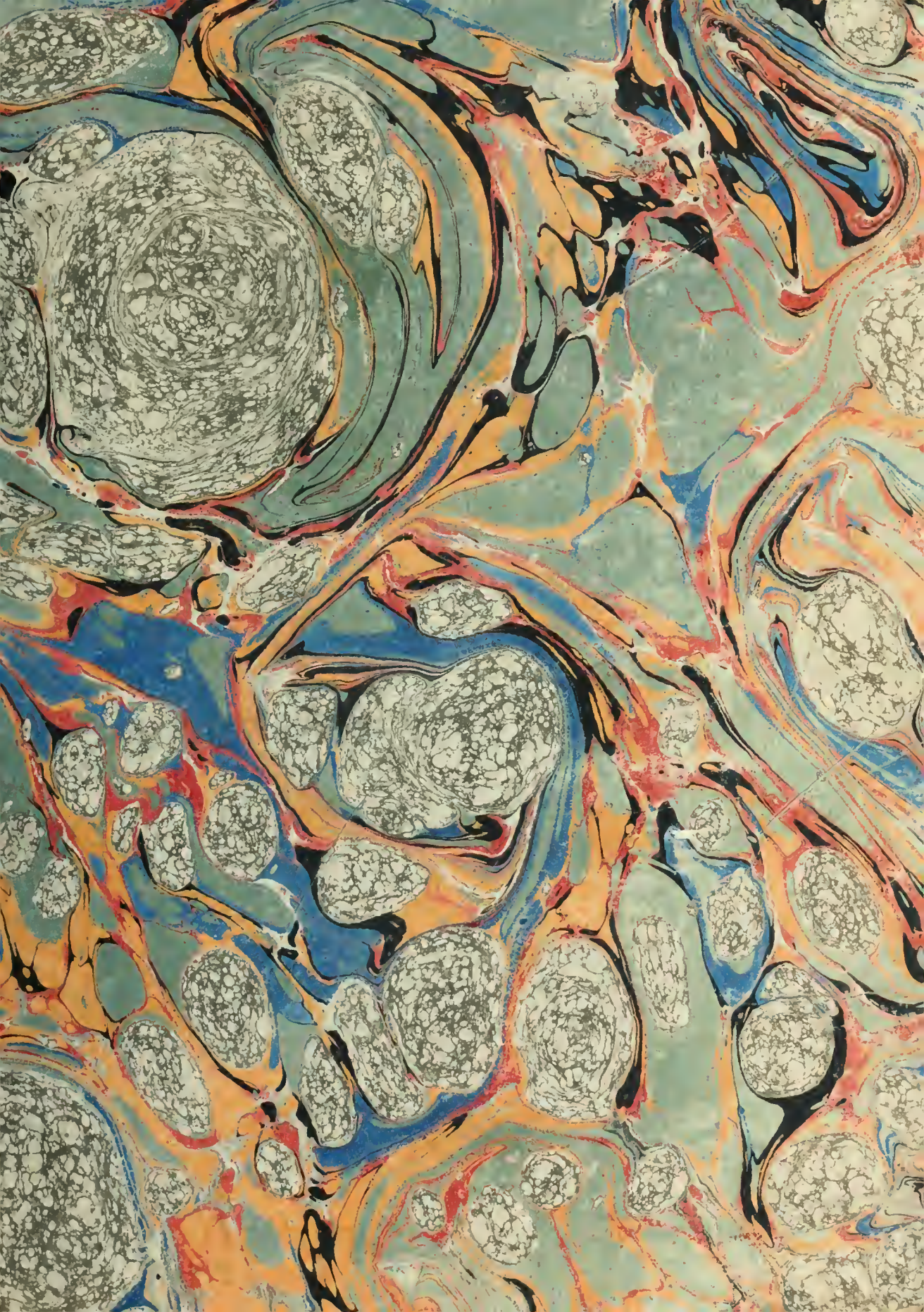






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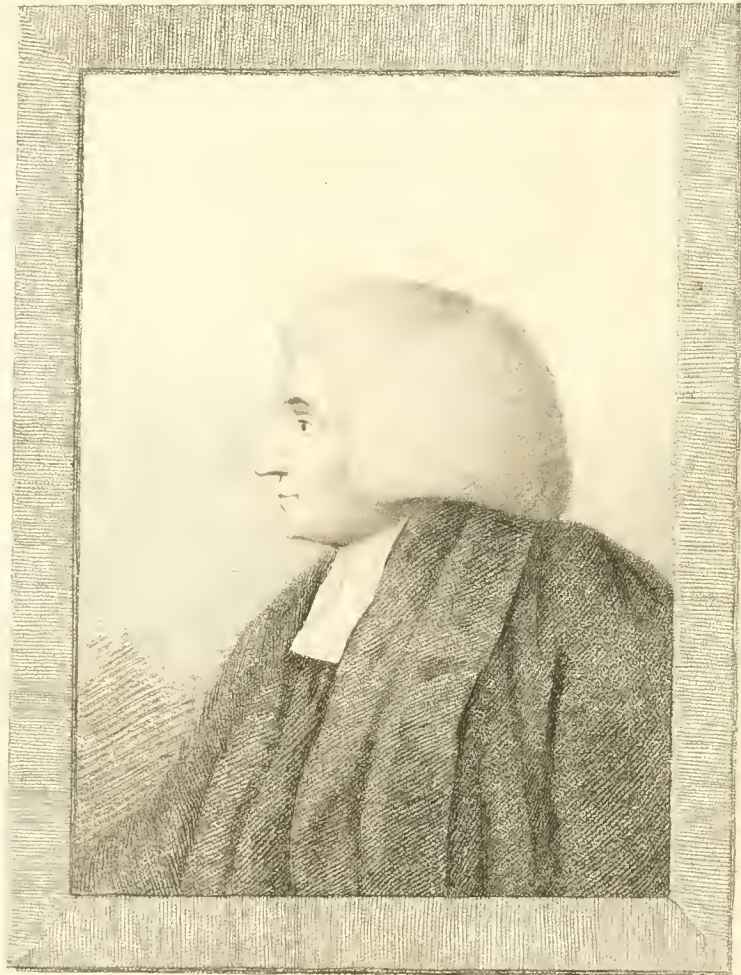


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THE REV. SAMUEL BISHOP A.M.

died 17th November 1795.

Published June 1st 1796. by Girdell and Davies, Strand.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

THE REV. SAMUEL BISHOP, A. M.

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL,
RECTOR OF ST. MARTIN OUTWICH, LONDON, AND OF DITTON IN THE COUNTY OF KENT,
AND CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the AUTHOR,

By the Rev. THOMAS CLARE, A. M.

VOL. I.

His Verse still lives; his Sentiment still warms;

His Lyre still warbles; and his Wit still charms.

VOL. i. p. 104.

L O N D O N :

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1796.

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1796

TO THE

K I N G.

S I R,

I PRESUME to offer to Your Majesty's notice the works of a poet, whom history may perhaps hereafter record as an ornament to Your Majesty's Reign; an æra distinguished in the annals of Great Britain for the progress of polite literature and the general diffusion of refined taste.

The

DEDICATION.

The author, Sir, though a lively and playful writer, was impartial in his judgment, and just in his principles: that he was also affectionately attached to Your Majesty and Your Royal Consort, will appear from several of his compositions. They contain the sentiments of a great and upright mind; sentiments, in which the hearts of all the virtuous and the wise delight to participate, but which genius alone, like his, can express in a manner adequate to their sincerity and their force.

I am, SIR,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Most faithful Subject,

and most dutiful Servant,

THOMAS CLARE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*I*N selecting the following poems from a much greater number, which were left for publication, the editor has been influenced by his desire of forming a popular work, which should exhibit to the best advantage the variety of the author's talents.

Few of these compositions have hitherto appeared in print. The Ode on the King's Marriage, that on the Queen's Birth Day, and another on the Duke of Newcastle's Retirement; the Hymn on Spring; the Verses on the Game of Cricket, on Flowers, and on the Day-Fly; the Fable addressed to Miss Palmer; the Verses to Mrs. Bishop with a Knife, a Ring, and a Pocket-Mirror; and eight or ten of the Epigrams, have already been published; and several of them
repeatedly;

ADVERTISEMENT.

repeatedly; sometimes with, sometimes without the Author's name, and not unfrequently ascribed to other persons. The remainder of this work is conceived to be in every respect new to the world.

In the arrangement the editor has attended to the order of time in which the poems were written, when there was no particular reason to depart from that method. The Odes stand irregularly, because the date of some of them could not be ascertained. The Hymn on the Spring, which follows them, is the earliest of the Author's productions in this collection, having been finished in the year 1751. The Miscellaneous Verses have been placed as the connection seemed to require; but most of those are dated. The Occasional Subjects, and the Epigrams are in regular chronological order.

A small number of Latin Poems has been inserted merely as a specimen of the Author's ability in that kind of composition. The last of those (vol. i. page 333.)
was

ADVERTISEMENT.

was written, a short time before his decease, when his health and spirits began to fail, and though perhaps inferior to the rest, it has been preserved, as a testimony of regard for Dr. Marlow, which does honor to Mr. Bishop's feelings and judgment. For a similar reason the editor has admitted some poetical trifles relating to the author's family and friends, which acquire a certain degree of importance as they display the disposition of the writer, and mark the natural character of his mind.

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2010/01/01

Dear Sir,
I am pleased to hear from you and to hear that you are well.
I am well at present and hope these few lines find you the same.
I have not much news to write at present.
I am still in the same place and doing the same work.
I have not much news to write at present.
I am still in the same place and doing the same work.
I have not much news to write at present.
I am still in the same place and doing the same work.
I have not much news to write at present.
I am still in the same place and doing the same work.

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MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS
OF
THE LIFE
OF
THE REVEREND MR. BISHOP.

VOL. I.

a

Quod munus reipublicæ afferre majus meliusve possumus, quam si docemus atque erudimus juventutem?

CICERO de Divinatione, Lib. ii. § 2.

M E M O I R S

OF

T H E L I F E

OF

T H E R E V E R E N D M R . B I S H O P .

ENGAGED in superintending the publication of my deceased friend's Poetical Works, I conceive that the interest excited by the writings, will be extended to the author; and that the world will desire some information concerning the person, whose very productions prove him to have been a great and singular character.

The trite observation, that the lives of literary men are deficient in incidents to gratify curiosity or to

awaken surprife, could never be more juftly applied, than on the prefent occafion. Nothing to attract the attention, or to amufe the imagination, can be expected in the memoirs of a writer, who wifhed only to live “ forgetting and forgot ; ”—who publifhed no work of importance ; took no active part in public concerns ; joined in no cabal ; was engaged in no controverfy, nor involved in any personal difpute ; whose days were rendered remarkable by no fignal inftance of either good or bad fortune ; and whose whole life was paffed in one even and uniform tenor, and almoft upon one fpot ; where he inftituted youth in his fchool, and cultivated literature in the retirement of his clófet.

Yet thofe fhort notices, which my recollection preferves, or my inquiry has been able to obtain, concerning an author, whose works will probably defcend to pofterity, I ought not to withhold from the public ; who will read his compofitions with increafed fatisfaction, when they fhall fee him no lefs amiable

amiable from the good qualities of his disposition, than illustrious from the vigorous powers of his understanding. However conscious I may be of my own disqualification for the office of his biographer, reverence for his memory forbids me to neglect a duty, which my heart feels to be sacred. I have spent the greater part of my life with him; and I will not leave his character to be established upon report; which might be erroneous; or to be hereafter founded upon tradition, which must of necessity be uncertain and imperfect.

SAMUEL BISHOP was descended from a respectable family*. His father, George, was born at Hollway, in the parish of Catstock in Dorsetshire; at which

* The family, I believe, was originally of Worcestershire; and descended from John Bishop, who married Agnes Alen, cousin and heir to John Malefune De-la-More of that county:—as appears by the Tower Records, Anno 2 Hen. IV. A. D. 1400. The Coat Armour born by the family, was granted to William Bishop of Hollway in August 1627.

place was the family estate. He married Mary Palmer, daughter of Mr. Samuel Palmer of Southover near Lewes; a descendant of one of the younger branches of the ancient family of the Palmers of Suffex. He appears to have quitted Hollway early in life; and to have resided chiefly in London, or in the neighbourhood.

Samuel, his eldest son, was born in St. John's Street, in that city, on the 21st of September (old style) in the year 1731. He was tender, and delicate, in his bodily constitution; yet gave early indications of uncommon capacity, and application. The progress he made in learning, even during infancy, appears remarkable, from an anecdote often mentioned by him; that he was called, when only nine years old, to construe the Greek Testament for a lad of fourteen, the son of an opulent neighbour. His father, who was well-instructed himself, and distinguished by sound judgment, attended carefully to his education; and noting the dawn of genius in
his

his mind, determined that he should receive all the advantages of instruction, and literary improvement, which a public school can afford. He was accordingly entered at Merchant-Taylors' School, London, on the 6th of June 1743, when he was between eleven and twelve years of age.

From that time there appeared in him strong evidences of a marked character, and peculiar designation of mind. He soon became conscious of his own powers: he rose above his fellows; and attracted the notice and approbation of his masters. He read with avidity; and composed with success. His first essays, however imperfect, shewed great natural abilities, and an original vein of wit. The applause he obtained, encouraged him to pursue his studies with redoubled assiduity. History and poetry, I believe, at first divided his attention: though the last soon became the predominant impulse of his mind. He not only acquired that knowledge of the Latin and Greek Classics, which is usually obtained in a public seminary,

feminary, but also became intimately acquainted with the best authors in our own language: and some of his writings prove that he had perused Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Swift, at an early age, with much discrimination and critical judgment.

When he was far advanced in the upper form of the school, the late Rev. James Townley, then a very young man, was elected under-master. Possessed of a brilliant imagination himself, he soon observed the expanding powers of genius in Mr. Bishop: and an intimacy commenced between them, which continued, uninterrupted on either side, till the day of Mr. Townley's decease.

Mr. Townley was a man of the most pleasing manners, and the happiest talents for conversation. Never overstepping the bounds of decorum, never forgetting the respect due to his own character, or the feelings of others, he enlivened his discourse by perpetual sallies of genuine and inoffensive wit. An agreeable
writer,

writer, an elegant scholar, and a skilful judge of literary excellence*, he certainly contributed to form the taste of our young Author; who was proud to be noticed by him, and to be permitted to assist in writing the exercises, for the days of public examination. Those which he spoke himself, were of his own composition.

The head-master of Merchant-Tailors' at that time was Mr. Criche, a diligent teacher, and a well-grounded scholar; though marked by some singularities of character. Mr. Bishop often mentioned with gratitude the improvement he had received under the instruction of that worthy man.

On the 11th of June 1750, Mr. Bishop was elected to St. John's College, Oxford; and admitted a Scholar

* Mr. Garrick had so high an opinion of Mr. Townley's judgment, that he submitted all his own works to his correction. He was the Author of "High Life below Stairs," an excellent farce commonly attributed to Garrick.

of that society, on the 25th of the same month. He was happy in being placed under the tuition of Dr. Fry, who with considerable learning, united a knowledge of the world, and the manners of a gentleman. He soon distinguished Mr. Bishop by particular regard; directed his course of reading with friendly sollicitude; and recommended to him the continual study of the ancients, as the most correct models of composition: advice, which Mr. Bishop followed with strict attention, and always acknowledged with grateful recollection.

During his residence at college, he not only corrected his taste by reading with judgment; but also improved the powers of his mind by habitual practice in composition. Besides several poetical pieces, with which he supplied his friends, he wrote also a great number of college exercises, hymns, paraphrases of scripture, translations from the ancients, and imitations of the moderns.

He

He was admitted Fellow of St. John's, in June 1753. And on the 24th of April in the year 1754, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. About the same time he was ordained Deacon; and Priest, I believe, in the following year.

He was then settled in the curacy of Headley in Surry; whither he had removed on account of a declining state of health. Change of air soon restored him. He continued to divide his time between Headley, and the university, till the year 1758, when he took the degree of Master of Arts, on the 11th of April.

He quitted Headley in the same year; and came to reside entirely in London, on his being elected under-master of Merchant-Taylors' School on the 26th of July. He was appointed also curate of St. Mary Abchurch; and some time afterwards chosen lecturer of St. Christopher-le-Stocks; a church

since taken down for the enlargement of the Bank.

In 1762, his friend Mr. Townley, who had been elected head-master two years before, introduced the acting of Latin plays, as an exercise for the boys. The Eunuch, the Troades of Seneca abridged, and the Ignoramus cut down to a farce, were represented at Merchant-Taylors' several nights. Garrick gave the scenery; Bishop furnished some of the prologues and epilogues; and Townley's admirable taste directed the whole. These theatrical exhibitions, though much applauded, were continued no more than two seasons; the Merchant-Taylors' Company disapproving of them, as likely to draw the attention of the Scholars from more useful pursuits, and more important acquirements.

In this year also he published an "Ode to the Earl of Lincoln on the Duke of Newcastle's retirement."

ment." It appeared without his name ; and was not so much designed to attract public attention, as to conciliate the favor of a noble family, who honored with friendly regard the father of the lady, to whom Mr. Bishop then paid his addresses, and who afterwards became Mrs. Bishop. It failed of the desired effect from his reluctance to obtrude himself upon the notice of the great.

In the year 1763, he was married at St. Austyn's, Watling-street, to Mary Palmer, one of the daughters of Mr. Joseph Palmer, of Old Malling near Lewes, who was descended from one of the elder branches of the family of the Palmers already mentioned*.

His

* To the description of the village of Angmering in the " History of Suffex," this account of the Palmer family is added:

" This town is rendered famous by the birth of *John, Henry, and Thomas Palmer*, the three sons of *Edward Palmer* esq. then inhabiting it. Their mother was the daughter of one Mr. *Clement* of *Wales*, who joining in the assistance of King *Henry VII.* from his landing at *Milford-Haven* to the battle at *Bosworth Field*, when he won the throne by killing King *Richard III.* was rewarded with several lands in this and the

His affection and esteem for this lady continued through life with unabating force. What opinion he formed of her excellent qualities, the world will see in his writings. By her he had only one child, a daughter now living*.

On his marriage he settled in Scots-yard, Bush-lane; and there, during the winter of 1763 and 1764, he wrote several essays and poems, which appeared in a periodical publication, called "The Ladies Club,"—printed in the Ledger †. Among these was an "Ode on the Queen's birth-day;" distinguished for tender sensibility, united with ele-

the next county. It happened that their mother, at their birth, was above a fortnight in labour, and brought forth *John* the eldest on *Whitsunday*, *Henry* on *Trinity Sunday*, and *Thomas* the *Sunday* after. They all three proved brave and valiant men, and were on that account knighted for their remarkable successes, as well as famous for their nativities. From them are descended the knightly family of *Palmers* in this county and *Kent*, of whom Sir *Roger Palmer* was *Cofferer* to King *Charles I.* and died at above eighty years old." *Magna Britannia*, vol. v. p. 473.

* Named *Mary Palmer* after her *own*, and her *father's*, mother.

† Those written by him are distinguished by the letters *S.* and *P.*

gant simplicity of expression. The amiable character of her Majesty had impressed his mind with veneration: and he has taken various opportunities of paying the tribute of respect, so justly due to her virtues.

His next work was one volume in quarto, consisting of Latin poems, in part translated, and in part original, intitled “*Feriæ poeticæ;*” published by subscription, and of course with his name. For a work of this kind he could not expect a general sale. Tho’ remarkable for neat and elegant Latinity, it was known only to his friends, and a few literary characters. It was ever Mr. Bishop’s lot to undertake that, which was most laborious, and least beneficial.

His intimacy with Woodward*, the comedian, who had been educated at Merchant-Taylors’, induced

* Mr. Woodward was assisted by Mr. Bishop in composing an entertainment for the stage, to be called “*The Seasons;*” and intended to have been exhibited in a style of splendor, at that time unexampled. Woodward

duced him frequently to turn his thoughts towards writing for the stage. And about this time he was persuaded by his friend's solicitations to offer to the managers "The Fairy Benifon;" an interlude in imitation of Shakespeare, intended as a compliment to the royal family on the first appearance of the Prince of Wales at the theatre. The manuscript was returned for alteration. Either the Author grew tired of the subject; or in the meanwhile some favored competitor stepped in. The Fairy Benifon was not acted. Whether from failure in this attempt, or diffidence of his own abilities, I know not; but he relinquished also a design, which had engaged much of his attention, the writing a tragedy for representation. The plot was founded on some subject of the English history, and I understood that a part had been finished; but not a fragment remains.

ward had two favorite projects in view; one was to bring out this superb pantomime; and the other to introduce his black servant, whom he had instructed, with infinite pains, to play Othello. In both these schemes he was disappointed, I believe by the refusal of the managers.

These

These are the only instances to my knowledge, in which Mr. Bishop attempted to apply his singular endowments to the advancement of his own reputation and fortune. From this period he devoted his talents to the amusement of a few select friends, and the laborious duties of his profession; which he continued to discharge with the utmost fidelity, during the prime of his life. His love of the school induced him even to decline two very advantageous offers, which were made him; the one was the undertaking to educate the sons of a nobleman, with a handsome salary, the accommodation of a house in his lordship's park, and a promise of preferment; the other was the appointment of master to the public school at Bristol, obtained for him by his friend Dr. Fry, then president of St. John's, who was seriously displeas'd by his refusal.

In January 1783, he was elected head-master of Merchant-Taylors: how much to the reputation of the school, and the benefit of the public, will not

be speedily forgotten. He then removed from New Basinghall-street, where he had resided some years, to Suffolk-lane; and about the same time took a house at Golder's-hill, in the parish of Hendon, Middlesex; where he and his family might occasionally retire for change of scene and air. Mrs. Bishop's state of health appeared then very precarious; and his own began to fail. His mind indeed was perpetually engrossed by one object. After he became head-master, he allowed himself no time for relaxation, or exercise. No personal comfort or enjoyment was ever suffered to come in competition with the credit of the school. The recess was often given up to the preparation for an approaching day of examination. For the election-day alone he generally supplied from the fertile resources of his own mind, above one hundred different compositions.

He had the happiness however to see his merits acknowledged by his patrons the Merchant-Tailors' Company, who in the year 1789 presented him to
I the

the living of St. Martin Outwich, London, as a reward for his long and faithful services. The Bishop of Bangor* a few years before had obtained for him, from the Earl of Aylesford, the rectory of Ditton in Kent. The Bishop, who had known him for many years, had remarked his learning and virtues, and ever honored him with the most friendly regard †.

His usual diffidence prevented him from availing himself of the opportunity this connection might have afforded, of introducing to Lord Aylesford's more particular notice, those qualities which would have so strongly recommended him to a nobleman of his

* John Warren, D. D.

† The obtaining the living of Ditton gave him the greater pleasure, as it was entirely unsolicited on his part. His lordship's kindness proceeded solely from the natural benignity of his own disposition. And it ought to be recorded in the life of a man, whose abilities were not noticed by the world as they deserved, that there was at least one person in an exalted station, who had discernment to distinguish rare talents, and liberality to encourage modest merit; and that that person was the Bishop of Bangor.

lordship's benevolent disposition, and highly cultivated understanding*.

The ample income Mr. Bishop now possessed, he did not long enjoy. Bodily infirmities grew fast upon him. He was worn by repeated and severe fits of the gout (inherited from his father, whose constitution was broken by that disorder before he was thirty); he began to desire rest and quiet; and he found the labour of his employment too great for his strength: yet his anxious solicitude for the welfare of the school, made him unwilling to relinquish his situation. In the mean time, all those who loved him observed with concern, that his health was gradually declining.

At the latter end of the year 1794, he sustained a heavy loss in the death of a most worthy man, and his

* The Earl's attention to Mr. Bishop's family, since his decease, has been more than condescending or friendly; it has manifested a feeling and a noble heart.

dearest

dearest friend, Mr. Dickins, one of the Prothonotaries of the court of Common Pleas; with whom he had lived in habits of the most cordial affection, from the time they had known each other at college. This event, entirely unforeseen, was a severe shock; particularly to a mind, already weakened by illness*. In the beginning of 1795, he was alarmed by an oppression upon his breath, which came on with great violence. It gave way in some degree to the power of medicine: but his strength diminished rapidly, during the spring; and his situation on the election-day in June, was, I believe, too visible to all who were present. Dr. Pitcairn, who attended him, from that time to the day of his decease, had no hope of his recovery from the beginning. His disorder was water on the chest. Of this it was

* He repeatedly attempted to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of his deceased friend by writing his character; but his feelings constantly overpowered him. He often thought that some passages in his verses on "*The English Character*" were applicable to Mr. Dickins, particularly those paragraphs, beginning at the 17th line of page 277, and at the 11th line of page 279, in this Volume.

not thought necessary to apprise him ; though he had sufficient intimations, what the event might probably be. He took occasion to express the sincerity of his religious faith ; and prayed fervently to the Almighty, that he would extend protection to his family. In regard to his own future state he appeared perfectly at ease. He was confined only a few days ; his mind was very little affected by delirium ; and “ brief bursts of splendor ” marked the brilliancy of his imagination to the last. He felt no violent pains, but a great degree of that restlessness, which usually precedes dissolution. The only alleviation he appeared to receive in this state of suffering, proceeded from the affectionate attention of his wife, and daughter. Mrs. Bishop’s presence inspired him with constant delight ; and he often alluded to a composition of his own, in which he had said, that his last sigh should breath applause of her. On the morning of the 17th of November 1795, he concluded a life, devoted to the duties of his office, and the service of the public.

Mr.

Mr. Bishop was in stature about the middle size; well proportioned, and well formed; except that his chest was narrow; which occasioned a stoop in his shoulders, and a depression of his head. His face was what would be oftener called pleasing, than handsome. His eyes were dark, brilliant, and penetrating: their natural lustre was heightened by the perpetual quickness of their motion; and their expression was improved by the flexibility of his brows; which were black, though not prominent; and marked strong sense, rather than severity; while the smile of good-humour generally played round his mouth. The whole countenance was highly animated, and spoke the intelligent and candid character of his mind. It shewed undisguised every internal emotion: appearing somewhat terrible, when clouded by anger; delightfully comic, when exhilarated by mirth; but most interesting, when perfectly calm and placid.

His

His address was “frank, though not forward.” His presence made a strong impression; yet prevented no person from being instantly at ease in his company. There was in his manner no distant pride; no supercilious affectation; nothing to discourage, or disconcert; nothing, but what expressed complacency, and simplicity of heart.

His conversation was sprightly, and captivating; though not so much supplied from the treasures of information, with which his mind was stored, as from the original sources of his own imagination, and the playfulness of his never-failing fancy. Amiable and inoffensive pleasantries; prompt and vigorous conceptions; apt, yet singular illustrations; judgment, ready to mark nice distinctions; wit, eager to seize distant relations; remarks forcible, because just; and points striking, because unexpected; an happy combination of ideas, and a rapid succession of images, expressed in appropriate language; wherein however elegance was less regarded, than strength; these appear

pear to be some of the distinguishing characters of his familiar discourse.

His temper was chearful and gay; inclined to enjoy the pleasures of social freedom, and convivial merriment: and his disposition was modest, open, and friendly. Never assuming or intrusive, in his intercourse with the world he manifested an amiable diffidence, and a delicacy of sentiment, peculiar to himself. It is true, that he evidently felt an ingenuous pride in receiving honest praise. But, if he delighted in the approbation of men of sense and virtue, he was first careful to deserve their esteem. At least he scorned to solicit applause by an ostentatious display of his own good qualities; or by the affectation of virtues which he did not possess. He permitted his sentiments to be visible to all the world, disdaining any concealment; and with a noble spirit, choosing rather to suffer by the baseness of others, than to stoop to a base action himself. He was easy of access, ready to inform, and prompt to oblige;

oblige ; and he took a sincere and active concern in the interest of those he loved, freely devoting all his powers to the service of his friends.

His penetration was strong, rather than quick. Candid to make all fair allowance ; and not inclined to distrust, because never disposed to deceive ; he sometimes admitted insinuating men into a degree of intimacy, of which they were unworthy ; but if his suspicions were once awakened, he judged with some severity. If Mr. Bishop ever had an enemy, it was some insincere man of the world, who felt that his real disposition was detected.—Where he disliked, he knew how to be repulsive.

In his moral character he was eminently exemplary. Just from principle, and religious from conviction, he regulated all his actions by the strictest rules of integrity ; and never, I am persuaded, did an intentional injury to any human being.

As a minister of a parish, he was diligent in all the duties of his function. Tempering zeal with moderation, he secured the love of his parishioners by consistent propriety of conduct, and by virtuous simplicity of manners. He read the prayers of the church in a firm and devout tone; and his sermons, which were admired for clearness of argument joined with power of expression, and for the happy union of good sense and piety, were delivered with great animation. Yet his elocution seemed to be the result of continued effort; which was owing to a natural defect in the organs of speech, that had prevented him from articulating during the first years of his infancy, till he had been in some degree relieved by a chirurgical operation: yet he was never able to pronounce a formal discourse, without difficulty. His voice however was full and sonorous; and though it might not be persuasive, it commanded respect, though it might fail in the pathetic, it excited sentiments of contrition and devotion. His manner, at the same time, was unaffected, manly, and impres-

five; evidently proceeding from self-conviction; and therefore calculated to convince the judgment, and to improve the heart.

Yet excellent as he was in his priestly office, the character, in which Mr. Bishop shone with the highest lustre, was that of master of a school,—a character seldom esteemed or rewarded in proportion to its usefulness and excellence. No application of talents is more beneficial to society: and no man ever brought more useful talents, or more constant application to this important work, than Mr. Bishop did. All the necessary qualifications, ability, learning, integrity, and judgment, he possessed in a superior degree. His abilities, naturally great, were the qualities of a mind ever eager to obtain an increase of knowledge: and his strong sense and prompt conception were improved by laborious study. Both in the English and French languages, he repeatedly read the most esteemed authors in polite literature. But his general attention was directed to the Greek
and

and Latin Classics, which were continually in his hands, and the objects of his enthusiastic admiration. Yet he did not rely solely on his own taste and knowledge; but consulted the various critics and commentators; from a conviction, that it was his duty to neglect no means of information, which might be serviceable to his scholars. In explaining to them the passages selected for their instruction, no illustration was withheld; no difficulty unnoticed; no allusion to ancient manners or customs, unremarked; no beauty of diction or sentiment, left unobserved; and no hint for moral or mental improvement, permitted to pass without due regard. And all this was done with such friendly interest, such frank familiarity, and such condescending pleasantry, that the boys actually looked forward to the time of lesson, as to an hour of delight.

In his attendance at the school he was invariably punctual, unless prevented by illness, or indispensable avocations. Whatever he undertook he performed
with

with fidelity; but his unremitting diligence at Merchant-Taylor's' exceeded all that integrity could require. It was the devotion of time, talents, health, nay of life itself!

In the management of the school his discretion was singularly apparent. He avoided all unnecessary severity; endeavoring, if possible, to interest the feelings of his boys; to win the affection of the ingenuous by kindness; and to restrain the turbulence of the perverse by shame and disgrace. His prudence observed and prevented every tendency towards disturbance; checking in the commencement that spirit of disorder, which if once permitted to break out, his authority might have been unable to quell. His superior excellence in this respect arose from his foreseeing the result of the measures he pursued; from his knowing when to spare, and when to correct; when to indulge the lenient disposition of his own mind, and when to restrain the misconduct of his boys by proper punishment,—punishment more effectual,

effectual, in proportion as it was less frequent. The good consequences of his conduct were evident. There was no revolt, or riot, during the whole time of his continuance at the head of the school.

Perhaps the most striking feature in his character is this, that he could render even the office of a school-master engaging. *His boys became scholars, and gentlemen**; and they loved their instructor!

In regard to Mr. Bishop's poetical talents, it becomes me to speak with diffidence. Yet something may be allowed to the anxiety of friendship, which, without presuming to dictate to the world, takes the liberty to offer a few general observations, the result

* He dwelt with pleasure on the recollection that he had bred so many deserving young men; and often, during the latter part of his life, would delight to call himself the father of St. John's College; the president, and most of the members of that society, having been his scholars.

of long acquaintance with the sentiments and writings of the author.

He composed with great facility: and I have actually known him, after a day spent in the labors of the school, produce at one sitting a copy of verses of seventy or eighty lines. His usual method was to devote the evenings to that employment: yet he would occasionally, when he awoke early in the morning, pour out a number of verses, while he lay in bed; and, when he rose, commit them at once to paper; or again he would secure by the same means, what his imagination had amply supplied during a saunter through the streets. Many of his productions have been retouched and finished with repeated care; while several of them, particularly the shorter pieces, though the rapid effusions of his mind, have required little, if any, subsequent amendment. In general it may be said, that his first thoughts flowed with quickness and correctness. Habitual practice had given him great readiness; and

and he neglected no means of adding to the stores of his intellectual wealth; setting down every idea that arose from reading or conversation, which he conceived might afterwards be useful in composition.

The character which, in my opinion, principally distinguishes his writings, is an air of originality. His thoughts are commonly his own, and indeed such as would scarcely have occurred to any man except himself. No author has borrowed less from others. Even the great number of epigrams, he has written, have been chiefly supplied from his own mind. If he ever takes an hint from another person, he improves it: if he sometimes repeats an old story, he makes it his own by the manner of telling. If it be admitted that he occasionally amuses himself with a mere play upon words; it should also be observed, that he often conveys strong meaning under apparent pleasantries. While we laugh, we learn to reflect. His compositions are calculated to correct follies, to strengthen the

VOL. I. e judgment,

judgment, and to improve the heart. If there are few effusions of sensibility, there is much observation and knowledge of the human mind. If he seldom attempts the plaintive, he gains possession of our feelings by mirth and good-humour. His influence over his readers proceeds from the fertility of an imagination, prompt to perceive, vigorous to illustrate; and only equalled by the power of his expression. The simplicity and chasteness of his manner are admirable: the combination of his ideas, whether they are designed to be united or opposed, is always happy, though singular; his images are elegant, though familiar; his allusions are apt, though not obvious; and his wit is delightful, because never foreseen.

Every idea is brought to a strong point. In his epigrams particularly, the turn of the whole thought, the construction of the sentence, the position of the words, tend to lead the reader imperceptibly to an object; still prepared for, yet still concealed,

concealed, till at last it bursts at once upon the view. In those compositions, where the sentiment is at first apparent, the full strength of expression is reserved for the conclusion: and conceptions pleasing and sprightly in themselves, are rendered doubly impressive by the neatness and force of his language. The arrangement of his words is perfectly easy; and they are selected with such judgment, and combined with such happy art, that they often seem to have occurred of themselves, and to have fallen naturally into their proper places. It would be difficult to insert one word in the place of another, and not diminish the beauty of the passage.

His rhymes are good, though frequently uncommon; and the fabrick of his verse is easy and flowing. Expression, rather than harmony, was his object. To attain that, he has introduced variety in the pauses and structure of his lines. The design of metrical composition being only to give satisfaction to the ear, he regarded less the repetition of

certain numbers, than the selection of those syllables, which were best adapted to produce certain effects. What may seem negligence, was perhaps occasioned by design. He thought nothing so offensive as monotony. Yet many instances occur in his own writings of lines truly harmonious; and heightened in their effect by variety and contrast.

An examination of the particular excellencies of my author's several compositions, would lead me into an improper detail; and expose me to the suspicion of undue partiality. I avow a warm interest in the success of the work; but I do not conceive *that* is to be obtained by a studied display of beauties, which it would be an affront to the reader to suppose he can pass over unfelt, or unobserved.

I willingly submit the character of my friend as a poet, to the judgment of the public. I consent that his reputation should be established upon his
power

power of pleasing; and I heartily subscribe to the opinion of Dr. Johnson*, that “ Works of the
“ imagination excel by their allurements and de-
“ light; by their power of attracting and detaining
“ the attention:”—and that “ he only is the
“ master, who keeps the mind in pleasing cap-
“ tivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness,
“ and in hope of new pleasure are perused again;
“ and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of
“ sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing
“ day.”

THOMAS CLARE.

GOLDER'S HILL,
June 11th, 1796.

* Life of Dryden.

O D E S.

O D E I.

ON THE KING'S MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

I.

SOFT rose the gales, ordain'd to bear
To ALBION'S coast the chosen Fair,
Her Monarch's future Bride;
When, lo! the Nymph, that loves to dwell
Deep in the pearl-enamell'd cell,
Where ALBIS' waters glide,
High o'er the wave appear'd, and strung
Her coral lyre, and thus she sung:

II.

“ Go, share the glory of a Throne,
 “ Where Virtues, worthy of thine own,
 “ Congenial lustre shed:
 “ Go, share the transports of a breast,
 “ Whose cares shall give the Nations rest,
 “ And raise th’ afflicted head:
 “ Shall burst th’ incroaching tyrant’s chain,
 “ And bid Ambition rage in vain.

III.

“ Obedient to the lot assign’d,
 “ Thy country gives thee to mankind,
 “ And turns her raptur’d eye
 “ (Prophetic of thy future claim)
 “ To every dearer, nobler name,
 “ To every stronger tie,
 “ When grateful Nations shall contend
 “ To hail thee, Mother, Queen, and Friend.

“ Just

IV.

“ Just to a Patriot’s generous cares,
“ Indulgent to a Kingdom’s prayers,
“ Heaven’s happiest influence shone;
“ Each glory Victory’s wreath bestows,
“ Each radiance that from Virtue flows,
“ At once adorn’d the Throne:
“ The Brave, the Good, the Just, approv’d,
“ And Freedom prais’d, because she lov’d.

V.

“ Thou, when domestic scenes of joy
“ His dearer, tenderer cares employ,
“ Shalt seize the favouring hour:
“ Thoughts, which thy softness will suggest,
“ Shall charm at once, and raise his breast,
“ And Love give Virtue power:
“ Some added Wreath his brow shall bind;
“ Some added Good enrich mankind.

“ Then

VI.

“ Then shall he blefs thy kind concern,
“ Gladly to Love and Thee return,
“ And own his toils repaid;
“ Shall own that Heaven for him prepar’d
“ The noblest toils, the best reward;
“ And trace from Thee convey’d,
“ To every age, on BRITAIN’S Throne,
“ Desert and Glory, like his own.”

O D E II.

TO THE QUEEN ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN 1764.

I.

FROM all the blifs a Queen can feel,
When a whole grateful Nation pays
(Ardent in duty, bold in zeal)
The annual tribute of it's praise,

II.

The Royal Dame a moment stole—
Laid down the wreaths her people wrought,
And, wrapt in sweet fufpence of foul,
Indulged a Mother's tenderest thought.

Where,

III.

Where, sooth'd by Slumber's lenient hand,
 Two Boys, her infant offspring lay,
 Intent she took her silent stand;
 And gave each rising passion way.

IV.

By turns Complacence smooth'd her brow,
 And Care all-anxious flush'd her cheek;
 Now glow'd Remembrance; Fondness now
 Inspir'd what utterance could not speak.

V.

Oft Fancy prompted by concern,
 To urge an half-form'd tear began;
 And Hope, that made her bosom burn,
 Finish'd the pearl, and down it ran.

VI.

While thus she stood, and look'd, and lov'd,
And fonder still, and happier grew,
(For every look her love improv'd,
And love still sweeten'd every view,)

VII.

Unseen the Cherubs hover'd near,
Whom Fate to guard her sons ordain'd;
They mark'd each joy she felt, each tear,
And thus alternate speech maintain'd:

VIII.

“ See” (said the Heav'n-born Form, whose care
BRITANNIA'S elder hope employ'd)
“ What thoughts the Parent's bosom share,
“ While Majesty is unenjoy'd.

IX.

- “ Yet know, O Queen! ’tis but begun
 “ The strong sensation thou must prove;
 “ Each year, that waits its course to run,
 “ Will bring new ecstasy of love.

X.

- “ How will the soul, that scarce sustains
 “ Ev’n now the dear employ to trace
 “ Features, where silent beauty reigns,
 “ Mere infant innocence and grace!

XI.

- “ How will it throb, beneath th’ excess,
 “ The pangs, the agony of bliss,
 “ When from those lips soft sounds shall press
 “ To greet another day like this!

“ How

XII.

“ How will the blood, thro’ every vein
“ Run thrilling to the Mother’s heart ;
“ When she shall see her Boy maintain,
“ In the Boy’s sport, the Prince’s part !

XIII.

“ How will her bosom pant, to read
“ In every part some likeness caught ;
“ Some semblance of his Father’s deed,
“ Some copy of his Mother’s thought !

XIV.

“ What will she say, when Reason’s voice
“ Calls the young powers of action forth,
“ Prompts him to choose ; and founds his choice
“ On plans of dignity and worth !

XV.

“ How will she dread each vice she fees,
 “ Each gay temptation Courts display,
 “ The charms of pleasure, grandeur, ease,
 “ The snares that glitter to betray!

XVI.

“ What blifs will intercept her fear,
 “ Whene'er she fees her Hero rife,
 “ Tender to act, yet ftill fevere
 “ To fcorn, what virtue fhould defpife!

XVII.

“ What genial warmth will raife her mind,
 “ When any purpofe feems to fay,
 “ He knows what fervice to mankind
 “ The Great muft owe, the Good muft pay!

“ When

XVIII.

“ When Echo dwells upon his name,
“ And gives it to the nations round,
“ How will her heart enjoy th’ acclaim,
“ And beat and spring to every found!”

XIX.

So said th’ angelic Spirit; and ceas’d:—
And thus his Fellow-guardian cry’d:
“ By all these joys, and all increas’d,
“ The Mother’s fondness must be try’d.

XX.

“ While forward, thro’ each coming year,
“ Maternal care her eyes shall cast,
“ My younger Boy, that flumbers near,
“ Will give her back again the past:

“ Will

XXI.

“ Will show her every charm renew’d,
 “ Each native charm his Brother bore ;
 “ Or with peculiar pow’rs endu’d,
 “ Awake a joy unfelt before.

XXII.

“ That while the hopes her First-born gave
 “ Are crown’d by every future deed ;
 “ Her equal love may see as brave,
 “ As dear a progeny succeed.”

XXIII.

Scarce had he spoke, when shouts and song
 Claim’d in the Queen her BRITAIN’S part ;
 She heard—and tow’rd th’ applauding throng
 Turn’d all the fullness of her heart.

O D E III.

ON CLASSIC DISCIPLINE.

I.

DOWN the steep abrupt of hills
Furious foams the head-long Tide;
Thro' the mead the Rivulet trills,
Swelling flow in gentle pride.
Ruin vast, and dread dismay,
Mark the clamorous Cataract's way;
Glad increase, and bloom benign
Round the Streamlet's margin shine.

Youth!

II.

Youth! with stedfast eye peruse
 Scenes, to lesson thee display'd!
 Yes,—in these the moral Muse
 Bids thee know thyself portray'd!
 Thou may'st rush with headstrong force,
 Wasteful like the Torrent's course;
 Or resemble Rills that flow,
 Blest and blessing, as they go!

III.

Infant sense to all our kind,
 Pure the young ideas brings;
 From within the fountain mind,
 Issuing at a thousand springs.
 Who shall make the current stray
 Smooth along the destin'd way?
 Who shall, as it runs, refine?
 Who?—but CLASSIC DISCIPLINE!

IV.

SHE, whatever fond desire,
Stubborn deed, or ruder speech,
Inexperience might inspire,
Or absurd indulgence teach,
Timely cautious shall restrain;
Bidding childhood own the rein:
She with Sport shall Labour mix;
She, excursive Fancy fix.

V.

Prime support of learned lore,
Perseverance joins her train;
Pages oft turn'd o'er and o'er,
Turning o'er and o'er again!
Giving, in due forms of school,
Sound, Significance, Utterance, Rule:
While the stores of Memory grow,
Great, tho' gradual; sure, tho' slow.

VI.

Patient Care, by just degrees,
 Word and Image learns to class;
 Couples those; discriminates these,
 As in strict review they pass:
 Joins, as varying features strike,
 Apt to apt; and like to like:
 Till in meet array advance
 Concord, Method, Elegance!

VII.

Time meanwhile, from day to day,
 Fixes deeper Virtue's root;
 Whence, in long succession gay,
 Blossoms many a lively fruit:
 Meek Obedience, following still,
 Frank and glad, a wiser will!
 Modest Candour, hearing prone,
 Every judgment—save it's own!

Emulation!

VIII.

Emulation! whose keen eye,
Forward still, and forward strains;
Nothing ever deeming high,
Where a higher hope remains!
Shame ingenuous, native, free,
Source of manly dignity!
Zeal, impartial to pursue
Right and just, and good and true!

IX.

These, and every kindred Grace,
More and more perfection gain;
While Attention loves to trace
Grave Record, or lofty Strain;
Noting, how in Virtue's pride
Sages liv'd; and Heroes died!
Conscious, how in Virtue's cause,
Genius gave, and claim'd applause!

X.

Thus with early culture blest,
Thus to early toil inur'd,
Infancy's expanding breast
Glow with Sense and Powers matur'd;
Whence if future efforts raise
Moral, social, civil praise;
Thine is all th' Effect—be thine
The Glory—CLASSIC DISCIPLINE!

O D E IV.

ON ELOQUENCE.

I. 1.

AUSPICIOUS influence marks th' important hour,
When conscious sympathy owns th' august controul,
Which, strong to triumph in Persuasion's power,
Alarms, arrests, impels, commands the soul.
Accordant Passions recognise it's sway;
Convinced, applaud it; or subdued, obey;
The vocal Magic quells them, as they rise;
It calls, and Reason hears; it blames, and Folly dies.

'Twas

I. 2.

'Twas thus of old the MAN OF ATHENS spoke,
 When valour languish'd at the crush it fear'd;
 While PHILIP form'd for GREECE th' opprobrious yoke;
 Now lull'd, now brav'd, the Spirit once rever'd:
 "Awake," he cry'd, "repel the Intruder's blow!
 "Distrust the subtle, meet the daring Foe!
 "'Tis sloth, not PHILIP, that difarms your rage;
 "Success will crown the war, which Honour's champions wage."

I. 3.

Silent, awhile, the crowd attend,
 Thro' gradual energies ascend,
 From Shame to Hope, Revenge, Disdain:
 They blush, reflect, resolve, unite;
 Defy the attack; demand the fight;
 And spurn th' insulting Traitor's chain:
 Their throbbing breasts exalted impulse show;
 And all their Sires in all their bosoms glow!

II. 1.

Yet not to rouse alone th' emasculate mind,
Or nerve the warrior's arm, does Speech display
Resiftless rule:—all-various, unconfin'd,
It brings the soft sensations into day;
It gives the meliorated heart to feel
New joy from pity, and from joy new zeal;
Smooths the stern Front, which hard Resentments strain,
And bends tumultuous Will to Candour's mild domain.

II. 2.

Such was the bland effect, when CÆSAR'S ear
To TULLY'S plea devout attention gave;
And check'd, in Indignation's mid career,
The World's Proprietor stood th' Orator's slave:
“ I show thee, Cæsar,” said the Sage, “ I show
“ A Prize, no Conquest ever could bestow:
“ Thyself must give it to thyself alone,—
“ 'Tis Mercy's hallow'd Palm!—O make it all thine own!”

The

II. 3.

The mighty Master of mankind,
 Lur'd by the potent spell, resign'd
 Each purpose of feverer thought;
 Forgot the wrongs, the toils he bore;
 Indulged vindictive Wrath, no more;
 And was, whatever TULLY taught:
 When TULLY urg'd the convict Suppliant's prayer,
 'Twas Pride to assent; 'twas Luxury to spare!

III. 1.

BRITAIN! for thee, each emulous Muse has wrought
 Some votive Wreath, some Trophy of Renown;
 Some Meed of Excellence, Sons of thine have caught,
 Where'er Exertion strove for Merit's Crown:
 Where then more aptly can the Power divine
 Of Classic Speech with genuine vigour shine,
 Than where the Virtues live, whose genial fire
 Could Rights like thine assert, and Laws like thine inspire?
Methinks,

III. 2.

Methinks I see a land of Patriots rise

Sublime in native Eloquence! around

Th' astonish'd Nations fix their eager eyes;

And wonder, while they tremble at the found.

They learn what labours fill the Hero's life,

What stedfast dignity, what generous strife!

What efforts best adorn him, and improve,

Justice, and bold Emprize, Benignity, and Love!

III. 3.

Rival of Deeds in annals old,

By GREEK and ROMAN Genius told,

O justify another claim!

With all their splendid Praise in view,

Preserve their manly Eloquence too,

To grace thy more illustrious Name!

The long records of BRITISH Glory swell

With Worth, which only BRITISH Tongues can tell!

O D E V.

ON DAY.

I.

THRON'D in Empyreal Glory's blaze,
 Th' Omnipotent call'd forth a living Ray:
 "Go speed," he said, "thy flight benign!
 "And where I draw Creation's line,
 "Be thou the Torch of Day!"

II.

Proud of so high behest
 Thro' God's august abode,
 The obedient Beam a Sun confest,
 In Orbed Splendor rode.

Upward

Upward her eye impregnate Nature cast,
And hail'd the warm Effulgence as it past:
Life glow'd more vigorous, Beauty shone more gay:
The Power, whose blest decree
Bade Life and Beauty be,
To crown all Life and Beauty gave the Day.

III.

Across the wilds, amidst the groves,
Mark where the feather'd Nation roves!
While eager Vision scarce pursues
Th' eternal change of glittering hues!
Yet vain those glittering hues, and vain
Must that eternal change remain,
Till Day, profuse of Light, illumine
Each shadowy tint, and flash on every plume.

IV.

Lo where the Eagle cuts his way,
 Towering athwart th' immense of sky!
 No bounds his daring pinion stay;
 No radiance dims his ardent eye.
 Him heavenly Wisdom form'd of old,
 Excess of spirit to disclose;
 And taught his steadfast course to hold,
 Where Day's concentrate Lustre rose.

V.

Thus he through trackless heights unwearied soars.
 Glad Day meanwhile salutes the flowery train,
 Where sweets exhale from thousand, thousand pores;
 And lavish Vegetation clothes the plain.
 Nor scorn his chearing fervors to expand
 The faithful marigold's recovering bloom;
 Whose closing buds a mournful progeny stand,
 While eve's chill shades their fullen reign assume.

VI.

Busy din affails mine ears!

Hurried echoes round me play!

'Tis War's rude voice! her banner'd Pomp she rears,

Infolent to flaunt it in the face of Day!

Commerce! rear thy banners too!

Raise thy shout of Civic Glee!

Day will rejoice thy trophied March to view,

That blazons Patriot Reign and peaceful Polity.

VII.

Health, O Day! exults to greet thee!

Lusty Strength springs forth to meet thee!

Enterprife is fond to use thee!

Hope, midst gathering gloom, renews thee!

Science! Genius! love to trace thee,

Grac'd by thee! and skill'd to grace thee!

VIII.

At heedless ease in thy prolific Heat,

The tawny native of more Torrid Lands
Basks him luxurious:—while beneath his feet

His rampant crop, an unsought harvest stands.
To Temperate Climes vicissitude like thine!

Alternate profit and delight supplies!
Care rests from toil, secure, at thy decline:

Rest plans new toils, secure to see thee rise!
Ev'n on his rock of everlasting Frost

The hard inhabitant of Greenland's shore
Buys thy brief stay, at twofold winter's cost,
And but resigns thee, to enjoy thee more!

O D E VI.

[Spoken in the PUBLIC EXAMINATION ROOM (called the CHAPEL) at MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL, erected on the site of THE MANOR OF THE ROSE, a House belonging to the Duke of Buckingham in the time of Henry VIII*.]

I. I.

'T IS near three ages, since on England's Throne
 Her HENRY †, born a suffering Land to save,
 Himself a Royal MERCHANT-TAYLOR shone,
 And shar'd the charter'd Name, which first he gave;
 Took honour from the honours he decreed,
 And rank'd a Freeman, with the Men he freed.

* The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish Saint Lawrence Poultney.

SHAKESPEARE, Henry VIII. Act 1. Scene 2.

† Henry VII.

Then,

I. 2.

Then, on this spot, in Gothic Grandeur proud,
 Her tower'd battlements a Pile could boast,
 Where festive pomp receiv'd a Noble crowd,
 And princely BUCKINGHAM was lord and host.
 High rose the vaulted aisles, with banners gay;
 Loud echo'd thro' the halls the minstrel's lay.

I. 3.

From many a window's arched height,
 Transparent blazon gleam'd it's light;
 Where counsel sage, and bold emprise
 Inspir'd the valiant and the wise;
 Or pageant masque, and revel frank,
 Brought courtly dames in choral rank,
 A glow of beauty to disclose,
 Worthy th' illustrious roof, the MANOR OF THE ROSE.

Those

II. 1.

Those triumphs past, another period here,
Of varied praise, but equal fame begun;
In Learning's cause a Civic Train appear:
From breast to breast the generous feelings run:
While Time a new record of glory reads;
And Clastic Palm to Splendor's Plume succeeds.

II. 2.

To softer notes their lyres the Muses strung;
Right glad their suffrage, and their part to bear;
And where at Power's command of old they sung,
At Bounty's call indulged a gentler care;
Intent with truth to arm, with arts to grace,
With virtues to exalt, the rising race.

II. 3.

Soon conscious of expanding hope,
Munificence took larger scope;
Soon Isis on her verdant side,
Beheld with honourable pride,

An added group*, rich culture share,
 And in long series flourish fair;
 Transplanted to her sweet repose,
 From this scholastic spot, this MANOR OF THE ROSE.

III. 1.

'Tis Fate's peculiar charge, 'tis hallow'd ground,
 Where'er Philanthropy delights to dwell:
 Hence owners, like your Sires, the Mansion found;
 Hence to such guardians as Yourself†, it fell.
 They gave mankind what they devolv'd to You;
 Your emulous zeal gives their desert it's due.

III. 2.

O! happiest omen of increasing weal!
 O! firmest basis of eternal date!
 When the same Dome can to the world appeal,
 As salutary now, as once 'twas great:
 Then, Residence august of state supreme!
 Now, Public Expectation's favourite theme!

* St. John's College in Oxford.

† The Merchant-Tailors' Company.

III. 3.

Still, Commerce, thy domain extend!
Reign studious Emulation's friend!—
Still, studious Emulation, twine
Some votive wreath, for friends like thine;
And when, from age to age, Renown
Transmits each bloom of Genius down,
Let her announce, that THERE it grows,
Where her first chaplets deck'd the MANOR OF THE ROSE!

O D E VII,

ON INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.

IRREGULAR.

I.

WHERE health and high spirits awaken the morn,
 And dash thro' the dews, that impearl the rough thorn,
 To shouts and to cries
 Shrill Echo replies;
 While the HORN prompts the shout, and the shout greets the Horn.

II.

Loud across the upland ground,
 Sweetly mellowing down the vale,
 The changeful BELLS ring jocund round,
 Where Joy bestrides the gale;
 Herald eager to proclaim
 The Lover's bliss, or Hero's fame.

Shall

III.

Shall the FIDDLE's sprightly strain,
In Pleasure's realms our feet detain,
Where Youth and Beauty in the dance
Borrow new charms from Elegance?

IV.

Or shall we stray,

Where stately thro' the public way,
Amidst the TRUMPET's clangors and th' acclaim
Of civic zeal, in long procession move
Nobles and Chiefs of venerable fame;
Or haply Sovereign Majesty displays
To public view the lustre of its rays,
And proves at once, and wins, a Nation's love.

V.

Hark! how the solemn ORGAN calls
Attention's sober ears to hallow'd walls;

Where

Where meek, yet warm, beneath the Temple's shade
 Devotion seeks with stedfast eyes
 The GOD, whose Glories every gloom pervade,
 To whom for ever prayer is made,
 And daily praises rise!

VI.

What notes in swiftest cadence running,
 Thro' many a maze of varied measure,
 Mingled by the master's cunning,
 Give th' alarm to festive pleasure?
 Cambria! 'twas thus thy HARPS of old,
 Each gallant heart's recess explor'd;
 Announcing Feats of Chieftains bold,
 To grace the hospitable board.

VII.

Mark how the Soldier's eye
 Looks proud defiance! How his heart beats high

With

With glorious expectation! What inspires—

What fans his martial fires?

What but the power of Sound?

The clamorous DRUMS his anxious ardour raise,

His blood flows quicker round;

At once he hears, he feels, enjoys, obeys.

VIII.

Where gath'ring storms incessant lower,

And niggard Nature chills th' abortive grain;

From her bleak heights see SCOTLAND pour

Blithe Lads and Lassies trim; an hardy train,

Down the crag, and o'er the sea,

Following still with hearty glee

The BAGPIPES mellow minstrelsy.

IX.

Where cloudless suns with glowing dyes

Tinge ITALY's serene skies,

Soft,

Soft, the winding lawns along,
 The Lover's LUTE complains;
 While ling'ring Echo learns the song,
 Gives it the woods, and loth to lose
 One accent of th' impassion'd Muse,
 Bids woods return it to the plains.

X.

Time was when, stretch'd beneath the beechen shade,
 The simple Shepherd warbled his sweet lay;
 Lur'd to his rustic REED the gentle maid,
 Welcom'd the morn, and caroll'd down the day.
 Why do our Swains depart from ancient lore?
 Why sounds no Past'ral Reed on Britain's shore?
 —The Innocence, which tuned it, is no more!

O D E VIII.

TO THE EARL OF LINCOLN,
ON THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S RETIREMENT.

WRITTEN IN 1762.

I.

“ FLY, fly from Life's too busy scene,

“ To calm Repose, and joys serene,”

The pert declaimer cries:—

'Twas once, perhaps, at school his theme;

'Tis still the substance of each dream,

That fond conceit supplies:—

II.

—‘ Ah! vainly to the Sylvan feat,
 ‘ To quiet, solitude, retreat,
 ‘ Rash, restless passions lead,
 ‘ There still the fickle heart will know
 ‘ Some real want, or fancied woe;
 ‘ There still the guilty bleed.’

III.

To worthless Age, and thoughtless Youth,
 The Muse directs this solemn truth:—

The Muse whose cheerful lay
 Hails a NEWCASTLE to the shade,
 To bliss, whose solid base was laid
 In Glory’s early day.

Whate’er

IV.

Whate'er the glow of anxious Zeal
For univerfal joy and weal,
 To fweeten fenfe can give;
Whate'er Remembrance, cheerful, clear,
Can paint, improve, adorn, endear,
 Where'er He lives, will live.

V.

The good his youthful labours gain'd,
The toils his growing age fustain'd,
 The praife a Nation owes,
Some generous strife, fome glorious prize,
Will ftill to view fucceffive rife,
 And fanctify repose.

VI.

Such joy, O LINCOLN, Heaven prepares,
 Such joy, the produce of such cares,
 Awaits NEWCASTLE'S rest:
 The liberal Heart, and ready Hand,
 That dealt their Blessings round the Land,
 Should in their turn be blest.

VII.

Retirement is but new employ;
 Where Virtue will again enjoy
 The deeds she wrought before:
 Tho' Time, on every moment's wing,
 Some wreath of PELHAM'S Glory bring,
 'Twill ne'er exhaust the store.

Perhaps,

VIII.

Perhaps, to foorth the pains of age,
That happy period will engage
His retrospective view ;
When BRUNSWICK hafted to approve,
And ever with the Sovereign's Love
The Statesman's Merit grew.

IX.

Or haply, while his foot fhall fray
Along the folitary way,
Fair Memory will recall
The hour when Learning's facred voice
Hail'd him, her friend, her guide, her choice ;
Her hope, her boaft, her all.

X.

Nor yet less glad will pass the day,
 While pleas'd Reflection shall survey
 Each dart, that Malice aim'd,
 When Faction led forth all her train,
 And still the rude, and weak, and vain
 Enjoy'd the Work they blam'd.

XI.

Then will the heart, that never thought
 A People's Good too dearly bought,
 Rejoice o'er all it gave;
 Compare the purchase with the cost;
 Nor think the noble Bounty lost,
 That flow'd, profuse to save.

XII.

Blest in himself and all around,
With every Palm of Virtue crown'd,
Thro' Pleasure sweet, sincere,
The Sage will walk to Life's decline,
And bid the past and present join,
To make the future dear.

H Y M N.

H Y M N

ON THE SPRING.

WHILE Nature, full of milder grace,
 Expects the glad return of Spring;
 Already see the feather'd race
 Chaunt jocund on exulting wing!

The rising flowers, the budding trees,
 Each airy songster's notes inspire,
 Nor shall my Muse forget with these
 To join the universal Choir.

Hail! Parent! God! Creator! hail!

Rich fount of life, of sense, of joy!
 Thy praise, 'till this weak tongue shall fail,
 For ever shall this tongue employ.

When

When morn dispels the shades of night,

I trace thee thro' the livelong day;

When eve succeeds retiring light,

Thy Name still animates my lay.

While taught by thy unerring skill,

Succeffive seasons intervene,

Earth all-obedient hears thy will,

And spreads the vegetable scene.

Thy sun, the herald of thy praise,

Fills with new life the pregnant plains,

Pours on each spot the vital rays;

Bids each be born; and born, sustains.

The brood, that crowds the wat'ry space,

The rapid streams, and trickling rills,

The insect troops, the reptile race,

The cattle on a thousand hills,

H Y M N.

All, all confefs thy tender care,
And thine Almighty Power proclaim;
Thro' earth and fea, and tracklefs air,
The voice of Nature is the fame.

The bright affembled worlds on high,
Roll conftant thro' the liquid fpace,
With fparkling glories gild the fky,
Where thy great hand describes their race.

The dew-bent clouds, for Thee, their Lord,
Diffill the gentle kindly fhower;
Or, ready to fulfil thy word,
The fierce impetuous torrent pour.

Reftain'd by thee, the fanning gales
The thick wood's waving furface fweep,
Or, loos'd, rufh head-long thro' the vales,
And plow the hoarfe-refounding deep.

At thy command, in silent flakes
Congeal'd descends the fleecy snow;
Vast ice incrusts the stagnate lakes;
And streams arrested, cease to flow.

By thy Almighty Nod enlarg'd,
The awful thunder shakes the skies;
And thro' the cleft expanse discharg'd,
Sudden the forked lightning flies.

“ See this, thou madly stubborn mind,
“ Whom wilful error leads astray;
“ Whose eye to fair experience blind,
“ Amidst the circling blaze of day,
“ Can see no Providence Divine,
“ The wise, the wond'rous plan advance;
“ No Pow'r supreme thro' Nature shine;
“ No world but this; no God but chance.

“ Put off the mean, the fatal pride,
 “ Which turns thy foot from truth’s plain road,
 “ And own a God alone supplied
 “ The very pow’r to doubt a God.

“ From Him, th’ exhaustless source of good,
 “ Thy parts, thine active spirits flow;
 “ Thro’ His kind aid is understood
 “ All art can teach, all man can know.

“ And art thou still perversely wrong?
 “ Thy rash resolves can nothing move?
 “ Not all th’ amazing proofs that throng,
 “ Within, around thee, and above!

“ Persist! but know the day will come,
 “ (Before ’twill come;—perhaps ’tis near!)
 “ When thou, beneath conviction dumb,
 “ Confus’d and conscious shalt appear:

“ When

“ When thou with shame, remorse, and tears,
 “ Shalt open thine unwilling eyes;
 “ Shalt feel the truth, thy folly sneers;
 “ Shalt try the Pow’r, thy pride denies!”

Exalted then to perfect bliss,
 O’er worlds of joy the good shall rove;
 Who fought those happier worlds in this,
 Thro’ faith, integrity, and love.

Transporting thought!—“ O GOD! thy grace,
 “ As onward dazzled reason goes,
 “ Bright and more bright it’s beam displays;
 “ More glorious scenes of wonder shows!”

In vain, my Muse, thy hand essays
 To tune the faintly-sounding shell;
 Leave to Eternity the praise,
 Which scarce Eternity can tell.

THE
MAN OF TASTE:

A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

THE
MAN OF TASTE.

HENCE! Phantom! weak, and vain,
FASHION! of Indolence and Folly born!
Nurs'd by Conceit and Scorn!
And cradled in the wild, distemper'd brain!
Go! Hoyden, as thou art,
A full-grown Baby! skittish! prone to range!
Chang'd, evermore to change!
Find out some high tower's pinnacle! and watch
The shifting vane to catch,
That veers with every blast, to every part!

But come! thou sober Influence,
Whom GENIUS bore of old to SENSE!
TASTE, thy Name!—Beneath a shade,
By arched oaks, embowering, made,
SENSE his stand, deep-musing, took;
With fixed foot, and stedfast look,
Nature's handy-work surveying;—
Where fruit and flower the meads arraying,
Lavish of hues, that might outvie
The many-tinged rainbow's die,
Show'd heavenly pencilling!—What time
GENIUS, the Wood-nymph, in her prime
Of bloom and spirit past along;
Light of heart; and frank of song;
Vagrant, on a fleet Zephyr's wing,
Plundering the magazines of Spring;
Vermil tints, and perfum'd air,
Gathering here; and scattering there!

HER the thought-rapt Being espied
Glancing comely by his side;
And, with sudden passion fir'd,
Follow'd still, as She retir'd:
Soon won, with ardent vows, her mind,
And in meet Espoufal join'd,
In happiest hour the Bride embrac'd!
—Hence th' auspicious Birth of TASTE!

Come! decent Nymph! in ample vest;
Of seemly-fuited colours drest!
Come thou, TASTE! and bring with thee,
The Maiden, meek Simplicity!
Come! and give mine eye to stray,
Where thou deignest to display
Thy dædal pow'r, such grace to teach,
As Nature loves, but cannot reach!

Let us oft our visit pay,
(In the pure matin prime of day,

E'er the high fun hath drank the dews,)
To where the Poet courts the Muse!
Him, I mean, who bows the knee,
In homage still submits to Thee!
Whom thy steady rule hath taught
To form the Plan, and point the Thought;
To Passion all it's voice to give;
And bid the warm Description live!
Him, who ne'er in evil hour,
Mistaking strong desire for pow'r,
Couples ideas, vague and rude,
Match'd, without similitude!
Where, wedg'd in heterogeneous rank,
Tall Metaphors each other flank;
And seem in such confusion set,
As if they wonder'd how they met:
Or under an huge pile of Phrase,
Which idly-grouped Figures raise

With

With blank and alien Epithets,
 The dull drudge Affectation sweats!
 Nor let my foot the spot forbear,
 Where Judgment takes the critic chair;
 Commanding at her side to stand,
 Candor, and Spirit, hand in hand;
 Bidding mine eye some canvas trace,
 Where the bold Outline's soft'ned grace,
 Expression rich, and chaste Design,
 With delicate Neglect combine;
 Till rapt attention, fairly caught,
 Fill me with all the Painter's thought!

Haply, some rising Dome shall claim
 My glad observance; where the Dame
 Propriety, throughout presiding,
 Plan, Measure, Execution, guiding,
 Blends neat Convenience with Expence,
 Proportion with Magnificence:

While

While Attic Elegance and Ease
Help Roman Grandeur more to please;
And Roman Grandeur doth advance
The Attic Ease and Elegance!
My soul, meanwhile, with rapture ranging
O'er parts in aptest order changing,
Sees every Art of every Coast
Become my Country's gradual boast.

Or if domestic objects wake
Mine inclination; let me take
Beside the Family Hearth, my stand,
Where, Good-nature, blithe and bland,
Calls, with more than magic force,
Every Grace and Joy of course;
Speeding the buxom hours along,
With converse sweet, free jest, prompt song;
Teaching each excellence to find
The inmost bosom, where inshrined

Sits chaste Decorum; holding still
In bands of filk the truant Will;
While Mirth and Virtue walk at ease;
Prone to be pleas'd; and glad to please.

Sometime, wand'ring, let me meet,
Seldom found, the blisful Seat,
Where Discretion, mildly sage,
Watches o'er the rising age;
Warning still the parent's care
To snatch from Folly's gripe, his heir;
Lessoning the virgin ears of youth
In that most glorious science—Truth—
Truth of Thought;—due praise to give!
Truth of Heart;—to act and live!
Or training for the public scene,
The social consciousness serene;
Which founds (un-dup'd by popular names)
On general duties, private claims;

And

And general claims, where'er they rise,
By private duty's standard tries:
Convinc'd that, in dominion's scale
Whatever civil plans prevail,
The Almighty word, which form'd this ball,
Made Man for Man; and ALL for ALL.

TASTE!—if with me thou deign to dwell,
Let signs 'like these, thy influence tell;
Mode, Whim, Expence, and awkward Pain,
Ufurp thy semblance, all in vain;
Invention, with Proportion join'd,
Ardor corrected, Strength refin'd,
Announce (in spite of crude pretence)
The Child of GENIUS and of SENSE!

THE
P R E A C H E R :

A POEM IN BLANK VERSE.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

THE
P R E A C H E R.

SERAPH of Truth! (Thou who to IMLAH's son,
MICAIAH, Seer of the Most High, didst shew
The lying spirit, from the Throne of God
Sent forth, to lure with language of fair hope
AHAB, death-doom'd, to RAMOTH,) Oh! vouchsafe
A moment of thy lustre to mine eye,
Else dark; and guide me, inexpert and weak,
Thro' argument, to mortal phantastic
Inscrutable, save with Cœlestial Aid.

Arduous the task to fix the wilful mind
 Of heedless Man! and lead intelligence
 To it's prime source, the One Great Infinite,
 The First, Supreme, Essential Excellence,
 Glory of Glories! Majesty of Might!—
 —Blest Contemplation! could the Preacher dwell
 For ever on that theme!—But ah! too soon
 Justice amidst th' eternal attributes
 Lifts her stern front; and to reflection's glance
 Unfolds a crimson Register: the Heart
 Conscious recoils; and owns the dreadful record
 A transcript of itself.—Where now, vile Man!
 Where, Sinner! where, Pollution! is thy refuge?
 The Power, the Wisdom,—and whate'er thou saw'st
 In Him, the Almighty—saw'st rejoicing—now
 But serves to arm with tenfold energy
 Affronted Vengeance!—And th' Empyreal Brightness,
 (Brightness to pure Angelic Spirits) to Thee

Gleams kindling Terrors of Omnipotence,
 And flaming shafts of Wrath inevitable.

Yet e'er thou sink beneath th' incumbent weight
 Of Guilt, and of Dismay, attend once more
 The Preacher's call—Raise, thou appall'd, thy face
 Again tow'rd Heaven's high Throne; look up; and see
 Incarnate Deity, the Word, the Life,
 The Word of Life, the Life of Righteousness,
 The very consubstantial Son of God,
 Become thy Advocate, thy Expiation,
 Thy Health, thy Stay, thy Heritage for ever!

Oh! glorious Tidings! Oh supreme delight
 To give these tidings to Mankind!
 To point Redemption out! to pour the balm
 Of Peace and Comfort on Despair! to lead
 Repentant sense to Faith; and Faith to Purity,
 And Purity to Zeal, and Zeal to Virtue,
 And Virtue to the Christian's high pre-eminence,
 His essence, his perfection—Charity!

Such

Such purpose, so important, dignifies
 The Preacher's occupation:—ill discharg'd
 When Pride assumes the veil of Sanctity,
 Administring thro' spiritual dominion
 'To lordly empire o'er the lives of men,
 Such as in ROME, or farthest PARAGUAY,
 Pontiff or Jesuit, by threats or wiles,
 Bull, Relique, Legend, Sophism, Sword, or Fire,
 Establish'd.—Nor doth he dishonour less
 His hallow'd Calling, who for Doctrines gives
 Interpretation, private, personal,
 Fantastick, or unfruitful; changing thus
 The Image of the Sole Immutable,
 To likeness of mere Man.—Nor he, who fir'd
 By worldly objects, lucre, or th' acclaim
 Of shallow multitudes, makes holy Truth
 Delusion's instrument.—Nor he, who pines
 Envious of excellence, and low'rs gaunt scorn,
 If chance a brother's merit rise to view.

Far other signs, far other principles
 Mark the true Preacher; mark his life, his judgment,
 His eloquence, his converse, his affections.
 Meekness, Complacence, gentle Sympathy,
 Cheerful Concession, manly Perseverance,
 The Dignity of Truth, the Condescension
 Of ever-during Patience, and sweet Candour,
 The Wish, the warm Solitude to spread
 Good-will, improvement, amity, joy, confidence,
 Salvation,—these inspire him—these exalt
 His thought, act, speech.—Thou also, Virgin-born
 Saviour of Men! Thou also giv’st thy Spirit
 To him, whom thou approvest.—Him, whose zeal
 Describes Thee, as Thou art; Author and Finisher
 Of Faith, Obedience, peaceful Modesty,
 And Love uncircumscribed;—who, most resembling,
 But teaches mortals to resemble thee
 By Holiness on earth;—that, made hereafter

Immortal

Immortal like thyself, they may partake
Thy purchas'd Kingdom; purchas'd by the pains
Of suffering Godhead;—and around thy feat
Clad with ethereal Radiance, resound
Thy triumphs—Sin abolish'd, Death destroy'd,
The Just made perfect, and thy Faithful-ones
Thron'd in Beatitude for Evermore!

THE
FAIRY BENISON;

AN INTERLUDE.

[Designed to have been performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden,
on the first night when the PRINCE OF WALES should be present.]

WRITTEN IN 1766.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OBERON.

PUCK.

TITANIA.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

THE
FAIRY BENISON;

AN INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

Enter PUCK.

THOROUGH blast, and thorough dew,
Over field, and over town,
Along yon Crescent's glimpse I flew,
And here the Moon-beam sets me down.
By great TITANIA's strict command
I stole from out the Fairy-land;
"Go, PUCK," she cry'd, "Go; fly; pervade
"Cloud-curtained eve's unfolding shade,
"And wheresoe'er thou shalt espy
"The Flower of earthly Royalty,

“ A Prince, the Hope of Worlds, between
 “ A Briton King, and German Queen,
 “ Say, I, TITANIA, bade them there
 “ My warmest gratulations bear :
 “ Then with a thought return again,
 “ Ere OBERON misfs thee from his train.”

A Prince, the Hope of Worlds, between
 A Briton King, and German Queen,
 These muft I feek ; till thefe I find,
 Fleet on fwift wings, and leave the breeze behind.

[Going off, he fees the King, Queen, Prince, &c.
 and after a pause proceeds.]

Mifts ! that mortal eyeballs dim ;
 Forms ! in fluid air that fwim ;
 Vanifh from before my view !
 — Ha ! the glorious Vifion’s true !
 They are the Father ! Mother ! Son !
 — Now my part will foön be done.

[Flourifh of Trumpets.]

O fpight !

O spight! these sounds our King's approach proclaim;
 If PUCK is caught, TITANIA bears the blame.

S C E N E II.

*Flat opens, and discovers OBERON and TITANIA descending from
 Fairy Land.*

O B E R O N.

See, there, my Love, the young and princely Bud,
 Whose blossoming fair Freedom doats upon!

[Sees PUCK.]

Hah! PUCK! what makes he here?—TITANIA,
 I fear me much, thy too officious haste
 Hath play'd me false: Thou didst not fend that Sprite?

T I T A N I A.

In sooth, my Lord, I did.

O B E R O N.

It was a deed,
 That shames the doer.—What?—Our several laws

Ev'n

Ev'n like our private and connubial loves,
 Made for this Prince, but one incorporate fondness;
 Our present speeding held one common scope,
 To greet him with our earliest. Knowing this,
 Why hath TITANIA from her OBERON
 Pilfer'd the vantage of a little hour,
 So beggaring our joint purpose?—Was this well?
 Indeed it was not well.

TITANIA.

Why! Wherein ill, my Lord?

True, I did share your counsels; did approve
 Your coming; and with gust as high as yours,
 Dwell on yon splendid scene, that to mine eyes
 Presents the royal Youth, and throned Pair,
 Whose fortunes and whose honors hold my love
 In equal poize with yours:—Yet, OBERON,
 Whene'er you urg'd me to this welcome journey,
 Your talk ne'er promis'd other Benison,

Save

Save what comports with manhood—Conscious Dignity
 Of Soul; and Glory, that laborious Virtue
 Must win by sufferance, and preserve by toils,
 Severe as those which earn'd it: these you call'd
 Imperial Distinctions: these, you said,
 Must give the Son a semblance of his Father:
 These dictated your destin'd gratulation.

OBERON.

So Kings should wish for those who shall be Kings.

TITANIA.

So Kings should wish!—And therein OBERON
 Doth wish as should a King.—But why must OBERON
 Square to his single and particular thought
 The sum and standard of all princely blessedness?
 —So Kings should wish! Have Queens no wishes then?
 Aye—but great OBERON saith, our several cares
 For this same Prince, like our connubial loves,
 Made one incorporate fondness.—Be it so—

Then

Then should our cares be voiced severally,
 Like our own loves, united, but distinct.
 So grow their loves, whose Son hath brought us hither.
 I grant he is a boy, a manly one :
 I grant he hath a Father, whom to imitate
 Will ask a strain of Spirit and Benevolence,
 Expectance ne'er could warrant, till the fact
 Pronounc'd it possible.—What then?—Doth that
 Annul my claim and proper privilege?
 Hath not the boy a Mother? Yes.—And I,
 A female as I am, have fram'd a wish,
 May lure a mother's ear, as soon, perhaps,
 As aught that scornful OBERON hath prepar'd,
 Elbowing all humbler emulation.
 To bear that wish I sent the very Sprite,
 Whose presence moves thee so.

OBERON.

OBERON.

Alas! thou rash one!

Thine ill-advifed cunning, like a shaft
Drawn by an eager and unpractis'd hand,
Hath over-paft it's aim.—Now hear me, Lady.
Thou doft remember, when, upon a time,
We read together in the fairy court
The facred book of mortal deftiny.
There did I find th' eternal mandate written,
Which faid a German fair, this very Queen,
A virgin princefs then, fhould fhare and grace
The bed and fceptre of a Britifh King,
Juft new to manhood, tho' right well advanc'd
In kingly properties.—Thou doft not heed me!

TITANIA.

Moft faithfully, my Lord.

OBERON.

Observing this

(For that thou knowest what part in our regard
 Doth BRITAIN'S Court possess) I sped me straight
 (Fraught with such fairy gifts, as best might fit
 A damsel of her state, odours and charms,
 That our still vagrant Elves in earth or air,
 From flowers and dews extract) ev'n to the court
 Where dwelt this chosen dame, and future Queen.
 There, when I came, expecting to have found
 A Lady busied in such tricks of fancy,
 As young and blithesome beauties do delight in ;
 Mark me, TITANIA, I did see a maid,
 A very maid, pleading the cause of Nations,
 Expostulating with a Sovereign warrior *,
 To save a ravag'd country.—Canst thou think

* The KING OF PRUSSIA.

An

An heart fo early great, fo exquisitely,
 Tho' in a woman, will accept or heed,
 In favour of her fon, her eldeft hope,
 Thy goffip's talk, thy fugar'd lullaby,
 Thy wifh, that fuits a common mother's ear?
 Away! Away!

TITANIA.

'Tis well, my haughty Monarch.
 Is OBERON then to learn, that the beft hearts,
 The moft aspiring, and the bravest, cherish
 Moft comprehensive feelings? Little minds
 Do judge of great things, like the purblind gnat,
 That deems a fly, a monfter. Nobler natures
 Encompafs univerfal circumftance:
 And while they can create their own enjoyment,
 Find pleafing occupation every where.
 The maid, that had a figh for public forrows,
 Was happy, feeking to relieve thofe forrows;

And being now a mother, will indulge,
 Ev'n tho' a gossip's lullaby excite it,
 A mother's ecstacy.—You, Sir, have seen her
 Pleading the cause of nations.—I too, Sir,
 I too have seen her; I have seen her wear
 The robe of Majesty; yet never so,
 But that she might descend to ease and sweetness,
 All royalty preserv'd. We both have listen'd,
 When midst the courtly bands, like one enraptur'd,
 She hath enrich'd the gales with heaven-taught harmony :
 Yet dwelt such mildness on her brow the while,
 Such meek complacence, as did seem to say,
 She could have own'd a pleasure in approving
 A milk-maid's madrigal!—We both have seen
 Her comfort Lord, amidst the cares of millions,
 Their homage, their applause, yearn to release
 A death-doom'd felon's * forfeit !—surely then,

* TURBOT, son of TURBOT the Comedian.

Where regal bosoms bear so bland affections,
 TITANIA'S talk as well may hope access,
 AS OBERON'S benediction look for welcome.

OBERON.

No more, TITANIA:—Our contention
 Doth trifle with occasion.—Thou, my Queen,
 Shalt add thy wish to mine; and let our Train
 In general chorus, to the passing winds,
 Impart our high behests; that Elves and Fays,
 Thro' all the airy regions OBERON sways,
 May pay due reverence, where their Sovereign pays.]

SONG with CHORUS.

OBERON.

TRUTH! who dar'st that Light to try,
 Whose splendor mocks the eagle's eye;
 HONOUR! whose unchanging rays,
 Do foil the Diamond's steadfast blaze;
 Teach the Prince to earn the fame,
 That sanctifies a Monarch's claim!

TITANIA.

THE FAIRY BENISON.

TITANIA.

Sweet CONTENT! that lov'ft to reft
 Pillow'd on the Cygnet's breast;
 INNOCENCE! whose maiden care
 Doth bleach for fpring the fnow-drop fair;
 Smooth his way thro' all the pains,
 A Monarch for Mankind fufains!

OBERON.

JUSTICE! who with dreadful pride
 Athwart the Thunder-ftaft doft glide;
 MERCY! whose foft dew doth glow
 Serene in Heav'n's high-tinged Bow;
 'Teach the Prince to earn the fame,
 That crowns his Briton Father's claim!

TITANIA.

Rofe-hu'd HEALTH! whose trefles fhed
 The fragrance lufly Morn hath fpread;
 Playful MIRTH! that oft doft ride
 Upon the Lambkin's fleece aftride;

Smooth

Smooth his way thro' all the pains,
His Father for Mankind sustains!

OBERON.

VIRTUE! to reward his cares,
Let every Palm his Father wears,
At once inspire him and adorn!

TITANIA.

LOVE! for him with all the store
Of virgin Charms his Mother bore,
Bedeck some Princess yet unborn!

GENERAL CHORUS.

UNION! PLENTY! JOY! and PEACE!
With his growing Years increase!
GLORY! GRATITUDE! and PRAISE!
Bless him thro' the length of Days!

[*The Author intending this INTERLUDE for representation, had begun to make such alterations, as his friends judged necessary, to adapt it for Music and Stage Effect; but abandoned his design, before it was completed. The first scene, which is all that was finished, the Editor conceives will be not thought unworthy of a place in these Volumes.*]

THE
F A I R Y B E N I S O N ;

AN INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

P U C K.

FAST by the extremest glimpse that streams
From yonder Crescent's quiv'ring beams,
Immerst in vapour, blast, and dew,
I've kept our Fairy troops in view:

Along

Along the moonlight gleam they tend ;
And here their destin'd course must end.

What can it mean? From eve to morn,
E'er since a certain Prince was born,
Indignant rage, that glows and swells,
ON OBERON'S fixed eyelid dwells:
TITANIA'S cheek doth still appear
Impearled with an angry tear:
And ever as they meet, their ire
Sets the whole Fairy-Court on fire.

When storms in royal bosoms rise,
We courtiers are all ears and eyes:
Yet this event has foil'd my skill;
I should know more on't—and I will.

S O N G.

I.

When maids the new dawn of soft passion disown,
 I perch on their lips, till I catch them alone;
 Then, whip to their hearts in a moment I fly;
 For I sink with a fob, and return with a sigh.

II.

Should I who the soul of a woman can read,
 Let a secret escape me, 'twere pity indeed:
 Let my betters beware, how they hint what they think;
 For I pass with a nod, and come back with a wink.

[Aërial Music.]

Hark! these sounds proclaim them near:—

Puck, 'tis time thou disappear:

Shrink thy soft dimensions up,

To fit the acorn's scanty cup;

Inshrivel'd

Inshrivel'd rind or wither'd bloom,
Occupy the grey moth's room ;
Or the inmate worm expel,
From curled leaf, or scooped shell ;
Find thou place, and form, and size,
To cheat fell OBERON's piercing eyes.

[Retires.]

(Cætera defunt.)

V E R S E S
ON
O C C A S I O N A L S U B J E C T S.

[Spoken at MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL, on the Days of
Public Examination.]

Besides the Day of Election of Scholars to SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE in OXFORD, there are in every Year two other Public Examinations of MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL; at which the Master and Wardens (and often some other Members of the Court of Assistants) of the MERCHANT-TAYLORS' COMPANY are present: and to them (when the Examination is over) each of the eight Monitors, or head boys, addresses a Copy of Verses in Latin, and another in English. The Subjects are chosen by the Master of the School, and it has been customary to fix on one general Subject, including, or connected with, seven others.

The following Poems are selected from a much greater number, which the Author had written for those occasions, between the years 1756 and 1795. They are arranged according to the order in which they were composed.

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

PEACE, and her Arts, we sing: Her genial power
Can give the breast to pant, the thought to tower;
Tho' guiltless, not inglorious souls inspires;
And boasts less savage, not less noble fires.

Such is her sway, when Cricket calls her train,
The sons of labour to th' accustom'd plain:
With all the Hero's passion and desire
They swell, they glow, they envy, and admire:
Despair and resolution reign by turns;
Suspense torments; and emulation burns.

See in due rank dispos'd, intent they stand
In act to start!—The eye, the foot, the hand,

All

All active, eager, seem'd conjoin'd in one ;
Tho' fix'd, yet moving; and while present, gone.

In ancient combat, from the Parthian steed,
Not more unerring flew the barbed reed,
Than flies the ball, with varied vigour play'd ;
Now levell'd, whizzing o'er the springing blade,
Now tofs'd, to rise more fatal from the ground,
Exact and faithful to the destin'd bound.

Yet vain it's speed, yet vain the Bowler's aim,
The wary Bat's-man watches o'er the Game ;
Before his stroke the leathern circle flies ;
Now wheels oblique, now mounting threats the skies.

Nor yet less vain the wary Bat's-man's blow,
If intercepted by the circling foe ;
Too soon the nimble arm retorts the ball,
Or ready fingers catch it in it's fall :
Thus various art, with various fortune strives ;
And with each changing chance, the sport revives.

Emblem

Emblem of many-colour'd Life!—The state,
By Cricket laws, discriminates the great:
The Outer Side, who power and profits want,
Watch to surprize, and labour to furplant;
While those, who taste the sweets of present winnings,
Contend as heartily, to keep their Innings.

—On either side the whole great Game is play'd;
Untried no shift is left; unfought no aid;
Skill vies with skill; and power opposes power;
While squint-ey'd Prejudice computes the score.

In private Life, like single-handed players
We get less notches; but we meet less cares;
Full many an effort (which perhaps at court,
Would fix the doubtful issue of the sport)
Wide of the mark, or impotent to rise,
Ruins the rash, and disappoints the wise.

Yet all in public and in private, strive
To keep the ball of action still alive ;
And, just to all, when each his ground has run,
Death tips the wicket,—and the Game is done.

DRUNKENNESS.

BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus
 Vidi docentem ———
 ——— et aures
 Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

HOR.

ON lonely rocks, where Satyr Forms retire,
 (So sings the Master of the ROMAN Lyre,)
 Mad BACCHUS holds his court; and boasts to spread
 Wild boisterous joy, and intermitting dread.

From this short hint (my theme inspir'd the thought)
 With eager wish the classic scene I fought:

The Muse indulgent on my purpose smil'd;
 Join'd her kind hand to mine, and introduced her child.

High o'er a subject crew, that throng'd around,
 In rudely regal state the God we found:

The subject crew a servile homage pay,
 And bear with pride the symptoms of his sway;
 The full round face, the rich falernian dye,
 The doubtful feature, and th' exhausted eye.

The mystic rites begun,—“ Behold a bowl,”
 The Tyrant cried, “ of strength to raise the soul;
 “ To fill, to warm, to cherish every part;
 “ To prompt the noble deed, and open all the heart.”

The crowd accept the gift.—Awhile they seem
 To quaff new vigor from the quick'ning stream:
 And still at every round, as each prefer'd,
 Health, love, or friendship, was the given word:
 Nor wanted aught of jest or mirthful glee,
 Or jocund song, or frolic revelry.

But

But oh! how short the bliss! th' enchanting flood
Swells the strain'd veins, and boils along the blood:
Drown'd in ascending fumes, fair Sense retains
No more her influence; and Madness reigns;
Careless to save; irresolute to bear;
Rash to resolve; and insolent to dare.
In every face some fury passion glares;
Here mean distrust, with conscious baseness stares;
Here raves loud pride; there spiteful envy burns;
Here headlong joy to frantic riot turns:
And each due theme of praise, of hope, of care,
Is now distraction, and is now despair.

Quick from the mind, the subtle magic spreads
O'er all the vital frame, and every power recedes:
A mere dead weight of limbs, the feet in vain
Effay to raise, or raising to sustain;
Slow moves the tongue in many a broken sound;
And to the swimming eye each object floats around.

Soft

Soft sigh'd the gentle Muse; and thus address'd
 Her wond'ring pupil,—“ Deep within thy breast,
 “ O! deep, my son, this Spartan lesson store;—
 “ 'Tis worth whole volumes of scholastic lore;
 “ Tho' youth intemperate give thy blood to glow,
 “ Tho' grief deject, tho' fortune overthrow,
 “ Know wine a doubtful good, a mischief sure,
 “ A real poison in a fancied cure,
 “ Which sense can never need, nor virtue can endure.”

THE LIBRARY.

HAIL! Contemplation! grave, majestic Dame!

In thee, glad Science greets a Parent's name:

Thine is each art of speech, each rapturous strain;

The Graces lead, the Virtues fill thy train!

From all of evil, life or dreads, or knows,

It's real trifles, and it's fancied woës,

O! lead thy Votary! penfive, yet serene,

To some lone feat, thy favorite, hallow'd scene,

Where his calm breast may every power employ;

Feel self-born peace, and independent joy.

And see! the Library my steps invites;

Fraught with true profit, and with pure delights;

Calls

Calls to a feast, which elegance must love,
The man must relish, and the heart approve.

How awful is the Spot!—Each honour'd Name,
Each theme of modern praise, and early fame,
Bards, Statesmen, Sages, lov'd, rever'd, admir'd,
Whom Sense enlighten'd, and whom Glory fir'd,
Rise to my view, still sweet, still great, still bold,
Alive in power, and active as of old.

Yes! wasteful TIME! here, here, thy rage is vain!
Away! fond Boaster!—Genius scorns thy reign!

The Poet here, whom generous transport rais'd,
Survives coeval with the worth he prais'd.
If Deeds exalted gave his breast to glow,
Or Pity bade him sympathize with Woe;
If sweetly soft he chose the Lover's part;
Or Truth to Satire urg'd his honest heart;
His Verse still lives, his Sentiment still warms,
His Lyre still warbles; and his Wit still charms.

Here

Here by the past to form the rising age,
The grave Historian spreads his ample page;
Whose faithful care preserves the Hero's fame,
Or damns to infamy the Traitor's name;
Whose Records bid fair Virtue ever live;
And share immortal, in the life they give.

Here the firm Patriot, on whose winning tongue,
The snow-soft dews of mild Persuasion hung,
Who knew to lead, inspire, and controul,
The ductile Passions; and usurp the Soul;
Still pleads, still rules; now lively, now severe;
Exalts the purpose; or commands the tear.

Here the firm friends of Science and of Man,
Who taught new Arts, or open'd Nature's Plan;
Who each improv'd, or drew from both combin'd,
Health to the Body, vigor to the Mind;
Who bade Mankind to nobler aims arise,
More good, more just, more happy, or more wise;

Shine, deathless, as the bliss their toil procur'd;
While mem'ry pays the debt, desert enfur'd.

In such lov'd spot (if Fortune deign to smile)
Calm let *me* live, and every care beguile;
Hold converse with the Great of every time,
The Learn'd of every class, the Good of every clime!
There better still, as wiser grow; and there
('Tis just ambition, tho' 'tis hopeless prayer)
Still found, like them, on real worth my claim;
And catch their Merit, to partake their Fame.

THE NURSERY.

FROM hopes and cares, whose serious influence leads
To more important thought, and graver deeds,
The Muse, (who seeks to lighten Life's sad load,
And strew with mingled flowers our dreary road,)
Calls you to pleasures, real, chaste, serene:—
O! spare a moment for so sweet a scene!
Calls you to trace with retrospective view,
The works your Childhood wrought, the joys it knew;
From simple breasts, when harmless passions broke;
When infant lipings, nature's language spoke;
When all the Soul unbiased, free, sincere,
Glow'd in each smile, and gush'd in every tear.

See the dear spot, whose little bounds employ
 The Girl's whole *taste*, the *business* of the Boy!
 Her fluttering bosom, splendid trifles warm:
 Each colour charms; and change renews the charm:
 Mark with what ecstasy her ceaseless care
 Distributes beauties here, adapts them there:
 While mix'd a thousand times, a thousand ways,
 Rich tinsel beams, and glassy diamonds blaze:
 Embrios of future fashions, to engage
 More serious studies in maturer age;
 When equal cares, with equal power will reign,
 Perhaps less innocent, perhaps more vain!

The Boy, meanwhile, whom other objects fire,
 Fulfils in varied toils each new desire:
 Now round and round the room with hasty strides,
 On oaken steeds, a traveller he rides;
 Laborious now, his strength to climb he tries,
 To heights unknown folicitous to rise:

Thron'd

Thron'd in a chair, looks down on things below,
A King in thought, in spirit, and in show.

Perhaps, if powers of different influence sway,
Mechanic works employ his busy day:

Then fondly anxious to secure an home,
He meditates intent the future dome;

Cards rear'd on cards, in gaudy rows ascend,
Till in a spire his little labours end.

But ah! how oft, ere that glad point he gain,
Will fickle fortune make those labours vain!

How oft mere accident his rage provoke,
To crush th' imperfect frame at one vindictive stroke!

Trifles like these, which breathe so pure employ,
'Tis joy to see, 'tis merit to enjoy!

Trifles like these, their purport if we scan,
Mark in the boy, the features of the man.

Watch then, ye Parents, with peculiar care,
What favorite toys engage the rising heir:

Learn

Learn thence what Virtues, happier than the rest,
Will grace his temper most, or please it best;
On these your hopes, your schemes, your prospects raise;
By these instruct, and try; reprove, and praise:
These Sense will aid; these Reason will improve;
And what the Child has *felt*, the Man will *love*.

THE LEADING-STRING.

GUIDE of my wayward steps, when young desire
Caught the first spark of Emulation's fire,
(Whose genial power, enkindling as it ran,
Rais'd Life, to Sense, to Reason, and to Man,)
Still, still my soul in memory's inmost cell,
Where images most dear, most sacred dwell,
With willing gratitude retains, reveres,
Thy faithful service to my weakest years!

Oft as my thoughts recall those early days,
Thy gentle aid demands my warmest praise;
By thee at once directed, and sustain'd,
Unhurt I rov'd, where countless dangers reign'd;

Where

Where else, each petty pebble had o'erthrown
An helpless wanderer, in a world unknown.

Beneath a thousand forms reflection shows
Combining perils, hardships, pains, and woes:
O! baneful influence, every moment spread
In varied terrors o'er an infant's head;
Whom still, alike unconscious, unalarm'd,
The plain invited, and the desert charm'd;
Whose heedless foot, with equal haste had trod
The fatal precipice, and flowery road:
Who fondly rash, no other object knew,
Than what each changing trifle set to view;
Tir'd of the present, fond of that which flies;
Still prone to fall, and impotent to rise.

Ev'n now I tremble at th' afflicting scene—
—Be firm my Soul!—What can this transport mean?
Hark! on mine ear some found more awful breaks!
—'Tis no illusion!—'tis the Muse that speaks.

“ My

“ My fon!” ſhe ſays, “ if thus, thine heart, aghaft,
“ Starts at the little ſnares thy childhood paſt,
“ Think, think, what dangers wait thee now!—for know
“ Thou art ſtill an Infant, in a world of woe:
“ Still in thy way, Vice, Vanity, Diſgrace,
“ Spread the broad net, that will obſtruct thy race;
“ Conceal the rock, that tempts with ſpecious ſhow
“ Thy foot, to plunge thee in th’ abyſs below;
“ Haſte thee; prepare thee, for th’ unequal ſtrife,
“ And take from me, the Leading-ſtrings of Life.
“ Be Virtue firſt thy care, thy wiſh, thine aim;
“ Her rules thy ſtandard, her applauſe thy fame:
“ To her thy ſteps let fair Diſcretion lead;
“ Let Truth inſpire thy thought, and crown thy deed;
“ Let ſage Experience guide thy hand and voice;
“ Be ſlow to chooſe; but conſtant in thy choice;
“ To Mercy’s dictates open all thy breaſt.—
“ Be Good—and Heaven will teach thee to be Bleſt.”

T H E C A T.

LET me beseech you, Sirs, forbear to blame—
 I'm half afraid to tell my subject's name:
 Men have averfions—some to this, some that;—
 Does any body here dislike a Cat?—

—Pray let him speak, who hates the theme I try:
 For not to mince the matter, so do I.
 I've toil'd full sore for rhyme, and pump'd for sense:
 One would not take such pains, to give offence.—
 —Well, Gentlemen, be free;—condemn my part:—
 I'll drop it for your sakes, with all my heart.
 What! mute?—will no good creature take my hint?
 —Then you must take my verse—that's all that's in't.

Fain

Fain would I here relate the Honours won
By Wight of old ycleped WHITTINGTON;
How with his Cat, to distant lands he came;
And sav'd—from vermin—Realms without a name;
How LONDON City thrice beneath his sway,
Confirm'd the presage of that happy day,
When echoing bells their greeting thus begun,
“Return, thrice Mayor! Return, O WHITTINGTON!”
—But themes like these, to loftier Bards belong;
Too weak my voice, too simple is my song:
If things of humbler import grace my lays,
Enough for me the burthen, and the praise.

Oft at the social hearth my soul has hung,
Intently anxious, on the matron's tongue,
Whose fertile fancy, by tradition led,
In every object, Fate's dark purpose read;
Much mystic lore of various use she knew;
Why coals seem coffins, and why flames burn blue.

But ne'er did sign so firm belief procure
Not ev'n the winding-sheet was half so sure,
As when her Cat th' important omen gave ;
Alike significant, if gay or grave.—
If with her tail Puffs play'd, in frolic mood,
Herself pursuing, by herself pursu'd,
See! cry'd my Nurse, she bids for rain prepare;
A storm, before, is gathering in the air :
If near the fire the kitten's back was found,
Frost was at hand, and snows hung hovering round :
Her paw prophetic, rais'd above her ear,
Foretold a visit, for some friend was near.

Nor did the Cat the Dame *alone* employ ;
Her Cat had something to engage her Boy.
How has my bosom beat, when stolen aside,
By facts the truth of strange reports I tried ;
Saw thro' deep night her eyes' relucant rays ;
And taught her fur with lambent fires to blaze!

“ Cease,

“ Cease, Trifler, cease,” methinks I hear you say,
“ From nurfery legends, and from children’s play:”—
—’Tis juft reproof—I feel it, and obey.—

Yet let me tell you, vain as they appear,
Thefe trifles pleas’d, when pleasure was sincere;
To joys, in age unknown, they rais’d the breaft,
Form’d all it’s cares, and bade thofe cares be bleft.

 T H E E Y E.

To say what wond'rous skill, what happy care,
 Taught the bold Eye the blaze of day to bear,
 Thro' fluid space with piercing ken to pry,
 To measure earth, and comprehend the sky,
 Is but to tell, what every moment shows,
 That Heaven no bounds in power or bounty knows,
 All-mighty, when it works; All-good, when it bestows. }

This homage paid, forgive the vagrant Muse
 If for her theme, some lighter dress she choose;
 And clothe in sportive Fancy's wanton guise,
 More trivial thoughts, from humbler hints that rise.

When vulgar gentry gather to a crowd,
 Some all-intent, some jostling, and all loud,

You

You seek the cause, and wait for a reply;—
 —'Tis ten to one they answer—" *Axe my Eye.*"
 —You call this rude; but call it what you will;
 Rude as it is, there's *meaning* in it still.

CLODIUS shall prove it:—CLODIUS looks you through,
 Yet seems to look at every thing but you:
 Is he infidious, mean, malignant, fly?
 What says the vulgar maxim?—Ask his Eye.—

When pert CORINNA darts from place to place,
 Sinks with laborious ease, from grace to grace;
 Or calls forth glance by glance, and charm by charm;
 Does she *design* our bosoms to alarm?—
 Does she conclude, that all who gaze, must die?—
 Does pride inspire her purpose?—Ask her Eye.

When the great Scholar, slow, precise, and slow,
 Mere human clock-work, speaks a word an hour;
 Does his grave silence modesty imply?
 Or is it scorn's dumb language?—Ask his Eye.

The

The Flatterer swears, he lives upon your smile,
 Calls himself *yours*, and make you *his* the while:—
 Say, would you know, if what he speaks, he feels?—
 —His Eye will tell you, what his heart conceals.

The Miser's Heir bedecks the funeral show,
 With all the sad formalities of woe:
 Behind the corpse himself a mourner creeps—
 But is it grief, or is it joy—that weeps?
 Consult his Eye;—and there it will appear,
 What hopes, what pleasures,—swim in every tear.

'Twere endless work to prove, that thro' mankind,
 The speaking Eye proclaims the secret mind:
 Would you the Bad detect, the Good descry?
 'Tis wife, 'tis virtuous toil:—examine—try—
 Ask where you will—But never miss the Eye.

G L A S S.

“ **W**HAT!—Glafs?” methinks I hear you cry, “ forbear—
 “ Take heed, young man; you handle brittle ware.”
 —I thank you for your caution—but ’tis now too late;—
 Glafs is the word; and I must meet my fate.
 Come what will come; at least the worst I know;
 —And if I cut my fingers—be it so.

“ Beauty’s like Glafs,” satiric bards have said:
 “ Credit’s like Glafs,” exclaims the man of trade:
 “ Life’s Joys, all frail as Glafs,” the Sage attacks:
 “ Like Glafs,” say Wits, “ a Courtier’s Promise cracks.”
 —But these allusions all on one side strike—
 So many things like Glafs! What is Glafs like?

—There, with your leave, I mean to rest my plan.—
And I say,—“ Glafs is like a worthy Man.”

When active flame with heat more subtle glows,
Diffolving Glafs a radiant liquid flows :
So, when warm feelings touch the generous Heart,
It yields, relaxes, melts, in every part.

Glafs runs confiftent in the fiercest fire,
Soft, but cohesive; fluid, yet entire:
So honeft Men, when human woes they weep,
Chang'd, not debas'd, one virtuous tenor keep.

Glafs flies beneath th' incumbent hammer's ftroke,
To glittering fhivers in a moment broke;
Ev'n as the noble Mind, which force would tame,
Embraces ruin, to efcape from fhame.

Yet ductile Glafs, by gentler methods wrought,
Affumes each femblance of the artift's thought ;
Like Manly Breasts, that fpurn oppreffive fway,
But meet truth, reafon, right, and fenfe, half-way.

Glafs,

Glas, still respondent to the workman's care,
As every shape, can every colour bear:

Ev'n so good Men, in every turn of fate,
Can act all parts, and in all parts be great.

Pervious to every beam, transparent Glas
Gives to the eye, all objects as they pass:
So the clear Soul, when justice claims her due,
Or honour calls,—sets all *within*, to view.

The Diamond's piercing edge must Glas divide,
It's polish'd surface mocks all power beside:
So Spirits, which no base subservience own,
Pay homage to Superior Worth alone.

No drug, nor juice of all the acid tribe,
Can move the Tints, which Glassy Pores imbibe;
So no mean prejudice, no bribes, nor art,
Efface th' Impressions of an Upright Heart.

The Glas, that Ages after Ages use,
Nor splendor, substance, weight, nor strength, will lose;

So fresh and fair, survives bright Virtue's praise;
 No toil exhausts it, and no Time decays.

Glass, fraught with powers to earlier days unknown,
 Gives Heav'n-born Harmony its sweetest tone;
 So conscious Dignity, within the breast,
 Tunes all to joy, or warbles all to rest.

The Fact, thus prov'd, let him disprove, who can,
 —True to my text I'll end as I began—
 —I say, that—“ Glass is like a worthy Man!”

THE READING-GLASS.

IF I can guess your thoughts, (and let me say
We boys are shrewd observers in our way,)
You half expect a descant dull and dry,
As, “ How the spectacles assist the eye;
“ How grave old gentlemen their use confess;
“ And purblind dowagers th’ invention bless;
“ How, thro’ their aid, full many a sage adviser
“ Trims Europe’s Balance—by the Advertiser;
“ How criticks by their help can words pursue
“ From tome to tome; nor ever lose the view;
“ How wits can annotate, compose, compile;
“ And readers read, and spellers spell—the while.”

Why

Why really, Gentlemen, one might contrive
 With such trite hints to keep you—just alive:—
 But 'tis with me, as 'tis, I hope, with you;
 I love a little touch at something new;
 And trust me, 'tis not in *my* verse alone,
 That novelty for nonsense must atone:—
 Then take in lieu of wit—such rhymes as these;—
 And as you like them, call them what you please.

There is a Book, and in that book a page,
 Which holds a lesson for each state and age;
 That proper lesson every man should read;—
 And one good Glass is all the help he'll need:—
 To keep your thoughts no longer in suspense,
 NATURE'S the Book; the Glass is *Common Sense*.

O! could you see that Glass exalted ride,
 Like spectacles, the Coxcomb's nose astride!
 How alter'd would he seem in every feature!
 How quite another! quite a better creature!

No

No more he'd lisp, and lear, and pish! and fie!
A baby-man, boy-mifs—of six feet high.

In Nature's horn-book, her mere crifs-crofs row,
'Tis the first sentence, "*Live for Use, not Show.*"
Could Scholars read this, thro' the Glafs of Sense,
What loads would vanish of impertinence!
Could Beauties see it, what a change would rise,
From patch and paint—to puddings; and to pies!
Could Poets learn it, what a world of wit,
That never will be read—would not be writ!
Could we all get it, tho' some toil attend on't,
'Twould make us none the worfe, we may depend on't.
—Let then all those, who would for wisdom look,
Make *Sense* their *Glafs*, and study *Nature's Book*.

THE MARKET.

My brother Bards, (you see them here a'row)
 Fair chapmen all, and honest—as times go,
 Turn'd fowl—flesh—fruit—fishmongers for the day,
 Will all the Market's various parts display;
 Will show, how general wants crave private pains;
 By private toils, how general plenty reigns.

But don't you find, upon consideration,
 That mine's a ticklish kind of situation?
 My theme's the MARKET; yet if I should dare
 To speak of this or that, or t'other ware,
 Here fits a BUTCHER, there a POULTERER gaping,
 Eyes fix'd,—ears open,—sure to catch me napping:

These

These seven good men have each a separate calling;
And if I touch on one—snap—'tis *forestalling*.

Well, Gentlemen, I'm willing to content ye:
Keep each his part; my verse shall ne'er prevent ye:
Tho' while your themes from mine exclude me so, Sirs,
You treat me, under favour, like *Engrossers*.

So! FISH, FLESH, FOWL, nor FRUIT, am I to mention,
And yet must sing the MARKET:—Now Invention!
Now all thy quaint creative power dispense;
Rhyme, reason, moral, mystic, nonsense, sense.

Have you ne'er seen an human figure stalking,
Part running, and part standing, and part walking,
With furrow'd front, and vacant eye-ball plodding,
Finger on thumb, computing, numb'ring, nodding?
He's a Projector, in the World's great Mart,
And plays—"what?"—guess—a mere Egg-merchant's part;
Like eggs, are all the schemes he seems so deep in;
They crack, when touch'd; they're addled in the keeping.

In modern education, (spare my freedom,
 You rather train your children up, than breed 'em:
 If Master scorns to blush—"The Rogue's so smart"—
 How vast his memory—if he swears by heart!
 That Miss may store up knowledge in the lump,
 She reads—the cards; to comprehend—a trump.
 Severer lessons only form their youth,
 To antiquated virtue, and dull truth;
 Virtue and truth might make them wise, and able,
 The point is now, to make 'em *marketable*;
 To fit them for a Mart, where fashion tries 'em,
 Where trifles set the price, and folly buys 'em.
 The Market!—'twere a crime past expiation,
 Not to suggest a hint on Exportation.
 That store of corn*, how snug the adventurers thought it,
 When all on board, for foreign sale they brought it;

* See the Public Papers in the year 1766.

And prompt to enrich a few by starving many,
Enjoy'd in hope, a swinging Market-penny !
Yet tho' that hope was baulk'd, one truth is sure,
Their loss is tenfold profit to the poor ;
Since just where they embark'd, they disembark'd it,
The meal, thank Heaven, is still at the right Market.

D I N N E R.

THE clock struck Four!—with solemn pace and flow,
 A Bard, (Alas! that Bards should suffer so!)
 Hungry and hopeless, poor and pensive stray'd
 Lingerin', along the Mall's deserted shade:
 From Park the crowd to smoaking roofs repair;—
 He feasts in Fresco, who must feast on air.

Yet, tho' stern fate substantial food deny'd,
 Ideal viands fancy's power supply'd;
 On bak'd, roast, boil'd (while chance the changes rung)
 The Poet mus'd:—and as he mus'd, he fung.

“ Waft warmly-fragrant, sweetly favory-gales,
 “ Waft the rich fumes, each kitchen round exhales!

“ I smell,

- “ I smell, I smell the reeking odours rise!
 “ I see,—but Oh! too soon the vision flies!
 “ Why! why! ye transient forms, this barbarous haste?
 “ Ah! stay! Ah! let me—let me—dream—I taste!
 “ Say, Virgin Muses! (Ye can well divine)
 “ Say who, this moment, on what dainties dine!
 “ Now at the Merchant’s board, from luscious streams
 “ Of soup, the quivering fat of turtles steams;
 “ Drest by an art, no power of verse can tell;
 “ Hash’d, slash’d, flic’d, spic’d, carv’d, serv’d in its own shell.
 “ Now beards wag all, where summon’d Counties meet,
 “ And rival Squires, for England’s welfare—eat:
 “ While hams and chines inspire th’ elector’s choice,
 “ And fix the freeman’s right—to sell his voice.
 “ The napkin now it’s wonted station fills,
 “ Beneath the sleek Church-warden’s rosy gills:
 “ His eye devours the turbot to the bone;
 “ And ere he swallows, half the haunch is gone.

“ Now

“ Now from the war of words, in peace withdraw
 “ The coifed Counsel, learned in the law;
 “ O’er social chops they meet, beneath the rose;
 “ And club as friends, the fee that made them foes;
 “ To Dinner, these with ardor take their way;—
 “ Their clients—with what appetite they may.
 “ Now o’er a fingle chicken, *tête à tête*,
 “ Two Sweethearts coo; a turtle and his mate;
 “ Love all their converse, all their thought supplies,
 “ And ev’n the fingle chick neglected lies:—
 “ Oh! couldst thou, Cupid, but transport *me* there,
 “ What love disdains, might be the Poet’s share.
 “ See the tithe-pig the Parson’s table grace;
 “ Nor grudge the tribute due, ye rustic race!
 “ Tho’ thousand tithe-pigs every day procures,
 “ The priest’s good luck, is but the tenth of yours.
 “ Lo! DOLLY’s now the rich rump steak affords!
 “ Repast for Lords, and Mistresses of Lords!

“ Yes,

“ Yes, every street, and every house can boast
“ Some private manchet, or some public host!
“ Some public host, or private manchet fee,
“ For every hungry mortal—but for me!”

So rhym'd the Bard, with many a sigh between;
When lo! a Publisher came cross the Green!
They meet—they strike the bargain—and they bind—
The Pamphlet-monger paid, the Poet din'd;
Sold, as to Satan Witches were of yore,
To vilify the arts he lov'd before;
With harpy screamings merit to pursue;
And damn by wholesale in the next Review.

S U N D A Y.

WHAT thoughts, what words, what utterance should display
 Devotion's feelings, when she names this Day;
 I well conceive;—but know, alas! too well,
 Tho' prompt my heart, how weak my tongue to tell.
 When to Religious Themes we turn the strain,
 To praise imperfectly, is to profane:
 Forgive me then, if, conscious, I forbear
 Sublimier views; and touch but what I dare:
 Thine is the Sabbath, Universal Sire!
 My trembling feet from holy ground retire.

Yet what I may, I will.—Tho' the bold eye
 Of rash Conceit be dazzled, Zeal may try

At humble distance a less venturous view;
And thoughts with meekness form'd, with innocence pursue.

While then the song of Praise, and cry of Prayer,
Wing'd by glad Seraphs thro' the void of air,
From lands remote, and sea-girt isles ascends,
And earth's whole race in lowly worship bends,
Think we what joy in Heaven prevails?—How prone }
To mix our gratulations with their own, }
Th' Angelic Bands, that circle God's high throne? }
Think we how sweet to natures so sublime
The general incense, which from many a clime,
Here Faith, here Hope, here Zeal, and here the sigh
Of penitential sorrow, wafts on high.

Nor less delight receives th' ethereal race,
When heavenly bounty, in Heaven's laws they trace;
When each new Sabbath obvious Good supplies;
And Man, ev'n while he pays, enjoys his sacrifice.

Consign'd to Piety, to Peace, to Rest,
 Returns the hallow'd Day, which GOD hath blest;
 From worldly cares the fervent heart retires;
 The public silence calmer sense inspires;
 Toil from her task withdraws; till ease restore
 New strength; strength, spirit; spirit, joy once more:
 So duty leads to comfort:—Thus of course
 The seventh day offer'd gives the six their force.

Bland Hospitality her happiest way
 To Sunday owes:—for Sunday is *her* day.

Neatness, whom health with constant step attends;
 And Pleasure unprov'd, (that but unbends
 The bosom, not corrupts it,) these their share
 In Sunday's offices, and leisure bear.

But chief Benevolence on Sunday's hour,
 Smiles doubly gracious; whether her sweet power
 Expand the Preacher's breast, while to mankind
 He shews the love that calls—the laws that bind—

The virtues that exalt us; or like rain
Distilling general, thro' the throbbing vein
It stream upon the heart, in one full tide,
And drown all purpose, all desire beside.

These blessings, Sunday, and these works we sing,
Sacred to thee! as thou to Heaven's dread King!

TO-MORROW—COME—NEVER!

By these arch wags (you heard 'em speak)
 I'm fairly ousted from the week:
 Here, as else-where, all business goes:—
 My seniors and my betters chose:—
 Seven poets just seven days could share;
 The eighth might for himself take care—
 So each seiz'd one as each thought best:—
 To me, they kindly left—*the rest*.

But this is neither here nor there;
 I suffer only neighbour's fare:

So 'tis; fo 'twas; fo 'twill be ever;
 No period man from felf can fever,
 But that one morrow—which comes never. }

You know laft fummer, what parade
 With catches, canons, glees, was made:
 Loud echo'd Ranelagh's rotunda
 With Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday:
 While Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday push in,
 Like bobbins on a laceman's cushion;
 High, low, they run the ftrains fonorous,
 Bafe, treble, tenor, folo, chorus:—
 But what of this? Sing, fay, who will,
 I flick by my own thefis ftill:
 Altho' the day I write upon,
 Be found in no week pafte and gone;
 Tho' to the world's end you purfue it,
 Yet never come the nearer to it,
 I challenge Envy in it's praife;—
 I fay it is the Day of Days.

To-morrow

To-morrow that comes never, Sirs!
 Would raise the hair upon your furs*;
 'Tis all with miracles replete,
 As any mortal egg with meat.

You, and all like you, wish, with me,
 Another age of Gold to see;
 In *Morals*, when with power benign
 Spirit and innocence shall join;
 In *Trade*, when nothing shall be gain,
 But what strict Honor may explain;
 In *Taste*, when Genius shall prevail,
 And simple Nature hold the scale;
 When Virtue only shall be *Worth*;
 Truth *Wit*, Sense *Learning*—and so forth—
 Why these, and stranger things than these,
 One Morrow will effect with ease;

* Alluding to the Livery-Gowns worn by the Master and Wardens of the Merchant-Tailors' Company.

All will fall out, smack, smooth, and elever,
Upon—To-morrow, that comes never.

Sour SCORN perhaps may sneer this *now*;
And curl her nose, and arch her brow;
But let Scorn know, that I despise her;
Upon my Morrow, she'll be wiser.

What would you give me to ensure
FRENCH Faith in Treaties?—to secure
PORTUGUESE Gratitude?—Neutrality
In DUTCHMEN, and Impartiality?
Why Gemmen, I'll engage to lay
A trifle, that I name the day,
On which all this will come about,
Beyond the shadow of a doubt;—
A day from which 'twill hold for ever—
—To wit—the Morrow that comes *never*.

At that time too, in every street,
Will be, (whoever lives to see't)

What

What now we deem most rare and strange—
 —WOMEN, with minds, that never *change*—
 —BEAUTIES, that wish not to be *seen*—
 —State MINISTERS, that want no *screen*—
 —Great SCHOLARS, with plain *Sense* and *Breeding*—
 —Great BLOCKHEADS, that affect not *Reading*—
 —CRITICKS, with *Candor* and *Civility*—
 —POETS, with *Money* and *Humility*—

Ah me! such changes will obtain,
 One scarce shall know the world again;
 Ev'n boys like these (and to say truth,
 This group holds many an hopeful youth)
 In utter *contrast* will appear
 To all, who study—*Marbles*, here;
 Will love Greek, more than tarts and jellies;
 And cram their heads, before their bellies.

Whoever thinks this Prophecy,
 A bam, a banter, or a lie,

Let him, as 'tis but just, be dumb,
'Till that fame Day, I speak of, come;
—Then, if he chance to catch me napping,
If what I've mention'd do not happen,
Let him indulge his angry fit;
Call me a bite; or say I'm bit;
I freely will to all submit;—
Nor shall at an excuse endeavour,
After—To-morrow, that comes never.

L I G H T.

“LET there *be* Light,” one only Voice could say,
 When Nature first beheld emerging day :
 But what Light *is* must all unknown remain,
 ’Till the same Voice, with equal power, again
 Bid intellectual light more strongly rise,
 And God’s whole glory beam on human eyes.

’Tis well, mean while, (tho’ Science doat in vain,)
 To *mark* those facts, Heaven meant not to explain,
 Thro’ objects known to follow Reason’s clue,
 And where Experience leads, on Fancy’s wing pursue.

When Light is nam’d, what thoughts, what eyes but stray,
 To that first Orb, which makes and bounds the day?—

Light

Light from his Beams is all, in all, that's seen:
 —'Tis the bright burnish of the woodland green:—
 —'Tis the rich tint, that warms the maiden rose
 To vermil blushes:—'Tis the bloom that glows
 O'er all Creation's face, with glad'ning rays;
 When health, joy, beauty, greet the noon-tide blaze.

Light in the mid-night hour, beneath the beam }
 Of Heaven's pale Regent, is the lucid gleam, }
 That glimmering tremulous kindles up the stream: }
 'Tis shade made visible, embrowning round
 All space, and magnifying to confound;
 Creating forms, for Fancy to extend,
 Till the damp dews, from Fear's cold cheek descend.

Beneath the clouds, that black'ning as they go,
 O'er Nature's face an ebon curtain throw
 Prophetic of the tempest, Light at best
 Is terror in transparent darknefs drest,

Save when it's flashes bursting from the skies,
Inspire new dread, and shine but to surprize.

Varied a thousand times, embodied round
With solid forms, in chains material bound,
Light in th' electric substance cavern'd lies,
'Till friction give it birth;—then eager flies
From pores unnumber'd, urging still it's way
In floating atoms, till it mix with day.

Broke on the prism, each tortur'd ray of Light
Is infinite vicissitude:—the fight
Scarce in the extreme lubricity of hues
The many-tinged Fugitive pursues,
Who each reverse of changeful colour tries,
And steals thro' gradual shades, from dies to dies.

When treasur'd mines, the rock's deep hollows hide,
And spangled minerals flame from side to side,
Or dripping dews, condens'd to crystals, glow
Athwart the roof, and stud the floor below;—

There

There Light enthron'd in all its glory burns,
While gems emit, and catch the rays by turns;
And parts reflecting parts, conspire to raise,
One total gleam, one consubstantial blaze.

Dazzled, where Splendors so intense prevail,
What wonder, if a School-Boy's optics fail!
If lost in Light, he seek his head to shroud,
And flies to silence, as a shelt'ring cloud!

W A T E R.

IF right “*Ἀγίστων ὕδωρ*” PINDAR sings,
 That simple Water is the best of things,—
 Would Water-Poets were the best of Bards!
 But oh! that chance is not upon the cards!
 Vain were th’ attempt such logick to apply;
 My verse would give my arguments the lie:—
 Yet what I can, I will:—Not he, whose lyre
 Leads on th’ AONIAN mount the Sister Choir,
 (Tho’ all th’ inspiring potions he explore
 From water up to nectar,) can do more.

From earth’s deep womb (for earth their store supplies)
 Thro’ countless pores the moist effluvia rise

Distinct

Distinct below, where oozing strata shed
Drop after drop; till from their humid bed
Th' emergent vapours steam; and as they go,
Condense, incorporate, extend, and flow.

—Thanks, kind Philosophy! whose lore profound
Thus helps me bring my Water above ground!

—Henceforth to trace it little will suffice,
Obvious to common sense, and common eyes.

If in the mental calm of joy serene,
I seek, thro' Fancy's aid, the sylvan scene,
There Water meets me, by the pebbled side
Of sedgy-fringed brooks, expanding wide
In dimpled eddies:—or with murmurs shrill
Running sweet unisons, where responsive still
In cadence meet, impending aspens hail
Heaven's mildest breath, soft quivering to the gale.

Too charming visions of intense delight!
Why? whither vanish ye?—Her eagle flight

Fancy

Fancy renews: and full athwart mine eye
 Throws an enormous Cataract:—from on high
 In awful stillness deepening waters glide
 Ev'n to the rude rock's ridge abrupt—then slide
 Ponderous, down, down, the void; and pitch below
 In thunder.—Dash'd to foam, awhile they know
 No certain current;—'till again combin'd,
 In boiling tides along the vales they wind.

O! bear me hence, where Water's force displays
 More useful energy;—where classic praise
 Adorns the names of chiefs long dead, who brought
 Thro' channel'd rocks concentrating streams, and taught
 One Aqueduct divided lands to lave,
 And hostile realms to drink one common wave.

But soft—methinks some horrid sounds I hear!
 What throbbing passion speaks?—'Tis fear: 'tis fear.
 —Water, where yonder Spout to Heaven ascends,
 Rides in tremendous triumph—Ocean bends—

—And

—And Ruin, raising high her baleful head,
Broods o'er the waste, the bursting Mafs will spread.

Enough of wat'ry wonders:—all difmay'd
Ev'n Fancy starts, at forms herself hath made.

Let them, whom terror can inspire, pursue
Themes too terrific:—I with humble view
Retire unequal,—nor will e'er again
To Water's *greater* works devote my strain;
Content to praise it, when with gentle sway,
Profuse of rich increase, it winds it's way
'Thro' the parch'd glebe; or fills with influence bland,
The cup of temperance, in the peasant's hand.

F L O W E R S.

I.

UNEQUAL to my theme, with desperate feet
I fought the Muse's bower;
Anxious to see, tho' all-afham'd to meet
Some bland, inspiring Power:
When fleet along the rising gale,
The Queen, fair FANCY past;
And thro' her rainbow-tinged veil
A glance benignant cast:
Then beck'ning to a secret glade,
"Come, see," she cry'd, "the train,
"Who own, beneath this mystic shade,
"My visionary reign!"

Proud

II.

Proud to obey the glad command,
I took with silent awe my stand:—
Meanwhile, in many a varying vest
Of rich expression aptly drest,
Ideal Myriads seem'd to rove
Promiscuous, thro' the cultur'd grove:
And each, as inbred impulse led,
From every flow'r-embroider'd bed
Some certain Plant, whose blossoms rose
Significantly pleasing, chose.

III.

With frank, firm look, and light tho' steady tread,
Came COURAGE first, and crop'd a dew-charg'd ROSE;
For in the tender ROSE might best be read
His very essence—Bloom that gently glows

Impell'd by gentle breath; prone to dispense
 To all, all sweetness; yet alert to shew,
 If rash invasion ruder deeds commence,
 That warm repentment points a thorn below.

IV.

Retiring from the public eye,
 The Maiden meek HUMILITY
 Was seen to turn with mildest grace
 To heav'n her thoughts, to earth her face;
 And all unconscious what fair fame
 Merit like hers might well assume,
 Prefer'd to every juster claim
 The lowly DAISY'S simple bloom.

V.

Some bawble each moment arranging,
 Admiring, exploding, or changing,

The coquette AFFECTATION skim'd wantonly by ;
On her breast a NARCISSUS she bore,
As if with Narcissus of yore,
For a form like her own she could languish and die.

VI.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering PATIENCE stood ;
Conquering evil still with good ;
Binding for her brow the while
Artless wreaths of CAMOMILE ;
Hardy plant, whose vigorous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

VII.

Pure CONSTANT LOVE, (whose hallow'd fires
Time still exalts, and truth inspires,

In

In spite of absence, grief, or pain,)

Approv'd the faithful MARIGOLD,

Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,

 When first the sun asserts his reign;

Hail his glad progress thro' the day,

Close gradual with his parting ray,

 Nor open, 'till he shines again.

VIII.

SUPERSTITION came telling her steps, and her beads;

 Like Jack-in-a-bush hung all over with green,

AGNUS-CASTUS by wholesale she cull'd from the meads,

 And stuck with due care HOLY THISTLE between;

A chaplet of MONK'S-HOOD she pluck'd for her head,

And ROSEMARY sprigs for the graves of the dead.

IX.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain
Ardent HOPE all panting flew,
Prompt her eager eye to strain,
Far beyond the present view:
Quick from hint to hint to stray,
She the PRIMROSE held most dear;—
First-born of returning May;
Promise of the future year.

X.

ILL-NATURE to a corner stole,
And taught her blood-shot eyes to roll,
As if she long'd to blight
Each flower of happier scent and hue;
For none she chose of all that grew,
Save poisonous ACONITE.

XI.

Hand in hand, for they never afunder are feen,
All cheerful their features, all eafy their mien,

CONTENTMENT and INNOCENCE tript it along:
By the foft virgin SNOWDROP WAS INNOCENCE KNOWN,
CONTENTMENT took HEARTS-EASE, and call'd it her own;
Nor envied the great, nor the gay in the throng.

XII.

The throng!—juft hint to wild conceit like mine!—
Why, what a wreath had I begun to twine!
—Indulgent as ſhe was, methinks I hear
Ev'n Fancy's ſelf now whiſper in my ear,
“ Quit ere 'tis tedious, quit the flowery road,
“ Nor what was meant a Noſegay, make a Load.”

S H R U B S.

ONCE on this Earth of ours, for change of air,
 JOVE and his WIFE, like any mortal pair,
 Stroll'd thro' a wood:—my book records not where. }

MADAM, who scarce would condescend to prove,
 Below the sky, more patient than above,
 Brush'd, as she pass'd, th' encumb'ring boughs aside,
 With many a pout, and many a pish!—and cry'd;
 “ Shall cedars, JOVE, and pines alone provoke
 “ Thy triple shaft's inevitable stroke;
 “ While in my way these shrubs their branches thrust?
 “ Is it thy scorn of them, or me, they trust?

“ For once, at least, to my request attend ;

“ And let thy bolts on this vile spot descend.”

THE THUNDERER smil'd assent :—his arm was rear'd ;
When lo ! DIANA from the copse appear'd :

Heard angry JUNO's plaint, and JOVE's behest ;—

And thus with homage due the vengeful Powers address'd :

“ Ere yet that flaming terror quit thy hand,

“ And ample ruin wing the fatal brand,

“ Change, cloud-compelling KING, thy stern decree ;

“ Relenting JUNO shall approve my plea :—

“ Not that to me (tho' noble were the claim)

“ These sheltering shrubs present perpetual game ;

“ But that they stand with happier gifts supply'd,

“ To mental power, and social skill ally'd.”

She spoke, and wav'd her spear.—An airy throng
Rose instant into form, and glanc'd along.

First, from a Laurel's shade, whose foliage bound
Her elevated brow, came GENIUS.—Round

She threw the penetrating eye, that strays
Past all existence; while a thousand ways
She funders, joins, contracts, extends, at will,
ACTUAL and POSSIBLE; imparting still
To thought-engender'd essence,—feature, place,
Dimension, operation, life, and grace.

With sturdy step, and arm of sinewy length,
Came RURAL INDUSTRY: His cunning strength
Stript, as they rose in many a supple shoot,
The sapling Officers from the knotted root:
Then wove for various use, with various care,
The good-wife's basket for her market-ware;
The cudgel's hilt; the wicker net, that holds
The river's straggling fry; the fence that guards the folds.

In yellow BOX, MECHANIC SKILL display'd
Infinite versatility:—it made
The forceful skrew; it turn'd the pulley's wheel;
It bade the top in mazy circles reel;

It form'd the shuttle; and with happiest thought
The needful comb for Beauty's tresses wrought.

Cool SELF-DEFENCE, to prove her practice right,
Held up a Bramble's prickly stem to fight;
That winds innoxious o'er its native ground,
But gives, when most oppress'd, the deepest wound.

Fair DELICACY cropt the Jasmine bower,
To crown connubial Love's endearing power;
Whose sweetly placid brow might best assume
So soft a verdure, and so pure a bloom.

From every shrub the devious thicket knows,
The Hazle, prankful RECREATION chose:
Plain hint, that sport some object should pursue;
And pleasure frolic, with a nut in view.

Meanwhile the frown relax'd on JUNO's face,
And mild complacence follow'd in its place;
DIANA's skill the wrathful Queen appeas'd:—
And JOVE (right glad to see his consort pleas'd)

Returning

Returning slept upon his golden bed,
Without a curtain-lecture in his head:—
Or, if a spice of HOMER'S GREEK will cheer ye,

*Ἐνθα κάθειυδ' ἀναβάς· παρὰ δὲ, χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη**.

* Iliad. Lib. i. V. ult.—611.

C O L O U R S.

AT Nature's birth, Almighty Wisdom's care
Bade Light exist,—and Light *was* every where;
In broad effusion from the Central Beam,
With instant force the living Splendors stream.

Yet while the total emanations fall
In joint effulgence, and illumine all;
Their separate parts, on separate substance break,
And certain dies, from certain objects take:
Else were creation's scene in vain display'd;—
Uncolour'd Light is but transparent shade.

Some rays, averse to quit their native sky,
Above the star-pav'd fields of Æther fly.

Of these the tribes, who stronger tints assume,
Flash purple glories from the seraph's plume;
While whiter bands in fleecy robes array
Th' intense serene, or strew the milky way.

Some in mid-air an humbler station choose;
There bleach the snows, and tinge exhaling dews;
Gleam in red light'nings on the world below;
In bright profusion arch the heavenly bow;
Carpet with blue the sun's meridian way;
Reflect on crimson'd clouds his setting ray;
Or on rude blasts, that Nature's face deform,
Suspend the fullen blackness of the storm.

Some pass more downward still;—content to stray,
Where earth's dense ball imbibes the beam of day.
Of these a part athwart the surface glide,
And in grey mists steam up the mountain's side.
Part o'er the foliage of the sylvan scene
Disperse the extreme vicissitudes of green;

Where

Where the old oak a duskier hue partakes,
And where with every breeze the paler aspen shakes.
Part thro' the flowery realm promiscuous range,
And give th' emergent bloom eternal change;
Burnish the lily's modest leaf; unfold
The rose; and gild the flaunting marigold.
Part on our human frame by turns express
What passions warm us, and what griefs distress;
Pale on the lip of rage, and brow of pain;
Sanguine in joy's flush'd face; and blue in beauty's vein.
Part paint with wild varieties of grace
The feather'd legions, and the savage race;
Spot the gay pard; and to th' astonish'd eye,
Present the lion's yellow majesty;
Or waving swift in shadowy radiance, deck
The pheasant's flaming breast, and peacock's azure neck.
Some deeper plung'd, beneath th' enormous main,
In scaly spangles dress the wat'ry train,

On polish'd conchs, their glitt'ring glofs bestow,
And teach adhesive corals how to glow.
Nay some (so subtle is their texture) pass
Unchang'd thro' solid earth's obdurate mass;
Pierce the recess, where mineral treasures lie,
And give each ripening ore it's genuine die;
Vary a thousand gems, a thousand ways,
And at the centre, light the diamond's blaze.

Here at the centre, let me close my rhyme;
Wisdom's first maxim is to stop in time:—
Exhaustless Colour, hint on hint inspires;
But soon, too soon! the Muse's pencil tires!

 THE BRAMBLE.

WHILE Wits thro' Fiction's regions ramble,—
 While Bards for fame or profit scramble;—
 While PEGASUS can trot, or amble;—
 Come what may come,—I'll sing the BRAMBLE.

“How now!”—methinks I hear you say:—
 “Why? What is Rhyme run mad to-day?”
 —No, Sirs, mine's but a fudden gambol;
 My Muse hung hamper'd in a Bramble.

But soft! no more of this wild stuff!
 Once for a frolic is enough;—
 So help us Rhyme, at future need,
 As we in soberer style proceed.

All subjects of nice disquisition,
Admit two modes of definition:
For every thing two sides has got,—
What *is* it?—and what is it *not*?

Both methods, for exactness sake,
We with our Bramble mean to take:
And by your leave, will first discuss
It's negative good parts,—as thus.—

A Bramble will not, like a Rose,
To prick your fingers, tempt your nose;
Whene'er it wounds, the fault's your own,—
Let that, and that lets you, alone.

You shut your Myrtles for a time up;
Your Jasmine wants a wall to climb up;
But Bramble, in its humbler station,
Nor weather heeds, nor situation;
No season is too wet, or dry for't,
No ditch too low, no hedge too high for't.

Some praise, and that with reason too,
The Honeyfuckle's scent and hue;
But sudden storms, or sure decay,
Sweep, with it's bloom, it's charms away:
The sturdy Bramble's coarser flower
Maintains it's post, come blast, come shower;
And when time crops it, time subdues
No charms;—for it has none to lose.

Spite of your skill, and care, and cost,
Your nobler shrubs are often lost;
But Brambles, where they once get footing,
From age to age continue shooting;
Ask no attention, nor forecasting;
Not ever-green; but ever-lasting.

Some shrubs intestine hatred cherish,
And plac'd too near each other, perish;
Bramble indulges no such whim;
All neighbours are alike to him;

No stump so scrubby, but he'll grace it;
No crab so four, but he'll embrace it.

Such, and so various negative merits,
The Bramble from it's birth inherits:—
Take we it's positive virtues next;
For so at first we split our text.

The more Repentment tugs and kicks,
The closer still the Bramble sticks;
Yet gently handled, quits it's hold;
Like heroes of true BRITISH mould:
Nothing so touchy, when they're teas'd,—
No touchiness so soon appeas'd.

Full in your view, and next your hand,
'The Bramble's homely berries stand:
Eat as you list,—none calls you glutton;
Forbear,—it matters not a button.
And is not, pray, this very quality
Th' essence of true Hospitality?

When

When frank simplicity and sense
Make no parade, take no offence;
Such as it is, set forth their best,
And let the welcome—add the rest.

The Bramble's shoot, tho' Fortune lay
Point-blank obstructions in it's way,
For no obstructions will give out;
Climbs up, creeps under, winds about;
Like Valour, that can suffer, die,
Do any thing,—but yield, or fly.

While Brambles hints like these can start,
Am I to blame to take their part?
No—let who will, affect to scorn 'em,
My Muse shall glory to adorn 'em;
For as *Rhyme* did, in my preamble,
So *Reason* now cries, “BRAVO! BRAMBLE!”

THE BEETLE.

To all things, that are, or have been, or shall be,
Of whatever materials, or form, or degree,
Belong, (if Logicians have told us no stories,)
Ten—here's a nice word for you!—ten CATEGORIES:
And to shew you at once the great depth of my knowledge,
I'll tell you what names people give them at College:
One, SUBSTANCE; two, QUANTITY; QUALITY, three;
RELATION makes four; five—five?—let me see—
Five, ACTION; six, PASSION; seven, WHERE; and eight, WHEN;
Then nine, SITUATION; and HABIT, just ten:—
And this, I suppose, is the very first time,
That these same CATEGORIES, were stuck into rhyme.

Now

Now if *all* things, to these have a title confest,
 My BEETLE may plead it, as well as the rest;
 Nor would he his claim, (for why should he!) withhold,
 Tho' the ten were augmented to ten times, tenfold.

First then as to SUBSTANCE, he's body and bone,
 In an hundred and fifty varieties known;
 Yet all of one genus; and all of one kin;
 And like other plain people, he lives in his skin.

He has QUANTITY too, tho' it differ in figure;
 For in EUROPE 'tis less, in AMERICA, bigger:
 But with bigger or less, I'll not trouble my head;
 He's as large, as he need be,—and that's enough said.

As to QUALITY, he's a mere half-and-half-arian,
 With one property here, and there a contrary one:
 Now a reptile he creeps, now a volatile flies;
 Now skulks from your sight; now comes bounce in your eyes;
 He's drowsy by day; and if vigils he keep,
 'Tis at night; when most animals else go to sleep:

If senses he has, they're imperfect at most;
 He is more than half blind; and he cannot smell post;
 He's stupid, and muzzy, and dull as a board;
 And he hums such a base, as no snorer e'er snor'd.
 Then a necklace of Beetles, so PLINY affirms,
 (As I tell you my author, I speak in bold terms)
 Will charm away mischief from children who bear it:—
 Let who likes it, believe; who believes, let him wear it.

The extremes of his various RELATIONS are odd:
 By EGYPTIANS of old he was held for a God;
 But boys among us, in language uncivil,
 Style him (faving your preference) "Coach-horse to the Devil."

His ACTION and PASSION, one fact will declare;
 For when he comes buzzing along in mid-air,
 (With so headlong a flight, and with eye-sight so dim)
 If he hurts my hard head,—my hard head must hurt him.

As to PLACE, if in public he cannot be found,
 You may meet him, half smother'd with dust under ground.

On the subject of TIME, three short words will suffice,—
 In spring he comes forth; and in winter he dies;
 But die when he will, we've no reason to fear;
 There'll be Beetles enough to succeed him, next year.

His whole SITUATION, as far as we see,
 Is a sort-of-a-kind of a riddle-me-ree.
 He's an I by itself I, that stands rank'd with no peers:
 As nobody loves him, so nobody fears;
 And it seems his chief aim, tho' he fly, or he creep,
 Just to sleep out his life, and to live out his sleep.

His HABIT (and please you) is ever coal-black;
 And he carries two case-harden'd shells on his back,
 Which cover his wings, and improve (we surmise)
 The delectable music, he makes, when he flies.

And thus, in compliance with system and rules,
 My theme I've defin'd, in the mode of the Schools;
 If that mode be absurd, let the learned look to't;
 For here ends my Logick, and ditty to boot.

THE PRIVATEER.

A PRIVATEER!—and my first cruife!
I wonder who'd stand in my shoes!—
But since I'm in for't, I'll push through,
Drive right a-head, and gunnel to.
What tho' this noddle never harbour'd
A thought of larboard or of starboard,
I bring, if not a seaman's skill,
At all events a tar's good will;
If not thin breeches, a light heart;—
And mere hap-hazard is my chart.

Your Admiral ships, with white, blue, red
Broad pennons at the top-mast head,

Affect to hold us cheap;—and sneer.—
 —“ Marry come up!” quoth Privateer:—
 “ Who was the first that led a crew
 “ Of heroes privateering?—Who?—
 “ ’Twas Captain JASON of the ARGO;
 “ And he brought home a golden cargo;—
 “ Which GREECE long brag’d, and Poets wrote on,
 “ Ere Admirals were born, or thought on.”

Your forward folk, who love to prate,
 Our worth and valour under-rate;
 Because adventures we commence,
 Less for the honor, than the pence:—
 But, if strict truth from fame we learn,
 We need not drop so much afern:
 Those who for glory hack and maul so,
 Yet like a spell of plunder also:—
 To plunder we confess affection;
 If glory comes—’tis no objection.

They

They have the windward 'tis agreed,
In rank at least, if not in deed.

Four Virtues CARDINAL we call;—
And Privateers-men have them all.

First JUSTICE—for it is, you know,
Their maxim, to give blow for blow!

Next TEMPERANCE—none of mortal brood
Live more on hope—and hope's thin food!

Then FORTITUDE—for 'tis their duty
To stand hard knocks, ere they share booty!

Last PRUDENCE—for they never care
How few those knocks; how large that share!

I've heard my nurse (if 'tis no crime
To quote one's nurse) say many a time;
“ My child, wherever fate shall shove ye,
“ Help yourself, and your friends will love ye!”
This doctrine Privateers pursue;
And make improvements on it too:—

Whene'er

Whene'er in proper time and place,
 They find fit objects of their chace,
 They help themselves to all comes near 'em,
 To make their friends the more revere 'em!
 And more than that—to make foes fear 'em,
 They help themselves to all comes near 'em!

The Navy gents expect their pay,
 Full when they serve; half, when they play:
 But we on no such terms advance;
 A kind of forlorn hope of chance:
 We pocket pelf, or take dry thumps,
 Just as dame Fortune turns up trumps;
 With now scarce purse-room for our gains;
 And now our labour for our pains.

One circumstance indeed there is,
 For ever in our favour—viz:
 Come fight—come flight—whate'er ensues,
 They lose not—who have nought to lose.

Lose!

Lose! did I say?—'twas most absurd!—
How could I utter such a word?—
“ Win and wear all,” that can be got to,
Is every Privateer-man's motto!
And I, for my own part, avow,
(Your scholar long, your sailor now,)
I'll ne'er, if this your smiles obtain,
Speak—or ev'n think of Loss again.

D A Y - B R E A K.

To fage antiquity we bow.—
 And yet fometimes, I know not how,
 To eyes not claffically clear,
 Her maxims look a little queer.

Day-break for instance, why affign'd
 So often to the female kind?
 From rofy hands, in HOMER's lays
 AURORA fheds ethereal blaze:
 And VIRGIL, you muft all have read,
 Ev'n takes her fairly out of bed;
 Arms her with radiance *cap-à-pè!*—
 Then hey for Morn!—and who but ſhe!

Both

Both Bards from life and nature drew—
Did living nature give this cue?
Kept ladies then so early hours?—
—Not, if their ladies were like ours!
Till abler heads this point discuss,
Excuse me, if I reason thus.
What's all creation's range immense?
—'Tis beauty in the largest sense.—
What happens, when we close our eyes?
—That range immense of beauty flies.—
What meets us with returning light?
—New beauty rushes on the fight.
Since beauty then, and light, increase
Together, and together cease,
More ancient wit, we may suppose,
Beauty to usher beauty chose:
That so the Power, which should display
The glories of emerging Day,

With Female charms might rise to view;
 And serve for type, and substance too.
 If this surmise seems mere dead letter,
 Mend it who will!—the more the better.

When Morn first twinkles up the sky,
 Terror's light troops promiscuous fly:
 The Fairy spreads his filmy plume;
 The Witch mounts cock-horse on her broom;
 Snug to it's shroud the grim Ghost glides;
 Down night's last shade the Goblin slides;
 And Demons of terrific show,
 From nothing form'd, to nothing go.
 Has Morn, for this, specific force?
 —No.—No,—'tis matter all of course.
 Cause and effect in things ideal
 Subsist and operate, as in real:
 Ignorance breeds fears, and knowledge quells 'em;
 Darkness makes monsters, light dispels 'em.

But

But hold—while thus my rambling Muse
A wild-goose chase of thought pursues,
Let faithful duty bear in mind
A topic of more serious kind;
For which a moment's pause I pray.
—'Tis what the MASTER bade me say*.—

On this dear spot he sees, with joy supreme,
In your warm zeal, a glorious Day-break beam:
Whose future heat such private worth may raise,
As public justice shall rejoice to praise.
—Flush'd with such hope, and more than proud to boast
The Trust that honours, and that binds him most,
In three short words, he sums up all his plan;
LETTERS exalt, as MANNERS make the MAN.

* This was spoken on the first public Examination Day after the Author was chosen Head Master of Merchant-Tailors' School.

MANNERS, AND LETTERS, then, alike shall share
His mode of discipline, his whole of care;
Anxious thro' gradual energies to dispenſe
Improv'd Humanity's Orient Light—from HENCE!

N O O N.

GENTLEMEN of the Session round,
With reverence and respect profound,
I on the spot, before you, here,
Counsel for plaintiff NOON appear;—
For why?—Said NOON in fundry cafes,
Things, matters, premises, and places,
(As p' Instructions in my brief)
Stands much aggriev'd; and craves relief.

My client, Gentlemen, refers
To clouds of evidence;—and avers
That MORN and AFTERNOON combining,
Plotting, contriving, and designing,

By

By covert guile, and overt act,
 (*Contra statut' provis' et fact'*)
 From his undoubted claim and right,
 Have partly, and would oust him quite,
 Cancel all proofs of his identity,
 And make him a downright non-entity;
 Scarce to be found by search or trial,
 Save on the surface of a dial:
 For this he owns, and owns with pride,
 Hurt as he is by all beside,
 Spite of ill-luck, spite of ill-will,
 His friend the SUN, sticks by him still.

The special *damage* he sustains,
 Thus with submission NOON explains.

Time was (he warrants me to say)
 When people rose, because 'twas Day;
 Rising so soon, they drest as soon;
 And all the World was gay by Noon:

Whose

Whose preface two-fold lustre threw;
Nature's meridian, and Day's too.
Think, then, how NOON held up his head!
—But oh! that golden age is fled!
Th' intruder MORN, too near allied
To luxury, indolence, and pride,
By such encroachments has crept on,
That NOON is fairly past and gone,
And westward far, his journey takes,
Ere half the *modern* World awakes:
Whereby he mourns his honour lost,
His joy abridg'd, his influence crost;
And fears, among politer folk,
(Should Fashion carry on the joke)
His very name may soon be hift hence,
As much a *bore*, as his existence.

So close his neighbour MORNING shaves!
Now mark how AFTERNOON behaves!—

In palace, college, hall, of yore,
 Bounce went at Noon the buttery door;
 The mutton-bell the guests convok'd;
 His rosy gills the chaplain strok'd;
 All stomachs, and all spirits up;
 They slic'd, they laugh'd; they smack'd the cup;
 Then with new glee, new toils begun;
 And seem'd to live two days in one.
Now, appetite at four, at five,
 At six, is scarcely scarce alive;
 And AFTERNOON usurps the place,
 Which NOON once held with twice the grace.
 Yet let not AFTERNOON presume;—
 Himself may meet an equal doom;
 To modish whim, perforce may yield,
 And quit, ere dinner-time, the field;
 Tho' past the hour, when stretch'd for rest,
 Our fires were in their night-caps drest.

(This

(This by the bye,)—Poor NOON meanwhile,
Scouted by taste, and ton, and style,
Scarce sees a dinner in a year,
Save where day-labourers club for beer;
Or gypsies stolen fuel store,
To cook the mefs—they stole before.

Here NOON aforefaid ends his charge;
And hopes he need not now enlarge
On merits held, agreed, and known,
Time immemorial, for his own.
If haply in life's earlier day,
He gave you many an hour of play,
If e'er intenser rays he shoot,
Ripening your grain, mellowing your fruit,
If oft, in winter's dire extreme,
He treats you with a casual gleam;
And tho' oblique, and tho' opprest,
Faint as he shines, yet shines his best;

Hear and redrefs a case fo hard!—

—He'll not demur from your award;

But fure of candor and support,

Rest on the JUDGMENT of the COURT.

THE EASY CHAIR.

ASTRONOMERS, I know not why,
At pleasure parcel out the sky;
As if the whole ethereal way
Were theirs for ever and for aye;
And all the stars the heavens unfold,
But the mere stock of their free-hold.

Befide the lion, bull, and bear,
Some ladies in their favour share;
And one, with special kindness treated,
Is in a blaze of radiance seated:
Consult your globe, you'll find her there;
CASSIOPE, and eke her Chair!—

“ Is it an Easy Chair?” you’ll say ;
 We’ll fettle that some future day.
 ’Tis doubtless (to cut short all pother)
 The easiest there——for there’s no other.
 —No other?—Then have I, ’tis clear,
 No other business with the sphere :
 Quit, Muse, the polar heights, and try
 What Terra-firma will supply.

On most occasions here below,
 Two old opponents, Aye, and No,
 Like man and wife in couples go :
 Ev’n so the Easy-Chair displays
 Some ground for satire, some for praise ;
 And tho’ on neither side I’m feed,
 On both sides, with your leave, I’ll plead.

First then for satire!—Do you seek
 For hallow’d Ignorance, gross, and sleek?—

Where

Where drones, by name of Monks, repair, }
 To yawn out psalms, and snore out pray'r, }
 She mounts an Abbot's Easy-Chair. }

Dame Luxury ne'er so smacks her gills,
 As when a Chairman's Seat she fills;
 Wallows and swallows, stuffs and stares,
 And trains Church-wardens up to May'rs.

See! where poor Indolence reclines!
 Lolls, tumbles, stretches, sprawls, and pines!
 Life has no pain, like that she feels:
 A thousand racks, a thousand wheels,
 In shape of Easy-Chairs, pursue
 The wretch—who knows not what to do.

But let us turn the tables here;
 And see what hints for praise appear.

Imprimis then, Disease will own
 An Easy Chair excels a throne.

Give

Give philosophical Conceit

Free leave to take the Scorners' feat:

But Wisdom will prefer, elsewhere,

Contentment, and an Easy Chair.

Ambition shakes the world sometimes,

As upward to her with she climbs;

While every step she gains, declares

A Chair of State, a chair of cares:—

Let her, and welcome, take her choice;

Let me with simple mirth rejoice:

Mirth knows *no* care, except providing

An Easy Chair, to shake her side in.

The gravest moralists, one and all,

Old age a second childhood call;

For which this Easy Chair of mine,

A second cradle, I define.—

—To lull us in that last retreat

Speak, gentle Peace, thy tidings sweet!

Each

Each pang may Resignation sooth!
And Conscience lay our pillow smooth!
While Hope, her eye to Heav'n addrest,
Enwraps us in her friendly vest,
And rocks us to Eternal Rest!

THE HORSEMAN.

NEPTUNE, in fabulous history we read,
 To match MINERVA'S Olive, form'd the steed.
 That NEPTUNE in an Horse, his power should try,
 You think it queer perhaps;—and so do I.—
 One fact, I'm sure your prompt assent to get;
 —That NEPTUNE never form'd an Horseman yet.—
 A tar may mount; a tar, when stow'd astride,
 May navigate a nag;—no tar can ride!

But this same tale of NEPTUNE, and his tit,
 Proves grave Antiquity could fib a bit:
 Of which, since now on classic ground we run,
 One instance more I'll give; and only one;—

The

The Centaur!—Not an urchin in the place,
But knows the story of the Centaur race;
Half brute; half human!—to himself, of course,
Each was at once the Horseman, and the Horse.
“That could not be,” methinks I hear you say:—
—Bear not too hard on antient legends, pray:
In modern times, ev’n as in times of old,
Things, which can never be, can yet be—told!

One instance, and but one, I said I’d bring:—
So not a word of PEGASUS’s wing;
Nor those light-horsemen, who the Muse revere,
From HOMER, to my friend there, in the rear:—
Let bonâ-fide Horsemen come in play,
Horsemen, on Horseback, in the King’s highway!

With solemn pace before the funeral show,
Death’s black Horse-guards, grim Undertakers, go;
For form, each rider show decorum keeps;
For real want, each bare-bone palfrey creeps.

With pace as solemn, for a different fee,
 The Coronation Champion, *cap-à-pè*,
 Be-plum'd, be-spangled, and be-scarf'd all o'er,
 Pricks his proud Prancer up old RUFUS' floor:
 No fear a foe should his defiance meet:
 He keeps his honour,—if he keeps his feat.

If all too tardily these Gents have past,
 There are, who ride at least as much too fast.

Thro' thick and thin see College Jockies fly,
 As if a thousand duns were hue and cry!
 Ask you, “ why thus each nerve and finew strain?”
 They gallop forth—to gallop back again.

Beggars on horseback set, our proverbs say,
 Ride all at the same rate;—and the same way:
 As hard, as whip and spur, and horse-flesh speeds 'em;
 As far—as one that shall be nameless, leads 'em.

Between the two extremes, might I advise,
 The Horseman's as the Wise man's medium lies:

From

From his first mounting to his journey's end,
 Three words the Rider's grammar comprehend:
 " Push not up hill—your horse's wind 'twill break:
 " Scour not down hill—your own neck is at stake:
 " Along the plain" (so my third precept faith)
 " Spare not the flug; nor urge the free to death."

But vain, alas! is all this sapient lore!
 Horsemen, perhaps ere long, will be no more!
 By Air-balloons our travellers will go;
 And leave roads, turnpikes, oceans, all below.

Once in an age, thus frenzy takes the lead.—
 Well!—let who like it, as they like, proceed:—
 But, for the love I bear my corporation,
 I'll ne'er be shot up, like an exhalation;
 Quit solid ground, on baseless clouds to sail;
 And swing a tiffany comet's dangling tail.
 To swing!—or not to swing!—perhaps to fall!
 Whence?—whither?—Questions! dreadful questions all!

Perhaps to flutter at the tempest's will!
And foar; and starve;—worfe confummation ftill!
No—truft me—no! I'd rather, foft and fair,
Kick up a Ten-toe Trot; and ride on Shanks's Mare.

TWILIGHT.

Two things there are, hard to be done.—
To tell what Twilight is,—is one.
And what's the other, think you?—What?
—Marry, to tell, what it is not.
'Tis so like Day, to call it Night,
Would hardly do one's conscience right:
'Tis so like Night, to call it Day,
Will scarce give common sense fair play:
Some genius of maturer growth,
May prove it either,—neither,—both!
Both?—Apropos!—part dull, part bright!
Too light, for dark; too dark, for light!—

—You

—You must have met; in many a place,
 The TWILIGHTS of the human race.
 The style and character *they* bear,
 Suits this description to an hair:
 And since the Family's so ample,
 Pray take a few, by way of sample.

The group, let BUBBLE TWILIGHT head,
 A Politician born and bred;
 Ways, means, men, measures, to explore,
 So keen,—no owl at midnight more:
All eyes, to watch an Empire's fall,—
 Yet, when plain fact and reason call,
 Too *blind*, alas! an inch to spy
 Beyond the nose, knaves lead him by.

Full brother to our Politician,
 Stands BOLUS TWILIGHT, Quack Physician.
 Tho' ignorance oft, in shape of cloud,
 His intellectual optics shroud;

Should

Should ARGUS' self the grave forfake,
 With all his eyes, and all awake,
 Not ARGUS could more clearly see,
 If not the *case*,—at least the *fee*.

Observe the country pulpit next,
 Where HUM-DRUM TWILIGHT splits a text:
 He wakes himself; and that, you'll say,
 Is some small sign *he* knows 'tis day;
 But sure, his congregation round,
 Suppose 'tis night, and night profound,
 They sleep so comfortably found!

Where'er wrong-headed strife begins,
 And boobies go to law for pins,
 Th' Attorney CAPIAS TWILIGHT plies:
 To mark where cause of action lies,
 No eagle has acuter eyes;
 "Commence your suit then, honest friend!"
 —Bravo!—Now ask him, when 'twill end?

The

The very question—blinds him quite :
 No mole is half so short of sight.

Smoke TRISTRAM TWILIGHT, four and fage!
 Great moral-mender of the age!
 Folly and vice, (and who but grants
 Folly and vice are thriving plants?)
 Public and private, still provide
 Employment for his *seeing* fide.—
 —“ His *blind* fide?”—*That* he keeps alone
 For vice and folly—of his *own*.

Ætatis anno fifty-three
 The grave PRISCILLA TWILIGHT see!
 Virgin, and vixen!—Ne'er was face,
 In which some flaw she could not trace;—
 Save *one*:—one *did* uncenfur'd pass:—
 “ And where was that found?”—In her glass.
 She never *could*, and you may swear,
Will never find a wrinkle there!

Prophetic

Prophetic of unwelcome news,
Look where old BLISTER TWILIGHT stews!
More quick to ken things dread and drear,
Than second-fighted Highland fear!
Stone blind meanwhile, to all he owes,
To every comfort Heaven bestows;
Each honest hope's enlivening flame;
Each social joy; each social claim.

Something between a scrub, and squire,
Ranks STANZA TWILIGHT, Versifier.
Of him—but he's a brother chip;—
And, therefore, now, we'll let him flip:
Poets *at* Poets should not strike;
Perhaps you'd find us but too like;
Too justly class me with the tribe
Of purblind TWILIGHTS, I describe;
And make my own absurd attack,
The very rod for my own back.

Well! Sirs!—as fate and you think fit!
Twilight is *some* light, all admit;
And were I worst of Twilight Bards,
There's one fure trick upon the cards;—
I can't have *wholly* mift my mark.
—'Tis fomething to be not *pitch Dark*.

IMAGINARY PERSONAGES.

THE PASSIONS once, in frolick pastime gay,
Stole FANCY'S Magic-Lantern for a day ;
And each, in order, it's effect essay'd,
On some new Phantom, which herself portray'd.

Fierce ANGER first her hasty hand apply'd,
And sketch'd an earth-born Giant's towering pride :
Vast was his strength, and terrible his nod ;
He spoke in thunder, and on storms he rode ;
He mow'd down armies, and he kick'd down thrones ;
And infants call him still, Raw-head-and-Bloody-Bones.

VALOUR, of glorious hazard only proud,
Drew Dragons hissing from the bursting cloud ;

Sorcerers, whose spells could wrathful warriors tame;
 And wedge in rifted rocks the captive dame;
 Till happier Hardihead th' enchantment broke;
 And magic adamant dissolv'd in smoke.

FEAR'S trembling pencil group'd a Goblin crew,
 Ghosts clattering chains, around the church-yard yew;
 Forms, without heads, that crost the midnight ways;
 Heads, without limbs, where faucer eye-balls blaze,
 And Shapes grotesque, down eve's grey shade that slide,
 And buzzing, grinning, chattering, screaming, glide.

To her succeeded HOPE; intent to trace
 A friendly Wizard's comfortable face;
 The reverend Merlin of a former age;
 Unconquerably just, benignly sage.
 Low o'er his breast a milk-white beard was spread:—
 Aw'd by his wand the Powers of Mischief fled;
 Till (every peril past) sure triumph grac'd
 The brave; and happy wedlock crown'd the chaste.

A scene

A scene far different wild DESPAIR employ'd;
Furies, whose whips clash thro' the darksome void;
Demons with forks of fire, and breaths of flame,
That howl revenge, and chuckle at our shame;
Mock guilty misery's most alarming hour;
And to the rage of malice, add the power.

MIRTH then display'd a jocund troop to view;
Trim Fairies, frisking on the twilight dew;
Fantastic Will-a-wisps thro' bush and brier,
That lur'd the staring clown, and fous'd him in the mire;
And fire-proof Elves, that round the caldron squat,
And burn the housewife's dumplin to the pot.

Then SUPERSTITION came, her Sprites to shew,
That make the mastiff's yell, the note of woe;
At melancholy's window flap their wings;
In concert with the dirge the raven sings;

O'er

O'er Nature's face a veil of omens spread;
Perplex the living, and belie the dead.

ENVY's shrunk finger next th' occasion caught;
And scratch'd the hideous image of her thought;
A scraggy Witch, on broom-stick hors'd for flight;
Equipp'd with all th' artillery of spite;
Mildews and blights, to blast the forward grain;
Philtres t' intoxicate the mad'ning brain;
Prayers mumbled backwards, discord to promote;
And crooked pins, to rend the sufferer's throat.

LOVE still remain'd—but lo! while she prepares
Her little family of Joys and Cares,
FANCY herself surpris'd the wanton train,
Reclaim'd her Lantern,—and resum'd her reign;
Seiz'd on the spot, the visionary scroll,
And then to GENIUS gave the motley whole.

GENIUS,

GENIUS, fublime with tafte, correct with eafe,
Alternate foften'd thofe; and heighten'd thefe;
From features rude, and parts of monftrous fize,
Bade myftic fenfe, and moral beauty rife;
Engag'd Tradition on the fide of Truth;
And made the Tale of Age, the Oracle of Youth.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

WHAT brainfick noddle spun the tether,
That coupled Man and Moon together,
At present I shall not discuss:—
Suffice it, that report runs thus.

Some folks to history owe their fame:
The Man i'th' Moon has no such claim;
But tho' so well known, and so long,
Boasts no record, but one old song;
Which tells us, how he swills his claret;
And feasts on powder'd beef, and carrot.

Why then produce his filly phiz,
If this be all, he does, or is?—

Marry,

Marry, that needs no conjurer's clue:—
Because ourselves are filly too.

Nor deem it odd, that we appear
So like a character so queer:—
Use proper patience, and you'll find,
'Tis much the same with half mankind.

His Full-moon Visage, when you trace,
'Tis bluff rotundity of face.
And what, pray, are those precious hectors,
Quacks, paragraphers, and projectors,
With pills, and puffs, and plans who cram us,
And still detected, still would bam us?
What? but plain types of his rotundity!
Bloated protuberance! void profundity!
Mere Men of Moonshine, sure enough:—
Like him, all face; like him, all bluff.

When in her orb the Moon has past,
From the first quarter, to the last,

The Man within her partial blaze,
 His countenance in Profile displays.
 But these two quarters, you'll observe,
 Bend different ways th' alternate curve;
 And the last face, of course revert,
 Still turns it's back upon the first:—
 Mock patriots thus, in quest of places,
 Turn to the great, now rumps, now faces;
 And those same great, in that same strain,
 Turn tails on them—to turn again.

When a New Moon the skies present us,
 The Man i'th' Moon *non est inventus*:—
 Like friends, who crowd where Fortune shines;
 But vanish, as her light declines.

Some painters of peculiar taste,
 An whole-length Man-i'th'-Moon have plac'd.
 Firm on his pins you see him stand,
 With—ev'n a lantern in his hand.

“ Why

“ Why so?”—you’ll say—“ What ails his sight?

“ Can’t he see stars without a light?”

Perhaps not—For ’tis mighty clear,

We have thousands quite as pore-blind here:—

Critics, like him, whose skill so found,

In VIRGIL’S verse no Genius found:—

Philosophers, who their cares employ,

To make us quarrel with our joy;

Whose eyes no objects ever please;

Who can’t, in short, see wood, for trees.

Thus far plain fact suits my plain tale.

But in one thing, alas! we fail.

Our cry is all, “ Balloon, Balloon!”—

As who should say, we’ll scale the Moon.

But tho’ the Moon herself presides

As much o’er madmen, as o’er tides,

The Man i’th’ Moon is much too wise,

To quit his footing in the skies;

He'll ne'er attempt, nor wish, to get
Beyond the limits Nature fet;
Mount wicker cars, ply canvas wings,
And put his trust in sticks and strings;
Nor, if he had 'em, use his powers,
To visit—such a World as ours.

G E N I U S.

THREE things in all her other works around,
The obvious powers of general Nature bound;
Time, Place, and Substance:—these include alone
Whatever is;—or being, can be known.
Fate has admitted in th' extensive plan,
But one exception,—and that one is Man:
Motion and life inferior forms assume,
To *be*; and *be for ever*, is *his* doom!

What wonder therefore, if his nobler part
Beyond mere visible existence start;
And thro' the mists, that cloud his present day,
Some *Sparks of heavenly Radiance* force their way!

Which,

Which, as with happier energy they shine,
 Confess the Almighty Lord; whose care benign
 Breath'd his own Spirit, thro' the embodied clod,
 And bade it live—immortal with it's God.

Howe'er those Sparks on various objects fall,
 One simple term will comprehend them all,
 GENIUS!—that effort of the vigorous mind,
 That leaves *Time*, *Place*, and *Substance* still behind:—
 GENIUS!—whose excellence my Muse and I
 (With your good leave) will by this standard try.

O'er *Time* it triumphs, winged with native force;
 Nor Past, nor Future, circumscribe it's course.
 Mark how it leads a MILTON's mental eye,
 Thro' the vast glories of primæval sky;—
 When Time itself was yet without a name;
 And Present, and Eternal, were the same!
 Remember by what generous toils express'd,
 It fill'd the purpose of an ALFRED's breast;

Taught

Taught him the first firm base of power to frame;
Then look thro' Ages, for his BRITAIN'S fame:
And scorn a shorter period to foresee,
Than everlasting rule, and endless liberty!

Genius, with equal strength and equal grace,
Surmounts the limits of surrounding *Place*:
Thro' Fiction's fairy-land with SPENCER goes;
While at each step some new Creation glows;
When all at large Imagination runs,
And fancied splendors beam from fancied suns.—
—Or aids a NEWTON'S patient search to trace
Athwart concentrating Orbs, the Comet's race;
Where, (hid by distance from each other's sight,)
Worlds beyond Worlds have lost it's devious light;
And, haply, like ourselves, *their* NEWTONS trust,
'Till the returning Blaze proves computation just.

Myriads of Forms has passive *Substance* caught:
But what are they to SHAKESPEAR'S boundless Thought!

Thought!—

Thought!—that could local habitation feign,
 For airy Nothing's, animated train!
 And Elves of phantom potency create,
 To sport with Elements, and fashion Fate!
 —Past all *Substantial* scope Idea stray'd,
 When POPE his glittering Host of Sylphs array'd;
 Fix'd a new Guard round female beauty's throne;
 And peopled air with Nations of his own:—
 Rofy Decorum hail'd the friendly Throng;
 And every laughing Grace enjoy'd the song.

Thus GENIUS, *Substance, Time, and Place*, disdains:
 And my position in full force remains.

Censure, perhaps, with critic frown, will deem,
 This scale of mine too scanty for my theme:
 —“Genius,” ’twill say, “excels a thousand ways;
 “Time, Place, and Substance, speak not half her praise;
 “Her range of flight is infinite:”—Agreed!
 But infinite range of flight suits not my speed.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, my list of Heroes is too short:—
But they are Heroes of *Gigantic* fort.—
And sure 'tis just, as well as patriot pride,
To boast—my Country all that list supply'd!
If still I stand condemn'd, there's one sure card,
I'll plead my Head! and own myself no Bard!
My faults, of course, their own excuse will bring:
—For Genius only, should of Genius sing.

THE BOOK.

WHEN from our Master's hand this theme I took,
 Rhyme, *nolens volens*, coupled it with—Cook:
 And tho' the wise say, second thoughts are best,
 My first, with your good leave, shall stand the test;
 The Cook shall matter for the Book prepare,
 And turn my Catalogue to a Bill of Fare:
 Nor frown, if puns, more thick than proofs, are laid;
 So *our* poetic Force-meat *must* be made.

The Folio Volume's ample bulk supplies
 A literary Dish, of larger size.
 —In EPIC Verse, when skill and genius meet;
 'Tis vast *Sir-loin*, an universal treat.

Solid,

Solid, tho' flavory, flows th' HISTORIC Strain;
 Like the *boil'd Buttock*—cut and come again.
 ENCYCLOPEDIAS art's whole scope include;
 And fet before you science *barbicued*;
 Where, as your stomach serves, your mefs you measure,
 And choofe your *Joint*, and cut your *slice* at pleasure.
 FATHERS and CANONISTS are tough, dry food;
 Mere learned *Stock-fifh*, neither bad nor good.
 LAW CODES from time a *mufty* function get;
 As *Venifon* takes it's flavour from *fumette*.
 Words under words, in rows fucceeding rows,
 The DICTIONARY'S column'd leaf compofe;
 And ftand (in culinary ftyle expreff)
 Like *Bacon* on a *larded Turkey's* breaft.
 Long-winded SCHOLIASTS, in th' enormous page,
Haft up the dulnefs of a former age;
 Or the vaft vafe with *Water-fouchy* fill,
 And make infipid, more infipid ftill:

While CRITICS, that in founder sense excel,
Like *Smelts* round *Salmon*, grace the dish they swell.

So much for Folios.—Smaller Books appear,
Tho' less substantial, yet more various cheer.

—ABRIDGMENTS give an Author's works in brief;

As Cooks to *Jelly* stew down shins of beef.

The cloth for *Turtle*, hack TRANSLATORS spread;

Then serve up *Goose's Gibblets*, or *Calve's Head*.

REVIEWS and MAGAZINES odd scraps retail;

True *Salmagundi* stuff, *sour*, *salt*, *fresh*, *stale*.

SATIRE is *pepper'd Gizzard grill'd* in taste.

And what are MODERN ESSAYS, but *puff-paste*?

COMEDY'S *Soup-maigre*, from a *French Tureen*:

And TRAGEDY, the *BLACK-pudding* of the scene.

What's MODISH ELOQUENCE?—*Whipt-cream*, for sooth,

Froth'd up and *sugar'd*, to the vulgar tooth.

STATE LOGIC'S *Chicken-Broth*, so thin, so weak!

And OPPOSITION POLITICS, *Bubble-and-squeak!*

LOVE-POETRY'S *Pap-sauce*, soft, simple, sweet:

And POPULAR THEOLOGY, *minc'd-meat*.

SCRIBBLERS, from hand to mouth, who write and live,

In weekly NUMBERS, mental *Spoon-meat* give.

Alamode Collops MISCELLANIES club:

And NOVELS, sentimental *Syllabub*.

Not *Books* alone from Viands take their cue,

Even *Bindings* have a spice of Cookery too.

SHEETS into *Skin*, like *Sausages* are thrust:

GILDING is *Garnish*; PASTEBOARD is *rais'd-crust*.

Some frivolous gentry of the present day,

In *Alphabetic Buckles* shine away:

But language needs not fashion's flimsy aid;

It's elemental base is deeper laid:

Your children living, and your grandfires dead, }
 Lov'd, while they thumb'd, and *tasted* as they read, }
 The HORN-BOOK'S best edition, *Gingerbread*. }

Thus

Thus Books are intellectual Aliment ; drest
 For every appetite of every guest :—
 Or, if a various reading you can swallow,
 “ *Scripta** Palati nunc, *quæcunque* recepit APOLLO.”

* *Scripta*, PALATINUS *quæcunque* recepit APOLLO.

HORAT. Ep. 3. L. 1.

ARITHMETIC.

ARITHMETIC!—wags will say, upon this spot!
Cyphering at MERCHANT-TAYLORS'!—Yes—why not?
Numbers to verse it's pleasing powers prolong:
Why should not verse to numbers give a song?

Our pounds, our shillings, and our pence, indeed,
But little skill in computation need:—
Yet while so kind an audience we can boast,
At least we reckon not—without our host.

Arithmetic's scope is universal—true!
Yet local, temporary, personal too:
In proof whereof, for want of better cheer,
A few short specimens now crave your ear.

First for locality—'tis sure, tho' strange,
Arithmetic changes, even as places change.

Dangling at levees in the great-man's train,
You bow, retire; return, and bow again:
Tho' balk'd, still hope; tho' hoping, still confess
Days of suspense, are ages of distress.
State you th' account of pains so idly lost,
Scarce any recompence could quit the cost:—
But let my lord himself compute his debt,
'Tis just the very Nothing—which you get.

The gull at ARTHUR'S, to make ruin brief,
Bets on a card—and bets against a thief:
Bets; loses; pays; goes back from whence he came,
And bilks, or bullies off, a tradesman's claim:
Deems thousands bagatelles, where gamblers meet,
And pence important, where himself can cheat.

Two opposite sides the Senate-House compose;
And each it's own distinct arithmetic shows:

One numbers faults; the other merits quotes;
 Those count mismanagements; and these count votes;
 Those twenty grievances in one deplore;
 And these to make us richer, tax us more.

As different place, so different time displays
 Arithmetic's energy in different ways.

Before you sue, your lawyer states a sum;
 Verdict, replevy, trover, all to come:
 But after issue join'd, you find his skill
 Had cast up nothing right—except his bill.

SYLVIA in youth's high bloom, and health's high glow,
 Thought every minute ten; time crept so slow:
 In age, quite retrograde her reckonings run; }
 Five winters since, her fiftieth year begun; }
 Five winters hence, she'll set down fifty-one. }

Favours, when CURIO wants an helping hand,
 Mark'd in his estimate for nothing stand:

One rule, proportion's golden rule we call;
 CURIO, it seems, has two such rules—that's all.
 Should CURIO thrive, and you hereafter sue,
 He'll rate all double—when he favours you.

Arithmetic's modes thus follow place and time:
 I'll prove 'em personal too—and end my rhyme.

Numbering her griefs, see where poor CLAUDIA lies!
 O! vast amount of woe—her Jackoo dies!
 Youth, beauty, wealth, in vain your gifts ye shed!
 Are they a balance for a monkey dead?—
 Pain, want, despair, ye claim not pity's shrug!
 Can they feel sorrow, who have lost no pug?

On ruin's brink, grave PUBLIUS cries, we stand;
 Follies and vices soon must sink the land:
 Then spreads a black account before our view,
 Of things too flagrant,—and perhaps too true:
 Yet PUBLIUS never, to avert the shock,
 Deducts one vice or folly, from the stock.

But

But why to fatire thus devote our lays?
Perfonal Arithmetic can fanction praife.
There are, who all it's generous compafs know;
And ufe it's largeft fcale—when they beftow:
Who add new bounties, to indulge new zeal;—
With pride we tell it; for with joy we feel;
Confcious the public voice will join the ftrain,
While SEATS like THESE*, and MEN like YOU †, remain.

* The School.

† The Merchant-Taylors' Company.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

ON this same spot, at many a festive time,
 You've seen me mount a-cock-horse—on my rhyme;
 Round Fancy's course, in short excursions stray;
 And canter careless, over carpet-way.

But for the present day's sublimer track,
 This nag of nine-pence, my poetick hack,
 Nor blood, nor bone, nor foot, nor wind supplies.—
 —A PEGASUS must raise me—if I rise!

Suppose that PEGASUS ready at my call!
 Suppose him strong enough to bear you all!—
 Come!—take your seats—you're safe as safe can be:—
 Bravo!—'tis done!—and Hey! boys!—up go we!

The

The PERSIAN Magi, and th' EGYPTIAN Sage,
 Claim our first visit; and our longest stage.
 They Nature's face, thro' Nature's veil discern'd;
 And taught in symbols, what by toil they learn'd.
 MOTION her earliest attribute they knew;
 And in a waving line it's likeness drew.
 The triangle's fix'd base, and varying side,
 MATTER's gross weight, and changeful forms imply'd.
 T' express in SPACE uncircumscrib'd extent
 The hieroglyphick hawk his pinions lent.
 Beneath the Beetle's shape they bade us see
 Th' effect of solar HEAT, and animal ENERGY.
 Thus they deep sense by obvious signs disclose!
 And when from Nature to her GOD they rose,
 They mark'd HIS Essence by a mystic Round;
 ALL CENTRE—tho' no eye it's place had found;
 And ALL CIRCUMFERENCE—tho' without a bound.

So much for EASTERN Lore, at learning's source!
 To GRECIAN Schools direct we now our course.
 There, with more pomp, by axioms more combin'd,
 Proportion's theorems Nature's laws defin'd:
 On abstract paradox all system mov'd;
 PRIVATION gave the powers, NEGATION prov'd.
 Did secret springs contiguous parts unite?
 They call'd it SYMPATHY—and all was right.
 Did discord rise from properties unseen?
 ANTIPATHY was an universal screen.
 What facts they trac'd, in splendid style they dress;
 And QUALITIES OCCULT still solv'd the rest.
 Theory meanwhile, at every step they made,
 A gradual, yet a partial light display'd:
 Much, tho' not all, stood demonstration's test;
 And EUCLID function'd oft, what ARISTOTLE guess'd.
 From classic GREECE to classic ITALY's coast,
 Is mere high road, where PEGASUS travels post;

But

But there, save PLINY, scarce a name remains;
PLINY, who gave more credit, than he gains:
And while to bulk immense his volume grew,
Heard every gossip's tale—and told it too!

Well, Sirs! how large a circuit we have past!
And where's the true PHILOSOPHY at last?
Where? but at home?—If ever 'tis complete,
ENGLAND, old ENGLAND is it's favorite feat!
There all her stores to BACON Nature spread:
There her own laws in NEWTON's rules she read:
There hand in hand with BOYLE she lov'd to stray;
And led, and met Experiment half way:
There, coy no more, she shews her beauties still
To speculative truth, and practick skill;
Thro' earth, air, sea, Discovery's range extends;
And only stops it—where Existence ends.

Where ends Existence?—that's a stop indeed!
And there, with your good leave, we'll stop our speed.

Thanks

Thanks for your company on this rambling jaunt!
Thanks for whate'er you do—whate'er you grant!
Nor wonder, if on every theme we try,
We catch some hint to speak our feelings by.
To boast such Friends, and boasting to rejoice,
If not PHILOSOPHY'S—is NATURE'S voice.

THE FAMILY FIRE-SIDE.

“HOME’S Home, however homely,” Wisdom says—
And certain is the fact, tho’ coarse the phrase.—
To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the Muse’s call;
And as she leads th’ ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the song.

Clear then the stage!—No scenery we require,
Save the snug circle, round her Parlour Fire:—
And enter, marshall’d in procession fair,
Each happier Influence, that predominates *there*.

First LOVE, by friendship mellow’d into bliss,
Lights the glad glow, and sanctifies the kifs,

When fondly welcom'd to the accustom'd feat,
 In sweet complacence, Wife and Husband meet;
 Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
 Repose from labours, but unite in care.

AMBITION—does Ambition there reside?

Yes!—when the Boy, in manly mood, astride,
 Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
 Canters, the jockey of his Father's cane.

—While EMULATION, in the Daughter's heart,
 Bears a more mild, tho' not less powerful part;
 With zeal to shine her fluttering bosom warms;
 And in the romp, the future house-wife forms.

Or both, perchance, to graver sport incline,
 And ART and GENIUS in their pastime join;
This the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents;
That rears aloft the card-built tenements.

Think how Joy animates, intense, tho' meek,
 The fading roses on their Grandame's cheek;

When

When proud the frolic progeny to furvey,
 She feels, and owns, an interest in their play;
 Adopts each wish, their wayward whims unfold;
 And tells, at every call, the story ten-times told.

Good-humour'd DIGNITY endears, meanwhile,
 The narrative Grandfire's venerable style,
 If, haply, feats atchiev'd in prime of youth,
 Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,
 Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
 Affectionate attention's ear command.

To such Society, so form'd, so blest,
 TIME, THOUGHT, REMEMBRANCE, all impart a zest:
 And EXPECTATION, day by day, more bright,
 Round every prospect throws increasing light;
 The simplest comforts act with strongest force:
 Whate'er can give them, can improve, of course.

All this is *Common-Place*, you'll tell me—true!
 What pity 'tis not COMMON FASHION too!—

Roam as we will, plain sense, at last, will find,

'Tis only seeking—*what we left behind.*

—If *Individual Good* engage our hope,

DOMESTIC VIRTUES give the largest scope;

If plans of *Public Eminence* we trace,

DOMESTIC VIRTUES are it's surest base.—

Would great example make these truths more clear?

The greatest of examples shall appear.

—Is there a MAN, whom general suffrage owns

An Honor to the Majesty of Thrones?

—Is there a Man, whom general Love's acclaim

Greets with each noblest, and each dearest name?—

HE, midst the Glare of State, and Pomp of Power,

Courts the soft sympathies of the Family Hour;

Not less illustrious at his own Fire-side,

By private Merit's Sterling standard try'd,

Than, when the cares from Royal Worth that spring,

Call forth the PEOPLE'S FATHER, and the KING.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

COME, FANCY! come! and bring with thee
The cottage Nymph SIMPLICITY!
And as thou try'st thy pencil bold,
Let her, Decorum's compass hold!
While in one piece correctly sweet,
Expression and Propriety meet.

But what one piece, ye friendly Pair,
Your union's joint effect shall share?
For me, if ye vouchsafe your skill,
The canvas let a Landscape fill.

Let Nature in the foremost ground
Disperse her varied scenery round:

Rear,

Rear, gently bending to the breeze,
 In casual group her loftier trees;
 Whose crossing trunks bedim the glade,
 Spontaneous arch of needful shade;
 While from their outward foliage, gleam
 The fleet tints of day's passing beam.

Let next in order due succeed
 The mingled hues of vale and mead;
 The road in devious windings wrought;
 Now lost, and now at distance caught;
 Whose broken track directs us still
 To some brisk streamlet's glassy rill;
 Whence lessening in progressive guise,
 Long levels stretch, abrupt rocks rise;
 'Till Light's last line the view compleat;
 And woods, skies, plains, and mountains meet.

Let, full to fight, a thatch-clad dome
 Give humble Honesty an home;

At whose low door, with house-wife zeal,
Unconscious beauty twirls her wheel;
Whose chimney, peeping o'er the roof,
Speaks economic welcome's proof;
While unsuspecting innocence
Finds in each bush a native fence.

Let Plenty, not for shew but use,
Her numerous family introduce;
Her larger kine on slope, or dale,
That drag the plow, or fill the pail;
Her flocks, from off whose fleecy side
Comes English traffic's staple pride;
And (all of feather'd finery vain)
Her barn-door plump domestic train.

Let Labour frank, of patient glee,
Drive the stout team along the lea;
With Hope still scattering in his rear
The seedling earnest of the year;

Or tinging, gradual, as they grow,
The lavish stores of Autumn's glow.

Let, o'er the hospitable jug,
In mutual relaxation snug,
On some rude beam's extempore feat,
The fathers of the village meet;
Discussing, amicably warm,
The politics of the field and farm.

Nor be the distant church forgot,
Whose rustic spire o'er-looks the spot:
Prompting idea to suppose
What festive sanctity it shows,
When unaffected piety pays
The tribute of appropriate praise:
Or, at the antique altar's side,
A faithful youth, and artless bride,
Their spousal troth alternate plight,
And seal love's vows with wedlock's rite.

Here,

Here, FANCY, lay the pencil by:—
—And thou, whoe'er thou art, whose eye
O'er pictur'd life delighted strays;
If aught thou hop'ft in future days
To realize a scene like this,
—Make previous Virtue earn the blifs.—

I R O N Y.

“ **BOTTLED** ale” (if a popular phrase I may quote)
 “ Will smile in your face, while ’tis cutting your throat.”—
 And Irony’s trim, I presume, you’ll agree,
 Is as like bottled ale, as a pea’s like a pea.
 For it means you most harm, when it speaks you most kind;
 All affection before, and all mischief behind.

When you use a blunt razor, ’tis twenty to one,
 That you scarce touch your chin, till you see the blood run:
 But a razor, that’s keen, plays so smoothly it’s part,
 You perceive not the cut, ’till convinc’d by the smart;
 And in matters of speech, as the learned alledge,
 So keen, and so smooth, should be Irony’s edge.

When

When a painter, with judgment his colours has laid,
Shade heightens the light, and light deepens the shade:
And as contrasts in picture, so contrasts in wit,
Will mutual advantage impart, and admit;
Thus in Irony's case, with reciprocal power,
Sour makes sweetness more sweet; sweet makes sourness more sour.

Your strolling cake-merchant will oftentimes put
In his basket a viand, yclep'd a game-nut;
Which seeming to promise a gingerbread treat,
By it's tempting appearance invites you to eat;
But the moment your teeth touch the treacherous frame,
Sets, with pepper's strong caustic, your mouth in a flame:
Such a game-nut in language is Irony's smile,
It's insinuating air, and it's soft soothing style;
While it's real effects, when the whole you discern,
Is like pepper to bite, like a caustic to burn.

In the marshes and moor-lands, the sportsmen employ
A renegade duck, which they call a decoy;

Who in tone so alluring repeats his "quack, quack,"
 That his brethren flock round him, duck over duck's back;
 Nor perceive, 'till too far for retreating they get,
 That they're thrusting their heads within sweep of a net:
 So like to this treason is Irony's tale,
 You can hardly say, which has the turn of the scale;
 Both the very same game on credulity play;
 Both are artful to please; and both please, to betray!

A bear, when an hive, in his rambles, he meets,
 Sticks, without fear or wit, his rude nose in the sweets;
 But finds bees can be angry, as bears can be stout;
 And sneaks off, with an hundred sharp stings in his snout:—
 Remember this bear; and when Irony brings
 Her honied address, be aware of her stings.

But perhaps all this while 'twill be laid to my charge,
 That on Irony's worst part alone, I enlarge:
 'Twill be said, that on truth's side it often has stood,
 And by contrasted falsehood, made virtue's cause good;

That

That a fiction may strike, where no proof would succeed;—
—I acknowledge the fact;—but lament for the need:
For sure, Irony's aid might be laid on the shelf,
Could Truth always be heard, when it speaks for itself.

THE VOCATIVE CASE.

AMONG *these Cases*, and the brags of each,
 Mine claims no kin, but to one Part of Speech;
 And ev'n that *one* implies no grand connection,
 The least of all the Eight—the Interjection.
 Nay, (to let down it's consequence still more low,)
 The least of Words,—the least of Syllables—O!
 —However my proud neighbours may aspire,
 The Vocative Case can only suit a Crier!—
 Well! I submit—and since 'tis come to this,
 A Crier I will be:—O! Yes!—O! Yes!
 The Men and Manners of our modern day,
 Will give my little O abundant play.

To you, ye great, then; and to you, ye small,
In *vocative* construction, thus I call!

O! Yes! Ye offspring of illustrious fires!
Whose lives *should* function, what your birth requires,
At higher estimates lineal honours set;
Nor sacrifice nobility—to a bet!

O! Yes! Ye dames, whom courtly splendours grace,
Conforts and dowagers of each titled race,
Thro' pleasure's restless circles while ye roam,
Think, now and then, of Duty—Nature—Home!

O! Yes! Ye politicians, who declare
The fate of nations, from an easy chair,
On social service, your address employ!
And join to earn the blessings you enjoy!

O! Yes! Ye mushrooms of Philosophy's school,
Who torture right by metaphysic rule,
Move not the base, where truth so long has stood;
But let plain sense, lead plain men, to plain good!

O! Yes!

O! Yes! Ye painful triflers, who explore
On a moth's wing, a spot unseen before,
Transfer your toils, your own distinctions scan;
And study manhood's worthiest object—Man!

O! Yes! Ye manufacturers of despair,
Who like curst curs, growl o'er the mews ye share,
Look round, where millions want, what you have had!
—The just are grateful—Be the grateful glad!

O! Yes! Ye fair, down fashion's stream who swim,
Ye hoyden bouncers! and ye prudes so prim!
Shine as ye may, with artless charms content;
Seem, what ye are;—and *be* what Nature meant!

O! Yes! Ye pigeons, who on luck rely,
Chances of cards, decisions of a die,
Think ruin lurks beneath each frantic stake!
—Amidst life's lot of miseries, your's ye *make*!

O! Yes! Ye subjects in a land like ours,
Enlarge your sentiments; but unite your powers!

Freedom

Freedom with virtue, zeal with sense ally'd,
No force can conquer—let no arts divide!

O! Yes! All ye, whoe'er ye are, that please
To take the Crier's word, on points like these,
Be sure, experience will reward impart;
And Wisdom find it's echo—in your Heart!

POETICAL CREATION.

OMNIPOTENCE had wrought!—An Universe stood
 Center'd amidst the abyfs—and all was good!
 So will'd th' ALL-WISE!—and *there* vouchsaf'd to lay
 Th' eternal barriers of Creation's day:—
 Then, to perpetuate the august design,
 To *Substance* give it's laws; to *Form* it's line.

Yet tho' material essence know no change,
 Ideal life suggested endless range.

From things that *were*, *imagin'd Being* grew,
 And Genius fill'd th' out-lines Fancy drew.

Infatiate rage, gross strength, and brutal pride,
 In fiction's world assum'd a Giant's stride:

Fate

Fate had made men, *but* men;—the Poet's mind
Enlarg'd the mass, to express the savage kind;
Swung from Enormous Bulk th' oppressor's blow;
And made description's Monster, Nature's Foe.

Experience trac'd, and wisdom mourn'd to trace,
Insidious vice, degrading human race;
How passion warpt it; how desire inflam'd;
How indolence soften'd; how indulgence tam'd;
To check the havoc such delusion made,
The Sage's precept, sought the *Poet's* aid:
With all th' allurements of licentious joy
He deck'd the Syren; beauteous, to destroy:
He cloth'd with all the terrors guilt can dread
The Furies, hovering o'er the conscious head;
In combinations formidably new,
Embodying language, to the mental view.'

Such purpose, first, the moral Muse inspir'd,
Till larger scope Inventive Wit requir'd:

Then, Shapes Grotesque, by wanton whim array'd,
 Imagination's random work betray'd;
 Beast, bird, fish, man, in Fancy's frantic hours,
 Gave, and receiv'd, promiscuous parts, and pow'rs:
 Chimeras, Harpies, Satyrs, Tritons swarm'd;
 And each new Bard, some animal medley form'd.

Yet polish'd GREECE, *ev'n here*, avow'd applause;
 Yet HOMER, Nature's poet, broke her laws;
 Yet VIRGIL'S chaster sense th' infection caught;
 And elegance grac'd, what inconsistency taught.
 —What wonder then, if Nations less refin'd,
 Figures absurd, in modes incongruous join'd;
 Heard minstrels rude, o'er Indian wilds who trod,
 Incorporate fifty Monsters in a God;
 Tremendous Groupes of hideous Shapes adore;
 And arm with Horror HIM, whose Mercy they implore!
 —What wonder, if traditionary rhymes,
 Command th' attention of all lands and times;

Obtrude

Obtrude each gossip's song, as positive proof;
Give Broomsticks wings, and cleave the Demon's hoof!
While midnight revels, imp-rid Wizards share;
And Hags turn'd cats, their noxious spells prepare!

Nor deem it strange, if while thus wild I rove,
I feel, myself, a kindred impulse move:
Methinks, poor poet as I am, ev'n I,
Should wish, for once, my scanty skill to try.
Suppose, for instance, in the self-same face,
Benevolence's smile, and Candor's grace,
The stedfast features Perseverance shows,
The warm concern, for general good that glows,
Beneath one compound Semblance should unite,
In verse;—such verse, at least, as I can write!
Suppose—"Hold! hold! young man," Reflection cries,
"Would that be novelty *here*? Consult your eyes:
"The Friends, beneath whose care *this Fabric* rose,
"Have *been for Ages*, all you now suppose."

THE DAY-FLY.

To guess what *actual* properties, feelings, pow'rs,
 Fill animal life, where *life* but fills five hours,
 Were toil, if not as impious, quite as vain,
 As modern mad philosophers sustain;
 Who reason's light, with rash assumptions shade,
 And hide their God—behind the works he made.

But why despair?—Altho' th' Ephemeral Fly
 So scanty scope for positive hints supply,
 Tho' what it *is*, description scarce can say,
 Still what it *seems*, may prompt the abundant lay.

It seems then, palpably, where'er 'tis trac'd,
 An individual, among millions plac'd;

A member

A member in a free community, free;
Born to no rights, except the right to be;
Yet in the space, thro' which 'tis doom'd to go,
Still on the wing, and still alertly so;
Unharm'd and harmless, in incessant play;
By none impeded, and in no one's way!—
Say, politicians, where on earth beside,
Does independance, so complete, abide?

The Day-Fly's brief existence we suppose,
With evening to commence, with night to close;
Form'd, as it is, no rough assault to bear,
No sun's excess, no turbulence of air;
Proof of th' Omnipotent Goodness, which assign'd
The calmest period to the weakest kind!
See this! ye fools! at nature's laws who rail,
And weigh out Deity, in presumption's scale!
See this! and conscious of a truth so clear,
Say, is not moral fitness perfect here?

Short as the Day-Fly's vital range may seem,
 'Tis, while it lasts, enjoyment in th' extreme!
 Life, without peril, pain, or care, sustain'd;
 Strength undiminish'd; frolic unrestrain'd!
 Could we, proud Men, from our own length of years,
 Expunge our wants, our sorrows, and our fears;
 Folly's disgustful, sloth's insipid, hour;
 All memory's bitter, all ill-humour's sour;
 Whoe'er the real residue should state,
 Would find that residue, a mere Day-Fly's date.

Such is humanity's regular routine.—
 If madness more eccentric fill the scene;
 If Guilt howe'er successful gnaw the heart;
 If Conscience at her own suggestions start;
 If coward Jealousy's ever-restless eyes,
 Anticipate torture, while they watch surmise;
 Who, but must choose, if wisdom's voice he hear,
 A Day-Fly's hour, before a villain's year?

Wherein,

Wherein, you'll say, wherein, if this be true,
Does Man the pettiest animal outdo?
Or rather (measuring life by pleasure's span)
Is not the pettiest animal more than Man?
—No—trust me, No.—For him things future wait—
There is the being, which decides *his* fate!
'Tis his, if due attention he employ,
To make the present, innocence, if not joy:
Sure for that innocence, deathless bliss to share!—
Fly of a Day—but Immortality's Heir!

 GRACEFUL ADDRESS.

WHEN first o'er EDEN's blissful shade
 Mankind's forefather, guiltless, stray'd,
 His eye sublime, his tranquil face,
 His noble port, his lordly pace,
 (Tho' separate symmetry they disclos'd,)
 One total majesty compos'd;
 Where, true to joy's complacent tone,
 His mind in every movement shone.

Such once was man!—with innocence blest!
 Comeliest of beings—because best!
 Till from th' Almighty Presence chas'd,
 Exil'd, abash'd, dismay'd, debas'd,

He

He fell—beneath his deadliest foe ;
Victim of wrath ; and heir of woe !

From that sad period, forms constrain'd,
Contracted sentiments, feelings feign'd,
On mere capricious arts depend ;
Distorting, what they seek to mend.

Pride first, assum'd a statelier air,
It's step, a stride ;—it's look, a stare ;
It's smile, a favour ;—from it's hand
A signal, fate ;—it's nod, command.
While Grace transferr'd to grandeur's sphere,
Grew pompous, distant, stern, severe.

Next Affectation's reign appear'd ;
On more extensive basis rear'd :
Savage and simple, great and small,
Her ample range included all.
The smirk, the toss, the shrug, the stalk,
Part glide, part swim, part dance, part walk ;

The limp, the lifp, the pert, the prim ;
 Fafhions for laws, for axioms, whim ;
 Each their fucceflive changes rung ;
 While fair and homely, old and young,
 Courtier and ruftic, flirt and beau,
 The high-bred, and of courfe, the low,
 Caught fome variety of grimace ;
 Conceit was ton ; and ton was Grace !

'Twere well, if Affectation's power
 Were only feen, in Folly's hour :
 But Fraud, alas ! too often tries
 Fictitious Grace's fly difguife ;
 So delicate, fo well-inclin'd,
 So plaufible, fo polite, fo kind,
 So foft, fo fmooth, fo friendly too,
 So good, fo—every-thing—but true !

Methinks, you'll tell me, here, I feem,
 Entirely to reverfe my theme ;

And

And paint instead of real Grace,
 Mere Mimicry, that usurps it's place.
 —I own the fact, but meant to draw
 It's contrast, with the more eclat.—
 Grace is not Fraud, Conceit, or Pride.—
 What is it then?—Who shall decide?
 Candor, perhaps, will not repine
 T' accept th' attempt, from verse like mine.

Grace, whose address the wife applaud,
 Disclaims all pride, conceit, or fraud.—
 'Tis elegance, which pervades the whole,
 When look, voice, attitude, speak the soul:—
 'Tis that propriety, which reveals
 In nature's mode, what nature feels:—
 'Tis sense, estrang'd from cold neglect,
 From coarse excess, from rude defect:—

'Tis

'Tis that decorum, thro' whose ease,
Truth can at once convince, and please:—

'Tis eloquent rectitude of intent,
Which makes simplicity, ornament:—

'Tis frankness, whose more cheerful vein,
Nor prompts a blush, nor gives a pain:—

'Tis that civility, which affirms
Humanity's wish, in charity's terms:—

'Tis that attraction, which can throw
Sincerity's charms o'er virtue's glow:—

'Tis meek superiority; bright,
Without obscuring humbler light:—

'Tis sympathy, whose benignant phrase
Can comfort, where it cannot praise:—

'Tis dignity, fix'd on honour's post,
Which neither gives, nor heeds a boast:—

'Tis

'Tis wisdom, zealous, tho' serene,

Gently impressive, kindly keen:—

'Tis body, mind, deportment, style,

Free from embarrassment, as from guile:—

'Tis that, (at least, in some degree,)

Which Man, first form'd, was form'd to be!

W I T.

WIT, only by negatives, COWLEY defin'd;—
 And the learned at large, appear much of his mind:—
 'Tis no treason, of course, if in part I incline,
 By the plan he adopted, to regulate mine;
 And endeavour, (with all due respect be it spoken,)
 To make my own way, thro' the ice he has broken.

Wit is not a jest, our friend COWLEY avers;
 And all critical truth with his doctrine concurs:
 But could COWLEY, *in propria persona*, appear,
 And see all that *we* see, or hear all that *we* hear;
 Had he skill to interpret, or patience to heed,
 All the writing we write, and the reading we read;

He

He might furely conclude, and might juſtly declare,
That, tho' Wit be no jeſt, half our boaſts of it, are.

'Tis not Wit, for the ſake of mere cadence and chime,
To ſqueeze words into feet, and ſcrew feet into rhyme!

'Tis not Wit, in a chaos of language to pile,
All the finical, flowery, fineſſes of ſtyle!

'Tis not Wit, thro' a ſeries of jingle, to run
A literal gooſe-chaſe, in purſuit of a pun!

'Tis not Wit, to play off, in theatrical cant,
A jumble of thought, in a tempeſt of rant!

—And I need not much proof to convince you,—provide
That if this be not Wit,—we have little beſide!

Here COWLEY ſtops ſhort:—and here I muſt ſtop too,
If I had not ſuch friends, as yourſelves in my view;
In whoſe candour alone I preſume to confide,
While I now beat the buſh on the oppoſite ſide;
And from two or three hints, which my betters forgot,
Trace what Wit ought to be—from what they ſay, 'tis not.

Wit should be an effulgence, as steady as bright;
 Which can prove it's own excellence, by it's own light;
 Tho' delicate, pungent; tho' sudden, correct;
 Whose effect aids it's glow, and whose glow, it's effect;
 Which you own more substantial, the longer you note it;
 And you like still the better, the oft'ner you quote it.

Wit should bring to a point, understanding's whole mass;
 Like essence of sunshine, concenter'd by glass.
 It should all quick conception's gradations assume.
 'Tis the high health of Genius! 'Tis Fancy's full bloom!
 'Tis Sense, which (like conquerors in classical song)
 Leads sound and expression, in triumph along!

Wit from obvious ideas, unstudied should rise;
 Should engage by conviction, not catch by surprize:
 It should work on assent by propriety's springs;
 And the test of it's truth, be the nature of things;
 And however, from image to image, it rove,
 Or unite, or disjoin them,—should always improve!

One principle Wit should inviolate keep;
Be it's edge e'er so keen, it should never cut deep:
It degrades it's own praise, if at random it wounds;
When it goes beyond pleasing, it goes beyond bounds:
For what worthy eclat, can pre-eminence impart,
If what lifts up the head, does but lower the heart?

But perhaps, some shrew'd wag of the cynical tribe,
May bid me exemplify, what I describe;
And instead of conceited descriptions of Wit,
Let you see what it is, by producing a bit!

That, I needs must confess, is a reasonable call:—
But, alas! in this case, I have not wherewithal;
Wherefore hiding my horns, like a snail in a shell,
I'll show *Wisdom* for Wit—and leave off, while I'm well!

 THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

WHEN HORACE named the Natives of our Isle,
 ' " Savage to strangers," was th' invidious style:
 'Twas VIRGIL'S pleasure BRITAIN'S sons to call,
 ' " Men fever'd from the world"—and that was all.—
 MARTIAL indeed a little farther goes,
 And grants our fires some genius could disclose;
 For ROME, he tells us in right pompous tone,
 From ' " barbarous British baskets, form'd her own."

¹ Britannos hospitibus feros. HOR. Lib. iii. Od. 4. Lin. 33.

² Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos. VIRG. Ecl. 1. Lin. 67.

³ Barbara de pictis veni bascauda BRITANNIS,
 Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam. MARTIAL. Lib. 14. Ep. 97.

This,

This, in old writ, and only this we learn;
In vain of course to such records we turn:
In vain we seek for classical eclat;—
ENGLAND'S own portrait, English facts must draw.

So be it then.—And if you can endure,
So bold an effort of an hand so poor;
Accept this humble sketch from my rude skill,
Whose faithful outline, truth at least shall fill.

Among the splendid boasts of national fame,
Stands with proud eminence martial glory's claim;
And ENGLAND'S foes in many a conflict crost,
Have tried her native valour to their cost;
Have felt how sure, yet how humanely flow,
Her vengeance; how decisive is her blow;
Vigorous t' enforce the sword, she loves to sheath;
And twining victory's palm, with mercy's wreath!

Provoke an Englishman! how warm he glows!
—No longer fierce, when you no more oppose:—

Frank to announce th' emotions of his mind!
 Stern to the stubborn! to the suppliant kind!
 Impetuous to insist on right and fit!
 Keen to urge proofs, ingenuous to admit!
 With still an arm, encroachment to withstand!
 With still an heart, for every friendly hand!

Press'd by misfortune's tempests, gathering round,
 An English sufferer's patience stands its ground:
 Each fresh attack, some strong resolve renews:
 Assault may crush it, but no force subdues.

Whatever boon an Englishman bestows,
 From mere good-will, the prompt beneficence flows:
 Free from all grudge, unwarpt by all controul,
His welcome, speaks the welcome of the soul!

Too oft, alas! in this our clime is seen,
 Th' Hypochondriac, brooding o'er his spleen;
 Yet ev'n that spleen can sympathy's call abide;
 Lost to himself, he feels for all beside:—

Shew him some harder task, some manlier aim,
Some feasible benefit, some sublimer claim,
His powers fresh impulse from despair will take,
And all the Englishman within,—awake.

Some call us contradictions; fire and phlegm;
Eager to gain, what gain'd we soon contemn;
If weakness here, sarcastic censure finds,
'Tis sure, the weakness of the noblest minds;
And only proves us to impartial eyes,
More anxious for the cause, than for the prize.

Satirists, sometimes, in English manners, sneer
Address too blunt, and sentiments too severe;
The sanguine fervor, rapid feelings vouch,
Which scorning to deceive, disdains to crouch.
—We own the charge:—we are indeed a race,
Rough of approach, and awkward at grimace;
But trial, (if you try us) will declare,
What obvious, kindred virtues centre there;—

Exalted

Exalted sense of honour! all the pride
Of conscious truth, to liberal thought ally'd!
Sincerity's purpose! honest candor's trust!
Whate'er inspires, becomes, or binds the just!
So stands amidst the waves, our country's shore;
And frowns contempt on Ocean's angry roar.
A front abrupt, her rocky cliffs present;
As if for rude resistance only meant;
But all within th' encircling steep barrier,
Luxuriant vales, and oak-crown'd hills appear;
A foil, where plenty's best varieties reign,
A kingdom, worthy real freedom's train:—
While Nature seems to adopt the favourite coast,
The Land her garden, and the Men her boast.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR.

WHAT cheer? what cheer? Sirs! fore and aft!
Aloft! i'th' gangways! and abaft!
For this your care to overhaul
Our trim,—we thank you, one and all.

The fortunes of an English Tar
Various, as hap and hazard are;
Yet no varieties ever damp
His spirits, or his humour cramp:
Whatever was his former lot,
Put him on board, 'tis all forgot.
He there displays, in every part,
A thoughtless, guileless, dauntless, heart:

He's there all hero!—But, avast!
 Methinks I shoot ahead too fast.
 In fight, stick ever by the stuff!
 But among friends, steer clear of puff!

“ Put him on board,” I said—why true:—
 For that's his proper point of view.

Suppose yourselves then in a Ship,
 And me your Captain for this trip:—
 A Ship well-mann'd, well-rigg'd, well-found;—
 Her bottom clean; her timbers sound!—
 Tight, tough tarpaulins, all her crew!
 —Mayhap, you'd like to see a few.—
 Suppose yourselves, this moment hearing
 My orders for the gang's appearing;—
 —“ *Below there!—Jackets! trowsers! checks!*
 —“ *Turn out, all hands! and man the decks!*”

So please you, let us take the group,
 Rang'd as they stand, from prow to poop.

The Boatfwain firft.—He, you muft know,
Had once a vixen wife in tow :
But death, with a fide-wind, d'ye fee,
Drove her adrift; and fet him free.
She left, however, an embargo
Of debts, fo heavy on his cargo,
It made him from his moorings fteer,
To weather ftorms, lefs boifterous, here.

Alongfide him, the Mate you'll mark ;
A merchant's maccaroni clerk :
Crank, gunwell to, before the gale
He fped ; and crowded all his fail ;
'Till at an un-paid taylor's call,
The lawyers conjur'd up a fquall :—
—Had then thofe fharks, the bailiffs, met him,
Keel-upwards they had furely fet him :
But fate procur'd him, in the fufs,
Safe fea-room and a birth with us.

A look, pray, for a moment cast
 On yon long lubber, next the mast!
 He'd conn'd your learned lingo pat,—
 Your Hebrew-latin,—and all that:
 But when, unskill'd to stem the tide,
 The hurricane of life he tried,
 And beat up, right in the wind's eye,
 (No log-book of experience nigh,)
 He lost his helm; his main-fail tore,
 And run his vessel bump ashore;
 Then hove out signals of distress,
 Glad to make one in any mess.

Steady!—I'm veering out, I find,
 More knots an hour, than I design'd:
 Wherefore, 'tis time to fall aback;
 And haul up, on a clofer tack:—
 While all the residue, first and last,
 However station'd, mess'd, or class'd,

The bufy, buzzing, buftling crowds,
Of midfhip, fore-castle, and fhrouds,
Who cables coil, who tacklings fling,
Who reef, who fplice, who climb, who fwing;
All who command, and eke who fwab in
Hold, gallery, quarter-deck, or cabin,
Starboard and larboard, more or lefs,
In one round-robin I comprefs;
Each frank and free, by each to ftand;
Each prompt, with each to bear a hand;
Each prone, ftaunch prowefs to exert,
Stem, ftays, and ftern, alive, alert;
Each patient, watch and ward to take;
Each faithful, one referve to make:—
“ Referve?”—you’ll fay!—“ pray what referve?”
—Ev’n that,—from which they never fwerve:—
For tho’ they fcorn to hoard and heap,
The votive grog they facred keep,

To

To toast, when every week's-work ends,
King, Country, Sweethearts, Families, Friends!
While thus their generous maxims run,
To *give* to ALL—but *yield* to NONE!
 Defended by such Sons, as these,
No wonder BRITAIN awes the Seas:—
Danger, that makes the milk-fop droop,
But sets their courage cock-a-hoop;
Sinews their arms; expands their breasts:—
Then! for “*Up hammocks and down chests!*”
Then! for the Naval Empire's claim!
Then! for old ENGLAND's Flag, and Fame!
Then! when her angry Thunders burst,
Perhaps—*another* JUNE THE FIRST!

MINOR POETRY.

MUCH of PARNASSUS, and it's heights sublime,
We read in antient writ, and modern rhyme:—
Heights, which, tho' millions in th' attempt engage,
Scarce one can reach; and hardly once an age.

Tho' all in eager multitudes contend,
Rivals for fummits, which so few ascend,
Full many a station of the sacred spot,
Might amply fit less proud ambition's lot:
For numerous tracts of varied landscape fill
Th' adjacent vales, and slope along the hill.

Of these ('tis all my little skill can do)
Permit me now to sketch a bird's-eye view;

Nor

Nor scorn (howe'er inadequate the scrap)
 A school-geographer's poetic map.

In smooth extent, which rural beauties grace,
 A spacious level skirts the mountain's base:
 There might retire, there chant, the pastoral swains,
 The COLINS, and the DAMONS of the plains:
 There in soft minstrelfy's eternal round,
 Wed words to words, wherever sound meets found;
 Till each responsive spray, the meads among,
 Quivers in cadence, blossoms into song.

Full to the fight, in distant prospect, towers
 A grove of myrtles, twining into bowers.
 There love-sick spirits manufacture sighs,
 Embalm in metre, dimples, lips, and eyes:
 Vows, flatteries, perjuries, Echo's haunts invade;
 Hopes, fears, and jealousies breath from every shade.
 Be nymphs coy, kind, true, false, fair, brown, short, tall,
 Some passionate madrigal be-rhymes them all.

Where

Where tangling briers, in form of fence, between
Two carpet lawns, diversify the scene,
The rough, rude tribe of satirists might reside;
Cynics, who snarl, and scorners, who deride.
Avoid their gripe, ye virtuous, and ye sage!
Too oft for interest, or for spleen they rage.
'Twere well, did vice alone feel their attack!
Or truth reserve their thorns for folly's back!

Where from the turf, a gradual eminence swells,
The whiffling breeze a windmill's sails impels;
There, as in hives, might swarm the sons of whim;
The crotchet-mongers of fantastic trim;
Who retail fancy's frolics, oddity's hits,
Maggots of genius! real nutshell wits!
Wags, who in masques grotesque shake humour's chin;
Pun in conundrums; or in epigrams grin!

A little farther on, from forth a cave,
Bursts an abrupt cascade's sonorous wave;

Whose dashing fragments might announce th' abode,
 Where lofty language labours—big with ode:
 Spurns vulgar comprehension's hackney'd ways;
 Soars past the confines of pedestrian phrase;
 Above connection, method, or design,
 In muse-mad rant, eccentrically fine!

Not far from this ascent a forest lies;
 Whose broad old oaks in mossy grandeur rise:—
 There dwell the bards, who social aims avow,
 And deck with civic wreaths the patriot brow:
 Whose popular strains at once record, and raise,
 The sailor's spirit, and the soldier's praise:
 While conscious, "BRITONS never will be slaves,"
 Zeal shouts from voice to voice, "BRITANNIA rule the waves."

More upland still, and thro' an avenue seen,
 Stands a fair clump of laurels, ever green;
 Where rove the guardian bards of each bright name,
 Which verse and virtue consecrate to fame;

Names of such men, as Heaven's best signature wore;
Whose least distinction was the rank they bore:
Names, which improv'd humanity loves to hear;
Names, to integrity honourably dear;
Names, which by every test of merit known,
Truth may transcribe, even now, from BRITAIN'S THRONE!

While thus, for others, separate feats I trace,
Perhaps you'll ask me, where myself I'd place;
—What place becomes me, you must judge, not I;
—What place I'd wish for, I'll confess; and why:
I'd mount, where poetry's first enthusiasts stood;
High as old HOMER:—higher, if I could!—
There boast how good a work, with what good will,
Your Ancestors did here;—and You do still:—
Then every Muse to choral symphony woo,
In numbers worthy THEM, and worthy YOU.

THE PROLOGUE.

A SIDEBOARD'S front, when tavern guests are met,
 Just before dinner comes, presents a whet;
 Even so, a Prologue, ere the curtain rise,
 Sharpens dramatic appetite—minds—ears—eyes!
 Nay farther still the simile will fit:—
 Too oft, for wholesome wine, and genuine wit,
 Vintners and bards, in various balderdash,
 Compel us to take down a world of trash!

But leaving similes, more or less exact,
 Proceed we now to Prologues, and plain fact.

Sometimes in *suppliant* phrase and suit of black,
 The speaker deprecates the town's attack;

Paints

Paints the keen feelings of a timid muse ;
 And for an author, as a culprit, fues ;
 At the dread bar of popular taste, who stands,
 And craves the acquittal of compassionate hands :—
 Else farewell all big hopes of a third day !— }
 —For poets work, in the theatric way, }
 Like advertising quacks—No cure no pay ! }

With much sagacious gravity of brow,
 The *critic* Prologue-Orator makes his bow ;
 Talks loud of unities, pathos, sentiment, force ;
 Then follows ATHENS ; and *her* stage, of course ;
 Quotes each great model ARISTOTLE knew :
 So judg'd antiquity ; and so *should* you :
 Then makes to us the modest parallel run ;
 And holds a farthing-candle to the sun !

Sometimes a Prologue-Actor's tone and mien,
 In *tragic* mood anticipate the scene ;

Prone

Prone with fad fobs to heave the labouring chest;
 Stride; start; spread arms; clasp hands; and beat the breast;
 Thro' the whole etiquette of woe to pass,—
 And squeeze from hard-pinch'd hat, “ Oh! Ah! Alas!”

In solemn fort a Prologue oft appears,
 And rattles *satire's* club about our ears;
 Tells us our faults; and when a trifling age
 Needs reformation, calls us to the stage:—
 We shrug our shoulders; shake our heads; and roar
 Applause!—then do—the same we did before!

Another moral Prologue-monger's scheme,
 Includes more comprehensive range of theme;
 In merry, mimic, *caricature*, presents,
 Modes, maxims, politics, humours, and events;—
 Hunts the fleet shades of manner, as they rise;
 Now idly busy; now absurdly wise:
 Meanwhile his audience—gallery, box, and pit,
 Charm'd by the bells of their own folly, sit;

Seek some new likenefs, in each arch grimace;
And find it—only in the next man's face!

Perhaps, while I enlarge on Prologues thus,
You'll think I'm sneering them, as they sneer us;
—Be that, as that may be:—Accept, meanwhile,
My own ideas, of the Prologue style.

It *should* be, truth in simple terms exprest;
From common sense, *to* common sense addrest;
Not the mere quack buffoonery of the hour,
The fop's frivolity, or the cynic's low'r;
No puppet-pranks, that barren grin provoke;
No pedant oracles; no libertine's joke;
No sombre prejudice; no bombastic brags;
Passion in stilts, or energy torn to rags;—
But chaste appeal, with nervous frankness made;
Above deception's traps, or mummery's aid;

Which,

Which, whether genius mourn, or laugh its fill,
Preserves the drama, Virtue's handmaid still;
And only wakes the public ear, to lays,
Which manhood may avow; and men like BRITONS, praise.

T H E O D E
AND
T H E R I D D L E.

[The Senior Boy appearing to be asleep, or to have forgotten himself,
the Junior begins.]

T H E R I D D L E.

WHILE his head my friend ODE in obscurity shrowds,
Or perhaps is fet out on a trip to the clouds,
With humble submission I'll take up the fiddle,
And scrape, if I can, a few bars on the Riddle.

T H E O D E.

[The Senior as recollecting himself.]

What sudden voice assaults mine ear?
Comes there some minstrel of the sphere,

Who calls me to the lyre?
 Tunes to my touch th' obedient string?
 And bids me play, and bids me fing,
 What all the Nine inspire?

THE RIDDLE.

No minstrel, nor muse, neighbour ODE, has appear'd:
 It was me, little Riddle-me-ree, whom you heard;
 Who meant nothing more, than to stand in the gap,
 And keep up the ball,—while you slept out your nap.

THE ODE.

I.

From the still surface of the smooth lake's verge,
 Abruptly steep the wat'ry sheet descends;
 Rebounds a torrent of tremendous surge;
 And in broad floods along the vale extends:—

So

So spreads th' Enthusiasm o'er the Poet's soul,
 When down flush'd Fancy's tide the fleet ideas roll!

II.

Full on his thought bursts Valour's hardy deed;
 He sees the patriot Chief's uplifted steel;
 Glories t' announce the laurell'd Victor's meed;
 And stamp on Virtue's claim the Muse's seal;
 Pursue Truth's triumph, sanction Honour's pride,
 In struggles nobly born; and perilous chance defy'd!

III.

Or crowns the Genius, whose exertions call
 The public wonder, gratitude and applause;
 Intelligence, freed from slavish error's thrall;
 And Science, sanctified in Humanity's cause:
 Or to the shade, where suffering manhood pines,
 The wreath of honest praise from Poësy's bow'r assigns!

IV.

Or prone to rapturous glow, where'er shine forth
 Sympathies of heart, or energies of mind,
 Gives and receives renown, from private worth;
 Its cares benign, its sentiment refin'd:
 Irregularly sublime! and bold to bring
 The tributary palm, on Ardour's eagle-wing!

THE RIDDLE.

Bravo! Bravo!—methinks you have ventur'd a flight,
 Where mere common sense could scarce keep you in fight:
 And therefore, permit me thy theme to pursue,
 While you get fresh breath, and your auditors too!
 Attention, strain'd up to the sharps of your key,
 Will enjoy the piano of Riddle-me-ree!

I cannot, 'tis true, introduce in a set,
 All the figures of fun, at a riddling bout met;

From

From the dame, whose experience, her spectacles speak,
Whose wisdom, each wrinkle that furrows her cheek ;
To the tittering young romps, whose whole mischievous wish
Is to *non-plus* the lads, till they're mute as a fish ;
And the swains, who the hearts of the hoydens to hit,
Come arm'd with two strings to their bow, love and wit:
Neither can I describe (as I wonder who cou'd)
Every look, every laugh, every droll attitude ;
Their inquisitive frowns ; their intelligent nods ;
How vivacity frets ; how stupidity plods ;
How clamorous their joy, when the knot they undo!—
O! what would I give to bring all to your view!
But, as that may not be, I must hope and request,
You'll accept will, for deed,—and imagine the rest.

All the learned, however they differ elsewhere,
That example is better than precept, declare :
And to prove I myself with their doctrine agree,
In a Riddle I'll show what a Riddle should be.

In the form of inquiry it still must begin;
For question and riddle are cousin and kin.

What is that, which in see-saw description convey'd,
The more hints it displays, the more puzzling is made?
Which seems leading you home, while it carries you round;
And pretending to help, runs you farther aground;
A dark lantern of wit, which tho' black in the face,
Bursts point blank on your eyes, if the screen you displace;
Which the moment you see, you're surpris'd you could miss?
—Say what, but a Riddle on Riddles is this?—

What is that situation, whose limits, I trow,
Like an isthmus of land, lie between aye and no?
Whose variable atmosphere makes on the spot,
The hottest, most cool; and the coolest, most hot?
'Tis the Riddle of State, past all shadow of doubt:
And means only the odds, between *in* place and *out*.

What is that, which in prospect appears to the fight
As certain as fate; and as clear as the light?

Draws us on step by step, thro' demurs and delays;
And at last when our hopes to their summit we raise,
While we think ourselves safe, ruins all with some flaw?
—Why this is, and please you, the Riddle of Law.

What is that, which in every direction is found?
East; west; north; and south; while a man can turn round?
What to-day it admires, will to-morrow deem strange?
And whose changes prompt only fresh reasons for change?
Which grinds judgments, styles, modes, in the mill of Virtù;
Till the new come out old, and the old come out new?
—This is Taste, to be sure;—and such taste, you must own,
Is as arrant a Riddle, as ever was known.

And now, wishing ODE well, thro' the rest of his song,
And thanking all friends for indulgence so long,
I'll play off my finale to this Hey-down diddle;
And so ends my Ditty; and so—*Exit* RIDDLE.

THE ODE.

I.

In milder mood the Lyric Muse
Deigns oft, her spirit to infuse;
When sprightlier themes, or softer cares,
Invoke her aid to lighter airs;
Whether tumultuous transports raise
Successful Love's devoted lays;
Or Friendship's interchange of soul
Mellows convivial freedom's bowl;
Or festive Exultation's proud acclaim
Appropriates popular joy; and echoes National Fame!

II.

Awful reverse! when Harmony's tear
Bedews departed Merit's bier!
When warm Imagination's glow
Saddens the gloom of Memory's woe!

And

And Poetry's powers can but explain,
How just its moan!—yet, ah! how vain!
More vigorous verse may round the tomb
Strew every flower of brighter bloom;
Tho' the brief brightness of the bloom, it strews,
But proves, how much! how soon! Affection had to lose!

III.

Nor yet, ev'n there, does grief, howe'er profound,
Th' exalted Ode's immense excursions bound:
From mortal frailty's universal doom
It springs:—it lifts the pregnant thought on high;
To heavenly prospects turns Devotion's eye,
And wings aspiring Hope with ampler plume:
While frankly faithful in Religion's cause,
Arm'd with her truths, and champion of her laws,
It consecrates to God, from whom it came,
Its fairest excellence, and its purest flame!

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Q U Æ D A M

L A T I N A.

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P O E M A T A

Q U Æ D A M

L A T I N A.

HOC AGE.

QUOLIBET in vico Medicafter habet panaceam,
Quâ tibi, si credas, hoc agat, atque tibi:
Hoc agit ille suum, sumptâ mercede,—ministrans
Mortiferos haustus, hoc agit ille tuum.

HOC AGE.

UXOREM PAULUS rixosam (judicis, ut par,
Commenfurato pollice) fuste dolat:
Quid meruit mulier quærentibus, “ hoc,” ait ille,
“ Nunc ago, ne deinceps hoc agat illa mihi!”

HOC AGE.

“**A**h! ego si moriar,” sic PAULA affata maritum est,
 “ Tu, mi vir, nostro in funere, tu quid ages?”
 “ Sit de me mora nulla, ait ille;” in pace quiescas;
 “ Hoc age tu—ut potero, quod mihi restat, agam.”

HOC AGE.

DÆMONA ut e cœtu Fanaticus Erro repellat,
 Projicit infensâ Biblia magna manu;
 At male vibratum obliquò volat impete telum;
 Lividuloque finum vulnere signat anûs:
 Miri oratoris miranda potentia! cui sic
 Non quod ait, tangit pectora, sed quod agit!

HOC AGE.

“ **H**oc agite,” ex unâ conclamat parte senatus:

“ Hoc agite, e contra,” oppositi legio undique scamni:
 Publica nempe, prout vel habet jam quisque, vel ambit
 Munera; vel frustra sperans, invidit habenti.

At quorum hæ lites, verbosaque jurgia tendunt?

—Pro Pratria, heu! agitur nil profus:—de Patria actum est!

Anglicè.

“ Do this,” cries one side of ST. STEPHEN’S great hall:

“ Do just the reverse,” the minority bawl:

As each has obtain’d, or desires to obtain,

Or envies the station, he wish’d for in vain.

And what is the end of this mighty tongue-war?

—Nothing’s done for the state—till the state is *done for!*

QUID PRO QUO.

PRO pretio septennia dat suffragia plebes,
 Et queritur venum se patriamque dari:
 Vera nimis, sed nec mira est, nec iusta querela:
 Cur non vendatur, qui prius emptus erat?

PLUS, MINUS.

HIC, quasi guttatim, distillat verba senator:—
 Ille iterat rapidos, ocyor amne, fonos.
 Eloquium est dispar; sed par facundia.—Fando
 Plus, vel fando minus, *dicit uterque nihil.*

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

OBTINET in nostris incertus versibus ordo;
 Verum hic, et fictum est; est vetus, estque novum;
 Est longum; est breve; triste; jocosum; insulsum, et acerbum;
 Fors pejora bonis; fors meliora malis:

Quod

Quod placeat; quod displiceat; spernanda, probanda:
 Quod fat; quod nimium est; plus; minus; omne; nihil!

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

NIL de te, POLYDORE, bonum, testantur amici;
 Ignoti de te nil, POLYDORE, bonum:—
 Non novere fatis, queis non es cognitus; et te
 Qui nôrunt, nôrunt plus, POLYDORE, fatis!

Anglicè.

For JACK's good life to certify,
 Nor friends, nor strangers can be got:—
 Those, who don't know him, know not why;
 Those who do know him,—know why not!

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

BATTUS agit primæ taciturnus tempora noctis;
 Nil sentire, loqui nil, nihil esse putes.

At vice non dubiâ, post certos incalet haustus;
 Et catus argutos spargit abunde sales.
 Senior aut citior, BATTO venit hora leporis,
 Ut cito, vel fero, quarta lagena venit.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

CONQUERITUR populus, quod fit brevis hora juventæ,
 Recte—sed longam LESBIA credit anus.
 Nunquam ita se juvenem meminit, quin posset amari;
 Nunquam ita se vetulam, quin amet ipsa, putat!

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

T ERNA bono ALPHONSO, in votis bona summa fuerunt;
 Scripta vetusta; vetusque uva; comesque vetus.
 Scripta, uvam, comites, bene vis, ALPHONSE; sed cheu!
 Quæ facit hos veteres, te facit hora senem!

Anglicè.

For life's best gifts when good ALPHONSO pray'd,
 " Give me old books, old wine, old friends," he said.
 Books, wine, and friends are worth our wish, 'tis true:—
 But time, that makes them old—makes us old too!

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

ARS longa est, sed vita brevis;—sic scripserat olim
 Illustris medicâ calliditate* fenex.
 Dicite nunc, medici, colitis si *longius* artem,
 An *brevior* nobis vita futura fiet?

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

CUR BATAVUS, siquidem in triviis cremet ille tabacum,
 Usque brevem tubulum, pollicis instar habet?

* HIPPOCRATES.

Vir bonus et frugi, longo spiramine, novit
 In vacuo fumos evolitare leves;
 Qui brevior tubo circum præcordia ludunt,
 Et nasum assiduo spontè calore fovent.

Anglicè.

Why does the DUTCHMAN, if abroad he stir,
 A pipe, no longer than his thumb, prefer?
 'Tis pure economy—long tubes consume
 In vacant air unprofitable fume;
 But the short stump a double boon bestows;
 For while it cheers his heart, it warms his nose.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

VINCULA conjugii patitur fat acerba BATHYLLUS:
 Ne tamen immodicis plange, BATHYLLE modis.
 Quippe ut spes non est, meliorem mox fore sponsam,
 Sic fore pejorem non metus ullus erit!

Anglicè.

TOM to a shrew lives link'd in wedlock's fetter ;
 Yet let not TOM his stars too forely curse :
 As there's no hope his wife will e'er be better,
 So there's no fear she ever can be worse !

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

QUAM lepidè exornant insignia mille popinam !
 Stat viridis vir, aper cœrulus, ater olor :
 Quam varius leo fit!—rubicundus, candidus, omni
 Præterquam proprio, nempè colore micans !
 Una fed his etiam pictoribus undique norma est ;
 Pendulus usque auro BACCHUS et uva nitent.

Anglicè.

What various dies adorn an alehouse sign !
 Green Men ! Blue Boars ! and coal-black Swans combine !

In

In what strange colours is the Lion shown!
 In red, in white, in all, except his own!
 Yet one fix'd rule, ev'n sign-post painters hold;
 For BACCHUS and his Tun are always gilt with gold.

Κρύσεα χαλκῆων.

LAURUM olim optantes, aurum meruere poetæ:
 Nunc, aurum optantes, quid meruere?—Nihil.

Κρύσεα χαλκῆων.

SPONTE arcum posuit, nuper, pharetramque, CUPIDO;
 Et novus in terris pharmacopola stetit:
 Scilicet ut, sævis, quæ læferat ante, sagittis,
 Curaret medicâ faucia corda manu.
 Aurea pollicito, pueri, ne credite! nymphæ,
 Aurea pollicitum ritè cavete Deum!
 Quippe vafer fanet, si fanet forfitan, unum
 Vulnus, ut interea mille relinquat, AMOR!

Κρύσεα χαλκῶων.

FUNEM emit, parto, tam vi, quam fraudibus, auro,
 Desperans animi PAULUS—et interiit.
 Ufus opum horrificus!—sed qui sic vixerat ultro,
 Non meruit fato nobiliore mori.

Anglicè.

PAUL in despair, from forth his ill-got store,
 Takes two-pence—buys a rope—and is no more.
 'Tis an odd bargain that, you'll say—but why so?
 He chose to live so; prithee let him die so.

PAR PARI.

MAGNETES inter, supra libratus & infra,
 Aërio fitus es tu, MAHOMETA, rogo.
 Grande laboris opus! Moles pretiosa sepulchri!
 Sed quorsum hoc pretium? Quid juvat iste labor?
 Scilicet, ut quoniam non olim fune perisset,
 Pendeat æternùm nunc, sine fune, latro.

PAR PARI.

ECCĒ aliquis procerum, quò curfu vincat equiso,
 Multiplici fraudes more modoque docet;
 Providus audit equiso: aliosque ubi ritè fefellit,
 Mox dominum fimili decipit arte fuum.
 Effè pares, par est.—Sit fervus nobilitatis
 Æmulus, ut servi est æmula nobilitas!

Anglicè.

See on NEWMARKET'S turf, my lord
 Instructs his jockey how to trim;
 Who, to make sure of full reward,
 First cheats all round—and then cheats him.
 What fimilar parts extremes affume!
 Like groom, like peer! like peer, like groom!

PAR PARI.

SI vir, jam senior, florensque ætate puella,
 Conjugii forsan fœdus inire volent,
 Protinus impariter jungi vicinia clamat,
 Judicio certe vix fatis æqua suo;
 Nam licet his annos male conveniſſe fatendum eſt,
 Stultitiâ poterit nemo negare pares!

Anglicè.

When Seventy (as 'tis ſometimes ſeen)
 Joins hands in wedlock with ſeventeen,
 We all th' unequal match abuſe.—
 But where's the odds we fret about?
 Difference in age, there is no doubt;—
 In folly—not a pin to chooſe!

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

LIBERA, falva, Patrem, CICERONEM ROMA salutans,
 Addidit hoc laudis, quod Novus efflet Homo.
 Libertas ut nostra stet intemerata, falusque,
 Non Homo, fed Populus debuit effe Novus!

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

“ **L**EGE novâ vivas, mediocria pocula fumas;”—
 Sic fponfum ebriolum sobria fponfa monet:
 Dudum ille audierat:—tandem, “ Chariffima conjux,
 “ Crede, novum hoc,” inquit, “ res negat ipfa pati:
 “ Unde novis locus eft;—fungor vice fimplici;—et ufque
 “ Quum fitis eft, bibitur—quum bibitur, fitis eft!”

Anglicè.

Said his wife t’other day, to a sot and a rake,
 “ I’d be sober for once, for the novelty’s sake.”—

“ For

“ For the Novelty’s fake ?” the old foaker reply’d,
 “ Madam, that’s an experiment cannot be try’d ;
 “ I shall never find time for’t ; I’ll tell you for why ;
 “ I’m still dry, till I drink ;—and still drink, till I’m dry.”

SPLENDEAT USU.

PILLULA, si medici fors jussu pillula danda est,
 Exhibet auratam rite superficiem.

Confulit hâc medicus morbosis conditione,

Quâ sibi consultum conditione velit :

Atque ideo solers asperrima pharmaca inaurat.

Munus ut ex auro largiter ipse ferat.

At verò interea ægrotus, medicusque vicissim

Sumit uterque aurum dispare lege suum.

Nam toties quoties, plerumque fit ægrior æger ;

At toties quoties, lætior est medicus.

Anglicè.

Physicians, when a patient's ill,
 To make him gulp it, gild the pill:
 And this perhaps the only fact is,
 In which, what they prescribe they practice.
 For gold can equally cajole us,
 In form of fee, or form of bolus.—
 Tho' sometimes this small difference follows;
 —The sick's more sick, the more he swallows;
 While appetite for fees grows greater,
 By *toties quoties repetatur!*

VIREB ACQUIRIT EUNDO.—

DE FAMA hoc olim dixit MARO; deque MARONE
 FAMA dehinc, omni tempore, dicet idem.

Anglicè.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.—

So VIRGIL said of FAME one day ;
 And FAME, to give her all her due,
 Did ever, and will ever say,
 The very fame of VIRGIL too.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.—

COTTA madens multo, summa usque ad guttura, Baccho,
 Præcipiti properat vi titubando domum.
 It tutus pergendo tamen, dum pergit eundo ;
 Sin cursu ambiguo definat ire, cadit.

Anglicè.

The sot, top-heavy with good liquor,
 Runs right a-head, no lapwing quicker ;
 But woe betide him, if he stops ;—
 The moment he stands still—he drops.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

SCRIPTORES inter celebres, celebratior unus,
 De populis ARABUM plurima mira refert:
 Nempe hominum vice mutatâ, pariterque leonum,
 Nunc vesci crudis vulgus ubique feris.
 Quid vir, quidve leo mutârint nescio; sed mos,
 Credo, viatorum qui fuit ante, manet!

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

JUSTITIÆ vittâ pictores lumina cingunt;
 In lite ut videat parte ab utrâque nihil.
 At vos, caufidici, positam malè demite ocellis
 Fasciolam: et potius stet Dea vinc̄ta manus!
 Non rogo ne videat quod utrâque ex parte videndum est;
 Id curo, ut *tangat* parte ab utrâque nihil.

Anglicè.

When painters or sculptors give Justice a face,
 On her eyes a broad bandage to blind her, they place;
 But methinks, with all proper respect to the law,
 She might judge so much better, the better she saw;
 Tie her hands, if you please; and I care not how much;
 She may look where she will—so you don't let her *touch!*

Κατὰ πέφανται.

PENDULA, ab heroum nutavit vertice quondam

Pluma; coruscantis cassidis altus honos:

Quam sibi jam nostro sumit quoque tempore virgo;

Victricique decens omine, fronte gerit:

Pristina sic referunt præsentia sæcla; fidemque

Fabellis veterum postera facta ferunt:

Quippe ea, quæ fuerant olim MAVORTIA signa,

Gestat adhuc, parili non sine laude, VENUS.

Anglicè.

Time out of mind the nodding plume
 The hero's helmet drest;
 Which modern ladies too assume,
 And make it beauty's crest.
 The tale of antient classic lore
 Ev'n fashion's whims avow;
 Since what bespoke the MARS of yore,
 Bespeaks the VENUS now.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

PASSIM ARABUM in densis deferta per avia dumis
 Sæpe gregi culicum fit mera præda leo:
 Quippe aliter fulvi proles numerosa tyranni
 Infestâ possit vi vacuare nemus.
 Quum fata immensum nasci voluere leonem,
 Natus item est hostis, quo cadat ille—culex!

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

MANE fori juxta subfellia caufidicus stat,
 Et triplicis caudæ gestat abunde decus;
 Vespere sed caput ornat rarus utrinque capillus,
 Tortaque porcino pendula vitta modo:
 Nec tamen est alius, quamvis mutatus; eundem
 Idque suo damno, sentiet usque cliens.

EQUES.

QUANTUM possit eques, quam ductilis ardor equorum est,
 Rubricâ in quovis affixâ poste, typo gi-
 -ganteo, longisque ambagibus exhibet **ASTLEY**.
 —Credulus accedo—pretium numero—intro—recumbo.
 Principiò invehitur, qui tergum erectus equinum
 Calce premens superimpositâ, mille integrat orbis.
 Alternâ plantâ versatilis; in caput, ultro,
 Prorsum, retrorsum revolutus,—jamque supinus,

Jam pronus, jam fufpenfus, fimilisque caduco,
Defilit, ac refilit; trans,-fub,-fuper,-in-filit—Exit.

Qui fequitur dubio libramine dimidiatus
Binos urget equos; quos inter, pro pudor! hæret
Pendula, fuccuffanda rudi, muliercula, curfu.

His vix dimiffis, fuccedit terno equorum,
Quos eques, ex alto incumbens regit, unus et idem:
Huc illuc agilis faltu; repetitque, novatque,
Multiplicatque vices—*ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ

Θρώσκων, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον ἀμείβεται· οἱ δὲ πετοῦνται

Mox venit ASTLEÏ, fpes altera patris, Iulus,
Celfus equo phaleris, phaleratior ipfe, fuperbo.
Quam fcitè ad numeros percurrit ephippia! Primò
Grandior inceffu, et pofitu, geftuque decorus!
Deinde melos levius, lepidè, levioribus æquans
Paffibus, ambiguos quafi figat in aère greflus!

* Iliad, L. 15. V. 683.

Mirror ego—hæc quorsum tendant miracula, planè
 Ignarus;—nisi forte, ut lucum dicimus esse
 A non lucendo,—sic ista equitatio, ab arte
 Proveniat, quâ non potis est equitare viator;
 Nec vult, si posset; nec si velit, usus, opusve est.

NOSMET NOSTRI NON PÆNITET.

MAJOR jam ferulâ; de quo dubitetur alumno,
 Semivir anne puer, femipuerve vir est,
 OXONII Matris gremium commigrat ad almum;
 Fitque, togatorum in plebe, TOGATUS HOMO.
 Plurimus hunc senior naso suspendit adunco;
 Quippe RECENTEM ALIQUEM, ex veste recente, vocat;
 Ille tamen, novus incedens Academicus, ultro
 Ponè trahit longum pallii, eundo, decus:
 Et, plus quam lætum nitidæ nigredine lanæ,
 Non piget, aut pudet, aut pœnitet esse nigram.

Terminus ut sensim succedit termino, et annus.

Anno, in subfuscum tritus amictus abit:

Sed neque sic triti, et fuscati pœnitet; ipso hoc

Scilicet indicio, se probat esse SOPHUM.

Cum penè exacto pro formâ tempore, primum

Expectat, studii præmia prima, gradum,

Scissa modis miris toga (vix toga, vix fragmentum)

Squallidulum, ac lacerum penfile, verit humum:

Nec magis—immo minus nunc pœnitet, hoc sibi, nulli

Non fat perspicui, pignus honoris habet:

Pœniteat panni, quibus est cutis unica cura!—

Hic, jam pannosus, cras GRADUATUS erit!

AD AMICUM

HENRICUM STEBBING, D.D.

ÆGER abis, tecumque dolemus abire lepores;
 Inque tuo, patimur nos mala nostra, malo:
 Ut revalescamus, revalesce; medela faluti
 Si qua tibi est, fociis tu potes esse falus.

AD VIRUM REVERENDUM.

MICHAELEM MARLOW, S.T.P.

COLLEGII DIVI JOHANNIS BAPTISTÆ IN UNIVERSITATE OXON:
 PRÆSIDEM.

[Carmen in Schola Mercatorum Scifforum enunciatum.]

PARCE libens, Venerande, ipso temerarius ausu,
 Quod tibi ferre suum gestiât ardor, Ave!
 Ecquis enim potis est, tacito compescere labro
 Omina, quot tecum, quæ venit hora vehit?

Seu,

Seu, tam præsidio videat quam sponte, faventem
 Artibus, unde tuum prænitent omne decus:
 Seu fors testantes, te noverit auspice, cives,
 Quam fausto hùc musas alite duxit amor:
 Seu circum ingenuos conspexerit undique alumnos,
 Laude tua laudes condecorare suas;
 Sive notet, nostro dum gaudia in ore renident,
 Naturam, in pueris, vel sine voce, loqui!
 —Quinetiam, ILLE SENEX, quo *præceptore* tuetur,
 Spem populi, hanc sacram civica cura domum,
 Cum plausu toties tenerâ te ætate receptum,
 Nunc reducem, officii lege, salutatur ovans;
 Seu revocare juvet præfagia temporis acti,
 Infantesque tuas commeminiſſe vices;
 Seu fors, jam letho propior prospectet in ævum,
 Dilectæ anticipans posthuma fata scholæ;
 Forſan et extremus solatia anhelitus addet,
 Cum sciet incolumem te superesse sibi:—

Dicet que (obrepente oculis caligine mortis)

- “ Qui mihi vixit honos, jam mihi pignus erit,
“ Invigilanſque choris, quos tam feliciter ornat,
“ Succedet votis, per fua vota, meis !”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THE REV. SAMUEL BISHOP, A. M.

VOL. II.

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POETICAL WORKS

OF

THE REV. SAMUEL BISHOP, A. M.

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL,
RECTOR OF ST. MARTIN OUTWICH, LONDON, AND OF DITTON IN THE COUNTY OF KENT;
AND CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the AUTHOR,

By the Rev. THOMAS CLARE, A. M.

VOL. II.

His Verse still lives; his Sentiment still warms;
His Lyre still warbles; and his Wit still charms.

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and Mr. BULGIN, at Bristol.

1796.

C O N T E N T S

OF THE

S E C O N D V O L U M E.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

VOL. II.

B

Under this head of "Miscellaneous" are arranged all those Copies
of Verses, which relate particularly to the Author, his Family,
or Friends.

V E R S E S

SENT WITH A COPY OF MOORE'S FABLES
TO MISS *MARY PALMER*, AFTERWARDS *MRS. BISHOP*.

MISS! COUSIN! MOLLY! Terms like those
Become the simple style of prose.—
When One to claim our verse we find
Dear, because good, above her kind,
To mark her from the vulgar throng,
MELISSA is her name in song.

MELISSA! then, (for you may claim
Dear, because good, the favorite name,)
Accept, acknowledge, and approve
ESTEEM, that means much more than Love;

Esteem, that greets each native trace
Of Spirit, Sentiment, and Grace ;
And tho' in You she owns them met,
Prefumes you not quite perfect yet ;
But hopes to see you (doubt who will)
Still dearer, because better still.

How nicely form'd the Female Heart
For genuine Merit's noblest part !
How might your livelier Fancy's pow'rs
Extend, adorn, and soften ours !
How brilliant, how almost divine,
Would every sterner Virtue shine,
Transferr'd into a Woman's breast,
And in the Sex's sweetness drest !

Why then so barren lies a foil,
So worthy of the cultor's toil ?

Ah ! Ladies ! by one fate you fall ;
One little error ruins all !

I'll tell it, —tho' I stand reprov'd :

—*You'd rather be admir'd than lov'd!*

Hence is the Coxcomb's task so easy ;

He makes you like himself, to please ye.

“ Tis great to astonish and subdue,

“ And lead a train of Captives.”—True—

Yet little Glory gilds your Reign,

If Knaves and Fops compose the train.

And take it, Fair-ones, for a rule,

A Flatterer must be Knave or Fool ;

Whose treacherous tale, how'er exprest,—

(Knaves do their worst, and Fools their best,)

Too soon, too surely lures your youth

From youth's first friend, IMPARTIAL TRUTH.

Truth, which would teach you to obtain

That Excellence it scorns to feign.

· From Truth's award MELISSA'S ear

Had ever more to hope than fear :

MELISSA therefore will agree,
 Applauding MOORE, to pardon me,
 If proud in such a plan to join,
 I preface Verse like his, with mine.

THE GLASS bright LAURA'S Toilette grac'd,
 Patch, powder, and perfume were plac'd:—
 —Before the gentle Dame drew nigh,
 Her Monkey, and her Parrot by,
 A courtly *tête-à-tête* began:—
 And thus the conversation ran.

“ Sweet Poll, permit me, or I burst,
 “ To tell my thought—Indeed! I must!
 “ That mimic archness—(*Ab! mon cœur!*)
 “ What mortal Monkey can endure!
 “ Such endless humour you have got!
 “ So fluent! so!—I can't say what!
 “ You rise in harmony and style,
 “ Above the feather'd race, a mile!

“ In

“ In every tone of every word,
“ A very, very *human* bird !
“ And Toasts, would Toasts my hint pursue,
“ To know themselves should study You.”
—He said, the Parrot thus reply'd ;
“ Your praises are just ground for pride :
“ For sure, what *Men* themselves appear
“ None knows so well, none comes so near ;
“ Trust me, your Grin displays to fight,
“ Meaning as deep, and Teeth as white.—
“ What *Man* could puff with happier face,
“ For Wisdom, Spleen ; for Wit, Grimace ?
“ This tongue, whose harmony of tone,
“ Your rare discernment deigns to own,
“ Would fail, insensible and cold,
“ Ere half your parts and worth was told.
“ Never in Manners, Air, or Feature,
“ Was such a *Gentleman-like* Creature !”

Flattering

Flattering and flatter'd, each believes :
 Conceit takes all, that Folly gives.
 Genius, it seems, with men they share :
 Why not as graceful ? and as fair ?
 Flush'd with the thought before the Glass
 The self-made dupes resolve to pass :
 Assur'd (what else could they suppose ?)
 Each peep would some new Grace disclose.

The Monkey turning first, survey'd
 His own odd likenefs ;—shrug'd,—and said,—
 “ False Mirror, no !—it cannot be !
 “ I'm not that frightful Thing, I see !
 “ Spite, thy mere spite, protracts, I vow,
 “ My visage ; and deforms my brow.”

The Parrot next, with fluttering breast,
 Her disappointment thus confess ;
 “ What have we here ?—Is that my figure ?
 “ Have Pow'rs so various, bulk no bigger ?

“ What

- “ What fymptom of a Wit fo keen,
 “ Can in that drowfy Phiz be feen?
 “ Can from that pot-hook of a Bill,
 “ The honey of my Voice diftill?
 “ Second, dear Pug, my-vengeful blow;
 “ And fhiver this infulting foe.”

She fpoke,—and both with eager aim,
 Puff’d furious, tow’rd the little frame.

- “ Hold! Blockheads! hold!” a Lap-dog cry’d,
 (Who liften’d by the Toilette’s fide,)
 “ From wrath fo bafe, fo rafh, forbear :—
 “ The Glafs reflects you—as you are!
 “ Ugly, contemptible, abfurd!
 “ A filly Brute, and paltry Bird!
 “ That Glafs, when LAURA’S form it fhows,
 “ With Beauty’s liveliest luftre glows;
 “ Yet then, as now, no Blemifh fpares;
 “ Nor favour, nor affection bears :

“ But gives to all—e’en all their Due ;
“ Her Charms to her—your Shame to you.”

TRUTH, like a GLASS, when it conveys,
In moral Portraits, Blame or Praise,
Paints from the Life ;—and will offend
Those only, whom it cannot *mend*.

TO MISS DICKINS,
WITH A PRESENT OF MOORE'S FABLES.

Books, my dear Girl, when well design'd,
Are moral Maps of human kind;
Where, sketch'd before judicious eyes,
The Road to Worth and Wisdom lies.

Severe Philosophy portrays
The steep, the rough, the thorny ways:
Cross woods and wilds, the Learned Tribe
A dark and doubtful path describe:

But Poesy her votaries leads
O'er level lawns, and verdant meads;

And if perchance, in sportful vein,
Thro' Fable's scenes she guide her train,
All is at once enchanted ground,
All Fancy's Garden glitters round.

I, SALLY! (who shall long to see
In you, how good your Sex can be)
Before you range with curious speed,
Where'er that Garden's beauties lead,
And mark how MOORE could once display
A scene so varied, and so gay,
Beg you, for introduction's sake,
A short excursive trip to make
O'er one poor plat, unlike the rest,
Which my more humble care hath drest:
Where, if a little flow'ret blows,
From pure Affection's root it grows.

A Virgin ROSE, in all the pride
Of Spring's luxuriant blushes dy'd,
Above the vulgar Flowers was rais'd,
And with excess of lustre blaz'd.—

In full career of heedless play,
Chance brought a BUTTERFLY that way;
She stopt at once her giddy flight,
Proud on so sweet a spot to light;
Spread wide her plumage to the sun,
And thus in faucy strain begun:

“ Why, but to soften my repose,
“ Could Nature rear so bright a Rose?
“ Why, but on Roses to recline,
“ Make forms so delicate as mine?
“ Fate destin'd by the same decree,
“ Me for the Rose; the Rose for me.”

A tiny BUG, who close between
The unfolding bloom had lurk'd unseen,

Heard,

Heard, and in angry tone address'd

This rude invader of his nest:

“ For thee, consummate fool, the Rose!

“ No—to a nobler end it blows:—

“ The velvet o'er its foliage spread

“ Secures to me, a downy bed:

“ So thick its crowding leaves ascend,

“ To hide, to warm me, and defend:

“ For me those odours they exhale,

“ Which scent at second hand the gale;

“ And give such *Things* as thee to share,

“ What my superior claim can spare!”

While thus the quarrel they pursu'd,

A BEE the petty triflers view'd;

For once, reluctant, rais'd her head

A moment from her toil; and said;

“ Cease, abject animals, to contest!

“ They claim things most, who use them best.

“ Would

“ Would Nature finish Works like these,
 “ That Butterflies might bask at ease?
 “ Or Bugs intrench’d in splendor lie,
 “ Born but to crawl, and doze, and die?
 “ The Rose you vainly ramble o’er,
 “ Breaths balmy dews from every pore;
 “ Which yield their treasur’d sweets alone
 “ To skill and labour like my own:
 “ With sense as keen as yours, I trace
 “ Th’ expanding blossom’s glossy grace;
 “ It’s shape, it’s fragrance, and it’s hue;
 “ But while I trace, improve them too:
 “ Still taste; but still, from hour to hour,
 “ Bear home new Honey, from the flow’r.”

Conceit may read for mere pretence;
 For mere amusement, Indolence;
 True Spirit deems no study right,
 Till Profit dignify Delight.

TO MRS. BISHOP,
WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

“ A KNIFE,” dear Girl, “ cuts Love;” they say!
Mere modish Love, perhaps it may—
— For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate——what was never join’d.

The Knife, that cuts our Love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your Softness, Truth, and Spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of Merit;
To level yours, with modern Taste,
Must cut a world of Sense to waste;

And

And from your fingle Beauty's store,
 Clip, what would dizen out a score.

That self-same blade from me must sever
 Sensation, Judgment, Sight, for ever:
 All Memory of Endearments past,
 All Hope of Comforts long to last;—
 All that makes fourteen Years with you,
 A Summer;—and a *short* one too;—
 All, that Affection feels and fears,
 When hours without you seem like years.

Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
 Believe this Knife will chip the Moon,)
 Accept my Present, undeterr'd,
 And leave their Proverbs to the Herd.

If in a kifs—delicious treat!—
 Your lips acknowledge the receipt,

Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again!"

TO THE SAME,
 ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING DAY,
 WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH DAY.

WITH A RING.

“THEE, Mary, with this Ring I wed”—

So, fourteen Years ago, I said.—

Behold another Ring!—“for what?”

“To wed thee o’er again?”—Why not?

With that first Ring I married Youth,

Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;

Taste long admir’d, Sense long rever’d,

And all my MOLLY then appear’d.

If she, by Merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the Woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double Merit now,
To justify a double Vow.

Here then to-day, (with Faith as sure,
With Ardor as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the Rites divine,
I took thy Troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet Girl, my second Ring
A Token and a Pledge I bring :
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper Virtues to my heart ;
Those Virtues, which before untry'd,
The Wife has added to the Bride :
Those Virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing Wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as Love's.

And

And why?—They shew me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, found Judgment's sentence,—
—And teach me all things—but Repentance.—

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH AN ORANGE-BERGAMOT SNUFF-BOX.

AN husband, as in duty bound,
 Prefents, what an admirer found;
 (Pray start not, when you lift the lid!)
 A portrait in a Snuff-Box hid:
 Aye marry—and myself alone
 Can boast th' original my own.

By nature's early cunning wrought,
 This Box no *second* polish fought;
 Such in this form, as on the bough;
 Plain orange then, plain orange now.

Apt outline of a certain Dame,
Whose taste from nature's judgment came;
To whom mere genius gives a style,
Which fashion ne'er could mend—nor spoil.

Our Boxes of more modish make,
From various sources value take;
An artist's name; an humourist's whim;
The curious hinge; the costly rim:
But all in this agree, they bear
No perfume, till we place it there;
While modest Orange here, augments
From it's own store the richest scents;—
A miniature complete, and true,
Of—why not speak at once?—of you!—
Whose manner, in each part you fill,
Makes pleasure's self, more pleasing still.

This Orange, in some former hour,
Had, like all oranges, it's four;

But

But soon that acid fount was drain'd;
 And endless fragrancy remain'd:
 So, in the Woman I admire,
 If pregnant sense, perchance, inspire
 A little jest, a little tart,
 'Tis from the fancy, not the heart;
 Fancy—whose foud a moment quells;
 An heart—where sweetness ever dwells.

And is not then the picture like?
 And does not every feature strike?—
 Yes!—And the world would own it too,
 If what I've seen, the world could view;—
 I, who with this poor gift and lay,
 Thus greet again our Wedding Day;
 And cent'ring in one friend and guide,
 My joy's excess, my reason's pride,
 Would for increasing love engage,—
 Were every day to come, an age!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A PEARL BUCKLE, AND VELVET COLLAR.

THE day declin'd ; the year was clos'd ;—
Beside his forge, tir'd Labour doz'd :—
A Golden Buckle, meant to deck
At morn's return my MARY'S neck,
(Tribute mere justice long'd to pay,)
Half finish'd, on his anvil lay.

Benighted, (how, it matters not,)
LOVE, TRUTH, and TIME, approach'd the spot :
They saw th' imperfect toy ; they knew
Where, and from whom, and when, 'twas due.

“ What pity things should thus stand still,
 “ Till yon dull Drudge hath slept his fill!
 “ Suppose,” the three companions cry’d,
 “ Ourfelves *our* joint exertions try’d.”

The project pleas’d—so faid, so done—
 And each his feveral part begun.

From every Charm, that grac’d the Dame,
 Some hint of decoration came.

For Bloom, that heaven’s own painting shows ;
 For Features, where high Feeling glows ;
 For Looks, that more than language fpeak ;
 For Sweetnefs, dimpling Humour’s cheek ;
 For Dignity, by Neatnefs drest ;
 Where ftill, whatever is, is beft ;
 For Powers, that call the captive eye,
 From all nymphs elfe, when She is by ;
 Yet make us, when ſhe is not near,
 Ev’n for her fake, her ſex revere ;

For Softness, and for Strength of mind ;
 Sense, ripe tho' rapid, keen tho' kind ;
 For Liberal Purpose, and prompt Skill
 That liberal purpose to fulfill ;
 For Friendly Zeal's aspiring blaze ;
 For Generous Joy in honest praise ;
 For all, that can exalt thro' life,
 The Woman, or endear the Wife ;——
 LOVE, whose quick fight no facts evade,
 A separate Pearl in order laid.

TRUTH, pearl by pearl exactly told,
 Arrang'd them in the circling Gold ;
 Announc'd their weight, from first to last ;
 And fet them close ; and clinch'd them fast.

TIME, o'er the whole a Polish threw,
 Which brighter still, and brighter grew.

The work thus wrought, with equal haste,
 The Workmen on this Collar plac'd ;

Then bade the fondest husband bear
The present, to the worthiest fair ;
Bade him salute with cordial lay,
Her *natal*, and her *bridal* day ;
And, his own suffrage to approve,
Appeal to TIME, and TRUTH, and LOVE !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A PASTE BUCKLE FOR AN HANDKERCHIEF.

GEMS, had I gems to fend, would seem
Short of your worth, and my esteem.

But as no mortal wedded dame
Has *more* from grateful love to claim,
So ne'er did loving husband live,
Whose gratitude had *less* to give.

And yet the trifle I enclose,
Where only mimic brilliance glows,
Poor Paste (and poor it is indeed!)
Has something, ev'n as Paste, to plead.

Th'

Th' effect of borrow'd bloom to raise,
 A Diamond's supplemental blaze
 To many a bosom draws our view,
 Where nothing, but itself, is *true*:
 —This Paste upon your bosom wear,
 'Twill be as great a contrast there;
 Of all within ye, and without ye,
 The only thing *untrue* about ye.

On Merit's ground proud Diamonds go,
 As who should say,—“ Thus we bestow:”
 Paste comes to you, on terms less vain,
 Not to bring beauty, but to gain;
 And therefore seeks, in suppliant tone,
 To blend it's lustre with your own.

Whoe'er has seen you, must have seen,
 How just to Nature's gifts you've been;
 Secure th' applause of Sense to fix,
 By Ease and Truth, not airs and tricks:

So rich, in talents so applied,
 With nothing to affect or hide,
 The Diamond's aid you well may spare;
 Much less can Paste deserve your care:
 And yet for once, dear girl, consent
 T' adopt a *needleless* ornament:—
 Nor scorn to have it understood,
 Art *would* improve you, if she *could*.

When heralds Excellence describe,
 They send us to the Jewel tribe;
 By *Sapphires* constant *Faith* display;
 Firm *Valour* by the *Ruby's* ray:
 And *Paste* will stand in *your* behoof,
Humility's best type and proof;—
 For while your equal head and heart,
 (Supreme in each superior part,)
 Show Virtues, more than Fancy's eye
 Finds gems to blazon virtues by,

The

The simple Toy, you thus prefer,
 (So mean, so honour'd,) will aver,
 That ever, as Defert extends,
 Ingenuous Spirit condescends.

No teeth of Time the Diamond fears ;
 But lasts more *ages*, than *Paste years* :—
 Yet *Paste*, by your acceptance crown'd,
 For all the difference will compound :
 To 've prompted, in what fort it may,
 The verse, that hails this welcome day,
 Then on your breast to meet it's fate,
 Will counterpoise so short a date ;
 And leave one solid praise it's due,
 —That *while it shone, it shone for You!*—
 Praise, which myself, who most despair
 To shine, would only shine, to share !

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH A VERY SMALL ALMANACK.

WHILE in this tiny Volume's space,
The current year's records you trace,
(For which, arrang'd in common size,
Twelve times th' extent would scarce suffice,)
Allow plain truth in serious lay,
To state an obvious fact,—and say,
Your own high merit, amply told,
A Book, still less than this, might hold.

Charms singly bright, may stand portray'd
In flowery diction's proud parade;—

'The briefest phrase will yours declare ;
'Tis but to say—that “ *all is fair.*”

Genius, that blossoms, once an age,
May crave the long descriptive page:—
For yours, one little line has room ;
—'Tis Genius, *never out of bloom!*

Thro' all our years of married life
Would language signalize the wife,—
A period of five words will strike ;
For *every hour was good alike!*

No need of style prolix and quaint,
The mother, or the friend to paint ;—
Name but Benevolence—all the rest
A thousand memories can suggest.

Terms as concise, may serve as well,
Great as it is, *my* Joy to tell;

And

And prove, what folios could but prove,
With how just wonder, pride, and love,
I boast, in one dear woman join'd,
All Grace of Form, all Power of Mind;—
An Heart, by many a trial known,
All kind, all true—and ALL MY OWN!

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH A WORK-BAG OF SILK AND PAPER.

SINCE our connubial blifs begun,
How many years their course have run!
And, *if more dear could be*, more dear,
How Love has made you, year by year!

What wonder therefore, if my breast,
By one idea all possest,
Whene'er I think, whate'er I do,
Enjoys the flightest hint of You!

Ev'n in a Toy at random wrought,
Some features faithful Fancy caught;

Whence

Whence Love could trace, and Truth portray,
The Wife and Woman of to-day.

In this same simple Bag, I see
A type of female Industry :—
And where's the Labour, where's the Care,
You've fear'd to meet, or grudg'd to share?
A scanty Lot the world supplies!—
—You make that scanty lot suffice.
Hope for a little moment gleams!—
—More liberal efforts prompt your schemes.
While sense improves a thousand ways,
What Patience bore, with equal praise:
And frugal skill, correcting Taste,
Seems only Ornament more chaste:
Or Toils express, as each takes place,
How new exertions vary grace.

Two-fold Materials, aptly join'd,
To form this votive Bag combin'd:

A Silken

A Silken Top invites our hands,
 Whose Base mere humble Paper stands.
 That Base, (too well experience knows,)
 Your tender Frame's true semblance shows;
 Which pain now rends, now weakness wears,
 And every ruder touch impairs:—
 While, like the Silken Top, your Mind,
 Preserves, unconquer'd tho' resign'd,
 Gentle to sooth, firm to endure,
 It's texture whole, it's lustre pure.

A Band, scarce obvious to the sight,
 Extends this Bag, or draws it tight;
 Fit emblem of the secret clue,
 (As delicate, and as powerful too,)
 With which our judgments you controul,
 And move, or fix at will, the soul:—
 While all a daughter's feelings say,
 'Tis mere indulgence to obey;

And

And fondness knows not how to boast
An husband's pride, or pleasure, most.

When in this Bag, your care has pent
Each future needful implement,
'Twill be the perfect counter-part,
Of that large treasury—your heart:
Where gradual exercise hath stor'd
Whate'er makes merit more ador'd:
Where every grief your friends endure,
Expects it's comfort; or it's cure!

Still, MOLLY, let that Heart find room,
For all th' extremes of mortal doom;
To every sorrow round apply
A cordial, or devote a sigh;—
But keep from all, save rapture, free
A corner there for Love and Me.

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH HIS OWN PROFILE IN SHADOW.

IN many an emblem's better part,
I've pictur'd oft, your head and heart ;
Permit me now to let you see,
A Shadow, that *should* look like me ;
The Shadow of a Man obscure,
In all, but one dear treasure, poor ;
Yet more than wealthy, happy too,
To call that *one dear treasure*—You !

The Shadow of a Man, whose eye
Could Worth in Beauty's form descry :

Mark'd

Mark'd where the worthiest charm the most ;
And saw in You, all each could boast ;
And seeing, lov'd ; and loving, thought,
The more he lov'd, the more he ought.

The Shadow of a Man, who knows
How likeness from affection grows ;
And his own Virtue best secures,
When most he feels, and honours Yours.

In short, mere *Shadow*, as it is,
Queer copy of as queer a Phiz,
This mimic bawble of a face,
Assumes a style, and claims a place,
All other Pride and Praise above—
—THE SHADOW OF THE MAN YOU LOVE!

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO THE SAME,
 ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY,
 WITH A SILVER TEA-POT, AND OTHER PLATE.

AFFECTION, which in humbler *Toys*,
 Has oft expressed it's annual joys,
 Boasts no increase, assumes no state,
 In these more gaudy gifts of Plate:
 Small odds their previous *price* procures,
 Their Worth commences, when they're Yours:
 And Love so just as mine before,
Was never less—nor can be more.

I knew you amiably great,
 When hallow'd Union join'd our fate;

Whatever

Whatever part esteem inspir'd,
Or duty taught, or need requir'd,
Took from *your Spirit* double force ;
'Twas good—and it was *yours*, of course ;
Or, *vice versá* understood,
Was *yours*—and therefore it was good.

Imagin'd powers, if fiction drew,
Your real powers made fiction true :
If praise indulged a loftier tone,
'Twas praise of manners—like your own.

Years following years disclos'd to fight,
The same dear merit in new light ;
Merit, that every light could bear,
More varied, but to seem more fair.
Th' Address, that made my fondest hope,
The centre of it's earlier scope,
With equal latitude still shares
Th' acute excess of all my cares ;—

Now, drooping nature to sustain,
 Smiles Comfort on the bed of pain :—
 Now, shows me on how sure a base,
 Temper and Sense build Taste and Grace ;—
 Now, adds a plume to Fancy's flight :—
 Now, points my views to nobler Height.

Meanwhile, thus cheer'd, assist'd, blest,
 I ('tis the most I can) attest
 My grateful heart's applausive truth,
 With paltry *Plate*, and *Rhymes*—forsooth !

Yet take 'em, Girl, as meant to prove
 Tokens, not measures, of my Love :
 If value, more than that, they plead,
 They 're miserably short indeed !
 No *Verse* can make my feelings known,
 While *Verse* consists of words alone :
 No *Silver* give you half your due,
 Till Silver is as pure as You !

TO THE SAME,
 ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
 WITH AN IVORY TOOTH-PICK CASE,
 OF FRENCH MANUFACTORY.

A Toy from France craves leave to pay,
 With me, it's homage to the Day:—
 A Toy indeed!—from France indeed!—
 —That's all it pleads—or has to plead.

My little tokens, oft, of yore,
 Your emblematic semblance bore;
 But *this*, the portrait I propose,
 By *not* resembling, will disclose.

Mark,

Mark, to what polish Art has wrought
 Materials never worth a groat!—
 How different that from Nature's care,
 Which form'd You good, as well as fair?
 Produc'd a brilliant work 'tis true;
 But from itself, it's lustre drew.

The Trifle, *à-la-mode de France*,
 Shews all it's splendor at a glance:
 But you in meek concealment shroud
 Enough to make a thousand proud;
 Outshine the vainest of the vain;
 Yet *hide* more excellence, than *they feign!*

See where a wire-drawn circlet trim
 Of cobweb gold, furrounds each rim;
 Pure gold perhaps, and just so far
 'Tis sterling, as your Virtues are;
 But when for substance we enquire,
 No contrast could be carried higher.

If any price the Bawble bear,
'Tis fashion's tax on foreign ware ;
Fashion, that when your sense submits
To popular folly's prankful fits,
Improvement from your *Manner* makes,
And gives not half th' eclat it takes.

Observe the taudry Trinket shine
At once as useless, as 'tis fine :
But You, when most you please us, boast
Both will and power to serve us most ;
And prove superior judgment's light,
As beneficial, as 'tis bright.

So short my Present's merits fall !
—And how precarious after all !
How flight a touch, how brief a space,
It's glossy beauties may deface !
While you to years, and years to you,
Devolve new grace, and influence new.

But

But wherefore, ('twill, of course, be said,)
Is such a worthless offering made?
—Plain truth forbids me to disclaim
A very, very, selfish aim;—
'Twas that, the *Gift* might soon be spurn'd;
And all your thanks, if thanks were earn'd,
And every kiss of thanks you'd spare,
Be, whole and sole, the *Giver's* share.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH SOME TABLE FURNITURE OF CUT GLASS.

ESTEEM, when this glad Morn appears,
 Looks back on Gratitude's arrears ;
 And conscious still of comforts new,
 Whose value with their number grew,
 Gives wedded Love, a double scope,
 —How much to boast!—how much to hope!

“ Would Love,” you'll say, “ so very prone,
 “ That boast to urge, that hope to own,
 “ In brittle Glass an emblem find,
 “ For Worth of such enduring kind?”

Yes, Girl, affection can pursue,
On any ground, some trace of You ;
And ev'n in Glafs, just cause explore,
To deem the past, a pledge of more !

From this same Glafs, the workman's art,
Has cut, 'tis true, th' exterior part ;
And yet the loss the whole sustains,
Adds sevenfold price to what remains :
So time, that saps with gradual stealth,
Your prime of strength, your bloom of health,
Lessening *their* period, year by year,
Leaves all the residue more dear.

This Glafs, o'er which the tool has gone,
Puts new, tho' native, radiance on ;
And where a deeper touch it shews,
From pressure, into polish glows ;
Till light in every angle plays,
Transmits more beams, reflects more blaze :

So toils, which resolute right procures,
Raise, by oppressing, minds like yours ;
Bring powers inherent into fight ;
Prove them at once, and *make* them bright ;
While patience multiplies, of course,
Each effort's lustre, with it's force.

This Glass, in short, whatever end
It's future fortunes shall attend,
Useful till broken, and when broke,
Crush'd, not obscur'd, beneath the stroke,
Will to transparent fragments pass,
A *shining*, tho' a *shiver'd*, mass :
So You, whatever hour to come,
Shall close your active virtue's sum,
Clear to the last, at last will know,
Ev'n under dissolution's blow,
That death (where life was what life shou'd)
Is only ceasing to do good.

Then, forrowing o'er a flock so rude,
 Remembrance, Conscience, Gratitude,
 Will treasure with religious care,
 Each atom of a fame so fair:
 "Such Sense," 'twill say, "such genuine Taste,
 "Such Spirit, by such Manners grac'd,
 "Such bland Sensation's liberal glow,
 "So frank with joy, so kind to woe,
 "Tho' separate rays they now dispense,
 "Form'd once, one general Excellence;
 "In BISHOP'S MARY long display'd
 "The Friend's, Wife's, Mother's praise;—and made,
 "To honour'd age, from brilliant youth,
 "*Her* Bard, at least, the BARD OF TRUTH!"

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.

To you, dear wife, (and all must grant
A wife's no common confidant,)
I dare my secret soul reveal ;
Whate'er I think, whate'er I feel.

This verse, for instance, I design
To mark a Female Friend of mine ;
Whom long, with passion's warmest glee,
I've seen—and could for ever see!

But hear me first describe the Dame :
If candour then can blame me—blame.

I've seen *Her* charm at forty more,
Than half her sex, at twenty four :—

Seen

Seen her, with equal power and ease,
Draw right to rule, from will to please ;
Seen her so frankly give, and spare
At once, with so discreet a care ;
As if her sense, and hers alone,
Could limit bounty like her own ;—
Seen her in nature's simplest guise,
Above arts, airs, and fashions rise ;
And when her peers she had surpass'd,
Improve upon herself, at last ;—
Seen her, in short, in every part,
Figure, Discernment, Temper, Heart,
So perfect, that till Heaven remove her,
I must admire her, court her, love her.

MOLLY, I speak the thing I mean :
So rare a Woman I have seen ;—
And send this honest Glass, that You,
Whene'er you please—may see her too !

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

LONG us'd, in annual gifts to find
Some semblance of your form, and mind,
I stood resolv'd, this year, to make
One change at least, for changing fake;
And by a powerful pencil's aid,
Present you with—Myself portray'd.

Vain scheme!—My Face the canvas shows;
My Verse *no change of Object* knows;
Fancy, tho' vagrant, faithful too,
Extends, but never quits the clue.

In

In justice to friend CLARKSON'S skill,
Call it *my* Picture, if you will,
Confess 'tis all, you wish'd it shou'd;
Say 'tis as like, as he is good:
I join the suffrage, and rejoice;—
But *your* idea prompts my voice,
When in the *Copy* you approve
The *Man*, who loves you, as I love!

Whatever lineaments I trace,
Some excellence of yours takes place.

That Eye, these rival tints display,
Recalls each livelong, rapturous day,
While, as new Grace round Beauty grew,
My real Eye dwelt all on You.
How oft, for Comforts *you* bestow'd,
With cordial sympathy it glow'd!
How oft, amidst despondence clos'd,
Safe in *your* Virtues it repos'd!

How

How oft, it glitter'd with delight,
 If *your* approach engag'd it's fight!
 How still, (so rich your Merit's store!)
 It only sees, to wonder more!

Where art has sketch'd those Lips of mine
 Resemblance lives along the line;
 I look—and own *my* features caught:
 I think—and *you* inspire my thought:—
 Quick to the lips reflection flies,
 Whose theme my MOLLY's Name supplies;
 The Lips, whose vows so truly made,
 Her Truth with interest has repaid;
 The Lips, which boast the double bliss,
 To speak her praise—and claim her kiss.

Happy that stroke's expressive ease,
 Which living Character can seize!—
 Such strokes, such ease, I here discern;
 And back of course to You return:

“ Whence did th’ original suggest
“ The Character so well exprest?”
—’Tis animation You impart :—
You point the look, who rule the Heart !
And if mere colours could reveal
In outward seeming, all I feel,
They ’d show my joy, my pride, my hope,
My whole imagination’s scope,
So full of You ; and You alone,
’Twere less my Portrait, than your own !

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH A SPINNING-WHEEL.

'T is a long list of happy days,
Since first I triumph'd in your praise;
And still in all you did, or said,
Some new, some dear distinction read.

This truth, by various gifts confess
Perpetual inmate of my breast,
A Spinning-Wheel must now allege—
Affection's poor, but cordial pledge.
Accept it, Girl; and with it, take
My reasons for the choice I make.

First, then, (howe'er unlike my trim,)
 For Fashion's sake indulge the whim:
 'Twill be but charitable zeal,
 If, while you ply the modish Wheel,
 You follow Taste, a step or two,
 Till Taste may learn to follow you!

In your own sex's general name,
 Your bland acceptance, next, I claim.
 Can Fancy's self a feature trace,
 Your animation would not grace?—
 Does Duty any task propose,
 To which your spirit never rose?—
 Has Sense a sanction it procures
 From acts or thoughts, more just than yours!
 —In active merit so complete,
 What else could you adorn?——Retreat!—
 There shall this Wheel of mine attest,
 “Your leisure knows no *useless* rest;”—

And

And on that fact another found,
“ That Female Genius has no bound ; ”—
While with alert addrefs you fill
Each interval of nobler skill ;
From higher aims, to humbler, fall,—
Still equal to yourself, in *All!*

When for my Wheel I intercede,
The cause of all your Friends, I plead :
For while your total virtue's height
Puts competition out of fight,
To *them*, your fligheft works will stand,
Proofs of that virtue's vast demand ;
Will make your mere amusements tell,
Each character you bear, born well ;
And every web your Wheel supplies,
A relique for esteem to prize.

Last, for myself, let me intreat,
My Wheel may prompt acceptance meet ;—

Myself !—

Myself!—whose fondest hope and care
Are centred in this single prayer,—
“ That while you twine the ductile threads,
“ Her treasures while Reflection spreads,
“ Recalls to each applauded part,
“ The suffrage of your conscious heart,
“ And raises from your feelings past
“ The glow, that will endear your last,
“ Some soft remembrance you’ll devote,
“ To *Him*, who sings this annual note;
“ Proud, when the festive Morn calls forth,
“ His tribute to *one Woman’s* worth:
“ Who loveliest of the lovely, stood,
“ Because still *best*, among the good!”

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A COMPLETE SET OF WORCESTER CHINA.

TIME, to our matrimonial score,
Sets up one year of union more :
And while, at every period's clofe,
Th' accumulate total richer grows,
Bids hours of comfort, as they fly,
Bring me new joys—to reckon by.

Ev'n now (besides th' accustom'd glow,
Which round this festive Morn they throw,)
They deck with more immediate care,
The smile, my Gift and I shall share;—

My

My Gift; which under CHINA'S name,
Asserts an ENGLISH artist's claim.

Wit, well I know, time out of mind,
Ladies and China-ware has join'd ;
While random Censure's flippant tongue
On *fair*, and *frail*, the changes rung.
How far your Sex deserves the jest,
On more than Censure's charge, should rest :
I deem it false;—for if 'twere true,
Your sex, I'm sure, deserves not You !

Comparison, meanwhile, may find
Resemblance, on much surer ground ;
Resemblance, just, and obvious too,
By taking from your *Mind* it's cue :
There, China's properest use may trace—
Where social Sense aids native grace !—
Thence China's happiest boast may draw—
“ All Excellence, without a flaw ! ”—

Or noting, how with foreign dies,
Domestic manufacture vies,
May, to this moment, from your birth,
Deduce a parallel of Worth ;
Worth, which peculiar powers extracts,
Ev'n from the sphere, wherein it acts ;
And in it's home, of humble life,
Displays a Mother, Friend, and Wife ;
Whose like, the proudest Nations known,
Might feel new pride, to call their own.

Mark what a group of pieces met,
To make, in China-style, a Set.—
To make the parts you fill, so bright,
As great varieties unite ;
All showing, tho' distinctly plac'd,
One Pattern of superior Taste ;
All in one brilliant Whole combin'd,
Of Right and Useful, Firm and Kind ;

All sanctioning one faithful list,
Where not a Virtue e'er was mist!

The lot for sale at auction lay:—

“ And what of that?” perhaps you'll say;
—Marry, could then, the standers-by,
Have known for *whom* I bought, and *why*,
They'd forc'd me, for the good of trade,
To twice the bidding I had made:
For surely, 'tis but fair, to state,
That purchase cheap at any rate,
Which coming, as this comes, a sign
Of Veneration, just as mine,
Love's votive mite to Merit pays,
Above all Price, as well as Praise!

TO THE SAME,
 ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
 WITH A POCKET-BOOK.

ANOTHER year's demands I pay ;—
 Another Gift ; another Lay ;
 A Gift, a Lay, reserv'd to adorn
 The twofold triumph of the Morn,
 Which to the world, and me, benign,
 First gave you *Birth* ; then made you *mine* :
 A Gift, a Lay, which but reveal,
 This moment, what in all I feel ;
 Save that each joy, from time that springs,
 More length of sweet remembrance brings.

Then, scorn not on these toys to look,
So mean a Verse, so blank a Book ;
One soft sensation if it raise,
That Verse will earn me more than praise :
To fill that Book, if you think good,
'Twill show forthwith, (what *no Verse* cou'd,)
How just, how ample action's scale,
When powers of Mind, like Yours, prevail.

Yet while successive pages bear
Your comprehensive range of care,
Each hint, from sounder Sense that flows,
Each impulse friendlier Feeling knows,
Each purpose of superior strain,
Maternal, conjugal, humane,
To my sole claim one space assign,
Where both our signatures may join !—
—Where witness'd, in the name you shar'd,
When mutual troth our vows declar'd,

Frank

Frank as the heart, that gave your hand,
A sanction of my Love may stand ;
Of Love, which never yet, express'd
A preference, Truth could not attest ;
Nor e'er more cordial comfort felt,
Than what your kind Complacence dealt ;
Nor ever in idea rose
Above such Worth, as you disclose !
—Where my name too, next yours display'd,
May own that Love, with Love repaid ;
May boast a Wife, my favourite theme,
As well from justice, as esteem ;
May vouch, (what life shall ne'er forget,)
Affectionate approbation's debt ;
And bind me, ev'n with death in view,
To fix my dearest thought on You !
While the last gasp tir'd nature draws,
To sigh " Farewell ! " with, breath's Applause.

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A GOLD WATCH.

MEMORY, this Morn, was turning o'er
It's treasur'd matrimonial store;
All, mutual troth had meant, or done,
Since those first vows, that made us One.

TIME, cros the spot, that moment flew,
And held his Hour-glafs up to view;
As who should fay, " No Union's band
" Arrests my course, or checks my hand:
" In vain, tho' life's perplexing lot
" Attempt to loose the sacred knot;

" In

“ In vain, tho’ pains and frailties try ;—

“ My Scythe cuts, what they can’t untie.”

A tear that trill’d down MEMORY’S cheek,
Confest, what language could not speak ;
And bad me, with the faithful Lay,
Which greets, once more, our Nuptial Day,
Commend, dear MARY, to your care,
The votive gift, the Watch, I bear ;
That when TIME counts *his* reck’ning, You
May have *your* Regulator too.

For mine then, and for MEMORY’S fake,
The sure, tho’ silent Monitor take ;
And on it’s surface when you trace,
Your present Being’s lessening space,
Let hints from past exertions caught,
To future scenes exalt your thought ;—
Adjust your judgment of events,
By facts your own Desert presents ;—

Recall

Recall th' applause to merit due,
At once, so various, and so true;—
Renew the glow, complacence found,
Whene'er it dealt complacence round;—
Revive the energy, which of yore,
Infirmity's frequent pressure bore;—
Thro' fortune's fathomless obscure,
Lead patient worth, and purpose pure;—
And strength to ev'ry spring impart,
Which actuates a Superior Heart.
—Whene'er, in short, beneath your eye,
The hours, in measur'd motion fly,
Let each a kind concern suggest,
For him, with whom you'll share the rest:
Think, all he asks of Heav'n to give,
Is with you, and for you to live!
Think, 'tis his prime ambition's scope,
His happiest theme, his dearest hope,

From

From labours too fevere redeem'd,
Esteeming you, by you esteem'd,
Sustaining you, by you sustain'd,
To wait resign'd, th' award ordain'd ;
Enjoy your joys, sooth your repose,
Till Love and Life together close.

Let TIME, meanwhile, indulge his spite,
Swift as he is, his swiftest flight,
(Whate'er impressions mark his speed
Tow'rd that last home, for all decreed,)
Will but attest AFFECTION'S power,
To plant, in every step, a Flower.

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A GOLD THIMBLE.

A THIMBLE!—"Whence," plain sense might say,
 "Came such a thought, on such a day?
 "What! after every ampler test,
 "Of Worth so tried, and so confest,
 "T' address, by way of off'ring too,
 "An hint of Industry to You!
 "Could LOVE suggest a Gift like this?
 "Or TRUTH approve it?"—MOLLY, Yes!
 All hints, you know, are but design'd
 To bring *realities* to mind:

If Thimbles, therefore, types so clear
Of common Industry appear,
A Golden one, of course, may be
A type of Golden Industry ;
Of such superior stamp, as still
Yours ever bore,——and ever will.

This Youth has prov'd ; this Age will prove !
And so says TRUTH ;——and so says LOVE !

Th' illustrious Warrior, heretofore,
(His laurels won, his labours o'er,)
Beside some trophied shrine, display'd
The Sword, by victory, sacred made ;
That future Chiefs might see, and draw
More emulous zeal, from what they saw !
—If useful toils claim Honour's Prize,
Your Thimble, MARY, to the wife,
Will evidence of desert afford,
As just, as any Warrior's Sword :—

And when, (far distant be that hour!)
Your hand and mind resign their pow'r,
May pass, as sacred, to your heirs;
Proof of *your* excellence!—pledge of *theirs*!

For who can separate, ev'n in thought,
Your Thimble now, from what you've wrought?
What work of yours was ever known,
In which no singular fancy shone?
Could any applause, to fancy due,
Be more spontaneous? or more true?
Could truth give any virtuous merit,
More lustre, than your skill and spirit?
Does any example meet our sight,
With more impressive energy bright?

And when th' effect of all your taste,
Shall only be in Reliques plac'd;
When votive verse no more shall earn,
The kifs, that blest this morn's return;

Nor my warm heart, with rapture share
The joy of boasting, what you are ;—
Ev'n then your Thimble will remain,
Dear to ingenuous Sympathy's train ;
And Justice own how You surpast,
As long as Gold, and Memory last.

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH A BRILLIANT HOOP-RING.

“ A RING! again ——And is it so?
“ Does then Invention run so low?
“ What! could not such sincere esteem,
“ Find, once a year, some *novel* Theme?”
Yes doubtless!—But in my design,
(Each votive Gift, each faithful line,)
Invention never labour’d yet:—
’Twas Truth’s prompt praise, ’twas Love’s mere debt:
These still I’ve brought; these now I bring,
The same Heart,——tho’ another Ring!

Meant

Meant on my MOLLY's hand to shine,
And the *first* Pledge of Union join :
That while *her* Native elegance shows,
How little, grace to splendor owes,
The radiant Circle's friendly plea,
May speak a word or two, for *me*.

Perhaps, when *there*, henceforth she marks,
It's glittering sparks succeed to sparks,
She'll think, how oft my joy confess
Each brighter part her life express :
And saw, in such gradation plac'd,
The rays of Genius, Sense, and Taste,
That scarce affectionate applause,
Had known a limit, or a pause !

Perhaps, when she observes how pure,
How glowing, how intense t' endure,
The lustre every point displays,
Whose each new motion beams new blaze,

Her

Her conscious Memory will return,
To similar proofs of my concern ;
Attachment, whose perpetual care,
Her interests, merits, comforts share ;
Regard, which nothing could transfer,
Ev'n to a wish, estrang'd from her ;
Feelings, which Fate's eventful range
Did never chill, shall never change.

Perhaps, Reflection's eye will seize
An hint, from Brilliants, *hard* as these ;
Impassive substance ; firm to mock,
Affailing pressure's rudest shock :
And thence a kind remembrance cast,
On years of patient effort past ;
When her Exertion, Skill, Address,
Made all my Toils and Sorrows less ;
Till emulous Perseverance caught
The Spirit, her example taught ;

And

And Hope, thro' pain, suspense, dismay,
Cheer'd by her aid, pursued it's way;
Hope, doubly welcome, when it's aims
Unite my prospects, with her claims.

Perhaps, in short, sometimes by chance,
These Gems may catch her graver glance;
And Thought suggest, how soon may fail
The voice, that loves her worth to hail!
Then, while her silent sighs ascend,
The Ring will bring to mind the Friend;
Th' Admirer, Lover, Husband, Man,
Who glorying in one favorite plan,
Resolv'd t' announce, in Time's despite,
(As long, at least, as Diamonds might,)
That Heav'n's award to him assign'd
The Best and Dearest of her kind!

TO THE SAME,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WRITTEN TO HIM DURING
HIS ABSENCE ON A JOURNEY INTO KENT.

FROM THE GATE-POST LEADING TO LEYBURN GRANGE, AUGUST 27, 1786.

Do you ask how I fare, and how matters turn out?
—I am heartily pleas'd; and am happily stout;
And can give every wish, except one, it's *Quietus*;
'Tis a wish, that occurs with each prospect I view;
Let HORACE tell CLARE, and let CLARE tell it you;—
“ *Excepto quod non simul esses, cætera lætus.*”
Or if CLARE's too engag'd with his ADAMS and SANDBY, }
And you'll take a translation in my *Nanby Panby*, }
“ Wanting only *yourself*, to be snug, as snug can be.” }

TO THE SAME,

WITH A PRESENT OF APPLES.

FROM THE RUINS OF DITTON PARSONAGE, AUGUST 28, 1786.

YOUR GOLDER'S HILL, you oft exclaim,
Fills every wish your heart can frame:—
No such proud boast can DITTON make;
Yet gives you for a token's sake,
What ev'n at GOLDER'S HILL you miss,
—A *Dumplin*, in a year like this!

TO THE SAME.

CANTERBURY, AUGUST 28, 1789.

I.

WILL you hear a new fmg-song, of hey! diddle derry?
 How a Bishop ran rambling to fair CANTERBURY?
 A Bishop by name, tho' no Bishop in deed,
 Un-Doctor'd, un-Lordship'd, un-Mitred, un-See'd;
Derry Down.

II.

This Bishop left All, when his journey he took;
 Nay his own better half, his dear Wife, he forfook;
 From whence you'll perceive, if at Irish you laugh,
 That this Bishop's All—was an All and an half:
Derry Down.

But

III.

But a truce with this paddy-cal, punnical scrawl,
 Whose sense, when you've found it, is no sense at all :
 Our torrent of wit let us wisely contract ;
 And glide on in plain terms, to plain matter of fact :

Derry Down.

IV.

Master BISHOP, to do things a little in style,
 Took a seat in a Dilly, at so much per mile,
 And because the best Company suited his palate,
 Had on this side a Brim, and on that a French Valet :

Derry Down.

V.

Monfieur to the Lady meet rapture address,
 With whose beauty our sight was so happily blest !
 Tho' the Dame, if appearance will authorise guessing,
 Was experter in blasting of eyes, than in blessing.

Derry Down.

The

VI.

The Bishop set wishing with many a pout ;—
 Wishing what?—Why the end of the journey, no doubt ;—
 For tho' tempted, he scorn'd, for mere Charity's sake,
 To wish *their* necks broke—*while his own was at stake.*

Derry Down.

VII.

But luck, which had play'd him full oft a dog-trick,
 For this once, in his life, stood his friend, in the nick ;
 And by changing about, at Stone's End, he was carry'd
 With a rich Kentish Squire, and a Maid he had marry'd:

Derry Down.

VIII.

So leaving the Dilly and also it's Vermin,
 To make love, or be hang'd, as their fate shall determine,
 He got safe in good quarters, in fair CANTERBURY :—
 And thus ends this queer sing-song of hey ! diddle derry.

Derry Down.

TO THE SAME.

CANTERBURY, AUGUST 29, 1789.

THRO' tower-crown'd battlements I stray,
Whence Kings th' assault of rage defy'd ;
Or take midst gorgeous shrines my way,
August remains of priestly pride.

Those priests so proud, those kings so great,
Their pomp and power, have long resign'd ;
Tho' haply at the hour of fate,
They figh'd—for what they left behind !

I pity them, alas!—and why ?
Ev'n now a similar grief I share ;
Who think of GOLDER'S HILL, and sigh,
For *what I left behind me* THERE !

TO THE SAME,

ON HER DESIRING TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF
JOURNEY HE HAD TO DITTON.

1791.

A DAME, frank, spirited, and smart,
With lively daughters two,
Reliev'd my journey's tedious part ;
But none of them—was You !

A comfortable Inn's retreat,
My just approval drew ;
'Twas neatness, drest in style most neat,
But still it wanted——You !

Nature

Nature display'd her Vernal Face,
In all it's pride of hue ;
'Twas bloom, 'twas beauty, sweetness, grace,
But yet it was not——You !

Bright Scenes, good Quarters, Converſe gay,
For other hearts might do ;
But I've a wiſh, where'er I ſtray,
Which nothing fills——but You !

TO THE SAME,

DESIRING HIM TO WRITE ONLY ABOUT HIMSELF,
ON A JOURNEY.

MAIDSTONE, AUGUST 11, 1792.

YOU charg'd me, from the Bell, Maidstone,
To write about *myself* alone ;

“ For why ? My health, and my glad cheer,
“ Was all the news, you long'd to hear.”

MARY ! I love to meet your will,
But this injunction mocks my skill :
Your Bard, I'll rhyme ; your Slave, I'll run ;
But cannot do, what can't be done.

For instance ;—note the truths I tell—
“ Your BISHOP has arriv'd right well ;”

“ Enjoy'd

“ Enjoy’d a journey, warm, but good,”
“ And pleafant—as you wifh’d he fhould ;”
“ O’er his lamb-chop to you he drinks :”
“ Of you, when happieft, moft he thinks.”

Now mark !—and fpeak, what juftice ought.—
—Could this be written, told, or thought,
Without (pray count them, if you pleafe)
At leaft as many *you’s* as *me’s* ?

While then, your kind concern I own,
I’ve no fuch thing, as felf alone :
Expreflion can no more difjoin,
My-felf from yours, your-felf from mine,
Than time or tide, can ever part,
One Faith in both ; one Will ; one Heart !

And I muft be a ftrange forgetter,
If e’er, in fancy, phrafe, or letter,
By any means, on any fpot,
I fhare a felf, which you fhare not ;

Or let two words, in my mind's eye,
Unite more close, than You, and I.

Bate this impossible condition,
In all things else, I'm all submission:
But every mention how I fare,
Must one predominant feature bear;
While each idea's constant clue,
Begins with me!—to end with you!

TO THE SAME,

ON HER WEARING A NEW DRESS.

SWEET negligence and happy art,
Leave MARY equally complete ;
Her Taste makes smartness, still more smart ;
Her Grace makes neatness, still more neat.

Your sex, with too immense a claim,
Our hearts, dear MARY, would subdue,
If dress could give to every dame,
As much as it receives from you !

TO THE SAME,

ON HER HAVING ACCIDENTALLY HURT HER EYE.

THAT orb extinct a general grief would draw ;
For you and for the world, how just! how keen!
You'd lose the clearest eye that ever saw;
The world the brightest, that was ever seen!

TO THE SAME,

WITH A PRESENT OF PICKLED OYSTERS.

I HOPE, you'll not quarrel
With this little barrel ;
Nor scornfully fickle
Against oysters in pickle,
Since so freely they pass
O'er your palate in sauce.

If the Critics look cross,
As if *sauce* should be *sawce* ;
Let them tie their wit up,
While on oysters you sup :—
And as soon as you've done,
If their tongues then must run,

Let them take for their pains, what these tubs left behind 'em,
And lick the *shells* clean—if they know, *where to find 'em!*

TO MRS. AND MISS BISHOP,
 IN EXCUSE FOR NOT COMING INTO THE COUNTRY
 TO DINNER.

A VISIT, in due form, I paid,
 To my good Lord of BANGOR's——maid!
 Himself!—no friends in Town will share him,
 Till Senates call, and WALES can spare him.

Then strove I, (but in vain I strove,)
 To shew my shapes in time for GROVE*.

The cross puffs Fortune still turn'd tail;
 And distanc'd me again with GALE*.

* Names of the different Hampstead Coach-Masters.

Fretting to fiddle-strings my guts,
I found 'twas now too late for CUTTS*.

No hufwife, in a cookmaid's pocket,
Was e'er cram'd half fo full as CROCKETT*.

Both HOULDS* and WEEKS* (could I have gotten 'em)
Requir'd a previous tramp to Tottenham † ;
And should I misf 'em, double, double,
(Going and coming,) toil and trouble.

On foot, I might as well pretend
To reach the North Pole, as North End ;
Tho' you were dearer, three times told,
And GOLDER'S HILL ‡, an Hill of Gold.

I therefore am compell'd to clap,
This scurvy scribble on this scrap,

† Tottenham-Court Road.

‡ GOLDER'S HILL, (adjoining to North End, Hampstead,) a Place deservedly celebrated in an Ode by AKENSIDE, who resided there some years with Mr. DYSON.

And fend *Amigós affientós*

The greeting I can't bring on ten-toes.

I am, dear girls, to dam and cub,
Affectionate dad, and loving hub!

TO MISS BISHOP,

BEING ON A VISIT AT RICHMOND.

MARTIAL. BOOK IO. EPIGRAM 47. IMITATED.

' **T**HE things, my dearest girl, that please
 In visitants like you——are these:
²—POLITENESS, that appears inspir'd
 By Nature, not by Art acquir'd:
³ SENSE quick to learn, and glad t' inform:
⁴ GOOD-HUMOUR ever frank and warm:

WILL,

MARTIAL. L. x. Ep.47.

- ¹ Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
 Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
² Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
³ Non ingratus ager; ⁴ focus perennis;

⁵ WILL, that contends not: ⁶ No EXCESS,
 Nor needless FREQUENCY of DRESS :
⁷ An HEART that is, and seems SERENE :
⁸ YOUTH'S active EASE : ⁹ HEALTH'S cheerful MIEN :
¹⁰ Prudent SIMPLICITY : " A Mind,
 To social GENTLENESS inclin'd :
¹¹ AN APPETITE, that scorns no Treat ;
¹² Yet most enjoys the simplest Meat :
¹³ SPIRITS from Morn to Night that last,
 By no affected Gloom o'ercast :
¹⁴ MIRTH not extravagant, nor loud :
 And SERIOUSNESS nor cross, nor proud :

A firm

⁵ Lis nunquam ; ⁶ toga rara ; ⁷ mens quieta ;
⁸ Vires ingenuæ ; ⁹ salubre corpus ;
¹⁰ Prudens simplicitas ; ¹¹ pares amici ;
¹² Convictus facilis ; ¹³ sine arte mensa ;
¹⁴ Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis ;
¹⁵ Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus ;

Somnus,

" A firm RESOLVE in Act and Thought,
To be the very thing you ought ;
" Whate'er you do, where'er you go,
Sleeping and waking, still to show
For Friends abroad all just concern ;
" Nor long, nor scruple to return.

¹⁷ Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras ;

¹⁶ Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis :

¹⁸ Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

TO THE SAME,

AT RICHMOND.

SUPPOSED TO COME FROM A FAVORITE PERSIAN KITTEN.

'T IS but a *little* wish I fend,—
Accept it from a *little* friend.—

May the whole period of your stay
Be jocund, as a Kitten's Day!
Your temper and your manner shine,
Sprightly and innocent, as mine!
May Pleasure's self, for your dear sake,
A portion of my likeness take!
Be brilliant, as the eye so blue;
Be spotless, as the snowy hue;
Be frequent, as the frisks; and yet,
Smooth, as the fur, of your—MINETTE!

TO THE SAME,
WITH A POCKET-MIRROR.

THIS Glass above all price you'll raise,
Yourself, dear girl, above all praise;
If you can teach it to display,
(As all my hopes portend it may,)
One living likeness of your Mother—
—The World can hardly show another!

TO THE SAME,

WITH A COPY OF MADAM SÉVIGNÉ'S LETTERS.

SUCH was, in FRANCE, but in another age,
A polish'd Woman's sweetly moral Page;
Taught by a Mother's Feelings to display
An Heart so tender, in a Style so gay!

MARY! 'tis yours th' alternate part to prove!
How Filial, can return Maternal Love!
To urge a claim on present Excellence plac'd;
Perfect in Act; as SÉVIGNÉ was in Taste!

While

While conscious Candor shall rejoice to learn,
From what She wrote, and what your Virtues earn,
That Heav'n appropriates Genius, to no time;
Sense, to no sex; and Merit, to no clime!

Superior Minds, like Stars, o'er infinite space,
With separate radiance, various orbits trace:
But when impell'd by PIOUS ARDOR'S force,
(Whate'er their period, magnitude, or course,)
Rise in full glow; and shine sublimely fair!—
—For Nature's noblest Energies center THERE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A MEDALLION, ON WHICH WAS REPRESENTED
A FIGURE OF HOPE, LEANING ON AN
ANCHOR OF DIAMONDS.

WHEN Filial Piety, Female Worth refines,
Parental HOPE, on ADAMANT reclines.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A SILVER SEAL, WHICH HAD BELONGED TO THE
AUTHOR'S FATHER, SET IN GOLD.

LET this Domestic Relique prove,
If not your Father's wealth, his love;
Of all *his* Father once enjoy'd,
The only Relique, not destroy'd;

Devolving,

Devolving, by unquestion'd claim,
On You—sole Heirefs——of our Name.

If, when your Grandfire's Arms you view,
Nature should catch th' affecting cue,
And prompt a pious wish t' explore,
What Form, what Mind, that Grandfire bore,
The very Seal, those Arms which shows,
Some prominent Features will disclose:—
The *Silver* marks his mental store;
Pure, unambitious, useful Ore:
While ever, like the *Gold*, his Deed,
Each moral Touchstone's test could plead.—
—For other traits my pencil trust:
Tho' faint the tints, the lines are just.

A Stature, full, compact, erect,—
A Manner, to command respect,—
An Eye, that look'd a friendly joke,—
The frank, but firm OLD BRITON spoke.

Well-principled, well-inform'd, well-skill'd,
 He dignified the part he fill'd ;
 Wrought no man's wrong—nor e'er delay'd,
 When injur'd right requir'd his aid :
 Stern to condemn, tho' slow to wound
 The guilt, his keen discernment found ;
 To fraud inflexible;—yet prone
 To mitigate suffering folly's moan ;
 And spare the criminal, while he gave
 To sure conviction all the knave :
 By Craft, at once admir'd and fear'd ;
 By Sense approv'd ; to Worth endear'd.

Tho' crush'd by pain, entomb'd he lay,
 Ere *your* eyes open'd to the day,
 Myself have heard, on public ground,
 Within the passing year's short round,
 Surviving evidence proclaim
 Spontaneous reverence for his name ;

While

While thus the cordial suffrage ran,—
“ ’Twas generous GEORGE, the Upright Man!”
How few among the sumptuous shrines,
Where proud mortality reclines,
Boast merit, on that basis rais’d?
So long remember’d?—or so prais’d?
If aught in his contracted sphere,
An Heart so manly, Hands so clear,
By Spirit nerv’d, by Fortune crost,
With Honour earn’d, with Patience lost,
May that arrear, whate’er th’ amount,
Be plac’d, dear Girl, to your account!
To you, may Heaven’s award benign,
The Health, to him denied, assign!
To you, with this his Seal, make o’er
His right to *Better Days*, of yore!
And add, your own Deferts to grace,
All Time’s old Debts, to all your Race!

TO THE REV. THOMAS CLARE.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1779.

WHILE all the quid-nunc tribe aghast lies,
Bamm'd by the present, and the past Lies,
Such desperate here—there such bombast Lies,
Twixt which, small odds, tho' great contrast lies,
(I would to heav'n, they were the last Lies,)
What if we two, whose dim forecast lies,
Bewilder'd in so vague, and vast Lies,
Quit *Politics*—and meet at ASTLEY'S?

TO THE SAME.

LEFT AT THE BAR OF THE SOMERSET-HOUSE COFFEE-HOUSE.

WHERE are the Wits, extoll'd of yore?
Like Master BISHOP—GONE BEFORE—
—Where's Master BISHOP?—As they are,
GONE FORWARD—*—but not quite so far!*
—Him and his ways, three words explain—
The *Pit—Orchestra—DRURY-LANE.*

TO ANTHONY DICKINS ESQ,

IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

JUNE 5, 1777.

BEFORE your friendly note I got,
Two Abchurch hams were in the pot:—
So much I heard upon the spot;—
And people deeper in the plot,
Dropt hints (I heard not clearly what)
Of fish-pans, fauce, and water hot,
Which put together, spelt turbot;
For which the parish pays the shot.

But viands move me not a jot;
To Lincoln's Inn, at four, I'd trot,

But

But that my promise bids me not,
 —To break such promise would (God wot)
 Be in my scutcheon a foul blot:—
 The more unlucky is my lot.

Yet must I pass for knave or sot,
 If your kind summons be forgot:
 Some fitter day I'll soon allot,
 At your and Madam's side to squat,
 Enjoy her pie, and SAL's Gavot.—
 —Else may each Muse in grove or grot
 Despise me, more than WILKES a Scot;
 More than a lion, a marmot!
 May cookmaids hoot me for a cot!
 May Dutchmen call me Hottentot!
 May all my rhymes on dunghills rot!
 Still may I fail, without pilot,
 On board the DISAPPOINTMENT Yatch;
 Meagre and mad as Don Quixote,

My wealth, a cypher and a dot;
May Tyburn's felf, in the upshot,
String for my neck a running knot!
And my good name, outftink fchalot!

TO THE SAME,

SHOT ON THE POINT OF AN ARROW, INTO HIS GARDEN

AT EWELL.

OCTOBER 27, 1779.

“FROM whence,” you’ll cry, “comes THIS, I trow?”

“From Spirits on high? or Imps below?”

’Tis not from Spirits on high—tho’ fure
What claims *our* Love, must *theirs* procure.

’Tis from no Imp—for, *entre-nous*,
The Devil better knows his cue:
Buffy inferior souls to catch,
But shy of Worth—above his match.

In short (of doubts, at once, to ease ye)
’Tis from the DORKING STAGE, and please ye!

A flying *How d'ye!* and *God blefs ye!*
 —But why in this odd mode address ye?—
 To make you laugh, and, laughing, say,
 “ The Fool has *shot his bolt* to day.”

Tho' should you giggle, till you cry, Sir;
 Till doom's-day; or till I grow wifer;
 You can't *my* folly more deride,
 Than I do, *half the world's beside.*

For, truly, when with clofer ken,
 One views the trim of things and men;
 How oft convenience, stands for conscience,
 And wisdom, is but graver nonsense;
 While, *bare-um! scare-um!* crowds jog on,
 Imposing, and impos'd upon;
 While this, I say, still meets one's eye;
 Tho' *sometimes* it provoke a' figh,
 At *others*, 'tis at least as well,
Voir, etre, faire——la Bagatelle.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS CALLING TO INQUIRE AFTER THE AUTHOR'S HEALTH,
WHEN CONFINED TO HIS CHAMBER WITH THE GOUT.

EXTEMPORE.

SOON as I heard your friendly rap,
I wish'd of course from gouty lap,
To greet you with poetic scrap,
But Fancy cried, "*Negatur* :"
She deals in vanity, a bit,—
But never, in her vaineft fit,
Could think of keeping pace in wit,
With DICKINS in Good-nature.

TO A LADY,
ON THE BIRTH OF HER GRANDSON.

IN *your*, and in your *Grandson's* name,
A short, but hearty wish we frame:—
May *he* down Life's smooth current swim,
And still new cause occur,
To make his Mother's pride in *Him*,
As just, as *Yours* in *Her*!

TO THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.

APRIL 8, 1780.

'T_{IS} true—we see, my LORD, the Times
So rank in Follies, Vices, Crimes,
That all the serious Truths you preach,
Instruct not, more than they impeach.

Yet while th' enormities, you blame,
Eclipse too visibly our fame,
One sign at least, of grace suspends
The total shame, our guilt portends.

For Censure's self will scarce engage,
Ev'n on so profligate an age
To fix an universal blot,——
Till YOUR PROMOTION is forgot.

TO ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

FROM Esteem in CHEAPSIDE, to Eclat in PALL MALL,
How happily BOYDELL proceeds;
While his judgment discriminates efforts so well,
To which his encouragement leads!

No wonder if loud approbation ensue!
'Tis Merit's right natural fruit;
When Spirit, like *his*, carries Arts into view;
And those Arts carry SHAKESPEARE to boot!

TO THE REVEREND MR. FAYTING.

WOTTON, AUGUST 1779.

DEAR Sir! To you this packet bears
My hearty duty, and best prayers.
To which annexed a SCHEDULE is
Of *Sundries* here at WOTTON——*Viz:*

A COUNTRY, delicately rude—
(I mean not to be quaint, or shrewd,)
My heart so calls, while my eye views it—
Had I an apter phrase, I'd use it,

A SOIL, so dry, that spite of rains,
Along the ridge, or cross the plains,

POPE'S slip-shod Sybil might have past;
And not been wet-shod, first or last.

A CONGREGATION, of plain men:—
Of Squires I've had as yet no ken;
For truly, thro' my time at least,
They've troubled neither Church nor Priest.

A PARSONAGE, on a spot in which
Wisdom herself her tent would pitch;
That scorns the storm, yet greets the gale;
Below the hills; above the vale.

A PARLOUR, whose dimensions lie,
More long, than wide; more wide, than high;
Yet high enough to dine, with ease,
A score—of Giants if you please;
Of Giants, tall, as earth e'er bred;—
Unless one fits on t'other's head!

A CHAMBER, trim as trim can be:
A BED, snugg—with a double G:

Furnish'd—how smartly, and how well,
 In truth I slept too sound, to tell.

LAWNS, PONDS, a GARDEN, and a Mound,
 With firs of classic grandeur crown'd:
 And COMFORT, (some sure signs declare,)
 Has taken up her Quarters there.

A YARD, where pigs and poultry stray:
 A GLEBE, where all things seem to say,
 The sooner Friends exhaust this store,
 The sooner they'll make room for more.

Two ROOMS, on one foundation set;
 Mere walls, and floors, and ceilings yet:
 But Taste, my Landlord's engineer,
 Stands bound to finish 'em next year.

AN HOST, and HOSTESS—but to show,
 How far their courtesy can go,
 Would puzzle an Extempore Muse;
 And yet be telling *you* no news.

If peradventure, your esteem
Suggest more questions on this theme,
To solve such questions I'll endeavour,
In *vivâ voce* Prose—Yours ever.

TO THE SAME.

(ON A BROOMSTICK.)

1779.

“WRITE ON A BROOMSTICK, Friend,” you cry’d:—

“Write *on*, and *for* YOURSELF,” says Pride.—

How shall I both commands fulfil?

You ought to rule me, and Pride will.—

What if I try, in one design

Duty, and Vanity to join?—

And while I urge the BROOMSTICK’S plea,

Describe, how it *resembles* ME?

Perhaps you may approve the hint;

Tho’ if you should, there’s danger in’t:

Approval,

Approval, such as yours, to get,
 Would only make me prouder yet.

“ Can prouder be?”—quoth Critic Laughter.
 That’s even as shall appear hereafter:—
 Enquire we now, wherein, and why,
 Such as the Broomstick is, am I.

When once ’tis fever’d from the tree,
 None heeds the Broomstick’s pedigree:
 And who, I wonder, cares a pin,
 From whom I sprung, to whom I’m kin?

Before the Broomstick of to-day
 Came, *as* a Broomstick, into play,
 ’Twas pluck’d, and peel’d, and lopt, and clipt,
 Of Boughs, as I of Fortune stript;
 Then, like myself, at random hurl’d,
 A bare adventurer on the world.

Most Broomsticks to a twist incline,
 Just like this poking Pate of mine:

Nor can you fet, by art or might,
The Wood quite ftraight, the Head upright :
Nor is the Head, nor is the Wood,
Worth half the trouble, if you cou'd.

A Broomftick's point (if you attend)
Is always near it's bigger end :
So, (this dull ditty makes it plain,)
My thickeft part is next my brain.

Humour a Broomftick, as you may,
'Twill crack, before it will give way :
And I, for my own whims contending,
Bear great antipathy to bending.

Tho' oft in fquabbles it appear,
No Broomftick fights a volunteer ;
Prefs'd into combat, if it break
One's head, 'tis for *another's* fake :
—Such would I be ;—my friends to guard,
Would fmite ; and, if I fmote, fmite hard ;

But

But never thro' the whole of life,
Stand forth, a *Principal* in strife.

The Broomstick ne'er affects extremes,
Content to *be*, the thing it seems :
May I, with stedfast mind and phiz,
Taking the world, as the world is,
Make such philosophy my own ;
Glad to let *well enough* alone !

True to it's proper part, and place,
The Broomstick scorns to push a face :
And I that maxim to a tittle
Pursue, some think too far a little ;
More prone to quit the ground I've got,
Than claim a rank I merit not ;
Conscious how scanty, at the most,
Is all Truth *can*, or Sense *would*, boast.

Witches, 'tis said, on Lapland's coast,
Astride their Broomsticks travel post :

So when the Muse is pleas'd to back
My *wooden* Genius for an hack,
Away she scampers, like a Witch,
Thro' thick and thin, cros hedge and ditch ;
As if resolv'd, before we part,
To break her own neck, or my heart.

Broomsticks on no punctilios stand,
Ready alike for every hand :
So I my skill and powers would fuit,
(Powers how confin'd ! skill how minute !)
To any need, at any call !—
Be useful——or not be at all.

One semblance more of me (God knows)
The Broomstick, too exactly, shows ;
By bands, long ! long ! perhaps to last,
'Tis, like myself, to *Birch* bound fast !
—And shall things ever thus remain ?—
'Tis fair to hope, tho' not complain.

I bear, meanwhile, what must be born:
 And when to a mere Stump I'm worn,
 Let this Eulogium on my Tomb stick,
 "Here lies, THE MODEL OF A BROOMSTICK!"

TO THE REVEREND DR. ALTHAM.

THANKS FOR A PRESENT OF A PIG.

WRITTEN UNDER AN EMBLEM OF ELOQUENCE, REPRESENTED BY THE
 FIGURE OF A MAN EXALTED ON A PEDESTAL, AND HOLDING
 THE EARS OF HIS AUDITORS IN STRINGS.

FROM a scrub book, no matter what,
 This Type of ELOQUENCE I got ;
 But think, with better right and grace,
 Your Pig may take the Speaker's place.

For, from the moment I drew out
 From straw and packthread it's round snout,
 I've listen'd to the news it brings,
 As if it held my ears in strings.

Ask you upon what theme it dwells?
 —Hear then the tale, a dead Pig tells!—
 First, Sir, and foremost, thus it saith,
 “ That Rumour is not ground for Faith.”
 —No great discovery I allow;—
 Yet mighty welcome doctrine *now* :
 For Rumour you must know, with too many
 Sad symptoms of a PERIPNEUMONY,
 Had laid you *up*—and would, no doubt,
 Ere long have kill'd, and laid you *out*.
 But this same Pig of yours alleges,
 (And for it's truth it's carcase pledges,
 Whereto it adds, by way of proof,
 A label scrawl'd with your own hoof,)
 That you (let Fame lie more or less)
 Two properties at least possess
 Of Men alive, and fit to live—
 —An *hand* to write—an *heart* to give.

Moreover,

Moreover, it sets forth, as fully,
As if 't had studied under TULLY,
That, spite of changes and of chances,
Time, distance, and cross circumstances,
An odd old Comrade's name can fill
One corner of your memory still;
An honour, truly worth my getting;
A joy, that shrinks not in the wetting:
To which, had I the life of NESTOR,
I would subscribe my—*Ita testor.*

Am I then an ill estimator,
Who call your Pig a PRIME ORATOR?
No.—If 'tis ELOQUENCE's part
To give a fillip to the heart,
Try Pigs, and Speech-makers *ad libitum*,
When, where, and how you please, exhibit 'em,
Yet from earth's surface to it's centre,
You'll never find an eloquenter.

So

So much for rhyme.—*Descende*, PEGASE!—
 —What! and forget Dame HANWAY'S Legacy!—
 The Pig indeed spoke not a word on't;
 Perhaps, because it never heard on't;
 Perhaps, because it would not puff:
 —But JEM'S* authority's enough:
 And JEM has stated an account
 Of Goods and Monies;—whose amount
 Will fill with plate *your* shop, and *his* shop;
 Your pockets; and I hope your wish up;—
 Whereof God give you joy!—Yours, BISHOP.

* Dr. Altham's Brother.

TO MR. MERLIN.

WRITTEN IN ONE OF HIS CHAIRS, DURING A FIT OF THE GOUT.

FEBRUARY 4, 1789.

I.

YOU! who in Fortune's rough high road,
Which all are deem'd to whirl in,
For gouty feet, would keep a Seat,
Apply to Master MERLIN!

II.

Tho' coronets, fringe, and velvet deck
The Chair that holds an Earl in,
At Gout's first touch, he'd change ten fuch,
For *One* of Master MERLIN!

The

III.

The Beau must have a powdering Chair,
To frizz toupee, and curl in :—
Let him be fine, let ease be mine,
In Chair of Master MERLIN!

IV.

Some hire an Holiday Chaise and one,
To cram man, wife, boy, girl in :—
I neither steed, nor company need,
In Chair of Master MERLIN!

V.

Talk not of Eastern Caravans,
With silk, gold, spice, and pearl in :—
Life knows no gain, like rest from pain,
In Chair of Master MERLIN!

VI.

You travel at your driver's will,
 In Dilly, Hack, or Berlin:—
 I choofe my ground; back, forward, round,
 In Chair of Master MERLIN!

VII.

The splendid Carriage oft admits
 A proud self-center'd churl in:—
 I wish mankind the joy I find,
 In Chair of Master MERLIN!

VIII.

Your very Wheels a tax must pay,
 If public roads they twirl in:—
 He rides toll-free, who rides like me,
 In Chair of Master MERLIN!

IX.

Fancy, meanwhile, takes ample scope,
Her boldest sails t' unfurl in ;
From crippled limbs, at large she skims,
In Chair of Master MERLIN !

X.

Toes, ankles, knees, to facts so felt,
Their conscious suffrage hurl in ;
And Truth encores, from thousand pores,
O! bravo! MASTER MERLIN !

TO MR. AND MRS. SCOTT*,

ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

“WHAT Dower has gentle KATE to show?”
 —Good-humour’s comfortable glow;
 Voice, gesture, looks, that say,
 One tried in pious Duty’s part,
 A Maid with all a Mother’s heart,
 Becomes a Bride to-day.

Let HIM, whose prudent choice prefers
Her, and endowments such as hers,

* Mrs. Scott was Miss Catherine Townley, one of the daughters of the Reverend James Townley, whose character the reader will find in this Volume.

Give blifs, as he is blest ;
Devote his own, to aid her powers ;
With love relieve her careful hours,
With love endear the rest.

Let KATE with sweet complacence earn,
With grace receive, with joy return,
Each proof of tender zeal ;
For every praise, have every plea ;
Be, all the fondest Wives can be ;
Feel, all the happiest feel.

TO TWO AND TWENTY TOWNLEYS,

MET TOGETHER TO CELEBRATE THE SIXTIETH BIRTH-DAY OF

MR. KIRKES TOWNLEY.

SIGNED BY MR. MRS. AND MISS BISHOP.

JULY 27, 1776.

THREE BISHOPS, in three Bumpers, with three Cheers,
 With every TOWNLEY all that life endears,
 All Taste of Pleasure, and all Power to please;
 In Youth all Spirit, and in Age all Ease!

Thus for the general TOWNLEY Train,

In general terms the BISHOPS pray:

But form a more peculiar strain

For *one* peculiar Friend—and say;

May no Complaint his ear engage,

But what his kindness can assuage!

No

No Strife his peaceful haunts alarm,
 But what his Candour can difarm !
 May never Grief, or Pain, or Want,
 Implore the help he cannot grant ;
 Nor ever Want, or Grief, or Pain,
 Receive the help he grants, in vain !
 Where'er He is, may Comfort be !
 And every Comfort he shall see
 To gentle Worthiness assign'd,
 Bring Virtues of his own to mind !
 While He, thro' Life's remaining race,
 Preserves the present even pace ;
 As perfect in each future scene,
 (Tho' many a Birth-day intervene,)
 As when this Sixtieth Birth-day past—
 —* GOOD UNCLE KIRKES—*from first to last !*

* The appellation by which this amiable Man was known in the Family.²

TO THE REVEREND GEORGE STEPNEY TOWNLEY,
ON THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER MISS MARTHA TOWNLEY.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1779.

WHAT shall the Father hope, the Mother pray,
When their Girls' eyes first open to the day?

That ductile Spirit, simple Truth,
And pregnant Sensibility,
May lead up Infancy to Youth!—
And every prank of playful glee
Still seem to say, “ This Babe was born
“ A ROSE of Beauty, with no Thorn!”

That

That year by year, new female Grace
 To manlier Judgment may be join'd!
 Her Genius animate her Face!

Her Manner indicate her Mind!
 A Face, a Mind, that show her born
 A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her full Form, and perfect Powers,
 The Worthy, and the Wise may strike;
 And Love, to bless her married hours,
 Conduct and match her to her Like!—
 One, who shall know, and boast her born
 A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her capacious Heart may take
 Grateful, the share of Good decreed!
 And comfortable Candour make
 All she enjoys, be Joy indeed!—

Joy,

Joy, whose pure glow, may prove her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That never insult, loss, or pain,
May work an heavier weight of Care,
Than conscious Honour can disdain,
Or provident Discretion bear!

While meek Complacence speaks her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That Age insensibly may creep!
And her last look may see survive
An Offspring of her own, to keep
Her Likeness, and her Name alive!

Then may she die, as she was born,
A ROSE OF BEAUTY, WITH NO THORN!

TO THE REVEREND MOSES PORTER,

ON THE DAY HIS DAUGHTER WAS BORN.

GIVE, PORTER! on receipt of this,
Your Daughter of to-day a kifs;
And to your Prayers for her, subjoin
A small, but hearty Wish of mine!
—That with sound Sense, and Conscience clear,
She thro' a sinful World may steer;
And, after every peril past,
Be, just what *now* she is, at last,—
One of the few, in all the throng,
Who have not liv'd a Day too long!

TO MR. WOODWARD*.

SONNET,

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

HARRY ! (whose apt and quaintly pregnant skill
O'er prompt obedient features could diffuse
Each tint of wayward Humour ; while the Muse
Thro' all her fleet lubricities, at will
Pursued the Changeling ; limning portraits still,
Which mimic Art doth animate, and use
For worthiest ends ; sith therein Folly views
Her own form ; conscious, tho' she laugh her fill ;

* HARRY WOODWARD, born 1714, died April 17, 1777.

Haply so best confronted!) What to THEE,
The Public Ear hath ow'd, unquestion'd stands;
Whenas thy Powers, aye rising in degree,
Rais'd tiptoe Expectation's high demands;
And to the Scene gave that abundant glee,
Which to applaud long task'd a Nation's hands!

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ISAAC SCHOMBERG*.

COULD drugs of more immediate power,
By skill more opportune apply'd,
Protract, for man, the vital hour,
No Friend of SCHOMBERG'S e'er had dy'd!

Could warm Benignity of soul
Arrest th' arm up-rear'd to kill,
Death would have felt the bland controul,
And SCHOMBERG had been living still!

* ISAAC SCHOMBERG, M. D. died March 1780.

*CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND JAMES TOWNLEY,**FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.*

INTRODUCED IN AN EXERCISE,

SPOKEN AT THE FIRST PUBLIC EXAMINATION OF THE SCHOLARS
AFTER HIS DECEASE.

* * * * * **F**OR one lost Friend
 A tear will trickle, and a sigh ascend.—
 Never did Friend Love more parental prove;
 Never did Father bear more friendly Love;
 Largely benevolent; minutely just;
 Above Disguise, because above Distrust:
 Sure, if he err'd, to err on Candour's side;
 And only proud, to shew Contempt of Pride:

Frank,

Frank, but not forward ; without Rigor, right ;
With Genius modest, and with Truth polite.
Lively, yet liberal, his convivial Joke ;
Warm Humour pointed it ; Good-nature spoke.
Rich was his Fancy ; tho' unlabour'd, neat
His Phrase ; and chaste, tho' comic, his Conceit.
His Wit was Satire, by Address disarm'd ;
The Manner won, ev'n whom th' attack alarm'd ;
Save, when at Vice (to Vice alone a foe)
Full in the face of Day, he aim'd his blow ;
Or sped, unseen, th' effectual Shaft ; while Fame,
That hail'd the Triumph, knew not *whose* the Claim.

*CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND NICHOLAS FATTING.*SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

ON this same Spot, the Muses first
 His infant dawn of Genius nurst:
 On this same Spot, they soon confest
 His toils to public use addrest;
 His care coercive, yet benign,
 Endearing stricter discipline;
 And blending in the Teacher's part,
 The Cenfor's eye, the Parent's heart.
 In Priestly Character, his zeal
 Was what Conviction ought to feel:

Inflex-

Inflexibly severe, to tread
Where personal Duty's limits led;
And live in act, and be in thought,
A Comment on the Truths he taught.

His social hour's conspicuous merit
Was cheerful, yet corrected, Spirit;
That rais'd in each surrounding breast,
The same Good-humour it express'd.

His Judgment was a ray, that glow'd
To light strong Sense, thro' Reason's road:
Trac'd Worth's true price; and left Deceit
To work at will, it's own defeat.

His Charity had a double drift,
To give—and to conceal the gift;
Anxious to see the Good it dealt,
Not number'd, not describ'd—but felt!

Excellence so rare, from human view,
With Him, you lov'd so long, withdrew:—

—Yet why the falling star deplore?—
Heaven gains one Luminary more!
The Light his Life has ceas'd to give,
Will ev'n in his example live:
And Memory's grateful Incense burn,
Diffusing Radiance from his Urn!

MEM: SAC:

MATT. DISNEY—ARCHIB. BRAKENRIDGE.

SPIRITS, long loos'd from mortal care,
If haply down your fields of air
A momentary glance ye cast,
And see a lonely lingerer stray
Thro' paths, where oft in prankful play,
With you his younger foot hath past!

Accept the sudden tear, that steals
Along his cheek.—For sure he feels
The genuine impulse of the Muse;
Who leading Memory back to you,
Friends as ye were!—reminds him too,
What Friends *himself* was doom'd to lose!

GODSTOW, JULY 12, 1775.

EPITAPH ON THE REVEREND MR. BLUCK,
FORMERLY CURATE OF ST. ANDREW'S HOLBORN.

WHILE o'er this modest stone Religion weeps,
Beneath a generous cheerful Christian sleeps;
Rests from the Teacher's charge, the Scholar's part;
Labours of Love, and Virtues of the Heart:
Who own'd, observant still of Truth's fair rays,
No other guide, nor wish'd for other praise:
Who Friend to Man, and Foe to Vice alone,
Liv'd for our Blifs; and died to crown his own.

EPITAPH ON MRS. HAND,
IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

FOR Worth so dear, th' eternal tear might flow;
And Truth would justify an Husband's Woe:
But Truth the record of that Worth displays,
And takes from Sorrow, what it gives to praise:
Alternate claims his grateful heart divide;
And Memory's Misery is Affection's Pride.

INSCRIPTION,

DESIGNED FOR A BATH,

*AT THE ROOKERY NEAR WOTTON IN SURRY.*WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A FRIEND.

THOU, VIRGIN HALTH! who turn'ft with scorn away
From Luxury's lure, and Riot's rude affault,
To crown the genuine joy of Labour's day,
Or feaft with Temperance in the moss-grown vault,
Wilt oft henceforth, if right of thee we deem,
When Hope fhall HERE her azure pinions lave,
Ascend propitious with the 'bubbling ftream,
And love to greet her in fo pure a wave.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

HOC AGE.

A VICAR in a certain vale,
 - His farmers thus addrest ;
 “ As much, good friends, as you love ale,
 “ So much do I love rest :

“ One humming cag, behind the stairs,
 “ This cellar key secures ;
 “ Bate me but half to-morrow’s prayers,
 “ And half that cag is yours.”

Doctrinē so feelingly propos’d,
 His eager audience snapt ;
 The morrow came ; the church stood clos’d ;
 The humming cag was tapt.

Bumper by bumper, jug by jug,

A gradual vacuum made;

Till hollow round the mid-way plug,

Alarming echoes play'd.

“ Doctor!” exclaim'd a child of fun,

“ O! heed what we implore!

“ And since so far so well you've done,

“ E'en do a little more!

“ Snug as we are, thus hand to fist,

“ What pity 'twere to wag!—

“ Rest the whole day, if so you list,

“ And give us all the cag!”

EPIGRAM II.

PLUS, MINUS.

A DUTCHMAN's breeches, in full taste,
 Two contrasted extremes divide ;
 Buttons, like platters, at the waist,
 And studs, like peas, along the side.

Each size presents, in emblem true,
 A genuine DUTCHMAN's constant trim ;
 The *large*—marks what he'd get by *you*—
 The *little*,—what you'll get by *him* !

EPIGRAM III.

PLUS, MINUS.

I F by "Plus, minus," I express
 This paradox, that *more* is *less*,
 No rule of grammar I transgress,

Nor dogmatize at random—
 The veriest horn-book scholar knows,
 That *half* round O* an hundred shows,
 While *whole* round O for nothing goes;
 —Quod erat demonstrandum.

* C.

EPIGRAM IV.

PLUS, MINUS.

WHO knows the end of vile corruption's reign?
 Marry, Sirs, that do I—nothing so plain:
 Ev'n then, when bankrupt bribery finds on trying,
 The more too much to buy,—the few, not worth the buying.

EPIGRAM V.

PLUS, MINUS.

PHYSIC, *of old*, her entry made,
 Beneath th' immense full-bottom's shade,

While

While the gilt cane with solemn pride,
To each sagacious nose apply'd,
Seem'd but a necessary prop,
To bear the weight of wig at top.

But *now* on medical heads one views
Bags, bobs, curls, scratches, clubs, and queues!
Thus thro' extremes point-blank, things fall:
None were too great; none are too small.

Tho' fashion changes perukes so,
Has phyfic's self been alter'd?—No.—
Her sons pursue the course they're pat in;
Still write apothecaries Latin;
Still finger fees, with due address;
Still kill, or cure us,—*more or less.*

EPIGRAM VI.

Υστερον προλεγον.

“BEFORE you trust men, try ’em,” proverbs say,
But how d’ye try men, till you trust ’em, pray?

EPIGRAM VII.

Υστερον προλεγον.

SAYS BUTLER, “Hebrew roots are found
“To flourish most in barren ground.”

The reason is extremely plain—
Hebrew, observe it where you will,
Is *set* the wrong end foremost still,
And therefore *grows*, against the grain.

EPIGRAM VIII.

Υστερον προτερον.

WOULD you run down a courtier,—to squat in his place,
 His contract, his pension, his job?—
 Before you begin with the rabble, the chace,
 And worry the great, by the mob.—

So drovers of skill, when to manage a fwine,
 No other expedients avail,
 By a twist of his rump, make him keep a strait line,
 And govern his head, by his tail!

EPIGRAM IX.

Υστερον προτερον.

“TIM!” said my grannum, “heed good counfel, TIM!
 “And, e’er you trust the water,—learn to fwim!”

EPIGRAM X.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

IN ROME of old her TITUS bore
The noblest, gentlest mind ;
Lord of the world ; and what was more,
The friend of human-kind ;

Supreme in virtue, as in rank,
'Twas his exalted plan,
To reckon every day a blank,
That had not blest it's man.

How great ! how Godlike ! to survey
The suppliant round a throne ;
And giving each an happy day,
Make glorious *all* his own.

EPIGRAM XI.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

THREE things, three new-laid taxes crave ;
 As three peculiar days ensue ;
 The font, the altar, and the grave ;
 For baptism, marriage, burial due.

“ So far, so good,” might all men say,—
 But *here* the grievance will be found ;
 For these on *three set days* we pay ;
 For all things else, *the whole year round* !

EPIGRAM XII.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

AT the board of our BARONS, in BRITAIN’S best days,
 When the Baron of Beef bore the bell,
 Their countrymen’s love was the test of their praise,
 And their conquests, all countries could tell.

Such once were the days, which alas! are no more!—

But why should they not be renew'd?

Our Barons of Beef are no worse than before:

Were the BARONS of BRITAIN as good.

EPIGRAM XIII.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

A NEEDY curate has, (the jokers say,)
No chance to *rise*, before the judgment day.
That's a late day; but better late than never;
And late as that day is,—'twill *last for ever!*

EPIGRAM XIV.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

To Childermas day some object,
Some Friday deem a bad day;—
But WILL, by no such motions check'd,
Lets no day be a bad day:

More

More cheerful still, as more in debt,
 He makes each day, a May-day ;
 Nor would he ever fear, or fret,
 But for that queer day,—*Pay-day!*

EPIGRAM XV.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

CELIA'S mouth opens with her eyes ;
 And out a curtain-lecture flies :—
 Then, breakfast puts her in a flutter ;
 She quarrels with her bread and butter :—
 Dinner gives theme for new vexation ;
 And every theme, a new oration :—
 While supper serves but to declare,
 How female tongues improve by wear.

Each dame, ('tis nothing but fair play,)
 Should take her turn, and have her day,

But CELIA wrangles, right or wrong,
 At every turn, and *all day long*;—
 Pip, Pop!—Snip, Snap!—Pell-mell!—Ding-dong! }

EPIGRAM XVI.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

APRIL the first stands mark'd by custom's rules,
 A day for being, and for making fools:—
 But, pray, what custom, or what rule supplies
 A day for making, or for being—*wife*?

EPIGRAM XVII.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

WHEN EUCLIO a snug fuddle chose,
 For want of better conversation,
 His man was call'd (the story goes)
 To share a *tête à tête* potation.

By

By the mere force of grave hob-nob,
Bumpers flew faster still, and faster ;
“ Master, my service ! ” — “ Thank ye, Bob ! ” —
“ Here’s to ye, Robert ! ” — “ Thank ye, Master ! ”

Such business, follow’d up so close,
Soon brought them to the end o’th’ tether ;
They pass’d their day ; they took their dose ;
Star’d, flutter’d, stagger’d, snor’d together.

Thus bout, at home, succeeded bout ;
For *there* was no restraint before ’em ;
But when occasion call’d them out,
Twas proper to preserve decorum :

And therefore they agreed to make
A *boná fide* stipulation,
Strict turn and turn, abroad, to take ;
One drunk, one sober, in rotation.

The first day was the Master's right ;
 And each perform'd the part decreed him;
 The Squire was reeling ripe by night,
 And Robert cool enough to lead him.

Soon after Robert's day came round,
 When to a neighbouring peer's they fally'd;
 Whose tap so free, whose ale so found,
 With Robert's taste exactly tally'd:—

But in the pith of all his pride,
 A summons from his Master caught him,
 Who took him cunningly aside,
 And thus in soothing style befought him:

“ Robert, I've had *my* day, I know ;
 “ And this, I know, to thee is due for't ;
 “ But wouldst thou now thy claim forego,
 “ Hereafter I'll allow thee two for't”.—

“ 'Tis

“ ’Tis hard,” quoth Robert, “ to deny,
 “ And from my foul I pity you, fir;
 “ But what you ask, is more than I,
 “ ’Tis more than fate itself can do, fir.

“ Tho’ mild as mother’s milk, it be,
 “ His lordship’s stingo’s wond’rous heady :—
 “ The day is three parts spent, you see,
 “ And I am three parts gone already !”

EPIGRAM XVIII.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

A THOUSAND objects of desire,
 On foreign coasts you’ll view ;
 Now art, now nature’s works admire,
 Here splendor, there virtù :—

But blessings which at *home* you see,
 Sublimer joy suggest :
 Old ENGLAND gives you Liberty ;
 And that gives all the rest.

EPIGRAM XIX.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

WHAT d'ye think of this Pig, said a man to his friend,
 Whose Learning has made such a fuss?
 All the world goes to see him, all who see him commend:
 Is the wonder in him, or in us?

All the world, quoth his friend, is for once in the right;
 'Tis instinct that sanctions the whim;
 We know our own sense has long taken it's flight;
 And of course, run to seek it in *Him!*

EPIGRAM XX.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

IN Epigram would you excel?—
 Before take care to *point* it well.
 But where must this same point be got?
 —Where? quoth a wag—Here on the spot.—

E'en

E'en put a period to your stuff:—

A full point fure, is point enough.

EPIGRAM XXI.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

I'M sick, said JACK, I faint, I die,

Whene'er a coxcomb meets my eye;

Hence daily, hourly, I endure

A pain, that will admit no cure.

“No cure!” quoth RICHARD, “by the mass!”

“Why learn to dress without a glass.”

EPIGRAM XXII.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

“WHEN little JACK HORNER, so close in a corner,

“Sat eating of Christmas pie,

“He put in his thumb, and he pull'd out a plumb,

“And said, What a good boy am I.”

When the venal and base, to eke out job or place,
The national business delay,
Con-tracting, *pro*-tracting, *sub*-tracting, *ex*-acting,
And are paid—for mere taking of pay;
What are they, but JACK HORNERS, who snug in their corners,
Cut freely the public pie?
Till each with his thumb, has squeez'd out a *round Plumb*,
Then he cries, What a Great Man am I!
Yet tho' at this rate, ye Horners of state,
Every finger's an hook for a fee,
Were it not for the PLUMBS you keep under your *Thumbs*,
God knows, where your *Heads* might be!

EPIGRAM XXIII.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL,
AND ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

FOR subjects of exalted praise,
In Glory's arduous track,
To records of old BRITISH Days,
We look with wonder *back*:

To Virtues, whose effect sublime
Shall freedom's annals fill,
Hope, thro' the long abyfs of time,
Bids us look *forward* still:

But when for living Worth men ask,
Where, where shall it be found?—
Oh! that's indeed an easy task;
'Tis only to look *round*!

EPIGRAM XXIV.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

No plate had JOHN and JOAN to hoard,
 Plain folk, in humble plight;
 One only tankard crown'd their board;
 And that was fill'd each night;—

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd
 In pride of chubby grace,
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
 A baby ANGEL's face.

JOHN swallow'd first a moderate sup;
 But JOAN was not like JOHN;
 For when *her* lips once touch'd the cup,
 She swill'd, till all was gone.

JOHN often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the ANGEL there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When JOHN found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the ANGEL stood so plain,
He got a DEVIL portray'd.

JOAN saw the horns, JOAN saw the tail,
Yet JOAN as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

JOHN star'd, with wonder petrify'd;
His hair stood on his pate;
And “why dost guzzle now,” he cry'd,
“At this enormous rate?”—

“Oh!

“ Oh! JOHN,” she said, “ am I to blame?
 “ I can’t in conscience stop:
 “ For sure ’twould be a burning shame,
 “ *To leave the DEVIL a Drop!*”

EPIGRAM XXV.

NE—QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

IN quest of ASIATIC stores,
 Pagodas, and rupees,
 Oft BRITAIN’S sons, from BRITAIN’S shores,
 Have travers’d eastern seas.

So *should* her *Sons*, perhaps you’ll say,
 Commerce and power pursue.—
 But *Daughters* in the present day,
 Are sent adventurers too!

Confign’d

Consign'd the market's chance to stand;
 And wedded, if they wed,
 To sicken in a fun-burnt land,
 And share a casual bed!

Ye virgin train! for shame! for fear!
 From trade so vile withhold!—
 The husband's wealth is bought too dear,
 For which the wife is sold.

EPIGRAM XXVI.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

THREE strangers blaze amidst a bonfire's revel;
 The Pope, and the Pretender, and the Devil.—
 Three strangers hate our faith, and faith's defender;
 The Devil, and the Pope, and the Pretender.—
 Three strangers, will be strangers long, we hope;
 The Devil, and the Pretender, and the Pope.—

Thus

Thus in three rhymes, three strangers dance the hay:
—And he that chooses to dance after 'em, may.

EPIGRAM XXVII.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

VIRTUES, and fashions, jointly share
All ENGLAND'S pride, all ENGLAND'S care ;
From foreign fops, and coxcomb courts,
Fashions, by wholesale, she *imports* ;
But let it, to her praise, be known,
OLD ENGLAND'S VIRTUES, *are her own!*

EPIGRAM XXVIII.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

JOHN BULL, whene'er the magot bites,
Cropfick with ease and quiet,
Raves about wrongs, roars about rights ;
All rumpus, rage, and riot.

But

But if a foreign foe intrudes,
 JOHN tells a different story;
 Away with fears! away with feuds!
 All's Union, Triumph, Glory!

He scorns DONS, DUTCHMEN, and MOUNSEERS,
 And spite of their alliance,
 With half the world about his ears,
 Bids t'other half Defiance!

EPIGRAM XXIX.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

ONLY mark how grim CODRUS's visage extends!
 How unlike his ownself! how estrang'd from his friends!
 He wore not this face, when eternally gay,
 He revell'd all night, and he chirrup'd all day.
 Honest CODRUS had then his own house at his call;
 'Twas Bachelor's, therefore 'twas Liberty Hall:
 But now he has quitted possession for life;
 And he lodges, poor man! in the *house of his wife!*

EPIGRAM XXX.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

'T WAS worthy BRITAIN'S power and fame,
 On distant OTAHEITE'S shore,
 To bid her gallant COOK proclaim,
 Virtues, and arts, unknown before.

May future COOKS as boldly roam,
 And keep the same illustrious track!
 But bring no more OMAÏS home,
 To carry all our follies back!

EPIGRAM XXXI.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

FRENCH valets, in spite of all clamour, inherit
 (Such merit as 'tis) one species of merit,
 Exclusive of puff and parade:—
 If you kick your man JOHN, he'll return you a whirret;
 You may break your own heart, e'er you break English spirit;
 But a FRENCHMAN'S a slave ready made.

EPIGRAM XXXII.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

ON travelling our ideas run,
 When we lament a buried brother—
 “ Poor TOM’s *gone* under ground,” says one ;
 “ TOM’s *gone* to his long home,” says t’other.

Whatever terms describe th’ event,
 One truth of each dead friend we know :
 He’s gone, where all *before* him *went* ;
 And where, all *after* him *must* go.

EPIGRAM XXXIII.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

FROGS make, they say, a favoury mefs,
 As skilful FRENCHMEN treat ’em :—
 Since none but FRENCHMEN then can drefs,
 Let none but FRENCHMEN eat ’em !

EPIGRAM XXXIV.

QUÆRE PEREGRINAM.

ONE Native of a distant coast,
 Her Sex's, and her Country's boast,
 Th' applauding World had seen:
Her BRITAIN'S Genius knew design'd,
 The friend, and favourite of Mankind;
 And claim'd her for a QUEEN!

Whate'er distinctions we may raise,
 'Twixt foreign and domestic praise,
 In this we all concur:
 Wherever born, 'tis Worth alone,
 Makes *Her* so fit for such a *Throne*,
 And such a THRONE for *HER*.

EPIGRAM XXXV.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHEN Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
 His wife was plaistering dearee's head ;
 Who figh'd ; but dar'd not shake it !—
 'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower ;
 For had he come an hour before,
 He'd seen the vixen break it !

EPIGRAM XXXVI.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

IF with good-will you'd have a favour come,
 Ask it when dinner's dishing up, say some :
 Hunger, sharp fet, and eager for attacking,
 Will grant you any thing, to send you packing.

Others

Others on different principles proceed;—
 Ask just when dinner's over, is their creed:
 While lips are smacking, and while bumpers flow,
 'Tis an hard mouth indeed, that can say No.

Which hour, and which advice of course, is best,
 Whoever loves contesting, may contest:
 On either side, this general rule stands fast:
 —Good eating makes good humour, first or last.

EPIGRAM XXXVII.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHILE JOE moves all too quick, or all too slow,
 No hour of joy can be the hour of JOE:
 But NIC (fly rogue!) is ne'er too slow, nor quick;
 The nick of time, is still the time of NIC!

EPIGRAM XXXVIII.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WOULD Fate on me two luckier hours bestow,
I'd give 'em to my friend, and to my foe:—
One to embrace the partner of my heart;
And so to meet, as never more to part:—
And one, from him who hates me to retreat;
And so to part,——as never more to meet.

EPIGRAM XXXIX.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHEN HARRY'S shrill beldame thinks proper to stray,
"Come hang out the broom, HAL," his neighbours all say,
"And throw every care on the shelf"—
'Tis a fortunate hour, which full dearly he earns;
For 'tis twenty to one, but when Madam returns,
He'll be ready to hang out himself!

EPIGRAM XL.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

IN myriad swarms, each summer fun
 An insect nation shows ;
 Whose being, since he rose, begun ;
 And e'er he sets will close.

Brief is their date, confin'd their pow'rs,
 The fluttering of a day ;—
 Yet life's worth living, ev'n for hours,
 When all those hours—are play.

EPIGRAM XLI.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

YOU may talk of your houses of Commons and Lords,
 Of the strength of their lungs, and the length of their words ;
 But in spite of their Cons, and in spite of their Pros,
 They that speak to the point, are the *Ayes* and the *Noes* !

EPIGRAM XLII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

WOULD you rise in the state, you the state must oppose,
 At measures must fret, and at ministers foam ;
 As they double their offers, redouble your blows ;
 Turn your back on all terms, till it suits you to close ;
 And you'll certainly find, if you follow your nose,
 That the farthest way round, is the shortest way home.

EPIGRAM XLIII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

IN a suit of three years, for three pinches of snuff,
 Here's a brief of three yards—I hope that's brief enough !

EPIGRAM XLIV.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

ON Folly's lips eternal tatlings dwell :
 Wisdom speaks little—but that little, well.

So length'ning shades the sun's decline betray ;
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

EPIGRAM XLV.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

CELIA her sex's foible shuns ;
Her tongue no length of larum runs ;
Two phrases answer every part :
One *gain'd*, one *breaks*, her husband's heart ;
I *will*, she said, when made a bride ;—
I *wont*—thro' all her life beside.

EPIGRAM XLVI.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

Now with longs, and with shorts, all our heads are so full,
I tell you an English grammatical bull :
Compare the word “short,” and you'll find it confess,
That “shorter” is longer, and “shortest” longest.

EPIGRAM XLVII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

LET poets for goddeffes rack their invention ;
 Let philofophers drefs up ideas of virtue ;
 Let historians to merit invite our attention,
 While fable, or fancy, or fact, they recur to :—
 We can put all they fay, aye and more, all they mean,
 Into one little fyllable's compafs—the QUEEN !

EPIGRAM XLVIII.

NON BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

WHO wants a wife ? I know three fifters gay,
 Not vulgar MARGERYS, JANES, or JOANS are they ;
 No—they have names enough to fill a tub—
 Mifs BARBARA, JULIANA, MARGARETTA ;
 Mifs LEONORA, CAROLINE, JANETTA ;
 And Mifs JOANNA, SERAPHINA—GRUBB !

EPIGRAM XLIX.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

FIRST in the bunch the grape's red hue,
 Then in the bottle glows ;
 But last, and most and longest too,
 O! COTTA! in thy nose.

EPIGRAM L.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

THE gamester, broke down, by a run of ill fate,
 Turns author, and politic-monger, for pay :
 From a cheat on the cards, becomes quack in the state,
 And shuffles in print, as he shuffled at play.
 The same inspiration both characters catch ;
 For the gamester's Old Nick, is the scribbler's Old Scratch.

EPIGRAM LI.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

WISDOM, we grant, may justly claim
 The tribute of a deathless name,
 To signalize the great, and good in:—
 But pray let Folly have her due:—
 The names she grants are deathless too:
 Our sons will know, our grandfires knew,
 TOM FOOL, MERRY ANDREW, and JACK PUDDING!

EPIGRAM LII.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

WHEN vagrants BRIDEWELL'S discipline begin,
 They're with a formal whipping usher'd in:
 And when the warrant's period comes about,
 With equal ceremony they're whipp'd out:
 Which *whipping out* supplies each rogue in grain,
 With a new chance for *whipping in* again.

EPIGRAM LIII.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

By never-failing cunning taught,
 Her arts the spider plies;
 And ambush'd in the web she wrought,
 A fell affassin lies.

By never-ceasing rashness led,
 The fly pursues his way,
 Bolts on the snare his heedless head,
 A self-devoted prey.

Nature upholds her general reign
 By everlasting rules:
 Her spiders would be *knaves* in vain,
 Unless her flies were *fools*.

EPIGRAM LIV.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

WHEN a bard, o'er his pipe, a dull ditty composes,
 And critics, unmerciful, turn up their noses,
 With anonymous praises the papers he stuffs;
 And the offspring of *whiffs*, is the parent of *puffs*.

EPIGRAM LV.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

JOHN BULL, 'tis said, and 'tis most truly said,
 Has evermore a windmill in his head:
 Which still, as fashions, factions, fancies sway,
 With every puff, is whiffled every way.
 Yet all his changes no amendment note;
 They're different trimmings to the same fool's coat.
 In each fantastick turn, JOHN BULL you read:
 —Should John grow wiser, 'twould be change indeed!

EPIGRAM LVI.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

HATCH'D all from alien eggs, along the meads,
 The jocund hen a troop of ducklings leads :
 But when the dangers of the pool they brave,
 And plunge intrepid in the dreadful wave ;
 High beats her fluttering heart ; she calls ; she cries ;
 And restless round and round the margin flies.—
 Alike unalter'd, nature's powers occur ;
 Instinct in them, parental care in her :
 The offspring's deed proclaims a race unknown ;
 A mother's feelings prove the brood her own.

EPIGRAM LVII.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

CURIO, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
 Fat, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic, and old,
 Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
 And his sad story to a stranger told—

“ Follow

“ Follow the thief,” reply’d the slander by ;
 “ Ah! Sir!” said he, “ these feet will wag no more !”
 “ Alarm the neighbourhood with an hue and cry”—
 “ Alas! I’ve roar’d as long as lungs could roar!”

 “ Then,” quoth the stranger, “ vain is all endeavour ;
 “ *Sans* voice to call, *sans* vigour to pursue ;
 “ And since your *bat*, of course, is gone for ever,
 “ I’ll e’en make bold to take your *wig*—Adieu !”

EPIGRAM LVIII.

Κρύσεια χαλκῶων.

LODG’D in pure hands, the very ore refines ;
 What merit earns, with honour we can hold ;
 An honest penny, a base pound outshines ;
 The gold of Fraud is brass—the brass of Virtue, gold !

EPIGRAM LIX.

Κρύσεια χαλκίων.

MORE scraps of JOHNSON! thro' more volumes spread!
 Not ev'n the grave can cover now it's dead!
 Poor bard! thy gold must be a ductile mass!
 For, sure, it serves to gild a world of *brass*!

EPIGRAM LX.

Κρύσεια χαλκίων.

WOMEN, it seems, whoe'er pay scot and lot,
 May serve church-wardens, overseers—what not?
 For so in solemn fort the Courts aver'd,
 Term. Hil. the 28th of GEORGE the THIRD.—
 O! Lawyers! Lawyers! who such suits abet,
 Think what you hazard for the fees you get!
 The very arguments you now devise,
 In time to come, against yourselves may rise!
 And prove, as well equipp'd for wordy war,
 A Bench of Grannums—and a Female Bar!

EPIGRAM LXI.

Κρύσεια χαλκῆϊων.

How heroes liv'd and died of yore,
 No antiquarians care ;
 And yet would give the world t' explore,
 If CÆSAR or if CATO wore
 A button round or square.

How unaccountable a page
 Does human whim unfold !
 When thus enquiry, grave and fage,
 Can grub amidst the *rust* of age,
 And overlook the *gold* !

EPIGRAM LXII.

Κρύσεια χαλκῆϊων.

When once, VOLTAIRE, with jealous rage,
 Attack'd our SHAKESPEARE'S glorious page,

To give abuse a gloss,
 In FRENCH translation's awkward mould,
 He first debas'd the genuine Gold,
 Then judg'd it by his dross.

Vain impotence of critic spite!
 SHAKESPEARE'S old sterling, solid, bright,
 All tastes and times will suit:—
 While the pert FRENCHMAN'S baser mass,
 If rank'd at all, will rank with brass;—
 And worthless brass, to boot.

EPIGRAM LXIII.

Κρύσια χαλκῆων.

“PAIN,” said the Stoic in the gout,
 “Pain is no evil, Wisdom knows!”
 What then has Wisdom been about?
 She's taught a philosophic lout,
 To quibble with his toes!

EPIGRAM LXIV.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

GOLD shall make gold, the rash adventurer cries,
 Risques all upon a chance—and beggar'd dies—
 But moderate profits wisdom's commerce show,
 None go so sure, as they who softly go;
 The root of gradual growth takes firmest hold;
 Let gold get brass—that brass will soon get gold.

EPIGRAM LXV.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

POOR TOM three wives has fairly reckon'd—
 A vixen was the first;
 A bitterer bargain still the second;
 And then the third, and worst.

Prithee,

Prithee, dear Tom, hear wisdom's word!
 So many trials past!
 Since change the worst, was change the third,
 Make change the third——the last!

EPIGRAM LXVI.

Κρύσεια χαλκίων.

THERE'LL be a coinage soon, we're told;
 To stop all currency improper;—
 And every farthing on't will hold
 It's real worth in bulk of copper.

Jews sweated guineas heretofore;
 But should reform like this ensue,
 In absolute weight of standard ore
 A guinea's change will sweat a Jew.

EPIGRAM LXVII.

Κρύστα χαλκῆϊων.

WHY, CHLOE, why with rouge o'erlay
 Those cheeks of native glow?
 "One must do like the world," you say,
 "And all the world does so."—

Ah! CHLOE, from example's book
 You take a lofing cue;
 For while like every hag you look,
 Each hag can look like you!

EPIGRAM LXVIII.

Κρύστα χαλκῆϊων.

TWO golden keys, the Popes contend
 From PETER to themselves descend;

Keys

Keys that command above, below,
 The eternal gates of blifs, and woe.
 A glorious privilege, you'll agree all,
 Had we more ground to think it real ;
 But Popes think fit, *they* best know why,
 To let the proofs on't dormant lie ;
 Contented with the bare pretence,
 While PETER'S Keys bring *Peter-Pence* !

EPIGRAM LXIX.

Κρύσεια χαλκείων.

FRIAR BACON form'd by spells, we're told,
 A brazen jobbernole, of old,
 That should great Truths have spoke ;
 But while the drowzy fage delay'd,
 " *Time comes, time is, time's past,*" it said ;
 And vanish'd into smoke.

Skill,

Skill like the Friar's, would gold surpass,
 Who manufacturing vulgar *brass*,
 Could such an head produce on't;
 But, sure, whate'er his skill might be,
 'Twas *wooden* wit, you'll all agree,
 To make no better use on't!

EPIGRAM LXX.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

HEEED not the tales the smuggling crew repeat!
 They'll surely cheat you, who teach you to cheat:
 He deals, to lose, who takes base means to save:
 'Tis a fool's purchase, when it makes a knave!

EPIGRAM LXXI.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

ARUM Doctor affirms, by a method cocksure,
 That in spite of your joints, all your gout he can cure:

But let him, who regards either person or purse,
 Be aware how he hazards the making bad, worse:
 Ev'n brass for your gold, with a quack you don't share;
His is all in his forehead—and that he can't spare.

EPIGRAM LXXII.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

Κρύσεα χαλκείων.

YOUR venerable Chaplain* once,
 (Tho' now with age he bend,)
 Train'd *here* the scholar, lash'd the dunce,
 A Master, and a Friend.

To profit by his well-known care,
 His child a Butcher brought;
 And all the needful to prepare,
 A dictionary bought.

* MR. FAYTING.

Before

Before a week it's course had run,
 The Butcher came again—
 “ Take back your book, give back my son,”
 He cried, with might and main:—
 “ *Larning!*—’tis money thrown away,
 “ Such *Larning* to procure :
 “ The book don't show, the boy can't fay,
 “ What's Latin for a skewer!”

EPIGRAM LXXIII.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BUSSY RABUTIN.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

“ PRAISE premature is idle breath ;
 “ No fame is just, till after death !”
 So CLODIO is for ever crying :
 “ Excuse me, CLODIO, then,” say I ;
 “ I rate not *your* applause so high,
 “ To think of earning it—by dying !”

EPIGRAM LXXIV.

PAR PARI.

PAR PARI, has two senses, both in use;
 And both in different circumstances pat:
 'Tis like to like—when blockheads club abuse;
 When wits give satire edge—'tis tit for tat!

EPIGRAM LXXV.

PAR PARI.

THO' proportion so often in nature takes place,
 There's a general exception in one common case;
 'Tis a feature of instinct, no power can efface:
 For the greatest of objects when action we try,
 And the greatest of subjects, where speech we apply,
 Is the smallest of letters—*viz.*—I, by't self, I.

EPIGRAM LXXVI.

PAR PARI.

WHAT boiling, melting, squeezing, mixing, stirring,
To make our English punch are all concurring.
The Scotch receipt to simpler modes resorts ;
—To two full quarts of brandy—*add two quarts.*

EPIGRAM LXXVII.

PAR PARI.

WHEN two fools in the street, rush impetuously by,
“ Run Devil, run Baker,” the populace cry ;
But no legend as yet, tho’ so frequent the chace,
Has recorded which wins, or which loses the race :
Whether elsewhere, or not, any likeness they catch,
In running, it seems, they’re at all times *a match.*

EPIGRAM LXXVIII.

PAR PARI.

FAME says, there are (we hope fame fibs)
 Among our modern youth,
 Who lace around their dainty ribs,
 A pair of stays, forfooth!

Fortune! howe'er in different ways

Thou fettest rank, and riches,

O! match these milkfop males in stays

With wives that wear the breeches!

EPIGRAM LXXIX.

PAR PARI.

OBSERVE the barrister expand
 A copious length, and breadth of band;

Who

Who when a college smart of yore,
 A snip scarce statutable wore ;
 And yet 'tis nothing hard to trace
 Proportion's rule in either case :
 The band in academic station,
 Was little—like his application ;
 But now, encreas'd by due degrees,
 'Tis large, and ample—as his fees !

EPIGRAM LXXX.

PAR PARI.

DAME Fortune, in her frolic fallies,
 Cuts men to fit,—like bakers' tallies :
 For her own work, makes her own tools ;
 Forms fools for knaves—and knaves for fools.

EPIGRAM LXXXI.

PAR PARI.

FOR every living thing on shore,
 Our naturalists agree,
 The acute observer may explore
 Some counter-part at sea.

One proof this rule's not strictly true,
 Our BRITISH TARS will stand;
 Who ne'er by sea their EQUALS knew,
 Nor yet their *like*—by land.

EPIGRAM LXXXII.

PAR PARI.

OLD GULO, one day, gravely shaking his head,
 To his comrades a lecture of temperance read:

“ In

“ In all eating, and drinking, proportion purfue,—
 “ That’s my method,” faid he—and indeed he faid true:
 For wherever good wine, and good ven’fon he found,
 He would drink ye three bottles—and eat ye three pound.

EPIGRAM LXXXIII.

PAR PARI.

WHEN you fee a fine Lady trot jiggiting by,
 With a niddledy-noddledy plume, a yard high,
 O, fay, if ye can, ye philofophers, whether
 Is her feather like her?—or is fhe like her feather?

EPIGRAM LXXXIV.

PAR PARI.

IN an old Rabbi’s book, this ftory’s given—
 When EVE and ADAM firft were man and wife,
 Ten veffels full of Speech came down from Heav’n,
 Nine out of which the woman kept for life.

In active pow'rs of head, and hand and heart,
 ADAM, no doubt, surpass'd his confort far ;
 Yet EVE had wherewithal to play her part ;—
Nine words in ten, set all upon a par !

EPIGRAM LXXXV.

PAR PARI.

WHEN Doctors, twenty years ago,
 Wore wigs of venerable flow,
 A bodkin sword's diminutive stump
 Stuck right across each physic rump,
 Whose short dimensions seem'd to say,
 " Our object is to save, not flay."
 An emblem apt enough, I trow.—
 But wicked wits pretend to show,
 For swords so small, an apter still—
 —" We've other ways than *one*—to kill !"

EPIGRAM LXXXVI.

PAR PARI.

No Fame of Thrones, that whileome were,
 No Thrones that now are seen,
 Show such an Exemplary Pair,
 As BRITAIN'S King and Queen.

From Worth so long, so well display'd,
 Allegiance argues thus;
 As *they* were for *each other* made,
 So *both* were made for *us*.

EPIGRAM LXXXVII.

PAR PARI.

“MADAM!—My Dear!—I bid!—I beg!—
 “Don't!—Don't be dogged—Prythee, PEG!”—
 “Why look ye, Lovee!”—PEG reply'd;
 “Like meat, like fauce!—Like spouse, like bride!”

“ If a tartar you’ll be, you a tartar shall catch!—

“ Coax and kifs! here’s your wife! Huff and cuff! here’s your match!”

EPIGRAM LXXXVIII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

OFFICIOUS friends, when things go wrong,
Have all one burden to their song:

“ Turn over a new leaf”—each cries.—

But little from their hints we gain—

We turn, alas! the leaf in vain,

Unless we read it, with new eyes.

EPIGRAM LXXXIX.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

IN due regard to modern taste,

TOM DUPE, the village squire,

Along a barn, in prospect plac’d,

Three scraps of paint-smear’d windows trac’d,

And half a Gothic spire.—

Thus

Thus in antiques by fashion's lore,
 The sham thing hides the true one;
 The barn, top, bottom, sides, and floor,
 Was an *old* Ruin heretofore——
 And now 'tis made a *new* One!

EPIGRAM XC.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

THE Vicar of BRAY, an old chronicle faith,
 Turn'd backward and forward with equal address;
 Profess'd new allegiance, espous'd a new faith,
 Under HENRY, and EDWARD, and MARY, and BESS.
 Thus papist and protestant, parson and priest,
 As he heard each new call, so he warmly purfu'd it:
 No wonder his zeal for conversion increas'd,
 While his zeal for the vicarage daily renew'd it!

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM XCI.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN Sloth puts urgent business by,
 “ To-morrow’s a new day,” she’ll cry.
 And all *her* morrows prove it true,—
 They’re *never us’d*—and therefore *new*!

EPIGRAM XCII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

THE snake, tradition’s tale avers,
 Casts once a year his speckled skin;
 Yet no improvement change infers;
 ’Tis still the self-same snake, within!

Too like the supple courtier’s trim,
 Who turns and twists, occasion’s slave:—
 ’Tis change of fides, not change of him!
 New knavery—but the same old knave!

EPIGRAM XCIII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

LAW ne'er could give the good relief,
Should all the bad forsake her!—
Nothing so fit as an *old thief*,
To make a *new thief-taker*!

EPIGRAM XCIV.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHAT dresses, equipages, buildings new,
In court and city rush upon our view!
Thro' modes of taste our high-bred vulgar run:
Stark mad for every novelty—but one!
Does honour pay for all? Did merit earn?
—No—that's a novelty, they've yet to learn!

EPIGRAM XCV.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

IF LETSOM'S Mangell Wertzell root,
 Be old, or modern botany,
 Will stand, perhaps, theme for dispute,
 While disputants we've got any.

In this, howe'er, we all agree,
 And own it for a true thing,
 To give it, without price or fee,
 In Phyfic, is a *new* thing.

EPIGRAM XCVI.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN ENGLAND'S foes her follies view,
 Each day, each hour, shows something new;
 But let them try in Arms their skill,
 And ENGLAND—is OLD ENGLAND still!

EPIGRAM XCVII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

“**R**EAD! Read!” the thread-bare Poet cries;
 “ New powers of verse I bring:
 “ At every line new beauties rise,
 “ Spontaneous while I sing!”

Poet! thy boast would seem more true,
 One fact if thou could’st quote;
 Had powers and beauties all so new,
 Procur’d thee——a *new coat!*

EPIGRAM XCVIII.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

THAT CELIA’S sick to death, whene’er
 My fond attachment I declare,

I must believe, because she said it.—
 But that her Ladyship would die,
 Were fifty fools as fond as I,
 Is more than I have faith to credit.
 She'll live on to be su'd, while she's lovers to sue;
 If not for more reasons, at least for these two;—
 Out of spite to the old, and in hopes of the new.

EPIGRAM XCIX.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

TOM WHIFFLE changes every day;
 But that's but half the curse;
 He changes evermore one way;—
 To wit—from bad to worse!

EPIGRAM C.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WE blame too justly modern times;
 Their follies, fopperies, vices, crimes;—

Yet

Yet candour must allow,
 They cherish patriot spirit still,
 Proof of good sense, good taste, good will,
 That does them honour, now!

Look round on SUNDAY SCHOOLS—and own
 That ENGLISH Genius there hath shone,
 In style august, tho' new:
 Our fathers felt for general weal;
 We—chang'd, but not degenerate, feel
 For general Virtue too!

EPIGRAM CI.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

“**T**HERE'S nothing new beneath the sun”—
 So ancient wit's decisions run;
 But wit no match for facts is:—
 For I know things, and so do you,
 Tho' everlasting, ever new!—
 What think you, sirs, of TAXES?”

EPIGRAM CII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

'TWIXT those Poets of old, and our Poets of late,
 One perpetual distinction holds true:—
 The New in a twinkling are all out of date;
 The Old will *forever be new!*—

EPIGRAM CIII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN, late, our Sovereign's health restor'd,
 A Nation's feelings prov'd,
 How universal was th' accord,
 That hail'd the King we lov'd!

Consent so general, in our days,
 Was something novel—True!—
 But novelty then, claim'd double praise,
 Because 'twas Duty too.

EPIGRAM CIV.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN CHARLES the First the sceptre bore,
Each grave Divine, I trow,
A filken cap all fable wore,
With nine straight hairs below.

The Restoration's jovial day,
Chang'd, with the men, the mode,
And orthodox heads, in broad display,
The flaxen buckle show'd.

In ANNA'S reign, from general view,
Th' enormous flaxens fled:
And lo! perukes of milk-white hue,
Succeeded in their stead.

These,

These, too, incurr'd by lapse of years,

Diffuse, tho' not disgrace:

New clerical brows requir'd new gears;

And grizzles took their place:

Yet still the wig's full form retain'd

The feather'd foretop's peak:

Yet still the solemn bush remain'd,

To flank the rosy cheek.—

But *now*!—forgive the conscious muse,

That feels her verse too bold:—

What fashions *modern* Reverends use,

You need not here be told.—

Tho' new their taste, while they adopt

Their good forefathers' ways,

The frizz'd, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,

Have all their claim to praise.

EPIGRAM CV.

SPLENDEAT USU.

O! Yes! if wags or critics dare
This subject's truth attack;
Let them to some dark hole repair—
And rub a black cat's back!

EPIGRAM CVI.

SPLENDEAT USU.

EXAMINE as you please, the flint,
You'll trace no lucid matter in't.
Try iron by what test you will,
You'll find it but cold iron still.
But let them with each other clash,
And instantaneous light they flash.—
Dame Nature providently kind,
For human use her fun assign'd;

Moon

Moon, stars, for human use display'd;
 And last for human use she made,
 One sure resource, (should these all fail,)
 —A Pebble, and a rusty Nail!

EPIGRAM CVII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

FROM fenny damps ascends a fire,
 Whose wandering beams invite ye—
 Till peg'd in brakes, or stuck in mire;—
 And then—*bon soir*—good night t'ye.

Philosophy, with experience join'd,
 The fact alone enfures:
 But how, or why, no more can find,
 Than can it's rude pursuers.

Yet

Yet while it urges boobies thus,
To soufe thro' all before 'em,
Call it not, *Ignis fatuus*,
But, *Ignis fatuorum*!

EPIGRAM CVIII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

Two broad blue eyes, that roll and wink,
The Owl presents to day's full glare;
Not duller, when he seems to think,
Than blind, when he appears to stare.

But when the shades of night arise,
Spontaneous fight of course recurs;
In vain, to elude his piercing eyes,
A mouse, or ev'n a maggot stirs.

If by the *use* of powers, we deem
 The difference betwixt fowl, and fowl,
 Thoufands may boast a brighter beam,
 But none *sees* better, than *the Owl*.

EPIGRAM CIX.

SPLENDEAT USU.

“ **A**YE ! Honesty’s a jewel,” RICHARD cry’d,
 “ That shines the clearer still, the more ’tis try’d.”
 “ True, DICK,” quoth JEREMY—“ yourself may shew it,
 “ Your honesty’s so clear—we all *see through it*.”

EPIGRAM CX.

SPLENDEAT USU.

POPE, speaking, once, of ZEMBLA’S coast,
 Call’d ice, the “ *beauteous work of frost*.”—
 But that was beauty without use :
 —Far different ice our cooks produce ;

Midst summer's heat, intensely cold,
 All colours, flavours, forms 'twill hold ;
 Improv'd beyond the poet's dream,
 'Tis now—the *beauteous work of cream*.

EPIGRAM CXI.

SPLENDEAT USU.

“ IF Nature never acts a part in vain,
 “ Who (said an atheist) shall this fact explain ?
 “ Why in the glow-worm does her power produce,
 “ So lavish lustre, for so little use ?”

A plain blunt fellow, who by chance stood by,
 Heard what he said, and made him this reply :

“ Nature (quoth he) explains her own design ;
 “ She meant to mortify all pride like thine,
 “ When o'er an insect's tail such *light* she spread,
 “ And left such *darkness* in a coxcomb's head.”

EPIGRAM CXII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

WHAT practic rule, or speculative bound,
 Shall nature's powers, or art's extent confine?
 When in one form such needful helpmates found,
 Beauty, and bear's-greafe, amicably shine?

EPIGRAM CXIII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

SEE! stretch'd on nature's couch of grafs,
 The foot-fore traveller lies!
 Vast treasures let the great amafs;
 A leathern pouch, and burning glafs,
 For all his wants suffice.

For him the sun it's power displays,
In either hemisphere ;
Pours on VIRGINIA'S coast it's blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raise ;
And shines to light it—HERE !

EPIGRAM CXIV.

SPLENDEAT USU.

WHILE diamonds with so rich effect
On beauty's hand are shown,
Why is the wedding finger deck'd
With simple gold alone ?

Because each theme of female praise
Takes lustre from that test,
Wedlock's plain gold outshines all blaze,
When Virtue adds the rest.

EPIGRAM CXV.

SPLENDEAT USU.

YOUR FLEMISH Painters, if you mark them well,
 With most success on kitchen subjects dwell ;
 O'er painted jugs bid nature's polish pass ;
 And mimic saucepans rival real brass.
 What cause such accurate brightness can produce ?
 —The general cause of accuracy—use.—
 His history in his work the artist gives ;
 Between the pencil and the pot, he lives :
 And if his picture, or his life you view,
 'Tis, *Animus in patinis*—all through.

EPIGRAM CXVI.

SPLENDEAT USU.

WHEN all, a people for a KING can feel,
 Burst into voice; an unison of zeal;

The

The QUEEN so long rever'd, and lov'd so well,
 Heard the glad theme the general shout employ;
 And midst the thunders of affectionate joy,
 Dropt a warm tear, that sparkled as it fell.

But oft, if right the Muse the future read,
 Will similar praise, to similar feelings lead,
 While Virtues like her own, her name endear;
 Th' effect is but proportion'd to the cause;
 Her tear will still do honour to applause,
 And new applauses still call forth her tear.

EPIGRAM CXVII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

FULL up the solar blaze of light,
 Th' imperial Eagle wings his flight;

Nor

Nor shrinks before the ray:—
 Life, beauty, and increase below,
 Wait patient the descending glow;

He meets it in its way:—
 And on the very Source, whence lustre flows,
 Tries the bold Eye, whose lustre it bestows.

EPIGRAM CXVIII.

CORRIGE SODES.

WHEN reformation, men advise,
 Let every one *mend one*, each cries:—
 And 'tis well said, if 'twere well done:
 But proof, too obvious, daily flows,
 That all th' amendment we propose,
 Is meant for every one—*but one!*

EPIGRAM CXIX.

CORRIGE SODES.

WHEN in old ROME, the bridegroom, and the bride,
 At JUNO's shrine their nuptial offering made,
 The victim's gall was fever'd from it's side,
 And gravely hid behind the altar's shade.

A pagan rite, tho' christian men abjure,
 'Tis fair to improve upon a pagan rite ;
 To make your matrimonial comfort sure,
 Keep your own gall forever out of fight !

EPIGRAM CXX.

CORRIGE SODES.

CLODIUS, aham'd, as well he might,
 Of worthless life, and vicious taste,
 Turns misanthrope at last for spite ;
 And hates the nature, he disgrac'd.

The rank o'erflowings of the mind,
 In venomous streams on paper fall;
 Out comes a satire on mankind;
 And all are *fools*, and *wretches* all.

Yet let his trash unnotic'd lie;
 We prove his doctrine, if we heed it;
 'Twere double *folly*, should we *buy*,
 And double *misery*, should we read it!

EPIGRAM CXXI.

CORRIGE SODES.

YE daily, dirty scandal-scrapers,
 Who kill, and couple us in newspapers,
 Abate your rage for lying!
 Indulge us with a little tarrying;
 Make us not husbands, without marrying,
 Nor dead men,——without dying!

EPIGRAM CXXII.

CORRIGE SODES.

IF matters have been stated ill,
 In Chancery you may mend your *bill* :
 But mending bills, three times in four,
 Is only giving scope for more :
 When legal flaws keep suits depending,
 'Tis the bill-maker, that wants *mending*!

EPIGRAM CXXIII.

CORRIGE SODES.

OUR Ancestors, who science taught,
 Read, wrote, observ'd, enquir'd, and thought :
 But Moderns (thank assurance for't)
 Have cut the matter much more short :
 No wonder, we've professors plenty ;
 Two words, set up a cognoscente ;

On every question that comes near ye,
 Grin a dry sneer, and hum a quære ;
 At famous names, of yore, and now,
 Pucker your lips, tofs up your brow ;
 And then, to give the knock-down blow ;
 Say No, to Yes ; and Yes, to No.—

Thus boldly on your dunghill crowing,
 You'll make affirming pafs for knowing ;
 Affected doubt, appear detection ;
 And contradiction, seem correction.

EPIGRAM CXXIV.

CORRIGE SODES.

WHEN JOVE and the Giants, in desperate fray
 On OLYMPUS, were boxing it round ;
 SILENUS's afs chanc'd to fet up a bray,
 And the rebels turn'd tail at the found.

Ye,

Ye, who laugh at the afs, make it henceforth a rule,
 To abate of your waggery, a crumb;
 For fool as he is, he can frighten a fool——
 And who knows, when your own turn may come?

EPIGRAM CXXV.

CORRIGE SODES.

THE RUSSIAN husbands, as we're told,
 Their wives to due correction hold,
 Whene'er they act, or judge ill:——
 "Love me and love my dog," we cry;
 But their rough discipline seems to imply,
 "Love me, and love my cudgel."

EPIGRAM CXXVI.

CORRIGE SODES.

OUR travellers, who in Switzerland,
 Thro' BASIL's streets have past,
 Affure us each church dial's hand,
 Points just an hour too fast.

Tho'

Tho' told this error, all day long,
 By every foul that views it,
 'Tis--BASIL's fashion to be wrong;
 All know it; and all choose it.

The fault, which thus amendment mocks,
 Lies far below the steeple;
 Whoever would set right the clocks,
 Must first correct the people!

EPIGRAM CXXVII.

CORRIGE SODES.

HAIL! great reformer of men's shoes!
 Thou, Fashion! who with filken noose
 So daintily dost provide 'em!
 Were Wisdom's self, ten times as wise,
 She could add nothing to shoe-ties,——
 Save petticoats to hide 'em!

EPIGRAM CXXVIII.

CORRIGE SODES.

WHENE'ER the makers of our laws
'Tack to a Bill, a posthumous clause,
'Tis call'd, it seems, a Rider ;
If from this phrase, we may suppose,
Amendment *there* full gallop goes,
I cannot be decider :——
In every other thing, and place,
Methinks, it travels, a snail's pace.

EPIGRAM CXXIX.

CORRIGE SODES.

“ TO our ruin point-blank,” quoth the Patriot, “ we run ;
“ Whether doing or undoing, both ways undone :

“ And

“ And Government nods to it's fall:”—
 But whatever we risque, or whatever we lose,
 Let the Patriot but stand in the Minister's shoes,
 And that single amendment, mends all!

EPIGRAM CXXX.

CORRIGE SODES.

MANKIND, tho' satirists with jobations weary us,
 Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd;
 The first of which, is trifling with things serious;
 And seriousness in trifles, is the second:—
 Remove these little rubs, who'er knows how,
 And fools will be as scarce——as wise men now!

EPIGRAM CXXXI.

CORRIGE SODES.

EXPERT physiognomists teach us to trace
 All another's defects in the lines of his face,

By

By infallible rules, if we mind 'em:
 But methinks, with respect to the faults of our neighbour,
 'Twould be much better worth a philosopher's labour,
 Could he cure us—of looking to find 'em!

EPIGRAM CXXXII.

CORRIGE SODES.

To a noted optician, a grave sober man,
 In these terms his address for assistance began,
 “ If with me, like my neighbours, you think 'twould succeed,
 “ I would purchase a glass, that should help me to read.”

Number this, number that, no effect would produce;
 Concave, and convex, were alike of no use;
 The shop was all rummag'd for old ware and new;
 But nothing came of it—for nothing would do.

“ ’Tis strange,” said the artist, “ you see none the better ;
 “ Cannot all these varieties show you a letter ?”
 “ Show a letter ?” quoth he, “ yes, by hundreds they show ’em ;
 “ I can *see* fast enough—what I want is to *know* ’em.”

EPIGRAM CXXXIII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

THE story of the wand’ring Jew
 Proves this our theme in twofold view ;
 No matter whether false or true,
 Unless plain sense misguide us :
 Doom’d thro’ a life, that ne’er shall close,
 To trudge for ever on ten toes,
 He must grow stronger, as he goes——
 And if *he* don’t——the *lie* does.

EPIGRAM CXXXIV.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

SOME connoisseurs in FRANCE of late
 Have very gravely said,
 That Glafs in bottles, or in plate,
 From calcin'd Bones is made.

T' exprefs on what plain terms we live,
 'Twas said "All Flefh is glafs!"
 Thefe gents another type on't give,
 By making all Bones, Glafs!

EPIGRAM CXXXV.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

NEED from excefs—excefs from folly growing,
 Keeps CHRISTIE'S hammer daily, going, going!
 Ill-omen'd prelude! whose dire knell brings on
 Profufion's laft sad dying fpeech—"Gone! gone!"

EPIGRAM CXXXVI.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

To serve five churches in a day,
 The curate mounts his steed;
 Thro' towns, prayers, sermons, wings his way,
 And all three-quarter's speed.

All did I say?—why then I said
 A thing beside my text;
 The last with double haste is sped,——
 Because the dinner's next.

EPIGRAM CXXXVII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

WHEN two fond souls for GRETNA GREEN engage,
 From wise restraint, by rash elopement freed,
 LOVE fits postillion; and at every stage,
 Inspires new passion, while he adds new speed.

Thus

Thus they go forth—but how will they return?

Ev'n on the road, perhaps, ordain'd to prove
A truth, which folly, first or last, must learn,

“ That fore REPENTANCE drives as fast as LOVE!”

EPIGRAM CXXXVIII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

A PUBLIC spirited peer, we're told,
Mechanic powers has found, and try'd;
By which a ship her course may hold,
Without the help of wind or tide.

Two wise observers, TOM and WILL,
Found means th' experiment to see;
And turn'd and twist'd all their skill,
To fettle how the thing could be.

“ It

“ It can’t stand still, because it goes,”
 Exclaim’d at last sagacious WILL ;
 “ True,” answered TOM, “ and I suppose,
 “ It goes—because it can’t stand still!”

EPIGRAM CXXXIX.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

THO’ far from BRITAIN, BRITAIN’S worthiest pride,
 The World’s great Patriot, generous HOWARD, dy’d,
 Let not our sorrow blame his wish to roam:
 With such an heart, as such a life display’d,
 An heart, which all Mankind one Family made,
 To travel—was but to enlarge his HOME !

EPIGRAM CXL.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

FROM any Convent, a Lay-brother take ;
 Shave close his poll, and thus a Friar he’ll make :

On that bare poll an hat of scarlet place,
And a Lord Cardinal stares you in the face:
Let his red hat for three gilt crowns give scope,
And then, behold! his Holiness—the Pope!
From these three crowns, what farther progress lies?
None for the present—Princes are too wise.
Time was, when that same three-crown'd Father's pride,
Held in hard vassalage all crown'd heads beside:
But Sovereigns now observe a different trim;
Wear for themselves their crowns—and not for him!
In modern politics would he prove his skill;
His best way to *keep on*—is to *stand still!*

EPIGRAM CXLI.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

“THE more you give, the more you may,” some cry—
“The more you may, the more you ought,” say I.

EPIGRAM CXLII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

IN our forefathers days, for once in his life,
 The squire brought to LONDON his daughter and wife,
 And great was the fuss and ado :
 But henceforward, ye squires, let this trouble alone!
 For if LONDON grows on, as of late it has grown,
 It will soon *make a visit to you!*

EPIGRAM CXLIII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

FROM five and twenty artists' hands,
 Who all a separate task begin,
 One Work progressive skill demands ;
 And when 'tis done,—comes forth—a PIN!

EPIGRAM CXLIV.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

RESOLV'D all rival noise to drown,
 TOM TIPLER liquefies his throat;
 While at each cup he swallows down,
 His tones of utterance rise a note.

TOM'S vocal scale would not consist ill
 With metaphoric musical types;
 For surely as he wets his whistle,
 So surely he sets up his pipes!

EPIGRAM CXLV.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

IN CHINA, when an husband's praise
 The beauties of his wife displays,

Among her charms, he never fails
 To rank her growing length of nails.
 'Twould give our married men some fear,
 Had beauty such a standard here!
 For sure (I speak it with concern)
 Things *might, sometimes*, take such a turn,
 That as a lady's talons grew,
 Her passions might get stronger too!
 Tongues without nails (excuse me if I'm wrong)
 Are always long enough—if not too long.

EPIGRAM CXLVI.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

FALSEHOOD and **T**RUTH, in rival race,
 Eternal contrast prove;
FALSEHOOD speeds on with rapid pace;
TRUTH scarce appears to move:

FALSEHOOD

FALSEHOOD finds numbers in her course,
Who prompt assistance lend;
Ill-nature loves to aid her force;
And Folly stands her friend:

Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make shift
To help her on her way;
And Fortune gives her many a lift;
No matter for foul play:

Yet, after all her efforts tried,
And all her circuit run,
When Time the victory shall decide,
SHE'll *end*—where TRUTH *begun*!

EPIGRAM CXLVII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

- “JUSTICE!” a Woman to an Emperor cry’d;
 “Justice against an husband’s scorn I crave;
 “Who, tho’ from morn to night I frown and chide,
 “Nor minds, nor mends, for all th’ advice I gave.”
 “Your tale,” replied the Emperor, “truth may be;
 “But pray, good Woman, what is that to *me*?”

 “That,” quoth the spiteful Vixen, “is not all:
 “Suppose Yourself the subject of our strife:
 “If right, my Lord, my strong suspicions fall,
 “He cares no more for You, than for his Wife.”
 “That,” said the Emperor, “may perhaps be true;
 “But pray, good Woman, what is that to *you*?”

EPIGRAM CXLVIII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

SIR STATELY from his chariot nods,
 Us ten-toe travellers meeting;
 And plumes himself upon the odds
 'Twixt riding, and hoof-beating.

That odds there are, must needs be said:
 That odds should be, we choose;
 Till he has for his carriage paid,
 As we have for our shoes.

EPIGRAM CXLIX.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

THE disciples of GALEN, past ages aver,
 About *Aurum potabile* made a great stir;

Till

Till experience, in spite of their process and rules,
 Prov'd that secret of secrets, the folly of fools.
 But tho' *Aurum potabile* came to disgrace,
 The *Aurum palpabile* still keeps its place:
 That's the grand Panacea, that works with a touch—
 You can never apply it too soon, or too much:
 'Twill provoke no wry face; on no stomach fit ill;
 'Twill make men, what you please; and yourself, what you will.

EPIGRAM CL.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

“PERHAPS,” said a doctor one day to his friend,
 “You remember a tale, which you made me attend:
 “That tale, sir, much more than you think of, has cost:
 “It detain'd me so long, that a patient was lost.”
 “Alas!” quoth the friend, “I'm quite sorry for that,
 “That your patient should suffer by my idle chat.”

“Should

“ Should suffer ! ”—the doctor replied with a sigh,
 “ No !—he is the savor !—the sufferer am I !—
 “ Nature popt in between, while I slackened my speed ;—
 “ And the man was got well, before I could get fee'd.”

EPIGRAM CLI.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

THO' GEORGE, with respect to the wrong and the right,
 Is of twenty opinions, 'twixt morning and night ;
 If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man ;
 He's the pink of consistency, on his own plan :
 While to stick to the strongest is ever his trim,
 'Tis not he changes side—'tis the side changes him !

EPIGRAM CLII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

IN the dictionary of words, as our JOHNSON affirms,
 Purse and Budget are nearly synonymous terms ;

But

But perhaps upon earth there's no contrast so great,
 As Budget and Purse, in the dictionary of state:—
 The Minister's language all language reverses;
 For filling his Budget, is emptying our Purse.

EPIGRAM CLIII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

SPINSTER and Minister, Knight and Dame,
 Monsieur and Mademoiselle,
 D'EON in male and female fame
 By turns has born the bell.

Adroit to act on either plan;
 Smile nymph, or hero vapour;
 And pass with ease from sword to fan,
 From pistol to thread-paper!

Genius meanwhile, alert, tho' strange,

Preserves its equal claim:—

'Tis mere *dexterity of change*

Proves D'EON *still the same.*

EPIGRAM CLIV.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

A COWARD'S heart, in common speech, is

Oft said to sink into his breeches;

Hence fashionable prigs, in hope

To give their sinking hearts more scope,

(While up their sides, in lieu of stays,

Their breeches to their ribs they raise,)

Have instinct's wise precaution chose,

And sunk them downwards to their toes!

EPIGRAM CLV.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

OF great connections with great men,
 NED keeps up a perpetual pother;
 “ My Lord knows what, knows who, knows when;
 “ My Lord says this, thinks that, does t’other:”

My Lord had formerly his Fool,
 We know it, for ’tis on record;
 But now, by NED’s inverted rule,
 The Fool, it seems, must have his Lord!

EPIGRAM CLVI.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

ONCE in a barn, the strolling wardrobe’s lift
 Had but one ruffle left, for HAMLET’s wrist:—

Necessity,

Necessity, which has no law, they say,
 Could with one ruffle, but one arm display :
 “ What’s to be done ? ”—the Hero said, and figh’d—
 “ Shift hands each scene,” a brother buskin cry’d :
 “ Now in the pocket keep the left from fight,
 “ While o’er your breast you spread the ruffled right :
 “ Now in your robe the naked right repose,
 “ While down your left the dingy cambrick flows :
 “ Thus, tho’ half-skill’d, as well as half-array’d,
 “ You’ll make *one change*—which GARRICK *never made*.”

EPIGRAM CLVII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

TIM CRAB’S admonitions run all in one tone,—
 Do this, fool!—say that, fool!—let that, fool, alone!—
 Prithee, TIM, change your style, if you wish to cajole ;
 I can bear with the censure, but hate the controul :

Call me fool among fools, and I'll never say nay—
But let me, dear CRAB, be a fool—*my own way!*

EPIGRAM CLVIII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

TO cure the gout, one quack, forfooth,
Advifes us to draw a tooth.
By fimilar ratiocination,
Methinks, a counter-operation
So rare a fyftem would adorn—
—To cure the tooth-ach, cut a corn!

EPIGRAM CLIX.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

WHEN prentic'd fops, in tafty fit,
Their counters and their aprons quit,
And stealing from the fhops, they fhut,
Half-booted lobby-loungers frut,

With

With treble cape, and strait toupée,
 And nine short inches of wanghee,
 Howe'er the change absurd and strange is,
 'Tis natural:—for so Nature changes;
 Forms all at once the Lion's cubs;
 But makes her *Butterflies*—of *Grubs*!

EPIGRAM CLX.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

A BARBER in a Borough-town, it seems,
 Had voted for SIR JOHN, against SIR JAMES.—
 SIR JAMES, in angry mood, took Suds aside—
 “ Don't you remember shaving me?” he cry'd;
 “ Five pieces for five minutes work I gave;
 “ And does not one good turn another crave?”
 “ Yea,” quoth the barber, and his fingers smack'd,
 “ I grant the doctrine, and admit the fact:
 “ SIR JOHN, on the same score, paid the same price;
 “ But took two shavings—and of course *paid twice*.”

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM CLXI.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

IN indenture or deed,
 Tho' a thousand you read,
 Neither comma nor colon you'll ken:
 A stop intervening
 Might determine the meaning;
 And what would the Lawyers do then?
 Chance for change of construction gives chance for new flaws;
 When the sense is once fix'd, there's an end of the cause.

EPIGRAM CLXII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

TWO GRECIAN Sophs, with names for verse unfit,
 Have contrasted Man's Life, in rival wit:
 And if you'll take translation in good part,
 I'll give you *pro* and *con*—with all my heart.

“ What

“ What state on earth,” says one, “ could prudence choose ?
 “ In trade, is toil to gain, and fear to lose ;
 “ At home are cares ; and labours in the field ;
 “ At sea known perils ; and by land conceal'd ;
 “ In poverty, distress ; a lonely life
 “ Without, and household bondage with, a wife ;
 “ Children are troubles ; childless age unblest ;
 “ Youth has unruliness ; and age un-rest :
 “ 'Twere therefore better sure in wisdom's eye,
 “ Not to be born—or but be born—and die !”

So this grave sage thought proper to decide :
 Now, hear th' estimate on the other side.

“ Thro' life, what station can the wise refuse ?
 “ In public are ambition's nobler views ;
 “ Repose endears retirement ; rustic toils
 “ Give rest to nature's bounties ; nature's spoils
 “ Crown traffic's efforts ; on a foreign shore
 “ Pity unbars each hospitable door ;

“ Poor

" Poor you're unenvied; in a wife you see
 " A dearer friend; unmarried you live free;
 " With children feel a father's glow; without
 " See unfollicitous time's last sands run out;
 " In youth you spring robust, and revel gay;
 " In age enjoy the reverence juniors pay:
 " 'Tis therefore happiest sure on wisdom's plan,
 " To be—and being to exist—a Man!"

Wide as the difference of the statements seems,
 One little change would reconcile th' extremes;
 In surly scorn's, and flattering fancy's spite,
 For Life, read VIRTUOUS LIFE—and all is right.
 A Life of Virtue would in every state,
 Have turn'd the balance for whatever fate;
 Would scope, amidst the best and worst below,
 For active, or for patient merit show;
 And on that ground no choice can ever miss;
 For all that leads to Merit, leads to Bliss!

EPIGRAM CLXIII.

PLUS ULTRA.

IN many an inn along the road,
If haply there you make abode,
A little bowl you'll ken,
Where, circled in a pencill'd band,
An arch artificer's waggish hand
Has wrote—"ONE MORE, *and* THEN"—

Mysterious phrase! whose treacherous sense,
From more to more, for ages hence,
Its noxious course would run;
Let him, who takes the draught, take heed:
The bowl a bottom has—agreed—
But that same "THEN" has none.

EPIGRAM CLXIV.

PLUS ULTRA.

By a legal decision, 'twas lately agreed,
 If a rat eats a seal, it has cancel'd the deed.
 "That's an hard thing on me," might a miser complain;
 "'Twill make bond, bill, and mortgage as costly again—
 "'Tis expensive indeed to stand clear of mishap,
 "If besides a strong box, one must buy a rat-trap!"

EPIGRAM CLXV.

PLUS ULTRA.

SUNDAY, which, by divine behest,
 Was first pronounc'd a day of rest,
 By fashion's mandate now becomes
 A day of hurricanes, routs, and drums.

Can profligacy farther go?
 It can—if not in guilt—in woe:—
 Woe, from that very guilt accruing;
 Disgrace—remorse—despair—and ruin.

EPIGRAM CLXVI.

PLUS ULTRA.

DIAGORAS, an Athenian wight,
 A wooden HERCULES made;
 To which at morn, and eke at night,
 He constant orisons paid.

Twelve Labours by his Deity wrought,
 In solemn hymns he prais'd;
 And from such warm devotion thought
 A powerful patron rais'd.

Year after year, this course he drove ;
 Still pray'd ; still poorer grew ;
 At last the timber son of Jove
 Amidst the flames he threw.

“ My daily theme,” quoth he, “ erewhile,
 “ Thy labours twelve have been ;
 “ Now help the fire my pot to boil ;—
 “ And that will make thirteen !”

EPIGRAM CLXVII.

PLUS ULTRA.

WHILE JOHNSON the Lives of our Poets compos'd,
 He scarce thought how his own would be hack'd, when it clos'd.
 We've had life upon life, without end or cessation,
 A perfect biographical superfetation :
 Male, female, friend, foe, have had hands in the mess ;
 And the paper announces still more in the press.—

Not

Not a cat, tho' for cats Fate spins ninefold the thread,
Has so many lives, living—as JOHNSON has, dead.

EPIGRAM CLXVIII.

PLUS ULTRA.

VIRTUE'S a fund of unexhausted store :
For there, the very *wish* of more—*is* more !

EPIGRAM CLXIX.

PLUS ULTRA.

OUR glorious QUEEN BESS, 'tis in story recorded,
At some season more solemn of festival sport,
With the law's highest honours LORD HATTON rewarded,
For dancing so gracefully nimble at Court.

For integrity, candour, sense, learning, and spirit,
Of each sage, on each bench, we may justly talk big ;
But the QUEEN had, we find, one more standard of merit ;
'Twas superior address—in performing a jig !

EPIGRAM CLXX.

PLUS ULTRA.

WE'RE often told of SCOTCHMEN'S second fight;
 But know not whence the popular notion came;
 If fact, or fable, supernatural light,
 Or superstition, gave it first a name.

But this, methinks, may safely be confessed,
 That putting loss and gain upon a par,
 They see most happily, who see plain things best—
 Who sees beyond what's visible—sees too far!

EPIGRAM CLXXI.

PLUS ULTRA.

AT NOTTINGHAM, says tradition's tale,
 They drink off, by the yard, their ale:—
 So far, no peril would ensue,
 Did none to length add number too,
 Extend tradition's tale still more,
 And drink the yards off—by the score!

EPIGRAM CLXXII.

PLUS ULTRA.

To make a plum-pudding, a French Count once took
 An authentic receipt, from an English Lord's cook:
 Mix fuet, milk, eggs, fugar, meal, fruit, and spice,
 Of fuch number, fuch meafure, fuch weight, and fuch price;
 Drop a spoonful of brandy, to quicken the mefs;
 And boil it for fo many hours—more or lefs.—

These directions were tried, but when tried had no good in;
 'Twas all wash and all fquafh—but 'twas not English pudding:
 And Monfieur in a pet fent a fecond request,
 For the cook that prefcrib'd, to affift when 'twas drest;
 Who of courfe to comply with his Honour's befeeching,
 Like an old cook of Colebrook, march'd into the kitchen.

The French cooks, when they faw him, talk'd loud and talk'd long;
 They were fure all was right; he could find nothing wrong:

Till

Till juſt as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,
 "Hold your hands! Hold your hands!" ſcream'd aſtoniſh'd JOHN T
 "Don't you ſee you want one thing, like fools as you are?"
 —"Vone ting, Sar! Vat ting, Sar!" —"A PUDDING CLOTH,—"

EPIGRAM CLXXIII.

PLUS ULTRA.

A WOMAN, ſatiriſts have averr'd,
 Will have in all things the laſt word:
 But poets, in ſatiric rhymes,
 Are apt to run a-head ſometimes:—
 Were half the bards, that ever wrote,
 Chapter and verſe oblig'd to quote,
 Not one perhaps of all the ſet,
 E'er heard a woman's laſt word yet!

EPIGRAM CLXXIV.

PLUS ULTRA.

SICK of his first imperious bride,
 POOR CORYDON to Death apply'd:
 Death came: and CORYDON soon was seen
 The jolliest widower on the green.
 Again the booby tried his lot;
 And thus a bitterer bargain got:
 Again Death heard his piteous call;
 And freed him from the second thrall.
 Spite of experience, still absurd,
 He bow'd the neck to wife the third;
 Who beats the former out of fight;
 Drives twice as hard; curbs twice as tight.
 Were this same tyrant in her hearse,
 He might go farther, and fare worse:

Whom then shall CORYDON implore?—
 Whom?—but his old friend, Death, once more:
 That as of yore, in kindly trim,
 It took his spouses, and left him,
 (If choice to beggars fate allows,)
 'Twould now take *him*; and leave his spouse!

EPIGRAM CLXXV.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

To bounce more boldly and look bigger,
 Tho' rhetoric muster every figure,
 Tho' party blow up all her flame,
 Tho' zeal with all her lungs declaim,
 Two little words may pop in pat,
 To lay this dreadful battery flat;

Words

Words of soft sound, tho' somewhat hard digestion;—
 The orator's *ne plus ultra*—PREVIOUS QUESTION!

EPIGRAM CLXXVI.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

THE world can nothing sure, we're told,
 Save death and taxes show :
 Of death, no doubt, the fact will hold—
 Of taxes, not quite so :

Two chances fortune's wheel contains,
 Taxation's course to stay ;—
 When nothing to be tax'd remains ;
 Or nothing's left—to pay.

EPIGRAM CLXXVII.

PLUS ULTRA.

" DEATH! - - - - -
 " What art thou, O thou great Mysterious Terror?
 " The way to thee we know; diseases, famine,
 " Fire, sword, and all thy ever-open gates,
 " Which day and night stand ready to receive us.—
 " But what's beyond them?—who shall draw that veil?
 " Yet Death's not there!"

HUGHES'S *Siege of Damascus*, Act 3.

BEYOND? and who shall draw that veil?—The Man
 Whom Christian Spirit hath ennobled, can;
 He from th' abyfs beyond, the veil shall tear;
 For 'tis HIS TRIUMPH, that DEATH is not THERE!
 That there, is all sublime Devotion's scope;
 All Rest from Sorrow; all expanse of Hope;
 There Perfect Souls, the path he treads, who trod;
 There IMMORTALITY! there HEAVEN! there GOD!

EPIGRAM CLXXVIII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

IN *formâ pauperis*, if a plaintiff plead,
 Counsel, 'tis said, must give their aid, unfee'd.
 "How then should counsel live?" perhaps you'll ask:—
 O! never fear it—that's an easy task:—
 Tho' paupers ready-made, Law *gratis* takes,
 'Tis amply reimburs'd, by paupers which it makes!

EPIGRAM CLXXIX.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

YOUR fatirical wittings, of metaphor fond,
 Say, in ENGLAND, the priest *ties* the conjugal *bond*.
 But our fugitive pairs, who for SCOTLAND elope,
 Seem resolv'd to improve on that whimsical trope;
 When a blacksmith stands parson, for want of a better,—
 We may justly affirm, that HE RIVETS THE FETTER!

EPIGRAM CLXXX.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

MONTAIGNE once took it in his head,
 In trim sedately cool,
 To think the Cat, with which he play'd,
 Must deem him, but a fool.

If this was wisdom, wit, or whim,
 I dare not now decide:—
 But surely from his Cat and Him,
 We learn to check our pride:—

Since Nature, to keep up the breed,
 That holds us in disdain,
 By Thousands bids her Cats succeed,
 Yet made but ONE MONTAIGNE!

EPIGRAM CLXXXI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

“ **W**HOE’ER cheats *me*, in purchase, or in price,”
 Exclaims old EUCLIO, “ ne’er shall cheat me twice.”—
 The man, it seems, has made his life, his book ;
 And his own rule, from his own practice took :
 For EUCLIO, to convince us he’s no dunce,
 Makes it a point—to cheat *enough* at *once* !

EPIGRAM CLXXXII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

SAY, can there be a viand nam’d,
 Which doctors have not prais’d and blam’d ?
 About our wine, how vast a pother !
 Drink it, says one ; dread it, says t’other.
 Warm regimen some, some cool propose ;
 Live high, say these ; live low, say those.

In fhort, in nothing they agree,
 Save only pocketing the fee!—
 That part of medical practice ftill,
 Stuff, ftarve, dofe, diet us, as they will,
 (Whatever fyftems they afperfe all,)
 Is uniform,—and univerfal!

EPIGRAM CLXXXIII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

OLD women, in old times were feen,
 As grave records avow;
 What then, perhaps, had witches been,
 Are abfolute charmernow.

Againft the rude affault of age,
 Our *modern* antient fair
 On terms infallible engage,
 And twofold armour wear.

Ye spiteful years, your furrows trace!

Ye native tints, grow faint!

A coat of paint will hide the face,—

A veil will hide the paint!

EPIGRAM CLXXXIV.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A RUSTIC once, unless tradition fib,
 Applied this remedy to a broken rib:
 A quart of buttermilk down his throat he threw;
 Then tighter by a hole his belt he drew:—
 Again he swallow'd, and again, the dose;
 And, *toties quoties*, buckled up more close:
 Expell'd withinside, and repell'd without,
 The bone soon found it's proper medium out;
 In that due medium either way secur'd,
 Stood fix'd; united; heal'd;—and HODGE was cur'd!

If kitchen phyfic, we with juſtice prize,
 That this was kitchen phyfic none denies:
 Of recipes if the ſimpleſt is the beſt,
 That this was ſimple too, muſt be confeſt—
 —A belt, and buttermilk?—*Probatum eſt!*

EPIGRAM CLXXXV.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

OF old their full-bottoms diſtinguiſh'd the fops:
 Who are known as well now, by the title of *crops*:
 But altho' we may trace ſuch prepoſterous degrees,
 In the curlings of thoſe, and the clippings of theſe,
 We ſhall find in the heads, if fair judgment we uſe,
 'Twixt full-bottoms and crops, not an hair's-breadth to chooſe;
 The difference between 'em, lies all in their locks;
 Thoſe feather'd like Coxcombs; theſe trim'd like comb'd Cocks!

EPIGRAM CLXXXVI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A TRIBE of star-gazers, too numerous to name,
 For every new year, a new almanac frame;
 Where, in charming confusion, wet seasons, and dry,
 Hot, and cold, still, and stormy, promiscuously lie;
 While perhaps in one day, if you try them all round,
 Every contrast of weather at once may be found:—
 But tho' oft they deceive us, we'll give them their due;
 Bate the what and the when, all the rest may be true:
 For they fill up the year, just as nature has done,
 With cloudy, and clear; fair, and foul; rain and fun!

EPIGRAM CLXXXVII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

THE POPISH bigot looks death in the face,
 If round his limbs a Friar's Cowl they place:

No fears the foul of that GENTOO affair,
Whose dying hand embraces a Cow's Tail.—

We laugh, with reason, at their foolish choice;
Yet tho' 'tis Folly's act—'tis Nature's voice!—
Nature, the sense of an immortal part
Has fix'd so firmly in the human heart,
That, prone as 'tis to avow some future hope,
A Cowl, or a Cow's Tail, can give it scope!

EPIGRAM CLXXXVIII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

IF you e'er go to OXFORD, 'tis odds but you meet
A boar to make brawn, led in state thro' the street;
With whose fidgets the hog-driver still must comply;
If he likes to lie down, must stand patiently by;
When he rises, must help him to rise from repose;
And turn which way he turns, and go which way he goes.—

—We've

—We've been told by philosophers, time out of mind,
Of the dignity, freedom, and powers of mankind;
But we add little grace to the picture they've drawn,
When we humour a pig—for the fake of his brawn!

EPIGRAM CLXXXIX.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A Scribbler thought fit, t'other day, to devise
About Baron MONKHAUSEN, a volume of lies:

Such a rhapsody never was made.

And this was his only design, he averr'd,
To shame for the future, by tales so absurd,

All the dealers in Rhodomontade.

'Twas a comical scheme, if the man was sincere;
But were he or not, 'tis abundantly clear,

He

He forgot the perverseness of pride:
 Not one in a score, who his pamphlet shall buy,
 Will be half so ashamed of persisting to lie;
 As jealous of being out-lied!

EPIGRAM CXC.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

From the Catholic Faith, if a man swerv'd aside,
 Inquisition for arguments, faggots apply'd!
 Such compassionate charity, zeal so refin'd,
 Set the body on fire—to enlighten the mind!

EPIGRAM CXCI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

'Tis strange to see, how, more or less,
 The same propensity to dress

Reigns

Reigns paramount in human race :
 An English smart his breast be-frills ;
 Some boast the savage hunter kills,
 His person with the spoils to grace.

Contrasts there are in the extreme :
 And yet such contrasts as they seem,
 Still tow'rd one central point they go :
 Candor this only difference knows,
 Our fop *above* his chitterling shows ;
 The Hottentot wears his *below* !

EPIGRAM CXCI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VILLAGE thief in penitent strain,
 Thus to his priest confess ;—
 “ Father, I’ve stol’n some sacks of grain !
 “ O ! give my conscience rest !”

“ What

“ What grain, my son ?” the priest replied,

“ And what was the amount ?”

“ Father, my haste,” the culprit cried,

“ Would never let me count :—

“ But, if your reverence thinks it right

“ T’ absolve on trust, this crime,

“ I’ll try to steal the rest to-night,—

“ And tell you all next time.”

EPIGRAM CXCIH.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

YOU remember Prince VOLSCIUS, hip-hop, in the play,

With a single jack-boot, how he stump’d it away :—

But as this is a more economical age,

Our prigs of the town scout the Prince on the stage;

And because a great feat they’re determin’d to do,

From what would make one boot, contrive to make two:

Two

Two half boots at least;—for it seems, that's the style:—
 Tho' 'twould puzzle all algebra's students the while,
 To adjust the true odds, on comparifon fair,
 Between one pair of halves, and one half of a pair!—

EPIGRAM CXCIH.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

AMONGST the many ftrange conceits,
 Which advertifers brag on,
 They puff, on every poft one meets,
 Some broad-wheel'd Flying Waggon?

Wits long on Fancy's wings have flown;
 MERCURY had feather'd heels;—
 But 'tis our age's boaft alone,
 To fly—upon BROAD WHEELS!

EPIGRAM CXCIV.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VETERAN gambler in a tempest caught,
 Once in his life, a church's shelter sought;
 Where many an hint, pathetically grave,
 On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
 The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
 Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he went;
 "Strict truth," quoth he, "this reverend sage declar'd;
 "I feel conviction—and will be prepar'd—
 "Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
 "Give credit for a bet, beyond a day!"

EPIGRAM CXCIV.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A SPECIMEN brief of foreign wit to show,
 As far as my translating skill will go,
 Tho' I can't sing—I'll say—a FRENCH RONDEAU. }

' With

' With two black eyes—that might a faint inflame,
 ' The jilt NANNETTE caught STREPHON by surprife ;
 ' But when the youth, enamour'd of the dame,
 ' Requested love for love, and fighs for fighs,
 ' She frown'd, squall'd, cuff'd,—and fent him whence he came,
 ' *With two black eyes!*

EPIGRAM CXCVI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A QUACK in GREECE, in hopes to mend the breed,
 Refolv'd his *Son*, *at leaft*, fhould learn to read :
 So hir'd the beft grammarian of the age,
 To teach the youngfter HOMER's lofty page.
 The terms all fettled, all the needful done,
 The book was bought, and thus the boy begun ;—
 ' The wrath of PELEUS' Son, the direful fpring
 ' Of all the GRECIAN wocs, O Goddefs, fing !

‘ That wrath which hurl’d to PLUTO’s gloomy reign
 ‘ The souls of mighty Chiefs untimely flain *!’
 “ Untimely flain!”—the pupil stopt and cried—
 “ Is then this pains and pay, for that applied?
 “ HOMER, farewell! What need thro’ verse to roam?
 “ We’ve plenty of *untimely flain*, at home!
 “ Away with this vexatious “ A, B, C!”—
 —“ My father’s practice is enough for me!”

* POPE’S Translation.

EPIGRAM CXCVII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

THE critics of a former day
 Fell by the ears pell-mell;
 Debating if with C, or K,
 We CICERO’s name should spell.

How

How far the doubt is clear'd up yet,
 I'll not pretend to say;
 But this intelligence I get,
 From so absurd a fray:

While all with profit and delight,
 Admire, remember, quote,
 FAME will speak CICERO'S MERITS right,
 Howe'er his *name* be wrote!

EPIGRAM CXCVIII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IN EGYPT once, the great, we're told,
 No claim to public praise could hold,
 Till umpires, at their death decreed
 To all their merit, all it's meed.

Th'

Th' EGYPTIANS took, you needs must say,
 To make men honest, a wise way;—
 Provided still, some means they knew,
 To keep those umpires honest too!

EPIGRAM CXCIX.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

THE constable of a country town
 Before a justice brought,
 Once on a time, a vagrant clown,
 In petty trespass caught:

And long, with many a hum! and ha!
 Much circumstance, much doubt,
 Enlarg'd on some supposed *faux pas*,
 Could he have made it out.

Then

Then to his worship turn'd his speech,
 At every period's close;
 And ask'd, what punishment could reach
 Enormities like those?

“What punishment?” with angry face,
 The justice cried amain,
 “Make him this moment take my place,
 “And hear your tale again!”

EPIGRAM CC.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

BAMBOOZLING the credulous vulgar below,
 Astrology's vagabond fry,
 To each planet (as round in their orbits they go)
 Gives a separate *house in the sky*:—

To

To make conjurers amends for their care of the sphere,
 The justice, in case of detection,
 Provides by his warrant an *house* for them *here*;
 And that is—the *house of correction!*

EPIGRAM CCI.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

A Fool and Knave, with different views,
 For JULIA'S hand apply:
 The Knave, to mend his fortune fues:
 The Fool, to please his eye.

Ask you, how JULIA will behave?
 Depend on't for a rule,
 If she's a Fool, she'll wed the Knave—
 If she's a Knave, the Fool.

EPIGRAM CCII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

I ASK'D grave CORYDON, CELIA'S age:—
 "Look in her face," replied the sage;
 I did so; but no date could fix:—
 Which face, I wonder, does he mean?
 Her public face bespeaks sixteen;
 Her home face tells for sixty-fix!

EPIGRAM CCIII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

GENIUS, and Valour, proudly loth
 Place each to each, to yield,
 To PALLAS, as supreme o'er both,
 For her award appeal'd.

When Valour urg'd ACHILLES' boast,
 Her HOMER Genius shew'd:—
 When Genius VIRGIL's praise engross'd,
 With CÆSAR's Valour glow'd.

Wife as she was, the Goddess chose
 So nice a point to wave;—
 Yet willing the dispute to close,
 This friendly counsel gave:

“ Your rival claims,” she said, “ forbear;
 “ Which nothing can decide:
 “ And let henceforth, your mutual care
 “ Unite your mutual pride:

“ Let Heroes know th' immortal Name
 “ The gift of Verse alone;
 “ And from the Hero's well-fung Fame,
 “ The Poet date his own!”

EPIGRAM CCIV.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

A GOOSE, my good old grandam said,
 Ent'ring a barn pops down his head ;
 I beg'd her once the cause to show ;—
 She told me, she must wave the task—
 For nothing but a goose would ask,
 What nothing but a goose could know!

EPIGRAM CCV.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IF I swerve an hair's-breadth from the fashion's high road,
 Strait the cry of the coxcombs commences ;
 " A man," they exclaim, " who goes out of the mode,
 " As well might go out of his senses."

If Sense by the balance of fashion ye weigh,
 Pray tell us, ye prigs who adore it,
 Did not you, to go into the taste of the day,
 Go out of the fashion before it?
 All the doubt, if a doubt, is which way to begin—
 I went in, to go out;—you went out, to go in.

EPIGRAM CCVI.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

POOR DICK, when chatty, and when dumb,
 Still holds his wife in equal dread;—
 He breaks *her* heart, if he looks glum;
 And if he speaks, she breaks *his* head!

EPIGRAM CCVII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

TO 'scape litigious folly's headstrong ruin,
 Keep two plain maxims evermore in view;
 Know what the law is, ere you think of suing;
 Know what your lawyer is, before you sue!

EPIGRAM CCVIII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IN MILTON'S, and in DRYDEN'S time,
'Twas doubtful, if blank verse, or rhyme,
 Serv'd Poetry's purpose best:
And much good learning and good sense,
In aid of either side's pretence,
 Was *pro* and *con* address.

The question, after all this pains,
Tho' chang'd in form, in force remains,
 As puzzling as at first:
'Tis just as hard a thing to say,
If rhyme, or blank verse, in our day,
 Serves Poetry's purpose *worst!*

EPIGRAM CCIX.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IN patient mood, while King ALPHONSUS heard
 A formal orator tedious plans propose,
 A fly parading round the Monarch's beard,
 Perch'd unmolested on the royal nose.—

Say, ye who balance things in reason's scale,
 Does Magnanimity soar a pitch more high,
 When Majesty listens to a trifler's tale?—
 Or when Humanity scorns to hurt a fly?

EPIGRAM CCX.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

DOES SHAKESPEARE juster praise obtain,
 In comic or in tragic vein?

Nor

Nor I, nor you, nor all mankind,
 Can answer to this question find.
 Nature, tho' oft in frolic fits,
 Discoveries elsewhere she permits,
 Will still that point unsettled keep,
 As long, as men can laugh or weep.

EPIGRAM CCXI.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

THE votes all clos'd—the books compar'd,
 The numbers on the poll declar'd,
 A rabble, reeling less or more,
 Who with drink, or who for drink, roar,
 By way of two triumphal cars,
 (Thro' shouts, and screamings, joys, and jars,)
 Bear on two tavern-chairs erect,
 The Representatives Elect.

Ye

Ye Candidates, who thus succeed,
 Take, if ye can, sufficient heed!
 For tho' th' Election contest's past,
 You'll find that peril not the last;
 In your supporters' present trim,
 Should their feet trip, or their heads swim!

You've carried your own Seats—agreed—
 But absolute miracle, indeed,
 Alone can save, in such a crew,
 The *Seats* design'd to *carry You!*

EPIGRAM CCXII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

A FOOL had let some scarcafms fall,
 (When Kings kept Fools of yore,)
 For which the Ladies, one and all,
 Immediate vengeance fwore.

With

With sciffars, bodkins, and what not,
The Culprit they furround,
And sternly bade him, on the spot,
Prepare for his death's wound.

Down on his marrow-bones fell the Wight;
Confest th' offence he gave;
And, "O! in this my sorrowful plight,
"One boon," he cried, "I crave:

"Since to so bright, tho' fierce a band,
"Your slave his fate must owe;
"Reserve at least, the *fairest band*,
"To give the *parting blow!*"

In such a case, they all agree,
'Twere hard, in vain to plead:
But which the *fairest band* should be?—
Aye, that's a rub indeed!

Sudden, the wrath their bosoms nurst,
 To rival jealousy past;
 And none of them *would* strike him *first*,
 That each *might* strike him *last*.

And had the term of human life,
 Allow'd so long a fray,
 The wag had been reprov'd, the strife
 Unsettled—to this day.

EPIGRAM CCXIII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

EAGER some doleful tale to quote,
 JOHN CROAKER sighs, and shrugs;
 Seizes a button of my coat;
 And as he talks, he tugs:—

Two jobs meanwhile are going on,
 By JOHN's long-winded plea;
 For fure as e'er I hear friend JOHN,
 My Taylor—hears from me!

EPIGRAM CCXIV.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

GRAMMARIANS!—Ye! whose critic censures maul
 Words, syllables, letters!—pray forgive my asking,
 Why we that garment “inexpressible” call,
 Which our fore-fathers furnam'd “Gally-gaskin?”

EPIGRAM CCXV.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

SOME tribes, we read in ÆLIAN's book,
 A fly, for their divinity took.—

'Twas strange—but you shall hear what's stranger ;
 To this fame fly, with reverence due,
 An ox, for sacrifice they flew,
 In times of public need, or danger.
 Add this to that, and say, which was more odd—
 The worship? or the creed?—The victim? or the God?

EPIGRAM CCXVI.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

'TWAS said of old by some queer cur,
 That human bellies have no ears ;
 But this, as daily proofs aver,
 A palpable humbug appears ;
 For never yet was man of paunch,
 Of such degenerate appetite reckon'd ;
 But, that, amidst the first fat haunch,
 He'd hear with rapture, of a second !

EPIGRAM CCXVII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

SIR HUDIBRAS, with a single spur,
Provok'd to active trot his steed ;
Conscious that if one side should stir,
The other must of course proceed.
Thus reason'd once the doughty knight :
And in *that* case he reason'd right.

But had the scheme on man been try'd,
His logic would have prov'd untrue ;
Whoe'er the state's great horse would guide,
Must use both spurs—and gild 'em too :
Or else, in spite of all his skill,
The restive beast will stand stock still.

For,

For, as throughout an horse's skin,
 A sensitive, muscular power appears,
 So courtiers, out of place and in,
 Are all, all-over eyes and ears;
 But, tho' you urge them e'er so much,
Feel, only in the part you TOUCH!

EPIGRAM CCXVIII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

“ ’T WAS not so in *my* time,” surly GRUMIO exclaims,
 When our fancies, and fashions, and follies he blames:
 But your times, and our times, and all times, old Bluff!
 Can shew fancies, and fashions, and follies enough!
 Your taste was the formal, as ours is the flimsy:
 You made Wisdom grimace; we make Elegance whimsy:
 ’Tis all the same foppery, drest different ways!
 Yours was yesterday's nonsense; and ours is to-day's!

EPIGRAM CCXIX.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

IN the lottery of life, if you wag well your chin,
 You've a chance at both ends of the staff:
 'Tis allow'd on all hands, you may laugh, if you win;
 And 'tis odds, but you win, if you laugh!

EPIGRAM CCXX.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

A CAREFUL priest, the story goes,
 For fear he should forget,
 Was wont his sermons to inclose
 Within a cabbage-net.

What at the bottom he drew out,
 He at the top put in;
 Sure thus to bring the year about,
 End right, and right begin.

Mean-

Meanwhile his audience part by part,
 As part by part he took,
 Could tell each text as well by heart,
 As he could by the book.

Thus all their regular order kept,
 In pulpit and in pew;
 And so he preach'd, and so they slept,
 The year, and cabbage-net thro'!

EPIGRAM CCXXI.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHEN quacks, as quacks may by good luck, to be sure,
 Blunder out at hap-hazard a desperate cure,
 In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
 Cafe, patient, and doctor, are amply display'd:—
 All this is quite just—and no mortal can blame it;
 If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it:

But

But there's reason to think they might save more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill!

EPIGRAM CCXXII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

THE love-sick maid, in Bedlam's cells who pines,
Weaves a straw coronet; and a prince's shines:—
While in high life our spinster daughters ape,
In mock protuberant bulk, a mother's shape:—
Say, between frenzy's crown, and fashion's pad,
Is madness prouder? or is pride more mad?

EPIGRAM CCXXIII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

BY the statutes, *pro forma*, in OXFORD, 'tis said,
Certain lectures for certain degrees, must be read:
Which, because there's no audience, except the bare walls,
Wall-Lectures, each candidate properly calls.

For OXFORD, I feel, what we all feel beside;
 I think on't with pleasure; I name it with pride;
 But this statute, methinks, must defective appear:—
 That which binds some to read—should have bound some to hear!

EPIGRAM CCXXIV.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM:

“ ALL things,” said JOHN one day to JOYCE,
 “ Present two handles to our choice;
 “ And wisdom’s province, ’tis confessed,
 “ Is ever to prefer the best:
 “ So moral theorists decide.”—
 “ Perhaps they may,” tart JOYCE reply’d;
 “ With theory I have nought to do;
 “ But practice, (I appeal to you,)
 “ Practice, dear JOHN, will prove you judge ill;
 —“ How many handles has my cudgel?”—

EPIGRAM CCXXV.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHEN ATHENS, in the age of Grecian fame,
 Scorn'd NEPTUNE's, to prefer MINERVA's claim,
 The affronted Deity in revenge decreed,
 Their City none but Fools thenceforth should breed.
 Th' award severe past Destiny's great seal,
 Whose final fiat, nothing can repeal.

Such doom, dire vengeance on the ATHENIANS brought—
 Now hear what PALLAS in their favour wrought!
 “The words,” she said, “which NEPTUNE's wrath has spoke,
 “I neither can reverse,—nor he revoke;—
 “But tho' forever Fools they must remain,
 “I'll make your sons, a Philosophic Train.”
 So said, so done—and from that moment pair'd,
 Philosophy, and Folly, ATHENS shar'd!—

Had this event in these *our* days occur'd,
 Perhaps you would not think it quite absurd,
 If some such simple news-monger as I,
 Should ask, how far from GREECE might PARIS lie?

EPIGRAM CCXXVI.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

IN CELIA'S face see coxcomb GELLIO stare ;
 As if all beauty, and all grace, shone there !—
 And does there any brilliance there reside ?
 Yes—paste and paint, that scars and wrinkles hide—
 And does the coxcomb then, delight to view
 A mask, no mortal optics can see thro' ?
 No !—that impenetrable mask supplies
 An object, dearer far to GELLIO'S eyes ;
 GELLIO'S whole thoughts are on himself alone,
 Th' excessive polish o'er *her* feature's thrown,
 Acts as a mirror—and reflects HIS OWN !

EPIGRAM CCXXVII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHILE BRITAIN'S arms, by sea and land,
Our tars and foldiers bear,
Their country boasts a generous band,
Which makes their cause, its care.

To sooth the widow'd mother's grief,
And dry the orphan's tears,
A liberal fund of prompt relief,
Subscribing affluence rears.

This ENGLAND owes to manly zeal,
Nor owes to that alone;
Ladies for their defenders feel,
And Patriot spirit own.

History!

History! when thy recording page
 Our Heroes brings to view,
 Keep for the Heroines of the age
 A space to merit due!

To merit, whose alternate fame
 Includes the Brave and Fair;—
 And proves our Men no praise can claim,
 But what our Women share!

EPIGRAM CCXXVIII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

TRADITION'S tale, time out of mind,
 Paints FORTUNE, LOVE, and JUSTICE, blind:
 And yet in this description's spite,
 They'd make amends for loss of fight,
 And save mankind a world of pother,
 Would they but listen to each other:

Think

Think what rich comforts life might blend,
 Did LOVE, when JUSTICE calls, attend ;
 Did JUSTICE, FORTUNE'S deed approve ;
 And FORTUNE hear the claims of LOVE !

EPIGRAM CCXXIX.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

OUR smarts (so much refin'd the modern speech is)
 Say "INEXPRESSIBLES," instead of BREECHES.
 In English this may do—if French you quote,
 The word but half describes—a *sans Culotte* !
 Would you in adequate terms state his condition,
 Add t'other half to clinch your definition :
 BREECHES to him are absolute *Incompatibles*,
 Both INEXPRESSIBLES, and UN-COME-AT-ABLES !

EPIGRAM CCXXX.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

“ To be or not to be”—was HAMLET’S doubt :
 And much in truth on both fides may be said ;
 Yet faying, ne’er can make the matter out :
 Life gueffes, argues, puts conceits about ;—
 But all th’ *Experience centers in*——THE DEAD !

EPIGRAM CCXXXI.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

A FARMER, as records report,
 Most hugely difcontented,
 His vicar at the bifhop’s court,
 For grofs neglect prefented.

“ Our

“ Our former priest, my lord,” he said,
 “ Each Sunday the year round,
 “ Some GREEK, in his discourses read,
 “ And charming was the sound !

“ Not such our present parson’s phrase ;
 “ No GREEK does he apply ;
 “ But says in English all he says,
 “ As you might speak, or I.

“ And yet for this so simple style,
 “ He claims each tithe and due ;
 “ Pig, pippins, poultry, all the while,
 “ And Easter-offerings too !”

“ You’re skill’d in languages, I guess,”
 Th’ amaz’d diocesan cry’d ;
 “ I know no language more or less,”
 The furly clown reply’d :—

“ But GREEK, I’ve heard the learned say,
 “ Surpasses all the rest ;
 “ And since ’tis for the best we *pay*,
 “ We ought to *have* the best !”

EPIGRAM CCXXXIII.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

WHEN weddings, in news-paper style are set forth,
 The men are all persons of eminent worth ;
 The ladies possess’d of each qualification !
 How happy a state would all married folk know,
 Could reports, which endowments so easily bestow,
 As easily ensure their duration !—
 Make the future, in fact, what the present appears !
 And the news of the day, be the history of years !

EPIGRAM CCXXXIV.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

THE BOY, with truly philosophic thumb,
Picks from his slice of pudding every plumb ;
Reserving for the last, the sweetest stores ;
The MAN too oft a dreadful contrast shows ;
Health, fortune, happiness, in life's prime o'erthrows,
And makes for age, the ruin he deploras.
They tell us ripening powers, expanding sense,
And reason's reign, with Manhood's date commence :
But sure the Boy, if evidence rests on facts,
More justly judges ; and more wisely acts.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM CCXXXV.

SAUVITER UT NUNC EST.

OUR fashionable belles and beaux,
 With all their fight entire,
 Stick up a glafs before their nofe;
 And each becomes a *Spyer*.

Hail times! Hail ton! Hail tafte refin'd!
 Which makes ev'n failings please!
 And finds a joy in being blind—
 To every thing one fees!

EPIGRAM CCXXXVI.

SAUVITER UT NUNC EST.

How ftrange, (faid once a philofophic Greek,)
 How ftrange abfurdities does man difplay!
 He weeps, to know his life may end next week!—
 He laughs,—altho' it may not laft a day!

EPIGRAM CCXXXVII.

SAUVITER UT NUNC EST.

BENEATH the sun's meridian ray,
Along the rivulet's brim,
The playful insects of a day,
In busy myriads skim :

Being, begun with morning's light,
With evening's shade will close ;
So brief, so limited, is their flight ;
Yet all pure joy it flows.

What better to their little kind,
Could partial Nature give,
Than pastime on their spot to find ;
And while life lasts—to live ?

EPIGRAM CCXXXVIII.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

To save your bones, and yet indulge your wit,
 Observe two universal rules!
 Laugh at the popular *Follies*, till you split;
 But never quarrel with the *Fools*!

EPIGRAM CCXXXIX.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

JULIA, in every beauty gay,
 Which nature e'er display'd,
 A month at least, before the day,
 Sighs for the masquerade.

When now, the happy moment comes,
 A beldam's form she takes;
 Affects to speak from toothless gums;
 With mimic palsy shakes!

On principles, how strangely vain,
 Life's joys and griefs we measure;
 In what to *be*, would give such pain,
 To *seem*, can give such pleasure!

EPIGRAM CCXL.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

OUR grumbling politicians cry,
 Old ENGLAND'S basis stands awry;—
 Mend this, they say; mend that; mend t'other!
 Spare, spare, good people, your concern;
 Let THIS OLD ENGLAND serve your turn;—
 Till you can show us SUCH ANOTHER!

EPIGRAM CCXLI.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

TO ascertain the genuine rust,
 Which antique medals should encrust,

The

The connoisseur consults its favour ;
 With scientific air and mien,
 Licks the blue varnish, or the green ;
 And forms his judgment by the flavour.

Why *older* coins should therefore sweeter grow,
 Is more, I own, than I pretend to know ;
 But *modern* gold, whate'er its taste may be,
 Let it have weight enough—is sweet enough for me !

EPIGRAM CCXLII.

SAUVITER UT NUNC EST.

TO each new husband, and new spouse,
 The world an honey-moon allows :—
 Why moon ?—because, as some pretend,
 Within a natural month 'twill end.
 But nature's moon again will shine :—
 And so might wedlock's, I opine,

Should

Should man and wife each other view,
 As they the moon of nature do:—
 To balance temper's dark fides, with its bright;
 With candor note its shade's, with joy its light;
 T' agree with frankness, differ without strife,
 Would make Love's Honey-moon, a Moon for Life!

EPIGRAM CCXLIII.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

“OUR parson holds his head so high,”
 Exclaim'd a neighbouring squire,
 “I'd give a crown—aye—that would I,
 “To see his wig on fire!”

The hint his man, who heard him, caught,
 And to the barber's sped;
 But found not there the prize he fought;
 'Twas on the parson's head,—

Yet tho' his search no wig could trace,
 (Resolv'd to vent his spleen,)
 He fell with fury on the case,
 In which it should have been.

Then to the squire returning back,
 "Your honour will decree,"
 He cried, "I hope, at least a snack,
 "Of that same crown to me:—
 "For tho' no wig, to feed the flame,
 "Appear'd among the blocks,
 "Still to some merit I lay claim,
 "For I have *burnt the box!*"

EPIGRAM CCXLIV.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

SPRUCE Miss, by novels sets her notions right;
 Thumbs them by day, and dreams of them by night;

Some

Some wondrous model of perfection fancies ;
 Lord BELLEVILLE, CHARLES, Sir HARRY, or Sir FRANCIS!
 How sweet th' employ to picture to her mind,
 The gay, the generous, the polite, the kind !
 With all the dear idea in her head,
 She looks, loves, languishes, resolves to wed,
 Elopes, succeeds—is TOM the footman's wife,
 —A beggar, penitent, and slave for life !

EPIGRAM CCXLV.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

SEE! where unhous'd, at ease reclin'd,
 The strolling beggar lies!
 Sleep, the great leveller of mankind,
 Treads lightly o'er his eyes!

While haughty hearts, and crafty heads,
 In watchful agony live,
 While pride fights on embroider'd beds,
 For what no pride can give,—

Perhaps wealth, pleasures, conquests, crowns,
 Engage *his* present hour ;—
 An hour, which real feelings drowns
 T' invigorate fancy's power !

Thus, all distinctions life can make,
 An equal balance keep ;
 Some are the dreams of men awake !
 And some, of men asleep !

EPIGRAM CCXLVI.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

BRITAIN has known, in many a well-fought day,
 Her UNION FLAG to victory lead the way.

Yet

Yet never did that UNION FLAG avow
 A more expressive Type of Her, than now!
 Now—when her universal ardor proves
 Her QUEEN, the woman she reveres—her KING, the man she loves.

Oh! long! long! sacred, may that Banner stand!
 Glory, at once, and Emblem of her Land!
 Still may She boast—and still the Nations see—
 Freedom so loyal! Loyalty so free!—
 For Worth so thron'd, such popular Union shown!—
 And popular Union's zeal, perpetuate such a Throne!

EPIGRAM CCXLVII.

Καλα πεφαιλαί.

THE Eastern swain, whose amorous eyes
 Each fairer form alarms,
 Deems plump rotundity of size,
 The first of female charms.

Yet

Yet such regard for corpulence shown,
 Proceeds on rational ground:
 That must be visible grace, you'll own,
 Which measures, so much round.

O! test, infallible, tho' concise,
 Of feminine desert!—
 When lovers estimate beauty's price,
 Like timber—by the girt!

EPIGRAM CCXLVIII.

Καλα πεφαιλαί.

ATHWART the deep'ning shades of night,
 With hues of many-tinctur'd light,
 Th' apothecary's window glows:
 Water, where chymical art displays
 The ruby's, sapphire's, emerald's blaze,
 Long gleams of lustre throws.

What

What medical stores are in the shop,
 Drug, essence, mixture, pill, draught, drop,
 'Tis not for sprigs like me to guess:—
 But this at least, I will assert;
 If none among 'em does *more* hurt,
 I'm sure none *can* do *less*!

EPIGRAM CCXLIX.

Καλα πεφάνται.

“THE world is all appearance! mere outside!
 “A splendid nothing!”—Wisdom long has cry'd.
 And what is Wisdom then?—A spider—caught
 Ev'n in the very web, herself has wrought!
 For if her estimate of the world be *wrong*,
 Wisdom's own word is not worth an old song:—
 If *right* her estimate, 'tis as clearly true,
 That Wisdom's self—is but appearance too!

*EPIGRAM CCL.**Καλα πεφάνται.*

FIX'D on our new-built Theatre's height,
 APOLLO stands display'd to view;
 And stands, in shallow censure's spite,
 With absolute propriety too!

SHAKESPEARE, and HE, with equal grace,
 Dramatic judgment's equity show:
 Above HE fills up SHAKESPEARE'S place;
 And SHAKESPEARE fills up HIS below!

*EPIGRAM CCLI.**Καλα πεφάνται.*

WHEN, through a chink, a darken'd room
 Admits the solar beam,
 Down the long light, that breaks the gloom,
 Millions of atoms stream.

In sparkling agitation bright,
 Alternate dies they bear ;
 Too small for any sense, but fight ;
 Or any fight, but *there*.

Nature reveals not all her store
 To human search, or skill ;
 And when she deigns to show us more,
 She shows us Beauty still !

EPIGRAM CCLII.

Καλα πεΦαιλαι.

THRO' the streets, on May-Day, you have seen, without doubt,
 In footy procession, a chimney-sweep rout,
 With a garland of bushes parade :
 Drest in barrister's three-tail'd perukes from Rag-fair,
 With lac'd coats, and lac'd hats, all of gilt paper ware,
 And chalk-paint on their chubby cheeks laid.

Thus gaily bedight, they jump jigs at your door ;
And a concert of shovel and brush goes before !

If ever you laugh, you to laugh must be stirr'd,
At exertions so awkward, and pride so absurd,

With so trifling advantage in view :

But should you advise, with however grave face,
Any one to abandon his music and lace,

He would laugh, as profusely, at you !

In comparative importance, thro' life's whole career,
We are all, to ourselves,—that we think we appear !

EPIGRAM CCLIII.

Καλα πεφαιλαι.

WHY sleeps, benumb'd, th' accomplish'd mind,

When social good craves virtue's zeal ?

Whoe'er can benefit mankind,

Is heaven's trustee, for human weal.

To

To hide true worth from public view,
 Is burying diamonds in their mine:—
 All is not gold, that shines, 'tis true;
 But all that *is* gold—ought to shine!

EPIGRAM CCLIV.

Καλα πεφαισι.

THE modern philosophy makes a great clatter,
 About matter, and motion; and motion, and matter:
 In presumption's poor pride, and with reason's short fight,
 Helps omnipotence out; and sets providence right:
 Yet amidst this extravagant vanity's round,
 It's systems so fair, and it's plans so profound,
 It's research so minute, it's immense comprehension,
 It's detail of discovery, it's pomp of pretension,
 All it's "Whys," and it's "Wherefores," would little avail,
 Were it bound to account—"why a toad has no tail!"

EPIGRAM CCLV.

Καλα πεφανται.

OLD LESBIA, with hardly a tooth in her head,
 And be-wrinkled from forehead to chin,
 Is doubtful, poor girl, for the next masquerade,
 What disguise, she shall show her shapes in!

Prithee, LESBIA, abate this immoderate care,
 For however your choice shall decide,
 You have little to fear from the *false* face you'll wear,
 Considering the *true* face you'll hide!

EPIGRAM CCLVI.

Καλα πεφανται.

ONCE every year, an infant band,
 Whom public charity's fostering hand

Hath

Hath led to truths divine,
 Beneath one roof arrang'd to raise
 Devotion's voice to Deity's praise,
 In choral unison join.

Say where beside has harmony found
 In such a group, so sweet a sound?
 Say, where beside does earth unite
 With sound so sweet, so rich a sight?

EPIGRAM CCLVII.

Καλα πεφανίαι.

IN ten long columns of debate,
 The morning paper shows,
 What toilsome zeal for BRITAIN'S state,
 Our senators disclose!

Well

Well as this looks, you must confess,
 'Twere better ten to one,
 Did *three short lines* at last express,
 What good the *rest* have done!

EPIGRAM CCLVIII.

Καλα πεφάνται.

ALL TURKEY'S mosques, aloft in air,
 A vast half-moon exalted bear,
 With gilded splendor gay:—
 So much for outward signs of grace;
 What piety may within take place,
 Is not for us to say.

But when from things at home we guess,
 Plain truth, I fear, must needs confess,

What

What proofs too obvious vouch;
 That, if Religion's visible work,
 Be all *appearance* with the TURK,
 With us—'tis scarce so much!

EPIGRAM CCLIX.

Καλα πεφάνται.

MARK, how th' expiring taper's rays,
 Their radiance to protract,
 Shoot into momentary blaze;
 And perish, in the act!

So, when in mortal agony's thrall,
 Departing virtue lies,
 Brief bursts of splendor grace its fall!
 It sparkles—as it dies!

EPIGRAM CCLX.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

AN elbow, we're in proverbs told,
 More sharp than usual marks a scold,
 Of everlasting lungs :
 Perhaps you'll be perplex'd to guess
 What correspondence, more or less,
 Elbows can have with tongues !

To solve the doubt, from popular lore
 Permit me, with one proverb more,
 Your memories to refresh :
 'Tis Fate's decree, you must have known,
 That whatsoever's bred in the *bone*,
 Should never out of the *flesh* !

EPIGRAM CCLXI.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

WOULD you th' extremes of human contrast fix?
 Observe DUTCH traffic—and DUTCH politics.
 Nothing's too much to suffer, or to do,
 Provided still, it makes one stiver two:
 By land, by sea, for friends, for foes they trade;—
 Then—cut each other's throat for a cockade:
 Trust in FRENCH faith for independent sway;
 Buy all;—sell all;—and *give* THEMSELVES away!

EPIGRAM CCLXII.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

YOU show the Gipsy trull your hand;
 And bid her read your fate:
 And when she line by line has scan'd,
 For vast discoveries wait:

'Tis not *your* hand which justifies
 The prophecy she'll rehearse:—
 Your destiny in her *own* hand lies,
 And *that* hand—in *your* *purse*!

EPIGRAM CCLXIII.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

IN modern anarchy's reign absurd,
 Whatever maggot bites the herd,
The Order of the Day's the word,
 Throughout confusion's border.
 But heaven (the wise and worthy pray)
 Will soon turn things another way,
 And for the Orders of the Day,
 Restore the *Days of Order*.

EPIGRAM CCLXIV.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

I SHUDDER, if perchance I meet
 Long-winded DROMIO in the street:
 For surely no man living says
 So little, in so tedious phrase.
 DROMIO, it seems, is doom'd by fate,
 On nothing evermore to prate:—
 But destiny, by the same decree,
 Assigns an heavier lot to me;
 Me, who whenever I come near him,
 Am doom'd eternally to hear him!

EPIGRAM CCLXV.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

AT each man's birth, say those who MAHOMET quote,
 Destiny his fortune on his forehead wrote:—

Tho' we profess no faith in MAHOMET'S creed,
 The hint has something plausible to plead :
 What Destiny writes, Destiny would write, no doubt,
 On substance little likely to wear out ;
 And therefore probably it comes to pass,
 So many foreheads in the world, are BRASS !

EPIGRAM CCLXVI.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

CEASE, JOHN, at this outrageous rate,
 To rail from morn to night at fate,
 For coupling thee with JOAN !
 For though it might be fortune's guilt
 To make thy vixen such a jilt,
 To choose her—was thy own !

EPIGRAM CCLXVII.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

IN days of classic fame, philosophy's toil
 Was said to waste a world of midnight oil.
 And fate in France, as recent facts avow,
 Appears inclin'd to something like it now:
 What oil in PARIS her philosophers waste,
 Is far from reach of our conjecture plac'd:
 But sure some practices of modern stamp,
 Have smelt a deal too strongly—*of the LAMP!*

EPIGRAM CCLXVIII.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

THOMAS, in law with JAMES, would know
 Which way the suit is like to go.
 Why, THOMAS, 'twill admit dispute,
 What issue may attend your *suit*;

But

But 'tis as fure as fate, that ruin
 May be the iflue of your *fwing*!

EPIGRAM CCLXIX.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

DESTINY, by fmall but powerful fprings,
 Thro' regular gradations brings
 Her grand defigns about :
 And therefore, when fhe meant to raife
 A Genius, for the world to praife,
 Made frogs and mice fall out.

To desperate war, forthwith fhe led
 Fierce troops on cheefe and bacon fed,
 From cupboard chinks, who fcut ;
 T' oppofe whole force, in hostile trim,
 Stood rang'd along the broad lake's brim,
 The nations of the mud !

Then

Then to describe the mighty fray,
 She call'd forth HOMER'S lofty lay ;
 Whose rapid fancy caught
 Each circumstance of martial pride ;
 Gods, who took part on either side ;
 And reptile hosts, who fought.

And had not this prepar'd the way
 For efforts of more bold essay,
 And tun'd the Poet's tongue,
 We ne'er had seen sublimity's strain ;
 ACHILLES would have shone in vain ;
 And TROY had fall'n un Sung !

EPIGRAM CCLXX.

ALIIUSQUE ET IDEM.

THE CHINESE have a word, which, howe'er it seems strange,
 Stands for fourteen ideas, without the least change :

It

It confists of one syllable too, you must know ;
 And in that but two letters ;—to wit, P. O. *PO!*
 Imagine, for instance, you wish'd to express,
 “ A wife 'man” — “ A man of a 'pleasing address” —
 “ A 'glass” — “ An immense 'preparation” — “ The blows
 “ Of a wood-^s-cutter's hatchet” — “ An ^oold woman's nose” —
 “ A strong 'inclination” — “ A thing 'of small size” —
 “ The course 'of a current, where water-springs rise” —
 “ A "servant” — “ A captive "in battle” — “ A "fop” —
 “ Or to 'boil your ripe rice” — “ or to "winnow your crop” —
 For all, and for each, if to CHINA you go,
 You can't speak amiss, if you only say—*Po!*
 Where else could we find, shou'd we search the world round,
 Things so different in sense, and so similar in sound?
 We may thumb all our grammars to rags, ere we view
 So much in one word—and in *such a word too!*

EPIGRAM CCLXXI.

ALIIUSQUE ET IDEM.

THRO' life's whole range, say what we will,
Capricious as we seem,
We all pay humble homage still,
To what we beauty deem:

Not that such beauty's sovereign power
Keeps any steadfast plan:
Changeful in form, from hour to hour;
Distinct, as man from man:

With equal force in various ways,
As wayward humour jumps,
In lovers, Queen of Hearts it sways;
In gamesters, Queen of Trumps!

EPIGRAM CCLXXII.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

BY two horns and a tail, and by one cloven foot,
 You might still know Old Scratch, when of yore he reclin'd,
 In the dread noon of night, at some blighted oak's root,
 To give witches instructions for plaguing mankind.

Of yore, as I said, this was ever the case;
 But of late, things have taken a different turn;
 In imps, as in men, new refinements we trace;
 Nor is Satan himself grown too old yet to learn:

His business by deputy now he transacts;
 Teaches Avarice *his* cunning, and Meanness *his* spite;
 Inculcates *incog.* what a substitute acts;
 And keeps horns, tail, and foot, all the while, out of sight.

But

But through all that appears, in the mischief men do,
 When their brutal excess of malevolence we see,
 (Tho' hoof, horns, and tail, may be hid from our view,)
 We can tell by the Work, who the Author must be!

EPIGRAM CCLXXIII.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

IN WALES, full many a grave divine,
 If truth tradition speak,
 In Sunday's pulpit form'd to shine,
 Draws ale throughout the week:

Proud Scorn may sneer perhaps; and add
 A wrinkle to its brow:
 But sober Sense, with candor clad,
 Will twofold praise allow:—

For while his tap, within due bounds,
 At home his neighbours share,
 The wisdom he at church *expounds*,
 They see him *practice*—there!

EPIGRAM CCLXXIV.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

FIVE Countries from five favorite dishes frame
 The popular stage buffoon's professional name:
 Half fish himself, the DUTCHMAN, never erring
 From native instinct, styles him *Pickle Herring*:
 The GERMAN, whose strong palate haut-gouts fit,
 Calls him *Hans Werst*, that is, *John-sausage-wit*:
 The FRENCHMAN, ever prone to badinage,
 Thinks of his soup—and shrugs—Eh! voila *Jean Potage*!
 Full of ideas, his sweet food supplies,
 Th' ITALIAN, Ecco *Macaroni*! cries:

While

While ENGLISH Taste, whose board with dumpling smokes,
 Inspir'd by what it loves, applauds *Jack Pudding's* jokes!
 A charming bill of fare, you'll say, to suit
 One dish—and that one dish a Fool, to boot!

EPIGRAM CCLXXV.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

JOHN and his wife, we must confess,
 Make the best match on earth:—
 The one's worth nothing—more or less—
 The other—nothing worth!

EPIGRAM CCLXXVI.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

IN ARABY, learned linguists say,
 So copious is the vulgar phrase,
 That speech at pleasure can display
 The lion's name *five hundred* ways.

But

But while thus, column after column,
 Expression's vast varieties fall,
 These, though enough to fill a volume,
 Mean but *one* lion after all.

Or else perhaps, with evident cause
 A doubt might rise, which most would scare ye?
 The lion's titles?—or his claws?
 The defart?—or the Dictionary?

EPIGRAM CCLXXVII.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

QUOTH WILL to TOM, "Folk say, forsooth,
 "When old wives ape the airs of Youth,
 "My dame has gotten a colt's tooth:—
 "If thou'rt a judge, and this be truth,

"The

“ The reason why declare !”
 “ Because,” said THOMAS, “ I suppose
 “ The mouth wherein that same tooth grows,
 “ (As many a poor Pilgarlick knows,)
 “ Whatever change it undergoes,
 “ Belongs to the *Grey Mare!*”

EPIGRAM CCLXXVIII.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

SOME forty summers now have past,
 Since CELIA was fifteen :—
 Who says, no female bloom can last?
 What can such obloquy mean?

Her forehead the same lilies shows;
 Her veins the same clear blue;
 Her cheek with the same roses glows;
 Her lips boast the same hue :—

The

The self-fame smoothly polish'd brow,
 The same attention draws;
 Perhaps too, at fifteen as now,
 Produc'd by the same cause:—

Perhaps—but let the muse take heed!
 And keep due distance still!
 'Tis not for bards like me to read,
 The toilet's secret skill.

Thus much is sure—That CELIA'S face
 No trace of time betrays;
 But mends each morn the last morn's grace,
 More finish'd from decays:

'Twixt patch, paint, paste, a match for age,
 All brilliant to behold,
 Save in the parish register's page,
 She's not a day more old!

EPIGRAM CCLXXIX.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

WITH much pretence, but little love the while,
Fashion oft feign'd to join Economy's party :
Tho' all could see, that, in the Horatian style,
'Twas "*Gratia amicitiae male factae.*"

But better hopes last winter's omens grac'd :
When Fashion, lest expence should cut too deep,
Snipt each great coat afunder at the waist ;
And gave Economy the skirts to keep :

And now on solid ground their union stands :
Should Fashion's pride next Christmas call for new coats,
Economy from the remnants in her hands,
Has stuff of course to make the same coat two coats !

EPIGRAM CCLXXX.

ALIIUSQUE ET IDEM.

PROUD as a peer, poor as a bard,
 A foot-fore SPANIARD late one night,
 Knock'd at a tavern door so hard,
 It rous'd the family in a fright:—

Up sprung the host from his bed-side;
 Open the chamber-window flew:
 “ Who's there?—What boisterous hand,” he cry'd,
 “ Makes at my gate this loud ado?”

“ Here is,” the stately SPANIARD said,
 “ DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, ALONZO,
 “ PEDRILLO, GUZMAN, ALVARADE,
 “ IAGO, MIGUEL, ALPHONSO,

“ ANTO-

“ ANTONIO, DIEGO”—“ Hold! hold! hold!”

Exclaim'd the Landlord, “ pray! forbear!

“ For half the numbers you have told,

“ I have not half a bed to spare.”

“ Sir!”—quoth the Don, “ 'tis your mistake,

“ If names for men, of course, you count:

“ Tho' long th' illustrious list, I make,

“ In me still centres all th' amount:

“ Worn down with tramping many a mile,

“ DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, PEDRILLO,

“ With all the *etcæteras* of his style,

“ Will sleep upon a *single pillow!*”

EPIGRAM CCLXXXI.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

A SINGLE acorn's cup, experiment shows,

The future oak's whole embrio can enclose:—

Immense ideal—That a form so small,
 On earth's prolific lap, if right it fall,
 Shall burst—shall vegetate—shall protrude a root;
 Rise a strong trunk, from particles so minute;
 O'er-top the forest; brave the tempest's rage;
 Flourish;—expand, while age succeeds to age;
 And haply, when to perfect timber grown,
 Waft to new worlds, the produce of our own!

While on this thought imagination dwells,
 Reverse the scene; and hear what nature tells;
 —That this enormous bulk, is but th' extent
 Of parts, at first within an acorn pent;—
 An acorn! which, should truth the fact reveal,
 Was once—the refuse of a poor pig's meal!

EPIGRAM CCLXXXII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

“**T**RUE-BLUE,” ’tis said, “*will never stain;*”—
An everlasting die in grain,
Which none enough can prize:
Agreed!—But while experience finds
So many men, so many minds,
One constant doubt must rise:

Since each adapts to his own view,
His own idea of True-blue,
The question shifts it’s ground:
The doubt is not, as I opine,
How bright, how long, True-blue may shine:—
But *where it may be found!*

EPIGRAM CCLXXXIII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHEN Bride and Bridegroom ready stand,
 To knit th' indiffoluble band,
 The priest is first in duty bound,
 To charge each conscious witness round,—
 Whate'er impediment he may find,
 Why these two hands should not be join'd,
 To speak out then the whole he knows;
 Or else his lips for ever close.

Methinks the Bride and Bridegroom too,
 Might take from such an hint *their* cue:—
 And when slight tiffs their thoughts molest,
 Think the same charge to them address;
 Urging, conjuring either side,
 To watch the turn of temper's tide;

To

To ſpeak at once, what truth *muſt* ſay ;
 Then, meet relenting love half-way ;
 With mutual frankneſs, gently juſt ;
 Above diſguiſe ; above diſtruſt ;
 Timely remonſtrate ; timely ceaſe ;
 And ever after hold their peace.

EPIGRAM CCLXXXIV.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHEN a dull, drowſy orator drawls diſmally dry,
 He's as long as to-day and to-morrow, we cry ;
 But perhaps we don't think what enormous extent,
 By the phraſe of to-day and to-morrow, is meant :
 From cradles to coffins, ſurvive as we may,
 With the oldeſt amongſt us 'tis yet, but to-day ;
 And as for to-morrow, how long that may laſt,
 Is a point, into abſolute obſcurity caſt ;

Be

Be it longer or shorter, more swift, or more slow,
 We know it by name—and that's all we can know;
 Since thro' life's whole career, which we've hitherto run,
 It has still been beginning—but never begun!

EPIGRAM CCLXXXV.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WE read in ROME's historic page,
 How VESTA's fire, for many an age,
 Still unextinct endur'd;
 To virgin priestesses consign'd,
 Whose vigilant care, time out of mind,
 One certain rule enfur'd:
 While each, in each, mark'd all neglect,
 No single culprit could expect

Her

Her own default to smother ;
 How long soever ward we keep,
 We never on our station sleep,
 When set *to watch each other!*

EPIGRAM CCLXXXVI.

ESTO PERPETUA.

FIERCE foe to the fly by an instinct inbred,
 The spider ne'er stirs from his traps, and his thread :
 Tho' his cunning may miss, or his web be broke thro',
 He again mends the mesh ; and again lies perdue ;
 All alert in his hole ; all insidious abroad ;
 Still patient in labour ; still pregnant in fraud :
 Disappointment in vain *his manœuvres* retards,
 Who, to *play his own game*, can thus *make his own cards*.

EPIGRAM CCLXXXVII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

A FOOL, the popular proverb shows,
 And sure enough 'tis true,
 Tells in a moment all he knows;
 Ev'n let what will ensue.

Yet one equivalent he has got
 For all defects this way:
 He'll talk of that which he *knows not*,
 Forever, and for aye!

EPIGRAM CCLXXXVIII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WOMEN, some bigot TURKS advance,
 Born without souls, can have no chance

O'er

O'er Paradife to stray :—

But why, in fuch unfocial fort,

Cut feminine exiftence fhort?—

Say, Turkish bigots; fay!

Say, why fhould widow, maid, or wife,

No fhare in everlafting life,

As well as you, inherit?

Speak out!—and own, upon the whole,

'Tis not that women want a *soul*;—

But that yourselves want *spirit*!

EPIGRAM CCLXXXIX.

ESTO PERPETUA.

TRADITION, long fince, if we heed what it faith,
Has made it a point of the popular faith,

(In which general opinions agree,)

That troublesome ghosts may be fast bound in thrall,

And in due form of process be sent one and all,

Close prisoners, beneath the Red-Sea;

Where for ages, we're told, they in durance will lie:—

The fact I pretend not to prove, or deny;

'Tis a subject for heads much more knowing.

But this, I presume, I may boldly declare;

That their *staying* till doomsday, when once they get there,

Is as certain at least—as their *going*!

EPIGRAM CCXC.

ESTO PERPETUA.

T' EXPRESS how oft th' apparent weak,
 Outlive the seeming strong,
 We say, in metaphor when we speak,
 "The creaking hinge lasts long."

Think

Think on what terms crofs *CLODIUS* then,
 His lease of being holds!—
 Disgusted still with things and men,
 Who but exists, and scolds!

Fortune, by one of her odd strokes,
 To him two tenures gives;
 He's sure of living, while he croaks;
 And croaking, while he lives!

EPIGRAM CCXCI.

ESTO PERPETUA.

PAINTERS, by custom immemorial take
 For Envy's hieroglyphic form, the snake;
 While for Eternity's type, each pencil draws
 A serpent in a ring; whose tail is in his jaws.
 The two ideas just, apart, we find,
 But how much juster would they be, when join'd?

Let

Let Envy's snake, for instance, fiercely fell,
 With everlasting rancour's poison swell;
 Provided, in eternity's serpent-style,
 It feeds, on nothing but *itself*, the while!

EPIGRAM CCXCII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

Go to the bee!—and thence bring home,
 (Worth all the treasures of her comb,)
 An antidote against rash strife:
 She, when her angry flight she wings,
 But *once*, and at her peril *stings*;—
 But *gathers honey all her life!*

EPIGRAM CCXCIII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

A PHYSICAL sage, who tried to explore
 The depths of knowledge heretofore,

Made this the burden of his song;—
That “life was short; and art was long.”

That life is short, we know full well;
But who the length of art shall tell?—
Presuming on your kind attention,
Two principal measures on't I'll mention.

In GREECE, philosophers were rever'd
For grave prolixity of beard:
In CHINA, erudition's scale
Is ampler growth of finger nail.

How long *art* is, I dare not guess;—
But this, methinks, you'll all confess,
(If beards and nails are standards for't,)
Art's *visible signs*—are mighty short!

EPIGRAM CCXCIV.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WITHIN the papal jurisdiction,
If common fame asserts no fiction,

ROME

ROME can indulgences invent
 For finning, at so much per Cent:—
 A market price on pardon set;
 And calculate guilt—like *tare and tret*.

Yet this (absurd as it appears)
 Is licence, granted but for years:
 Still, spite of trade so contraband,
 Eternity's reckonings open stand:
 Heav'n laughs to scorn such incongruities;
 It's Mercy *sells* no perpetuities:
 But, to pure faith and meek endeavour,
 GIVES freely—what it gives, FOR EVER!

EPIGRAM CCXCV.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHEN a pamphlet comes out, in the plain pamphlet style,
 Your two shillings you pay, if you think it worth while:—
 But if once, by mere fashion, or merit, or chance,
 Into notice the book, or it's author, advance,

To

To work on all sides, goes the prefs and the pen;
 With answers, and answers to answers again;
 With strictures, and queries, and notes, and reflections,
 Appendixes, sequels, free thoughts, hints, objections;
 And of course, if to judge of the whole you intend,
 You must buy without bounds;—and must read without end.

So in BANTAM, our travellers tell us, a sheep
 In body and bone, due proportion will keep:
 While a wheel-barrow's compass will hardly avail,
 To support the length, breadth, depth, and weight of it's *tail!*

EPIGRAM CCXCVI.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHERE gently wand'ring rills surround
 A defoliated pile,
 And glide ev'n now, the confluent bound
 Of GLASTONBURY'S isle,—

To memory lost, by chance descry'd,
 The reverend reliques lay
 Of ARTHUR, Glory's favorite pride,
 In BRITAIN'S earlier day.

No fabulous elves, in fairy knot,
 T' announce his grave were seen;
 Nature's own hand had mark'd the spot,
 In winter's gloom still green.

And where a cross from head to feet,
 O'erspread the Hero's earth,
 A Christmas Thorn springs up, to greet
 Our infant Saviour's birth!

O! may the sweet memorial *live*,—
 Spontaneous proof to raise,
 That Truth can annual evidence give
 To patriot royalty's praise!—

And

And while Religion, Freedom, Laws,
 Are BRITAIN'S happy doom,—
Flourish—to sanction their applause,
 Around her ARTHUR'S Tomb!

EPIGRAM CCXCVII.

[One of the Author's last compositions, which he considered as
 descriptive of his *own situation* in the School.]

ESTO PERPETUA.

GENIUS, too oft, beneath adversity's frown,
 Drudges, laborious; vigorous; yet kept down:
 Never advanc'd, tho' never at a stay;
 Keeps on; perhaps shines on; but makes no way!
 —So fares the mettled steed, in harness bound,
 To drag some ponderous engine round and round!
 His toil is generous effort;—but 'tis still,
 Strength, Perseverance, Progress!—*in a Mill!*

THE END.

E R R A T A.

VOL. I.

- Page 76. line 3. for *them* read *thee*.
91. — 1. for *Inshrivel'd* read *In shrivel'd*.
300. — 9. for *thy* read *my*.

VOL. II.

- Page 9. line 8. for *Puff'd* read *Ruff'd*.
86. — 1. for *set* read *sat*.
157. — 2. for *Truth would justify* read *Love would sanctify*.
214. — 6. for *settest* read *settlest*.
335. — 3. for *In* read *If*.

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