











POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM COWPER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

CONTAINING

HIS POSTHUMOUS POETRY,

AND

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

BY HIS KINSMAN,

JOHN JOHNSON, L.L.D.

RECTOR OF YAXHAM WITH WELBOURNE,
IN NORFOLK.

.....
His virtues form'd the magick of his song.
Cowper's Epitaph.

.....
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TO THE
RT. HON. EARL SPENCER.

MY LORD,

A GENERAL request having encouraged me to become the Editor of a more complete collection of the posthumous Compositions of my revered Relation, the Poet COWPER, than has hitherto appeared, I consider it as my duty to the deceased, to inscribe the Volume that contains them to his exalted Friend, by whom the genius of the Poet was as justly appreciated, as the virtues of the Moralist were effectually patronized. It would be impertinent in me to attempt any new encomium on a Writer so highly endeared to every cultivated mind in that country which it was the favourite exercise of his patriotick spirit to describe and

to celebrate : but I may be allowed to observe, that one of the few additions inserted in this collection will be particularly welcome to every reader of sensibility, as an eulogy on that attractive quality so gracefully visible in all the writings of Cowper.

Permit me to close this imperfect tribute of my respect, by saying, it is my deep sense of those important services, for which the afflicted Poet was indebted to the kindness of Lord SPENCER, that impels me to the liberty I am now taking, of thus publickly declaring myself

Your Lordship's

Highly obliged and

Very faithful servant,

JOHN JOHNSON.

PREFACE.

IT is incumbent on me to apprise the Reader, that by far the greater part of the Poems, to which I have now the honour to introduce him, have been already published by Mr. Hayley. That endeared friend of the deceased Poet having enriched his copious and faithful Life of Him with a large collection of his minor Pieces, soon after his death, and having since given to the world a distinct Edition of his Translations from the Latin and Italian verses of Milton, every thing seemed accomplished that the merits and memory of a Poet so justly popular as Cowper, appeared to require. But of late years a fresh and detached Collection of all his Poems being wished for by his friends, I was flattered by their request, that I would present them to the publick as the Editor of his third poetical volume.

Having accepted this honourable invitation, my first care was to assemble as many of the editions of the two former Volumes as I could possibly meet with, that nothing might be admitted into their projected companion, which the publick already possessed *in them*. With one slight exception I believe I secured that desirable point. My next employment was to make such a copious but careful selection from the unpublished Poetry of Cowper, which I happily possessed, and which I had only imparted to a few friends, as while it gratified his admirers, might in no instance detract from his poetical reputation. I should tremble for the hazard to which my partiality to the compositions of my beloved Relation exposed me in discharging this part of my office, if I did not hope to find in the reader a fondness of the same kind; and if I were not assured that a careless or slovenly habit, in the production of his verses, has

never been imputed to the Author of the Task.

The materials of the Volume being thus provided, the ascertaining their dates was my remaining concern. In a few instances, I found them affixed to the Poems by their author; a few more I collected from intimations in his Letters: but in several the difficulty of discovering them pressed upon myself. This was especially the case with the very interesting additional Poem addressed by Cowper to an unknown Lady, on reading "*the Prayer for Indifference.*" Of the existence of these verses I had not even heard, till I was called on to superintend the Volume, in which they make their first publick appearance. I am inclined to believe that during the ten years of my domestick intercourse with the poet, they had never occurred to his recollection. He appears to have imparted them only to his highly valued and affectionate relative, the Rev-

erend Martin Madan, brother of the late Bishop of Peterborough, from whose Common-place Book they were transcribed by his daughter, and kindly communicated to me. There being nothing in Mr. Madan's copy of these verses, from which their date could be inferred, it was only by a minute comparison of the poem itself, with the various local and mental circumstances, which his Life exhibits, that I was enabled to discover the year of their production. The labour attending this and other instances of research, in which I have been obliged to engage for the purpose of ascertaining the dates of several minor poems, will be best understood by those who are practically acquainted with similar investigations. After all, there are some of which no diligence of mine could develope the exact time; but with the greater number I trust their proper order of succession has been carefully secured to them.

From this brief account of the Volume before the reader, I pass on to the Memoir of its Author. Had I not already embarked in a preparation of the Poems, when I was requested to prefix a sketch of the poet's life, an unaffected distrust of my ability to achieve it would have precluded me from making such an attempt; but a peculiar interest in these relicks of Cowper having been wrought into my feelings, while I was arranging them for the Press, I was unwilling to shrink from a proposed task, by which I might hope to contribute, in some degree, to the expanding renown of my revered relation. I therefore ventured to advance on the only path in the wide field of Biography, in which my humble steps could accompany Cowper, namely *that*, in which I could simply

“retrace

“ (As in a map the voyager his course) ”

“ The windings of his way thro' many years.”

Into this path it might seem presumptuous in me to invite those whom my kind and constant friend Mr. Hayley has made intimately acquainted with Cowper by his extensive and just Biography; but to such readers as happen not to have perused his more copious Work, I may venture to recommend the following "Map of Cowper's Life," as possessing one of its prime characteristic, namely, Fidelity of Delineation.

Bedford, April, 1815.

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SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE OF COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, the subject of the following brief Memoir, was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on the fifteenth of November, 1731. His father, the Rev. John Cowper, D.D. Rector of that place, and one of the chaplains of King George the Second, married Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq. of Ludham-hall, in the county of Norfolk. She died in childbed on the thirteenth of November, 1737 ; and he, of a paralytick seizure on the tenth of July, 1756. Of five sons and two daughters, the issue of this marriage, William and John only survived their parents : the rest died in their infancy.

Such was his origin ;—but it must be added, that the highest blood of the realm flowed in the veins of the modest and unassuming Cowper. It is perhaps already known that his grandfather, Spencer Cowper, was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and next brother to William, first Earl Cowper, and Lord High Chancellor of England : but his mother was descended through the families of Hippsley of Throughley, in Sussex, and Pellet of Boleney, in the same county, from the several noble houses of West, Knollys, Carey, Bullen, Howard, and Mowbray ; and so by four different lines from Henry the Third, King of England. Distinctions of this nature can shed no additional lustre on the memory of Cowper ; but genius, however exalted, disdains not, while it boasts not, the splendour of ancestry ; and royalty itself may be flattered, and perhaps benefited, by discovering its kindred to such piety, such purity, such talents as his.

The simplicity of the times that witnessed the childhood of Cowper, assigned him his first instruction at a day-school

in his native village. The reader may recollect an allusion to this circumstance in his beautiful Monody on the receipt of his mother's Picture,

———— “ the gard'ner Robin, day by day
“ Drew me to school along the publick way,
“ Delighted with my hawble coach, and wrapt
“ In scarlet mantle warm and velvet capt.”

On the death of the beloved parent, who is so tenderly commemorated in that exquisite poem, and who just lived to see him complete his sixth year, he was placed under the care of Dr. Pitman of Market-street, a few miles distant from the paternal roof. At this respectable academy he remained till he was eight years of age, when the alarming appearance of specks on both his eyes induced his father to send him to the house of a female oculist in London. Her attempts, however, to relieve him, were unsuccessful, and at the expiration of two years he exchanged her residence for that of Westminster school, where, some time afterwards, a remedy was unexpectedly provided for him in the small pox, which, as he says

in a letter to Mr. Hayley, "proved the better oculist of the two." What degree of proficiency as to the rudiments of education, he carried with him to this venerable establishment, at the head of which was Dr. Nichols, does not appear, but that he left it in the year 1749, with scholastick attainments of the first order, is beyond a doubt.

After spending three months with his father at Berkhamstead, he was placed in the family of a Mr. Chapman, a solicitor in London, with a view to his instruction in the practice of the law. To this gentleman he was engaged by articles for three years. The opportunities, however, which a residence in the house of his legal tutor afforded him, for attaining the skill that he was supposed to be in search of, were so far from attaching him to legal studies, that he spent the greater part of his time in the house of a near relation. This he playfully confesses in the following passage of a letter to a daughter of that relative, more than thirty years after the time he describes: "I did actually live three years with Mr.

Chapman, a solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton-row, as you very well remember. There was I, and the future Lord Chancellor, constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. Oh fie, Cousin! how could you do so?" The subject of this sprightly remonstrance was the Lady Hesketh, who so materially contributed to the comfort of the dejected Poet in his declining years; and the Chancellor alluded to was Lord Thurlow. This trifling anecdote is no otherwise worthy of record, than as it may serve to shew, that the profession which his friends had selected for him, had nothing in it congenial with the mind of Cowper.

The three years for which he had been consigned to the office of the Solicitor being expired, at the age of twenty-one he took possession of a set of chambers in the Inner Temple. By this step he became, or rather ought to have become, a regular student of law; but it soon ap-

peared that the higher pursuits of jurisprudence were as little capable of fixing his attention, as the elementary parts of that science had proved. It is not to be supposed, indeed, that at this maturer age, he continued those habits of idleness and dissipation, which already have been noticed; but it is certain from a colloquial account of his early years with which he favoured his friend Mr. Hayley, that literature, and particularly of a poetical kind, was his principal pursuit in the Temple. In the cultivation of studies so agreeable to his taste, he could not fail to associate occasionally with such of his Westminster school-fellows as were resident in London, and whom he knew to be eminent literary characters. The elder Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and Lloyd, were especially of this description. With these therefore he seems to have contracted the greatest intimacy, assisting the two former in their periodical publication, *The Connoisseur*; and the latter, as Mr. Hayley conjectures, in the works which his slender finances obliged him to engage in. The Duncombes also, father

and son, two amiable scholars of Stocks in Hertfordshire, and intimate friends of his surviving parent, were among the writers of the time, to whose poetical productions Cowper contributed. In short, the twelve years which he spent in the Temple, were, if not entirely devoted to classical pursuits, yet so much engrossed by them as to add little or nothing to the slender stock of legal knowledge which he had previously acquired in the house of the Solicitor.

The prospect of a professional income of his own acquiring, under circumstances like these, being out of the question, and his patrimonial resources being nearly exhausted, it occurred to him, towards the end of the above-mentioned period, that not only was his long cherished wish of settling in matrimonial life thus painfully precluded, but he was even in danger of personal want. It is not unlikely that his friends were aware of the probability of such an event, from the uniform inattention he had shewn to his legal studies; for in the thirty-first year of his age, they procured him a nomina-

tion to the offices of Reading Clerk, and Clerk of the Private Committees in the House of Lords. But he was by no means qualified for discharging the duties annexed to either of these employments; nature having assigned him such an extreme tenderness of spirit, as, to use his own powerful expression, made a publick exhibition of himself, under any circumstances, "mortal poison" to him. No sooner, therefore, had he adverted to the consequence of his accepting so conspicuous an appointment, the splendour of which he confesses to have dazzled him into a momentary consent, than, it forcibly striking him at the same time that such a favourable opportunity for his marrying might never occur again, his mind became the seat of the most conflicting sensations. These continued and increased, for the space of a week, to such a painful degree, that, seeing no possible way of recovering any measure of his former tranquillity, except by resigning the situation which the kindness of his friends had procured him, he most earnestly entreated that they would al-

low him to do so. To this, though with great reluctance, they at length consented, he having offered to exchange it for a much less lucrative indeed, but, as he flattered himself, a less irksome office, which was also vacant at that time, namely, the Clerkship of the Journals in the House of Lords.

The return of something like composure to the mind of Cowper was the consequence of this arrangement between him and his friends. It was a calm, however, but of short duration; for he had scarcely been possessed of it three days, when an unhappy and unforeseen incident not only robbed him of this semblance of comfort, but involved him in more than his former distress. A dispute in parliament, in reference to the last mentioned appointment, laid him under the formidable necessity of a personal appearance at the bar of the House of Lords, that his fitness for the undertaking might be publicly acknowledged. The trembling apprehension with which the timid and exquisitely sensible mind of this amiable man could not fail to look forward to

an event of this sort, rendered every intermediate attempt to prepare himself for the examination completely abortive; and the consciousness that it did so accumulated his terrors. These had risen, in short, to a confusion of mind so incompatible with the integrity of reason, when the eve of the dreaded ceremony actually arrived, that his intellectual powers sunk under it. He was no longer himself.

In this distressing situation, it was found necessary, in the month of December, 1763, to remove him to St. Alban's; from whence, through the skilful and humane treatment of Dr. Cotton, under whose care he was placed, his friends hoped that he would soon return in the full enjoyment of his former faculties. In the most material part of their wish it pleased God to indulge them, his recovery being happily effected in somewhat less than eight months. Instead, however, of revisiting the scenes in which his painful calamity had first occurred, he remained with his amiable physician nearly a twelvemonth after he had pronounc-

ed his cure; and that from motives altogether of a devotional kind.

On this part of the poet's history it may be proper to observe, that although, if viewed as an originating cause, the subject of religion had not the remotest connexion with his mental calamity; yet no sooner had the disorder assumed the shape of *hypochondrysis*, which it did in a very early stage of its progress, than those sacred truths which prove an unfailing source of the most salutary contemplation to the undisturbed mind, were, through the influence of that distorting medium, converted into a vehicle of intellectual poison.

A most erroneous and unhappy idea has occupied the minds of some persons, that those views of Christianity which Cowper adopted, and of which, when enjoying the intervals of reason, he was so bright an ornament, had actually contributed to excite the malady with which he was afflicted. It is capable of the clearest demonstration that nothing was further from the truth. On the contrary, all those alleviations of sorrow, those de-

lightful anticipations of heavenly rest, these healing consolations to a wounded spirit, of which he was permitted to taste, at the periods when uninterrupted reason resumed its sway, were unequivocally to be ascribed to the operation of those very principles and views of religion, which, in the instance before us, have been charged with producing so opposite an effect. The primary aberrations of his mental faculties were wholly to be attributed to other causes. But the time was at hand, when, by the happy interposition of a gracious Providence, he was to be the favoured subject of a double emancipation. The captivity of his reason was about to terminate; and a bondage, though hitherto unmentioned, yet of a much longer standing, was on the point of being exchanged for the most delightful of all freedom,

————— “ A liberty unsung
 “ By poets, and by senators unprais'd;

E'en “ liberty of heart, * derived from heav'n ;
 “ Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
 “ And seal'd with the same token !” †

* Rom. viii 21.

† The Task, Book V

To the invaluable blessing of such a change he was as yet a stranger. He had been for some time convinced, and that on scriptural grounds, how much he stood in need of it, from a perception of the fetters with which, so long as he was capable of enjoying them, the pleasures of the world and of sense had bound his heart, but, till the moment of his affliction, he had remained spiritually a prisoner. The hour was now come when his prison-doors were to be unfolded; when "he that openeth and no man shutteth," was to give him a blessed experience of what

"Is liberty :---a flight into his arms

"Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,

"A clear escape from tyrannizing" sin,

"And full immunity from penal wo!" *

On the 25th of July, 1764, his brother, the Reverend John Cowper, Fellow of Bene't College, Cambridge, having been informed by Dr. Cotton, that his patient was greatly amended, came to visit him.

* The Task, Book V.

The first sight of so dear a relative in the enjoyment of health and happiness, accompanied as it was with an instantaneous reference to his own very different lot, occasioned in the breast of Cowper many painful sensations. For a few moments, the cloud of despondency which had been gradually removing, involved his mind in his former darkness. Light, however, was approaching. His brother invited him to walk in the garden; where so effectually did he protest to him, that the apprehensions he felt were all a delusion, that he burst into tears, and cried out, "If it be a delusion, then am I the happiest of beings." During the remainder of the day which he spent with this affectionate brother, the truth of the above assertion became so increasingly evident to him, that when he arose the next morning, he was perfectly well.

This, however, was but a part of the happiness which the memorable day we are now arrived at had in store for the interesting and amiable Cowper. Before he left the room in which he had breakfasted, he observed a Bible lying in the

window-seat. He took it up. Except in a single instance, and that two months before, he had not ventured to open one, since the early days of his abode at St. Alban's. But the time was now come when he might do it to purpose. The profitable perusal of that Divine book had been provided for in the most effectual manner, by the restoration at once of the powers of his understanding, and the superadded gift of a spiritual discernment. Under these favourable circumstances, he opened the sacred volume at that passage of the Epistle to the Romans where the Apostle says, that Jesus Christ is "set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." To use the expression employed by Cowper himself in a written document from which this portion of his history is extracted, he "received strength to believe it;" to see the suitableness of the atonement of his own necessity, and to embrace the gospel with gratitude and joy.

That the happiest portion of Cowper's life was that on which he had now entered, appears partly from his own account of the first eighteen months of the succeeding period, and partly from the testimony of an endeared friend in a letter to the writer of this brief memoir; a friend, who, during the six or seven years that immediately followed, was seldom removed from him four hours in the day. But not to anticipate what remains to be offered, the devotional spirit of his late skilful physician, and now valuable host, Dr. Cotton, was so completely in unison with the feelings of Cowper, that he did not take his departure from St. Alban's till the 17th of June, 1765. During the latter part of his residence there, and subsequent to the happy change just described, he exhibited a proof of the interesting and scriptural character of those views of religion which he had embraced, in the composition of two hymns. These hymns he himself styled "specimens" of his "first christian thoughts;" a circumstance which will greatly enhance their value in the minds of those to whom

they have been long endeared by their own intrinsic excellence. The subject of the first of these hymns is taken from Revelation xxi. 5. "Behold I make all things new," and begins "How blest thy creature is, O God." The second, under the title of "Retirement," begins "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee."

Early in the morning of the day above-mentioned he set out for Cambridge, on his way to Huntingdon, the nearest place to his own residence at which his brother had been able to secure him an asylum. He adverts with peculiar emphasis to the sweet communion with his divine Benefactor which, though not alone, he enjoyed in silence during the whole of this journey; on the Saturday succeeding which he repaired with his brother to his destination at Huntingdon.

No sooner had Mr. John Cowper left him, and returned to Cambridge, than, to his own words, "finding himself surrounded by strangers, in a place with which he was utterly unacquainted, his spirits began to sink, and he felt like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable-

desert, without a friend to comfort or a guide to direct him. He walked forth towards the close of the day, in this melancholy frame of mind, and having wandered a mile from the town, he was enabled to trust in Him who careth for the stranger, and to rest assured, that wherever He might cast his lot, the God of all consolation would still be near him.

To the question which the foregoing pathetick passage will naturally give rise to in every feeling mind, namely, why was not Mr. Cowper advised, instead of hazarding his tender and convalescent spirit among the strangers of Huntingdon, to recline it on the bosom of his friends in London? It is incumbent on the writer to venture a reply. It is presumed, therefore, that no inducement to his return to them, which, with a view to their mutual satisfaction, his affectionate relatives, and most intimate friends could devise, was either omitted on their part, or declined without reluctance on his. But in the cultivation of the religious principle which, with the recovery of his reason, he had lately imbibed, and which

in so distinguished a manner it had pleased God to bless to the re-establishment of his peace, he had an interest to provide for of a much higher order. 'This it was that inclined him to a life of seclusion; a measure in the adoption of which, though, in ordinary cases, he is certainly not to be quoted as an example, yet, considering the extreme peculiarity of his own, it seems equally certain that he is not to be censured. There can be no doubt indeed, from the following passage of his Poem on Retirement, that had his mind been the repository of less exquisitely tender sensibilities, he would have returned to his duties in the Inner Temple :

“ Truth is not local, God alike pervades
“ And fills the world of traffick and the shades,
“ And may be fear'd amidst the busiest scenes,
“ Or scorn'd where business never intervenes.”

Of the first two months of his abode in Huntingdon, nothing is recorded, except that he gradually mixed with a few of its inhabitants, and corresponded with some of his early friends. But at the end of

that time, as he was one day coming out of church, after morning prayers, at which he appears to have been a constant attendant, he was accosted by a young gentleman of engaging manners, who exceedingly desired to cultivate his acquaintance. This pleasing youth, known afterwards to the publick as the Reverend William Cawthorne Unwin, Rector of Stock in Essex, to whom the author of the *Task* inscribed his Poem of *Tirocinium*, was so intent upon accomplishing the object of his wishes, that when he took leave of the interesting stranger, after sharing his walk under a row of trees, he had obtained his permission to drink tea with him that day.

This was the origin of the introduction of Cowper to the family of the Reverend Morley Unwin, consisting of himself, his wife, the son already named, and a daughter: an event, which, when viewed in connexion with his remaining years, will scarcely yield in importance to any feature of his life. Concerning these engaging persons, whose general habits of life, and especially whose piety rendered them the very associates that Cowper wanted,

he thus expresses himself in a letter written two months after to one of his earliest and warmest friends;* “Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon so well before I knew them, and am apt to think I should find every place disagreeable that had not an Unwin belonging to it.”

The house which Mr. Unwin inhabited was a large and convenient dwelling in the High-Street, in which he had been in the habit of receiving a few domestick pupils to prepare them for the University. At the division of the October Term, one of these students being called to Cambridge, it was proposed that the solitary lodging which Cowper occupied, should be exchanged for the possession of the vacant place. On the 11th of November, therefore, in the same year, he commenced his residence in this agreeable family. But the calamitous death of Mr. Unwin by a fall from his horse, as he was going to his church on a Sunday morning, the July twelvemonth follow-

* Joseph Hill, Esq.

ing, proved the signal of a further removal to Cowper, who, by a series of providential incidents, was conducted with the family of his deceased friend to the town of Olney in Buckinghamshire, on the 14th of October, 1767. The instrument whom it pleased God principally to employ in bringing about this important event, was the Reverend John Newton, then Curate of that parish, and afterwards Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth in London : a most exemplary divine, indefatigable in the discharge of his ministerial duties ; in which, so far as was consistent with the province of a Layman, it became the happiness of Cowper to strengthen his hands.

Great was the value which Cowper set on the friendship and intercourse which for some years he had the privilege of enjoying with the estimable author of *Cardiphonia*. This appears by the following passage in one of his Letters to that venerable pastor ; “ The honour of your Preface prefixed to my poems will be on my side, for surely to be known as the friend of a much favoured minister of God’s word, is a more illustrious dis-

inction in reality than to have the friendship of any poet in the world to boast of." A correspondent testimony of the estimation in which our poet was held by his friend Mr. Newton is clearly deducible from the introductory words of the preceding sentence; and is abundantly furnished in the Preface itself.

A very interesting part of the connexion thus happily established between Mr. Cowper and Mr. Newton, was afterwards brought to light in the publication of the *Olney Hymns*, which was intended as a monument of the endeared and joint labours of these exemplary Christians. To this collection Mr. Cowper contributed sixty-eight compositions.

From the commencement of his residence at *Olney* till January, 1773, a period of five years and a quarter, it does not appear that there was any material interruption either of the health or religious comfort of this excellent man. His feelings, however, must have received a severe shock in February 1770, when he was twice summoned to *Cambridge* by the illness of his beloved brother, which

terminated fatally on the 20th of the following month. How far this afflictive event might conduce to such a melancholy catastrophe, it is impossible to judge; but certain it is, that at this period a renewed attack of his former hypochondriacal complaint took place. It is remarkable that the prevailing distortion of his afflicted imagination became then not only inconsistent with the dictates of right reason, but was entirely at variance with every distinguishing characteristick of that religion which had so long proved the incitement to his useful labours, and the source of his mental consolations. Indeed so powerful and so singular was the effect produced on his mind by the influence of the malady, that while for many subsequent years it admitted of his exhibiting the most masterly and delightful display of poetical, epistolary, and conversational ability, on the greatest variety of subjects, it constrained him from that period, both in his conversation and letters, studiously to abstain from every allusion of a religious nature. Yet no one could doubt that the hand and

heart from which, even under so mysterious a dispensation, such exquisite descriptions of sacred truth and feeling afterwards proceeded, must have been long and faithfully devoted to his God and Father. The testimonies of his real piety were manifested to others, when least apparent to himself. But where it pleased God to throw a veil over the mental and spiritual consistency of this excellent and afflicted man, it would ill become us rudely to invade the divine prerogative by attempting to withdraw it.

Under the grievous visitation above-mentioned, Mrs. Unwin, whom he had professed to love as a mother, was as a guardian angel to this interesting sufferer. Day and night she watched over him. Inestimable likewise was the friendship of Mr. Newton: "Next to the duties of my ministry," said that venerable pastor, in a letter to the author of this Memoir, more than twenty years afterwards, "it was the business of my life to attend him."

For more than a twelvemonth subsequent to this attack, Cowper seems to

have been totally overwhelmed by the vehemence of his disorder. But in March 1774, he was so far enabled to struggle with it, as to seek amusement in the taming of his three hares, and in the construction of boxes for them to dwell in. From mechanical amusements he proceeded to epistolary employment, a specimen of which addressed to his friend Mr. Unwin, who had been some years settled at Stock in Essex, in the summer of 1778, shews that he had in a great measure recovered his admirable faculties.

In 1779, he accompanied Mrs. Unwin in a post-chaise to view the gardens of Gayhurst; an excursion of which he informs her son in a playful letter.

In the autumn of this year, we find him reading the Biography of Johnson, and, with the exception of what he terms his "unmerciful treatment of Milton," expressing himself "well entertained" with it.

One of his earliest amusements, in 1780, was the composition of the beautiful fable of "The Nightingale and the Glow-worm;" after which he betook him-

self to the drawing of landscapes; an employment of which he grew passionately fond, though he had never been instructed in the art. This attachment to the pencil was particularly seasonable, as in the midst of it he lost his friend Mr. Newton, who was called to the charge of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London. With a provident care, however, for his future welfare, this excellent man obtained his permission to introduce to him the Reverend William Bull, of Newport Pagnell, who from that time regularly visited him once a fortnight: and whom Cowper afterwards described to his friend Unwin, as “a man of letters and of genius, master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it;” who could be “lively without levity, and pensive without dejection.” As the year advanced, Hume’s History, and the Biographia Britannica engaged his attention, though the amusements of the garden were his chief resource, and had banished drawing altogether. These, with the frequent exercise of his epistolary talent, and the occasional production of a minor piece of poetry, in the

composition of which the entertainment of himself and his friends was his only aim, led him to the important month of December in this year, when he was to sit down with the secret intention of writing for the publick: an intention, however, which his extreme humility took care to couple in his mind with this proviso, that a bookseller could be found who would run the risk of publishing his productions.

Between that time and March 1781, the four first of his larger poems were completed; namely, *Table Talk*, *The Progress of Errour, Truth, and Expostulation*. These, together with the small pieces contained in the earliest edition of that volume, were sent to the press in the following May, Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, who had been recommended to the Poet by Mr. Newton, having, as he informed his friend at Stock, "heroically set all peradventures at defiance," as to the expense of printing, "and taken the whole charge upon himself."

The operations of the press, however, had scarcely commenced, when it was

suggested to the author that the season of publication being so far elapsed, it would be advisable to postpone the appearance of his book till the ensuing winter. This delay was productive of two advantages; it enabled him to correct the press himself, and nearly to double the quantity of the projected volume; to which, by the 24th of June, he had added the poem of Hope; by the 12th of July, that of Charity, and by the 19th of October, those of Conversation and Retirement.

Whilst the Poet was occupied in the extension of his work there arrived at the neighbouring village of Clifton, a lady, who was in due time to make a most agreeable addition to his society, and to whom the publick were afterwards indebted for the first suggestion of the Sofa, as they were also to Mrs. Unwin for that of the Progress of Error, as a subject for Cowper's muse. The writer alludes to Lady Austen, the widow of Sir Robert Austen, Baronet, whose first introduction to the Poet and his friends occurred in the summer of 1781; a memorable era in the life of Cowper. The limits, however, of a contracted narra-

tive, such as this professes to be, will only allow me here to introduce the brief character of this accomplished lady, which Cowper despatched to his friend Unwin, in the month of August of this year; namely, "that she had seen much of the world, understood it well, had high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation." The frequent visits of this pleasing associate to her new acquaintances at Olney, gave rise to that familiar epistle in rhyme, which the Poet addressed to her on her return to London; it is dated December 17, 1781. The last month of that year, and the two first of the year following, appear to have been employed by Cowper in correcting the press, in epistolary correspondence, and in desultory reading.

The year 1782 was also an eventful period in the life of the Poet. In March, his first volume issued from the press. In the summer, Mr. Bull engaged him in the translation of Madame Guion; and by means of a small portable printing-press, given him by Lady Austen, who had returned from London to Clifton, he

became a printer as well as a writer of poetry. In October of the same year, the pleasant poem of John Gilpin sprang up, like a mushroom, in a night. The story on which it is founded, having been related to him by Lady Austen, in one of their evening parties, it was versified in bed, and presented to her the next morning in the shape of a ballad. Before the close of the year Lady Austen was settled in the parsonage at Olney.

The consequence of this latter arrangement, was a more frequent intercourse between the lady and her friends. Mr. Unwin indeed is informed, in a letter which he received from Mr. Cowper in January, 1783, that "they passed their days alternately at each other's chateau." This eventually led to the publication of the *Task*. Lady Austen, as an admirer of Milton, was fond of blank verse. She wished to engage Cowper in that species of composition. For a long time he declined it. The lady, however, persevered, till, in June or July of the same year, he promised to write if she would furnish the subject. "O!" she replied, "you

can never be in want of a subject: you can write upon any:—write upon this *Sofa!*” “The poet,” says Mr. Hayley, “obeyed her command, and from the lively repartee of familiar conversation arose a poem of many thousand verses, unexampled perhaps both in its origin and excellence! A poem of such infinite variety, that it seems to include every subject, and every style, without any dissonance or disorder; and to have flowed without effort from inspired philanthropy, eager to impress upon the hearts of all readers whatever may lead them most happily to the full enjoyment of human life, and to the final attainment of heaven.”

The progress of this enchanting performance appears to have been this. The first four books and part of the fifth were written by the 22d of February, 1784; the final verses of the poem in September following; and in the beginning of October the work was sent to the press. The arrangements with the Bookseller were entrusted to Mr. Unwin. During the period of its production, the evenings of the Poet appear to have been

constantly devoted to a course of diversified reading to the ladies. Such as Hawkesworth's Voyages, L'Estrange's Josephus, Johnson's Prefaces, The Theological Miscellany, Beattie's and Blair's Lectures, The "Folio of four Pages," and the Circumnavigations of Cook. This may in some measure account for the comparatively slow execution of the latter part of the work, and indeed of the whole with reference to the former volume. But the following passage of a letter to Mr. Newton, dated October 30, 1784, will explain it more fully. "I mentioned it not sooner," namely, that he was engaged in the work, "because, almost to the last, I was doubtful whether I should ever bring it to a conclusion, working often in such distress of mind, as while it spurred me to the work, at the same time threatened to disqualify me for it." After it was sent to the press, he added the poem of Tirocinium, two hundred lines of which were written in 1782, and the remainder in October and November 1784.

On the 21st of this month he began his translation of Homer, which, together with the completion of *The Task*, proves the year 1784 to have been an active period in the life of Cowper. A no less striking occurrence of that year was the termination of his intercourse with Lady Austen. For a just statement of that sudden event, which, while it by no means lowered the character of either of the ladies, exceedingly elevated that of Cowper, the reader is referred to the biography of Hayley.

The year 1785 was marked by the publication of the second volume of his poems in June or July, containing *The Task*, *Tirocinium*, *The Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq.* and *The diverting History of John Gilpin*; also by the production of many excellent letters, among which those to his cousin Lady Hesketh, who had lately returned from a residence in Italy, and renewed her correspondence with him on the appearance of his second volume, are peculiarly interesting. With the exception of a few of his smaller pieces, his poetical employment, this year, was confined to the translation of Homer.

The same may be said of the succeeding year, which, however, was distinguished by three remarkable occurrences: the arrival of Lady Hesketh at Olney in June; Cowper's removal to the Lodge in the adjoining village of Weston Underwood, in November; and the death of Mr. Unwin in the same month. To the first of these events he thus alludes in a letter to Mr. Hill: "My dear cousin's arrival here, as it could not fail to do, made us happier than we ever were at Olney. Her great kindness in giving us her company is a cordial, that I shall feel the effect of, not only while she is here, but while I live:"—to the second, thus, in a letter to the same friend, "I find myself here situated exactly to my mind. Weston is one of the prettiest villages in England, and the walks about it at all seasons of the year delightful. I know that you will rejoice with me in the change that we have made, and for which I am altogether indebted to Lady Hesketh:"—and to the third, thus, in concluding a letter to that lady, "So farewell, my friend Unwin! The first man for

whom I conceived a friendship after my removal from St. Alban's, and for whom I cannot but still feel a friendship, though I shall see thee with these eyes no more."

Early in January 1787, he was attacked with a nervous fever, which obliged him to discontinue his poetical efforts till the October following. A few days after the commencement of this indisposition, he received a visit from a stranger, which he thus notices in a letter to Lady Hesketh: "A young gentleman called here yesterday, who came six miles out of his way to see me. He was on a journey to London from Glasgow, having just left the University there. He came, I suppose, partly to satisfy his own curiosity, but chiefly, as it seemed, to bring me the thanks of some of the Scotch Professors for my two volumes. His name is Rose, an Englishman. Your spirits being good, you will derive more pleasure from this incident than I can at present, therefore I send it." This interesting and accomplished character was afterwards of singular use to Cowper, during a friendship which originated in the above visit, and

which was terminated only by the death of the Poet. As an early instance of this utility, and that with reference to the paramount wants of the mind, he introduced his new acquaintance to the poetry of Burns, with which he was so much pleased as to read it twice. It was succeeded in the office of relieving his depressed spirits by the Latin *Argenis* of Barclay; *The Travels of Savary into Egypt*; *Memoirs du Baron de Tott*; *Fenn's Original Letters*; *The Letters of Frederick of Bohemia*; *Memoirs d'Henri de Lorriane, Duc de Guise*; and *The Letters of his young relative, Spencer Madan, to Priestley*. In allusion to this interval of cessation from the labours of the pen, he says in a letter to Mr. Rose, "When I cannot walk, I read, and read perhaps more than is good for me. But I cannot be idle. The only mercy that I show myself in this respect is, that I read nothing that requires much closeness of application." Conversing, however, with men and things, through the medium of books, was not his only resource in this season of illness. He had an infinitely

better medicine of this kind, in the society of his valuable friends at the Hall, and the many pleasing acquaintances to which their hospitality introduced him. Indeed the kindness of Sir John and Lady Throckmorton, always a cordial to the spirits of Cowper, from the time he knew them, was especially such under his present circumstances. As a proof of its happy influence on the mind of the Poet, he was enabled in the autumn to resume his translation of Homer, which, with the renewal of his admirable letters to several friends, and the production of his first mortuary verses for the clerk of Northampton, comprised all his literary performances to the conclusion of the year.

In 1788, his venerable uncle, Ashley Cowper, Esq. the father of Lady Hesketh, died at the age of eighty-seven; an event which he pathetically alludes to in several of the letters of this period, and the ill effect of which on his spirits was happily prevented by the successive visits at the lodge of the Reverend Matthew Powley and his amiable partner, the daughter of Mrs. Unwin; his old friends

the Newtons, Mr. Rose, and Lady Hesketh.

The re-appearance at the Lodge of the two last-mentioned visitors, is recorded in his letters of 1789, which was also devoted to Homer and the Muse.

In January 1790, the writer of this sketch, who had hitherto enjoyed no personal intercourse with his relative, but for whom, ten years after, was reserved the melancholy office of closing his eyes, introduced himself to the poet as the grandson of his mother's brother, the Reverend Roger Donne, late rector of Catfield, in Norfolk. His total ignorance of what had befallen that branch of his family, during the twenty-seven years of his retirement from the world, would of itself have secured his attention to a visitor so circumstanced, even if his heart had been a stranger to the hospitable virtues. But as no human bosom was ever more under the influence of those blessed qualities than Cowper's, the reception which his kinsman met with was peculiarly pleasing. The consequence was a repetition

of his visit in the same year, and indeed the passing of the chief of his academical recesses at the Lodge, and his clerical leisure afterwards, till, by the appointment of Providence, he transplanted this interesting man with his enfeebled companion into Norfolk, as will appear in the sequel of these pages.

Perceiving that his new and valuable acquaintance dwelt with great pleasure on the memory of his mother, the kinsman of Cowper, on his return home, was especially careful to despatch to him her picture, as a present from his cousin, Mrs. Bodham. To the arrival of this portrait, an original in oils, by Heins, he thus adverts in a letter to that lady, dated February 27, 1790: "The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me, as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night,

and of course the first on which I open my eyes in the morning." The receipt of this picture gave rise to the Monody so justly a favourite with the publick, when it appeared in the later editions of his poems.

On the 25th of August in this year, he completed his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer into blank verse, which he had begun on the 21st of November, 1784. During eight months of this time he was hindered by indisposition, so that he was occupied in the work, on the whole, five years and one month. On the 8th of September, the writer of this narrative had the gratification to convey it to St. Paul's Church-yard, with a view to its consignment to the press; during its continuance in which, the Translator gave the work a second revision. The Iliad was dedicated to his young noble relative, Earl Cowper; and the Odyssey to the illustrious lady of whom he thus writes to his kinsman of Norfolk, on the 26th of November, 1790: "We had a visit on Monday from one of the first women in the world; in point of charac-

ter, I mean, and accomplishments, the Dowager Lady Spencer. I may receive, perhaps, some honours hereafter, should my translation speed according to my wishes and the pains I have taken with it; but shall never receive any that I shall esteem so highly. She is indeed worthy to whom I should dedicate; and may but my *Odyssey* prove as worthy of her, I shall have nothing to fear from the criticks." Lady Hesketh also paid him this year her usual visit, which extended into the next.

The year 1791 was marked by the completion of the second revisal of his *Homer* on the 4th of March, and by the return of the last proof-sheet of that work to the publisher on the 12th of June. Also by the commencement of his correspondence with the poet Hurdis; the suggestion of the Four Ages, Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age, as a subject for his muse, by his very pleasing and well-informed clerical neighbour, Mr. Buchanan, of Ravenstone; and the seasonable visit of three of his Norfolk relations, Mrs. Balls, Miss Johnson, and her brother, in the

vacant period between the conclusion of his employment as translator of Homer, and the beginning of a new literary engagement, which he thus announces to Mr. Rose on the 14th of September of this year : “ A Milton, that is to rival, and, if possible, to exceed in splendour Boy-dell’s Shakespear, is in contéplation, and I am in the editor’s office, Fuseli is the painter. My business will be to select notes from others, and to write original notes ; to translate the Latin and Italian poems, and to give a correct text.” He addressed himself to the work with diligence, and by the end of the year had advanced to the *Epitaphium Damonis*.

In the early part of 1792, he had to encounter the loss of his agreeable associates at Weston Hall, the death of Sir Robert Throckmorton having occasioned their removal to a seat in Oxfordshire ; an event which he tenderly alludes to in concluding a letter to the Poet Hurdis. His engagement with Milton, the society of Lady Hesketh, and of his friend Rose, but more especially the consideration of who was to succeed his old neighbour’s

in the hospitable mansion, namely, the next brother of the Baronet,* who was on the eve of marriage with Catharina, the favourite of the Poet, supported his spirits at this trying period.

The next remarkable feature in the history of Cowper, is the commencement of his correspondence with Mr. Hayley. The limits of this Narrative will not admit of a detail of the singular circumstances which gave rise to it, but it was scarcely entered upon, before, in writing to Lady Hesketh, Cowper says of his new epistolary acquaintance, "I account him the chief acquisition, that my own verse has ever procured me." In the following May, a personal interview took place between the two Poets, thus noticed by Cowper in writing to his kinsman of Norfolk : "Mr. Hayley is here on a visit. We have formed a friendship that I trust will last for life." A few days after, Mrs. Unwin was struck with the palsy, which deprived her of the

* George Courtenay Throckmorton, Esq. now Mr. Courtenay.

power of articulation, and the use of her right hand and arm. Under the pressure of this domestick affliction, he thus writes to Lady Hesketh : “ It has happened well, that of all men living, the man most qualified to assist and comfort me, is here, though till within these few days I never saw him, and a few weeks since had no expectation that I ever should. You have already guessed that I mean Hayley !”

Early in June, Mr. Hayley left the Lodge, having obtained a promise from its inhabitants, that if it should please God to continue the convalescent symptoms of Mrs. Unwin, which had begun to be exhibited, they would visit Eartham in the course of the summer. The new guest of Cowper was succeeded by the writer of this sketch, who, without consulting the Poet, ventured to introduce to him Abbott the Painter, one of the most successful artists of that period, in securing to a portrait the likeness of its original. In allusion to the fidelity of the copy he was then producing, Cowper playfully says in a letter to Mr. Hayley,

Abbott is painting me so true,
That (trust me) you would stare,
And hardly know at the first view.
If I were here, or there.

In the beginning of August, the party set out on their way to Earsham, where they arrived on the evening of the third day, and where the most cordial and affectionate reception that it was possible for guests to meet with, awaited them from the owner of that elegant villa. This had a happy effect upon the spirits of Cowper, which had been in some measure depressed by the romantick moonlight scenery of the Sussex hills, over which he had just passed, and whose bold and striking outlines so far surpassing any images of the kind with which the last thirty years had presented him, hurried back his recollection to those times when he had scarcely known what trouble was.

In this delightful retreat he remained till about the middle of the following month, his kind host doing every thing that even the purest fraternal friendship could dictate for the comfort of the Poet and his infirm companion; who were both

benefited by his benevolent exertions, the one considerably in spirits, and the other somewhat in health. During the visit of Cowper to Eartham, a fine head of him in crayons was executed by Romney, who joined the party, as did also that ingenious novelist and pleasing poetess Charlotte Smith, the "friendly Carwardine" of Earl's Colone Priory, and the author of "The Village Curate," soon after the arrival of the guests from Weston. Their society was also enlivened by the endearing attentions of the amiable and accomplished youth, for whose future enjoyment, after a life of professional labour, the scenery of Eartham had been so fondly embellished by an affectionate parent, but to whom Providence allotted an early grave, in the very same year and month in which the illustrious visiter of his beloved father was consigned to the tomb.

The literary engagements of Cowper while he resided at Eartham, are thus noticed by his faithful biographer: "The morning hours, that we could bestow upon books, were chiefly devoted to a complete revisal and correction of all the trans-

lations which my friend had finished, from the Latin and Italian poetry of Milton; and we generally amused ourselves after dinner in forming together a rapid metrical version of Andreini's *Adamo*. But the constant care which the delicate health of Mrs. Unwin required, rendered it impossible for us to be very assiduous in study."

The termination of their visit to Mr. Hayley being arrived, a journey of four days restored the party to the lodge at Weston; but not the Poet to a resumption of his Miltonick employment. In addition to the above-mentioned obstacle, the habit of study had so totally left him, that instead of beginning his dissertations on the *Paradise Lost*, as he had intended, he thus writes to his kinsman, who had returned into Norfolk: "I proceed exactly as when you were here—a letter now and then before breakfast, and the rest of my time all holiday: if holiday it may be called, that is spent chiefly in moping and musing, and *forecasting the fashion of uncertain evils.*"

On the 4th of March, 1793, he says in a letter to his friend, the Reverend Wal-

ter Bagot : “ While the winter lasted, I was miserable with a fever on my spirits ; when the spring began to approach, I was seized with an inflammation in my eyes ; and ever since I have been able to use them, have been employed in giving more last touches to Homer, who is on the point of going to the press again.” At the request of his worthy Bookseller, he added explanatory Notes to his revision ; in allusion to which he writes in May to his friend Rose, “ I breakfast every morning on seven or eight pages of the Greek commentators. For so much am I obliged to read in order to select perhaps three or four short notes for the readers of my translation.” He says to Mr. Hayley, in the same month, “ I rise at six every morning, and fast till near eleven, when I breakfast.—I cannot spare a moment for eating in the early part of the morning, having no other time for study.” The truth is, that his grateful, affectionate spirit devoted all the rest of the day from breakfast, to the helpless state of his afflicted companion ; of whose similar attentions to his own necessities, he

had had such abundant experience. There can be no doubt that an arrangement of this sort was highly prejudicial to the health of Cowper, and that it hastened the approach of the last calamitous attack with which this interesting sufferer was yet to be visited. For the present, however, he was supported under it; writing pleasantly thus to Mr. Hayley in October: "On Tuesday, we expect company—Mr. Rose and Lawrence the Painter. Yet once more my patience is to be exercised, and once more I am made to wish that my face had been moveable, to put on and take off at pleasure, so as to be portable in a band-box, and sent to the artist."

In the following month, Mr. Hayley paid his second visit to Weston, where he found the writer of this Narrative and Mr. Rose. "The latter," says the Biographer of Cowper, "came recently from the seat of Lord Spenser, in Northamptonshire, and commissioned by that accomplished nobleman to invite Cowper and his guests to Althorpe, where my friend Gibbon was to make a visit of considerable continuance. All the guests of

Cowper now recommended it to him very strongly to venture on this little excursion, to a house whose master he most cordially respected, and whose library alone might be regarded as a magnet of very powerful attraction to every elegant scholar. I wished," continues Mr. Hayley, "to see Cowper and Gibbon personally acquainted, because I perfectly knew the real benevolence of both; for widely as they might differ on one important article, they were both able and worthy to appreciate and enjoy the extraordinary mental powers of each other. But the constitutional shyness of the Poet conspired, with the present infirm state of Mrs. Unwin, to prevent their meeting. He sent Mr. Rose and me to make his apology for declining so honourable an invitation."

In a few days from this time, the guests of Cowper left him, and before the end of the year he thus writes to his friend of Eartham: "It is a great relief to me that my Miltonick labours are suspended. I am now busied in transcribing the alterations of Homer, having finished the

whole revisal. I must then write a new Preface, which done, I shall endeavour immediately to descant on "The Four Ages."

Instead, however, of recording the prosecution of this poem, as the work of the beginning of the following year, it becomes a painful duty of the author of this memoir to exhibit the truly excellent and pitiable subject of it as very differently employed, and as commencing his descent into those depths of affliction, from which his spirit was only to emerge by departing from the earth. Writing to Mr. Rose in January 1794, he says, "I have just ability enough to transcribe, which is all that I can do at present: God knows that I write at this moment under the pressure of sadness not to be described." It was a happy circumstance that Lady Hesketh had arrived at Weston, a few weeks previous to this calamitous attack, the increasing infirmities of Cowper's aged companion, Mrs. Unwin, having reduced her to a state of second childhood. Towards the end of February, the care of attending to his afflicted relative was for

a short time engaged in by the writer of these pages, who had scarcely returned to his professional duties, when, in consequence of an affectionate summons from Cowper's valuable neighbour and highly respected friend, the Reverend Mr. Greatheed of Newport Pagnel, Mr. Hayley repaired to the Lodge. During the continuance of his visit, which was extended to several weeks, all expedients were resorted to, which the most tender ingenuity could devise, to promote the object which had given rise to it. But though the efforts of this cordial and tried friend to restore the Poet to any measure of cheerfulness, were altogether ineffectual, yet, as a reward for his humanity, it pleased God to refresh his benevolent spirit, at this time, by the success of a plan for the benefit of Cowper, the idea of which had originated with himself. The circumstance alluded to is thus related by the Biographer of the Poet :—" It was on the 23d of April 1794, in one of those melancholy mornings, when his compassionate friend Lady Hesketh and myself were watching together over this dejected suf-

ferer, that a letter from Lord Spencer arrived at Weston, to announce the intended grant of such a pension from his Majesty to Cowper, as would insure an honourable competence for the residue of his life. This intelligence produced in the friends of the Poet very lively emotions of delight, yet blended with pain almost as powerful; for it was painful in no trifling degree, to reflect, that these desirable smiles of good fortune could not impart even a faint glimmering of joy to the dejected invalid.

“His friends, however, had the animating hope, that a day would arrive when they might see him receive with a cheerful and joyous gratitude, this royal recompense for merit universally acknowledged. They knew that when he recovered his suspended faculties, he must be particularly pleased to find himself chiefly indebted for his good fortune to the active benevolence of that nobleman, who, though not personally acquainted with Cowper, stood, of all his noble friends, the highest in his esteem.”—“He was unhappily disabled,” continues his Biog-

rapher, "from feeling the favour he received, but an annuity of three hundred a year was graciously secured to him, and rendered payable to his friend Mr. Rose, as the trustee of Cowper."

Another extract from Mr. Hayley will advance the memoir to the close of the Poet's residence in Buckinghamshire. "From the time when I left my unhappy friend at Weston, in the spring of the year 1794, he remained there under the tender vigilance of his affectionate relation Lady Hesketh, till the latter end of July, 1795:—a long season of the darkest depression! in which the best medical advice, and the influence of time, appeared equally unable to lighten that afflictive burthen which pressed incessantly on his spirits."

A few weeks prior to the last mentioned period, the task of superintending this interesting sufferer was again shared with Lady Hesketh by her former associate from Norfolk; to whom it forcibly occurred, one day, as he reflected on the inefficacy of the air and scenery of Weston in promoting the return of health

to his revered relation, that perhaps a Summer's residence by the sea-side might restore him to the enjoyment of that invaluable blessing. Lady Hesketh, to whom he communicated this idea, being of the same opinion, arrangements were speedily made for his conducting the two venerable invalids from Buckinghamshire into Norfolk, whom, after a residence there of a few months, he hoped to reconduct to the Lodge in amended health and spirits.

It was a singularly happy circumstance that in this projected departure from his beloved Weston, neither Cowper, nor Mrs. Unwin, nor either of their friends, thought of any thing further than a temporary absence. For had the measure been suggested under the idea of a final separation from that endeared residence, which was eventually found to have been the intention of Providence, the anguish of Cowper in passing for the last time over the threshold of his favourite retirement, and in taking leave of Lady Hesketh for ever, might not only have proved fatal to the delicate health of his affectionate relative, but have so exten-

ded itself to the breast of his conductor, as to have deprived him of the necessary fortitude for sustaining so long a journey with so helpless a charge. Nothing of the kind, however, having entered into the calculation of either party, both the setting out for Norfolk, on Tuesday the 28th of July, 1795, and the subsequent travelling thither of three days, were unattended with any peculiarly distressing circumstances.

As it was highly important to guard against the effect of noise and tumult on the shattered nerves of the desponding traveller, care was taken that a relay of horses should be ready on the skirts of the towns of Bedford and Cambridge, by which means he passed, through those places without stopping. On the evening of the first day, the quiet village of St. Neots, near Eaton, afforded as convenient a resting-place for the party as could have been desired; and the peaceful moonlight scenery of the spot, as Cowper walked with his kinsman up and down the church-yard, had so favourable an effect on his spirits, that he conversed

with him, with much composure, on the subject of Thomson's Seasons, and the circumstances under which they were probably written.

This gleam of cheerfulness with which it pleased God to visit the afflicted Poet, at the commencement of his journey, though nothing that may be at all compared with it was ever again exhibited in his conversation, is yet a subject of grateful remembrance to the writer of this sketch : for though it vanished from the breast of Cowper, like the dew of the morning, it preserved the sunshine of hope, in his own mind, as to the final recovery of his revered relative ; and that cheering hope never forsook him, till the object of his incessant care was sinking into the valley of the shadow of death.

At the close of the second day's journey, the Poet and his aged companion found in the solitary situation of Barton mills a convenient place to rest at ; and the third day brought them to North Tuddenham in Norfolk. Here, by the kindness of the Reverend Leonard Shelford, they were comfortably accommodated

with an untenanted Parsonage House, in which they were received by Miss Johnson and Miss Perowne: the residence of their conductor in the market-place of East Dereham, being thought unfavourable to the tender spirits of Cowper. Of the latter of those ladies, Mr. Hayley says, with equal truth and felicity of expression, “Miss Perowne is one of those excellent beings, whom nature seems to have formed expressly for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted; tenderly vigilant in providing for the wants of sickness, and resolutely firm in administering such relief, as the most intelligent compassion can supply. Cowper speedily observed and felt the invaluable virtues of his new attendant; and during the last years of his life he honoured her so far, as to prefer her personal assistance to that of every individual around him.”

As the season of the year was particularly favourable for walking, the poet was prevailed on by his kinsman, to make frequent excursions of this sort in the retired vicinity of Tuddenham Parsonage; one

of which he extended to the house of his cousin, Mrs. Bodham, at Mattis-hall. The sight of his own portrait painted by Abbott, in one of the apartments of that residence, awakened in his mind a recollection of the comparatively happy moments in which he sat for the picture, extorted from him a passionately expressed wish, that similar sensations might yet return,

It being fondly hoped by his kinsman, that not only this wish, but many more of the same kind, and those most sanguine, conceived by himself, might be realized by a removal to the sea-side, he conducted the two invalids, on the 19th of August 1795, to the village of Mundsley on the Norfolk coast. They had been there but a short time, when his companion perceived, that there was something inexpressibly soothing to the spirit of Cowper in the monotonous sound of the breakers. This induced him to confine the walks of the Poet, whom dejection precluded from the exercise of all choice whatever, or at least the expression of it, almost wholly to the sands, which at

Mundsley are remarkably firm and level ; till an incident occurred which introduced them to the inland, but still pleasing walks of that vicinity. The circumstance alluded to, is stated in the following letter, which, after a long suspension of epistolary employment, the Poet addressed to Mr. Buchanan. "It shews," as Mr. Hayley observes, "the severity of his depression, but shews also that faint gleams of pleasure could occasionally break through the settled darkness of melancholy."

It is introduced with a quotation from the *Lycidas* of Milton.

"To interpose a little ease,
Let my frail thoughts dally with false surmise."

"I will forget, for a moment, that to whomsoever I may address myself, a letter from me can no otherwise be welcome, than as a curiosity. To you, Sir, I address this ; urged to it by extreme penury of employment, and the desire I feel to learn something of what is doing, and has been done at Weston (my beloved Weston !) since I left it.

“ The coldness of these blasts, even in the hottest days, has been such, that added to the irritation of the salt spray, with which they are always charged, they have occasioned me an inflammation in the eye-lids, which threatened a few days since to confine me entirely; but by absenting myself as much as possible from the beach, and guarding my face with an umbrella, that inconvenience is in some degree abated. My chamber commands a very near view of the ocean, and the ships at high water approach the coast so closely, that a man furnished with better eyes than mine might, I doubt not, discern the sailors from the window. No situation, at least when the weather is clear and bright, can be pleasanter; which you will easily credit, when I add that it imparts something a little resembling pleasure even to me.—Gratify me with news from Weston! If Mr. Giegson, and your neighbours the Courtneys are there, mention me to them in such terms as you see good. Tell me if my poor birds are living! I never see the herbs I used to give them without a recollection of them, and

sometimes am ready to gather them, forgetting that I am not at home. Pardon this intrusion!

“Mrs. Unwin continues much as usual.”

Mundsley, Sept. 5, 1795.

The hopes of the kinsman of Cowper were greatly elevated by the unexpected despatch of the above epistle, which he hailed as the forerunner of many more, each contributing something to the alleviation of his melancholy. With the exception, however, of two hereafter mentioned, it was the only letter which the overwhelming influence of his disorder would suffer him to write in his latter years.

The effect of air and exercise on the dejected Poet being by no means such as his friends had hoped, change of scene was resorted to as the next expedient. About six miles to the south of Mundsley, and also on the coast, is a village called Hap-pisburgh, or Hasboro', which in the days of his youth Cowper had visited from Catfield, the residence of his mother's brother.

An excursion therefore to this place was projected, and happily accomplished, by sea; a mode of conveyance which had at least novelty to recommend it; but a gale of wind having sprung up, soon after his arrival there, the return by water was unexpectedly precluded, and he was under the necessity of effecting it on foot through the neighbouring villages. To the agreeable surprise of his conductor, this very considerable walk was performed with scarcely any fatigue to the invalid.

This incident led to a welcome discovery; namely that, shattered as the person of Cowper was, and reduced even to a consumptive thinness, it yet retained a considerable portion of muscular strength. This induced an extension of those daily walks in which the vicinity of Mundsley was gradually explored. It led likewise to a journey of fifty miles in a post-chaise, by way of Cromer, Holt, and Fakenham, the object of which was to take a view of Dunham Lodge, a vacant seat on a high ground, in the neighbourhood of Swaffham. Cowper observed of this mansion, which was recently built by Edward Par-

ry, Esq. that it was rather too spacious for his requirements, but as he did not seem unwilling to inhabit it, his companion, who conceived it to be a far more eligible situation for his interesting charge than his own house in the town of Dereham, was induced to become the tenant of it at a subsequent period. They proceeded to the last mentioned place, which is about eight miles east of Dunham Lodge, the same evening; and the next day, a journey of thirty miles through Reepham, Aylsham, and North Walsham, returned them safe to Mundsley. Here they remained till the 7th of October, the health, if not the spirits of Cowper, being benefited by it, though the infirmities of Mrs. Unwin continued the same. On that day, the party removed to Dereham, and again, in the course of the month, to Dunham Lodge, which was now become their settled residence.

As the season advanced, the amusement of walking being rendered impracticable, and his spirits being by no means sufficiently recovered to admit of his resuming either his pen or his books, the only

resource which was left to the Poet, was to listen incessantly to the reading of his companion. The kind of books that appeared most, and indeed solely to attract him, were works of fiction; and so happy was the influence of these in rivetting his attention, and abstracting him, of course, from the contemplation of his miseries, that he discovered a peculiar satisfaction when a production of fancy of more than ordinary length, was introduced by his kinsman. This was no sooner perceived, than he was furnished with the voluminous pages of Richardson, to which he listened with the greater interest, as he had been personally acquainted with that ingenious writer.

At this time, the tender spirit of Cowper clung exceedingly to those about him, and seemed to be haunted with a continual dread that they would leave him alone in his solitary mansion. Sunday, therefore, was a day of more than ordinary apprehension to him; as the furthest of his kinsman's churches being fifteen miles from the Lodge, he was necessarily absent during the whole of the sabbath. On these

occasions, it was the constant practice of the dejected Poet to listen frequently on the steps of the hall-door, for the barking of dogs, at a farm-house, which in the stillness of the night, though at nearly the distance of two miles, invariably announced the approach of his companion.

To remove the inconvenience of these lengthened absences, an inquiry was set on foot by the attendant of Cowper, for a house equally retired with Dunham Lodge, but nearer the scene of his ministerial duties. The search, however, proving fruitless, he ventured to consult his beloved charge, as to how far he could tolerate the Dereham residence. To his agreeable surprise, he found, that he not only preferred it to his present situation, but, if the question had been put to him in the first instance, would never have wished any other. It was agreed, therefore, that as the ensuing Summer was to be spent at Mundsley, they should remain at Dunham Lodge, till that period, and return from the sea to Dereham.

In the mean time, the employment of reading, and, as often as the weather per-

mitted, excursions on foot, or in an open carriage, amused the sufferer till the commencement of 1796; in the month of April of which year, Mrs. Unwin received a visit from her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Powley. The tender and even filial attention which the compassionate invalid had never ceased to exercise towards his aged and infirm companion, was now shared by her affectionate relatives; to whom it could not but be a gratifying spectacle to see their venerable parent so assiduously watched over by Cowper, even in his darkest periods of depression. The visit of these exemplary persons was productive also of advantage to their friends, as the salutary custom of reading a chapter in the Bible to her mother, every morning before she rose, was continued by the writer of this Memoir, who, as the Poet always visited the chamber of his poor old friend, the moment he had finished his breakfast, took care to read the chapter at that time.

It was a pleasing discovery, which the companion of Cowper had now made, that immersed as he was in the depth of des-

pondence, all the billows of which had gone over his soul, he could yet listen with composure to the voice of inspiration, of which he had been conceived to be unwilling to hear even the name. Being encouraged by the result of the above experiment, the conductor of the devotions of this retired family ventured in the course of a few days, to let the members of it meet for prayers in the room where Cowper was, instead of assembling in another apartment, as they hitherto had done, under the influence, as it proved, of a misconception, with regard to his ability to attend the service. On the first occurrence of this new arrangement, of which no intimation had been previously given him, he was preparing to leave the room, but was prevailed on to resume his seat, by a word of soothing and whispered entreaty.

The arrival of Wakefield's edition of Pope's Homer at Dunham Lodge, in June 1796, was productive of happy consequences to the invalid, by supplying an occupation to his harassed mind, which absorbed it still more than that of listening

to the works before-mentioned. These fabrications of fancy, however, were not laid aside, but varied with conceptions of a much higher order; even the sublime flights of the illustrious Greek, to which the attention of his translator was again awakened, in the following rather singular manner.

It was the custom of the Poet, on leaving Mrs. Unwin's apartment in the morning, to take a few turns by himself in a large unfrequented room, which he had to pass in his way back to the parlour. His companion, therefore, having observed that the notes of the ingenious Mr. Wakefield were not without a reference to the labours of Cowper, took care to place the eleven volumes of that Editor's recent publication in a conspicuous part of this room; having previously hinted in the hearing of his friend, that there was in them an occasional comparison of Pope with Cowper. To his agreeable surprise, he discovered, the next day, that the latter had not only found these notes, but had corrected his Translation at the suggestion of some of them. From the mo-

ment that this reviving interest in his version of the Iliad and Odyssey was perceived to exist in the breast of Cowper, it was vigilantly cherished by the utmost efforts of his attendant, till, in the ensuing August, he had decidedly engaged in a revisal of the whole Work, and was daily producing almost sixty new lines.

Much hope had been entertained by the friends of Cowper, that this voluntary resumption of poetical employment, would have led to his speedy and perfect recovery ; but the removal of the family in September from Dunham Lodge, which they now finally quitted, to their temporary residence at Munsley, so completely dissipated his habits of attention, that a twelvemonth elapsed before he could be again prevailed on to return to his revision. In the mean time the air and walks of that favourite village, both marine and inland, were fully tried, till towards the end of October, when no apparent benefit having been derived to the dejected Poet, by his visit to the coast, the invalids and their attendants retired to Dereham.

Cowper was scarcely settled in this new habitation, (in point of seclusion, the reverse of Dunham's edge,) when his friends had the satisfaction to see that the scenery of a town was by no means distressing to his tender spirit. Now, to employ the language of his Sussex friend, "the long and exemplary life of Mrs. Unwin was drawing towards a close. The powers of nature were gradually exhausted, and on the 17th of December, she ended a troubled existence, distinguished by a sublime spirit of piety and friendship, which shone through long periods of calamity, and continued to glimmer through the distressful twilight of her declining faculties." The precise moment of her departure was so tranquil, that it was only marked by the cessation of her breath, as the clock was striking one in the afternoon.

Gentle, however, as were the approaches of the last messenger, in the case of this eminent servant of God, and little as, under the ceaseless pressure of his own sufferings he had hitherto appeared to notice them, they had yet been perceived by Cowper; for, as a faithful servant of

his dying friend and himself was opening the window of his chamber on the morning of the day of her decease, he said to her, in a tone of voice at once plaintive, and full of anxiety as to what might be the situation of his aged companion, "Sally, is there life above stairs?"

From a dread of the effect of such a scene upon his mind, the first object of the kinsman of Cowper, who had attended him to the bedside of his departing friend, about half an hour before her death, was to reconduct his pitiable charge to the apartment below, and instantly to commence reading. This expedient so often resorted to, with a view to composing the spirit of Cowper, and generally speaking with much success, was happily efficacious in the present instance. For though the reader had scarcely advanced a few pages, before he was beckoned out of the room to be informed of the death of Mrs. Unwin, he returned to it some moments after, without being questioned as to why he had left it. Apprehending from this circumstance, and from a rapid observation of his countenance, with every turn of which he had long been familiar; that

the mind of his beloved relative was perhaps in as fit a state for the reception of the melancholy tidings, as, under the pressure of his calamity, it could be, the writer of this Memoir resolved to reveal them. As he was sitting down therefore to the book, and turning over the leaves to resume his reading, he observed to the Poet, with as much cheerfulness and tender concern as he was able to associate in the same tone of voice, that his poor old friend had breathed her last.

This intelligence was received by Cowper, though not entirely without emotion, yet with such as was compatible with his being read to by his kinsman, who had soon the satisfaction of seeing his interesting patient as composed as in the time of Mrs. Unwin's life.

But the favourable issue of two distressing periods, was still to be provided for; his viewing the corpse; and its subsequent removal for interment. To meet the first of these difficulties, it was judged expedient, that the kinsman of Cowper should attend him to the chamber of his departed friend, in the dusk of the evening, when

only an indistinct view of the body could be obtained ; and to preclude his suspicion of the other, the funeral was appointed to take place by torch-light. It appeared, however, that there was no necessity for the latter precaution, as, after looking at the corpse for a few moments, under the circumstances above mentioned, and starting suddenly away, with a vehement but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow, he not only named it no more, but never even spoke of Mrs. Unwin.

The funeral was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Powley, who had been summoned from Yorkshire within the few last days of their parent's life, but had not arrived till she had ceased to breathe : also by the writer of this sketch, and some members of his family. She was buried on the 22d of December, in the north aisle of the Church of East Dereham.

The commencement of the year 1797 in no respect differed from that of the preceding years of his illness, his extreme dejection still continuing, and the only alleviation it was capable of receiving, being still the listening to Works of fiction.

As the spring advanced, however, he was persuaded to resume his usual walks, a measure to which the situation of the house at East Dereham happily presented no obstacles, as, though it fronted the market-place, which was also the turnpike road, it was contiguous to the fields on its opposite side. This was equally convenient for his airings in an open carriage, which, from the happy effect of a course of ass's milk upon his bodily health, begun on the 21st of June in this year, he was enabled to bear, for a few weeks, before breakfast. This was undoubtedly the period of his last deplorable affliction when the person of Cowper made the nearest approaches to the appearance it had exhibited before his illness. His countenance, from having been extremely thin, and of a yellowish hue, had recovered much of its former fulness and ruddy complexion; his limbs were also less emaciated, and his posture more erect: but the oppression on his spirits remained the same. Under these circumstances, it was thought advisable to omit the visit to Mundsley this year, and to take the ut-

most advantage of the rides about Dereham.

With such recreations, and the never-failing one of reading, the Summer of 1797 was brought to a close; when, dreading the effect of the cessation of bodily exercise upon the mind of Cowper, during a long winter, his kinsman resolved, if it were possible, to re-instate him in the revisal of his Homer. One morning, therefore, after breakfast, in the month of September, he placed the Commentators on the table, one by one; namely, Villoisson, Barnes, and Clarke, opening them all, together with the Poet's translation, at the place where he had left off a twelvemonth before, but talking with him, as he paced the room, upon a very different subject, namely, the impossibility of the things befalling him which his imagination had represented; when, as his companion had wished, he said to him, "And are you sure that I shall be here till the book you are reading is finished?" "Quite sure," replied his kinsman, "and that you will also be here to complete the revisal of your Homer," pointing to the books, "if you

will resume it to day." As he repeated these words he left the room, rejoicing in the well known token of their having sunk into the poet's mind, namely, his seating himself on the sofa, taking up one of the books, and saying in a low and plaintive voice, "I may as well do this, for I can do nothing else."

It was a subject of much gratitude to the friends of this amiable and most interesting sufferer, that a merciful Providence should again appoint him the employment alluded to, as, more than any thing else, it diverted his mind from a contemplation of its miseries, and seemed to extend his breathing, which was at other times short, to a depth of respiration more compatible with ease. They had the happiness to see him perfectly settled to the work, and persevering in it, feeble and dejected as he was, till he brought it to a prosperous close.

In the mean time, the visit to the coast was repeated; not indeed, as in former cases, for a continuance there of some months, but with an intention of renewing it several times in the same season. This

series of excursions to the marine village of Mundsley commenced in the Summer of 1793, and was varied by a return to Dereham eight or ten times, after a residence of a week by the sea side. On one of these occasions, he visited the larger of the two light houses at Happisburgh; the extensive prospect from which embracing a country formerly not unknown to him, his companion conceived might be a subject of interesting contemplation. Such, in some measure, it proved, but the attention of Cowper seemed more attracted by the apparatus of the building, lamps and reflectors having been recently substituted for a fire of coals, in describing the passage of that intricate coast. It was hoped that this change of place, accompanied also by a diversity of objects, might operate happily on the mind of Cowper; and, to a certain extent, it did, by producing at times, a mitigation of his melancholy. In this, however, there is no doubt that Homer had a considerable share, as he was the constant companion of the Poet on the coast. The Miscellaneous Works of Gibbon also, and the Pur-

suits of Literature, which he permitted his kinsman to read to him, contributed to the amusement of this period.

Two occurrences worthy of record, as testifying the regard borne to Cowper by his former acquaintance, took place this year: namely, the visit in July, of the Dowager Lady Spencer, for whom he had always entertained the most affectionate respect, and that of his highly esteemed friend, Sir John Throckmorton, in December. But though the former had come many miles out of her way to see him, and the latter had taken a journey from Lord Petre's expressly for that purpose, the pressure of his malady would scarcely allow him to speak to either of these friends, or to express a sense of their kind solicitude.

On a Friday evening, the eighth of March, 1799, he completed the revisal of his Homer, and the next morning entered upon the new Preface, which, however, he concluded on the following day, so that his kinsman beheld him once more without employment.

But the powers of his astonishing mind were yet to be exercised, and that on a subject altogether of his own devising. For though on the eleventh of March, his attendant laid before him the introductory fragment of his formerly projected Poem of *The Four Ages*, he merely corrected a few lines, adding two or three more, and declining to proceed, with this remark, "that it was too great a work for him to attempt in his present situation."

In the same manner, several literary projects, though of easier accomplishment, which his companion suggested to him at supper, were objected to by the Poet, who at length replied, that he had just thought of six Latin Verses, and if he could compose any thing, it must be in pursuing that composition.

His desk being opened the next morning, and all things duly arranged for the purpose, his kinsman had the satisfaction, on his return to the room, to see a Poem entitled *Montes Glaciales* commenced, and that some verses were added to the six before mentioned. On his attentively considering the Title, it occurred to his

companion that during the residence of the Poet at Dunham Lodge, the circumstance which he had begun to versify, had been read to him in one of the Norwich Papers, though without its appearing to engage his notice. At the request of Miss Perowne he translated this Poem into English verse on the 19th of the same month.

If the friends of Cowper were not a little surprised, that his memory should have furnished him with a subject for his Poetical talent, under circumstances so unlikely to favour its exertion, his producing *The Cast-away*, the next day, which was founded on an incident recorded in Anson's *Voyage*, a book which he had not looked into, for almost twenty years, astonished them still more. It was, however, the last original Poem produced by the pen of Cowper. In August he translated it into Latin Verse.

On the same day that he began and finished *The Cast-away*, the Latin Poems of his favourite Vincent Bourne, which he had appeared not unwilling to enter upon next, were laid before him, and he trans-

lated "*The Thracian.*" But as his subsequent productions with their respective dates, are duly specified in the following pages, after observing that the Poet went in October with himself and Miss Perowne to survey a much more commodious house in East Dereham, than the family had hitherto occupied there, and to which they removed in December, the writer of this Memoir will draw it to a close.

Cowper had not passed many weeks in this new habitation, when the symptoms of weakness which he had for some time exhibited, assumed a dropsical appearance in the ankles and feet. To arrest the progress of this new malady, a Physician was called in, on the 31st of January, 1800, by the aid of whose prescriptions, which he was with difficulty persuaded to follow, and the daily exercise of a post-chaise, the disorder was so far checked, as not to occasion any further alarm.

Towards the end of January, his attention had been recalled to Homer, by a request from his friend of Sussex, who wished him to new-model a passage in his Translation of *The Iliad*, where mention

is made of the very ancient Sculpture in which Dædalus had represented the Cre-tan dance for Ariadne. "On the thirty-first of January," says Mr. Hayley, "I received from him his improved version of the lines in question written in a firm and delicate hand. The sight of such writing, from my long silent friend, inspired me with a lively, but too sanguine hope, that I might see him once more restored. Alas! the verses which I surveyed as a delightful omen of future Letters from a correspondent so inexpressibly dear to me, proved the last effort of his pen."

By the 22d of February his weakness had increased to such a degree, as to be incompatible with the motion of a carriage, which was therefore discontinued from that day.

He had now ceased to come down stairs, though he was still able, after breakfasting in bed, to adjourn to a second room above, and to remain there till the evening.

Before the end of March, he was obliged to forego even the trifling exercise connected with this change of apartments, and to confine himself altogether to his

bed-room ; in which, however, he sat up to every meal except breakfast.

About this time he was visited by his friend Mr. Rose, whose arrival at the lodge at Weston, he had so often welcomed with the sincerest delight, but whose approach he now witnessed with scarcely any perceivable pleasure. His departure, however, on the 6th of April, excited evident feelings of regret in Cowper.

The humane example exhibited by Mr. Rose, in this affectionate visit to the house of a departing friend, would have been speedily followed by Mr. Hayley and Lady Hesketh, had not the former been prevented by the impending death of a darling child, and the latter by a state of health too infirm to warrant so long a journey, and into which she had fallen soon after the departure of Cowper from Weston, in consequence of her protracted and painful confinement with her revered relative, during the early stage of his calamitous depression.

On the 19th of April the weakness of this truly pitiable sufferer had so much increased, that his kinsman apprehended

his death to be near. Adverting, therefore, to the affliction, as well of body as of mind, which his beloved inmate was then enduring, he ventured to speak of his approaching dissolution as the signal of his deliverance from both these miseries.— After a pause of a few moments, which was less interrupted by the objections of his desponding relative than he had dared to hope, he proceeded to an observation more consolatory still; namely, that in the world to which he was hastening, a merciful Redeemer had prepared unspeakable happiness for all his children—and therefore for him. To the first part of this sentence he had listened with composure, but the concluding words were no sooner uttered, than his passionately expressed entreaties that his companion would desist from any further observations of a similar kind, clearly proved, that though it was on the eve of being invested with angelick light, the darkness of delusion still veiled his spirit.

The clerical duties of his attendant occasioned his absence during the greater part of Sunday the 20th; but he learnt

on his return that he had in some measure revived. He was, however, in bed, and asleep; which induced his kinsman to remain in the room, and watch by him. Whilst engaged in this melancholy office, and endeavouring to reconcile his mind to the loss of so dear a friend, by considering the gain which that friend would experience, his reflections were suddenly interrupted, by the unusual and singularly varied tone of his breathing, which had a striking resemblance to the confused notes of an organ. Inexperienced as he then was in the diversified approaches of the last messenger, he conceived it to be the sound of his immediate summons, and after listening to it for several minutes, he arose from the foot of the bed on which he was sitting, to take a nearer, and a last view of his departing relative, commending his soul in silence, to that gracious Saviour, whom in the fulness of mental health he had delighted to honour. As he put aside the curtain, he opened his eyes; but closed them without speaking, and breathed as usual.

In the early part of Monday the 21st, and indeed till toward the hour of dinner, he appeared to be dying, but he so far recovered as to be able to partake slightly of that meal.

The near approach of his dissolution became more and more observable in every succeeding hour of Tuesday and Wednesday.

On Thursday the weakness was not at all diminished ; but he sat up as usual for a short time in the evening.

In the course of the night, when he appeared to be exceedingly exhausted, some refreshment was presented to him by Miss Perowne. From a persuasion, however, that nothing could meliorate his feelings, though without any apparent impression that the hand of death was already upon him, he rejected the cordial with these words, the very last that he was heard to utter, "What can it signify?"

At five in the morning of Friday the 25th, a deadly change in his features was observed to take place. He remained in an insensible state from that time till about five minutes before five in the after-

noon, when he ceased to breathe. And in so mild and gentle a manner did his spirit take its flight, that though the writer of this Memoir, his medical attendant Mr. Woods, and three other persons, were standing at the foot and side of the bed, with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, the precise moment of his departure was unobserved by any.

From this mournful period, till the features of his deceased friend were closed from his view, the expression which the kinsman of Cowper observed in them, and which he was affectionately delighted to suppose an index of the last thoughts and enjoyments of his soul in its gradual escape from the depths of despondence, was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise.

He was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, in the Church of East Dereham, on Saturday the 2d of May. Over his grave a Monument is erected, bearing the following inscription, from the pen of Mr. Hayley.

In Memory
OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.
Born in Herefordshire, 1731.
Buried in this Church 1800.

Ye, who with warmth the publick triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust !
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his fav'rite name :
Sense, fancy, wit suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise :
His highest honours to the heart belong ;
His virtues form'd the magick of his song :

POEMS.

—
VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH,

ON FINDING THE HEEL OF A SHOE,

IN 1748.

FORTUNE ! I thank thee : gentle Goddess ! thanks !
Not that my Muse, tho' bashful, shall deny,
She would have thank'd thee rather, hadst thou cast
A treasure in her way ; for neither need
Of early breakfast, to dispel the fumes,
And bowel-racking pains of emptiness,
Nor noontide feast, nor ev'ning's cool repast,
Hopes she from this—presumptuous, tho', perhaps,
The cobbler, leather-carving artist ! might.
Nathless she thanks thee, and accepts thy boon,
Whatever ; not as erst the fabled cock,
Vain glorious fool ! unknowing what he found,¹
Spurn'd the rich gem, thou gav'st him. Wherefore,
ah !
Why not on me that favour, (worthier sure !)
Conferr'd'st thou, Goddess ! Thou art blind, thou
say'st :
Enough !--thy blindness shall excuse the deed.

Nor does my Muse no benefit exhale
 From this thy scant indulgence !—even here,
 Hints, worthy sage philosophy, are found ;
 Illustrious hints, to moralise my song !
 This pond'rous heel of perforated hide
 Compact, with pegs indented, many a row,
 Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks,)

The weighty tread of some rude peasant clown
 Uphore : on this supported oft, he stretch'd,
 With uncouth strides, along the furrow'd glebe,
 Flatt'ning the stubborn clod, till cruel time
 (What will not cruel time,) on a wry step,
 Sever'd the strict cohesion ; when, alas !
 He, who could erst, with even, equal pace,
 Pursue his destin'd way with symmetry,
 And some proportion form'd, now, on one side,
 Curtail'd and maim'd, the sport of vagrant boys,
 Cursing his frail supporter, treacherous prop !
 With toilsome steps, and difficult, moves on :
 Thus fares it oft with other than the feet
 Of humble villager—the statesman thus,
 Up the steep road, where proud ambition leads,
 Aspiring, first uninterrupted winds
 His prosp'rous way ; nor fears miscarriage foul,
 While policy prevails, and friends prove true :
 But that support soon failing, by him left,
 On whom he most depended, basely left,
 Betray'd, deserted ; from his airy height
 Head-long he falls ; and thro' the rest of life,
 Drags the dull load of disappointment on.

STANZAS

SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL ODE ON THE
FIRST PUBLICATION OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,

IN 1753.

To rescue from the tyrant's sword
Th' oppress'd ;—unseen and unimplor'd,
 To cheer the face of wo ;
From lawless insult to defend
An orphan's right—a fallen friend,
 And a forgiven foe ;

These, these distinguish from the crowd,
And these alone, the great and good,
 The guardians of mankind ;
Whose bosoms with these virtues heave,
O, with what matchless speed, they leave
 The multitude behind !

Then ask ye, from what cause on earth
Virtues like these derive their birth,
 Deriv'd from Heaven alone,
Full on that favour'd breast they shine,
Where faith and resignation join
 To call the blessing down.

Such is that heart :—but while the Muse
 Thy theme, O RICHARDSON, pursues,
 Her feeble spirits faint :
 She cannot reach, and would not wrong,
 That subject for an angel's song,
 The hero, and the saint !



AN EPISTLE

TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ.

1754.

'Tis not that I design to rob
 Thee of thy birth-right, gentle Bob,
 For thou art born sole heir, and single,
 Of dear Mat Prior's easy jingle ;
 Nor that I mean, while thus I knit
 My thread-bare sentiments together,
 To show my genius, or my wit,
 When God and you know, I have neither ;
 Or such, as might be better shown
 By letting poetry alone.
 'Tis not with either of these views,
 That I presum'd t' address the Muse :
 But to divert a fierce banditti,
 (Sworn foes to ev'ry thing that's witty !)
 That, with a black, infernal train,
 Make cruel inroads in my brain,

And daily threaten to drive thence
 My little garrison of sense :
 The fierce banditti, which I mean,
 Are gloomy thoughts, led on by Spleen.
 Then there's another reason yet,
 Which is, that I may fairly quit
 The debt, which justly became due
 The moment when I heard from you :
 And you might grumble, crouny mine,
 If paid in any other coin ;
 Since twenty sheets of lead, God knows,
 (I would say twenty sheets of prose,)
 Can ne'er be deem'd worth half so much
 As one of gold, and your's was such.
 Thus, the preliminaries settled,
 I fairly find myself *pitch-kettled* :*
 And cannot see, tho' few see better,
 How I shall hammer out a letter.

First, for a thought—since all agree—
 A thought—I have it—let me see—
 'Tis gone again—plague on't ! I thought
 I had it—but I have it not.
 Dame Gurton thus, and Hodge her son,
 That useful thing, her needle, gone !
 Rake well the sinders :—sweep the floor,
 And sift the dust behind the door ;

* Pitch-kettled, a favourite phrase at the time when
 this Epistle was written, expressive of being puzzled, or
 what in the Spectator's time would have been called
bamboozled.

While eager Hodge beholds the prize
 In old grimalkin's glaring eyes ;
 And gammer finds it on her knees
 In every shining straw she sees.
 This simile were apt enough ;
 But I've another, critick-proof !
 The virtuoso thus, at noon,
 Broiling beneath a July sun,
 The gilded butterfly pursues,
 O'er hedge and ditch, thro' gaps and mews ;
 And after many a vain essay,
 To captivate the tempting prey,
 Gives him at length the lucky pat,
 And has him safe beneath his bat :
 Then lifts it gently from the ground ;
 But ah ! 'tis lost as soon as found ;
 Culprit his liberty regains ;
 Flits out of sight, and mocks his pains.
 The sense was dark ; 'twas therefore fit
 With simile t' illustrate it ;
 But as too much obscures the sight,
 As often as too little light,
 We have our similes cut short,
 For matters of more grave import.
 That Matthew's numbers run with ease
 Each man of common sense agrees ;
 All men of common sense allow,
 That Robert's lines are easy too :
 Where then the preference shall we place,
 Or how do justice in this ease ?

Matthew (says fame) with endless pains,
 Smooth'd and refin'd the meanest strains ;
 Nor suffer'd one ill-chosen rhyme
 T' escape him at the idlest time ;
 And thus o'er all a lustre cast,
 That, while the language lives, shall last,
 An't please your ladyship (quoth I,)
 For 'tis my business to reply ;
 Sure so much labour, so much toil,
 Bespeak at least a stubborn soil :
 Theirs be the laurel-wreath decreed,
 Who both write well, and write full speed !
 Who throw their Helicon about
 As freely as a conduit spout !
 Friend Robert, thus like *chien scavant*,
 Lets fall a poem *en passant*,
 Nor needs his genuine ore refine !
 'Tis ready polish'd from the mine.

THE FIFTH SATIRE
 OF THE
 FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

[Printed in Duncombe's Horace.]

1759.

*A humourous Description of the Author's Journey
 from Rome to Brundusium.*

'Twas a long journey lay before us,
 When I, and honest Heliodorus,
 Who far in point of rhetorick
 Surpasses ev'ry living Greek,
 Each leaving our respectivé home
 Together sallied forth from Rome.

First at Aricia we alight,
 And there refresh, and pass the night,
 Our entertainment rather coarse
 Than sumptuous, but I've met with worse.
 Thence o'er the causeway soft and fair
 To Appiiforum we repair.
 But as this road is well supplied
 (Temptation strong!) on either side
 With inns commodious, snug, and warm,
 We split the journey, and perform

In two days time what's often done
 By brisker travellers in one.
 Here, rather choosing not to sup
 Than with bad water mix my cup,
 After a warm debate in spite
 Of a provoking appetite,
 I sturdily resolv'd at last
 To balk it, and pronounce a fast,
 And in a moody humour wait,
 While my less dainty comrades bait,

Now o'er the spangled hemisphere
 Diffus'd the starry train appear,
 When there arose a desp'rate brawl;
 The slaves and bargemen, one and all,
 Rending their throats (have mercy on us)
 As if they were resolv'd to stun us.
 "Steer the barge this way to the shore;
 I tell you we'll admit no more;
 Plague! will you never be content?"
 Thus a whole hour at least is spent,
 While they receive the several fares,
 And kick the mule into his gears.
 Happy, these difficulties past,
 Could we have fall'n asleep at last!
 But, what with humming, croaking, biting,
 Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues uniting,
 These tuneful natives of the lake
 Conspir'd to keep us broad awake.
 Besides, to make the concert full,
 Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,

The bargeman and a pssenger,
 Each in his turn, essay'd an air
 In honour of his absent fair.
 At length the passenger, opprest
 With wine, left off, and snor'd the rest.
 The weary bargeman too gave o'er,
 And hearing his companion snore,
 Seiz'd the occasion, fix'd the barge,
 Turn'd out his mule to graze at large,
 And slept forgetful of his charge.
 And now the sun o'er eastern hill,
 Discover'd that our barge stood still ;
 When one, whose anger vex'd him sore,
 With malice fraught, leaps quick on shore ;
 Plucks up a stake, with many a thwack
 Assails the mule and driver's back.

Then slowly moving on with pain,
 At ten Feronia's stream we gain,
 And in her pure and glassy wave
 Our hands and faces gladly lave.
 Climbing three miles, fair Anxur's height
 We reach, with stony quarries white.
 While here, as was agreed, we wait,
 Till, charg'd with business of the state,
 Mæcenas and Cocceius come,
 The messengers of peace from Rome.
 My eyes, by wat'ry humours blear
 And sore, I with black balsam smear.
 At length they join us, and with them
 Our worthy friend Fonteius came ;

A man of such complete desert,
 Antony lov'd him at his heart.
 At Fundi we refus'd to bait,
 And laugh'd at vain Aufidius' state,
 A prætor now, a scribe before,
 The purple-border'd robe he wore,
 His slave the smoking censer bore.
 Tir'd, at Muræna's we repose,
 At Formia sup at Capito's.

With smiles the rising morn we greet,
 At Sinuessa pleas'd to meet
 With Plotius, Varius, and the bard,
 Whom Mantua first with wonder heard.
 The world no purer spirits knows ;
 For none my heart more warmly glows.
 O ! what embraces we bestow'd,
 And with what joy our breasts o'erflow'd !
 Sure, while my sense is sound and clear,
 Long as I live, I shall prefer
 A gay, good natur'd, easy friend,
 To every blessing Heav'n can send.
 At a small village the next night
 Near the Vulturnus we alight ;
 Where, as employ'd on state affairs,
 We were supplied by the purvey'rs
 Frankly at once, and without hire,
 With food for man and horse, and fire.
 Capua next day betimes we reach,
 Where Virgil and myself, who each

Labour'd with different maladies,
 His such a stomach, mine such eyes,
 As would not bear strong exercise,
 In drowsy mood to sleep resort ;
 Mæcenas to the tennis-court.
 Next at Cocceius' farm we're treated,
 Above the Caudian tavern seated ;
 His kind and hospitable board
 With choice of wholesome food was stor'd.

Now, O ye nine, inspire my lays !
 To nobler themes my fancy raise !
 Two combatants, who scorn to yield
 The noisy, tongue-disputed field,
 Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim
 A poet's tribute to their fame ;
 Cicirrus of true Oscian breed,
 Sarmentus, who was never freed,
 But ran away. We don't defame him ;
 His lady lives, and still may claim him.
 Thus dignified, in harder fray
 These champions their keen wit display,
 And first Sarmentus led the way.
 " Thy locks, (quoth he) so rough and coarse,
 Look like the mane of some wild horse."
 We laugh : Cicirrus undismay'd—
 " Have at you !"—cries, and shakes his head.
 " 'Tis well (Sarmentus says) you've lost
 That horn your forehead once could boast ;
 Since, maim'd and mangled as you are,
 You seem to butt." A hideous scar

Improv'd ('tis true) with double grace
 The native horrors of his face.
 Well. After much jocosely said
 Of his grim front, so fi'ry red,
 (For carbuncles had blotch'd it o'er,
 As usual on Campania's shore)
 " Give us, (he cried) since you're so big,
 A sample of the Cyclops' jig !
 Your shanks methinks no buskins ask,
 Nor does your phiz require a mask."
 To this Cicirrus. " In return
 Of you, Sir, now I fain would learn,
 When 'twas, no longer deem'd a slave,
 Your chains you to the Lares gave.
 For tho' a scriv'ner's right you claim,
 Your lady's title is the same.
 But what could make you run away,
 Since, pigmy as you are, each day
 A single pound of bread would quite
 O'erpow'r your puny appetite ?"
 Thus jok'd the champions, while we laugh'd,
 And many a cheerful bumper quaff'd.

To Beneventum next we steer ;
 Where our good host by over care
 In roasting thrushes lean as mice
 Had almost fall'n a sacrifice.
 The kitchen soon was all on fire,
 And to the roof the flames aspire.
 There might you see each man and master
 Striv'nig, amidst this sad disaster,

To save the supper. Then they came
 With speed enough to quench the flame.
 From hence we first at distance see
 Th' Apulian hills, well known to me,
 Parch'd by the sultry western blast ;
 And which we never should have past,
 Had not Trivicius by the way
 Receiv'd us at the close of day.
 But each was forc'd at ent'ring here
 To pay the tribute of a tear,
 For more of smoke than fire was seen—
 The hearth was pil'd with logs so green,
 From hence in chaises we were carried
 Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarried
 At a small town, whose name my verse
 (So barb'rous is it) can't rehearse.
 Know it you may by many a sign,
 Water is dearer far than wine.
 Their bread is deem'd such dainty fare,
 That ev'ry prudent traveller
 His wallet loads with many a crust
 For at Canusium you might just
 As well attempt to gnaw a stone
 As think to get a morsel down :
 That too with scanty streams is fed ;
 Its founder was brave Diomed.
 Good Varius (ah, that friends must part
 Here left us all with aching heart.
 At Rubi we arriv'd that day,
 Well jaded by the length of way,
 And sure poor mortals ne'er were weter :
 Next day no weather could be better ;

No roads so bad ; we scarce could crawl
 Along to fishy Barium's wall.
 Th' Egnatians next, who, by the rules
 Of common sense are knaves or fools,
 Made all our sides with laughter heave,
 Since we with them must needs believe,
 That incense in their temples burns,
 And without fire to ashes turns.
 To circumcision's bigots tell
 Such tales ! for me, I know full well,
 That in high Heav'n, unmov'd by care,
 The Gods eternal quiet share :
 Nor can I deem their spleen the cause,
 Why fickle nature breaks her laws.
 Brundusium last we reach : and there
 Stop short the muse and traveller.

THE NINTH SATIRE
 OF THE
 FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT.

ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TIMES, 1759.

SAUNT'RING along the street one day,
 On trifles musing by the way—
 Up steps a free familiar wight.
 (I scarcely knew the man by sight.)
 "Carlos, (he cried) your hand, my dear ;
 Gad, I rejoice to meet you here !
 Pray Heav'n I see you well ?" "So, so ;
 Ev'n well enough as times now go.
 The same good wishes, Sir, to you."
 Finding he still pursued me close—
 "Sir, you have business I suppose."
 "My business, Sir, is quickly done,
 'Tis but to make my merit known.
 Sir ! have read,"—"O learned Sir,
 You and your learning I revere."

Then, sweating with anxiety,
 And sadly longing to get free,
 Gods, how I scamper'd, scuffled for't,
 Ran, halted, ran again, stopp'd short,
 Beckon'd my boy, and pull'd him near,
 And whisper'd nothing in his ear.

Teiz'd with his loose unjointed chat—
 "What street is this? What house is that?"
 O Harlow, how I envied thee
 Thy unabash'd effrontery,
 Who dar'st a foe with freedom blame,
 And call a coxcomb by his name!
 When I return'd him answer none,
 Obligingly the fool ran on,
 "I see you're dismally distress'd,
 Would give the world to be releas'd.
 But by your leave, Sir, I shall still
 Stick to your skirts, do what you will.
 "Pray which way does your journey tend?"
 "O 'tis a tedious way, my friend.
 Across the Thames, the Lord knows where,
 I would not trouble you so far."
 "Well. I'm at leisure to attend you."
 "Are you? (thought I) the De'il befriend you."
 No ass with double panniers rack'd,
 Oppress'd, o'erladen, broken-back'd,
 E'er look'd a thousandth part so dull
 As I, nor half so like a fool.
 "Sir, I know little of myself,
 (Proceeds the pert conceited elf)

"If Gray or Mason you will deem
 Than me more worthy your esteem.
 Poems I write by folios
 As fast as other men write prose;
 Then I can sing so loud, so clear,
 That Beard cannot with me compare.
 In dancing too I all surpass,
 Not Cooke can move with such a grace."

Here I made shift with much ado
 To interpose a word or two.—

"Have you no parents, Sir, no friends,
 Whose welfare on your own depends?

"Parents, relations, say you? No.
 They're all dispos'd of long ago."—

"Happy to be no more perplex'd!
 My fate too threatens, I go next.

Despatch me, Sir, 'tis now too late,
 Alas! 'to struggle with my fate!

Well, I'm convinc'd my time is come—
 When young, a gipsy told my doom.

The beldame shook her palsied head,
 As she perus'd my palm, and said:

Of poison, pestilence, or war,
 Gout, stone, defluxion, or catarrh,

You have no reason to beware.

Beware the coxcomb's idle prate;
 Chiefly, my son, beware of that.

Be sure, when you behold him, fly
 Out of all ear-shot, or you die."

To Rufus' Hall we now draw near:
 Where he was summon'd to appear,

Refute the charge the plaintiff brought,
Or suffer judgment by default.

“For heav’n’s sake, if you love me, wait
One moment! I’ll be with you straight.”

Glad of a plausible pretence—

“Sir, I must beg you to dispense
With my attendance in the court.

My legs will surely suffer for’t.”—

“Nay, prithee, Carlos, stop awhile!”

“Faith, Sir, in law I have no skill.

Besides I have no time to spare,

I must be going you know where.”

“Well I protest, I’m doubtful now,

Whether to leave my suit or you!”

“Me without scruple! (I reply)

Me by all means, Sir!”—“No, not I.

Allons Monsieur!” ’Twere vain (you know)

To strive with a victorious foe.

So I reluctantly obey,

And follow, where he leads the way.

“You, and Newcastle are so close,
Still hand and glove, Sir—I suppose.—

Newcastle (let me tell you, Sir)

Has not his equal every where.

Well. There indeed your fortune’s made.

Faith, Sir, you understand your trade.

Would you but give me your good word!

Just introduce me to my lord.

I should serve charmingly by way

Of second fiddle, as they say:

What think you, Sir? 'twere a good jest,
 'Slife, we should quickly scout the rest."—
 "Sir, you mistake the matter far,
 We have no second fiddles there.—
 Richer than I some folks may be;
 More learned, but it hurts not me.
 Friends tho' he has of diff'rent kind,
 Each has his proper place assign'd."
 "Strange matters these alleg'd by you!"—
 "Strange they may be, but they are true."—
 "Well then, I vow, 'tis mighty clever,
 Now I long ten times more than ever
 To be advanc'd extremely near
 One of his shining character.
 Have but the will—there wants no more,
 'Tis plain enough you have the pow'r.
 His easy temper (that's the worst)
 He knows, and is so shy at first.—
 But such a cavalier as you—
 Lord, Sir, you'll quickly bring him to!"—
 "Well; if I fail in my design,
 Sir, it shall be no fault of mine.
 If by the saucy servile tribe
 Denied, what think you of a bribe?
 Shut out to-day, not die with sorrow,
 But try my luck again to-morrow.
 Never attempt to visit him
 But at the most convenient time,
 Attend him on each levee day,
 And there my humble duty pay,

Labour, like this, our want supplies ;
And they must stop, who mean to rise."

While thus he wittingly harangu'd,
For which you'll guess I wish'd him hang'd,
Campley, a friend of mine, came by,
Who knew his humour more than I,
We stop, salute, and—" why so fast,
Friend Carlos ? Whither all this haste ?"—
Fir'd at the thoughts of a reprieve,
I pinch him, pull him, twitch his sleeve,
Nod, beckon, bite my lips, wink, pout,
Do ev'ry thing but speak plain out :
While he, sad dog, from the beginning
Determin'd to mistake my meaning ;
Instead of pitying my curse,
By jeering made it ten times worse.
" Campley, what secret (pray !) was that
You wanted to communicate ?"
" I recollect. But 'tis no matter.
Carlos, we'll talk of that hereafter.
E'en let the secret rest. 'Twill tell
Another time, Sir, just as well."

Was ever such a dismal day ?
Unlucky cur, he steals away,
And leaves me, half bereft of life
At mercy of the butcher's knife ;
When sudden, shouting from afar,
See his antagonist appear !

The bailiff seiz'd him quick as thought,
 "Ho, Mr. Scoundrel ! Are you caught ?
 Sir, you are witness to th' arrest."
 "Aye marry, Sir, I'll do my best."
 The mob huzzas. Away they trudge,
 Culprit and all, before the judge.
 Meanwhile I luckily enough
 (Thanks to Apollo) got clear off.



ADDRESSED TO MISS —

ON READING

THE PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

[1762.]*

AND dwells there in a female heart,
 By bounteous heav'n design'd
 The choicest raptures to impart,
 To feel the most refin'd—

Dwells there a wish in such a breast
 Its nature to forego,
 To smother in ignoble rest
 At once both bliss and wo?

* For Mrs. Greville's Ode, see Annual Register, vol. v. p. 262.

Far be the thought, and far the strain,
 Which breathes the low desire,
 How sweet soe'er the verse complain,
 Tho' Phæbus string the lyre.

Come then, fair maid (in nature wise)
 Who, knowing them, can tell
 From gen'rous sympathy what joys
 The glowing bosom swell.

In justice to the various pow'rs
 Of pleasing, which you share,
 Join me, amid your silent hours,
 To form the better pray'r.

With lenient balm, may *Ob'ron* hence
 To fairy-land be driv'n;
 With ev'ry herb that blunts the sense
 Mankind receiv'd from heav'n.

Oh! if my Sov'reign Author please,
 Far be it from my fate
 To live, unblest, in torpid ease,
 And slumber on in state.

Each tender tie of life defied
 Whence social pleasures spring,
 Unmov'd with all the world beside,
 A solitary thing--"

Some Alpine mountain, wrapt in snow,
 Thus braves the whirling blast,
 Eternal winter doom'd to know,
 No genial spring to taste.

In vain warm suns their influence shed,
 The zephyrs sport in vain,
 He rears unchang'd his barren head,
 Whilst beauty decks the plain.

What tho' in scaly armour drest,
Indifference may repel
 The shafts of wo—in such a breast
 No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
 And fix'd by heav'n's decree,
 That all the true delights of man
 Should spring from *Sympathy*.

'Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws
 Of nature we retain,
 Our self-approving bosom draws
 A pleasure from its pain.

Thus grief itself has comforts dear,
 The sordid never know ;
 And ecstasy attends the tear,
 When virtue bids it flow.

For, when it streams from that pure source,
 No bribes the heart can win,
 To check, or alter from its course
 The luxury within.

Peace to the phlegm of sullen elves,
 Who, if from labour eas'd,
 Extend no care beyond themselves,
 Unpleasing and unpleas'd.

Let no low thought suggest the pray'r,
 Oh ! grant, kind heav'n, to me,
 Long as I draw ethereal air
 Sweet Sensibility.

Where'er the heav'nly nymph is seen,
 With lustre-beaming eye,
 A train, attendant on their Queen,
 (Her rosy chorus) fly.

The jocund Loves in Hymen's band,
 With torches ever bright,
 And gen'rous Friendship hand in hand,
 With Pity's watry sight.

The gentler virtues too are join'd,
 In youth immortal warm,
 The soft relations, which, combin'd,
 Give life her ev'ry charm.

The Arts come smiling in the close,
 And lend celestial fire,
 The marble breathes, the canvas glows,
 The Muses sweep the lyre.

“ Still may my melting bosom cleave
 To suff’rings not my own,
 And still the sigh responsive heave,
 Where’er is heard a groan.

So Pity shall take Virtue’s part,
 Her natural ally,
 And fashioning my soften’d heart,
 Prepare it for the sky.”

This artless vow may heav’n receive,
 And you, fond maid, approve :
 So may your guiding angel give
 Whate’er you wish or love.

So may the rosy-finger’d hours
 Lead on the various year,
 And ev’ry joy, which now is yours,
 Extend a larger sphere.

And suns to come, as round they wheel
 Your golden moments bless,
 With all a tender heart can feel
 Or lively fancy guess.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

ÆNEID, BOOK VIII, LINE 18.

Thus Italy was moved—nor did the chief
 Æneas in his mind less tumult feel.
 On every side his anxious thought he turns,
 Restless, unfixt, not knowing what to choose.
 And as a cistern that in brim of brass
 Confines the chrystal flood, if chance the sun
 Smite on it, or the moon's resplendent orb,
 The quiv'ring light now flashes on the walls
 Now leaps uncertain to the vaulted roof:
 Such were the wav'ring motions of his mind.
 'Twas night—and weary nature sunk to rest.
 The birds, the bleating flocks were heard no more:
 At length, on the cold ground, beneath the damp
 And dewy vault, fast by the river's brink,
 The Father of his country sought repose.
 When lo! among the spreading poplar boughs
 Forth from his pleasant stream, propitious rose
 The god of Tiber: clear transparent gauze
 Infolds his loins, his brows with reeds are crown'd;
 And these his gracious words to sooth his care:
 "Heav'n-born, who bring'st our kindred home
 again,
 Rescued, and giv'st eternity to Troy,
 Long have Laurentum and the Latian plains
 Expected thee; behold thy fixt abode,

Fear not the threats of war, the storm is pass'd,
 The gods appeas'd. For proof that what thou
 hear'st

Is no vain forgery or delusive dream,
 Beneath the grove that borders my green bank,
 A milk-white swine, with thirty milk-white young
 Shall greet thy wond'ring eyes. Mark well the
 place;

For 'tis thy place of rest, there end thy toils :
 There, thrice ten years elaps'd, fair Alba's walls
 Shall rise ; fair Alba, by Ascanius' hand.
 Thus shall it be—now listen, while I teach
 The means t' accomplish these events at hand.
 Th' Arcadians here, a race from Pallas sprung,
 Following Evander's standard and his fate,
 High on these mountains, a well-chosen spot,
 Have built a city, for their Grandsire's sake
 Named Pallanteum. These perpetual war
 Wage with the Latians : join'd in faithful league
 And arms confed'rate, add them to your camp.
 Myself between my winding banks, will speed
 Your well-oar'd barks to stem th' opposing tide,
 Rise, goddess-born, arise ; and with the first
 Declining stars, seek Juno in thy pray'r,
 And vanquish all her wrath with suppliant vows.
 When conquest crowns thee, then remember *Me*.
 I am the Tiber, whose cærulean stream
 Heav'n favours ; I with copious flood divide
 These grassy banks, and cleave the fruitful meads.
 My mansion, This—and lofty cities crown

My fountain-head."—He spoke, and sought the
 deep,

And plunged his form beneath the closing flood.

Æneas at the morning dawn awoke,

And rising, with uplifted eye beheld

The orient sun, then dipp'd his palms, and scoop'd

The brimming stream, and thus address'd the skies.

"Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, who feed the
 source

Of many a stream, and thou, with thy blest flood

O Tiber, hear, accept me, and afford,

At length afford, a shelter from my woes.

Where'er in secret cavern under ground

Thy waters sleep, where'er they spring to light,

Since thou hast pity for a wretch like me,

My off'rings and my vows shall wait thee still :

Great horned Father of Hesperian floods,

Be gracious now, and ratify thy word."

He said, and chose two gallies from his fleet,

Fits them with oars, and clothes the crew in arms.

When lo! astonishing and pleasing sight,

The milk-white dam, with her unspotted brood,

Lay stretch'd upon the bank, beneath the grove.

To thee, the pious Prince, Juno, to thee

Devotes them all, all on thine altar bleed.

That live-long night old Tiber smooth'd his flood,

And so restrain'd it, that it seem'd to stand

Motionless as a pool, or silent lake,

That not a billow might resist their oars,

With cheerful sound of exhortation soon

Their voyage they begin ; the pitchy keel
 Slides through the gentle deep, the quiet stream
 Admires th' unwonted burthen that it bears,
 Well polish'd arms, and vessels painted gay.
 Beneath the shade of various trees, between
 'Th' umbrageous branches of the spreading groves
 They cut their liquid way, nor day, nor night
 They slack their course, unwinding as they go
 The long meanders of the peaceful tide.

The glowing sun was in meridian height,
 When from afar they saw the humble walls,
 And the few scatter'd cottages, which now
 The Roman pow'r has equall'd with the clouds ;
 But such was then Evander's scant domain.
 They steer to shore, and hasten to the town.

It chanced th' Arcadian monarch on that day,
 Before the walls, beneath a shady grove,
 Was celebrating high, in solemn feast,
 Alcides and his tutelary gods.
 Pallas, his son, was there, and there the chief
 Of all his youth ; with these, a worthy tribe,
 His poor but venerable senate, burnt
 Sweet incense, and their altars smoked with blood.
 Soon as they saw the towering masts approach,
 Sliding between the trees, while the crew rest
 Upon their silent oars, amazed they rose,
 Not without fear, and all forsook the feast.
 But Pallas undismay'd his jav'lin seiz'd,
 Rush'd to the bank, and from a rising ground
 Forbad them to disturb the sacred rites.

“Ye stranger youth! What prompts you to explore

This untried way? and whither do ye steer?

Whence, and who are ye? Bring ye peace or war?”

Æneas from his lofty deck holds forth

The peaceful olive branch, and thus replies :

“Trojans and enemies to the Latian state;

Whom they with unprovok'd hostilities

Have driv'n away, thou see'st. We seek Evander—

Say this—and say beside, the Trojan chiefs

Are come, and seek his friendship and his aid.”

Pallas with wonder heard that awful name,

And “whosoe'er thou art,” he cried, “come forth;

Bear thine own tidings to my father's ear,

And be a welcome guest beneath our roof.”

He said, and press'd the stranger to his breast :

Then led him from the river to the grove,

Where, courteous, thus Æneas greets the king :

“Best of the Grecian race, to whom I bow

(So wills my fortune) suppliant, and stretch forth

In sign of amity this peaceful branch,

I fear'd thee not, altho' I knew thee well

A Grecian leader, born in Arcady,

And kinsman of th' Atridæ. Me my virtue,

That means no wrong to thee—the Oracles,

Our kindred families allied of old,

And thy renown diffused thro' ev'ry land,

Have all conspired to bind in friendship to thee,

And send me not unwilling to thy shores.

Dardanus, author of the Trojan state,
 (So say the Greeks) was fair Electra's son;
 Electra boasted Atlas for her sire,
 Whose shoulders high sustain th' æthereal orbs.
 Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia bore,
 Sweet Maia, on Cyllene's hoary top.
 Her, if we credit aught tradition old,
 Atlas of yore, the selfsame Atlas, claim'd
 His daughter. Thus united close in blood,
 Thy race and ours one common sire confess.
 With these credentials fraught, I would not send
 Ambassadors with artful phrase to sound
 And win thee by degrees—but came myself—
 Me therefore, me thou see'st; my life the stake:
 'Tis I, Æneas; who implore thine aid.
 Should Daunia, that now aims the blow at thee,
 Prevail to conquer us, nought then, they think,
 Will hinder, but Hesperia must be theirs,
 All theirs, from th' upper to the nether sea.
 Take then our friendship, and return us thine.
 We too have courage, we have noble minds,
 And youth well tried, and exercis'd in arms.

Thus spoke Æneas—He with fixt regard
 Survey'd him speaking, features, form, and mien.
 Then briefly thus—"Thou noblest of thy name,
 How gladly do I take thee to my heart,
 How gladly thus confess thee for a friend!
 In thee I trace Anchises; his thy speech,
 Thy voice, thy count'nance. For I well remem-
 ber,

Many a day since, when Priam journey'd forth
 To Salamis, to see the land where dwelt
 Hesione, his sister, he push'd on
 E'en to Arcadia's frozen bounds. 'Twas then
 The bloom of youth was glowing on my cheek ;
 Much I admired the Trojan chiefs, and much
 Their king, the son of great Laomedon,
 But most Anchises, tow'ring o'er them all.
 A youthful longing seiz'd me to accost
 The hero, and embrace him ; I drew near,
 And gladly led him to the walls of Pheneus.
 Departing, he distinguish'd me with gifts,
 A costly quiver stored with Lycian darts,
 A robe inwove with gold, with gold imboss'd,
 Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.
 The friendly league thou hast solicited
 I give thee therefore, and to-morrow, all
 My chosen youth shall wait on your return.
 Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,
 Rejoice with us, and join to celebrate
 These annual rites, which may not be delay'd,
 And be at once familiar at our board."

He said, and hade replace the feast removed ;
 Himself upon a grassy bank disposed
 The crew, but for Æneas order'd forth
 A couch, spread with a lion's tawny shag,
 And bad him share the honours of his throne.
 Th' appointed youth with glad alacrity
 Assist the lab'ring priest to load the board
 With roasted entrails of the slaughter'd beeves,
 Well-kneaded bread and mantling bowls. Well'
 pleas'd

Æneas and the Trojan youth regale
 On the huge length of a well-pastur'd chine.
 Hunger appeas'd, and tables all despatch'd,
 Thus spake Evander : " Superstition here,
 In this our solemu feasting has no part.
 No, Trojan friend, from utmost danger sav'd
 In gratitude this worship we renew.
 Behold that rock which nods above the vale,
 Those bulks of broken stone dispers'd around,
 How desolate the shatter'd cave appears,
 And what a ruin spreads th' incumber'd plain.
 Within this pile, but far within, was once
 The den of Cacus ; dire his hateful form,
 That shunn'd the day, half monster and half man,
 Blood newly shed stream'd ever on the ground
 Smoking, and many a visage pale and wan
 Nail'd at his gate, hung hideous to the sight.
 Vulcan be t the brute : vast was his size,
 And from his throat he belch'd his father's fires.
 But the day came that brought us what we wish'd,
 Th' assistance and the presence of a God.
 Flush'd with his vict'ry and the spoils he won
 From triple-form'd Geryon, lately slain,
 The great avenger, Hercules appear'd.
 Hither he drove his stately bulls, and pour'd
 His herds along the vale. But the sly thief-
 Cæus, that nothing might escape his hand
 Of villainy or fraud, drove from the stalls
 Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four
 The fairest of his heifers ; by the tail
 He Jragg'd them to his den, that there conceal'd,

No footsteps might betray the dark abode.
 And now his herd with provender sufficed,
 Alcides would be gone : they as they went
 Still bellowing loud, made the deep echoing woods
 And distant hills resound : when hark ! one ox,
 Imprison'd close within the vast recess,
 Lows in return, and frustrates all his hope.
 Then fury seiz'd Alcides, and his breast
 With indignation heav'd : grasping his club
 Of knotted oak, swift to the mountain-top
 He ran, he flew. Then first was Cacus seen
 To tremble, and his eyes bespoke his fears.
 Swift as an eastern blast he sought his den,
 And dread increasing wing'd him as he went.
 Drawn up in iron slings above the gate
 A rock was hung enormous. Such his haste,
 He burst the chains, and dropp'd it at the door,
 Then grappled it with iron work within
 Of bolts and bars by Vulcan's art contrived.
 Scarce was he fast, when panting for revenge
 Came Hercules ; he gnash'd his teeth with rage,
 And quick as light'ning glanced his eyes around
 In quest of entrance. Fiery red, and stung
 With indignation, thrice he whèel'd his course
 About the mountain ; thrice, but thrice in vain,
 He strove to force the quarry at the gate,
 And thrice sat down o'erwearied in the vale.
 There stood a pointed rock, abrupt and rude
 That high o'erlook'd the rest, close at the back
 Of the fell monster's den, where birds obscene
 Of ominous note resorted, choughs and daws.

This, as it lean'd obliquely to the left,
 Threat'ning the stream below, he from the right
 Push'd with his utmost strength, and to and fro
 He shook the mass, loos'ning its lowest base ;
 Then shoved it from its seat ; down fell the pile ;
 Sky thunder'd at the fall ; the banks give way,
 Th' affrighted stream flows upward to his source.
 Behold the kennel of the brute exposed,
 The gloomy vault laid open. So, if chance
 Earth yawning to the centre should disclose
 The mansions, the pale mansions of the dead,
 Loath'd by the Gods, such would the gulf appear,
 And the ghosts tremble at the sight of day.
 The monster braying with unusual din
 Within his hollow lair, and sore amazed
 To see such sudden inroads of the light.
 Alcides press'd him close with what at hand
 Lay readiest, stumps of trees, and fragments huge
 Of mill-stone size. He, (for escape was none)
 Wond'rous to tell ! forth from his gorge discharg'd
 A smoky cloud, that darken'd all the den ;
 Wreath after wreath he vomited amain
 The smoth'ring vapour, mixt with fiery sparks.
 No sight could penetrate the veil obscure.
 The hero, more provoked, endur'd not this,
 But, with a headlong leap, he rush'd to where
 The thickest cloud envelop'd his abode.
 There grasp'd he Cacus, spite of all his fires,
 Till crush'd within his arms, the monster shows
 His bloodless throat, now dry with panting hard,
 And his press'd eyeballs start. Soon he tears down

The barricade of rock, the dark abyss
 Lies open, and th' imprison'd bulls, the theft
 He had with oaths denied, are brought to light;
 By th' heels the miscreant carcass is dragg'd forth,
 His face, his eyes, all terrible, his breast
 Beset with bristles, and his sooty jaws
 Are view'd with wonder never to be cloy'd.
 Hence the celebrity thou seest, and hence
 This festal day, Potitius first enjoin'd
 Posterity these solemn rites, he first
 With those who bear the great Pinarian name
 To Hercules devoted, in the grove
 This altar built, deem'd sacred in the highest
 By us, and sacred ever to be deem'd.
 Come then, my friends, and bind your youthful
 brows

In praise of such deliv'rance, and hold forth
 The brimming cup; your deities and ours
 Are now the same, then drink, and freely too.
 So saying, he twisted round his rev'rend locks
 A variegated poplar wreath, and fill'd
 His right hand with a consecrated bowl.
 At once all pour libations on the board,
 All offer pray'r. And now the radiant sphere
 Of day descending, eventide drew near.
 When first Potitius with the priests advanc'd,
 Begirt with skins, and torches in their hands.
 High piled with meats of sav'ry taste, they ranged
 The chargers, and renewed the grateful feast.
 Then came the Salii, crown'd with poplar too,
 Circling the blazing altars; here the youth

Advanced, a choir harmonious, there were heard
 The rev'rend seers responsive; praise they sung,
 Much praise in honour of Alcides deeds;
 How first with infant gripe, two serpents huge
 He strangled, sent from Juno; next they sung,
 How Troja and Oechalia he destroy'd,
 Fair cities both, and many a toilsome task
 Beneath Eurystheus, (so his step-dame will'd)
 Achiev'd victorious. Thou, the cloud-born pair
 Hylæus fierce and Pholus, monstrous twins,
 Thou slew'st the minotaur, the plague of Crete,
 And the vast lion of the Nemean rock.
 Thee Hell, and Cerberus, Hell's porter, fear'd,
 Stretch'd in his den upon his half-gnaw'd bones.
 Thee no abhorred form, not ev'n the vast
 Typhœus could appal, tho' clad in arms.
 Hail, true born son of Jove, among the Gods
 At length enroll'd, nor least illustrious thou,
 Haste thee propitious, and approve our songs:—
 Thus hymn'd the chorus; above all they sing
 The cave of Cacus, and the flames he breath'd.
 The whole grove echoes, and the hills rebound.

The rites perform'd, all hasten to the town.
 The king, bending with age, held as he went
 Æneas, and his Pallas by the hand,
 With much variety of pleasing talk
 Short'ning the way. Æneas, with a smile,
 Looks round him, charm'd with the delightful
 scene,

And many a question asks, and much he learns
 Of heroes far renown'd in ancient times.
 Then spake Evander. These extensive groves

Were once inhabited by fauns and nymphs
 Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race
 Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms
 And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew
 Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke
 The steer, with forecast provident to store
 The hoarded grain, or manage what they had,
 But browsed like beasts upon the leafy boughs,
 Or fed voracious on their hunted prey.
 An exile from Olympus, and expell'd
 His native realm by thunder-bearing Jove
 First Saturn came. He from the mountains drew
 This herd of men untractable and fierce,
 And gave them laws : and call'd his hiding place
 This growth of forests, Latium. Such the peace
 His land possess'd, the golden age was then,
 So famed in story ; till by slow degrees
 Far other times, and of far diff'rent hue
 Succeeded, thirst of gold and thirst of blood.
 Then came Ausonian bands, and armed hosts
 From Sicily, and Latium often changed
 Her master and her name. At length arose
 Kings, of whom Tybris of gigantick form
 Was chief ; and we Italians since have call'd
 The river by his name ; thus Albulæ
 (So was the country call'd in ancient days)
 Was quite forgot. Me from my native land
 An exile, thro' the dang'rous ocean driv'n,
 Resistless fortune and relentless fate
 Placed where thou see'st me. Phœbus, and

The nymph Carmentis, with maternal care
 Attendant on my wand'rings fixt me here.

[*Ten lines omitted.*]

He said, and shew'd him the Tarpeian rock,
 And the rude spot, where now the capitol
 Stands all magnificent and bright with gold,
 Then overgrown with thorns. And yet ev'n then,
 The swains beheld that sacred scene with awe ;
 The grove, the rock, inspired religious fear.
 This grove, he said, that crowns the lofty top
 Of this fair hill, some deity, we know,
 Inhabits, but what deity we doubt.
 Th' Arcadians speak of Jupiter himself,
 That they have often seen him, shaking here
 His gloomy Ægis, while the thunder-storms
 Came rolling all around him. Turn thine eyes,
 Behold that ruin ; those dismantled walls,
 Where once two towns, Ianiculum — —
 By Janus this, and that by Saturn built,
 Saturnia. Such discourse brought them beneath
 The roof of poor Evander, thence they saw,
 Where now the proud and stately forum stands,
 The grazing herds wide scatter'd o'er the field.
 Soon as he enter'd—Hercules, he said,
 Victorious Hercules, on this threshold trod,
 These walls contain'd him, humble as they are.
 Dare to despise magnificence, my friend,
 Prove thy divine descent by worth divine,
 Nor view with haughty scorn this mean abode.

So saying, he led Æneas by the hand,
 And plac'd him on a cushion stuff'd with leaves,
 Spread with the skin of a Lybistian bear.

[*The Episode of Venus and Vulcan omitted.*]

While thus in Lemnos Vulcan was employ'd,
 Awaken'd by the gentle dawn of day,
 And the shrill song of birds beneath the eaves
 Of his low mansion, old Evander rose.
 His tunick, and the sandals on his feet,
 And his good sword well-girded to his side,
 A panther's skin dependent from his left
 And over his right shoulder thrown aslant,
 Thus was he clad. Two mastives follow'd him
 His whole retinue and his nightly guard.



OVID. TRIST. LIB. V. ELEG. XII.

Scribis, ut oblectem.

You bid me write t' amuse the tedious hours,
 And save from with'ring my poetick pow'rs,
 Hard is the task, my friend, for verse should flow
 From the free mind, not fetter'd down by wo ;
 Restless amidst unceasing tempests tost,
 Whoe'er has cause for sorrow, I have most.
 Would you bid Priam laugh, his sons all slain,
 Or childless Niobe from tears refrain,

Join the gay dance, and lead the festive train ?
 Does grief or study most besit the mind,
 To this remote, this barb'rous nook confin'd ?
 Could you impart to my unshaken breast,
 The fortitude by Socrates possess'd,
 Soon would it sink beneath such woes as mine,
 For what is human strength to wrath divine ?
 Wise as he was, and Heav'n pronounc'd him so,
 My suff'rings would have laid that wisdom low.
 Could I forget my country, thee and all,
 And ev'n th' offence to which I owe my fall,
 Yet fear alone would freeze the poet's vein,
 While hostile troops swarm o'er the dreary plain.
 Add that the fatal rust of long disuse
 Unfits me for the servise of the Muse.
 Thistles and weeds are all we can expect
 From the best soil impov'rish'd by neglect ;
 Unexercis'd and to his stall confin'd,
 The fleetest racer would be left behind ;
 The best built bark that cleaves the wat'ry way,
 Laid useless by, would moulder and decay—
 No hope remains that time shall me restore,
 Mean as I was, to what I was before.
 Think how a series of desponding cares
 Benumbs the genius, and its force impairs.
 How oft, as now, on this devoted sheet,
 My verse constrain'd to move with measur'd feet,
 Reluctant and laborious limps along,
 And proves itself a wretched exile's song.
 What is it tunes the most melodious lays ?
 'Tis emulation and the thirst of praise,

A noble thirst, and not unknown to me,
 While smoothly wafted on a calmer sea.
 But can a wretch like Ovid pant for fame,
 No, rather let the world forget my name.
 Is it because that world approv'd my strain,
 You prompt me to the same pursuit again?
 No, let the Nine th' ungrateful truth excuse,
 I charge my hopeless ruin on the Muse,
 And, like Perillus, meet my just desert,
 The victim of my own pernicious art.
 Fool that I was to be so warn'd in vain,
 And, shipwreck'd once, to tempt the deep again.
 Ill fares the bard in this unletter'd land,
 None to consult, and none to understand.
 The purest verse has no admirers here,
 Their own rude language only suits their ear.
 Rude as it is, at length familiar grown,
 I learn it, and almost unlearn my own—
 Yet to say truth, ev'n here the Muse disdains
 Confinement, and attempts her former strains,
 But finds the strong desire is not the pow'r,
 And what her taste condemns, the flames devour.
 A part, perhaps, like this, escapes the doom,
 And tho' unworthy finds a friend at Rome,
 But oh the cruel art, that could undo
 Its vot'ry thus, would that could perish too !

A TALE

FOUNDED ON A FACT,

WHICH HAPPENED IN JANUARY, 1779.

WHERE Humber pours his rich commercial stream,
There dwelt a wretch, who' breath'd but to blas-
pheme.

In subterraneous caves his life he led,
Black as the mine, in which he wrought for bread.
When on a day, emerging from the deep,
A sabbath-day, (such sabbaths thousands keep !)
The wages of his weekly toil he bore
To buy a cock—whose blood might win him more ;
As if the noblest of the feather'd kind
Were but for battle and for death design'd ;
As if the consecrated hours were meant
For sport, to minds on cruelty intent ;
It chanc'd, (such chances Providence obey)
He met a fellow-lab'rer on the way,
Whose heart the same desires had once inflam'd ;
But now the savage temper was reclaim'd.
Persuasion on his lips had taken place ;
For all plead well who plead the cause of grace.
His iron-heart with Scripture he assail'd,
Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd.
His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,
Swift, as the lightning-glimpse, the arrow flew.

He wept ; he trembled ; cast his eyes around,
 To find a worse than he ; but none he found.
 He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel.
 Grace made the wound, and grace alone could
 heal.

Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies, and lies !
 He quits the sinner's for the martyr's prize.
 That holy day was washed with many a tear,
 Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear
 The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine
 Learn'd, by his alter'd speech—the change divine !
 Laugh'd when they should have wept, and swore
 the day

Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they.
 “ No (said the penitent :) such words shall share
 “ This breath no more ; devoted now to pray'r.
 “ O ! if thou see'st, (thine eye the future sees)
 “ That I shall yet again blaspheme, like these ;
 “ Now strike me to the ground, on which I kneel,
 “ Ere yet this heart relapses into steel ;
 “ Now take me to that Heaven, I once defied,
 “ Thy presence, thy embrace !”—He spoke and
 died !

TRANSLATION

OF A

SIMILE IN PARADISE LOST.

[June 1780.]

“ So when, from mountain tops, the dusky clouds
 “ Ascending, &c.”

Quales aërii montis de vertice nubes
 Cum surgunt, et jam Boreæ tumida ora quiê-
 runt,
 Cælum hilares abdit, spissâ caligine, vultus:
 Tum si jucundo tandem sol prodeat ore,
 Et croceo montes et pascua lumine tingat,
 Gaudent omnia, aves mulcent concentibus agros,
 Balatuque ovium colles vallesque resultant.



TRANSLATION

OF

DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON:

“ Three Poets in three distant ages born, &c.”

[July 1780.]

TRES tria, sed longè distantia, sæcula vates
 Ostentant tribus è gentibus eximios.

Græcia sublimem, cum majestate disertum
 Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrique parem.
 Partibus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,
 Tertius u^o feret, consociare duos.



TO

THE REV. MR. NEWTON,

ON HIS RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.

[Oct. 1780.]

THAT ocean you have late survey'd,
 Those rocks I too have seen,
 But I, afflicted and dismay'd,
 You, tranquil and serene.

You from the flood-controlling steep
 Saw stretch'd before your view,
 With conscious joy, the threat'ning deep,
 No longer such to you.

To me, the waves that ceaseless broke
 Upon the dang'rous coast,
 Hoarsely and ominously spoke
 Of all my treasure lost.

Your sea of troubles you have past,
 And found the peaceful shore ;
 I, tempest-toss'd, and wreck'd at last
 Come home to port no more.

LOVE ABUSED.

WHAT is there in the vale of life
 Half so delightful as a wife,
 When friendship, love, and peace combine
 To stamp the marriage-bond divine ?
 The stream of pure and genuine love
 Derives its current from above ;
 And earth a second Eden shows,
 Where'er the healing water flows :
 But ah, if from the dykes and drains
 Of sensual nature's fev'rish veins,
 Lust, like a lawless headstrong flood,
 Impregnated with ooze and mud,
 Descending fast on every side
 Once mingles with the sacred tide,
 Farewell the soul-enliv'ning scene !
 The banks that wore a smiling green,
 With rank defilement overspread,
 Bewail their flow'ry beauties dead.
 The stream polluted, dark, and dull,
 Diffus'd into a Stygian pool,
 Through life's last melancholy years
 Is fed with everflowing tears :

Complaints supply the zephyr's part,
 And sighs that heave a breaking heart.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN.

Dec, 17, 1781.

DEAR ANNA—between friend and friend,
 Prose answers every common end ;
 Serves, in a plain and homely way,
 T' express th' occurrence of the day ;
 Our health, the weather, and the news ;
 What walks we take, what books we choose ;
 And all the floating thoughts we find
 Upon the surface of the mind.

But when a poet takes the pen,
 Far more alive than other men,
 He feels a gentle tingling come
 Down to his finger and his thumb,
 Deriv'd from nature's noblest part,
 The centre of a glowing heart :
 And this is what the world, who knows
 No flights above the pitch of prose,
 His more sublime vagaries slighting,
 Denominates an itch for writing.
 No wonder I, who scribble rhyme
 To catch the triflers of the time,
 And tell them truths divine and clear,
 Which, couch'd in prose, they will not hear ;
 Who labour hard to allure and draw
 The loiterers I never saw,

Should feel that itching, and that tingling,
 With all my purpose intermingling,
 'To your intrinsick merit true,
 When call'd t' address myself to you.

Mysterious are His ways, whose power
 Brings forth that unexpected hour,
 When minds, that never met before,
 Shall meet, unite, and part no more :
 It is th' allotment of the skies,
 The hand of the Supremely Wise,
 That guides and governs our affections,
 And plans and orders our connexions :
 Directs us in our distant road,
 And marks the bounds of our abode.
 Thus we were settled when you found us,
 Peasants and children all around us,
 Not dreaming of so dear a friend,
 Deep in the abyss of Silver-End.*
 Thus Martha, ev'n against her will,
 Ferch'd on the top of yonder hill ;
 And you, though you must needs prefer
 The fairer scenes of sweet Sancerre,†
 Are come from distant Loire, to choose
 A cottage on the banks of Ouse.
 This page of Providence quite new,
 And now just op'ning to our view,

* An obscure part of Olney, adjoining to the residence of Cowper, which faced the market-place.

† Lady Austen's residence in France.

Employs our present thoughts and pains
 To guess, and spell, what it contains :
 But day by day, and year by year,
 Will make the dark enigma clear ;
 And furnish us, perhaps, at last,
 Like other scenes already past,
 With proof, that we, and our affairs,
 Are part of a Jehovah's cares :
 For God unfolds, by slow degrees,
 The purport of his deep decrees ;
 Sheds every hour a clearer light
 In aid of our defective sight ;
 And spreads, at length, before the soul,
 A beautiful and perfect whole,
 Which busy man's inventive brain
 Tolls to anticipate, in vain.

Say, Anna, had you never known
 The beauties of a rose full blown,
 Could you, tho' luminous your eye,
 By looking on the bud, descry,
 Or guess, with a prophetick power,
 The future splendour of the flower ?
 Just so, th' Omnipotent, who turns
 The system of a world's concerns,
 From mere minutiae can educe
 Events of most important use ;
 And bid a dawning sky display
 The blaze of a meridian day.
 The works of man tend, one and all,
 As needs they must, from great to small

And vanity absorbs at length
 The monuments of human strength.
 But who can tell how vast the plan
 Which this day's incident began?
 Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion
 For our dim-sighted observation ;
 It pass'd unnotic'd, as the bird
 That cleaves the yielding air unheard,
 And yet may prove, when understood,
 An harbinger of endless good.

Not that I deem, or mean to call
 Friendship a blessing cheap or small :
 But merely to remark, that ours,
 Like some of nature's sweetest flowers,
 Rose from a seed of tiny size,
 'That seem'd to promise no such prize ;
 A transient visit intervening,
 And made almost without a meaning,
 (Hardly the effect of inclination,
 Much less of pleasing expectation)
 Produc'd a friendship, then begun,
 That has cemented us in one ;
 And plac'd it in our power to prove,
 By long fidelity and love,
 That Solomon has wisely spoken ;
 " A threefold cord is not soon broken."

FROM A LETTER TO THE REV. MR.
NEWTON,

Late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth,

[Dated May 28, 1782.]

SAYS the pipe to the snuff-box, I can't understand
What the ladies and gentlemen see in your
face,

That you are in fashion all over the land,
And I am so much fallen into disgrace.

Do but see what a pretty contemplative air
I give to the company—pray do but note 'em—
You would think that the wise men of Greece
were all there,

Or, at least, would suppose them the wise men of
Gotham.

My breath is as sweet as the breath of blown roses,
While you are a nuisance where'er you appear ;
There is nothing but sniv'ling and blowing of noses,
Such a noise as turns any man's stomach to hear.

Then lifting his lid in a delicate way,
And op'ning his mouth with a smile quite en-
gaging,

The box in reply was heard plainly to say,
 What a silly dispute is this we are waging!

If you have a little of merit to claim,
 You may thank the sweet-smelling Virginian
 weed,

And I, if I seem to deserve any blame,
 The before-mentioned drug in apology plead.

Thus neither the praise nor the blame is our own,
 No room for a sneer, much less a cachinnus,
 We are vehicles, not of tobacco alone,
 But of any thing else they may choose to put
 in us.

THE

COLUBRIAD.

[1782.]

CLOSE by the threshold of the door nail'd fast
 Three kittens sat; each kitten look'd aghast.
 I passing swift, and inattentive by,
 At the three kittens cast a careless eye;
 Not much concern'd to know what they did there;
 Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
 But presently a loud and furious hiss
 Caus'd me to stop, and to exclaim "what's this?"

When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
 With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
 A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
 Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
 Darting it full against a kitten's nose ;
 Who having never seen, in field or house,
 The like, sat still and silent as a mouse :
 Only projecting, with attention due,
 Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him, " who are
 you ?"

On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
 But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe :
 With which well arm'd I hasten'd to the spot,
 To find the viper, but I found him not.
 And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
 Found only, that he was not to be found.
 But still the kittens sitting as before,
 Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
 " I hope," said I, " the villain I would kill,
 Has slipp'd between the door, and the door's sill ;
 And if I make despatch, and follow hard,
 No doubt but I shall find him in the yard ;"
 For long ere now it should have been rehears'd,
 'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
 Ev'n there I found him, there the full-grown cat
 His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat ;
 As curious as the kittens erst had been
 To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
 Fill'd with heroick ardour at the sight,
 And fearing every moment he would bite,

And rob our household of our only cat,
 That was of age to combat with a rat ;
 With out stretch'd hoe I slew him at the door,
 And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE.



ON FRIENDSHIP.

Amicitia nisi inter bonos esse non potest.—Cicero.

[1782.]

WHAT virtue can we name, or grace,
 But men unqualified and base
 Will boast it their possession ?
 Profusion apes the noble part
 Of liberality of heart,
 And dulness of discretion.

But, as the gem of richest cost
 Is ever counterfeited most,
 So, always, imitation
 Employs the utmost skill she can
 To counterfeit the faithful man,
 The friend of long duration.

Some will pronounce me too severe—
 But long experience speaks me clear ;
 Therefore that censure scorning,

I will proceed to mark the shelves,
 On which so many dash themselves,
 And give the simple warning.

Youth, unadmonish'd by a guide,
 Will trust to any fair outside :
 An error soon corrected ;
 For who, but learns, with riper years,
 That man, when smoothest he appears,
 Is most to be suspected ?

But here again a danger lies ;
 Lest, thus deluded by our eyes,
 And taking trash for treasure,
 We should, when undeceiv'd, conclude
 Friendship, imaginary good,
 A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition, rather rare,
 Is yet no subject of despair ;
 Nor should it seem distressful,
 If either on forbidden ground,
 Or, where it was not to be found,
 We sought it unsuccessful.

No friendship will abide the test
 That stands on sordid interest
 And mean self-love erected ;
 Nor such, as may awhile subsist
 'Twixt sensualist and sensualist,
 For vicious ends connected.

Who hopes a friend, should have a heart,
 Himself, well furnish'd for the part,
 And ready on occasion
 To show the virtue that he seeks ;
 For 'tis an union that bespeaks
 A just reciprocation.

A fretful temper will divide
 The closest knot that may be tied,
 By ceaseless sharp corrosion :
 A temper passionate and fierce
 May suddenly your joys disperse
 At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
 With hope of permanent delight :
 The secret just committed
 They drop through mere desire to prate,
 Forgetting its important weight,
 And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
 All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
 If envy chance to creep in ;
 An envious man, if you succeed,
 May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
 But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
 So jealousy looks forth distress'd
 On good that seems approaching ;

And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
(Unless belied by common fame,)
Are sadly prone to quarrel;
To deem the wit a friend displays
So much of loss to their own praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renowned for repartee,
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And tell you, 'twas a special jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Beware of tattlers; keep your ear
Close stopt against the tales they hear;
Fruits of their own invention;
The separation of chief friends
Is what their kindness most intends;
Their sport is your dissension.

Friendship that wantonly admits
A joco-serious play of wits
In brilliant altercation,
Is union such as indicates,
Like hand-in-hand insurance-plates,
Danger of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
 True as the needle to the pole ;
 Yet shifting, like the weather,
 The needle's constancy forego
 For any novelty, and show
 Its variations rather.

Insensibility makes some
 Unseasonably deaf and dumb,
 When most you need their pity ;
 'Tis waiting till the tears shall fall
 From Gog and Magog in Guildhall,
 Those playthings of the city.

The great and small but rarely meet
 On terms of amity complete :
 Th' attempt would scarce be madder,
 Should any, from the bottom, hope
 At one huge stride to reach the top
 Of an erected ladder.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
 Their het'rogenous politicks
 Without an effervescence,
 Such as of salts with lemon-juice,
 But which is rarely known t' induce,
 Like that, a coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
 And make a calm of human life :
 But even those, who differ

Only on topicks left at large,
 How fiercely will they meet and charge ?
 No combatants are stiffer.

To prove, alas ! my main intent,
 Needs no great cost of argument,
 No cutting and contriving ;
 Seeking a real friend, we seem
 T' adopt the chymist's golden dream
 With still less hope of thriving.

Then judge, or ere you choose your man,
 As circumspectly as you can,
 And, having made election,
 See that no disrespect of yours,
 Such as a friend but ill endures,
 Enfeeble his affection.

It is not timber, lead, and stone,
 An Architect requires alone,
 To finish a great building ;
 The palace were but half complete,
 Could he by any chance forget
 The carving and the gilding.

As similarity of mind,
 Or something not to be defin'd,
 First rivets our attention ;
 So, manners decent and polite,
 The same we practis'd at first sight,
 Must save it from declension.

The man who hails you Tom—or Jack,
 And proves by thumping on your back
 His sense of your great merit,
 Is such a friend, that one had need
 Be very much his friend indeed,
 To pardon, or to bear it.

Some friends make this their prudent plan—
 “ Say little, and hear all you can ;”
 Safe policy, but hateful.
 So barren sands imbibe the show’r,
 But render neither fruit nor flow’r
 Unpleasant and ungrateful.

They whisper trivial things, and small ;
 But, to communicate at all
 Things serious, deem improper ;
 Their feculence and froth they show,
 But keep their best contents below,
 Just like a simm’ring copper.

These samples (for alas ! at last
 These are but samples, and a taste
 Of evils yet unmention’d)
 May prove the task, a task indeed,
 In which ’tis much, if we succeed,
 However well-intention’d.

Pursue the theme, and you shall find
 A disciplin’d and furnish’d mind
 To be at least expedient,

And, after summing all the rest,
 Religion ruling in the breast
 A principal ingredient.

True friendship has, in short, a grace
 More than terrestrial in its face,
 That proves it Heav'n descended :
 Man's love of woman not so pure,
 Nor, when sincerest, so secure
 To last till life is ended.



ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

To the March in Scipio.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED,

[September 1782.]

TOLL for the brave !
 The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought ;
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup,
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full-charg'd with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;

Aud he and his eight hundred,
 Shall plough the wave no more.

IN SUBMERSIONEM NAVIGII, CUI GEOR-
 GIUS REGALE NOMEN, INDITUM.

PLANGIMUS fortes. Periêre fortes,
 Patrium propter periêre littus
 Bis quatèr centum ; subitò sub alto
 Æquore mersi.

Navis, innitens lateri, jacebat,
 Malus ad summas trepidabat undas,
 Cùm levis, funes quatiens, ad imum
 Depulit aura.

Plangimus fortes. Nimis, heu, caducam
 Fortibus vitam voluêre parcæ,
 Nec sinunt ultrâ tibi nos recentes
 Nectere laurus.

Magne, qui nomen, licèt incanorum,
 Traditum ex multis atavis tulisti !
 At tuos olim memorabit ævum
 Omne triumphos.

Non hyems illos furibunda mersit,
 Non mari inclauso scopuli latentes,
 Fissa non rimis abies, nec atrox .
 Abstulit ensis.

Navitæ sed tum nimium jocosì
 Voce fallebant hilari laborem,
 Et quiescebat, calamoque dextram im-
 plevrat heros.

Vos, quibus cordi est grave opus piumque,
 Humidum ex alto spolium levate,
 Et putrescentes sub aquis amicos
 Reddite amicis !

Hi quidem (sic dñs placuit) fuère :
 Sed ratis, nondùm putris, ire possit
 Rursùs in bellum, Britonumque nomen
 Tollere ad astra.



SONG.

ON PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1733, AT THE RE-
 QUEST OF LADY AUSTEN, WHO GAVE THE SEN-
 TIMENT.

Air--" *My fond shepherds of late,*" &c.

No longer I follow a sound ;
 No longer a dream I pursue :
 O happiness ! not to be found,
 Unattainable treasure, adieu !

I have sought thee in splendour and dress,
 In the regions of pleasure and taste ;
 I have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,
 But have proved thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope
 The voice of true wisdom inspires ;
 'Tis sufficient, if *Peace* be the scope,
 And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
 That seeks it in meekness and love ;
 But rapture and bliss are confin'd
 To the glorified spirits above.



SONG.*

Air—" *The Lass of Pattie's Mill.*"

WHEN all within is peace,
 How nature seems to smile !
 Delights that never cease,
 The live-long day beguile.
 From morn to dewy eve,
 With open hand she showers
 Fresh blessings to deceive,
 And sooth the silent hours.

* Also written at the request of Lady Austen.

It is content of heart
 Gives nature power to please ;
 The mind that feels no smart,
 Enlivens all it sees ; }
 Can make a wintry sky
 Seem bright as smiling May,
 And evening's closing eye
 As peep of early day.

The vast majestick globe,
 So beauteously array'd
 In nature's various robe,
 With wond'rous skill display'd,
 Is to a mourner's heart
 A dreary wild at best ;
 It flutters to depart,
 And longs to be at rest.



VERSES

SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL POEM, ENTITLED,

VALEDICTION.

[Nov. 1783.]

OH Friendship ! Cordial of the human breast !
 So little felt, so fervently profess'd !
 Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years ;
 The promise of delicious fruit appears :

We hug the hopes of constancy and truth,
 Such is the folly of our dreaming youth ;
 But soon, alas ! detect the rash mistake,
 That sanguine inexperience loves to make ;
 And view with tears th' expected harvest lost,
 Decay'd by time, or wither'd by a frost.
 Whoever undertakes a friend's great part
 Should be renew'd in nature, pure in heart,
 Prepar'd for martyrdom, and strong to prove
 A thousand ways the force of genuine love.
 He may be call'd to give up health and gain,
 T' exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,
 To echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,
 And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.
 The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
 When most relied on, is most sure to fail ;
 And, summon'd to partake its fellow's wo,
 Starts from its office, like a broken bow.
 Vo'ries of business, and of pleasure, prove
 Faithless alike in friendship and in love.
 Retir'd from all the circles of the gay,
 And all the crowds, that bustle life away,
 To scenes, where competition, envy, strife,
 Beget no thunder-clouds to trouble life,
 Let me, the charge of some good angel, find
 One, who has known, and has escap'd mankind ;
 Polite, yet virtuous, who has brought away
 The manners, not the morals, of the day :
 With him, perhaps with *her*, (for men have known
 No firmer friendships than the fair have shown)

Let me enjoy, in some unthought-of spot,
 All former friends forgiven, and forgot,
 Down to the close of life's fast fading scene,
 Union of hearts, without a flaw between.
 'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and it calls for praise,
 If God give health, that sunshine of our days !
 And if he add, a blessing shared by few,
 Content of heart, more praises still are due—
 But if he grant a friend, that boon possess'd
 Indeed is treasure, and crowns all the rest ;
 And giving one, whose heart is in the skies,
 Born from above, and made divinely wise,
 He gives, what bankrupt nature never can,
 Whose noblest coin is light and brittle man,
 Gold, purer far than Ophir ever knew,
 A soul, an image of himself, and therefore true.



IN BREVITATEM VITÆ SPATII
 HOMINIBUS CONCESSI.

BY DR. JORTIN.

HÆC mihi ! Lege ratâ sol occidit atque resurgit,
 Lunaque mutatæ reparat dispendia formæ,
 Astraque, purpurei telis extincta diei,
 Rursus nocte vigent. Humiles telluris alumni,
 Graminis herba virens, et florum picta propago,
 Quos crudelis hyems lethali tabe peredit,

Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque sereni
 Temperies anni, fœcundo è cespite surgunt.
 Nos, domini rerum, nos, magna et pulchra minati,
 Cum breve ver vitæ robustaque transiit ætas,
 Deficimus ; nec nos ordo revolubilis auras
 Reddit in æthereas, tumuli neque claustra resolvit.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

[January 1784.]

SUNS that set, and moons that wane,
 Rise, and are restor'd again,
 Stars that orient day subdues,
 Night at her return renews.
 Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
 Of the genial womb of Earth,
 Suffer but a transient death
 From the winter's cruel breath.
 Zephyr speaks ; serener skies
 Warm the glebe, and they arise.
 We, alas ! Earth's haughty kings,
 We, that promise mighty things,
 Losing soon life's happy prime,
 Droop, and fade, in little time.
 Spring returns, but not our bloom ;
 Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

EPITAPH ON JOHNSON.

[*January 1785.*]

HERE Johnson lies—a sage by all allow'd,
 Whom to have bred, may well make England
 proud ;
 Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,
 The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought ;
 Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine, and
 strong,
 Superiour praise to the mere poet's song ;
 Who many a noble gift from Heav'n possess'd,
 And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
 O man, immortal by a double prize,
 By fame on earth—by glory in the skies !



TO

MISS C—, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

[1786.]

How many between east and west,
 Disgrace their parent earth,
 Whose deeds constrain us to detest
 The day that gave them birth !

Not so when Stella's natal morn
 Revolving months restore,
 We can rejoice that she was born,
 And wish her born once more !



GRATITUDE.

ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH.

[1786.]

This cap, that so stately appears,
 With riband-bound tassel on high,
 Which seems by the crest that it rears
 Ambitious of brushing the sky :
 This cap to my cousin I owe,
 She gave it, and gave me beside,
 Wreath'd into an elegant bow,
 The riband with which it is tied.

This wheel-footed studying chair,
 Contrived both for toil and repose,
 Wide-elbow'd, and wadaed with hair,
 In which I both scribble and doze,
 Bright-studded to dazzle the eyes,
 And rival in lustre of that
 In which, or astronomy lies,
 Fair Cassiopeia sat :

These carpets, so soft to the foot,
 Caledonia's traffick and pride,
 Oh spare them, ye knights of the boot,
 Escaped from a cross-country ride !
 This table and mirrour within,
 Secure from collision and dust,
 At which I oft shave cheek and chin,
 And periwig nicely adjust :

This moveable structure of shelves,
 For its beauty admired and its use,
 And charged with octavos and twelves,
 The gayest I had to produce ;
 Where, flaming in scarlet and gold,
My poems enchanted I view,
 And hope, in due time, to behold
My Iliad and Odyssey too :

This china, that decks the alcove,
 Which here people call a buffet,
 But what the gods call it above,
 Has ne'er been reveal'd to us yet :
 These curtains, that keep the room warm
 Or cool, as the season demands,
 Those stoves that for pattern and form,
 Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands :

All these are not half that I owe
 To time, from our earliest youth
 To me ever ready to show
 Benignity, friendship, and truth ;
 For time, the destroyer declar'd
 And foe of our perishing kind,
 If even her face he has spar'd,
 Much less could he alter her mind.

Thus compass'd about with the goods
 And chattels of leisure and ease,
 I indulge my poetical moods
 In many such fancies as these ;
 And fancies I fear they will seem—
 Poets' goods are not often so fine ;
 The poets will swear that I dream,
 When I sing of the splendour of mine.



THE FLATTING-MILL.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

WHEN a bar of pure silver or ingot of gold
 Is sent to be flatted or wrought into length,
 It is pass'd between cylinders often, and roll'd
 In an engine of utmost mechanical strength.

Thus tortur'd and squeezed, at last it appears
 Like a loose heap of riband, a glittering show,
 Like musick it tinkles and rings in your ears,
 And warm'd by the pressure is all in a glow.

This process achieved, it is doom'd to sustain
 The thump-after-thump of a gold-beater's mallet,
 And at last is of service in sickness or pain
 To cover a pill from a delicate palate.

Alas for the Poet ! who dares undertake
 To urge reformation of national ill—
 His head and his heart are both likely to ache
 With the double employment of mallet and mill.

If he wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,
 Smooth, ductile, and even, his fancy must flow,
 Must tinkle and glitter like gold to the sight,
 And catch in its progress a sensible glow.

After all he must beat it as thin and as fine
 As the leaf that enfolds what an invalid swallows,
 For truth is unwelcome, however divine,
 And unless you adorn it, a nausea follows.

LINES,

COMPOSED FOR A MEMORIAL OF

ASHLEY COWPER, ESQ.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS DEATH,

BY

HIS NEPHEW WILLIAM OF WESTON.

[June 1788.]

FAREWELL! endued with all that could engage
 All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age!
 In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd
 Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old;
 In life's last stage—O blessings rarely found—
 Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd;
 Through every period of this changeful state
 Unchang'd thyself—wise, good, affectionate!

Marble may flatter; and lest this should seem
 O'ercharg'd with praises on so dear a theme,
 Although thy worth be more than half suppress'd,
 Love *shall* be satisfied, and veil the rest.

ON THE
QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON,

THE NIGHT OF THE 17TH MARCH, 1789.

WHEN, long sequester'd from his throne
 George took his seat again,
 By right of worth, not blood alone,
 Entitled here to reign,

Then Loyalty, with all his lamps
 New trimm'd, a gallant show !
 Chasing the darkness, and the damp,
 Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell, of streets or squares,
 Which form'd the chief display,
 These most resembling cluster'd stars,
 Those the long milky way.

Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires,
 And rockets flew, self-driv'n,
 To hang their momentary fires
 Amid the vault of Heav'n.

So, fire with water to compare,
 The ocean serves, on high
 Up-spouted by a whale in air,
 T' express unwieldy joy.

Had all the pageants of the world
 In one procession join'd,
 And all the banners been unfurl'd
 That heralds e'er design'd,

For no such sight had England's Queen
 Forsaken her retreat,
 Where, George recover'd made a scene
 Sweet always, doubly sweet.

Yet glad she came that night to prove,
 A witness undescried,
 How much the object of her love
 Was lov'd by all beside.

Darkness the skies had mantled o'er
 In aid of her design——
 Darkness, O Queen ! ne'er call'd before
 To veil a deed of thine !

On borrow'd wheels away she flies,
 Resolv'd to be unknown,
 And gratify no curious eyes
 That night, except her own.

Arriv'd, a night like noon she sees,
 And hears the million hum ;
 As all by instinct, like the bees,
 Had known their sov'reign come.

Pleas'd she beheld aloft pourtray'd
 On many a splendid wall,
 Emblems of health, and heav'nly aid,
 And George the theme of all.

Unlike the enigmatick line,
 So difficult to spell,
 Which shook Belshazzar at his wine,
 The night his city fell.

Soon, wat'ry grew her eyes and dim,
 But with a joyful tear,
 None else, except in pray'r for him,
 George ever drew from her,

It was a scene in ev'ry part
 Like those in fable feign'd,
 And seem'd by some magician's art
 Created and sustain'd.

But other magick there, she knew,
 Had been exerted none,
 To raise such wonders in her view
 Save love of George alone.

That cordial thought her spirit cheer'd,
And through the cumb'rous throng,
Not else unworthy to be fear'd,
Convey'd her calm along.

So, ancient poets say, serene
The sea-maid rides the waves,
And fearless of the billowy scene
Her peaceful bosom laves.

With more than astronomick eyes
She view'd the sparkling show ;
One Georgian star adorns the skies,
She myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night
Like that, once seen, suffice,
Heav'n grant us no such future sight,
Such previous wo the price !

THE

COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND.

[May 1789.]

MUSE—Hide his name of whom I sing,
 Lest his surviving house thou bring
 For his sake, into scorn,
 Nor speak the School from which he drew
 The much or little that he knew,
 Nor Place where he was born.

That such a man once was, may seem
 Worthy of record (if the theme
 Perchance may credit win)
 For proof to man, what Man may prove,
 If grace depart, and demons move
 The source of guilt within.

This man (for since the howling wild
 Disclaims him, Man he must be stil'd)
 Wanted no good below,
 Gentle he was, if gentle birth
 Could make him such, and he had worth,
 If wealth can worth bestow.

In social talk and ready jest
 He shone superiour at the feast,
 And qualities of mind
 Illustrious in the eyes of those
 Whose gay society he chose
 Possess'd of ev'ry kind.

Methinks I see him powder'd red,
 With bushy locks his well-dress'd head
 Wing'd broad on either side,
 The mossy rose-bud not so sweet ;
 His steeds superb, his carriage neat
 As lux'ry could provide.

Can such be cruel ?—Such can be
 Cruel as hell, and so was he ;
 A tyrant entertain'd
 With barb'rous sports, whose fell delight
 Was to encourage mortal fight
 'Twixt birds to battle train'd.

One feather'd champion he possess'd,
 His darling far beyond the rest,
 Which never knew disgrace,
 Nor e'er had fought, but he made flow
 The life-blood of his fiercest foe,
 The Cæsar of his race.

It chanced, at last, when, on a day,
 He push'd him to the desp'rate fray,
 His courage droop'd, he fled.
 The Master storm'd, the prize was lost,
 And, instant, frantick at the cost,
 He doom'd his fav'rite dead.

He seiz'd him fast, and from the pit
 Flew to his kitchen, snatch'd the spit,
 And, bring me cord, he cried—
 The cord was brought, and, at his word,
 To that dire implement the bird
 Alive and struggling, tied.

The horrid sequel asks a veil,
 And all the terrours of the tale
 That can be, shall be, sunk—
 Led by the suff'rer's screams aright
 His shock'd companions view the sight
 And him with fury drunk.

All, suppliant, beg a milder fate
 For the old warrior at the grate :
 He deaf to pity's call
 Whirl'd round him rapid as a wheel
 His culinary club of steel,
 Death menacing on all.

But vengeance hung not far remote,
 For while he stretch'd his clam'rous throat
 And heav'n and earth defied,

Big with a curse too closely pent
 That struggled vainly for a vent
 He totter'd, reel'd, and died.

'Tis not for us, with rash surmise,
 To point the judgments of the skies,
 But judgments plain as this,
 That, sent for Man's instruction, bring
 A written label on their wing,
 'Tis hard to read amiss.



ON THE

BENEFIT RECEIVED BY HIS MAJESTY
 FROM SEA-BATHING.

IN THE YEAR 1789.

O SOV'REIGN of an isle rencown'd
 For undisputed sway
 Wherever o'er yon gulf profound
 Her navies wing their way,
 With juster claim she builds at length
 Her empire on the sea,
 And well may boast the waves her strength
 Which strength restored to Thee.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE IX.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte ;

SEE'ST thou yon mountain laden with deep snow,
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,
The streams congeal'd forget to flow,
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
Of fuel on the hearth ;
Broach the best cask, and make old winter
smile
With seasonable mirth.

This be our part—let Heaven dispose the rest !
If Jove command, the winds shall sleep,
That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
And gentle gales spring from the balmy West.

E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may,
When to-morrow's past away,
We at least shall háve to say,
We have liv'd another day ;

Your auburn locks will soon be silver'd o'er,
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE 38.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus ;

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
 Persian garlands I detest,
 Bring not me the late-blown rose
 Ling'ring after all the rest :

Plainer myrtle pleases me
 Thus out-stretched beneath my vine,
 Myrtle more becoming thee,
 Waiting with thy master's wine.



English Sapphicks have been attempted, but with little success, because in our language we have no certain rules by which to determine the quantity. The following version was made merely in the way of experiment, how far it might be possible to imitate a Latin Sapphick in English, without any attention to that circumstance.

HOR. B. I. ODE 38.

Boy ! I detest all Persian fopperies,
 Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting,
 Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
 Where latest roses linger,

Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)
 Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
 Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
 Beneath my vine's cool shelter.



HOR. LIB. II. ODE 16.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

EASE is the weary merchant's pray'r,
 Who plows by night th' Ægean flood,
 When neither moon nor stars appear,
 Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
 For ease the Thracian hero sighs,
 Delightful ease all pant to taste,
 A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
 Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
 The tumults of a troubled breast,
 The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man, whose table shows
 A few clean ounces of old plate ;
 No fear intrudes on his repose ;
 No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short-liv'd things, what plans we lay !
 Ah, why forsake our native home !
 To distant climates speed away ;
 For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard ; and soon o'ertakes
 The well-rigg'd ship, the warlike steed,
 Her destin'd quarry ne'er forsakes,
 Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
 Guard well the cheerful, happy Now ;
 Gild ev'n your sorrows with a smile,
 No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
 Thy num'rous flocks around thee graze,
 And the best purple Tyre affords
 Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heav'n bestow'd
 A rural mansion, neat and small,
 This Lyre ;—and as for yonder crowd,
 The happiness to hate them all.

I make no apology for the introduction of the following lines, though I have never learned who wrote them. Their elegance will sufficiently recommend them to persons of classical taste and erudition, and I shall be happy if the English version that they have received from me, be found not to dishonour them. Affection for the memory of the worthy man whom they celebrate, alone prompted me to this endeavour. W. COWPER.

VERSES

TO THE

MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD,

SPOKEN AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION NEXT
AFTER HIS DECEASE.

ABIIT senex ! periit senex amabilis !

Quo non fuit jucundior.

Lugete vos, ætas quibus maturior

Senem colendum præstitit,

Seu quando, viribus valentioribus

Firmoque fretus pectore,

Florentiori vos juventute excolens

Curâ fovebat patriâ,

Seu quando fractus, jamque donatus rude,

Vultu sed usque blandulo,
 Miscere gaudebat suas facetias
 His annuis leporibus.
 Vixit probus, purâque simplex indole,
 Blandisque comis moribus,
 Et dives æquâ mente—charus omnibus,
 Unius* auctus munere.
 Ite tituli ! meritis beatioribus
 Aptate laudes debitas !
 Nec invidebat ille, si quibus favens
 Fortuna plus arriserat.
 Placide senex ! levi quiescas cespite,
 Etsi superbum nec vivo tibi
 Decus sit iudicium, nec mortuo
 Lapis notatus nomine.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

Our good old friend is gone, gone to his rest,
 Whose social converse was, itself, a feast.
 O ye of riper age, who recollect
 How once ye loved, and eyed him with respect,
 Both in the firmness of his better day,
 While yet he ruled you with a father's sway,
 And when, impair'd by time and glad to rest,
 Yet still with looks in mild complacence drest,
 He took his annual seat and mingled here
 His sprightly vein with yours— now drop a tear.

* He was usher and under-master of Westminster near fifty years, and retired from his occupation when he was near seventy, with a handsome pension from the King.

In morals blameless as in manners meek
 He knew no wish that he might blush to speak,
 But, happy in whatever state below,
 And richer than the rich in being so,
 Obtain'd the hearts of all, and such a meed
 At length from One,* as made him rich indeed.
 Hence, then, ye titles, hence, not wanted here,
 Go, garnish merit in a brighter sphere,
 The brows of those whose more exalted lot
 He could congratulate, but envied not.

Light lie the turf, good Senior! on thy breast,
 And tranquil as thy mind was, be thy rest!
 Tho', living, thou hadst more desert than fame
 And not a stone, now, chronicles thy name.

* See the note in the Latin copy.

TO MRS. THROCKMORTON,

ON

HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSCRIPT OF HORACE'S ODE,

AD LIBRUM SUUM.

[February 1790.]

MARIA, could Horace have guess'd
 What honour awaited his ode

To his own little volume address'd,
 The honour which you have bestow'd,
 Who have traced it in characters here
 So elegant, even and neat,
 He had laugh'd at the critical sneer
 Which he seems to have trembled to meet,

And sneer if you please, he had said,
 A nymph shall hereafter arise
 Who shall give me, when you are all dead,
 The glory your malice denies,
 Shall dignity give to my lay,
 Although but a mere bagatelle;
 And even a poet shall say,
 Nothing ever was written so well.



INSCRIPTION

For a Stone erected at the Sowing of a Grove of Oaks at
 Chillington, the Seat of T. Giffard, Esq. 1790.

[June 1790.]

OTHER stones the era tell,
 When some feeble mortal fell;
 I stand here to date the birth
 Of these hardy sons of Earth.

Which shall longest brave the sky,
 Storm and frost—these oaks or I ?
 Pass an age or two away,
 I must moulder and decay,
 But the years that crumble me
 Shall invigorate the tree,
 Spread its branch, dilate its size,
 Lift its summit to the skies.

Cherish honour, virtue, truth,
 So shalt thou prolong thy youth.
 Wanting these, however fast
 Man be fixt, and form'd to last,
 He is lifeless even now,
 Stone at heart, and cannot grow.



ANOTHER,

For a Stone erected on a similar occasion at the same
 place in the following year.

[June 1790.]

READER ! Behold a monument
 That asks no sigh or tear,
 Though it perpetuate the event
 Of a great burial here.

Anno 1791.

HYMN

FOR THE USE OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL AT OLNEY.

[July 1790.]

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r,
 In heaven thy dwelling-place,
 From infants made the publick care
 And taught to seek thy face !

Thanks for thy Word and for thy Day;
 And grant us, we implore,
 Never to waste in sinful play
 Thy holy Sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear—but oh impart
 To each desires sincere,
 That we may listen with our heart,
 And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage
 Of elder far than we,
 What hope that at our heedless age
 Our minds should e'er be free ?

Much hope, if thou our spirits take
 Under thy gracious sway,
 Who canst the wisest wiser make,
 And Babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
 A sun that ne'er declines ;
 And be thy mercies show'r'd on those
 Who placed us where it shines.*



STANZAS

On the late indecent Liberties taken with the Remains of
 the great Milton,—Anno 1790.

[August 1790.]

“ Me too, perchance, in future days,
 “ The sculptured stone shall show,
 “ With Paphian myrtle or with bays
 “ Parnassian on my brow.

* *Note by the Editor.* This Hymn was written at the request of the Rev. James Bean, then Vicar of Olney, to be sung by the children of the Sunday Schools of that town, after a Charity Sermon, preached at the Parish Church for their benefit, on Sunday, July 31, 1790.

" But I, or ere that season come,
 " Escaped from ev'ry care,
 " Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,
 " And sleep securely there."*

So sang, in Roman tone and style,
 The youthful bard, ere long
 Ordained to grace his native isle
 With her sublimest song.

Who then but must conceive disdain
 Hearing the deed unblest
 Of wretches who have dar'd profane
 His dread sepulchral rest ?

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
 Where Milton's ashes lay,
 That trembled not to grasp his bones
 And steal his dust away !

O ill-requited bard ! neglect
 Thy living worth repaid,
 And blind idolatrous respect
 As much affronts thee dead.

* Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas—At ego segura pace quiescam.

MILTON IN MANSO.

TO MRS. KING

ON

Her kind Present to the Author, a Patch-work Counterpane of her own making.

[August 14, 1790.]

THE Bard, if e'er he feel at all,
Must sure be quicken'd by a call
 Both on his heart and head,
To pay with tuneful thanks the care
And kindness of a Lady fair
 Who deigns to deck his bed.

A bed like this, in ancient time,
On Ida's barren top sublime,
 (As Homer's Epick shows)
Composed of sweetest vernal flow'rs,
Without the aid of sun or show'rs
 For Jove and Juno rose.

Less beautiful, however gay,
Is that which in the scorching day
 Receives the weary swain
Who, laying his long sithe aside,
Sleeps on some bank with daisies pied
 'Till roused to toil again.

What labours of the loom I see !
 Looms numberless have groan'd for me !
 Should every maiden come
 To scramble for the patch that bears
 The impress of the robe she wears,
 The Bell would toll for some.

And oh, what havock would ensue !
 This bright display of ev'ry hue
 All in a moment fled !
 As if a storm should strip the bow'rs
 Of all their tendrils, leaves, and flow'rs—
 Each pocketing a shred.

Thanks, then, to ev'ry gentle Fair
 Who will not come to peck me bare
 As bird of borrow'd feather,
 And thanks, to One, above them all,
 The gentle Fair of Pertenhall
 Who put the whole together.

L. OF G.

[October 1790.]

* Certain potters, while they were busied in baking their ware, seeing Homer at a small distance, and having heard much said of his wisdom, called to him, and promised him a present of their commodity and of such other things as they could afford, if he would sing to them, when he sang as follows :

PAY me my price, Potters ! and I will sing,
 Attend, O Pallas ! and with lifted arm
 Protect their oven ; let the cups and all
 The sacred vessels blacken well, and baked
 With good success, yield them both fair renown
 And profit, whether in the market sold
 Or street, and let no strife ensue between us.
 But, oh ye Potters ! if with shameless front
 Ye falsify your promise, then I leave
 No mischief uninvok'd t' avenge the wrong.
 Come Syutrips, Smaragus, Sabactes come,
 And Asbetus, nor let your direst dread
 Omodamus, delay ! Fire seize your house,
 May neither house nor vestibule escape,

* *Note by the Editor* :—No Title is prefixed to this piece ; but it appears to be a translation of one of the *Επιγραμματα* of Homer called 'Ο Καμινος, or The Furnace. The prefatory lines are from the Greek of Herodotus, or whoever was the Author of the life of Homer ascribed to him.

May ye lament to see confusion mar
 And mingle the whole labour of your hands,
 And may a sound fill all your oven, such
 As of a horse grinding his provender,
 While all your pots and flagons bounce within.
 Come hither also, daughter of the sun,
 Circe the Sorceress, and with thy drugs
 Poison themselves, and all that they have made!
 Come also Chiron, with thy num'rous troop
 Of Centaurs, as well those who died beneath
 The club of Hercules, as who escaped,
 And stamp their crockery to dust; down fall
 Their Chimney; let them see it with their eyes
 And howl to see the ruin of their art,
 While I rejoice; and if a potter stoop
 To peep into his furnace; may the fire
 Flash in his face and scorch it, that all men
 Observe, thenceforth, equity and good faith.

IN MEMORY

OF THE LATE

JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

[November 1790.]

POETS attempt the noblest task they can,
 Praising the Author of all good in man,

And, next, commemorating Worthies lost,
The Dead in whom that good abounded most.

Thee, therefore, of commercial fame, but more
Famed for thy probity from shore to shore,
Thee, THORNTON ! worthy in some page to shine,
As honest, and more eloquent than mine,
I mourn ; or, since thrice happy thou must be,
The world, no longer thy abode, not thee.
Thee to deplore, were grief mispent indeed ;
It were to weep that goodness has its meed,
That there is bliss prepared in yonder sky,
And glory for the virtuous, when they die.

What pleasure can the miser's fondled hoard,
Or spendthrift's prodigal excess afford,
Sweet as the privilege of healing wo
By virtue suffer'd combating below ?
That privilege was thine ; Heav'n gave thee
means

T' illumine with delight the saddest scenes,
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn
As midnight, and despairing of a morn.
Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food ;
Av'rice, in thee, was the desire of wealth
By rust unperishable or by stealth,
And if the genuine worth of gold depend
On application to its noblest end,
Thine had a value in the scales of Heav'n,
Surpassing all that mine or mint had giv'n.

And, tho' God made thee of a nature prone
 To distribution boundless of thy own,
 And still by motives of religious force
 Impell'd thee more to that heroick course,
 Yet was thy liberality discreet,
 Nice in its choice, and of a temper'd heat,
 And though in act unwearied, secret still,
 As in some solitude the summer rill
 Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,
 And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

Such was thy Charity ; no sudden start,
 After long sleep, of passion in the heart,
 But steadfast principle, and, in its kind,
 Of close relation to th' eternal mind,
 Traced easily to its true source above,
 To Him, whose works bespeak his nature, Love.

Thy bounties all were Christian, and I make
 This record of thee for the Gospel's sake ;
 That the incredulous themselves may see
 Its use and pow'r exemplified in Thee.

THE FOUR AGES,

(A BRIEF FRAGMENT OF AN EXTENSIVE PROJECTED
POEM.)

[May 1791.]

“ I COULD be well content, allow'd the use
 “ Of past experience, and the wisdom glean'd
 “ From worn-out follies, now acknowledg'd such,
 “ To recommence life's trial, in the hope
 “ Of fewer errors, on a second proof !”

Thus, while gray evening lull'd the wind, and
 call'd
 Fresh odours from the shrubb'ry at my side,
 Taking my lonely winding walk, I mus'd,
 And held accustom'd conference with my heart ;
 When, from within it, thus a voice replied.

“ Couldst thou in truth ? and art thou taught
 at length
 “ This wisdom, and but this, from all the past ?
 “ Is not the pardon of thy long arrear,
 “ Time wasted, violated laws, abuse
 “ Of talents, judgments, mercies, better far
 “ Than opportunity vouchsaf'd to err
 “ With less excuse, and haply, worse effect ?”

I heard, and acquiesc'd : then to and fro
 Oft pacing, as the mariner his deck,
 My grav'ly bounds, from self to human kind
 I pass'd, and next consider'd——what is Man ?

Knows he his origin ? can he ascend
 By reminiscence to his earliest date ?
 Slept he in Adam ? and in those from him
 Through num'rous generations, till he found
 At length his destin'd moment to be born ?
 Or was he not, till fashion'd in the womb ?
 Deep myst'ries both ! which schoolmen much have
 toil'd
 To unriddle, and have left them myst'ries still.

It is an evil incident to man,
 And of the worst, that unexplor'd he leaves
 Truths useful and attainable with ease,
 To search forbidden deeps, where myst'ry lies
 Not to be solv'd, and useless, if it might.
 Myst'ries are food for angels ; they digest
 With ease, and find them nutriment ; but man,
 While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean
 His manna from the ground, or starve, and die.

THE
JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

[May 1791.]

Two nymphs, both nearly of an age,
Of num'rous charms possess'd,
A warm dispute once chanced to wage,
Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete,
Had both alike been mild :
But one, although her smile was sweet,
Frown'd oft'ner than she smiled.

And in her humour, when she frown'd
Would raise her voice and roar,
And shake with fury to the ground
The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
From all such phrensy clear,
Her frowns were seldom known to last,
And never proved severe.

To poets of renown in song
 The nymphs referr'd the cause,
 Who, strange to tell, all judg'd it wrong,
 And gave misplaced applause.

They gentle call'd, and kind and soft,
 The flippant and the scold,
 And though she changed her mood so oft,
 That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
 Or so resolv'd to err—
 In short, the charms her sister had
 They lavish'd all on her.

Then thus the God whom fondly they
 Their great Inspirer call,
 Was heard, one genial summer's day,
 To reprimand them all.

“ Since thus ye have combined,” he said,
 “ My fav'rite nymph to slight,
 “ Adorning May, that peevish maid,
 “ With June's undoubted right,

“ The Minx shall, for your folly's sake,
 “ Still prove herself a shrew,
 “ Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
 “ And pinch your noses blue.”



TRANSLATIONS
OF THE
LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS
OF
MILTON.

[Begun September, 1791. Finished March 1792.]



TRANSLATIONS
OF
THE LATIN POEMS,
&c. &c.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

AT length, my friend, the far sent letters come,
Charged with thy kindness, to their destin'd home,
They come, at length, from Deva's Western side,
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.
Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my sprightly friend, now free to roam,
Must seek again so soon his wonted home.
I well content, where Thames with refluent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside,
Nor zeal nor duty, now, my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.

Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
 That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.
 'Tis time, that I, a pedant's threats disdain,
 And fly from wrongs, my soul will ne'er sustain.
 If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent,
 Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
 Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
 A name expressive of the lot I choose.
 I would, that, exiled to the Pontick shore,
 Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.
 He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
 And Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise:
 For here I woo the muse; with no control,
 And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
 Here too I visit, or to smile, or weep,
 The winding theatre's majestick sweep;
 The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
 My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;
 Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
 Suitor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,
 Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
 Thunder the Norman gibb'rish of the laws.
 The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,
 And, artful, speeds th' enamour'd son's desire.
 There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
 What love is, know not, yet unknowing, love.
 Or, if impassion'd Tragedy wield high
 The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly
 Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
 I gaze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief,
 At times, e'en bitter tears! yield sweet relief.

As when from bliss untasted torn away,
 Some youth dies, hapless, on his bridal day,
 Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
 Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful wo,
 When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
 Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
 Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
 I dwell; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,
 Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
 Of branching elm, that never sun pervades.
 Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
 Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
 Oh forms divine! Oh looks that might inspire
 E'en Jove himself, grown old, with young desire!
 Oft have I gazed on gem-surpassing eyes,
 Out-sparkling every star, that gilds the skies.
 Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestowed
 By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road!
 Bright locks, Love's golden snare! these falling
 low,
 Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow!
 Cheeks too, more winning sweet than after show'r
 Adonis turn'd to Flora's fav'rite flower!
 Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shar'd th' em-
 brace
 Of Jupiter in ancient times, give place!
 Give place, ye turbann'd fair of Persia's coast!
 And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast!
 Submit, ye nymphs of Greece! ye, once the bloom
 Of Iliion! and all ye, of haughty Rome,

Who swept, of old, her theatres with trains
 Redundant, and still live in classick strains !
 To British damsels beauty's palm is due,
 Aliens ! to follow them is fame for you.
 Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
 Whose towering front the circling realm commands,
 Too blest abode ! no loveliness we see
 In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
 The virgin multitude that daily meets,
 Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,
 Out numbers all her train of starry fires,
 With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
 Fame says, that wafted hither by her doves,
 With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
 Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
 Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore.
 But lest the sightless boy inforce my stay,
 I leave these happy walls, while yet I may.
 Immortal Moly shall secure my heart
 From all the sorc'ry of Circean art,
 And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools
 To face once more the warfare of the schools.
 Meantime accept this trifle ! rhimes though few,
 Yet such, as prove thy friend's remembrance true !

ELEGY II.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE
AT CAMBRIDGE.

Composed by Milton in the 17th year of his age.

THEE, whose refulgent staff, and summons clear,
 Minerva's flock long time was want t' obey,
 Although thyself an herald, famous here,
 The last of heralds, Death, has snatch'd away.
 He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
 To spare the office, that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes display'd
 By Leda's paramour in ancient time,
 But thou wast worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
 Or Æson-like to know a second prime,
 Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
 New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

Commission'd to convene, with hasty call,
 The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou
 stand !
 So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall,
 Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command !
 And so Eurybates, when he address'd
 To Peleus' son, Atrides' proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres ! whose rig'rous laws
And watchful eyes, run through the realms
below,

Oh oft too adverse to Minerva's cause !

Too often to the muse not less a foe !

Choose meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen, and its
shame !

Flow, therefore, tears for him, from ev'ry eye,

All ye disciples of the muses, weep !

Assembling, all, in robes of sable dye,

Around his bier, lament his endless sleep !

And let complaining elegy rehearse,

In every school, her sweetest, saddest verse.

ELEGY III.

ON THE DEATH

OF THE

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Composed in the Author's 17th year.

SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,
 Making, in thought, the publick woes my own,
 When, first, arose the image in my breast
 Of England's suffering by that scourge, the Pest !
 How death, his fun'ral torch and sithe in hand,
 Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
 Has laid the gem-illumin'd palace low,
 And levell'd tribes of nobles, at a blow.
 I, next, deplor'd the fam'd paternal pair,
 Too soon to ashes turn'd and empty air !
 The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies,
 All Belgia saw, and followed with her sighs,
 But thee far most I mourn'd, regretted most,
 Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast !
 Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said :
 " Death, next in pow'r to him, who rules the dead !
 Is't not enough that all the woodlands yield
 To thy fell force, and ev'ry verdant field,

That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
 And ev'n the Cyprian queen's own roses, pine,
 That oaks themselves, although the running rill
 Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will,
 That all the winged nations, even those,
 Whose heav'n directed flight the future shows,
 And all the beasts, that in dark forests stray,
 And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.
 Ah envious ! arm'd with pow'rs so unconfin'd !
 Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind ?
 Why take delight, with darts, that never roam,
 To chase a heav'n-born spirit from her home ?”

While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening stood,
 Now newly risen above the western flood,
 And Phœbus from his morning-goal again
 Had reach'd the gulfs of the Iberian main.
 I wish'd repose, and, on my couch reclin'd,
 Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd :
 When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld !
 I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
 Where all the champaign glow'd with purple light
 Like that of sun-rise on the mountain height ;
 Flow'rs over all the field, of ev'ry hue
 That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
 Nor Chloris, with whom am'rous Zephyrs play,
 E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.
 A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
 O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold,
 With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flowers,
 With airs awaken'd under rosy bowers.

Such, poets feign, irradiated all o'er
The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.

While I, that splendour, and the mingled shade
Of fruitful vines, with wonder fixt survey'd,
At once, with looks, that beam'd celestial grace,
The seer of Winton stood before my face.
His snowy vesture's hem descending low
His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow
New fallen shone the mitre on his brow.
Where'er he trod a tremulous sweet sound
Of gladness shook the flow'ry scene around :
Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
The trumpet shakes the sky, all ether rings,
Each chaunts his welcome, folds him to his breast,
And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest :
" Ascend, my son ! thy father's kingdom share !
My son ! henceforth be freed from ev'ry care !"

So spake the voice, and at its tender close
With psaltry's sound th' angelick band arose.
Then night retired, and chas'd by dawning day
The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
I mourn'd my banish'd sleep, with fond concern ;
Frequent to me may dreams like this return !

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR,

THOMAS YOUNG,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT HAMBURGH.

Written in the Author's 18th year.

HENCE my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
 Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonick shore !
 Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—
 And the Gods grant, that nothing thwart thy way !
 I will myself invoke the king, who binds,
 In his Sicanian echoing vault, the winds,
 With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
 Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
 But rather, to insure thy happier haste,
 Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st ;
 Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore
 Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
 The sands, that line the German coast, descried,
 To opulent Hamburgha turn aside !
 So called, if legendary fame be true,
 From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew !
 There lives, deep learn'd and primitively just,
 A faithful steward of his Christian trust,

My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
 That now is forced to want its better part !
 What mountains now, and seas, alas ! how wide !
 From me this other, dearer self divide,
 Dear, as the sage renown'd for moral truth
 To the prime spirit of the attack youth !
 Dear, as the Stagyrice to Ammon's son,
 His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won !
 Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine
 In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
 First led by him thro' sweet Aonian shade
 Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd ;
 And favour'd by the muse, whom I implor'd,
 Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.
 But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
 To Aries, has new ting'd his fleece with gold,
 And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,
 And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,
 Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
 Or my ear drank the musick of his tongue :
 Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed ;
 Aware thyself, that there is urgent need !
 Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
 Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee.
 Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
 Some bulky father, or God's holy book.
 Or minist'ring (which is his weightiest care)
 To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.
 Give him, whatever his employment be,
 Such gratulation, as he claims, from me !

And, with a down-cast eye, and carriage meek,
Addressing him, forget not thus to speak !

“ If, compass'd round with arms thou canst attend

To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.
Long due, and late, I left the English shore ;
But make me welcome for that cause the more !
Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,
The slow epistle came, tho' late, sincere.
But wherefore, this ? why palliate I the deed,
For which the culprit's self could hardly plead ?
Self-charged, and self-condemn'd, his proper part
He feels neglected, with an aching heart ;
But thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,
And pray forgiveness, merit anger less ;
From timid foes the lion turns away,
Nor yawns upon or reads a crouching prey,
Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,
Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer ;
And heav'n's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
By a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.
Long had he wish'd to write, but was withheld,
And, writes at last, by love alone compell'd,
For fame, too often true, when she alarms,
Reports thy neighbouring-fields a scene of arms ;
Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepar'd.
Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
And saturates with blood the tainted ground ;

Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
 But goads his steeds to fields of German gore.
 The ever verdant olive fades and dies,
 And peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,
 Flies from that earth which justice long had left,
 And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime
 alone

Thou dwell'st, and helpless in a soil unknown ;
 Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
 The aid denied thee in thy native land.
 Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
 Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore !
 Leav'st thou to foreign care the worthies, given
 By providence, to guide thy steps to Heav'n ?
 His ministers, commission'd to proclaim
 Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name !
 Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,
 In stygian night to lie for ever dead
 So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd
 An exil'd fugitive from shade to shade,
 When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,
 In lone Arabian wilds, he shelter'd life ;
 So from Philippi, wander'd forth forlorn
 The ionic Paul, with sounding scourges torn ;
 And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more,
 The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

But thou take courage ! strive against despair !
 Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care !

Grim war indeed on every side appears,
 And thou art menac'd by a thousand spears,
 Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
 Ev'n the defenceless bosom of my friend.
 For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,
 Jehovah's self shall combat on thy side.
 The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'rs
 At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'rs,
 The same, who overthrew in ages past,
 Damascus' sons that lay'd Samaria waste !
 Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears
 By mimick sounds of clarions in their ears,
 Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,
 Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may)
 Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day !
 Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
 And to enjoy, once more, thy native home !

ELEGY V.

ON THE

APPROACH OF SPRING.

Written in the Author's 20th year.

TIME, never wand'ring from his annual round,
 Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the
 ground ;
 Bleak winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,
 And earth assumes her transient youth again.
 Dream I, or also to the spring belong
 Increase of genius, and new powers of song !
 Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'er it seems,
 Impels me now to some harmonious themes.
 Castalia's fountain, and the forked hill
 By day, by night, my raptur'd fancy fill ;
 My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
 A sacred sound, that prompts me to begin.
 Lo ! Phœbus comes, with his bright hair he blends
 The radiant Laurel wreath ; Phœbus descends ;
 I mount, and, undepressed by cumb'rous clay,
 Through cloudy regions win my easy way ;
 Rapt through Poetick shadowy haunts I fly :
 The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,
 My spirit searches all the realms of light,
 And no Tartarean gulfs elude my sight.

But this ecstatick trance—this glorious storm
 Of inspiration—what it will perform?
 Spring claims the verse, that with his influence
 glows,
 And shall be paid with what himself bestows.

Thou, veil'd with op'ning foliage, lead'st the
 throng
 Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel ! in song ;
 Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
 Civick, and sylvan heralds of the spring !

With notes triumphant spring's approach de-
 clare !

To spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear !
 The Orient left, and Æthiopia's plains,
 The Sun now northward turns his golden reins ;
 Night creeps not now ; yet rules with gentle sway ;
 And drives her dusky horrors swift away ;
 Now less fatigued, on this ethereal plain
 Bootes follows his celestial wain ;
 And now the radiant sentinels above,
 Less num'rous, watch around the courts of Jove,
 For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,
 And no gigantick guilt alarms the sky.
 Now haply says some shepherd, while he views,
 Recumbent on a rock, the redd'ning dews,
 This night, this surely, Phœbus miss'd the fair,
 Who stops his chariot by her am'rous care.
 Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
 Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow ;

Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
 Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
 Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora come—too late
 Thou linger'st, slumb'ring, with thy wither'd mate!
 Leave him, and to Hymettus's top repair!
 Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.
 The goddess, with a blush, her love betrays,
 But mounts, and driving rapidly, obeys.
 Earth now desires thee, Phœbus! and t' engage
 Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
 Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet,
 When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
 Her breath imparts to ev'ry breeze, that blows,
 Arabia's harvest, and the Paphian rose.
 Her lofty front she diadems around
 With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd;
 Her dewy locks, with various flow'rs new-blown,
 She interweaves, various, and all her own,
 For Proserpine, in such a wreath attired,
 Tænarian Dis himself with love inspired.
 Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
 Herself, with all her sighing Zephyrs, sues;
 Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
 And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.
 Nor, unendow'd and indigent, aspires
 The am'rous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
 But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim,
 Divine Physician! to that glorious name.
 If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
 Desire in thee (gifts often purchase love)

She offers all the wealth her mountains hide,
 And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
 How oft, when headlong from the heav'nly steep,
 She sees thee playing in the western deep,
 How oft she cries--" Ah Phœbus ! why repair
 Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there ?
 Can Tethys win thee ? wherefore shouldst thou lave
 A face so fair in her unpleasant wave ?
 Come, seek my green retreats, and rather choose
 To cool thy tresses in my chrystal dew,
 The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest ;
 Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
 And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
 Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose !
 No fears I feel like Semele to die,
 Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
 For thou can'st govern them, here therefore rest,
 And lay thy evening glories on my breast !"

Thus breathes the wanton Earth her am'rous
 flame,

And all her countless offspring feel the same ;
 For Cupid now through every region strays,
 Bright'ning his faded fires with solar rays,
 His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
 And his new pointed shafts more deeply wound ;
 Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,
 Nor even Vesta at her altar-side ;
 His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
 And seems sprung newly from the deep again.

Exulting youths the Hymeneal sing,
 With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and vallies, ring ;
 He, new-attired, and by the season drest,
 Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron best.
 Now, many a golden-cinctur'd virgin roves
 To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,
 All wish, and each alike, some fav'rite youth
 Hers, in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.
 Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
 Nor Phillis wants a song, that suits the strain,
 With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
 And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear ;
 Jove feels himself the season, sports again
 With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
 Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
 Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave,
 And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
 Silvanus, wreath'd with cypress, skips behind.
 The Dryads leave their hollow silvan cells
 To roam the banks, and solitary dells ;
 Pan riots now ; and from his amorous chafe
 Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,
 And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
 In chase of some enticing Oread, flies
 She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
 And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
 Our shades entice th' Immortals from above,
 And some kind pow'r presides o'er every grove ;
 And long, ye pow'rs, o'er ev'ry grove preside,
 For all is safe, and blest, where ye abide !

Return, O Jove! the age of gold restore—
 Why choose to dwell, where storms and thunder
 roar?

At least, thou, Phœbus! moderate thy speed!
 Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
 Command rough Winter back, nor yield the pole
 Too soon to Night's encroaching long control!



ELEGY VI.

TO CHARLES DEODATI,

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts, to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them, as he wished.

WITH no rich viands overcharged, I send
 Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd
 friend,
 But wherefore should thy muse tempt mine away
 From what she loves, from darkness into day?
 Art thou derirous to be told how well
 I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell.
 For verse has bounds, and must in measure move;
 But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.

How pleasant, in thy lines describ'd, appear
 December's harmless sports, and rural cheer!
 French spirits kindling with cerulean fires,
 And all such gambols, as the time inspires!

Think not that wine against good verse offends;
 The muse and Bacchus have been always friends,
 Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found
 With ivy, rather than with laurel, crown'd.
 The Nine themselves ofttimes have join'd the song,
 And revels of the Bacchanalian throng;
 Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
 Sing sweetly—why? no vine would flourish there.
 What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse?
 Wine, and the rose, that sparkling wine bedews.
 Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
 Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine;
 While, with loud crash o'erturn'd, the chariot lies
 And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.
 The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays
 So sweet in Glycera's, and Chloe's praise.
 Now too the plenteous feast, and mantling bowl
 Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul;
 The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
 And casks not wine alone, but verse, bestow.
 Thus Phœbus favours, and the arts attend,
 Whom Bacchus, and whom Ceres, both befriend.
 What wonder then, thy verses are so sweet,
 In which these triple powers so kindly meet!
 The lute now also sounds, with gold in-wrought,
 And touch'd, with flying fingers, nicely taught,

In tap'stried halls, high roof'd, the sprightly lyre
 Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
 If dull repletion fright the muse away,
 Sights, gay as these, may more invite her stay ;
 And, trust me, while the iv'ry keys resound,
 Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
 Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,
 Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
 And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,
 By love and musick's blended pow'rs possess'd.
 For num'rous pow'rs light Elegy befriend,
 Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend ;
 Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
 And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
 Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
 Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.
 But they, who demi-gods, and heroes praise,
 And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,
 Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
 Now shades, that echo the Cerberean roar,
 Simply let these, like him of Samos live,
 Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give ;
 In beechen goblets let their bev'rage shine,
 Cool from the chrystal spring, their sober wine !
 Their youth should pass, in innocence, secure
 From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
 Pure as the priest, when rob'd in white he stands,
 The fresh lustration ready in his hands.
 Thus Linus liv'd, and thus, as poets write,
 Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight !

Thus exil'd Chalcas, thus the bard of Thrace,
 Melodious tamer of the savage race !
 Thus train'd by temp'rance, Homer led, of yore,
 His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
 Through magick Circe's monster-peopled reign,
 And shoals insidious with the siren train ;
 And through the realms, where grizly spectres-
 dwell,
 Whose tribes he fettered in a gory spell ;
 For these are sacred bards, and, from above,
 Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove !

Would'st thou (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine
 ear)

Would'st thou be told my occupation here ?
 The promised King of peace employs my pen,
 Th' eternal cov'nant made for guilty men,
 The new-born Deity with infant cries
 Filling the sordid hovel, where he lies ;
 The hymning angels, and the herald star,
 That led the Wise, who sought him from afar,
 And idols on their own unhallow'd shore
 Dash'd, at his birth, to be revered no more !

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse :
 The dawn of that blest day inspired the verse ;
 Verse, that, reserv'd in secret, shall attend
 Thy candid voice, my critick, and my friend !

ELEGY VII.

Composed in the Author's 19th year.

As yet a stranger to the gentle fires,
 That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
 Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
 And scorn'd his claim to rule all human hearts.
 "Go, child," I said, "transfix the tim'rous dove!
 An easy conquest suits an infant love;
 Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
 Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
 Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
 Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."

The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,
 (None kindles sooner) burn'd with double fire.

It was the spring, and newly risen day
 Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May;
 My eyes too tender for the blaze of light,
 Still sought the shelter of retiring night,
 When Love approach'd, in painted plumes array'd
 Th' insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,
 Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
 Sweet intimations of his threat'ning eye.

Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,
 Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;

Such he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their
charms,

Hylas, who perish'd in a Naiad's arms.

Angry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,

And added threats, not destitute of fire.

“ My power,” he said, “ by others pain alone,

'Twere best to learn ; now learn it by thy own !

With those, who feel my power, that pow'r attest !

And in thy anguish be my sway confest !

I vanquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain

From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,

And, when he thinks on Daphne, even he

Will yield the prize of archery to me.

A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,

Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled :

Less true th' expert Cydonian, and less true

The youth, whose shaft his latent Procris slew.

Vanquish'd by me see huge Orion bend,

By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.

At me should Jove himself a bolt design,

His bosom first should bleed transfixt by mine.

But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,

Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain,

Thy Muse, vain youth ! shall not thy peace

ensure,

Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure.”

He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.

That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
 Provok'd my laughter, more than mov'd my fear,
 I shunn'd not, therefore, publick haunts, but stray'd
 Careless in city, or suburban shade,
 And passing, and-repassing, nymphs, that mov'd
 With grace divine, beheld where'er I rov'd.
 Bright shone the vernal day, with double blaze,
 As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays,
 By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
 The dang'rous show, rash youth my only guide,
 And many a look of many a fair unknown
 Met full, unable to control my own.
 But one I mark'd (then peace forsook my breast)
 One—Oh how far superiour to the rest !
 What lovely features ! such the Cyprian queen
 Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
 The very nymph was she, whom when I dar'd
 His arrows, Love had even then prepar'd !
 Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
 With torch well-trimm'd and quiver at his side ;
 Now to her lips he clung, her eye-lids now,
 Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow.
 And with a thousand wounds from ev'ry part
 Pierced, and transpierced, my undefended heart.
 A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
 Now seiz'd my soul, and I was all on fire,
 But she, the while, whom only I adore,
 Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.

In silent sadness I pursue my way ;
 I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
 And while I follow her in thought, bemoan
 With tears, my soul's delight so quickly flown.
 When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
 So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost,
 And so Oeclides, sinking into night,
 From the deep gulf look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
 Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain ?
 Oh could I once, once more behold the fair,
 Speak to her, tel her, of the pangs I bear,
 Perhaps she is not adamant, would show
 Perhaps some pity at my tale of wo.
 Oh inauspicious flame—tis mine to prove
 A matchless instance of disastrous love.
 Ah spare me, gentle pow'r !—If such thou be,
 Let not thy deeds, and nature, disagree.
 Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
 With vow and sacrifice, save only thine.
 Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts :
 Now own thee sovereign of all human hearts.
 Remove ! no—grant me still this raging wo !
 Sweet is the wretchedness, that lovers know :
 But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
 One destin'd mine) at once both her, and me.

SUCH were the trophies, that, in earlier days,
 By vanity seduced, I toil'd to raise,
 Studious, yet indolent, and urg'd by youth,
 That worst of teachers ! from the ways of truth ;

Till learning taught me, in his shady bow'r,
 To quit love's servile yoke, and spurn his pow'r,
 Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame suppress,
 A frost continual settled on my breast,
 Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
 And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS

PRAISE in old time the sage Prometheus won,
 Who stole ethereal radiance from the sun;
 But greater he, whose bold invention strove
 To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

[The poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now.]

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.*

ANOTHER Leonora once inspir'd
 Tasso, with fatal love to phrensy fir'd,
 But how much happier, liv'd he now, were he,
 Pierc'd with whatever pangs for love of thee!
 Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
 With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
 Fiercer than Pentheus' tho' his eye might roll,
 Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
 You still, with medicinal sounds, might cheer
 His senses wandering in a blind career;
 And sweetly breathing through his wounded
 breast,
 Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to
 rest.



TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, too credulous, ah! boast no more
 The sweet-voic'd Siren buried on thy shore,
 That, when Parthenope deceas'd, she gave
 Her sacred dust to a Chalcidick grave,

* I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superiour to what I have omitted.

For still she lives, but has exchange'd the hoarse
 Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course,
 Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains,
 Of magick song, both gods and men detains.



THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A PEASANT to his lord pay'd yearly court,
 Presenting pippins, of so rich a sort
 That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,
 Remov'd the tree, that all might be his own.
 The tree, too old to travel, though before
 So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
 The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
 Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employ'd,
 And "Oh," he cried, "that I had liv'd content
 With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
 My av'rice has expensive prov'd to me,
 Has cost me both my pippins, and my tree."

TO
CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,
 WITH
CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

CHRISTINA, maiden of heroick mien !
 Star of the North ! of northern stars the queen !
 Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
 The iron casque still chafes my vet'ran brow
 While following fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
 The dictates of a hardy people's will
 But soften'd, in thy sight, my looks appear,
 Not to all Queens or kings alike severe.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE
DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,
 A PHYSICIAN.

LEARN, ye nations of the earth,
 The condition of your birth,

Now be taught your feeble state!
 Know, that all must yield to fate!

If the mournful rover, Death,
 Say out once—"resign your breath!"
 Vainly of escape you dream,
 You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome
 Death's assault, and baffle doom,
 Hercules had both withstood,
 Undiseas'd by Nessus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain
 By a trick of Pallas slain,
 Nor the chief to Jove allied
 By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
 Circe, sav'd by magick song,
 Still had liv'd, and equal skill
 Had preserv'd Medea still.

Dwelt in herbs, and drugs, a pow'r
 To avert man's destin'd hour,
 Learn'd Machaon should have known
 Doubtless to avert his own.

Chiron had surviv'd the smart
 Of the Hydra-tainted dart,
 And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
 Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage ! of whom forlorn
 Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
 Still had'st fill'd thy princely place
 Regent of the gowned race.

Had'st advanc'd to higher fame
 Still, thy much-ennobled name,
 Nor in Charon's skiff explor'd
 The Tartarean gulf abhorr'd.

But resentful Proserpine,
 Jealous of thy skill divine,
 Snapping short thy vital thread
 Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good ! untroubled be
 The green turf, that covers thee !
 Thence, in gay profusion, grow
 All the sweetest flow'rs that blow !

Pluto's consort bid thee rest !
 Æacus pronounce thee blest !
 To her home thy shade consign !
 Make Elysium ever thine !

ON THE

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY.

Written in the Author's 17th year.

My lids with grief were tumid yet,
 And still my sullied cheek was wet
 With briny dews, profusely shed
 For venerable Winton dead ;
 When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound
 Alas ! are ever truest found,
 The news through all our cities spread
 Of yet another mitred head
 By ruthless fate to death consign'd,
 Ely, the honour of his kind !

At once a storm of passion heav'd
 My boiling bosom, much I griev'd
 But more I rag'd, at ev'ry breath
 Devoting Death himself to death.
 With less revenge did Naso teem,
 When hated Ibis was his theme ;
 With less, Archilochus, denied
 The lovely Greek, his promis'd bride:

But lo ! while thus I execrate,
 Incens'd, the minister of fate,
 Wondrous accents, soft, yet clear,
 Wafted on the gale I hear.

" Ah, much deluded ! lay aside
 Thy threats, and anger misapplied !
 Art not afraid with sounds like these
 T' offend, where thou canst not appease ?
 Death is not (wherefore dream'st thou thus ?)
 The son of Night, and Erebus :
 Nor was of fell Erynnis born
 On gulfs, where Chaos rules forlorn :
 But, sent from God, his presence leaves,
 To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
 To call encumber'd souls away
 From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
 (As when the winged hours excite,
 And summon forth the morning-light)
 And each to convoy to her place
 Before th' Eternal Father's face.
 But not the wicked—they, severe
 Yet just, from all their pleasures here
 He hurries to the realms below,
 Terrifick realms of penal wo !
 Myself no sooner heard his call,
 Than, scaping through my prison-wall,
 I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
 And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,
 Like him of old, to whom 'twas giv'n
 To mount, on fiery wheels, to Heav'n.
 Boötes' waggon, slow with cold,
 Appall'd me not ; nor to behold
 The sword, that vast Orion draws,
 Or ev'n the Scorpion's horrid claws.

Beyond the Sun's bright orb I fly,
 And, far beneath my feet, descry
 Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
 Whom her winged dragons draw.
 Thus, ever wond'ring at my speed,
 Augmented still as I proceed,
 I pass the planetary sphere,
 The Milky Way—and now appear
 Heav'n's chrystal battlements, her door
 Of massy pearl, and em'rald floor.

But here I cease. For never can
 The tongue of once a mortal man
 In suitable description trace
 The pleasures of that happy place ;
 Suffice it, that those joys divine
 Are all, and all for ever, mine !"



NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.

Ah, how the human mind wearies herself
 With her own wand'rings, and, involv'd in gloom
 Impenetrable, speculates amiss !
 Measuring, in her folly, things divine
 By human ; laws inscrib'd on adamant
 By laws of man's device, and counsels fixt
 For ever, by the hours, that pass, and die.

How?—shall the face of nature then be plough'd
 Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
 On the great Parent fix a sterile curse?
 Shall even she confess old age, and halt,
 And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows?
 Shall foul Antiquity with rust and drought,
 And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above?
 Shall Time's unsated maw crave and engulf
 The very Heav'ns, that regulate his flight?
 And was the Sire of all able to fence
 His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
 But, through improvident, and heedless haste,
 Let slip th' occasion?—so then—all is lost—
 And in some future evil hour, yon arch
 Shall crumble, and come thund'ring down, the
 poles

Jar in collision, the Olympian king
 Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
 The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
 Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd
 Down into Lemnos, through the gate of Heav'n.
 Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
 Phœbus! thy own son's fall shalt imitate,
 With hideous ruin shalt impress the deep
 Suddenly, and the flood shall reek, and hiss,
 At the extinction of the lamp of day.
 Then too, shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,
 Be shattered, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
 Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immers'd
 In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.

No. The Almighty Father surer lay'd
 His deep foundations, and providing well
 For the event of all, the scales of Fate
 Suspended, in just equipoise, and bade
 His universal works, from age to age,
 One tenour hold, perpetual, undisturb'd.

Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
 Continual, day by day, and with it bears
 In social measure swift the heav'ns around.
 Not tardier now is Saturn than of old,
 Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.
 Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, still shows
 Th' effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god
 A downward course, that he may warm the vales ;
 But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,
 Sign after sign, through all the heav'nly zone.
 Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star
 From odoriferous Ind, whose office is
 To gather home betimes th' ethereal flock,
 To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,
 And to discriminate the night and day.
 Still Cythia's changeful horn waxes, and wanes,
 Alternate, and with arms extended still,
 She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams.
 Nor have the elements deserted yet
 Their functions, thunder with as loud a stroke
 As erst, smites through the rocks, and scatters
 them.

The east still howls, still the relentless north
 Invades the shudd'ring Scythian, still he breathes

The winter, and still rolls the storms along.
 The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
 Beats on Pelorus, o'er the deep is heard
 The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell,
 Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea
 In shallows, or beneath diminish'd waves.
 Thou too, thy ancient vegetative pow'r
 Enjoy'st, () earth ! Narcissus still is sweet,
 And, Phœbus ! still thy favourite, and still
 Thy fav'rite, Cytherea ! both retain
 Their beauty, nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
 For punishment of man, with purer gold
 Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the Deep.

Thus, in unbroken series, all proceeds ;
 And shall, till wide involving either pole,
 And the immensity of yonder heav'n,
 The final flames of destiny absorb
 The world, consum'd in one enormous pyre !



ON

THE PLATONICK IDEA,

AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

YE sister pow'rs, who o'er the sacred groves
 Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,

Mnemosyne ! and, thou, who in thy grot
 Immense, reclin'd at leisure, hast in charge
 The archives and the ord'nances of Jove,
 And dost record the festivals of heav'n,
 Eternity !—Inform us who is He,
 That great original by nature chos'n
 To be the archetype of human kind,
 Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
 Themselves coeval, one, yet ev'ry where,
 An image of the god, who gave him being ?
 Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
 He dwells not in his father's mind, but, though
 Of common nature with ourselves, exists
 Apart, and occupies a local home.
 Whether, companion of the stars, he spend
 Eternal ages, roaming at his will
 From sphere to sphere the tenfold heav'ns, or
 dwell
 On the moon's side, that nearest neighbours earth,
 Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
 Among the multitude of souls ordain'd
 To flesh and blood, or whether (as may chance)
 That vast and giant model of our kind
 In some far distant region of this globe
 Sequester'd stalk, with lifted head on high
 O'ertow'ring Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
 The stars, terrifick even to the gods.
 Never the Theban seer, whose blindness prov'd
 His best illumination, him beheld
 In secret vision ; never him the son
 Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night

Descending, to the prophet-choir revealed ;
 Him never knew th' Assyrian priest, who yet
 The ancestry of Ninus chronicles,
 And Belus, and Osiris, far-renown'd ;
 Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd
 So deep in myst'ry, to the worshippers
 Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.

And thou, who hast immortaliz'd the shades
 Of Academus, if the schools receiv'd
 This monster of the fancy first from thee,
 Either recall at once the banish'd bards
 To thy republick, or thyself evinc'd
 A wilder fabulist, go also forth.



TO HIS FATHER.

OH that Pieria's spring would thro' my breast
 Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
 No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood !
 That, for my venerable Father's sake
 All meaner themes renounc'd, my muse, on wings
 Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
 For thee, my Father ! howsoe'er it please,
 She frames this slender work, nor know I aught,
 That may thy gifts more suitably requite ;
 'Though to requite them suitably would ask
 Returns much nobler, and surpassing far

The meagre stores of verbal gratitude :
 But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
 This page presents thee in their full amount
 With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought ;
 Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
 In secret grottos, and in laurel bow'rs,
 I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquir'd.

Verse is a work divine ; despise not thou
 Verse therefore, which evinces (nothing more)
 Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
 Some scintillations of Promethean fire,
 Bespeaks him animated from above.
 The Gods love verse ; the infernal Pow'rs them-
 selves
 Confess the influence of verse, which stirs
 The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
 Of adamant both Pluto and the Shades.
 In verse the Delphick priestess, and the pale
 Tremulous Sybil, make the future known,
 And he who sacrifices, on the shrine
 Hangs verse, both when he smites the threat'ning
 bull,
 And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
 To scrutinize the Fates envelop'd there.
 We too, ourselves, what time we seek again
 Our native skies, and one eternal now
 Shall be the only measure of our being,
 Crown'd all with gold, and chaunting to the lyre
 Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
 And make the starry firmament resound.

And, even now, the fiery spirit pure
 That wheels yon circling orbs, directs, himself,
 Their mazy dance with melody of verse
 Unutt'able, immortal, hearing which
 Huge Ophiuchus holds his biss suppress'd,
 Orion soften'd, drops his ardent blade,
 And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
 Verse grac'd of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
 Luxurious dainties, destin'd to the gulf
 Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
 Lyæus delug'd yet the temp'rate board.
 Then sat the bard a customary guest
 To share the banquet, and, his length of locks
 With beechen honours bound, proposed in verse
 The characters of heroes, and their deeds,
 To imitation, sang of Chaos old,
 Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
 Of acorns fall'n, and of the thunder bolt
 Not yet produc'd from Etna's fiery cave.
 And what avails, at last, tune without voice,
 Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
 The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song
 Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear.
 And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone
 Well touch'd, but by resistless accents more
 To sympathetick tears the ghosts themselves
 He mov'd: these praises to his verse he owes.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
 The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
 And useless, pow'rs, by whom inspir'd, thyself

Art skilful to associate verse with airs
 Harmonious, and to give the human voice
 A thousand modulations, heir by right
 Indisputable of Arion's fame.
 Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
 Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
 In close affinity, we sympathize
 In social arts, and kindred studies sweet ?
 Such distribution of himself to us
 Was Phœbus' choice ; thou hast thy gift, and I
 Mine also, and between us we receive,
 Father and son, the whole inspiring God.

No ! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
 Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,
 My Father ! for thou never bad'st me tread
 The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
 To opulence, nor did'st condemn thy son
 To the insipid clamours of the bar,
 To laws voluminous, and ill observ'd ;
 But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
 My mind with treasure, led'st me far away
 From city din to deep retreats, to banks
 And streams Aonian, and, with free consent,
 Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.
 I speak not now, on more important themes
 Intent, of common benefits, and such
 As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,
 My Father ! who, when I had open'd once
 The stores of Roman rhetorick, and learn'd
 The full-ton'd language, of the eloquent Greeks,

Whose lofty musick grac'd the lips of Jove,
 Thyself didst counsel me to add the flow'rs,
 That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the
 smooth

Italian his degen'rate speech adorns,
 That witnesses his mixture with the Goth!
 And Palestine's prophetick songs divine.
 To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,
 The earth beneath it, and the air between,
 The rivers and the restless deep, may all
 Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
 Concurring with thy will; science herself,
 All cloud remov'd, inclines her beauteous head,
 And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
 I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds,
 That covet it; what could my Father more?
 What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
 His own abode, the heav'n, in which he reigns?
 More eligible gifts than these were not
 Apollo's to his son, had they been safe,
 As they were insecure, who made the boy
 The world's vice luminary, bade him rule
 The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
 'To his young brows his own all dazzling-wreath.
 I therefore, although last and least, my place
 Among the learned in the laurel grove
 Will hold, and where the conqu'ror's ivy twines,
 Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throug
 Profane, nor even to be seen by such.

Away then, sleepless Care, Complaint, away,
 And, Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"
 Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth
 Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!
 Ye all are impotent against my peace,
 For I am privileg'd, and bear my breast
 Safe, and too high, for your viperean wound.

But thou! my Father, since to render thanks
 Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
 Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
 Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
 And bear them treasur'd in a grateful mind!
 Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
 My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
 To hope longevity, and to survive
 Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
 In the oblivious Lethæan gulf,
 Shall to futurity perhaps convey
 This theme, and by these praises of my sire
 Improve the Fathers of a distant age!

TO

SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET,

MUCH INDISPOSED.

The original is written in a measure called *Scazon*, which signifies *limping*, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambick, it terminates with a Spondee, and has consequently a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse cannot be imitated in English.

MY halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along
 Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
 And lik'st that pace, expressive of thy cares,
 Not less than Diopeia's sprightlier airs,
 When, in the dance, she beats, with measur'd tread,
 Heav'n's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed ;
 Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
 Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.
 Thus writes that Milton then, who wafted o'er
 From his own nest, on Albion's stormy shore,
 Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
 Sweeps, with ungovern'd rage, the blasted land,
 Of late to more serene Ausonia came
 To view her cities of illustrious name,

To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
 How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth.
 Much good, Salsillus ! and a body free
 From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
 Who now endur'st the languor, and the pains,
 That bile inflicts, diffus'd through all thy veins,
 Relentless malady ! not mov'd to spare
 By thy sweet Roman voice, and Lesbian air !

Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
 And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
 Pythius, or Pœan, or what name divine
 So'er thou choose, haste, heal a priest of thine !
 Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills, that melt
 With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt !
 If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
 Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's wo,
 That, rendered to the Muse he loves, again
 He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
 Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,
 Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,
 Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
 His lov'd Ægeria, shall that strain admire :
 So sooth'd, the tumid Tiber shall revere
 The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
 Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
 And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.

TO

GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO.

MARQUIS OF VILLA.

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled, *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, book xx.

*Era cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
Risplende il Manso.*

During the Author's stay at Naples, he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

THESE verses also to thy praise the Nine,
Oh Manso ! happy in that theme design,

For, Gallus, and Mæcenas gone, they see
 None such besides, or whom they love as thee,
 And, if my verse may give the meed of fame,
 Thine too thall prove an everlasting name.
 Already such, it shines in Tasso's page
 (For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,
 And, next, the Muse consign'd, (not unaware
 How high the charge,) Marino to thy care,
 Who, singing, to the nymphs, Adonis' praise,
 Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.
 To thee alone the poet would entrust
 His latest vows, to thee alone his dust;
 And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
 In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade,
 Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave
 Should aught absorb of their's, which thou
 could'st save,
 All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach
 The life, lot, genius, character of each,
 Eloquent as the Carian sage, who true
 To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who come
 Chill'd by rude blasts, that freeze my Northern
 home,
 Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
 And thine, for Phœbus' sake, a deathless name.
 Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
 A muse scarce rear'd beneath our sullen sky,
 Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
 To seek in Latium hearers of her song.

We too, where Thames with his unsullied waves
 The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,
 Hear oft by night, or slumb'ring, seem, to hear,
 O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warbling
 clear,

And we could boast a Tityrus of yore,
 Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.

Yes—dreary as we own our Northern clime,
 E'en we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme,
 We too serve Phœbus ; Phœbus has receiv'd,
 (If legends old may claim to be believ'd)
 No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
 The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year,
 The fragrant crocus, and to grace his fane,
 Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train ;
 Druids, our native bards in ancient time,
 Who gods and heroes prais'd in hallow'd rhyme !
 Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
 Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,
 They name the virgins, who arriv'd of yore,
 With British off'rings, on the Delian shore,
 Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
 Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
 And Hecaerge, with the golden hair,
 All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms
 bare.

Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime
 Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after-time,

Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
 And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
 'The world shall hear how Phœbus, and the Nine,
 Were iumates once, and willing guests of thine.
 Yet Phœbus, when of old constrain'd to roam
 The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
 Enter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
 Though Hercules had ventur'd there before.
 But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
 Of rural peace, cloth'd with perpetual green,
 And thither, oft as respite he requir'd
 From rustick clamours loud, the god retir'd.
 There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclin'd
 At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwin'd,
 Won by his hospitable friend's desire,
 He sooth'd his pains of exile with the lyre.
 Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
 Nor Oeta felt his load of forests more ;
 The upland elms descended to the plain,
 And soften'd lynxes wonder'd at the strain.

Well may we think, O dear to all above !
 Thy birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove,
 And that Apollo shed his kindest pow'r,
 And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,
 Since only minds so born can comprehend
 A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
 Hence, on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
 The ling'ring freshness of thy greener years,
 Hence, in thy front, and features, we admire
 Nature unwither'd and a mind entire.

Oh might so true a friend to me belong,
 So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
 Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
 The kings, and heroes of my native clime,
 Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
 In subterraneous being, future wars,
 With all his martial knights, to be restor'd,
 Each to his seat, around the fed'ral board,
 And Oh, if spirit fail me not, disperse
 Our Saxon plund'rers, in triumphant verse !
 Then, after all, when, with the past content,
 A life I finish, not in silence spent,
 Should he, kind mourner, o'er my death-bed bend,
 I shall but need to say—" Be yet my friend !"
 He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
 To honour me, and with the graceful wreath
 Or of Parnassus, or the Paphian isle,
 Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.
 Then also, if the fruits of Faith endure,
 And Virtue's promis'd recompense be sure,
 Born to those seats, to which the blest aspire
 By purity of soul, and virtuous fire,
 These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey
 With eyes illumin'd by celestial day,
 And, ev'ry clond from my pure spirit driv'n,
 Joy in the bright beatitude of Heav'n !

ON

THE DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman; a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

YE Nymphs of Himera (for ye have shed
Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear)
Now through the villas lav'd by Thames, rehearse
The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,

What sighs he heav'd, and how with groans profound

He made the woods, and hollow rocks resound,
Young Damon dead; nor even ceased to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,
Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
For he, enamour'd of the Muse, remain'd
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
But, stor'd at length with all, he wish'd to learn,
For his flock's sake now hasted to return,
And when the shepherd had resum'd his seat
At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
Then 'twas his lot, then, all his loss to know,
And, from his burthen'd heart, he vented thus
his wo.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heav'n, or earth, concerned for human woes,
Since, Oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade!
Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controls,
And sep'rates sordid from illustrious souls,

Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
A happier lot, with spirits worthy thine !

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
The wolf first give me a forbidding glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplor'd, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on ev'ry shepherd's tongue;
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
And, after him, to thee the votive lay,
While Pale shall the flocks, and pastures, love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field, or grove,
At least, if ancient piety and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Yes, Damon ! such thy sure reward shall be ;
But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me ?
Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide.
As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat ;
Whether the 'grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went ?

Whose converse, now, shall calm my stormy day,
With charming song, who now beguile my way ?

“ Go, seek your home, my limbs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
In whom shall I confide ? Whose counsel find
A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind ?
Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
Shall fill me now, and cheat the win'try night,
While hisses on my hearth, the pulpy pear,
And black'ning chesnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders thro' the neighb'ring elm.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
And Pan sleeps hidden by the shelt'ring beech,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
And the stretch'd rustick snores beneath the hedge,
Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
Of Attick wit, thy jests, thy smiles again ?

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
Till night descend, while blust'ring wind and show'r
Beat on my temples through the shatter'd bow'r.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.

Alas ! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields !

My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
Bear shrivell'd grapes, my myrtles fail to please,
Nor please me more my flocks ; they, slighted, turn
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.

Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,

Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,

And young Alphesihæus to a seat

Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.

“ Here fountains spring— here mossy hillocks rise ;

“ Here Zephyr whispers, and the stream replies.”

Thus eash persuades, but, deaf to ev'ry call,

I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.

Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well

The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,

For he by chance had noticed my return)

“ What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern ?

Ah Thyrsis ! thou art either craz'd with love,

Or some sinister influence from above ;

Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue ;
His leaden shaft oblique has pierc'd thee through.

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
The nymphs amaz'd, my melancholy see,
And, “ Thyrsis ! ” cry—“ what will become of
thee ?

What would'st thou, Thyrsis ? such should not
appear

The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe ;
Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah shun the
fate

Of those, twice wretched mopes ! who love too
late ! ”

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ægle with Hyas came, to sooth my pain,
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope, the vain,
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
Known far and near, and for her self conceit ;
Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands,
That skirt the Idumanian current, stands ;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are ;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah blest indiff'rence of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd !

No bonds of amity the flocks enthrall,
 But each associates, and is pleas'd with all ;
 So graze the dappled deer in num'rous droves,
 And all his kind alike the zebra loves ;
 The same law governs, where the billows roar,
 And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore ;
 The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
 His fit companion finds in ev'ry place,
 With whom he picks the grain, that suits him best,
 Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
 And whom if chance the falcon make his prey,
 Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow slay,
 For no such loss the gay survivor grieves ;
 New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
 We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
 Scorning all others, in a single choice.
 We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
 And if the long-sought good at last we find,
 When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
 And gives our heart a wound, that nothing heals.

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are ;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Ah, what delusion lur'd me from my flocks,
 To traverse Alpine snows, and rugged rocks !
 What need so great had I to visit Rome,
 Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb ?
 Or, had she flourish'd still as when, of old,
 For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
 What need so great had I t' incur a pause
 Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,

For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and
me ?

Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, compos'd
Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eye-lids clos'd,
And, at the last, had said—"Farewell—ascend—
Nor even in the skies forget thy friend!"

"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Although well-pleas'd, ye tuneful Tuscan swains !
My mind the mem'ry of your worth retains,
Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
My Damon lost.—He too was Tuscan born,
Born in your Lucca, city of renown !
And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.
Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside
The murm'ring course of Arno's breezy tide,
Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flow'rs,
And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
Your swains contending for the prize of song !
I also dar'd attempt (and, as it seems,
Not much displeas'd attempting) various themes,
For even I can presents boast from you,
'The shepherd's pipe, and ozier basket too,
And Dati, and Francini, both have made
My name familiar to the beechen shade,
And they are learn'd, and each in ev'ry place
Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 While bright the dewy grass with moon-beams
 shone,

And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,
 How often have I said (but thou had'st found
 Ere then thy dark cold lodgment under ground)
 Now Damon siugs, or springes sets for hares,
 Or wicker work for various use prepares !
 How oft, indulging fancy. have I plann'd
 New scenes of pleasure, that I hop'd at hand,
 Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—
 “ What hoa ! my friend—come, lay thy task aside,
 Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
 The heat, beneath you whisp'ring shades awhile,
 Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
 Or where Cassibeian's gray turrets stood !
 There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
 Thy friend the name, and healing pow'rs of each,
 From the tall blue-hell to the dwarfish weed,
 What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,
 For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
 And the whole art of Galen is thy own.
 Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
 The useless herbs, that gave not health to thee !
 Twelve evenings since, as in poetick dream
 I meditating sat some statlier theme,
 The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
 And unassay'd before, than wide they flew,
 Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
 The deep-ton'd musick of the solemn strain ;

And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
How proud a theme I choose—ye groves farewell!

“Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,
First from Rutupia's tow'ring headland seen,
And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen;
Of Brennus, and Belinus, brothers bold,
And of Arviragus, and how of old
Our hardy sires th' Armorican controll'd,
And of the wife of Gorlois; who, surpris'd
By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd,
(Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
Pregnant with Arthur of heroick fame.
These themes I now revolve—and Oh—if Fate
Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine-tree bough
Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou
Forgotten and disus'd, unless ere long
Thou change thy Latian for a British song;
A British?—even so—the pow'rs of man
Are bounded; little is the most he can;
And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
Fame, and proud recompense enough for me,
If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
If Alain bending o'er his chrystal urn,
Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,

Tamar's ore-tinctur'd flood, and, after these,
The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcaes.

“Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
Erfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
This—and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
(Manso, not least his native city's pride)
Two cups, that radiant as their giver shone,
Adorn'd by sculpture with a double zone.
The spring was graven there; here slowly wind
The Red-sea shores with groves of spices lin'd;
Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
The sacred, solitary Phœnix shows,
And watchful of the dawn, reverts her head,
To see Aurora leave her wat'ry bed.
—In other part, th' expansive vault above,
And there too, even there, the God of love;
With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays
A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,
Around, his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
Nor aims at vulgar minds, or little souls,
Nor deigns one look below, but aiming high,
Sends every arrow to the lofty sky;
Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
The pow'r of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.”

“Thou also, Damon (neither need I fear
That hope delusive) thou art also there;

For whither should simplicity like thine
 Retire, where else such spotless virtues shine?
 Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades
 below,

Nor tears suit thee—cease then my tears to flow,
 Away with grief: on Damon ill bestow'd!

Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
 Has pass'd the show'ry arch, henceforth resides
 With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
 Quaffs copious immortality, and joy,

With hallow'd lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,
 And now enrich'd, with all that faith can claim,
 Look down, entreated by whatever name,

If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
 Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)

Or if Diodatus, by which alone

In those ethereal mansions thou art known.

Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
 Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,

The honours, therefore, by divine decree

The lot of virgin worth are given to thee;

Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,

And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,

Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,

And join with seraphs thy according voice,

Where rapture reigns, and the ecstasick lyre

Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire."

AN ODE

ADDRESSED TO

MR. JOHN ROUSE, LIBRARIAN,

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

On a lost Volume of my Poems, which he desired me to replace, that he might add them to my other Works deposited in the Library.

This Ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly for this reason disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.

STROPHE.

My two-fold book ! single in show,
 But double in contents,
 Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,
 Which, in his early youth,
 A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,
 Although an earnest wooer of the Muse—
 Say while in cool Ausonian shades,
 Or British wilds he roam'd,
 Striking by turns his native lyre,

By turns the Daunian lute,
And stepp'd almost in air.—

ANTISTROPHE.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,
What time, at the repeated suit
Of my most learned friend,
I sent thee forth, an honour'd traveller,
From our great city to the source of Thames.

Cærulean sire !

Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring,
Of the Aonian choir,
Durable as yonder spheres,
And through the endless lapse of years
Secure to be admir'd ?

STROPHE II.

Now what God, or Demigod,
For Britain's ancient Genius mov'd
(If our afflicted land
Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
Of her degen'rate sons)
Shall terminate our impious feuds,
And discipline, with hallow'd voice, recall
Recall the Muses too,
Driv'n from their ancient seats
In Albiou, and well nigh from Albion's shore,
And with keen Phœbean shafts
Piercing th' unseemly birds,

Whose talons menace us,
Shall drive the Harpy race from Helicon afar!

ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, my book, though thou hast stray'd,
Whether by treach'ry lost,
Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
From all thy kindred books,
To some dark cell, or cave forlorn,
Where thou endur'st, perhaps,
The chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,
Be comforted—
For Jo! again the splendid hope appears
That thou may'st yet escape
The gulfs of Lethe, and on oary wings
Moult to the everlasting courts of Jove!

STROPHE III.

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
That, though by promise his,
Thou yet appear'st not in thy place
Among the literary noble stores,
Giv'n to his care,
But, absent, leav'st his numbers incomplete.
He, therefore, guardian vigilant
Of that unperishing wealth,
Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
Where he intends a richer treasure far
Than Iön kept (Iön, Erectheus' son
Illustrious, of the fair (Ireüsa born)

In the resplendent temple of his God,
 Tripods of gold, and Delphick gifts divine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
 The Muses' fav'rite haunt ;
 Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
 Dearer to him
 Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill !
 Exulting go,
 Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
 And thou art sought by my propitious friend ;
 For there thou shalt be read
 With authors of exalted note,
 The ancient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.

Ye, then, my works, no longer vain,
 And worthless deem'd by me !
 Whate'er this steril genius has produc'd
 Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,
 An unmolested happy home,
 Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,
 Where never flippant tongue profane
 Shall entrance find,
 And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
 Shall babble far remote.
 Perhaps some future distant age,
 Less ting'd with prejudice, and better taught,
 Shall furnish minds of pow'r

To judge more equally.
Then, malice silenced in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

TRANSLATIONS
OF
THE ITALIAN POEMS.

SONNET.

FAIR Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
 Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
 Base were indeed the wretch, who could forbear
 To love a spirit elegant as thine,
 That manifests a sweetness all divine,
 Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
 And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
 Temp'ring thy virtues to a softer shine.
 When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay,
 Such strains, as might the senseless forest move,
 Ah then—turn each his eyes, and ears, away,
 Who feels himself unworthy of thy love!
 Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart
 Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

SONETTO.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,

Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco,
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non inamora ,
 Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don, che son d'amor saette ed arco,
 La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parti, o lieta canti,
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno ;
 Gratias sola di sugli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

SONNET.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day
 Imbrowns the scene, some past'ral maiden fair
 Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
 Borne from its native genial airs away,
 That scarcely can its tender bud display,
 So, on my tongue these accents, new, and rare,
 Are flow'rs exotick, which Love waters there,
 While thus, O sweetly scornful ! I essay
 Thy praise, in verse to British ears unknown,
 And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain ;
 So Love has will'd, and ofttimes Love has
 shown
 That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
 Oh that this hard and steril breast might be,
 To Him, who plants from Heav'n, a soil as free !

SONETTO.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera,
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella,
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera,
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera ;
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Meutre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso,
Seppi, ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento, e'l duro seno,
 A chi pianta dal ciel, si buon terreno !

CANZONE.

THEY mock my toil—the nymphs and am'rous
 swains—
 And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,
 Love songs in language, that thou little know'st ?
 How dar'st thou risque to sing these foreign
 strains ?
 Say truly. Find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,
 And that thy fairest flow'rs, here fade and die ?
 Then with pretence of admiration high—
 Thee other shores expect, and other tides,
 Rivers, on whose grassy sides

Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind
 Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides ;
 Why then this burthen, better far declined ?

Speak Muse ! for me.—The fair one said, who
 guides

My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
 " This is the language, in which Love delights."

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne, e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strama
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi ?

Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi ;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi

Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde

Spuntati ad hor, ad hor, a la tua chioma
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi :
 Perche allee spalle tue soverchia soma ?

Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi !

Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir e il mio cuore :

" Questa è lingua, di cui si vanta Amore."

SONNET.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

CHARLES—and I say it wond'ring—thou must
know

That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,
And scoff'd at love, am fallen in his snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden looks, or damask cheek ; more rare
The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair ;
A mien majestick, with dark brows, that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind ;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating pow'r might bind,
And from her sphere, draw down the lab'ring
Moon,
With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

SONETTO.

DIODATI e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io, ch'amor spreggiar solèa,
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridèa,
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia virmiglia

M' abbagliau sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza, che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne, di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar, che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

SONNET.

LADY ! It cannot be, but that thine eyes
 Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
 And strike me ev'n as Phœbus him, whose
 way
 Through horrid Lybia's sandy desert lies.
 Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
 Where must I suffer. Of what kind are they,
 New as to me they are, I cannot say,
 But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
 Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
 Which, if in part escaping thence they tend
 To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals
 While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
 Whence my sad nights in show'rs are ever drown'd,
 Till my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.

SONETTO.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia,
 Esser non può, che non sian lo mio sole,

Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia, chi s'invia :
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
 • Da quel lato si spinge, ove mio duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Quivi d' attorno os'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi ginuge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
 Finche mia Alba rivien, colma, di rose.

SONNET.

ENAMOUR'D, artless, young, on foreign ground,
 Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
 To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
 Let me devote my heart, which I have found
 By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
 Good, and addicted to conceptions high :
 When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
 It rests in adamant self wrapt around,
 As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
 From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
 As fond of genius, and fixt fortitude,
 Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse:
 Weak you will find it in one only part,
 Now pierc'd by love's immedicable dart.

SONETTO.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante,
 Pio che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetta sonora, e delle Muse:
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.



EPITAPH

ON

MRS. M. HIGGINS, OF WESTON.

[1791.]

LAURELS may flourish round the conqu'ror's tomb,
 But happiest they, who win the world to come:
 Believers have a silent field to fight,
 And their exploits are veil'd from human sight.

They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
 Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of Hell ;
 Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
 And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine.



THE RETIRED CAT.

[1791.]

A POET'S Cat, sedate and grave
 As poet well could wish to have,
 Was much addicted to inquire
 For nooks to which she might retire,
 And where, secure as mouse in chink,
 She might repose, or sit and think.
 I know not where she caught the trick—
 Nature perhaps herself had cast her
 In such a mould PHILOSOPHIQUE,
 Or else she learn'd it of her Master.
 Sometimes ascending, debonair,
 An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
 Lodg'd with convenience in the fork
 She watch'd the gard'ner at his work ;
 Sometimes her ease and solace sought
 In an old empty wat'ring-pot,
 There wanting nothiug, save a fan,
 To seem some nymph in her sedan
 Apparell'd in exactest sort,
 And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
 Not only in our wiser race ;
 Cats also feel, as well as we,
 That passion's force, and so did she.
 Her climbing, she began to find,
 Expos'd her too much to the wind,
 And the old utensil of tin
 Was cold and comfortless within :
 She therefore wish'd instead of those
 Some place of more serene repose,
 Where neither cold might come, nor air
 To rudely wanton with her hair,
 And sought it in the likeliest mode
 Within her master's snug abode.

A draw'r, it chanced, at bottom lined
 With linen of the softest kind,
 With such as merchants introduce
 From India, for the ladies' use,
 A draw'r impending o'er the rest,
 Half open in the topmost chest,
 Of depth enough and none to spare,
 Invited her to slumber there,
 Puss with delight beyond expression
 Survey'd the scene and took possession.
 Recumbent at her ease, erelong,
 And lull'd by her own humdrum song,
 She left the cares of life behind,
 And slept as she would sleep her last,
 When in came, housewifely inclin'd,
 The chambermaid, and shut it fast,

By no malignity impell'd,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awaken'd by the shock (cried Puss)

“ Was ever cat attended thus!
“ The open draw'r was left, I see,
“ Merely to prove a nest for me,
“ For soon as I was well composed
“ Then came the maid, and it was closed.
“ How smooth these 'kerchiefs and how sweet!
“ Oh what a delicate retreat!
“ I will resign myself to rest
“ Till Sol declining in the west
“ Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
“ Susan will come and let me out.”

The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remain'd still unattended.
The night rol'd tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day)
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,
The evening gray again ensued,
And puss came into mind no more
Than if entomb'd the day before.
With hunger pinch'd and pinch'd for room
She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink or purr'd,
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.

That night, by chance, the poet watching
Heard an inexplicable scratching ;

His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
 And to himself he said ——“ what’s that ?”
 He drew the curtain at his side,
 And forth he peep’d, but nothing spied.
 Yet, by his ear directed, guess’d
 Something imprison’d in the chest,
 And, doubtful what, with prudent care
 Resolv’d it should continue there.
 At length, a voice which well he knew,
 A long and melancholy mew,
 Saluting his poetick ears,
 Consoled him and dispell’d his fears ;
 He left his bed, he trod the floor,
 He ’gan in haste the draw’rs explore,
 The lowest first, and without stop
 The rest in order to the top.
 For ’tis a truth well known to most,
 That whatsoever thing is lost,
 We seek it, ere it come to light,
 In ev’ry cranny but the right.
 Forth skipp’d the cat, not now replete
 As erst with airy self-conceit,
 Nor in her own foud apprehension
 A theme for all the world’s attention,
 But modest, sober, cur’d of all
 Her notions hyperbolicall,
 And wishing for a place of rest
 Any thing rather than a chest.
 Then stepp’d the poet into bed
 With this reflection in his head.

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
 Of your own worth and consequence.
 The man who dreams himself so great,
 And his importance of such weight,
 That all around in all that's done
 Must move and act for Him alone,
 Will learn in school of tribulation
 The folly of his expectation.



YARDLEY OAK.

[1791.]

SURVIVOR sole, and hardly such, of all,
 That once liv'd here, thy brethren, at my birth,
 (Since which I number threescore winters past,)
 A shatter'd vet'ran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
 As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
 Relicks of Ages! Could a mind, imbued
 With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
 I might with rev'rence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,
 When our forefather Druids in their oaks
 Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet
 Unpurified by an authentick act
 Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,

Lov'd not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
 Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
 Of fruit proscrib'd, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bauble once ; a cup and ball,
 Which babes might play with ; and the thievish
 jay,

Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
 The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
 Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
 And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
 But Fate thy growth decreed ! autumnal rains
 Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
 Design'd thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
 With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe prepar'd
 The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
 Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
 Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search
 Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
 Sifts half the pleasures of short life away !

Thou fell'st mature ; and in the loamy clod
 Swelling with vegetative force instinct
 Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
 Now stars ; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact ;
 A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
 And, all the elements thy puny growth
 Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig,

Who liv'd, when thou wast such? Oh, couldst
 thou speak,
 As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
 Oracular, I would not curious ask
 The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
 Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
 The clock of history, facts and events
 Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
 Recov'ring, and mistated setting right——
 Desp'rate attempt, till trees shall speak again!

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the
 woods;
 And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
 For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
 O'erhung the champaign; and the num'rous flocks,
 That graz'd it, stood beneath that ample cope
 Uncrowded, yet safe-shelter'd from the storm.
 No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outliv'd
 Thy popularity, and art become
 (Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
 Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus through all the stages thou hast
 push'd
 Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
 Then twig; then sapling; and, as cent'ry roll'd
 Slow after century, a giant-bulk
 Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root

Upheav'd above the soil, and sides emboss'd
 With prominent wens globose—till at the last
 The rottenness, which time is charg'd to inflict
 On other mighty ones, found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world
 Witness'd of mutability in all,
 That we account most durable below !
 Change is the diet, on which all subsist,
 Created changeable, and change at last
 Destroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat
 Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
 Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
 Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
 Invigorate by turns the springs of life
 In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
 And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
 Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,
 Delight in agitation, yet sustain,
 'The force, that agitates, not unimpair'd ;
 But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
 Of their best tone their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
 The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
 From almost nullity into a state
 Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
 Slow, into such magnificent decay.
 Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
 Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
 When tempests could not. At thy firmest age

Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the
deck

Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, did'st present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee timber,* many a load!
But the axe spar'd thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest, wag'd
For senatorial honours. Thus to time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserv'd,
Achiev'd a labour, which had far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forests ring.

Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought, but the scoop'd rind, that seems
An huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,

* Knee-Timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, which, by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.

Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and held thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulveriz'd of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent
them off

Long since, and rovers of the forest wild
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some
have left

A splinter'd stump, bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none, where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force,
Than yonder upstarts of the neighb'ring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth receiv'd
Half a millennium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,
 Drew not his life from woman ; never gaz'd,
 With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
 On all around him ; learn'd not by degrees,
 Nor ow'd articulation to his ear ;
 But, moulded by his Maker into man
 At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
 All creatures, with precision understood
 Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
 To each his name significant, and, fill'd
 With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heav'n
 In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
 He was excus'd the penalties of dull
 Minority. No tutor charg'd his hand
 With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
 With problems. History, not wanted yet,
 Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose
 course,
 Eventful, should supply her with a theme ;——

TO

THE NIGHTINGALE,

WHICH THE AUTHOR HEARD SING ON
NEW YEAR'S DAY,

1792.

WHENCE is it, that amaz'd I hear
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May ?

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd,
To witness it alone ?

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
For that I also long
Have practis'd in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song ?

Or sing'st thou rather under force
Of some divine command,
Commission'd to presage a course
Of happier days at hand ?

Thrice welcome then ! for many a long
 And joyless year have I,
 As thou to day, put forth my song
 Beneath a wintry sky.

But Thee no wintry skies can harm,
 Who only need'st to sing,
 To make e'en January charm,
 And ev'ry season Spring.

LINES,

Written for insertion, in a collection of hand-writings
 and signatures made by Miss Patty, sister of Hannah
 More.

[March 6, 1792.]

In vain to live from age to age
 While modern bards endeavour,
 I write my name in Patty's page
 And gain my point for ever.

W. COWPER.

EPITAFH

ON

A free but tame Redbreast, a favourite of Miss Sally
Hurdis.

[March 1792.]

THESE are not dew-drops, these are tears,
And tears by Sally shed
For absent Robin, who she fears
With too much cause, is dead.

One morn he came not to her hand
As he was wont to come,
And, on ner finger perch'd, to stand
Picking his breakfast-crumb.

Alarm'd she call'd him, and perplext
She sought him, but in vain,
That day he came not, nor the next,
Nor ever came again.

She therefore rais'd him here a tomb,
Though where he fell, or how,
None knows, so secret was his doom,
Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died
 In social Robin's stead,
 Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,
 Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold
 Nor spiritlessly tame,
 Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,
 But always in a flame.



SONNET,

TO

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

[April 16, 1792.]

THY country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
 Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd
 Fanatick, for thy zeal to loose the enthrall'd
 From exile, publick sale, and slav'ry's chain.
 Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
 Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.
 Thou hast achiev'd a part; has gain'd the ear
 Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause;
 Hope smiles, joy springs, and tho' cold caution
 pause

And weave delay, the better hour is near
 That shall remunerate thy toils severe
 By peace for Africk, fenced with British laws.

Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
 From all the just on earth, and all the Blest above.

EPIGRAM

(PRINTED IN THE NORTHAMPTON MERCURY.)

To purify their wine some people bleed
 A lamb into the barrel, and succeed ;
 No nostrum, planters say, is half so good
 To make fine sugar, as a *negro's* blood.
 Now *lamb*s and *negroes* both are harmless things,
 And thence perhaps this wond'rous virtue springs,
 'Tis in the blood of innocence alone—
 Good cause why planters never try their own.

TO

DR. AUSTIN,

OF CECIL STREET, LONDON.

[May 26, 1792.]

AUSTIN ! accept a grateful verse from me,
 The poet's treasure, no inglorious fee !
 Lov'd by the Muses, thy ingenuous mind
 Pleasing requital in my verse may find ;
 Verse oft has dash'd the scythe of time aside,
 Immortalizing names which else had died :
 And O ! could I command the glittering wealth
 With which sick kings are glad to purchase health ;
 Yet, if extensive fame, and sure to live,
 Were in the power of verse like mine to give,
 I would not recompense his art with less,
 Who, giving Mary health, heals my distress.

Friend of my friend !* I love thee, tho' unknown,
 And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

* Hayley.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

[June 2, 1792.]

HAYLEY--thy tenderness fraternal shown,
 In our first interview, delightful guest !
 To Mary and me for her dearsake distress'd,
 Such as it is has made my heart thy own,
 Though heedless now of new engagements grown ;
 For threescore winters make a wintry breast,
 And I had purpos'd ne'er to go in quest
 Of Friendship more, except with God alone,
 But Thou hast won me ; nor is God my Foe,
 Who, ere this last afflictive scene began,
 Sent Thee to mitigate the dreadful blow,
 My Brother, by whose sympathy I know
 Thy true deserts infallibly to scan,
 Not more t' admire the Bard than love the Man.

CATHARINA :

THE SECOND PART.

On her Marriage to George Courtenay, Esq.

[June 1792.]

BELIEVE it or not, as you choose,
 The doctrine is certainly true,
 That the future is known to the muse,
 And poets are oracles too.

I did but express a desire,
 To see Catharina at home,
 At the side of my friend George's fire,
 And lo—she is actually come.

Such prophecy some may despise,
 But the wish of a poet and friend
 Perhaps is approv'd in the skies,
 And therefore attains to its end.
 'Twas a wish that flew ardently orth
 From a bosom effectually warm'd
 With the talents, the graces, and worth
 Of the person for whom it was form'd.

Maria* would leave us, I knew,
 To the grief and regret of us all,

* Lady Throckmorton.

But less to our grief, could we view
 Catharina the Queen of the Hall.
 And therefore I wish'd as I did,
 And therefore this union of hands
 Not a whisper was heard to forbid,
 But all cry—Amen—to the bans.

Since therefore I seem to incur
 No danger of wishing in vain
 When making good wishes for Her,
 I will e'en to my wishes again—
 With one I have made her a Wife,
 And now I will try with another,
 Which I cannot suppress for my life---
 How soon I can make her a mother.



AN EPITAPH.

[1792.]

HERE lies one, who never drew
 Blood himself, yet many slew ;
 Gave the gun its aim, and figure
 Made in field, yet ne'er pull'd trigger.
 Armed men have gladly made
 Him their guide, and him obey'd,
 At his signified desire,
 Would advance, present, and Fire—

Stout he was, and large of limb,
 Scores have fled at sight of him ;
 And to all this fame he rose
 Only following his Nose.
 Neptune was he call'd, not He
 Who controls the boist'rous sea,
 But of happier command,
 Neptune of the furrow'd land !
 And, your wonder vain to shorten,
 Pointer to *Sir John Throckmorton*.



EPITAPH ON FOP,

A DOG BELONGING TO LADY THROCKMORTON.

[August 1792.]

THOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
 Here moulders One whose bones some honour
 claim.

No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
 And though no hound, a martyr to the chase--
 Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,
 Your haunts no longer echo to his voice ;
 'This record of his fate exulting view,
 He died worn out with vain pursuit of you..

“ Yes---” the indignant shade of Fop replies---
 “ And worn with vain pursuit Man also dies.”

SONNET

TO

GEORGE ROMNEY, ESQ.

ON

His picture of me in Crayons, drawn at Eartham in the
61st year of my age, and in the months of August and
September, 1792.

[October 1792.]

ROMNEY, expert, infallibly to trace
On chart or canvas, not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
The mind's impression too on every face—
With strokes that time ought never to erase
Thou hast so pencill'd mine, that though I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superiour grace.

But this I mark—that symptoms none of wo
In thy incomparable work appear.
Well—I am satisfied it should be so,
Since on maturer thought, the cause is clear;

For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
When I was Hayley's guest, and sat to Thee?

ON

RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE.

[January, 1793.]

IN language warm as could be breath'd or penn'd
 Thy picture speaks th' Original my Friend,
 Not by those looks that indicate thy mind—
 They only speak the Friend of all mankind;
 Expression here more soothing still I see,
 That Friend of *all* a partial Friend to *me*.



EPITAPH

ON

MR. CHESTER, OF CHICHELEY.

[April, 1793.]

TEARS flow, and cease not, where the good man
 lies,
 Till all who knew him follow to the skies.
 Tears therefore fall where Chester's ashes sleep;
 Him wife, friends, brothers, children, servants,
 weep—
 And justly—few shall ever him transcend
 As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.

ON

A PLANT OF VIRGIN'S-BOWER

DESIGNED TO COVER A GARDEN-SEAT.

[Spring of 1793.]

THRIVE gentle plant! and weave a bow'r
 For Mary and for me,
 And deck with many a splendid flow'r
 Thy foliage large and free.

Thou cam'st from Eartham, and wilt shade
 (If truly I divine)
 Some future day th' illustrious head
 Of Him who made thee mine.

Should Daphne show a jealous frown
 And Envy seize the Bay,
 Affirming none so fit to crown
 Such honour'd brows as they,

Thy cause with zeal we shall defend,
 And with convincing pow'r;
 For why should not the Virgin's Friend
 Be crown'd with Virgin's-bow'r?

TO MY COUSIN,

ANNE BODHAM,

ON

Receiving from her a Network Purse, made by herself.

[May 4, 1793.]

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
 When I was young, and thou no more
 Than plaything for a nurse,
 I danced and fondled on my knee,
 A kitten both in size and glee,
 I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here ;
 But not of love ;—that gem's too dear
 For richest rogues to win it ;
 I, therefore, as a proof of Love,
 Esteem thy present far above
 The best things kept within it.

INSCRIPTION

For an Hermitage, in the Author's Garden.

[May 1793.]

THIS cabin, Mary, in my sight appears,
 Built, as it has been, in our waning years,
 A rest afforded to our weary feet,
 Preliminary to--*the last retreat.*



TO MRS. UNWIN.

[May 1793.]

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
 Such aid from Heav'n as some have feigned
 they drew,
 An eloquence scarce giv'n to mortals, new
 And undebas'd by praise of meaner things,
 That ere through age or wo I shed my wings,
 I may record thy worth with honour due,
 In verse as musical as thou art true,
 And that immortalizes whom it sings.

But thou hast little need. There is a book
 By seraphs writ with beams of heav'nly light,
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
 A chronicle of actions just and bright ;

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
 And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee
 mine.

TO

JOHN JOHNSON,

ON

His presenting me with an antique bust of Homer.

[May 1793.]

KINSMAN belov'd, and as a son, by me !
 When I behold this fruit of thy regard,
 The sculptur'd form of my old fav'rite bard,
 I rev'rence feel for him, and love for thee.
 Joy too and grief. Much joy that there should be
 Wise men and learn'd, who grudge not to re-
 ward
 With some applause my bold attempt and hard,
 Which others scorn : Criticks by courtesy.

The grief is this, that sunk in Homer's mine
 I lose my precious years now soon to fail,
 Handling his gold, which, howsoe'er it shine,
 Proves dross, when balanced in the Christian
 scale.

Be wiser thou—like our forefather **DONNE**
 Seek heav'nly wealth, and work for God alone.



TO

A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON

His arriving at Cambridge wet, when no rain had fallen
 there.

[May, 1793.]

IF Gideon's fleece, which drench'd with dew he
 found

While moisture none refresh'd the herbs around,
 Might fitly represent the Church, endow'd
 With heav'nly gifts, to Heathens not allow'd;
 In pledge, perhaps, of favours from on high
 Thy locks were wet when others' locks were dry.
 Heav'n grant us half the omen—may we see
 Not drought on others, but much dew on thee!

A TALE.

[June 1793.]

IN Scotland's realm where trees are few,
 Nor even shrubs abound ;
 But where, however bleak the view,
 Some better things are found,

For Husband there and Wife may boast
 Their union undefil'd,
 And false ones are as rare almost
 As hedge-rows in the wild.

In Scotland's realm forlorn and bare
 The hist'ry chanc'd of late—
 This hist'ry of a wedded Pair,
 A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast
 With genial-instinct fill'd ;
 They pair'd, and would have built a nest,
 But found not where to build.

The heaths uncover'd and the moors
 Except with snow and sleet,
 Sea-beaten rocks, and naked shpres
 Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
 Till both grew vex'd and tired;
 At length a ship arriving brought
 The good so long desired.

A ship?—could such a restless thing
 Afford them place of rest?
 Or was the merchant charged to bring
 The homeless birds a nest?

Hush—Silent hearers profit most—
 This racer of the sea
 Prov'd kinder to them than the coast,
 It serv'd them with a Tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
 The tree they call a Mast,
 And had a hollow with a wheel
 Through which the tackle pass'd.

Within that cavity aloft
 Their roofless home they fix'd,
 Form'd with materials neat and soft,
 Bents, wool, and feathers mixt.

Four iv'ry eggs soon pave its floor,
 With russet specks bedight—
 The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
 And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
 As she had chang'd her kind;
 But goes the male? Far wiser he
 Is doubtless left behind?

No—Soon as from ashore he saw
 The winged mansion move,
 He flew to reach it, by a law
 Of never-failing love,

Then perching at his consort's side
 Was briskly borne along,
 The billows and the blast defied,
 And cheer'd her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight
 His feather'd shipmates eyes,
 Scarce less exulting in the sight
 Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
 And from a chance so new
 Each some approaching good divines,
 And may his hopes be true!

Hail, honoured land! a desert where
 Not even birds can hide,
 Yet parent of this loving pair
 Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than resign
 Your matrimonial plan,
 Were not afraid to plough the brine
 In company with Man,

For whose lean country much disdain
 We English often show,
 Yet from a richer nothing gain
 But wantonness and wo,

Be it your fortune, year by year,
 The same resource to prove,
 And may ye, sometimes landing here,
 Instruct us how to love !

This tale is founded on an article of intelligence which the author found in the Buckinghamshire Herald, for Saturday, June 1, 1793, in the following words.

Glasgow, May 23.

In a block, or pulley, near the head of the mast of a gabert, now lying at the Broomielaw, there is a chaffinch's nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock, and was followed hither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock however visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it, but when she descends to the hull for food.

TO

WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

[June 29, 1793.]

DEAR architect of fine CHATEAUX in air,
 Worthier to stand for ever, if they could,
 Than any built of stone, or yet of wood,
 For back of royal elephant to bear !

O for permission from the skies to share,
 Much to my own, though little to thy good,
 With thee (not subject to the jealous mood !)
 A partnership of literary ware !

But I am bankrupt now ; and doom'd henceforth
 To drudge, in descant dry, on others' lays ;
 Bar-'s, I acknowledge, of unequal'd worth !
 But what is commentator's happiest praise ?

That he has furnish'd lights for other eyes,
 Which they, who need them, use, and then despise.

ON

A SPANIEL, CALLED BEAU,

KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.

[July 15, 1793.]

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
Well-fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat
And ease a doggish pain,
For him, though chased with furious heat,
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog ! what remedy remains,
 Since, teach you all I can,
 I see you, after all my pains,
 So much resemble Man ?



BEAU'S REPLY.

SIR, when I flew to seize the bird
 In spite of your command,
 A louder voice than yours I heard,
 And harder to withstand.

You cried—forebear—but in my breast
 A mightier cried—proceed—
 'Twas nature, Sir, whose strong behest
 Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I respect,
 I ventur'd once to break
 (As you perhaps may recollect)
 Her precept for your sake ;

And when your linnet on a day,
 Passing his prison door,
 Had flutter'd all his strength away,
 And panting press'd the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
 Not destin'd to my tooth,
 I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
 And lick'd the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience *then* excuse
 My disobedience now,
 Nor some reproof yourself refuse
 From your aggriev'd Bow-wow ;

If killing birds be such a crime
 (Which I can hardly see)
 What think you, Sir, of killing Time
 With verse address'd to me ?

ANSWER

TO

Stanzas addressed to Lady Hesketh, by Miss Catharine Fanshawe, in returning a Poem of Mr. Cowper's, lent to her, on condition she should neither show it, nor take a Copy.

[1793.]

To be remember'd *thus* is fame,
 And in the first degree ;
 And did the *few* like *her* the same,
 The press might sleep for me.

So Homer, in the mem'ry stored
 Of many a Grecian belle,
 Was once preserv'd—a richer hoard,
 But never lodg'd so well.



TO

THE SPANISH ADMIRAL COUNT GRA-
 VINA,

ON

His translating the Author's Song on a Rose, into Ita-
 lian Verse.

[1793.]

My rose, Gravina, blooms anew,
 And, steep'd not now in rain,
 But in Castalian streams by You,
 Will never fade again.

ON

FLAXMAN'S PENELOPE.

[September 1793.]

THE suitors sinn'd, but with a fair excuse,
 Whom all this elegance might well seduce;
 Nor can our censure on the husband fall,
 Who, for a wife so lovely, slew them all.

—

ON

RECEIVING HEYNE'S VIRGIL

FROM MR. HAYLEY.

[October 1793.]

I SHOULD have deem'd it once an effort vain
 To sweeten more sweet Maro's matchless strain,
 But from that errour now behold me free
 Since I receiv'd him as a gift from Thee.

TO MARY.

[Autumn of 1793.]

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
 Since first our sky was overcast,
 Ah would that this might be the last !

My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow——
 'Twas my distress, that brought thee low,

My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,

My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
 The same kind office for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,

My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
 And all thy threads with magick art
 Have wound themselves about this heart,

My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
 Like language utter'd in a dream ;
 Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
 My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
 Are still more lovely in my sight
 Than golden beams of orient light,
 My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
 What sight worth seeing could I see ?
 The sun would rise in vain for me,
 My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
 Thy hands their little force resign ;
 Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
 My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
 That now at every step thou mov'st
 Upheld by two, yet still though lov'st,
 My Mary !

And still to love, though prest with ill,
 In wint'ry age to feel no chill,
 With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know,
 How oft the sadness that I show,
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of wo,
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary !



MONTES GLACIALES,

IN OCEANO GERMANICO NATANTES.

[March 11, 1799.]

En, quæ prodigia, ex oris allata, remotis,
 Oras adveniunt pavefacta per aequora nostras
 Non equidem priscae sæclum rediisse videtur
 Pyrrhæ, cum Proteus pecus altos visere montes
 Et Sylvas, egit. Sed tempora vix leviora
 Adsunt, evulsi quando radicitus alti
 In mare descendunt montes, fluctusque pererrant.-
 Quid verò hoc monstri est magis et mirabile visu?
 Splendentes video, ceu pulchro ex ære vel auro
 Conflatos, rutilisque accinctos undique gemmis,
 Baccâ cæruleâ, et flammias imitante pyropo.
 Ex oriente adsunt, ubi gazas optima tellus
 Parturit omnigenas, quibus æva per omnia sumptu

Ingenti finxêre sibi diademata reges ?
 Vix hoc crediderim. Non fallunt talia acutos
 Mercatorum oculos : prius et quàm littora Gangis
 Liquissent, avidis gratissima præda fuissent.
 Ortos unde putemus ? An illos Ves'vius atrox
 Protulit, ignivomisve eiecit faucibus Ætna ?
 Luce micant propriâ, Phœbive, per aëra purum
 Nunc stimulantis equos, argentea tela retorquent ?
 Phœbi luce micant. Ventis et fluctibus altis
 Appulsi, et rapidis subter currentibus undis,
 Tandem non fallunt oculos. Capita alta videre
 est

Multâ onerata nive, et canis conspersa pruinis.
 Cætera sunt glacies. Procul hinc, ubi Bruma
 ferè omnes

Contristat menses, portenta hæc horrida nobis
 Illa strui voluit. Quoties de culmine summo
 Clivorum fluerent in littora prona, solutæ
 Sole, nives, propero tendentes in mare cursu,
 Illa gelu fixit. Paulatim attollere sese
 Mirum cœpit opus; glacieque ab origine rerum
 In glaciem aggestâ sublimes vertice tandem
 Æquavit montes, non crescere nescia moles.
 Sic immensa diu stetit, æternumque stetisset
 Congeries, hominum neque vi neque mobilis arte,
 Littora ni tandem declivia deseruisset,
 Pondere victa suo. Dilabitur. Omnia circum
 Antra et saxa gemunt, subito concussa fragore,
 Dum ruit in pelagum, tanquam studiosa natandi,
 Ingens tota strues. Sic Delos dicitur olim,
 Insula, in Ægæo fluitâsse erratica ponto.

Sed non ex glacie Delos; neque torpida Delum
 Bruma inter rupes genuit nudum sterilemque.
 Sed vestita herbis erat illa, ornataque nunquam
 Deciduâ lauro; et Delum dilexit Apollo.
 At vos, erroneos horrendi, et caligine digni
 Cimmeriâ, Deus idem odit. Natalia vestra,
 Nubibus involvens frontem, non ille tueri
 Sustinuit. Patrium vos ergo requirite cælum!
 Ita! Redite! Timete moras; ni lenitèr austrò
 Spirante, et nitidas Phœbo jaculante sagittas
 Hostili vobis, pereatis gurgite misti!



ON

THE ICE ISLANDS,

SEEN FLOATING IN THE GERMAN OCEAN.

[March 19, 1799.]

WHAT portents, from what distant region, ride,
 Unseen till now in ours, th' astonish'd tide?
 In ages past, old Proteus, with his droves
 Of sea-calves, sought the mountains and the
 groves.
 But now, descending whence of late they stood,
 Themselves the mountains seem to rove the flood.

Dire times were they, full-charg'd with human
woes ;

And these, scarce less calamitous than those.

What view we now ? More wond'rous still ! Be-
hold !

Like burnish'd brass they shine, or beaten gold ;
And all around the pearl's pure splendour show,
And all around the ruby's fiery glow.

Come they from India, where the burning Earth,
All bounteous, gives her richest treasures birth ;
And where the costly gems, that beam around
The brows of mightiest potentates, are found ?

No. Never such a countless dazzling store
Had left, unseen, the Ganges' peopled shore.

Rapacious hands, and ever-watchful eyes,
Should sooner far have mark'd and seiz'd the
prize.

Whence sprang they then ? Ejected have they
come

From Ves'vius, or from Ætna's burning womb ?

Thus shine they self-illum'd, or but display
The borrow'd splendours of a cloudless day ?

With borrow'd beams they shine. The gales,
that breathe

Now landward, and the current's force beneath,
Have born them nearer : and the nearer sight,
Advantag'd more, contemplates them aright.

Their lofty summits crested high, they show,
With mingled sleet, and long-incumbent snow.

The rest is ice. Far hence, where, most severe,
Bleak winter well-nigh saddens all the year,

Their infant growth began. He bade arise
 Their uncouth forms, portentous in our eyes,
 Oft as dissolv'd by transient suns, the snow
 Left the tall cliff, to join the flood below ;
 He caught, and curdled with a freezing blast
 The current, ere it reach'd the boundless waste.
 By slow degrees uprose the wondrous pile,
 And long successive ages roll'd the while ;
 Till, ceaseless in its growth, it claim'd to stand,
 Tall as its rival mountains on the land.
 Thus stood, and, unremovable by skill,
 Or force of man, had stood the structure still ;
 But that, tho' firmly fixt, supplanted yet
 By pressure of its own enormous weight,
 It left the shelving beach---and, with a sound,
 That shook the bellowing waves and rocks around,
 Self-launch'd, and swiftly, to the briny wave,
 As if instinct with strong desire to lave,
 Down went the pond'rous mass. So bards of old,
 How Delos swam th' Ægean deep, have told.
 But not of ice was Delos. Delos bore
 Herb, fruit, and flow'r. She, crown'd with laurel,
 wore,
 Ev'n under wintry skies, a summer smile ;
 And Delos was Apollo's fav'rite isle.
 But, horrid wand'ers of the deep, to you
 He deems Cimmerian darkness only due.
 Your hated birth he deign'd not to survey,
 But, scornful, turn'd his glorious eyes away.
 Hence ! Seek your home, nor longer rashly dare
 The darts of Phœbus, and a softer air ;

Lest ye regret, too late, your native coast,
In no congenial gulf for ever lost !



THE CAST-AWAY.

[March 20, 1799.]

OBSCUREST night involv'd the sky ;
Th' Atlantick billows roar'd,
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,
Than he, with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
With warmer wishes sent.
He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But wag'd with death a lasting strife
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted ; nor his friends had fail'd
 To check the vessel's course,
 But so the furious blast prevail'd,
 That, pitiless, perforce,
 They left their outcast mate behind,
 And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ;
 And, such as storms allow,
 The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
 Delay'd not to bestow.
 But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
 Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
 Their haste himself condemn,
 Aware that flight, in such a sea,
 Alone could rescue them ;
 Yet bitter felt it still to die
 Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld :
 And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
 His destiny repell'd :
 And ever as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried—" Adieu !"

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in ev'ry blast,
 Could catch the sound no more.
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him: but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age
 Is wet with Anson's tear.
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date.
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its 'semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone;
 When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd, each alone:
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

VINCENT BOURNE.

THRAX.

THREICIVM infantem, cum lucem intravit et auras,
 Fletibus exceptit mæstus uterque parens.
Threicivm infantem, cum luce exivit et auris,
 Extulit ad funus lætus uterque parens.
Interea tu Roma; et tu tibi Græcia plaudens,
 Dicitis, hæc vera est Thraïca barbaries.
Lætitiæ causam, causamque exquirite luctus;
Vosque est quod doceat Thraïca barbaries.

THE THRACIAN.

THRACIAN parents, at his birth,
 Mourn their babe with many a tear,
 But with undissembled mirth
 Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,
 "O the savages!" exclaim,
 "Whether they rejoice or mourn,
 Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern,
 And this pleasure would they trace,
 Even they might somewhat learn
 From the savages of Thrace.

MUTUA BENEVOLENTIA

PRIMARIA LEX NATURÆ EST.

PER Libyæ Androcles siccas errabat arenas;
 Qui vagus iratum fugerat exul herum.
 Lassato tandem fractoque labore viarum,
 Ad scopuli patuit cæca caverna latus.
 Hanc subit; et placido dederat vix membra sopori
 Cum subito immanis rugit ad antra leo;
 Ille pedem attollens læsum, et miserabile murmur
 Edens, quâ poterat voce, precatur opem.
 Perculsus novitate rei, incertusque timore,
 Vix tandem tremulas admovet erro manus;
 Et spinam explorans (nam fixa in vulnere spina
 Hærebat) cauto molliter ungue trahit:
 Continuo dolor omnis abit, teter fuit humor:
 Et coit, absterso sanguine, rupta cutis;
 Nunc iterum sylvas dumosque peragrat; et affert
 Providus assiduus hospes ad antra dapes.
 Juxta epulis accumbit homo conviva leonis,
 Nec crudos dubitat participare cibos.
 Quis tamen ista ferat desertæ tædia vitæ?
 Vix furor ultoris tristior esset heri.

Devotum certis caput objectare periculis
 Et patrios statuit rursus adire lares.
 Traditur hic, fera facturus spectacula, plebi,
 Accipit et miserum tristis arena reum.
 Irruit e caveis fors idem impastus et acer,
 Et medicum attonito suspicit ore leo.
 Suspicit, et veterem agnoscens vetus hospes ami-
 cum
 Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.
 Quid vero perculsi animis, stupuere Quirites?
 Ecquid prodigii, territa Roma, vides?
 Unius naturæ opus est ; ea sola furorem
 Sumere quæ jussit, ponere sola jubet.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS

THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

ANDROCLES from his injur'd lord in dread
 Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
 Tir'd with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with
 heat,
 He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat ;
 But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
 When hugest of his kind, a lion came :
 He roar'd approaching : but, the savage din
 To plaintive murmurs chang'd, arriv'd within,
 And with expressive looks his lifted paw
 Presenting, aid implor'd from whom he saw.
 The fugitive, through terrour at a stand,
 Dar'd not awhile afford his trembling hand,

But bolder grown, at length inherent found
 A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
 'The cure was wrought'; he wip'd the sanious blood,
 And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
 Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day,
 Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
 Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepar'd,
 Spread on the ground, and with a lion shar'd.
 But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still--
 Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge an heavier ill.
 Home ! native home ! O might he but repair !
 He must--he will, though death attends him there.
 He goes, and doomed to perish, on the sands
 Of the full theatre unpitied stands :
 When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
 Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
 He flies, but viewing in his purpos'd prey
 The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
 And soften'd by remembrance into sweet
 And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

Mute with astonishment th' assembly gaze :
 But why, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?
 All this is natural : nature bade him rend
 An enemy ; she bids him spare a friend.

MANUALE

Typographiâ omni antiquius, nulli uspiam Librorum
insertum Catalogo.

EXIGUUS liber est, muliebri creber in usu,
Per se qui dici bibliotheca potest.
Copia verborum non est, sed copia rerum ;
Copia (quod nemo deneget) utilior.
Rubris consuitur pannis ; fors textitur auro ;
Bis sexta ad summum pagina claudit opus.
Nil habet a tergo titulive aut nominis ; intus
Thesaurus artis servat, et intus opes :
Intus opes, qua nympha sinu pulcherrima gestet,
Quas nive candidior tractet ametque manus,
Quando instrumentum præsens sibi postulat usus,
Majusve, aut operis pro ratione, minus.
Et genere et modulo diversa habet arma, gradatim
Digesta, ad numeros attenuata suos.
Primum enchiridii folium majuscula profert,
Qualia quæ blæso est lumine poscat anus.
Quod sequitur folium, matronis arma ministrat,
Dicere quæ magnis proximiora licet.
Tertium, item quartum, quintumque minuscula
supplet
Sed non ejusdem singula quæque loci.
Disposita ordinibus certis, discrimina servant ;
Quæ sibi convenient, seligat unde nurus.
Ultima quæ restant quæ multa minutula nympha

Dicit, sunt sexti divitæ folii.

Quantillo in spatio doctrina O quanta latescit !
 Quam tamen obscuram vix brevitate voces.
 Non est interpres, non est commentarius ullus,
 Aut index ; tam sunt omnia perspicua.
 Ætatem ad quamvis, ad captum ita fingitur omnem,
 Ut nihil auxilii postulet inde liber.
 Millia librorum numerat perplura ; nec ullum
 Bodlæi huic jactat bibliotheca parem.
 Millia Cæsareo numerat quoque munere Granta,
 Hæc tamen est inter millia tale nihil.
 Non est, non istis author de millibus unus,
 Cui tanta ingenii vis, vel acumen, inest.

A MANUAL,

More ancient than the Art of Printing, and not to be
 found in any Catalogue.

THERE is a book, which we may call

(Its excellence is such)

Alone a library, tho' small ;

The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things num'rous it contains :

And, things with words compar'd,

Who needs be told, that has his brains,

Which merits most regard ?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue

A golden edging boast ;

And open'd, it displays to view

Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name, nor title, stamp'd behind,

Adorns its outer part ;

But all within't is richly lin'd,

A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard

Oft visit : and the fair

Preserve it in their bosoms stor'd,

As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of ev'ry size,

And form'd for various use,

(They need but to consult their eyes)

They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind

Possess the foremost page,

A sort most needed by the blind,

Or nearly such from age.

The full-charg'd leaf, which next ensues,

Presents in bright array,

The smaller sort, which matrons use,

Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply
 What their occasions ask,
 Who with a more discerning eye
 Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
 From size to size they fall,
 In ev'ry leaf grow less and less ;
 The last are least of all.

O ! what a fund of genius, pent
 In narrow space, is here !
 This volume's method and intent
 How luminous and clear !

It leaves no reader at a loss
 Or pos'd, whoever reads :
 No commentator's tedious gloss,
 Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er !
 No book is treasur'd there,
 Nor yet in Granta's num'rous store
 That may with this compare.

No !—Rival none in either host
 Of this was ever seen,
 Or, that contents could justly boast,
 So brilliant and so keen.

ÆNIGMA.

PARVULA res, et acu minor est, et ineptior usu :
 Quotque dies annus, tot tibi drachma dabit.
 Sed licet exigui pretii minimique valoris,
 Ecce, quot artificum postulat illa manus.
 Unius in primis cura est confiare metallum ;
 In longa alterius ducere fila labor.
 Tertius in partes resecat, quartusque resectum
 Perpolit ad modulos attenuatque datos.
 Est quinti tornare caput, quod sextus adaptet ;
 Septimus in punctum cudit et exacuit.
 His tandem auxiliis ita res procedit, ut omnes
 Ad numeros ingens perficiatur opus.
 Quæ tanti ingenii, quæ tanti est summa laboris ?
 Si mihi respondes CEdipe, tota tua est.



AN ENIGMA.

A NEEDLE small, as small can be,
 In bulk and use, surpasses me,
 Nor is my purchase dear ;
 For little, and almost for nought,
 As many of my kind are bought
 As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
 And are procur'd at little cost,
 The labour is not light,
 Nor few artificers it asks,
 All skilful in their sev'ral tasks,
 To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
 A second draws it into wire,
 The sheers another plies,
 Who clips in lengths the brazen thread
 For him, who, chafing every shred,
 Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
 The knob, with which it must be crown'd ;
 His follower makes it fast :
 And with his mallet and his file
 To shape the point, employs awhile
 The seventh and the last.

Now therefore, *Œdipus* ! declare
 What creature, wonderful, and rare,
 A process, that obtains
 Its purpose with so much ado,
 At last produces !—tell me true,
 And take me for your pains !

PASSERES INDIGENÆ

COL. TRIN. CANT. COMMENSALES.

INCOLA qui nôrit sedes, aut viserit hospes,
 Newtoni egregii quas celebravit honos ;
 Viditque et meminit, lætus fortasse videndo,
 Quam multa ad mensas advolitârit avis.
 Ille nec ignorat, nidos ut, vere ineunte,
 Tecta per et forulos, et tabulata struat,
 Ut coram educat teneros ad pabula fœtus,
 Et pascat micis, quas det amica manus.
 Convivas quoties campanæ ad prandia pulsus
 Convocat, haud epulis certior hospes adesf.
 Continuo jucunda simul vox fertur ad aures,
 Vicinos passer quisque relinquit agros,
 Hospitium ad notum properatur ; et ordine stantes
 Expectant panis fragmina quisque sua.
 Hos tamen, hos omnes, vix uno largior asse
 Sumptus per totam pascit aliique diem.
 Hunc unum, hunc modicum (nec quisquam inviderit
 assem)
 Indigenæ, hospitii jure, merentur aves:

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NONE ever shar'd the social feast,
 Or as an inmate, or a guest,
 Beneath the celebrated dome,
 Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
 Who saw not (and with some delight
 Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
 How num'rous, at the tables there,
 The sparrows beg their daily fare.
 For there, in every nook, and cell,
 Where such a family may dwell,
 Sure as the vernal season comes
 Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,
 Which kindly giv'n, may serve with food
 Convenient their unfeather'd brood;
 And oft as with its summons clear,
 The warning bell salutes their ear,
 Sagacious list'ners to the sound,
 They flock from all the fields around,
 To reach the hospitable hall,
 None more attentive to the call.
 Arriv'd, the pensionary band,
 Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
 Solicit what they soon receive,
 The sprinkled, plenteous donative.

Thus is a multitude, though large,
 Supported at a trivial charge ;
 A single doit would overpay
 Th' expenditure of every day,
 And who can grudge so small a grace
 To suppliants, natives of the place.

NULLI TE FACIAS NIMIS SODALEM.

PALPAT heram felis, gremio recubans in anili ;
 Quam semel atque iterum Lydia palpat hera.
Ludum lis sequitur ; nam totos exerit ungues,
 Et longo lacerat vulnere felis anum.
Continuo exardens gremio muliercula felem
 Nec gravibus multis excutit absque minis :
Quod tamen haud æquum est—si vult cum fele
 jocari,
Felinum debet Lydia ferre jocum.

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

As in her ancient mistress' lap,
 The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
 Alike dispos'd to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
 And with protruded claws
 Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
 Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
 She shakes her to the ground
 With many a threat, that she shall bleed
 With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest ;
 It was a venial stroke :
For she that will with kittens jest,
 Should bear a kitten's joke.

AD RUBECULAM INVITATIO.

HOSPES avis, conviva domo gratissima cuivis,
 Quam bruma humanam quærere cogit opem ;
 Huc ! hyberni fugias ut frigora cœli,
 Confuge, et incolumis sub lare vive meo !
 Unde tuam esuriem releves, alimenta fenestræ
 Apponam, quoties itque reditque dies.
 Usu etenim edidici, quod grato alimenta rependes
 Cantu, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.
 Vere novo tepidæ spirant cum molliter auræ,
 Et novus in quâvis arbore vernat honor,

Pro libitu ad lucos redeas, sylvasque revisas,
 Læta quibus resonat Musica, parque tuæ!
 Sin iterum, sin forte iterum, incientia brumæ
 Ad mea dilectam tecta reducet avem,
 Esto, redux, grato memor esto rependere cantu
 Pabula, que dederit cunque benigna manus!

Vis hinc harmoniæ, numerorum hinc sacra potestas
 Conspicitur, nusquam conspicienda magis,
 Vincula quod stabilis firmissima nectit amoris,
 Vincula vix longâ dissocianda die.
 Captat, et incantat blandò oblectamine Musa
 Humanum pariter pennigerumque genus;
 Nos homines et aves quocunque animantia vivunt
 Nos soli harmoniæ gens studiosa sumus.

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

SWEET bird, whom the winter constrains—
 And seldom another it can—
 To seek a retreat, while he reigns,
 In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man,
 Who never can seem to intrude,
 Tho' in all places equally free,
 Come, oft as the season is rude,
 Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray,
 That pierces the clouds of the east,
 To inveigle thee every day
 My windows shall show thee a feast.
 For, taught by experience I know
 Thee mindful of benefit long ;
 And that, thankful for all I bestow,
 Thou wilt pay me with many a song :

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
 Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
 Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
 Or where it shall please thee to sing :
 And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,
 Come again to my window or door,
 Doubt not an affectionate host
 Only pay, as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus musick must needs be confest
 To flow from a fountain above ;
 Else how should it work in the breast
 Unchangeable friendship and love ?
 And who on the globe can be found,
 Save your generation and ours,
 That can be delighted by sound,
 Or boast any musical powers ?

STRADÆ PHILOMELA.

PASTOREM audivit calamis Philomela canentem,
 Et voluit tenues ipsa referre modos ;
 Ipsa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans
 Argutum fidâ reddere voce melos.
 Pastor inassuetus rivalem ferre, misellam
 Grandius ad carmen provocat, urget avem.
 Tuque etiam in modulos surgis Philomela ; sed
 impar
 Viribus, heu, impar, exanimisque cadis.
 Durum certamen ! tristis victoria ! cantum
 Maluerit pastor non superâsse tuum.

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

THE shepherd touch'd his reed ; sweet Philomel
 Essay'd, and oft essayed to catch the strain,
 And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
 The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
 A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
 And soon (for various was his tuneful store)
 In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dar'd the task, and rising, as he rose,
 With all the force, that passion gives, inspir'd,
 Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close,
 Exhausted fell, and at his feet expir'd.

Thus strength, not skill prevail'd. O fatal strife,
 By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun;
 And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,
 And he may wish that he had never won!

ANUS SÆCULARIS,

Quæ justam centum annorum ætatem, ipso die natali,
 explevit, et clausit anno 1728.

SINGULARIS prodigium O senectæ,
 Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis,
 Cujus annorum series in amplum
 desinit orbem!

Vulgus infelix hominum, dies en!
 Computo quam dispare computamus!
 Quam tuâ a summâ procul est remota
 summula nostra!

Pabulum nos luxuriæque lethi,
 Nos, simul nati, incipimus perire,
 Nos statim a cunis cita destinamur
 præda sepulchro!

Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix
 Vix opinari est, repidæve febris
 Vim repentinam, aut male pertinacis
semina morbi.

Sin brevem possit superare vita
 Terminum, quicquid superest, vacivum,
 Illud ignavis superest et imbe-
-culibus annis

Detrahunt multum, minuuntque sorti
 Morbidi questus gemitusque anhelii;
 Ad parem crescunt numerum diesque
atque dolores.

Si quis hæc vitet (quotus ille quisque est!)
 Et gradu pergendo laborioso
 Ad tuum, fortasse tuum, moretur
reptilis ævum:

At videt, mæstum tibi sæpe visum, in-
 jurias, vim, furta, dolos, et inso-
 lentiam, quo semper eunt, eodem
ire tenore.

Nil inest rebus novitatis; et quod,
 Uspiam est nugarum et ineptiarum,
 Unius volvi videt, et revolvi
circulus ævi.

Integram ætatem tibi gratulamur ;
 Et dari nobis satis æstimamus,
 Si tuam, saltem vacuum querelis
 dimidiemus.



ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

Who lived one hundred Years, and died on her Birth-
 day, 1728.

ANCIENT dame, how wide and vast,
 To a race like ours appears,
 Rounded to an orb at last,
 All thy multitude of years !

We, the herd of human kind,
 Frailer and of feebler pow'rs ;
 We, to narrow bounds confin'd,
 Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we
 Perish even from the womb,
 Swifter than a shadow flee,
 Nourish'd, but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease
 Lurk in all that we enjoy ;
 Some, that waste us by degrees,
 Some, that suddenly destroy.

And if life o'erleap the bourn,
 Common to the sons of men ;
 What remains, but that we mourn,
 Dream, and doat, and drivel then ?

Fast as moons can wax and wane,
 Sorrow comes ; and while we groan,
 Pant with anguish and complain,
 Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few, (to few 'tis giv'n)
 Ling'ring on this earthly stage,
 Creep, and halt with steps unev'n,
 To the period of an age,

Wherefore live they, but to see
 Cunning, arrogance, and force,
 Sights lamented much by thee,
 Holding their accustom'd course ?

Oft was seen, in ages past,
 All that we with wonder view ;
 Often shall be to the last ;
 Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratefully ; content,
 Should propitious Heav'n design
 Life for us, as calmly spent,
 Though but half the length of thine.



VICTORIA FORENSIS.

CAIO cum Titio lis et vexatio longa
 Sunt de vicini proprietate soli.
 Protinus ingentes animos in iurgia sumunt,
 Utraque vincendi pars studiosa nimis.
 Lis tumet in schedulas, et jam verbosior, et jam .
 Nec verbum quodvis asse minoris emunt.
 Prætereunt menses, et terminus alter et alter ;
 Quisque novos sumptus, alter et alter, habent.
 Ille querens, hic respondens pendente vocatur
 Lite ; sed ad finem litis uterque querens.

THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute ;
 A field—the subject of the suit.
 Trivial the spot, yet such the rage,
 With which the combatants engage,
 'Twere hard to tell, who covets most
 The prize——at whatsoever cost.

The pleadings swell. Words still suffice :
 No single word but has its price.
 No term but yields some fair pretence,
 For novel and increas'd expense.

Defendant thus becomes a name,
 Which he, that bore it, may disclaim ;
 Since both, in one description blended,
 Are plaintiffs——when the suit is ended.

BOMBYX.

FINE sub Aprilis Bombyx excluditur ovo
 Reptilis exiguo corpore vermiculus,
 Frondibus hic mori, volvox dum fiat adultus,
 Gnaviter incumbens, dum satiatur, edit.
 Crescendo ad justum cum jam maturuit ævum,
 Incipit artificio stamine textor opus :
 Filaque condensans filis, orbem implicat orbi,
 Et sensim in gyris conditus ipse latet.
 Inque cadi teretem formam se colligit, unde
 Egrediens pennas papilionis habet ;
 Fitque parens tandem, foetumque reponit in ovis ;
 Hoc demum extremo munere functus obit.
 Quotquot in hac nostra spirant animalia terra
 Nulli est vel brevior vita, vel utilior.

THE SILK WORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
 A worm, scarce visible, disclose ;
 All winter long content to dwell
 The tenant of his native shell.
 The same prolifick season gives
 The sustenance by which he lives,
 The mulb'rry leaf, a simple store,
 That serves him—till he needs no more!
 For, his dimensions once complete,
 Thenceforth none ever sees him eat ;
 Tho', till his growing time be past,
 Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
 That hour arriv'd, his work begins.
 He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins ;
 Till circle upon circle wound
 Careless around him and around,
 Conceals him with a veil, tho' slight,
 Impervious to the keenest sight.
 Thus self-enclos'd, as in a cask,
 At length he finishes his task :
 And, though a worm, when he was lost,
 Or caterpillar at the most,
 When next we see him, wings he wears,
 And in papilio-pomp appears ;
 Becomes oviparous ; supplies
 With future worms and future flies,
 The next ensuing year ;—and dies !

Well were it for the world, if all,
 Who creep about this earthly ball,
 Though shorter-li'v'd than most he be,
 Were useful in their kind as he.



INNOCENS PRÆDATRIX.

SEDULA per campos nullo defessa labore,
 In cellâ ut stipet mella, vagatur apis,
 Purpureum vix florem opifex prætervolat unum,
 Innumeras inter quas alit hortus opes ;
 Herbula gramineis vix una ionascitur agris,
 Thesauri unde aliquid non studiosa legit.
 A flore ad florem transit, mollique volando
 Delibat tactu suave quod intus habent.
 Omnia delibat, parcè sed et omnia, furti
 Ut ne vel minimum videris indicium :
 Omnia degustat tam parcè, ut gratia nulla
 Floribus, ut nullus diminuatur odor.
 Non ita prædantur modice bruchique et erucæ ;
 Non ista hortorum maxima pestis, aves ;
 Non ita raptores corvi, quorum improba rostra
 Despoliant agros, effodiuntque sata.
 Succos immiscens succis, ita suaviter omnes
 Temperat, ut dederit chymia nulla pares.
 Vix furtum est illud, dicive injuria debet,
 Quod cerâ, et multo melle rependit apis.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.

NOT a flow'r can be found in the fields,
 Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
FROM the largest to least, but it yields
 The bee, never wearied, a treasure.

SCARCE any she quits unexplor'd,
 With a diligence truly exact;
YET, steal what she may for her hoard,
 Leaves evidence none of the fact.

HER lucrative task she pursues,
 And pilfers with so much address,
THAT none of their odour they lose,
 Nor charm by their beauty the less.

NOT thus inoffensively preys
 The canker-worm, indwelling foe !
HIS voracity not thus allays
 The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

THE worm, more expensively fed,
 The pride of the garden devours ;
AND birds peck the seed from the bed,
 Still less to be spar'd than the flow'rs.

BUT she with such delicate skill,
 Her pillage so fits for her use,

That the chemist in vain with his still
 Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
 Nor a benefit blame as a theft ;
 Since, stole she not all that she steals,
 Neither honey nor wax would be left.

DENNERI ANUS.*

DOCTUM anus artificem juste celebrata fatetur,
 Denneri pinxit quam studiosa manus,
 Nec stupor est oculis, fronti nec ruga severa,
 Flaccida nec sulcis pendet utrinque gena.
 Nil habet illepidum, morosum, aut triste tabella ;
 Argentum capitis præter, anile nihil.
 Apparent nivei vittæ sub margine cani,
 Fila colorati qualia Seres habent ;
 Lanugo mentum, sed quæ tenuissima, vestit,
 Mollisque, et qualis Persica mala tegit.
 Nulla vel e minimis fugiunt spiracula visum ;
 At neque lineolis de cutis ulla latet.
 Spectatum veniunt, novitas quos allicit usquam,
 Quosque vel ingenii fama, vel artis amor.

* Diu publico fuit spectaculo egregia hæc tabula in
 aræâ Palatina exteriori, juxta fanum Westmonasteriense.

Adveniunt juvenes ; et anus si possit amari,
 Denner, agnoscunt hoc meruisse tuam.
 Adveniunt hilares nymphæ ; similemque senectam
 Tam pulchram et placidam dent sibi fata, rogant.
 Matronæ adveniunt, vetulæque fatentur in ore
 Quod nihil horrendum, ridiculumve vident.
 Quæcunque honos arti, per quam placet ipsa senectus ;
 Quæ facit, ut nymphis invideatur annus !
 Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cum nec Apelli
 Majorem famam det Cytherea suo !

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

IN this mimick form of a matron in years,
 How plainly the pencil of Denner appears !
 The matron herself, in whose old age we see
 Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she !
 No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
 No wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow !
 Her forehead indeed is here circled around
 With locks like the riband, with which they are
 bound ;
 While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
 Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin ;
 But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
 Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.
 Yet all is express'd, with fidelity due,
 Nor a pimple, or freckle, conceal'd from the view.

Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
 For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste;
 The youths all agree, that could old age inspire
 The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,
 And the matrons with pleasure confess that they
 see

Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.

The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a de-
 cline,

O wonderful woman ! as placid as thine.

Strange magick of art ! which the youth can
 engage

To peruse, half-enamour'd, the features of age;

And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,

That she when as old, shall be equally fair !

How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,

Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd !



LACRYMÆ PICTORIS.

INFANTEM audivit puerum, sua gaudia, Apelles
 Intempestivo fato obiisse diem.

Ille, licet tristi percussus imagine mortis,

Proferri in medium corpus irane jubet,

Et calanium, et succos poscens, "Hos accipe
 lactus,

“ Mœrorem hunc,” dixit, “ nate, parentis
habe !”

Dixit ; et, ut clausit, clausos depinxit ocellos ;
Officio pariter fidus utrique pater :
Frontemque et crines, nec adhuc pallentia formans
Oscula, adumbravit lugubre pictor opus.
Perge parens, mœrendo tuos expendere luctus ;
Nondum opus absolvit triste suprema manus.
Vidit adhuc molles genitor super oscula risus ;
Vidit adhuc veneres irrubuisse genis,
Et teneras raptim veneres, blandosque lepores,
Et tacitos risus transtulit in tabulam.
Pingendo desiste tuum signare dolorem ;
Filioli longum vivet imago tui ;
Vivet, et æternâ vives tu laude, nec arte
Vincendus pictor, nec pietate pater.



THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.

APELLES, hearing that his boy,
Had just expired—his only joy !
Altho' the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him,
He seiz'd his brush, his colours spread ;
And—“ Oh ! my child, accept,”—he said,
“('Tis all that I can now bestow,)
“ This tribute of a father's wo !”

Then, faithful to the two-fold part,
 Both of his feelings and his art,
 He clos'd his eyes, with tender care,
 And form'd at once a fellow pair.
 His brow, with amber locks beset,
 And lips he drew, not livid yet ;
 And shaded all, that he had done,
 To a just image of his son.

Thus far is well. But view again,
 The cause of thy paternal pain !
 Thy melancholy task fulfil !
 It needs the last, last touches still.
 Again his pencil's powers he tries,
 For on his lips a smile he spies :
 And still his cheek unfaded shows
 The deepest damask of the rose.
 Then, heedful to the finish'd whole,
 With fondest eagerness he stole,
 Till scarce himself distinctly knew
 The cherub copied from the true.

Now, painter cease ! Thy task is done.
 Long lives this image of thy son ;
 Nor short-lived shall the glory prove,
 Or of thy labour, or thy love.

SPE FINIS.

Ad dextram, ad lævam, porro, retro, itque re-
ditque,

Depreſſum in laqueo quem labyrinthus habet,
Et legit et relegit gressus, sese explicet unde,
Perplexum quaerens unde revolvat iter.

Sta modò, respira paulum, simul accipe filum ;
Certius et melius non Ariadne dabit.

Sic te, sic solum expedies errore ; viarum
Principium invenias, id tibi finis erit.



THE MAZE.

FROM right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the myst'ry, but in vain ;
Stand still, and breathe, and take from me
A clew, that soon shall set you free !
Not Ariadne, if you meet her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You enter'd easily—find where—
And make, with ease, your exit there !

NEMO MISER NISI COMPARATUS.

“**QUIS** fuit infelix adeò ! quis perditus æque !”

Conqueritur mæsto carmine tristis amans.

Non novus hic questus, rarove auditus ; amantes

Deserti et sprete mille queruntur idem.

Fatum decantas quod tu miserabile, multus

Deplorat, multo cum Corydone, Strephon.

Si tua cum reliquis confertur amica puellis,

Non ea vel sola est ferrea, tuve miser.



NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.

THE lover, in melodious verses,

His singular distress rehearses.

Still closing with a rueful cry,

“ Was ever such a wretch as I !”

Yes ! Thousands have endur'd before

All thy distress ; some, haply more.

Unnumber'd Corydons complain,

And Strephons, of the like disdain ;

And if thy Chloe be of steel,

Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel ;

Not her alone that censure fits,

Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

LIMAX.

FRONDIBUS, et pomis, herbisque tenaciter hæret.

Limax, et secum portat ubique domum.

Tutus in hac sese occultat, si quando periculum

Imminet, aut subitæ decidit imber aquæ.

Cornua vel leviter tangas, se protinus in se

Colligit, in proprios contrahiturque lares.

Secum habitat quacunq; habitat; sibi tota supellex;

Solæ quas adamat, quasque requirit opes.

Secum potat, edit, dormit; sibi in ædibus iisdem

Conviva et comes est, hospes et hospitium.

Limacem, quacumq; siet, quacumq; moretur,

Siquis eum quærat, dixeris esse domi.

THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,

The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,

As if he grew there, house and all

Together

Within that house secure he hides,

When danger imminent betides

Of storm, or other harm besides

Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
 His self-collecting power is such,
 He shrinks into his house, with much
 Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
 Except himself has chattels none,
 Well satisfied to be his own
 Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
 Nor partner of his banquet needs,
 And if he meets one, only feeds
 The faster,

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
 (He and his house are so combin'd)
 If, finding it, he fails to find
 Its master.

EQUES ACADEMICUS.

CALCARI instruitur juvenis; geminove vel uno,
 Haud multum, aut ocreis cujus, et undè, refert;
 Fors fortasse suo, fortasse aliunde, flagello;
 Quantulacunque sui, pars tamen ipse sui.
 Sic rite armatus, quinis (et forte minoris)
 Conductum solidis scandere gestit equum.

Lætus et impavidus qua fert fortuna (volantem
 Cernite) quadrupedem pungit et urget iter :
 Admisso cursu, per rura, per oppida fertur :
 Adlitrant catuli, multaue ridet anus.
 Jamque ferox plagis, erectâ ad verbera dextra
 Calce cruentatâ lassat utrumque latus.
 Impete sed tanto vixdum confecerit ille
 Millia propositæ sexve novemve viæ,
 Viribus absumptis, fessusque labore, caballus
 Sternit in immundum seqnè equitemque lutum.
 Vectus iter peraget curru plaustrove viator ?
 Proh pudor et facinus ! cogitur ire pedes.
 Si, nec inexpertum, seniore junior audis,
 Quæ sint exiguæ commoda disce moræ.
 Quam tibi præcipio, brevis est, sed regula certa ;
 Ocyus ut possis pergere lentus eas !

THE CANTAB.

WITH two spurs or one ; and no great matter which,
 Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a
 switch,
 Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
 Paid part into hand ;—you must wait for the rest.
 Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
 And out they both sally for better or worse ;
 His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather ;
 And in violent haste to go not knowing whither :
 'Thro' the fields and the towns, (see !) he scampers
 along,

And is look'd at, and laugh'd at, by old and by
young.

Till at length overspent, and his sides smeared
with blood,

Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.

In a waggon or chaise, shall he finish his routé ?

Oh ! scandalous fate ! he must do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear !—I am older than you !

The advice, that I give, I have proved to be true.

Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,

The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

THE SALAD.

BY

VIRGIL.

[June 8th 1799.]

THE winter-night now well-nigh worn away,
 The wakeful cock proclaim'd approaching day,
 When Simulus, poor tenant of a farm
 Of narrowest limits, heard the shrill alarm,
 Yawn'd, stretch'd his limbs, and anxious to provide

Against the pangs of hunger unsupplied,
 By slow degrees his tatter'd bed forsook,
 And poking in the dark explor'd the nook,
 Where embers slept with ashes heap'd around,
 And with burnt fingers-ends the treasure found.

It chanc'd that from a brand beneath his nose,
 Sure proof of latent fire, some smoke arose ;
 When trimming with a pin th' incrust'd tow,
 And stooping it towards the coals below,
 He toils, with cheeks distended, to excite
 The ling'ring flame, and gains at length a light.
 With prudent heed he spreads his hand before
 The quiv'ring lamp, and opes his gran'ry door.

Small was his stock, but taking for the day,
 A measur'd stint of twice eight pounds away,
 With these his mill he seeks. A shelf at hand,
 Fixt in the wall, affords his lamp a stand :
 Then baring both his arms—a sleeveless coat
 He girds, the rough exuviæ of a goat :
 And with a rubber, for that use design'd,
 Cleansing his mill within—begins to grind ;
 Each hand has its employ ; lab'ring amain,
 This turns the winch, while that supplies the grain.
 The stone revolving rapidly, now glows,
 And the bruis'd corn a mealy current flows ;
 While he, to make his heavy labour light,
 Tasks oft his left hand to relieve his right ;
 And chants with rudest accent, to beguile
 His ceaseless toil, as rude a strain the while.
 And now, “ Dame Cybale, come forth !” he cries ;
 But Cybale, still slumb'ring, nought replies.

From Afric she, the swain's sole serving-maid,
 Whose face and form alike her birth betray'd.
 With woolly locks, lips tumid, sable skin,
 Wide bosom, udders flaccid, belly thin,
 Legs slender, broad and most misshapen feet,
 Chapp'd into chinks, and parched with solar heat.
 Such, summon'd oft, she came ; at his command
 Fresh fuel heap'd, the sleeping embers fann'd,
 And made in haste her simm'ring skillet steam,
 Replenish'd newly from the neighbouring stream.

The labours of the mill perform'd, a sieve
 The mingled flour and bran must next receive,
 Which shaken oft, shoots Ceres through refin'd,
 And better dress'd, her husks all left behind.
 This done, at once, his future plain repast,
 Unleaven'd, on a shaven board he cast,
 With tepid lymph, first largely soak'd it all,
 Then gather'd it with both hands to a ball,
 And spreading it again with both hands wide,
 With sprinkled salt the stiffen'd mass supplied;
 At length, the stubborn substance, duly wrought,
 Takes from his palms impress'd the shape it ought,
 Becomes an orb---and quarter'd into shares,
 The faithful mark of just division bears.
 Last, on his hearth it finds convenient space,
 For Cybale before had swept the place,
 And there, with tiles and embers overspread,
 She leaves it---reeking in its sultry bed.

Nor Simulus, while Vulcan thus, alone,
 His part perform'd, proves heedless of his own,
 But sedulous, not merely to subdue
 His hunger, but to please his palate too,
 Prepares more sav'ry food. His chimney-side
 Could boast no gammon, salted well, and dried,
 And hook'd behind him; but sufficient store
 Of bundled anise, and a cheese it bore;
 A broad round cheese, which, thro' its centre
 strung
 With a tough broom-twig, in the corner hung;

The prudent hero therefore with address,
And quick despatch, now seeks another mess.

Close to his cottage lay a garden-ground,
With reeds and osiers sparely girt around :
Small was the spot, but lib'ral to produce ;
Nor wanted aught that serves a peasant's use,
And sometimes ev'n the rich would borrow thence,
Although its tillage was his sole expense.
For oft, as from his toils abroad he ceas'd,
Home-bound by weather, or some stated feast,
His debt of culture here he duly paid,
And only left the plough to wield the spade.
He knew to give each plant the soil it needs,
'To drill the ground, and cover close the seeds ;
And could with ease compel the wanton rill
To turn, and wind, obedient to his will.
There flourish'd star-wort, and the branching
beet,

The sorrel acid, and the mallow sweet,
The skirret, and the leek's aspiring kind,
The noxious poppy---quencher of the mind !
Salubrious sequel of a sumptuous board,
The lettuce, and the long huge-bellied gourd !
But these (for none his appetite controll'd
With stricter sway) the thrifty rustick sold
With broom-twigs neatly bound, each kind apart,
He bore them ever to the publick mart :
Whence, laden still, but with a lighter load,
Of cash well earn'd, he took his homeward road.

Expending seldom, ere he quitted Rome,
 His gains, in flesh-meat for a feast at home.
 There, at no cost, on onions, rank and red,
 Or the curl'd endive's bitter leaf, he fed :
 On scallions slic'd, or with a sensual gust;
 On rockets—foul provocatives of lust !
 Nor even shunn'd with smarting gums to press
 Nasturtium—pungent face distorting mess !

Some such regale now also in his thought,
 With hasty steps his garden-ground he sought ;
 There delving with his hands, he first displac'd
 Four plants of garlick, large, and rooted fast ;
 The tender tops of parsley next he culls,
 Then the old rue-bush shudders as he pulls,
 And coriander last to these succeeds,
 That hangs on slightest threads her trembling
 seeds.

Plac'd near his sprightly fire he now demands
 The mortar at his sable servant's hands ;
 When stripping all his garlick first, he tore
 Th' exterior coats, and cast them on the floor,
 Then cast away with like contempt the skin,
 Flimsier concealment of the cloves within.
 These search'd, and perfect found, he one by one,
 Rins'd, and dispos'd within the hollow stone.
 Salt added, and a lump of salted cheese,
 With his injected herbs he cover'd these,

And tucking with his left his tunick tight,
 And seizing fast the pestle with his right,
 The garlick bruising first he soon express'd,
 And mix'd the various juices of the rest.
 He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below
 Lost in each other their own pow'rs forego,
 And with the cheese in compound, to the sight
 Nor wholly green appear, nor wholly white.
 His nostrils oft the forceful fume resent,
 He curs'd full oft his dinner for its scent,
 Or with wry faces, wiping as he spoke
 The trickling tears, cried "vengeance on the
 smoke."

The work proceeds: not roughly turns he now
 The pestle, but in circles smooth and slow,
 With cautious hand, that grudges what it spills,
 Some drops of olive oil he next instils.
 Then vinegar with caution scarcely less,
 And gathering to a ball the medly mess,
 Last, with two fingers frugally applied,
 Sweeps the small remnant from the mortar's
 side.

And thus complete in figure and in kind,
 Obtains at length the Salad he design'd.

And now black Cybale before him stands,
 The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands,
 He glad receives it, chasing far away
 All fears of famine for the passing day ;

His legs enclos'd in buskins, and his head
In its tough casque of leather, forth he led
And yok'd his steers, a dull obedient pair,
Then drove afield, and plung'd the pointed share.

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES.

[Begun August 1799.]

FROM

THE GREEK OF JULIANUS.

A SPARTAN, his companions slain,
 Alone from battle fled,
 His mother kindling with disdain
 That she had borne him, struck him dead ;

For courage, and not birth alone,
 In Sparta, testifies a son !



ON

THE SAME BY PALLADAS.

A SPARTAN 'scaping from the fight,
 His mother met him in his flight,
 Upheld a faulchion to his breast,
 And thus the fugitive address'd :
 " Thou canst but live to blot with shame
 " Indelible thy mother's name,

" While ev'ry breath, that thou shalt draw,
 " Offends against thy country's law ;
 " But, if thou perish by this hand,
 " Myself indeed throughout the land,
 " To my dishonour, shall be known
 " The mother still of such a son ;
 " But Sparta will be safe and free,
 " And that shall serve to comfort me."

AN EPITAPH.

My name—my country—what are they to thee ?
 What, whether base or proud, my pedigree ?
 Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men—
 Perhaps I fell below them all—what then ?
 Suffice it, stranger ! that thou seest a tomb—
 Thou know'st its use—it hides—no matter whom.

ANOTHER.

TAKE to thy bosom, gentle earth, a swain
 With much hard labour in thy service worn !
 He set the vines, that clothe yon ample plain,
 And he these olives, that the vale adorn.

He fill'd with grain the glebe ; the rills he led
 Thro' this green herbage, and those fruitful how'rs ;
 Thou, therefore, earth ! lie lightly on his head,
 His hoary head, and deck his grave with flow'rs.

ANOTHER.

PAINTER, this likeness is too strong,
 And we shall mourn the dead too long.

ANOTHER.

At threescore winters' end I died
 A cheerless being, sole and sad ;
 The nuptial knot I never tied,
 And wish my father never had.

BY CALLIMACHUS.

At morn we plac'd on his funereal bier
 Young Melanippus ; and at eventide,
 Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
 By her own hand his blooming sister died.

Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,
 Annihilated by a double blow,
 Nor son could hope, nor daughter more t' embrace,
 And all Cyrene sadden'd at his wo.

ON MILTIADES.

MILTIADES ! thy valour best
 (Although in every region known)
 The men of Persia can attest,
 Taught by thyself at Marathon.

ON AN INFANT.

BEWAIL not much, my parents ! me, the prey
 Of ruthless Ades, and sepulchred here.
 An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year,
 He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,
 Your young Callimachus ; and if I knew
 Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

BY HERACLIDES.

IN Cnidus born, the consort I became
 Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name.

His bed I shar'd, nor prov'd a barren bride,
 But bore two children at a birth, and died.
 One child I leave to solace and uphold
 Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old.
 And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear
 To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.



ON THE REED.

I WAS of late a barren plant,
 Useless, insignificant,
 Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,
 A native of the marshy shore ;
 But gather'd for poetick use,
 And plung'd into a sable juice,
 Of which my modicum I sip,
 With narrow mouth and slender lip,
 At once, although by nature dumb,
 All eloquent I have become,
 And speak with fluency untired,
 As if by Phœbus' self inspired.



TO HEALTH.

ELDEST horn of pow'rs divine !
 Blest Hygeia ! be it mine,
 To enjoy what thou canst give,
 And henceforth with thee to live :

For in pow'r if pleasure be,
 Wealth, or num'rous progeny,
 Or in amorous embrace,
 Where no spy infests the place ;
 Or in aught, that Heav'n bestows
 To alleviate human woes,
 When the wearied heart despairs
 Of a respite from its cares ;
 These and ev'ry true delight
 Flourish only in thy sight ;
 And the sister Graces Three
 Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,
 Without whom we may possess
 Much, but never happiness.

ON THE ASTROLOGERS.

TH' astrologers did all alike presage
 My uncle's dying in extreme old age,
 One only disagreed. But he was wise,
 And spoke not, till he heard the fun'ral cries.

ON AN OLD WOMAN.

MYCILLA dyes her locks 'tis said ;
 But 'tis a foul aspersion,
 She buys them black ; they therefore need
 No subsequent immersion.

ON INVALIDS.

FAR happier are the dead, methinks, than they,
Who look for death, and fear it ev'ry day.



ON FLATTERERS.

No mischief worthier of our fear
In nature can be found,
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound.
For lull'd into a dangerous dream
We close infold a foe,
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
Th' inevitable blow.



ON THE SWALLOW.

ATTICK maid! with honey fed,
Bear'st thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
Destin'd their delicious food!

Ye have kindred voices clear,
Ye alike unfold the wing,
Migrate hither, sojourn here,
Both attendant on the spring!

Ah for pity drop the prize ;
 Let it not, with truth, be said,
 That a songster gasps and dies,
 That a songster may be fed.

ON LATE ACQUIRED WEALTH.

POOR in my youth, and in life's later scenes
 Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour ;
 Who nought enjoy'd, while young, denied the
 means ;
 And nought, when old, enjoy'd, denied the
 pow'r.

ON A TRUE FRIEND.

HAST thou a friend ? Thou hast indeed
 A rich and large supply,
 Treasure to serve your every need,
 Well manag'd, till you die.

ON A BATH, BY PLATO.

DID Cytherea to the skies
 From this pellucid lymph arise ?
 Or was it Cytherea's touch,
 When bathing here, that made it such ?

ON A FOWLER, BY ISIDORUS.

WITH seeds and birdlime, from the desert air,
 Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.
 No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,
 Nor lux'ry knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
 Thrice thirty years he liv'd, and to his heirs
 His seeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his snares.



ON NIOBE.

CHARON ! receive a family on board
 Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl ;
 Apollo and Diana, for a word
 By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.



ON A GOOD MAN.

TRAV'LLER, regret not me ; for thou shalt find
 Just cause of sorrow none in my decease,
 Who, dying, children's children left behind,
 And with one wife liv'd many years in peace :
 Three virtuous youths espous'd my daughters three,
 And oft their infants in my bosom lay,
 Nor saw I one, of all deriv'd from me,
 Touch'd by disease, or torn by death away.

Their duteous hands my fun'ral rites bestow'd,
 And me, by blameless manners fitted well
 To seek it, sent to the serene abode,
 Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.



ON A MISER.

THEY call thee rich—I deem thee poor,
 Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store,
 But sav'st it only for thine heirs,
 The treasure is not thine, but theirs.



ANOTHER.

A MISER, traversing his house,
 Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
 And thus his uninvited guest,
 Briskly inquisitive, address'd :
 "Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
 "I owe this unexpected visit?"
 The mouse her host obliquely ey'd,
 And smiling, pleasantly replied,
 "Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard !
 "I come to lodge, and not to board."

ANOTHER.

ART thou some individual of a kind
 Long-lived by nature as the rook or hind ?
 Heap treasure then, for if thy need be such,
 Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.
 But man thou seem'st, clear therefore from thy
 breast

This lust of treasure—folly at the best !
 For why should'st thou go wasted to the tomb,
 To fatten with thy spoils thou know'st not whom ?



ON FEMALE INCONSTANCY.

Rich, thou hadst many lovers—poor, hast none,
 So surely want extinguishes the flame,
 And she who call'd thee once her pretty one,
 And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where
 In what strange country can thy parents live
 Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware,
 That want's a crime no woman can forgive ?

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY songster, perch'd above,
 On the summit of the grove,
 Whom a dew-drop cheers to sing
 With the freedom of a king.
 From thy perch survey the fields
 Where prolifick nature yields
 Nought, that, willingly as she,
 Man surrenders not to thee.
 For hostility or hate
 None thy pleasures can create.
 Thee it satisfies to sing
 Sweetly the return of spring,
 Herald of the genial hours,
 Harming neither herbs nor flow'rs.
 Therefore man thy voice attends
 Gladly—thou and he are friends ;
 Nor thy never-ceasing strains
 Phœbus or the muse disdains
 As too simple or too long,
 For themselves inspire the song.
 Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
 Ever singīng, sporting, playing,
 What has nature else to show
 Godlike in its kind as thou ?

ON HERMOCRATIA.

HERMOCRATIA nam'd—save only one—
 Twice fifteen births I bore, and buried none ;
 For neither Phœbus pierc'd my thriving joys,
 Nor Dian—she my girls, or he my boys.
 But Dian rather, when my daughters lay
 In parturition, chas'd their pangs away.
 And all my sons, by Phœbus' bounty, shar'd
 A vig'rous youth, by sickness unimpair'd.
 O Niobe ! far less prolific ! see
 Thy boast against Latona sham'd by me ?



FROM MENANDER.

FOND youth ! who dream'st, that hoarded gold
 Is needful, not alone to pay
 For all thy various items sold,
 To serve the wants of every day ;

Bread, vinegar, and oil, and meat,
 For sav'ry viands season'd high ;
 But somewhat more important yet—
 I tell thee what it cannot buy.

No treasure, hadst thou more amass'd,
 Than fame to Tantalus assign'd,
 Would save thee from a tomb at last,
 But thou must leave it all behind.

I give thee, therefore, counsel wise ;
 Confide not vainly in thy store,
 However large——much less despise
 Others comparatively poor ;

But in thy more exalted state
 A just and equal temper show,
 That all who see thee rich and great
 May deem thee worthy to be so.



ON PALLAS BATHING.

FROM A HYMN OF CALIMACHUS.

NOR oils of balmy scent produce,
 Nor mirrour for Minerva's use,
 Ye nymphs who lave her ; she, array'd
 In genuine beauty, scorns their aid.
 Not even when they left the skies
 To seek on Ida's head the prize
 From Paris' hand, did Juno deign,
 Or Pallas in the crystal plain
 Of Simois' stream her locks to trace,
 Or in the mirrour's polish'd face,
 Though Venus oft with anxious care
 Adjusted twice a single hair.

TO DEMOSTHENIS.

It flatters and deceives thy view,
 This mirrouer of ill polish'd ore;
 For were it just, and told thee true,
 Thou would'st consult it never more.



ON

A SIMILAR CHARACTER.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,
 With washes dye your hair,
 But paint and washes both are vain
 To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock' your daily toil,
 No labour will efface 'em,
 You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
 Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
 Which though you much excel in,
 You never can contrive to make
 Old Hecuba young Helen.

ON AN UGLY FELLOW.

BEWARE, my friend ! of crystal brook,
 Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
 'Thy nose, thou chance to see ;
 Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
 And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
 As self-enamour'd he.

ON BATTERED BEAUTY.

HAIR, wax, rouge, honey, teeth, you buy,
 A multifarious store !
 A mask at once would all supply,
 Nor would it cost you more.

ON A THIEF.

WHEN Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize
 Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,
 Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
 Who, when an infant, stole Apollo's kine,
 And whom, as arbiter and overseer
 Of our gymnastick sports, we planted here ;
 "Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster ;
 " Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

ON PEDIGREE,

FROM EPICHARMUS.

My mother, if thou love me, name no more
 My noble birth ! Sounding at every breath
 My noble birth, thou kill'st me. Thither fly,
 As to their only refuge, all from whom
 Nature withholds all good besides ; *they* boast
 Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs
 Of their forefathers, and from age to age
 Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race :
 But whom hast thou beheld, or canst thou name,
 Deriv'd from no forefather ? Such a man
 Lives not ; for how could such be born at all ?
 And if it chance, that native of a land
 Far distant, or in infancy depriv'd
 Of all his kindred, one, who *cannot* trace
 His origin, exist, why deem him sprung
 From baser ancestry than theirs, who *can* ?
 My mother ! he, whom nature at his birth
 Endow'd with virtuous qualities, although
 An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.

ON ENVY.

PITY, says the Theban bard,
 From my wishes I discard ;
 Envy, let me rather be,
 Rather far a theme for thee !
 Pity to distress is shown,
 Envy to the great alone—
 So the Theban—But to shine
 Less conspicuous be mine !
 I prefer the golden mean
 Pomp and penury between ;
 For alarm and peril wait
 Ever on the loftiest state,
 And the lowest, to the end,
 Obloquy and scorn attend.



BY PHILEMON.

OFT we enhance our ills by discontent,
 And give them bulk, beyond what nature meant.
 A parent, brother, friend deceas'd, to cry—
 “ He's dead indeed, but he was born to die—”
 Such temperate grief is suited to the size
 And burthen of the loss; is just and wise.
 But to exclaim, “ Ah! wherefore was I born,
 “ Thus to be left, for ever thus forlorn ?”

Who thus laments his loss, invites distress,
 And magnifies a wo that might be less,
 Through dull despondence to his lot resign'd,
 And leaving reason's remedy behind.

BY MOSCHUS.

I SLEPT, when Venus enter'd : to my bed
 A Cupid in her beautiful hand she led,
 A bashful-seeming boy, and thus she said :
 " Shepherd receive my little one ! I bring
 " An untaught love, whom thou must teach to sing."
 She said, and left him. I suspecting nought
 Many a sweet strain my subtle pupil taught,
 How reed to reed Pan first with osier bound,
 How Pallas form'd the pipe of softest sound,
 How Hermes gave the lute, and how the quire
 Of Phœbus owe to Phœbus' self the lyre.
 Such were my themes ; my themes nought heedeth
 he,
 But ditties sang of am'rous sort to me,
 The pangs, that mortals and immortals prove
 From Venus' influence, and the darts of love.
 Thus was the teacher by the pupil taught ;
 His lessons I retain'd, and mine forgot.

EPIGRAMS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.



IN IGNORANTEM ARROGANTEM LINUM.

*Captivum, Line, te tenet ignorantia duplex.
Scis nihil, et nescis te quoque scire nihil.*

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.

THOU mayst of double ign'rance boast,
Who know'st not, that thou nothing know'st.



PRUDENS SIMPLICITAS.

*Ut nulli nocuisse velis, imitare columbam :
Serpentem, ut possit nemo nocere tibi.*

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

THAT thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee !

AD AMICUM PAUPEREM.

*Est male nunc? Utinam in pejus sors omnia vertat;
Succedunt summis optima sæpe malis.*

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

I WISH thy lot, now bad, still worse. my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

*Omnia me dum junior essem, scire putabam:
Quo scio plus, hoc me nunc scio scire minus.*

WHEN little more than boy in age,
I deem'd myself almost a sage;
But now seem worthier to be styl'd,
For ignorance—almost a child.

LEX TALIONIS.

Majorum nunquam, Aule, legis monumenta tuorum:

Mirum est, posteritas si tua scripta legat.

RETALIATION.

THE works of ancient bards divine,
 Aulus, thou scorn'st to read ;
 And should posterity read thine,
 It would be strange indeed !



DE ORTU ET OCCASU.

Sole oriente, tui reditûs a morte memento !
Sis memar occasûs, sole cadente, tui !

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,
 Thy death, with deep reflection !
 And when again he rising shines,
 Thy day of resurrection !

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE FABLES OF GAY.



LEPUS MULTIS AMICUS.

Lusus amicitia est, uni nisi dedita, ceu sit,
 Simplice ni nexus fœdere, lusus amor.
 Incerto genitore puer, non sæpe paternæ
 Tutamen novit, deliciasque domûs :
 Quique sibi fidos fore multos sperat, amicus,
 Mirum est huic misero si ferat ullus opem.

Comis erat, mitisque, et nolle et velle paratus
 Cum quovis, Gaii more modoque, Lepus.
 Ille, quot in sylvis et quot spatiantur in agris
 Quadrupedes, nôrat conciliare sibi ;
 Et quisque innocuo, invitoque lacescere quenquam
 Labra tenus saltem fidus amicus erat.
 Ortum sub lucis dum pressa cubilia linquit,
 Rorantes herbas, pabula sueta, petens,
 Venatorum audit clangores poné sequentem,
 Fulmineumque sonum territus erro fugit.
 Corda pavor pulsat, sursum sedet, erigit aures,
 Respicit, et sentit jam prope adesse necem.

Utque canes fallat latè circumvagus, illuc,
 Unde abiit, mirâ calliditate redit;
 Viribus at fractis tandem se projicit ultro
 In mediâ miserum semianimemque viâ.
 Vix ibi stratus, equi sonitum pedis audit, et, oh spe
 Quam lætâ adventu cor agitur equi!
 Dorsum (inquit) mihi, chare, tuum concede,
 tuoque
 Auxilio nares fallere, vimque canum.
 Me meus, ut nosti, pes prodit—fidus amicus
 Fert quodcunque lubens, nec grave sentit, onus.
 Belle miselle lepuscule, (equus respondet) amara
 Omnia quæ tibi sunt, sunt et amara mihi.
 Verum age—sume animos—multi, me pone, bo-
 nique
 Adveniunt, quorum sis citò salvus ope.
 Proximus armenti dominus hos sollicitatus
 Auxilium his verbis se dare posse negat.
 Quando quadrupedum, quot vivunt, nullus amicum
 Me nescire potest usque fuisse tibi,
 Libertate æquus, quam cedit amicus amico,
 Utar, et absque metu ne tibi displiceam;
 Hinc me mandat amor. Juxta istum messis acer-
 vum
 Me mea, præ cunctis chara, juvenca manet;
 Et quis non ultro quæcunque negotia linquit,
 Pareat ut dominæ, cum vocat ipsa, suæ?
 Neu me crudelem dicas—discedo—sed hircus,
 Cujus ope effugias integer, hircus adest.
 Febrem (ait hircus) habes. Heu, sicca ut lumina
 languent!

Utque caput, collo deficiente, jacet !
 Hirsutum mihi tergum ; et forsàn læserit ægrum,
 Vellere eris melius fultus, ovisque venit.
 Me mihi fecit onus natura, ovis inquit, anhelans
 Sustineo lanæ pondera tanta meæ ;
 Me nec velocem nec fortem jacto, solentque
 Nos etiam sævi dilacerare canes.
 Ultimus accedit vitulus, vitulumque precatur
 Ut periturum alias ocyus eripiat.
 Remue ego, respondet vitulus, suscepero tantam,
 Non depulsus adhuc ubere, natus heri ?
 Te, quem maturi canibus validique relinquunt,
 Incolumem potero reddere parvus ego ?
 Præterea tollens quem illi aversantur, amicis
 Forte parum videar consuluisse meis.
 Ignoscas oro. F'idissima dissociantur
 Corda, et tale tibi sat liquet esse meum.
 Ecce autem ed calces canis est ! te quanta pe-
 rempto
 Tristitia est nobis ingruitura !—Vale !



AVARUS ET PLUTUS.

Icta fenestra Euri flatu stridebat, avarus
 Ex somno trepidus surgit, opumque memor.
 Lata silenter humi ponit vestigia, quemque
 Respicit ad sonitum respiciensque tremit ;
 Angustissima quæque foramina lampade visit,
 Ad vectes, obices, fertque refertque manum.

Deum reserat crebris junctam compagibus arcam
 Exultansque omnes conspicit intus opes.
 Sed tandem furiis ultricibus actus ob artes
 Quis sua res tenuis creverat in cumulum.
 Contortis manibus nunc stat, nunc pectora pulsans
 Aurum execratur, perniciemque vocat ;
 O mihi, ait, misero mens quam tranquilla fuisset,
 Hoc celasset adhuc si modo terra malum !
 Nunc autem virtus ipsa est venalis ; et aurum
 Quid contra vitii tormina sæva valet ?
 O inimicum aurum ! O homini infestissima pestis,
 Cui datur illecebras vincere posse tuas ?
 Aurum homines suasit contemnere quicquid ho-
 nestum est,
 Et præter nomen nil retinere boni.
 Aurum cuncta mali per terras semina sparsit ;
 Aurum nocturnis furibus arma dedit.
 Bella docet fortes, timidosque ad pessima ducit,
 Fœdifragas artes, multiplicesque dolos,
 Nec vitii quicquam est, quod non inveneris ortum
 Ex malesuadâ auri sacrilegâque fame.
 Dixit, et ingemuit ; Plutasque suum sibi numen
 Ante oculos, irâ fervidus, ipse stetit.
 Arcam clausit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis
 Ostendens ; tremulum sic Deus increpuit.
 Questibus his raucis mihi cur, stulte, obstrepis
 aures ?
 Ista tui similis tristitia quisque canit.
 Commaculavi egone humanum genus, improbe ?
 Culpa,
 Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua est.

Mene execrandum censes, quia tam pretiosa
 Criminibus sunt perniciosæ tuis ?
 Virtutis specie, pulchro ceu pallio anictus
 Quisque catus nebulo sordida facta tegit.
 Atque suis manibus commissa potentia, durum
 Et dirum subito vergit ad imperium.
 Hinc, nimium dum latro aurum detrudit in arcam,
 Idem aurum latet in pectore pestis edax.
 Nutrit avaritiam et fastum, suspendere adunco
 Suadet naso inopes, et vitium omne docet.
 Auri et larga probo si copia contigit, instar
 Roris dilapsi ex æthere cuncta beat :
 Tum, quasi numen inesset, alit, fovet, educat
 orbos,
 Et viduas lacrymis ora rigare vetat.
 Quo sua crimina jure auro derivet avarus,
 Aurum animæ pretium qui cupit atque capit ?
 Lege pari gladium incuset sicarius atrox
 Cæso homine, et ferrum judicet esse reum.



PAPILIO ET LIMAX.

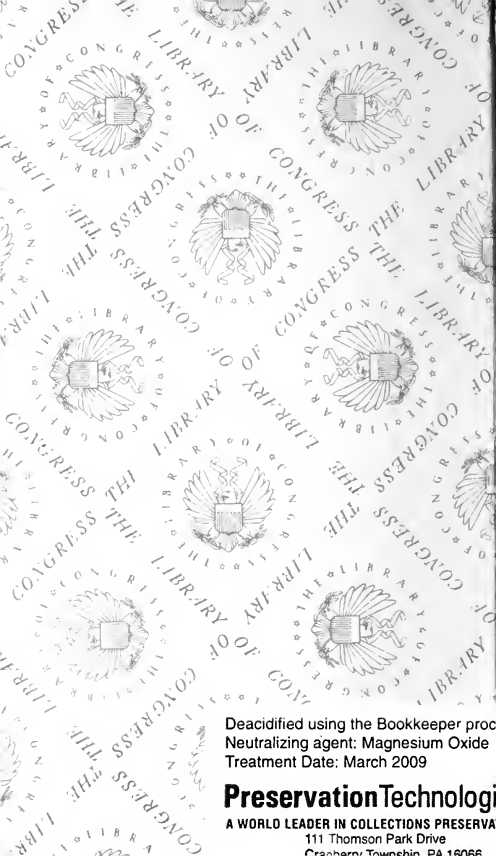
Qui subito ex imis rerum in fastigia surgit,
 Nativas sordes, quicquid agatur, olet.

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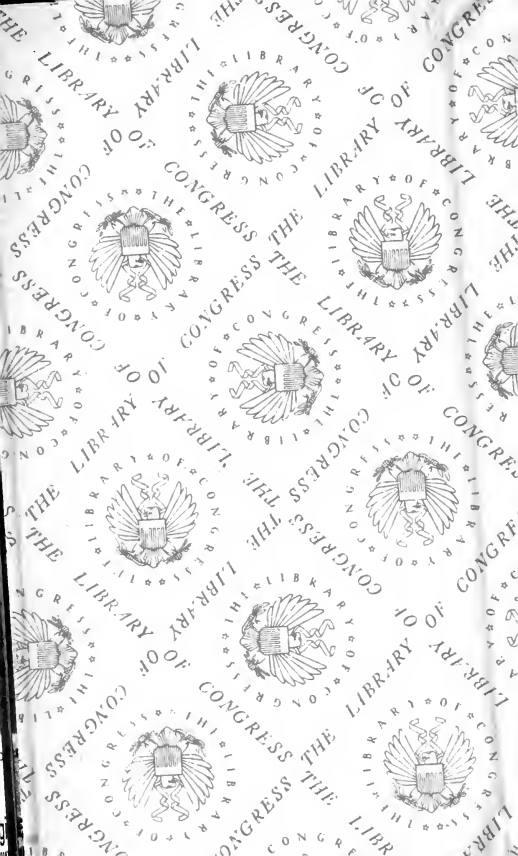


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

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