### ON RECEIVING HATLET'S PICTURE.


 IN language warm as could be breathed  
 or penn'd  
 Thy picture speaks the original my friend,  
 Not by those looks that indicate thy mind—  
 They only speak thee friend of all mankind;  
 Expression here more soothing still I see,  
 That friend of *all* a partial friend to *me*.

January, 1793.

ON A PLANT OF VIRGIN'S BOWER,

*Deigned to cover a Garden-feat.*



**H**RIVE, gentle plant! and weave a  
bower  
For Mary and for me,  
And deck with many a splendid flower  
Thy foliage large and free.

Thou camest from Eartham, and wilt fhade  
 (If truly I divine)  
 Some future day the illuftrious head  
 Of him who made thee mine.

Should Daphne fhow a jealous frown,  
And Envy feize the Bay,  
Affirming none fo fit to crown  
Such honoured brows as they,

Thy caufe with zeal we (hall defend,  
And with convincing power;  
For why fhould not the Virgin's friend  
Be crown'd with Virgin's Bower?

*Spring of 1793.*

ON RECEIVING HEYNE'S VIRGIL  
FROM MR. HATLET.



SHOULD have deem'd it once an effort  
vain  
To fweeten more fweet Maro's match-  
lefs ftrain,  
But from that error now behold me free  
Since I received him as a gift from thee.

*Off.* 1793.

END OF VOL. I.















