













Mr Cowper.

P O E M S,

BY

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TOGETHER WITH HIS

POSTHUMOUS POETRY,

AND

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

BY JOHN JOHNSON, LL. D.

---

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE.

---

NEW EDITION.

BOSTON  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & CO.,  
110 WASHINGTON STREET.

---

1849.

2 APR 33 81  
J 6  
1849

WILLIAM COWPER

TOGETHER

POSTHUMOUS POETRY

Gift -

Adm. + Mrs. Lloyd H. Chandler  
Feb. 6, 1946

THESE VOLUMES

NEW YORK

ROBERTSON

PHILIPPS, SARSON & CO.

10 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

1819.

705572



697

# CONTENTS

OF

## THE FIRST VOLUME.



Table Talk,	11
Progress of Errour,	32
Truth,	49
Expostulation,	65
Hope,	85
Charity,	106
Conversation,	124
Retirement,	149
The Yearly Distress, or Tithing Time at Stock in Essex,	171
Sonnet to Henry Cowper, Esq.	174
Lines addressed to Dr. Darwin,	175
On Mrs. Montagu's Feather-Hangings,	176
Verses, supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez,	178
On the promotion of Edward Thurlow, Esq. to the Chancellorship of England,	180
Ode to Peace,	181
Human Frailty,	182
The Modern Patriot,	183
On observing some names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica,	184
Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books,	- ibid.
On the Burning of Lord Mansfield's Library,	186
On the Same,	187
The Love of the World reprov'd,	188
On the death of Lady Throckmorton's Bulfinch,	189
The Rose,	190
The Doves,	192
A Fable,	194

66

4		CONTENTS.	
A Comparison,	-	-	195
Another, addressed to a young Lady,	-	-	196
The Poet's New Year's Gift,	-	-	ibid.
Ode to Apollo,	-	-	197
Pairing Time anticipated, a Fable,	-	-	198
The Dog and the Water Lily,	-	-	201
The Poet, the Oyster, and the Sensitive Plant,	-	-	202
The Shrubbery,	-	-	204
The Winter Nosegay,	-	-	205
Mutual Forbearance necessary to the happiness of the Married State,	-	-	206
The Negro's Complaint,	-	-	208
Pity for poor Africans,	-	-	210
The Morning Dream,	-	-	212
The Nightingale and Glow-worm,	-	-	213
On a Goldfinch starved to death in his Cage,	-	-	215
The Pine Apple and the Bee,	-	-	216
Horace, Book II. Ode X.	-	-	217
A reflection on the foregoing Ode,	-	-	218
The Lily and the Rose,	-	-	219
Idem, Latine Redditum,	-	-	220
The Poplar Field,	-	-	221
Idem, Latine Redditum,	-	-	222
Votum,	-	-	223
Translations from Vincent Bourne,			
Cicindela,	-	-	223
The Glow-worm,	-	-	224
Cornicula,	-	-	225
The Jackdaw,	-	-	226
Ad Grillum. Anacreonticum,	-	-	227
The Cricket,	-	-	229
Simile agit in simile,	-	-	230
The Parrot,	-	-	231
Translation of Prior's Chloë and Euphelia,	-	-	232
The History of John Gilpin,	-	-	233
Epistle to an afflicted Protestant Lady in France,	-	-	242
To the Rev. W. C. Unwin,	-	-	244

# PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST VOLUME.



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

This Preface is not designed to commend the Poems to which it is prefixed. My testimony would be insufficient for those who are not qualified to judge properly for themselves, and unnecessary to those who are. Besides, the reasons which render it improper and unseemly for a man to celebrate his own performances, or those of his nearest relatives, will have some

influence in suppressing much of what he might otherwise wish to say in favour of a friend, when that friend is indeed an *alter idem*, and excites almost the same emotions of sensibility and affection as he feel for himself.

It is very probable that these Poems may come into the hands of some persons, in whom the sight of the author's name will awaken a recollection of incidents and scenes, which, through length of time, they had almost forgotten. They will be reminded of one, who was once the companion of their chosen hours, and who set out with them in early life in the paths which lead to literary honours, to influence and affluence, with equal prospects of success. But he was suddenly and powerfully withdrawn from those pursuits, and he left them without regret; yet not till he had sufficient opportunity of counting the cost and of knowing the value of what he gave up. If happiness could have been found in classical attainments, in an elegant taste, in the exertions of wit, fancy, and genius, and in the esteem and converse of such persons as in these respects were not congenial with himself, he would have been happy. But he was not—He wondered (as thousands in a similar situation still do) that he should continue dissatisfied, with all the means apparently conducive to satisfaction within his reach. But in due time the cause of his disappointment was discovered to him; he had lived without God in the world. In a memorable hour the wisdom which is from above visited his heart. Then he felt himself a wanderer, and then he found a guide. Upon this change of views, a change of plan and conduct followed of course. When he saw the busy and the gay world in its true light, he

left it with as little reluctance as a prisoner, when called to liberty, leaves his dungeon. Not that he became a Cynick or an Ascetick—A heart filled with love to God will assuredly breathe benevolence to men. But the turn of his temper inclining him to rural life, he indulged it, and the Providence of God evidently preparing his way and marking out his retreat, he retired into the country. By these steps the good hand of God, unknown to me, was providing for me one of the principal blessings of my life ; a friend and a counsellor, in whose company for almost seven years, though we were seldom seven successive waking hours separated, I always found new pleasure. A friend who was not only a comfort to myself, but a blessing to the affectionate poor people, among whom I then lived.

Some time after inclination had thus removed him from the hurry and bustle of life, he was still more secluded by a long indisposition, and my pleasure was succeeded by a proportionable degree of anxiety and concern. But a hope that the God whom he served would support him under his affliction, and at length vouchsafe him a happy deliverance, never forsook me. The desirable crisis, I trust, is now nearly approaching. The dawn, the presage of returning day, is already arrived. He is again enabled to resume his pen, and some of the first fruits of his recovery are here presented to the publick. In his principal subjects, the same acumen, which distinguished him in the early period of life, is happily employed in illustrating and enforcing the truths of which he received such deep and unalterable impressions in his maturer years. His satire, if it may be called so, is benevolent, (like the operations of the skilful and humane surgeon, who wounds

only to heal,) dictated by a just regard for the honour of God, and indignant grief excited by the profligacy of the age, and a tender compassion for the souls of men.

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

At a time when hypothesis and conjecture in philosophy are so justly exploded, and little is considered as deserving the name of knowledge which will not stand the test of experiment, the very use of the term experimental, in religious concerns, is by too many unhappily rejected with disgust. But we well know, that they who affect to despise the inward feelings which religious persons speak of, and to treat

them as enthusiasm and folly, have inward feelings of their own, which, though they would, they cannot suppress. We have been too long in the secret ourselves, to account the proud, the ambitious, or the voluptuous, happy. We must lose the remembrance of what we once were, before we can believe that a man is satisfied with himself, merely because he endeavours to appear so. A smile upon the face is often but a mask worn occasionally and in company, to prevent, if possible, a suspicion of what at the same time is passing in the heart. We know that there are people who seldom smile when they are alone ; who, therefore, are glad to hide themselves in a throng from the violence of their own reflections ; and who, while by their looks and language they wish to persuade us they are happy, would be glad to change their conditions with a dog. But in defiance of all their efforts, they continue to think, forebode, and tremble. This we know, for it has been our own state, and therefore we know how to commiserate it in others. From this state the Bible relieved us. When we were led to read it with attention, we found ourselves described. We learned the causes of our inquietude—We were directed to a method of relief—we tried, and we were not disappointed.

DEUS NOBIS HÆC OTIA FECIT.

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

Sed hactenus hæc. Some smaller pieces upon less

important subjects close the volume. Not one of them I believe, was written with a view to publication, but I was unwilling they should be omitted.

JOHN NEWTON.

*Charles' Square, Horton,*  
*February 18, 1782.*



## TABLE TALK.



*Si te fortè meæ gravis uret sarcina chartæ,  
Abjicito.....*Hor. lib. i. Epist. 13.

*A.* You told me, I remember, glory, built  
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt ;  
The deeds that men admire as half divine,  
Stark naught, because corrupt in their design.  
Strange doctrine this ! that without scruple tears     **5**  
The laurel that the very lightning spares ;  
Brings down the warrior's trophy to the dust,  
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.

*B.* I grant, that men continuing what they are,  
Fierce, avaricious, proud, there must be war ;     **10**  
And never meant the rule should be applied  
To him that fights with justice on his side.

Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,  
Reward his mem'ry, dear to ev'ry muse,  
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,     **15**  
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,  
Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,  
And will prevail, or perish in her cause.

'Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes  
His portion in the good that Heav'n bestows.     **20**  
And when recording History displays  
Feats of renown, though wrought in ancient days,  
Tells of a few stout hearts, that fought and died  
Where duty plac'd them—at their country's side ;  
The man, that is not mov'd with what he reads,     **25**  
That takes not fire at their heroick deeds,  
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,  
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

But let eternal infamy pursue  
 The wretch to naught but his ambition true, 30  
 Who, for the sake of filling with one blast  
 The post horns of all Europe, lays her waste  
 Think yourself station'd on a tow'ring rock,  
 To see a people scatter'd like a flock,  
 Some royal mastiff panting at their heels, 35  
 With all the savage thirst a tiger feels :  
 Then view him self-proclaim'd in a gazette  
 Chief monster that has plagu'd the nations yet.  
 The globe and sceptre in such hands misplac'd,  
 Those ensigns of dominion, how disgrac'd ! 40  
 The glass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,  
 And Death's own sithe would better speak his pow'r ;  
 Then grace the bony phantom in their stead  
 With the king's shoulderknot and gay cockade ;  
 Clothe the twin brethren in each other's dress, 45  
 The same their occupation and success.

*A.* 'Tis your belief the world was made for man ;  
 Kings do but reason on the self-same plan :  
 Maintaining yours, you cannot theirs condemn,  
 Who think, or seem to think, man made for them. 50

*B.* Seldom, alas ! the power of logick reigns,  
 With much sufficiency in royal brains ;  
 Such reas'ning falls like an inverted cone,  
 Wanting its proper base to stand upon.  
 Man made for kings ! those opticks are but dim, 55  
 That tell you so—say, rather, they for him.  
 That were indeed a king-ennobling thought,  
 Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.  
 The diadem with mighty projects lin'd,  
 To catch renown by ruining mankind, 60  
 Is worth, with all its gold and glitt'ring store,  
 Just what the toy will sell for, and no more.  
 Oh ! bright occasions of dispensing good,  
 How seldom used, how little understood !  
 To pour in Virtue's lap her just reward ; 65  
 Keep vice restrain'd behind a double guard ;

TABLE TALK.

To quell the faction that affronts the throne,  
 By silent magnanimity alone ;  
 To nurse with tender care the thriving arts ;  
 Watch ev'ry beam Philosophy imparts ; 70  
 To give Religion her unbridled scope,  
 Nor judge by statute a believer's hope ;  
 With close fidelity and love unfeign'd,  
 To keep the matrimonial bond unstain'd ;  
 Covetous only of a virtuous praise ; 75  
 His life a lesson to the land he sways ;  
 To touch the sword with conscientious awe,  
 Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw ;  
 To sheath it in the peace-restoring close  
 With joy beyond what victory bestows ; 80  
 Blest country where these kingly glories shine !  
 Blest England, if this happiness be thine !  
*A.* Guard what you say ; the patriotick tribe  
 Will sneer and charge you with a bribe.—*B.* A bribe ?  
 The worth of his three kingdoms I defy, 85  
 To lure me to the baseness of a lie ;  
 And, of all lies, (be that one poet's boast,)  
 The lie that flatters I abhor the most.  
 Those arts be theirs, who hate his gentle reign,  
 But he that loves him has no need to fain. 90  
*A.* Your smooth eulogium to one crown address'd,  
 Seems to imply a censure on the rest.  
*B.* Quevdo, as he tells his sober tale,  
 Ask'd, when in Hell, to see the royal jail ;  
 Approv'd their method in all other things ; 95  
 But where, good sir, do you confine your kings ?  
 There, said h's guide—the group is full in view.  
 Indeed ?—replied the Don—there are but few.  
 His black interpreter the charge disdain'd—  
 Few, fellow ?—there are all that ever reign'd. 100  
 Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike  
 The guilty and not guilty, both alike.  
 I grant the sarcasm is too severe,  
 And we can readily refute it here ;

While Alfred's name, the father of his age, 105  
 And the Sixth Edward's grace th' historick page.

*A.* Kings then at last have but the lot of all :

By their own conduct they must stand or fall

*B.* True. While they live, the courtly laureat pays  
 His quit-rent ode, his peppercorn of praise ; 110

And many a dunce, whose fingers itch to write,  
 Adds, as he can, his tributary mite :

A subject's faults a subject may proclaim,

A monarch's errors are forbidden game !

Thus free from censure, overaw'd by fear, 115

And prais'd for virtues that they scorn to wear,

The fleeting forms of majesty engage

Respect, while stalking o'er life's narrow stage ;

Then leave their crimes for history to scan,

And ask with busy scorn, Was this the man ? 120

I pity kings, whom Worship waits upon,

Obsequious from the cradle to the throne ;

Before whose infant eyes the flatt'rer bows,

And binds a wreath about their baby brows ;

Whom Education stiffens into state, 125

And Death awakens from that dream too late.

Oh ! if Servility with supple knees,

Whose trade it is to smile, to crouch, to please ;

If smooth Dissimulation, skill'd to grace

A devil's purpose with an angel's face ; 130

If smiling peeresses, and simp'ring peers,

Encompassing his throne a few short years ;

If the gilt carriage and the pamper'd steed,

That wants no driving, and disdains the lead ;

If guards, mechanically form'd in ranks, 135

Playing, at beat of drum, their martial pranks,

Should'ring and standing as if stuck to stone,

While condescending majesty looks on ;

If monarchy consist in such base things,

Sighing, I say again, I pity kings ! 140

To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,

E'on when he labours for his country's good,

TABLE TALK.

15

To see a band call'd patriot for no cause,  
 But that they catch at popular applause,  
 Careless of all the anxiety he feels, 145  
 Hook disappointment on the publick wheels ;  
 With all their flippant fluency of tongue,  
 Most confident, when palpably most wrong ;  
 If this be kingly, then farewell for me  
 All kingship ; and may I be poor and free ! 150  
 To be the Table Talk of clubs up stairs,  
 To which th' unwash'd artificer repairs,  
 T' indulge his genius after long fatigue,  
 By diving into cabinet intrigue ;  
 (For what kings deem'd a toil, as well they may, 155  
 To him is relaxation and mere play,)  
 To win no praise, when well-wrought plans prevail,  
 But to be rudely censur'd when they fail ;  
 To doubt the love his fav'rites may pretend,  
 And in reality to find no friend ; 160  
 If he indulge a cultivated taste,  
 His gall'ries with the works of art well grac'd,  
 To hear it call'd extravagance and waste ;  
 If these attendants, and if such as these,  
 Must follow royalty, then welcome ease : 165  
 However humble and confin'd the sphere,  
 Happy the state that has not these to fear.

A. Thus men, whose thoughts contemplative have  
 dwelt

On situations that they never felt,  
 Start up sagacious, cover'd with the dust 170  
 Of dreaming study and pedantick rust,  
 And prate and preach about what others prove,  
 As if the world and they were hand and glove.  
 Leave kingly backs to cope with kingly cares ;  
 They have their weight to carry, subjects theirs ; 175  
 Poets, of all men, ever least regret  
 Increasing taxes, and the nation's debt.  
 Could you contrive the payment, and rehearse  
 'The mighty plan, oracular in verse,

No bard, howe'er majestick, old or new,	180
Should claim my fix'd attention more than you.	
<i>B.</i> Not Brindley nor Bridgewater would essay	
To turn the course of Helicon that way ;	
Nor would the Nine consent the sacred tide	
Should purl amidst the traffick of Cheapside,	185
Or tinkle in Change Alley, to amuse	
The leathern ears of stockjobbers and Jews.	
<i>A.</i> Vouchsafe, at least, to pitch the key of rhyme	
To themes more pertinent, if less sublime.	
When ministers and ministerial arts;	190
Patriots, who love good places at their hearts ;	
When admirals extoll'd for standing still,	
Or doing nothing with a deal of skill ;	
Gen'ral's who will not conquer when they may,	
Firm friends to peace, to pleasure, and good pay ;	195
When Freedom, wounded almost to despair,	
Though Discontent alone can find out where ;	
When themes like these employ the poet's tongue,	
I hear as mute as if a syren sung.	
Or tell me, if you can, what pow'r maintains	200
A Briton's scorn of arbitrary chains ?	
That were a theme might animate the dead,	
And move the lips of poets cast in lead.	
<i>B.</i> The cause, tho' worth the search, may yet elude	
Conjecture and remark, however shrewd.	205
They take perhaps a well-directed aim,	
Who seek it in his climate and his frame.	
Lib'ral in all things else, yet Nature here	
With stern severity deals out the year.	
Winter invades the spring, and often pours	210
A chilling flood on summer's drooping flow'rs ,	
Unwelcome vapours quench autumnal beams,	
Ungential blasts attending curl the streams ;	
The peasants urge their harvest, ply the fork	
With double toil, and shiver at their work ;	215
Thus with a rigour, for his good design'd,	
She rears her fav'rite man of all mankind.	

His form robust and of elastick tone, Proportion'd well, half muscle and half bone, Supplies with warm activity and force	220
A mind well lodg'd, and masculine of course. Hence Liberty, sweet Liberty inspires, And keeps alive his fierce but noble fires. Patient of constitutional control, He bears it with meek manliness of soul ;	225
But, if Authority grow wanton, wo To him that treads upon his free-born toe ; One step beyond the bound'ry of the laws Fires him at once in Freedom's glorious cause. Thus proud prerogative, not much rever'd,	230
Is seldom felt, though sometimes seen and heard ; And in his cage, like parrot fine and gay, Is kept to strut, look big, and talk away. Born in a climate softer far than ours, Not form'd like us, with such Herculean powr's,	235
'The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk, Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk, Is always happy, reign whoever may, And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away. He drinks his simple bev'rage with a gust ;	240
And, feasting on an onion and a crust, We never feel the alacrity and joy With which he shouts and carols <i>Vive le Roi !</i> Fill'd with as much true merriment and glee, As if he heard his king say—' Slave, be free !'	245
Thus happiness depends, as Nature shows, Less on exterior things than most suppose. Vigilant over all that he has made, Kind Providence attends with gracious aid ; Bids equity throughout his works prevail,	250
And weighs the nations in an even scale ; He can encourage slav'ry to a smile, And fill with discontent a British isle. A. Freeman and slave, then, if the case be such, Stand on a level ; and you prove too much :	255

If all men indiscriminately share  
 His fost'ring power, and tutelary care,  
 As well be yok'd by Despotism's hand,  
 As dwell at large in Britain's charter'd land.  
 B. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show, 260  
 That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.  
 The mind attains beneath her happy reign  
 The growth, that Nature meant she should attain ;  
 The varied fields of science, ever new,  
 Op'ning, and wider op'ning, on her view, 265  
 She ventures onward with a prosp'rous force,  
 While no base fear impedes her in her course.  
 Religion, richest favour of the skies,  
 Stands most reveal'd before the freeman's eyes ;  
 No shades of superstition blot the day, 270  
 Liberty chases all that gloom away ;  
 The soul emancipated, unoppress'd,  
 Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,  
 Learns much ; and to a thousand list'ning minds  
 Communicates with joy the good she finds ; 275  
 Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show  
 His manly forehead to the fiercest foe ;  
 Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,  
 His spirits rising as his toils increase,  
 Guards well what arts and industry have won, 280  
 And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.  
 Slaves fight for what were better cast away—  
 The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway ;  
 But they that fight for freedom, undertake  
 The noblest cause mankind can have at stake 285  
 Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call  
 A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.  
 O Liberty ! the pris'ners pleasing dream,  
 The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;  
 Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse ; 290  
 Lost without thee th' ennobling pow'rs of verse ;  
 Heroick song from thy free touch acquires  
 Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.



TABLE TALK.

19

Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,  
 And I will sing, if Liberty be there ; 295  
 And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,  
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

A. Sing where you please ; in such a cause I grant  
 An English poet's privilege to rant ;  
 But is not Freedom—at least, is not ours, 300  
 Too apt to play the wanton with her pow'rs,  
 Grow freakish, and, o'erleaping every mound,  
 Spread anarchy and terrour all around ?

B. Agreed. But would you sell or slay your horse  
 For bounding and curvetting in his course ? 305  
 Or if, when ridden with a careless rein,  
 He break away, and seek the distant plain ?  
 No. His high mettle, under good control,  
 Gives him Olympick speed, and shoots him to the goal.

Let Discipline employ her wholesome arts ; 310  
 Let magistrates alert perform their parts,  
 Not skulk or put on a prudential mask,  
 As if their duty were a desperate task ;  
 Let active Laws apply the needful curb,  
 To guard the Peace, that Riot would disturb ; 315  
 And Liberty, preserv'd from wild excess,  
 Shall raise no feuds for armies to suppress.

When Tumult lately burst his prison door,  
 And set plebeian thousands in a roar ;  
 When he usurp'd Authority's just place, 320  
 And dar'd to look his master in the face :  
 When the rude rabble's watchword was—destroy,  
 And blazing London seem'd a second Troy ;  
 Liberty blush'd, and hung her drooping head,  
 Beheld their progress with the deepest dread ; 325  
 Blush'd that effects like these she should produce,  
 Worse than the deeds of galley-slaves broke loose  
 She loses in such storms her very name,  
 And fierce Licentiousness should bear the blame.

Incomparable gem ! thy worth untold ; 330  
 Cheap, tho' blood-bought, and thrown away when sold ;

May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend  
 Betray thee, while professing to defend !  
 Prize it, ye ministers ; ye monarchs, spare ;  
 Ye patriots, guard it with a miser's care. 335

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

*B.* Not so—the virtue still adorns our age, 340  
 Though the chief actor died upon the stage.

In him Demosthenes was heard again ;  
 Liberty taught him her Athenian strain :  
 She cloth'd him with authority and awe,  
 Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law. 345

His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,  
 And all his country beaming in his face,  
 He stood, as some inimitable hand  
 Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.  
 No sycophant or slave, that dar'd oppose 350

Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;  
 And ev'ry venal stickler for the yoke  
 Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke.

Such men are rais'd to station and command,  
 When Providence means mercy to a land. 355

He speaks, and they appear : to him they owe  
 Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow ;  
 To manage with address, to seize with pow'r  
 The crisis of a dark decisive hour.

So Gideon earn'd a victory not his own ; 360  
 Subserviency his praise, and that alone.

Poor England ! thou art a devoted deer,  
 Beset with every ill but that of fear.  
 Thee nations hunt ; all mark thee for a prey ;  
 They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay. 365  
 Unhaunted still, though wearied and perplex'd,  
 Once Chatham sav'd thee ; but who saves thee next ?  
 Alas ! the tide of pleasure sweeps along  
 All, that should be the boast of British song.

TABLE TALK.

21

'Tis not the wreath, that once adorn'd thy brow, 370  
 The prize of happier times, will serve thee now.  
 Our ancestry, a gallant, Christian race,  
 Patterns of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,  
 Confes'd a God ; they kneel'd before they fought,  
 And prais'd him in the victories he wrought. 375  
 Now from the dust of ancient days bring forth  
 Their sober zeal, integrity, and worth,  
 Courage ungrac'd by these, affronts the skies,  
 Is but the fire without the sacrifice.  
 The stream, that feeds the well-spring of the heart, 380  
 Not more invigorates life's noblest part,  
 Than Virtue quickens with a warmth divine  
 The pow'rs that Sin has brought to a decline.  
*A.* Th' inestimable Estimate of Brown  
 Rose like a paper kite, and charm'd the town ; 385  
 But measures, plann'd and executed well,  
 Shifted the wind that raised it, and it fell.  
 He trod the very self-same ground you tread,  
 And Victory refuted all he said.  
*B.* And yet his judgment was not fram'd amiss ; 390  
 Its errour, if it err'd, was merely this—  
 He thought the dying hour already comc,  
 And a complete recov'ry struck him dumb.  
 But that effeminacy, folly, lust,  
 Enervate and enfeeble, and needs must ; 395  
 And that a nation shamefully debas'd  
 Will be despis'd and trampled on at last,  
 Unless sweet Penitence her pow'rs renew ;  
 Is truth, if history itself be true.  
 There is a time and Justice marks the date, 400  
 For long-forbearing clemency to wait ;  
 That hour elaps'd th' incurable revolt  
 Is punish'd, and down comes the thunderbolt.  
 If mercy *then* put by the threat'ning blow,  
 Must she perform the same kind office *now* ? 405  
 May she ? and if offended Heav'n be still  
 Accessible, and pray'r prevail, she will.

'Tis not, however, insolence and noise,  
 The tempest of tumultuary joys,  
 Nor is it yet dependence and dismay **416**  
 Will win her visits, or engage her stay ;  
 Pray'r only, and the penitential tear,  
 Can call her smiling down, and fix her here.

But when a country, (one that I could name,) **415**  
 In prostitution sinks the sense of shame ;  
 When infamous Venality, grown bold,  
 Writes on his bosom, *To be let or sold ;*  
 When Perjury, that Heav'n-defying vice,  
 Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,  
 Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made, **420**  
 To turn a penny in the way of trade ;  
 When Av'rice starves, (and never hides his face,)  
 Two or three millions of the human race,  
 And not a tongue inquires, how, where, or when,  
 Though conscience will have twinges now and then ;  
 When profanation of the sacred cause, **426**  
 In all its parts, times, ministry, and laws,  
 Bespeaks a land, once Christian, fall'n and lost,  
 In all, but wars against that title most ;  
 What follows next let cities of great name, **430**  
 And regions long since desolate, proclaim.  
 Nineveh, Babylon, and ancient Rome,  
 Speak to the present times, and times to come ;  
 They cry aloud in ev'ry careless ear,  
 Stop while you may ; suspend your mad career ; **435**  
 O learn from our example and our fate,  
 Learn wisdom and repentance ere too late.

Not only Vice disposes and prepares  
 The mind, that slumbers sweetly in her snares,  
 To stoop to Tyranny's usurp'd command, **440**  
 And bend her polish'd neck beneath his hand,  
 (A dire effect, by one of Nature's laws,  
 Urchangeably connected with its cause ;)  
 But Providence himself will intervene,  
 To throw his dark displeasure o'er the scene **445**

TABLE TALK.

23

All are his instruments ; each form of war,  
 What burns at home, or threatens from afar :  
 Nature in arms, her elements at strife,  
 The storms that overset the joys of life,  
 Are but his rods to scourge a guilty land, 450  
 And waste it at the bidding of his hand.  
 He gives the word, and Mutiny soon roars  
 In all her gates, and shakes her distant shores ;  
 The standards of all nations are unfurl'd ;  
 She has one foe, and that one foe the world. 455  
 And, if he doom that people with a frown,  
 And mark them with a seal of wrath press'd down,  
 Obduracy takes place : callous and tough,  
 The reprobated race grows judgment proof ;  
 Earth shakes beneath them, and Heav'n roars above ; 460  
 But nothing scares them from the course they love.  
 To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,  
 That charm down fear, they frolick it along,  
 With mad rapidity and unconcern,  
 Down to the gulf, from which is no return. 465  
 They trust in navies, and their navies fail—  
 God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail !  
 They trust in armies, and their courage dies ;  
 In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies ,  
 But all they trust in, withers, as it must, 470  
 When He commands, in whom they place no trust.  
 Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast  
 A long despis'd, but now victorious, host ;  
 Tyranny sends the chain, that must abridge  
 The noble sweep of all their privilege ; 475  
 Gives liberty the last, the mortal shock :  
 Slips the slave's collar on, and snaps the lock.  
*A.* Such lofty strains embellish what you teach,  
 Mean you to prophesy, or but to preach ?  
*B.* I know the mind that feels indeed the fire 480  
 The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,  
 Acts with a force and kindles with a zeal,  
 Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.

If human woes her soft attention claim,	
A tender sympathy pervades the frame ;	435
She pours a sensibility divine	
Along the nerves of every feeling line.	
But if a deed not tamely to be borne	
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,	
The strings are swept with such a pow'r so loud,	490
The storm of musick shakes th' astonish'd crowd.	
So, when remote futurity is brought	
Before the keen inquiry of her thought,	
A terrible sagacity informs	
The poet's heart ; he looks to distant storms ;	495
He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs ;	
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human pow'rs,	
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,	
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.	
Hence in a Roman mouth, the graceful name	500
Of prophet and of poet was the same ;	
Hence, British poets, too, the priesthood shar'd,	
And every hallow'd druid was a bard.	
But no prophetick fires to me belong ;	
I play with syllables, and sport in song.	505
<i>A.</i> At Westminster, where little poets strive	
To set a distich upon six and five,	
Where Discipline helps th' op'ning buds of sense,	
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,	
I was a poet too : but modern taste	510
Is so refin'd, and delicate, and chaste,	
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,	
Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.	
Thus, all success depending on an ear,	
And thinking I might purchase it too dear,	515
If sentiment were sacrific'd to sound,	
And truth cut short to make a period round,	
I judg'd a man of sense could scarce do worse,	
Than caper in the morris-dance of verse.	
<i>B.</i> Thus reputation is a spur to wit,	520
And some wits flag through fear of losing it	

Give me the line that ploughs its stately course  
 Like a proud swan, conqu'ring the stream by force ;  
 That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,  
 Quite unindebted to the tricks of art. 525

When Labour and when Dulness club in hand,  
 Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, stand,  
 Beating alternately in measur'd time,  
 The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme,  
 Exact and regular the sounds will be ; 530  
 But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

From him who rears a poem lank and long,  
 To him who strains his all into a song ;  
 Perhaps some bonny Caledonian air,  
 All birks and braes, though he was never there ; 535  
 Or, having whelp'd a prologue with great pains,  
 Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains ;  
 A prologue interdash'd with many a stroke—  
 An art contriv'd to advertise a joke,  
 So that the jest is clearly to be seen, 540

Not in the words—but in the gap between :  
 Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ  
 To substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

To dally much with subjects mean and low  
 Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so. 545  
 Neglected talents rust into decay,  
 And ev'ry effort ends in pushpin play.

The man that means success should soar above  
 A soldier's feather, or a lady's glove ;  
 Else, summoning the muse to such a theme, 550  
 The fruit of all her labour is whip'd cream,  
 As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—  
 Stoop'd from its highest pitch to pounce a wren.  
 As if the poet, purposing to wed,  
 Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread. 555

Ages claps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,  
 And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard,  
 To carry Nature's lengths unknown before,  
 To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.

- Thus Genius rose and set at order'd times, 560  
 And shot a day-spring into distant climes,  
 Ennobling ev'ry region that he chose ;  
 He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose ;  
 And, tedious years of Gothick darkness pass'd,  
 Emerg'd all splendour in our isle at last. 565  
 Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,  
 Then show far off their shining plumes again.  
 A. Is genius only found in epick lays ?  
 Prove this, and forfeit all pretence to praise.  
 Make their heroick pow'rs your own at once, 570  
 Or candidly confess yourself a dunce.  
 B. These were the chief: each interval of night  
 Was grac'd with many an undulating light.  
 In less illustrious bards his beauty shone  
 A meteor or a star ; in these the sun. 575  
 The nightingale may claim the topmost bough,  
 While the poor grasshopper must chirp below.  
 Like him unnotic'd I, and such as I,  
 Spread little wings, and rather skip than fly ;  
 Perch'd on the meagre produce of the land, 580  
 An ell or two of prospect we command ;  
 But never peep beyond the thorny bound,  
 Or oaken fence that hems the paddock round.  
 In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart  
 Had faded, poetry was not an art : 585  
 Language above all teaching, or, if taught,  
 Only by gratitude and glowing thought,  
 Elegant as simplicity, and warm  
 As ecstasy, unmanacled by form,  
 Not prompted, as in our degen'rate days, 590  
 By low ambition and the thirst of praise,  
 Was natural as is the flowing stream,  
 And yet magnificent—A God the theme !  
 That theme on Earth exhausted, though above  
 'Tis found as everlasting as his love, 595  
 Man lavish'd all his thoughts on human things—  
 The feals of heroes, and the wrath of kings ;



TABLE TALK.

27

But still, while virtue kindled his delight,  
 The song was moral, and so far was right.  
 Twas thus till Luxury seduc'd the mind 600  
 To joys less innocent, as less refin'd ;  
 Then Genius danc'd a bacchanal ; he crown'd  
 The brimming goblet, seiz'd the thyrsus, bound  
 His brows with ivy, rush'd into the field  
 Of wild imagination, and there reel'd, 605  
 The victim of his own lascivious fires,  
 And, dizzy with delight, profan'd the sacred wires.  
 Anacreon, Horace, play'd in Greece and Rome  
 This bedlam part, and others nearer home.  
 When Cromwell fought for pow'r, and while he reign'd  
 The proud protector of the power he gain'd, 611  
 Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,  
 Parent of manners like herself severe,  
 Drew a rough copy of the Christian face,  
 Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace ; 615  
 The dark and sullen humour of the time  
 Judg'd ev'ry effort of the muse a crime ;  
 Verse, in the finest mould of fancy cast,  
 Was lumber in an age so void of taste :  
 But when the second Charles assum'd the sway, 620  
 And arts reviv'd beneath a softer day,  
 Then like a bow long forc'd into a curve,  
 The mind, releas'd from too constrain'd a nerve,  
 Flew to its first position with a spring,  
 That made the vaulted roofs of Pleasure ring. 625  
 His court, the dissolute and hateful school  
 Of Wantonness, where vice was taught by rule,  
 Swarm'd with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid  
 With brutal lust as ever Circe made.  
 From these a long succession, in a rage 630  
 Of rank obscenity debauch'd their age :  
 Nor ceas'd till ever anxious to redress  
 The abuses of her sacred charge, the press,  
 The muse instructed a well-nurtur'd train  
 Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain, 635

And claim the palm for purity of song,  
 That Lewdness had usurp'd and worn so long.  
 Then decent Plesantry, and sterling Sense,  
 That neither gave nor would endure offence,  
 Whipp'd out of sight, with satire just and keen, 640  
 The puppy pack, that had defil'd the scene.

In front of these came Addison. In him  
 Humour in holiday and sightly trim,  
 Sublimity and attick taste combin'd,  
 To polish, furnish, and delight the mind. 645

Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,  
 In verse well disciplin'd, complete, compact,  
 Gave virtue and morality a grace,  
 That quite eclipsing Pleasure's painted face,  
 Levied a tax of wonder and applause, 650  
 E'en on the fools that trampled on their laws.

But he, (his musical finesse was such,  
 So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,)  
 Made poetry a mere mechanick art ;  
 And ev'ry warbler has his tune by heart. 655

Nature imparting her satirick gift,  
 Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,  
 With droll sobriety they rais'd a smile  
 At Folly's cost, themselves unmov'd the while.  
 That constellation set, the world in vain 660  
 Must hope to look upon their like again.

*A.* Are we then left—*B.* Not wholly in the dark ;  
 Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark,  
 Sufficient to redeem the modern race  
 From total night and absolute disgrace. 665  
 While servile trick and imitative knack  
 Confine the million in the beaten track.  
 Perhaps some courser, who disdains the road,  
 Snuffs up the wind, and flings himself abroad.

Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one ; 670  
 Short his career, indeed, but ably run ;  
 Churchill, himself unconscious of his pow'rs,  
 In penury consum'd his idle hours ;

TABLE TALK.

29

And like a scatter'd seed at random sown, Was left to spring by vigour of his own.	675
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought And dint of genius to an affluent lot, He laid his head in Luxury's soft lap, And took, too often, there his easy nap. If brighter beams than all he threw not forth, 'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.	680
Surly, and slovenly, and bold, and coarse, Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force, Spendthrift alike of money and of wit, Always at speed, and never drawing bit,	685
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood, And so disdain'd the rules he understood, The laurel seem'd to wait on his command, He snatch'd it rudely from the muses' hand. Nature, exerting an unwearied pow'r,	690
Forms, opens, and gives scent to ev'ry flower ; Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads. She fills profuse ten thousand little throats With musick, modulating all their notes ;	695
And charms the woodland scenes, and wilds unknown, With artless airs and concerts of her own ; But seldom, (as if fearful of expense,) Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—	700
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought, Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought ; Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky, Brings colours dipp'd in Heav'n, that never die ; A soul exalted above earth, a mind Skill'd in the characters that form mankind ;	705
And as the sun in rising beauty dress'd, Looks to the westward from the dappled east, And marks whatever clouds may interpose, Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close ; And eye like his to catch the distant goal ; Or, ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,	710

Like his to shed illuminating rays  
 On ev'ry scene and subject it surveys :  
 Thus grac'd, the man asserts a poet's name,  
 And the world cheerfully admits the claim. 715

Pity Religion has so seldom found  
 A skilful guide into poetick ground !  
 The flow'rs would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,  
 And ev'ry muse attend her in her way.  
 Virtue indeed, meets many a rhyming friend, 720  
 And many a compliment politely penn'd ;  
 But, unattir'd in that becoming vest  
 Religion weaves for her, and half undress'd,  
 Stands in the desert, shiv'ring and forlorn,  
 A wintry figure, like a wither'd thorn. 725

The shelves are full, all other themes are sped ;  
 Hackney'd and worn to the last flimsy thread,  
 Satire has long since done his best ; and curst  
 And loathsome ribaldry has done his worst ;  
 Fancy has sported all her pow'rs away 730  
 In tales, in trifles, and in children's play ;  
 And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,  
 Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.  
 Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,  
 Touch'd with a coal from Heav'n, assume the lyre, 735  
 And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,  
 With more than mortal musick on his tongue,  
 That He, who died below, and reigns above,  
 Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.

For, after all, if merely to beguile, 740  
 By flowing numbers, and a flow'ry style,  
 The tedium that the lazy rich endure,  
 Which now and then sweet poetry may cure ,  
 Or, if to see the name of idle self,  
 Stamp'd on the well-bound quarto, grace the shelf, 745  
 To float a bubble on the breath of Fame,  
 Prompt his endeavour and engage his aim,  
 Debas'd to servile purposes of pride,  
 How art the pow'rs of genius misapplied !

TABLE TALK.

31

The gift whose office is the Giver's praise, 750

To trace him in his word, his works, his ways!

Then spread the rich discov'ry, and invite

Mankind to share in the divine delight,

Distorted from its use and just design,

To make the pitiful possessor shine, 755

To purchase at the fool-frequented fair

Of Vanity, a wreath for self to wear,

Is profanation of the basest kind—

Proof of a trifling and a worthless mind. 759

*A.* Hail, Sternhold, then; and, Hopkins, hail!—*B.*

If flatt'ry, folly, lust, employ the pen; [Amen.

If acrimony, slander, and abuse,

Give it a charge to blacken and traduce;

Though Butler's wit, Pope's numbers, Prior's ease,

With all that fancy can invent to please, 765

Adorn the polish'd periods as they fall,

One madrigal of theirs is worth them all.

*A.* 'Twould thin the ranks of the poetick tribe,

To dash the pen through all that you proscribe.

*B.* No matter—we could shift when they were not;

And should, no doubt, if they were all forgot. 771

THE  
PROGRESS OF ERROUR.



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

SING, muse, (if such a theme, so dark, so long,  
May find a muse to grace it with a song,)  
By what unseen and unsuspected arts,  
The serpent Error twines round human hearts ;  
Tell where she lurks, beneath what flow'ry shades, 5  
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,  
The pois'nous, black, insinuating worm  
Successfully conceals her loathsome form.  
Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,  
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine ! 10  
Truths, that the theorist could never reach,  
And observation taught me, I would teach.  
Not all, whose eloquence the fancy fills,  
Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,  
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend, 15  
Can trace her mazy windings to their end ;  
Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,  
Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.  
The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,  
Falls soporifick on the listless ear ; 20  
Like quicksilver, the rhet'rick they display  
Shines as it runs, but grasp'd at slips away.  
Plac'd for his trial on this bustling stage,  
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,  
Free in his will to choose or to refuse, 25  
Man may improve the crisis or abuse ;

THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR 33

Else on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,  
 Say to what bar amenable were man?  
 With nought in charge he could betray no trust ;  
 And, if he fell, would fall because he must : 30  
 If Love reward him, or if Vengeance strike,  
 His recompense is both unjust alike.  
 Divine authority within his breast  
 Brings ev'ry thought, word, action, to the test :  
 Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains, 35  
 As Reason, or as Passion takes the reins.  
 Heav'n from above, and Conscience from within,  
 Cries in his startled ear—Abstain from sin !  
 The world around solicits his desire,  
 And kindles in his soul a treach'rous fire ; 40  
 While, all his purposes and steps to guard,  
 Peace follows Virtue as its sure reward ;  
 And Pleasure brings as surely in her train  
 Remorse, and Sorrow, and vindictive Pain.  
 Man, thus endu'd with an elective voice, 45  
 Must be supplied with objects of his choice ;  
 Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,  
 Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight ;  
 Those open on the spot their honey'd store :  
 These call him loudly to pursuit of more. 50  
 His unexhausted mine the sordid vice  
 Avarice shows, and virtue is the price.  
 Here various motives his ambition raise—  
 Pow'r, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of praise.  
 There Beauty woos him with expanded arms ; 55  
 E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.  
 Nor these alone whose pleasures, less refin'd,  
 Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,  
 Seek to supplant his inexperienc'd youth,  
 Or lead him devious from the path of truth ; 60  
 Hourly allurements on his passions press,  
 Safe in themselves, but dang'rous in th' excess.  
 Hark ! how it floats upon the dewy air !  
 O, what a dying, dying close was there !

34 THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR.

'Tis harmony from yon sequester'd bow'r, 65  
 Sweet harmony, that soothes the midnight hour !  
 Long ere the charioteer of day had run  
 His morning course, th' enchantment was begun  
 And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,  
 Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain. 70  
 Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent,  
 'That Virtue points to ? Can a life thus spent  
 Lead to the bliss she promises the wise,  
 Detach the soul from earth, and speed her to the skies ?  
 Ye devotees to your ador'd employ, 75  
 Enthusiasts, drunk with an unreal joy,  
 Love makes the musick of the blest above,  
 Heav'n's harmony is universal love ;  
 And earthly sounds, tho' sweet and well combin'd,  
 And lenient as soft opiates to the mind, 80  
 Leave Vice and Folly unsubdu'd behind.

Gray dawn appears ; the sportsman and his train  
 Speckle the bosom of the distant plain ;  
 'Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighb'ring lairs ;  
 Save that his scent is less acute than theirs, 85  
 For persevering chase, and headlong leaps,  
 True beagle as the stanchest hound he keeps.  
 Charg'd with the folly of his life's mad scene,  
 He takes offence, and wonders what you mean  
 The joy the danger and the toil o'erpays— 90  
 'Tis exercise, and health, and length of days.  
 Again impetuous to the field he flies ;  
 Leaps ev'ry fence, but one, there falls and dies ;  
 Like a slain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,  
 Unmiss'd but by his dogs and by his groom. 95

Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,  
 Lights of the world, and stars of human race ;  
 But if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,  
 Prodigies ominous, and view'd with fear ;  
 The comet's baneful influence is a dream ; 100  
 Yours real and pernicious in th' extreme.  
 What then !—are appetites and lusts laid down  
 With the same ease that man puts on his gown ?



THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR. 35

Will Av'rice and Concupiscence give place,  
 Charm'd by the sounds—Your Rev'rence, or Your  
 Grace? 105

No. But his own engagement binds him fast ;  
 Or, if it does not, brands him to the last,  
 What atheists call him—a designing knave,  
 A mere church-juggler, hypocrite, and slave.  
 Oh, laugh, or mourn with me the rueful jest, 110  
 A cassock'd huntsman, and a fiddling priest !  
 He from Italian songsters takes his cue :  
 Set Paul to musick, he shall quote him too.  
 He takes the field, the master of the pack  
 Cries—Well done, saint ! and claps him on the back. 115

Is this the path of sanctity ? Is this  
 To stand a way-mark in the road to bliss ?  
 Himself a wanderer from the narrow way,  
 His silly sheep what wonder if they stray ?  
 Go, cast your orders at your Bishop's feet, 120  
 Send your dishonour'd gown to Monmouth-street !  
 The sacred function in your hands is made—  
 Sad sacrilege ! no function, but a trade !

Occidius is a pastor of renown ;  
 When he has pray'd and preach'd the sabbath down,  
 With wire and catgut he concludes the day, 126  
 Quav'ring and semiquav'ring care away.

The full concerto swells upon your ear ;  
 All elbows shake. Look in, and you would swear  
 The Babylonian tyrant with a nod, 130  
 Had summon'd them to serve his golden god,  
 So well that thought th' employment seems to suit,  
 Psalt'ry and sackbut, dulcimer, and flute.

O fie ! 'tis evangelical and pure :  
 Observe each face, how sober and demure 135  
 Ecstasy sets her stamp on every mien ;  
 Chins fall'n and not an eyeball to be seen.  
 Still I insist, though musick heretofore  
 Has charm'd me much, (not e'n Occidius more,)  
 Love, joy, and peace, make harmony more meet 140

36 THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR.

For Sabbath ev'nings, and perhaps as sweet.  
 Will not the sickliest sheep of ev'ry flock  
 Resort to this example as a rock ;  
 There stand, and justify the foul abuse  
 Of sabbath hours with plausible excuse ? 145  
 If apostolick gravity be free  
 To play the fool on Sundays, why not we ?  
 If he the tinkling harpsichord regards  
 As inoffensive, what offence in cards ?  
 Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay, 150  
 Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.  
 Oh Italy !—Thy sabbaths will be soon  
 Our sabbaths, clos'd with mumm'ry and buffoon.  
 Preaching and pranks will share the motley scene,  
 Ours parcell'd out, as thine have ever been, 155  
 God's worship and the mountebank between.  
 What says the prophet ? Let that day be blest  
 With holiness and consecrated rest.  
 Pastime and business both it should exclude,  
 And bar the door the moment they intrude ; 160  
 Nobly distinguish'd above all the six  
 By deeds, in which the world must never mix.  
 Hear him again. He calls it a delight,  
 A day of luxury observ'd aright,  
 When the glad soul is made Heav'n's welcome guest,  
 Sits banqueting, and God provides the feast. 166  
 But triflers are engag'd and cannot come ;  
 Their answer to the call is—*Not at home.*  
 O the dear pleasures of the velvet plain,  
 The painted ta'lets, dealt and dealt again ! 170  
 Cards with what rapture, and the polish'd die,  
 The yawning chasm of indolence supply !  
 Then to the dance, and make the sober moon  
 Witness of joys that shun the sight of noon.  
 Blame, cynick, if you can, quadrille or ball, 175  
 The snug close party, or the splendid hall,  
 Where night, down-stooping from her ebon throne,  
 Views constellations brighter than her own.

THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR. 37

'Tis innocent, and harmless, and refin'd,  
 'The balm of care, Elysium of the mind. 180  
 Innocent ! Oh, if venerable Time  
 Slain at the foot of pleasure be no crime,  
 Then, with his silver beard and magick wand,  
 Let Comus rise archbishop of the land ;  
 Let him your rubrick and your feasts prescribe, 185  
 Grand metropolitan of all the tribe.  
 Of manners rough, and coarse athletick cast,  
 The rank debauch suits Clodio's filthy taste.  
 Rusillus, exquisitely form'd by rule,  
 Not of the moral, but the dancing school, 190  
 Wonders at Clodio's follies, in a tone  
 As tragical, as others at his own.  
 He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the score,  
 Then kill a constable, and drink five more :  
 But he can draw a pattern, make a tart, 195  
 And has the ladies' etiquette by heart.  
 Go, fool ; and, arm in arm with Clodio, plead  
 Your cause before a bar you little dread :  
 But know, the law, that bids the drunkard die,  
 Is far too just to pass the trifier by. 200  
 Both baby featur'd, and of infant size,  
 View'd from a distance, and with heedless eyes,  
 Folly and Innocence are so alike,  
 The difference, though essential, fails to strike ;  
 Yet Folly ever has a vacant stare, 205  
 A simp'ring count'nance, and a trifling air :  
 But Innocence, sedate, serene, erect,  
 Delights us, by engaging our respect.  
 Man, Nature's guest by invitation sweet,  
 Receives from her both appetite and treat ; 210  
 But if he play the glutton, and exceed,  
 His benefactress blushes at the deed ;  
 For Nature, nice, as lib'ral to Dispense,  
 Made nothing but a brute the slave of sense.  
 Daniel ate pulse by choice- -example rare ! 215  
 Heaven bless'd the youth, and made him fresh and fair.

Gorgonius sits, abdominous and wan,  
 Like a fat squab upon a Chinese fan :  
 He snuffs far off the anticipated joy ;  
 Turtle and ven'son all his thoughts employ ;                    220  
 Prepares for meals as jockies take a sweat,  
 Oh. nauseous !—an emetick for a whet !  
 Will Providence o'erlook the wasted good ?  
 Temperance were no virtue if he could.

That pleasures, therefore, or what such we call, 225  
 Are hurtful, is a truth confess'd by all.

And some, that seem'd to threaten virtue less,  
 Still hurtful in th' abuse, or by the excess.

Is man then only for his torment plac'd  
 The centre of delights he may not taste ?                    230

Like fabled Tantalus condemn'd to hear  
 The precious stream still purling in his ear,  
 Lip deep in what he longs for, and yet curs'd  
 With prohibition, and perpetual thirst ?

No, wrangler,—destitute of shame and sense,                    235  
 The precept, that enjoins him abstinence,

Forbids him none but the licentious joy,  
 Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to destroy.

Remorse, the fatal egg by pleasure laid  
 In every bosom where her nest is made,                    240

Hatch'd by the beams of truth, denies him rest,  
 And proves a raging scorpion in his breast.

No pleasure ? Are domestick comforts dead ?  
 Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled ?                    244

Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,                    [fame ?  
 Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good

All these belong to virtue, and all prove,  
 That virtue has a title to your love.

Have you no touch of pity, that the poor  
 Stand starv'd at your inhospitable door ?                    250

Or if yourself, too scantily supplied,  
 Need help, let honest industry provide.

Earn, if you want ; if you abound, impart ,  
 These both are pleasures to the feeling heart.

THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR. 39

No pleasure? Has some sickly eastern waste 255  
 Sent us a wind to parch us at a blast?  
 Can British Paradise no scenes afford  
 To please her sated and indifferent lord?  
 Are sweet philosophy's enjoyments run  
 Quite to the lees? And has religion none? 260  
 Brutes capable would tell you 'tis a lie,  
 And judge you from the kennel and the sty.  
 Delights like these, ye sensual and profane,  
 Ye are bid, begg'd, besought to entertain;  
 Call'd to these crystal streams, do ye turn off 265  
 Obscene to swill and swallow at a trough?  
 Envy the beast then, on whom Heav'n bestows  
 Your pleasures, with no curses in the close.  
 Pleasure admitted in undue degree  
 Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free. 270  
 Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice,  
 Unnerves the moral powers, and mars their use:  
 Ambition, a'rice, and the lust of fame,  
 And woman, lovely woman, does the same.  
 The heart surrender'd to the ruling power 275  
 Of some ungovern'd passion every hour,  
 Finds by degrees the truths, that once bore sway,  
 And all their deep impressions, wear away;  
 So coin grows smooth, in traffick current pass'd,  
 Till Cæsar's image is effac'd at last. 280  
 The breach, tho' small at first, soon opening wide,  
 In rushes folly with a full-moon tide,  
 Then welcome errors of whatever size,  
 To justify it by a thousand lies.  
 As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone, 285  
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon;  
 So sophistry cleaves close to and protects  
 Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.  
 Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,  
 First wish to be impos'd on, and then are. 290  
 And, lest the fulsome artifice should fail,  
 Themselves will hide its coarseness with a veil.

40           **THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR.**

Not more industrious are the just and true,  
 To give to Virtue what is Virtue's due—  
 The praise of wisdom, comeliness, and worth,           **295**  
 And call her charms to publick notice forth—  
 Than Vice's mean and disingenuous race,  
 To hide the shocking features of her face.  
 Her form with dress and lotion they repair ;  
 Then kiss their idol, and pronounce her fair.           **300**

    The sacred implement I now employ  
 Might prove a mischief, or at best a toy ;  
 A trifle, if it move but to amuse ;  
 But, if to wrong the judgment and abuse,  
 Worse than a poniard in the basest hand,           **305**  
 It stabs at once the morals of a land.

    Ye writers of what none with safety reads ;  
 Footing it in the dance that Fancy leads ;  
 Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,  
 Sniv'ling and driv'ling folly without end ;           **310**  
 Whose corresponding misses fill the ream  
 With sentimental frippery and dream,  
 Caught in a delicate soft silken net  
 By some lewd earl, or rakehell baronet ;  
 Ye pimps, who under virtue's fair pretence,           **315**  
 Steal to the closet of young innocence,  
 And teach her, unexperienc'd yet and green,  
 To scribble as you scribbled at fifteen ;  
 Who, kindling a combustion of desire,  
 With some cold moral think to quench the fire ;           **320**  
 Though all your engineering proves in vain,  
 The dribbling stream ne'er puts it out again.  
 O that a verse had pow'r, and could command,  
 Far, far away these flesh-flies of the land ;  
 Who fasten without mercy on the fair,           **325**  
 And suck, and leave a craving maggot there !  
 Howe'er disguis'd, th' inflammatory tale,  
 And cover'd with a fine-spun specious veil ;  
 Such writers, and such readers, owe the gust  
 And relish of their pleasure all to lust.           **330**

THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR. 41

But the muse, eagle pinion'd, has in view  
 A quarry more important still than you ;  
 Down, down the wind she swims, and sails away,  
 Now stoops upon it, and now grasps the prey. 335  
 Petronius ! all the muses weep for thee ;  
 But ev'ry tear shall scald thy memory ;  
 The graces too, while Virtue at their shrine,  
 Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,  
 Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast, 340  
 Abhorr'd the sacrifice, and curs'd the priest.  
 Thou polish'd and high finish'd foe to truth,  
 Graybeard corrupter of our list'ning youth,  
 To purge and skim away the filth of vice,  
 That so refin'd it might the more entice,  
 Then pour it on the morals of thy son ; 345  
 To taint *his* heart, was worthy of *thine own* !  
 Now, while the poison all high life pervades,  
 Write, if thou canst, one letter from the shades,  
 One, and one only, charg'd with deep regret,  
 That thy worst part, thy principles, live yet ; 350  
 One sad epistle thence may cure mankind  
 Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.  
 'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,  
 Our most important are our earliest years ;  
 The Mind, impressible and soft, with ease 355  
 Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,  
 And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clew,  
 That Education gives her, false or true,  
 Plants rais'd with tenderness are seldom strong ;  
 Man's coltish disposition asks the thong ; 360  
 And, without discipline, the fav'rite child,  
 Like a neglected forester, runs wild.  
 But we, as if good qualities would grow  
 Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow ;  
 We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek ; 365  
 Teach him to fence, and figure twice a week :  
 And having done, we think the best we can,  
 Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.

## 42 THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR.

From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home ;  
 And thence with all convenient speed to Rome, 370  
 With rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,  
 To tease for cash, and quarrel with all day ;  
 With memorandum book for ev'ry town,  
 And ev'ry post, and where the chaise broke down.  
 His stock, a few French phrases got by heart, 375  
 With much to learn, but nothing to impart :  
 The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,  
 Sets off a wanderer into foreign lands.  
 Surpris'd at all they meet, the gosling pair,  
 With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,  
 Discover huge cathedrals built with stone, 381  
 And steeples tow'ring high much like our own ;  
 But show peculiar light by many a grin  
 At popish practices observ'd within.  
 Ere long some bowing, smirking, smart abbé 385  
 Remarks two loit'ers, that have lost their way ;  
 And being always prim'd with *politesse*  
 For men of their appearance and address,  
 With much compassion undertakes the task,  
 To tell them more than they have wit to ask ; 390  
 Points to inscriptions wheresoe'er they tread,  
 Such as, when legible, were never read,  
 But, being canker'd now and half worn out,  
 Craze antiquarian brains with endless doubt ;  
 Some headless hero, or some Cæsar shows— 395  
 Defective only in his Roman nose ;  
 Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,  
 Models of Herculeanean pots and pans ;  
 And sells them medals, which, if neither rare  
 Nor ancient, will be so, preserv'd with care. 400  
 Strange the recital ! from whatever cause  
 His great improvement and new light he draws,  
 The squire, once bashful, is shamefac'd no more,  
 But teems with pow'rs he never felt before :  
 Whether increas'd momentum, and the force 405  
 With which from clime to clime he sped his course,



THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR. 43

As axles sometimes kindle as they go,)  
 Chaf'd him, and brought dull nature to a glow ;  
 Or whether clearer skies and softer air,  
 That make Italian flow'rs so sweet and fair, 410  
 Fresh'ning his lazy spirits as he ran,  
 Unfolded genially and spread the man :  
 Returning he proclaims by many a grace,  
 By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,  
 How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam, 415  
 Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,  
 And wisdom falls before exterior grace :  
 We slight the precious kernel of the stone,  
 And toil to polish its rough coat alone. 420

A just deportment, manners grac'd with ease,  
 Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,  
 Are qualities that seem to comprehend  
 Whatever parents, guardians, schools, intend ;  
 Hence an unfurnish'd and a listless mind, 425  
 Though busy, trifling ; empty, though refin'd ;  
 Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash  
 With indolence and luxury, is trash :

While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,  
 Seems verging fast towards the female side. 430

Learning itself, receiv'd into a mind  
 By nature weak, or viciously inclin'd,  
 Serves but to lead philosophers astray,  
 Where children would with ease discern the way.  
 And of all arts sagacious dupes invent, 435  
 To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent,  
 The worst is—Scripture warp'd from its intent.

The carriage bowls along, and all are pleas'd  
 If Tom be sober, and the wheels well greas'd ;  
 But if the rogue have gone a cup toc far, 440  
 Left out his linchpin or forgot his tar,  
 It suffers interruption and delay,  
 And meets with hind'rance in the smoothest way  
 When some hypothesis absurd and vain

44 THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR.

Has fill'd with all its fumes a critick's brain, 445  
 'The text, that sorts not with his darling whim,  
 Though plain to others, is obscure to him.  
 The will made subject to a lawless force,  
 All is irregular and out of course ;  
 And judgment drunk, and brib'd to lose his way, 450  
 Winks hard, and talks of darkness at noonday.  
 A critick on the sacred book should be  
 Candid and learn'd, dispassionate and free ;  
 Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,  
 From fancy's influence, and intemperate zeal ; 455  
 But above all, (or let the wretch refrain,  
 Nor touch the page he cannot but profane,)  
 Free from the domineering power of lust ;  
 A lewd interpreter is never just.  
 How shall I speak thee, or thy power address, 460  
 Thou god of our idolatry, the press ?  
 By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,  
 Exert their influence, and advance their cause ;  
 By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,  
 Diffus'd, make earth the vestibule of Hell ; 465  
 Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise ;  
 Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies ;  
 Like Eden's dread probationary tree,  
 Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.  
 No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest, 470  
 Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.  
 Philosophers, who darken and put out  
 Eternal truth by everlasting doubt ;  
 Church quacks, with passions under no command,  
 Who fill the world with doctrines contraband, 475  
 Discov'ers of they know not what, confin'd  
 Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind ;  
 To streams of popular opinion drawn,  
 Deposit in those shallows all their spawn.  
 The wriggling fry soon fill the creeks around, 480  
 Pois'ning the waters where their swarms abound  
 Scorn'd by the nobler tenants of the flood,

**THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR. 45**

Minnows and gudgeons gorge the unwholesome food.  
 The propagated myriads spread so fast,  
 E'en Lewenhoeck himself would stand aghast, 485  
 Employ'd to calculate th' enormous sum,  
 And own his crab-computing powers o'ercome.  
 Is this hyperbole? The world well known,  
 Your sober thoughts will hardly find it one.  
 Fresh confidence the speculatist takes 490  
 From every hair-brain'd proselyte he makes:  
 And therefore prints. Himself but half deceiv'd,  
 Till others have the soothing tale believ'd.  
 Hence comment after comment, spun as fine  
 As bloated spiders draw the flimsy line. 495  
 Hence the same word, that bids our lusts obey,  
 Is misapplied to sanctify their sway.  
 If stubborn Greek refuse to be his friend,  
 Hebrew or Syriack shall be forc'd to bend.  
 If languages and copies all cry, No— 500  
 Somebody prov'd it centuries ago.  
 Like trout pursued, the critick in despair  
 Darts to the mud, and finds his safety there.  
 Women, whom custom has forbid to fly  
 The scholar's pitch, (the scholar best knows why,) 505  
 With all the simple and unletter'd poor,  
 Admire his learning, and almost adore.  
 Whoever errs, the priest can ne'er be wrong,  
 With such fine words familiar to his tongue.  
 Ye ladies! (for indiff'rent in your cause, 510  
 I should deserve to forfeit all applause,)  
 Whatever shocks or gives the least offence  
 To virtue, delicacy, truth, or sense  
 (Try the criterion, 'tis a faithful guide,)  
 Nor has, nor can have, Scripture on its side. 515  
 None but an author knows an author's cares,  
 Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.  
 Committed once into the publick arms,  
 The baby seems to smile with added charms.  
 Like something precious ventur'd far from shore, 520

'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.  
 He views it with complacency supreme,  
 Solicits kind attention to his dream ;  
 And daily more enamour'd of the cheat  
 Kneels, and asks Heav'n to bless the dear deceit. 525  
 So one, whose story serves at least to show  
 Men lov'd their own productions long ago,  
 Woo'd an unfeeling statue for his wife,  
 Nor rested till the gods had giv'n it life. 530  
 If some mere driv'ler suck the sugar'd fib,  
 One that still needs his leading string and bib,  
 And praise his genius, he is soon repaid  
 In praise applied to the same part—his head .  
 For 'tis a rule, that holds for ever true,  
 Grant me discernment, and I grant it you. 535  
 Patient of contradiction as a child,  
 Affable, humble, diffident, and mild ;  
 Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke :  
 Your blund'rer is as sturdy as a rock  
 The creature is so sure to kick and bite, 540  
 A muleteer's the man to set him right.  
 First Appetite enlists him Truth's sworn foe,  
 Then obstinate Self-will confirms him so.  
 Tell him he wanders ; that his error leads  
 To fatal ills ; that, tho' the path he treads 545  
 Be flow'ry, and he see no cause of fear,  
 Death and the pains of Hell attend him there ;  
 In vain : the slave of arrogance and pride,  
 He has no hearing on the prudent side.  
 His still-refuted quirks he still repeats ; 550  
 New-raisd objections with new quibbles meets ;  
 Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,  
 He dies disputing, and the contest ends—  
 But not the mischiefs ; they, still left behind,  
 Like thistle seeds, are sown by every wind. 555  
 Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill ;  
 Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will ;  
 And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,

THE PROGRESS OF ERROUR.

47

First put it out, then take it for a guide.

Halting on crutches of unequal size, 560

One leg by truth supported, one by lies ;

They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,

Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,

And these reciprocally those again. 565

The mind and conduct mutually imprint

And stamp their image in each other's mint ;

Each sire, and dam, of an infernal race,

Begetting and conceiving all that's base.

None sends his arrow to the mark in view, 576

Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.

For tho', ere yet the shaft is on the wing:

Or when it first forsakes th' elastick string,

It err but little from th' intended line,

It falls at last far wide of his design ; 575

So he, who seeks a mansion in the sky,

Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye .

That prize belongs to none but the sincere,

The least obliquity is fatal here.

With caution taste the sweet Circean cup : 580

He that sips often at last drinks it up.

Habits are soon assum'd ; but when we strive

To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.

Call'd to the temple of impure delight,

He that abstains, and he alone, does right. 585

If a wish wander that way, call it home ;

He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.

But, if you pass the threshold, you are caught ;

Die then, if pow'r Almighty save you not.

There hard'ning by degrees, till double steel'd, 590

Take leave of Nature's God, and God reveal'd ;

Then laugh at all you trembled at before ;

And, joining the free thinkers' brutal roar,

Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—

That Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense. 595

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

Some dream that they can silence when they will,  
The storm of passion, and say, "*Peace, be still* ;"  
But, "*Thus far and no farther*," when address'd 600  
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,  
Implies authority that never can,  
That never ought to be the lot of man.

But, muse, forbear ; long flights forebode a fall ;  
Strike on the deep-ton'd chord the sum of all. 605

Hear the just law—the judgment of the skies !  
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies :  
And he that *will* be cheated to the last,  
Delusions strong as Hell shall bind him fast.  
But if the wand'rer his mistake discern, 610  
Judge his own ways and sigh for a return,  
Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss  
For ever and for ever ? No—the cross !

There, and there only, (though the deist rave,  
And atheist, if earth bear so base a slave ;) 615

There, and there only, is the power to save.  
There no delusive hope invites despair ;  
No mock'ry meets you, no deception there.  
The spells and charms, that blinded you before,  
All vanish there, and fascinate no more. 620

I am no preacher, let this hint suffice—  
The cross once seen is death to ev'ry vice ;  
Eise he that hung there, suffer'd all his pain,  
Bled, groan'd, and agoniz'd, and died in vain.

## TRUTH.



Pensantur trutinâ—Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 1.

MAN, on the dubious waves of error toss'd,  
His ship half founder'd, and his compass lost,  
Sees far as human opticks may command,  
A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land !  
Spreads all his canvass, ev'ry sinew plies ; 5  
Pants for't, aims at it, enters it, and dies !  
Then farewell all self-satisfying schemes,  
His well-built systems, philosophick dreams  
Deceitful views of future bliss, farewell !  
He reads his sentence at the flames of Hell. 10

Hard lot of man—to toil for the reward  
Of virtue, and yet lose it ! Wherefore hard ?—  
He that would win the race must guide his horse  
Obedient to the customs of the course ;  
Else, tho' unequal'd to the goal he flies, 15  
A meaner than himself shall gain the prize.  
Grace leads the right way ; if you choose the wrong,  
Take it and perish ; but restrain your tongue ;  
Charge not with light sufficient, and left free,  
Your wilful suicide on God's decree. 20

Oh how unlike the complex works of man,  
Heav'n's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan !  
No meretricious graces to beguile,  
No clust'ring ornaments to clog the pile ;  
From ostentation as from weakness free, 25  
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,  
Majestick in its own simplicity.

Inscrib'd above the portal, from afar  
 Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,  
 Legible only by the light they give, 30  
 Stand the soul-quick'ning words—*believe and live.*  
 Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,  
 Despise the plain direction, and are lost.  
 Heav'n on such terms! (they cry with proud disdain,)  
 Incredible, impossible, and vain!— 35  
 Rebel, because 'tis easy to obey:  
 And scorn, for its own sake, the gracious way.  
 These are the sober, in whose cooler brains  
 Some thought of immortality remains;  
 The rest too busy or too gay to wait 40  
 On the sad theme, their everlasting state,  
 Sport for a day, and perish in a night,  
 The foam upon the waters not so light.

Who judg'd the pharisee? What odious cause  
 Expos'd him to the vengeance of the laws? 45  
 Had he seduc'd a virgin, wrong'd a friend,  
 Or stabb'd a man to serve some private end?  
 Was blasphemy his sin? Or did he stray  
 From the strict duties of the sacred day?  
 Sit long and late at the carousing board? 50  
 (Such were the sins with which he charg'd his Lord.)  
 No—the man's morals were exact, what then?  
 'Twas his ambition to be seen of men;  
 His virtues were his pride; and that one vice 55  
 Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;  
 He wore them as fine trappings for a show,  
 A praying, synagogue-frequenting beau.  
 The self-applauding bird, the peacock, see—  
 Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he!  
 Meridian sunbeams tempt him to unfold 60  
 His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold;  
 He treads as if some solemn musick near,  
 His measur'd step were govern'd by his ear;  
 And seems to say—Ye meaner fowl, give place,  
 I am all splendour, dignity, and grace! 65



TRUTH.

51

Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,  
 Though he too has a glory in his plumes,  
 He, christian-like, retreats with modest mien  
 To the close copse, or far sequester'd green,  
 And shines without desiring to be seen. 70  
 The plea of works, as arrogant and vain,  
 Heav'n turns from with abhorrence and disdain ;  
 Not more affronted by avow'd neglect,  
 Than by the mere dissembler's feign'd respect.  
 What is all righteousness that men devise ? 75  
 What—but a sordid bargain for the skies ?  
 But Christ as soon would abdicate his own,  
 As stoop from Heav'n to sell the proud a throne.  
 His dwelling a recess in some rude rock,  
 Book, beads, and maple dish, his meagre stock . 80  
 In shirt of hair and weeds of canvass dress'd,  
 Girt with a bell rope that the pope has bless'd ;  
 Adust with stripes told out for ev'ry crime,  
 And sore tormented long before his time ;  
 His pray'r preferr'd to saints that cannot aid ; 85  
 His praise postpon'd, and never to be paid ;  
 See the sage hermit, by mankind admir'd,  
 With all that bigotry adopts inspir'd,  
 Wearing out life in his religious whim,  
 Till his religious whimsy wears out him. 90  
 His works, his abstinence, his zeal allow'd,  
 You think him humble—God accounts him proud ;  
 High in demand, though lowly in pretence,  
 Of all his conduct this the genuine sense—  
 My penitential stripes, my streaming blood, 95  
 Have purchas'd Heav'n, and prov'd my title good.  
 Turn eastward now, and Fancy shall apply  
 To your weak sight her telescopic eye.  
 The bramin kindles on his own bare head  
 The sacred fire, self-torturing his trade ; 100  
 His voluntary pains, severe and long,  
 Would give a barb'rous air to British song ;  
 No grand inquisitor could worse invent,

- Than he contrives to suffer, well content.  
 Which is the saintlier worthy of the two? 105  
 Past all dispute, yon anchorite, say you.  
 Your sentence and mine differ. What's a name?  
 I say the bramin has the fairer claim.  
 If suff'rings, Scripture no where recommends,  
 Devi;d by self to answer selfish ends, 110  
 Give saintship, then all Europe must agree  
 Ten starving hermits suffer less than he.  
 The truth, is, (if the truth may suit your ear  
 And prejudice have left a passage clear,)  
 Pride has attain'd its most luxuriant growth, 115  
 And poison'd ev'ry virtue in them both.  
 Pride may be pamper'd while the flesh grows lean;  
 Humility may clothe an English dean;  
 That grace was Cowper's—his, confess'd by all—  
 Though plac'd in golden Durham's second stall. 120  
 Not all the plenty of a bishop's board,  
 His palace, and his lacqueys, and "My lord,"  
 Mere nourish pride, that condescending vice,  
 Than abstinence, and beggary, and lice;  
 It thrives in mis'ry, and abundant grows; 125  
 In mis'ry fools upon themselves impose.  
 But why before us protestants produce  
 An Indian mystick, or a French recluse?  
 Their sin is plain; but what have we to fear,  
 Reform'd and well instructed? You shall hear. 130  
 Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show  
 She might be young some forty years ago,  
 Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,  
 Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,  
 Her eye-brows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray 135  
 To watch yon am'rous couple in their play,  
 With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies  
 The rude inclemency of wintry skies,  
 And sails with lappet head and mincing airs,  
 Duly at clink of bell to morning pray'rs. 140  
 To thrift and parsimony much inclin'd,

She yet allows herself that boy behind ;  
 The shiv'ring urchin, bending as he goes,  
 With slipshod heels, and dewdrop at his nose ;  
 His predecessor's coat advanc'd to wear, 145  
 Which future pages yet are doom'd to share,  
 Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,  
 And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.

She half an angel in her own account,  
 Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount. 150  
 Though not a grace appears on strictest search,  
 But that she fasts, and, *item*, goes to church.  
 Conscious of age she recollects her youth,  
 And tells, not always, with an eye to truth,  
 Who spann'd her waist, and who, where'er he came,  
 Scrawl'd upon glass Miss Bridget's lovely name ; 156  
 Who stole her slipper, fill'd it with tokay,  
 And drank the little bumper ev'ry day.

Of temper as envenom'd as an asp,  
 Censorious, and her ev'ry word a wasp ; 160  
 In faithful mem'ry she records the crimes,  
 Or real or fictitious of the times ;  
 Laughs at the reputations she has torn,  
 And holds them dangling at arm's length in scorn.

Such are the fruits of sanctimonious pride, 165  
 Of malice fed while flesh is mortified :  
 Take, Madam, the reward of all your pray'rs,  
 Where hermits and where bramins meet with theirs ,  
 Your portion is with them.—Nay, never frown,  
 But if you please, some fathoms lower down. 170

Artist, attend—your brushes and your paint—  
 Produce them—take a chair—now draw a saint.  
 Oh sorrowful and sad ! the streaming tears  
 Channel her cheeks—a Niobe appears !  
 Is this a saint ? Throw tints and all away— 175  
 True Piety is cheerful as the day,  
 Will weep indeed and heave a pitying groan  
 For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.

What purpose has the King of saints in view ?

Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew ? 180  
 To call up plenty from the teeming earth,  
 Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth ?  
 Is it that Adam's offspring may be sav'd  
 From servile fear, or be the more enslav'd ?  
 To loose the links that gall'd mankind before, 185  
 Or bind them faster on, and add still more ?  
 The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,  
 Or, if a chain, the golden one of love ;  
 No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,  
 What fear he feels his gratitude inspires. 190  
 Shall he for such deliv'rance freely wrought,  
 Recompense ill ? He trembles at the thought.  
 His master's interest and his own combin'd,  
 Prompt ev'ry movement of his heart and mind ;  
 Thought, word, and deed, his liberty evince, 195  
 His freedom is the freedom of a prince.  
 Man's obligations infinite, of course  
 His life should prove that he perceives their force ;  
 His utmost he can render is but small—  
 The principle and motive all in all. 200  
 You have two servants—Tom, an arch, sly rogue,  
 From top to toe the Geta now in vogue,  
 Genteel in figure, easy in address,  
 Moves without noise, and swift as an express,  
 Reports a message with a pleasing grace, 205  
 Expert in all the duties of his place ;  
 Say, on what hinge does his obedience move ?  
 Has he a world of gratitude and love ?  
 No, not a spark—'tis all mere sharper's play ;  
 He likes your house, your housemaid, and your pay ;  
 Reduce his wages, or get rid of her, 211  
 Tom quits you, with—Your most obedient, Sir.  
 The dinner serv'd, Charles takes his usual stand,  
 Watches your eye, anticipat'es command ;  
 Sighs, if perhaps your appetite should fail ; 215  
 And, if he but suspects a frown, turns pale ;  
 Consults all day your int'rest and your ease,

Richly rewarded if he can but please ;  
 And, proud to make his firm attachment known,  
 'To save your life, would nobly risk his own. 220  
 Now which stands highest in your serious thought ?  
 Charles, without doubt, say you—and so he ought ;  
 One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,  
 Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.  
 Thus Heav'n approves as honest and sincere, 225  
 The work of gen'rous love, and filial fear ;  
 But with averted eyes th' omniscient Judge  
 Scorns the base hireling, and the slavish drudge.  
 Where dwell these matchless saints ?—old Curio cries :  
 Ev'n at your side, Sir, and before your eyes, 230  
 The favour'd few—th' enthusiasts you despise.  
 And pleas'd at heart, because on holy ground  
 Sometimes a canting hypocrite is found,  
 Reproach a people with a single fall,  
 And cast his filthy garment at them all. 235  
 Attend !—an apt similitude shall show  
 Whence springs the conduct that offends you so.  
 See where it smokes along the sounding plain,  
 Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain,  
 Peal upon peal redoubling all around, 240  
 Shakes it again and faster to the ground :  
 Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play,  
 Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away.  
 Ere yet it came the trav'ler urg'd his steed,  
 And hurried, but with unsuccessful speed ; 245  
 Now drench'd throughout, and hopeless of his case,  
 He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace.  
 Suppose, unlook'd for in a scene so rude,  
 Long hid by interposing hill or wood,  
 Some mansion, neat and elegantly dress'd, 250  
 By some kind hospitable heart possess'd,  
 Offer him warmth, security, and rest ;  
 Think with what pleasure, safe, and at his ease,  
 He hears the tempest howling in the trees ;  
 What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ 255

While danger past is turn'd to present joy.  
 So fares it with the sinner, when he feels  
 A growing dread of vengeance at his heels ;  
 His conscience, like a glassy lake before,  
 Lash'd into foaming waves begins to roar ;                   260  
 The law grown clamorous, though silent long,  
 Arraigns him,—charges him with ev'ry wrong—  
 Asserts the rights of his offended Lord,  
 And death or restitution is the word ;  
 The last impossible—he fears the first,                         265  
 And, having well deserv'd, expects the worst.  
 Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home ;  
 Oh for a shelter from the wrath to come !  
 Crush me, ye rocks ; ye falling mountains, hide  
 Or bury me in ocean's angry tide—                             270  
 The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes  
 I dare not—And you need not, God replies :  
 The remedy you want I freely give ;  
 The book shall teach you—read, believe, and live.  
 'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,                 275  
 Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore ;  
 And justice, guardian of the dread command,  
 Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.  
 A soul redeem'd demands a life of praise ;  
 Hence the complexion of his future days,                     280  
 Hence a demeanour holy and unspeck'd,  
 And the world's hatred, as its sure effect.  
     Some lead a life unblamable and just,  
 Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust :  
 They never sin—or if, (as all offend,)                         285  
 Some trivial slips their daily walk attend,  
 The poor are near at hand, the charge is small,  
 A slight gratuity atones for all.  
 For though the pope has lost his int'rest here,  
 And pardons are not sold as once they were,                 290  
 No papist more desirous to compound,  
 Than some grave sinners upon English ground,  
 That plea refuted, other quirks they seek—

TRUTH.

57

Mercy is infinite, and man is weak ;  
 The future shall obliterate the past, 295  
 And Heav'n no doubt shall be their home at last.  
 Come then—a still small whisper in your ear—  
 He has no hope who never had a fear ;  
 And he that never doubted of his state,  
 He may perpaps—perhaps he may—too late. 300  
 The path to bliss abounds with many a snare ;  
 Learning is one, and wit, however rare.  
 The Frenchman, first in literary fame,  
 (Mention him if you please. Voltaire ?—The same,)  
 With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied, 305  
 Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died ;  
 The Scripture was his jest book, whence he drew  
*Bon mots* to gall the Christian and the Jew ;  
 An infidel in health, but what when sick ?  
 Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick : 310  
 View him at Paris in his last career,  
 Surrounding throngs the demigod revere,  
 Exalted on his pedestal of pride,  
 And fum'd with frankincense on ev'ry side,  
 He begs their flattery with his latest breath, 315  
 And smother'd in't at last, is prais'd to death.  
 Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,  
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store ;  
 Content, though mean, and cheerful if not gay  
 Shuffling her threads about the livelong day, 320  
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night  
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;  
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,  
 Has little understanding, and no wit,  
 Receives no praise ; but though her lot be such, 325  
 (Toilsome and indigent,) she renders much :  
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—  
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;  
 And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes  
 Her title to a treasure in the skies. 330  
 O happy peasant ! Oh unhappy bard !

His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;  
 He prais'd perhaps for ages yet to come,  
 She never heard of half a mile from home :  
 He, lost in errors, his vain heart prefers, 335  
 She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound  
 In science, win one inch of heavenly ground.  
 And is it not a mortifying thought  
 The poor should gain it, and the rich should not. 340  
 No,—the voluptuaries, who ne'er forget  
 One pleasure lost, lose Heav'n without regret ;  
 Regret would rouse them, and give birth to pray'r,  
 Pray'r would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

Not that the Former of us all, in this, 345  
 Or ought he does, is govern'd by caprice ;  
 The supposition is replete with sin,  
 And bears the brand of blasphemy burn'd in.  
 Not so—the silver trumpet's heav'nly call  
 Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all : 350  
 Kings are invited, and would kings obey,  
 No slaves on earth more welcome were than they ;  
 But royalty, nobility, and state,  
 Are such a dead preponderating weight,  
 'That endless bliss, (how strange soe'er it seem,) 355  
 In counterpoise, flies up and kicks the beam.  
 'Tis open, and ye cannot enter,—why ?  
 Because ye will not, Conyers would reply—  
 And he says much that many may dispute  
 And cavil at with ease, but none refute. 360

O bless'd effect of penury and want,  
 The seed sown there, how vig'rous is the plant !  
 No soil like poverty for growth divine,  
 As leanest land supplies the richest wine.  
 Earth gives too little, giving only bread, 365  
 To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head :  
 To them the sounding jargon of the schools  
 Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools :  
 The light they walk by, kindled from above,



TRUTH.

59

Shows them the shortest way to life and love ;	370
They, strangers to the controversial field, Where deists, always foil'd, yet scorn to yield, And never check'd by what impedes the wise, Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize.	
Envy, ye great, the dull unletter'd small :	375
Ye have much cause for envy—but not all. We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways, And one who wears a coronet, and prays ; Like gleanings of an olive tree they show Here and there one upon the topmost bough.	380
How readily upon the Gospel plan, That question has its answer—What is man ? Sinful and weak, in ev'ry sense a wretch ; An instrument, whose chords, upon the stretch, And strain'd to the last screw that he can bear,	385
Yield only discord in his Maker's ear : Once the bless'd residence of truth divine, Glorious as Solyma's interiour shrine, Where, in his own oracular abode, Dwelt visibly the light-creating God :	390
But made long since like Babylon of old, A den of mischiefs never to be told ; And she, once mistress of the realms around, Now scatter'd wide, and no where to be found, As soon shall rise and reascend the throne,	395
By native pow'r and energy her own, As Nature at her own peculiar cost, Restore to man the glories he has lost. Go—bid the winter cease to chill the year, Replace the wand'ring comet in his sphere,	400
Then boast, (but wait for that unhop'd-for hour,) The self-restoring arm of human pow'r. But what is man in his own proud esteem ? Hear him—himself the poet and the theme :	
A monarch cloth'd with majesty and awe, His mind, his kingdom, and his will, his law ; Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes,	405

Supreme on earth, and worthy of the skies,  
 Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,  
 And thunderbolts excepted, quite a god ! 410  
 So sings he, charm'd with his own mind and form,  
 The song magnificent—the theme a worm !  
 Himself so much the source of his delight,  
 His Maker has no beauty in his sight.  
 See where he sits, contemplative and fix'd, 415  
 Pleasure and wonder in his features mix'd ;  
 His passions tam'd, and all at his control,  
 How perfect the composure of his soul !  
 Complacency has breath'd a gentle gale  
 O'er all his thoughts, and swell'd his easy sail : 420  
 His books well trimm'd and in the gayest style  
 Like regimented coxcombs rank and file,  
 Adorn his intellects as well as shelves,  
 And teach him notions splendid as themselves :  
 The Bible only stands neglected there, 425  
 Though that of all most worthy of his care ;  
 And like an infant, troublesome awake,  
 Is left to sleep for peace and quiet sake.  
 What shall the man deserve of human kind,  
 Whose happy skill and industry combin'd 430  
 Shall prove, (what argument could never yet,)  
 The Bible an imposture and a cheat ?  
 The praises of the libertine profess'd,  
 The worst of men, and curses of the best.  
 Where should the living, weeping o'er his woes ; 435  
 The dying, trembling at the awful close ;  
 Where the betray'd, forsaken, and oppress'd,  
 The thousands whom the world forbids to rest,  
 Where should they find, (those comforts at an end  
 The Scripture yields,) or hope to find a friend ? 440  
 Sorrow might muse herself to madness then,  
 And seeking exile from the sight of men,  
 Bury herself in solitude profound,  
 Grow frantick with her pangs, and bite the ground.  
 Thus often Unbelief, grown sick of life, 445

Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife.  
 The jury meet, the coroner is short,  
 And lunacy the verdict of the court ;  
 Reverse the sentence, let the truth be known,  
 Such lunacy is ignorance alone ; 450  
 They knew not, what some bishops may not know,  
 That Scripture is the only cure of wo ;  
 That field of promise, how it flings abroad  
 Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road !  
 The soul, reposing on assur'd relief, 455  
 Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,  
 Forgets her labour as she toils along,  
 Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

But the same word, that, like the polish'd share,  
 Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care, 460  
 Kills, too, the flow'ry weeds, where'er they grow,  
 That bind the sinner's Bacchanalian brow.  
 Oh that unwelcome voice of heavenly love,  
 Sad messenger of mercy from above !  
 How does it grate upon his thankless ear, 465  
 Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear !  
 His will and judgment at continual strife,  
 That civil war imbitters all his life :  
 In vain he points his pow'rs against the skies,  
 In vain he closes or averts his eyes, 470  
 Truth will intrude—she bids him yet beware ;  
 And shakes the sceptick in the scorner's chair.

Though various foes against the truth combine,  
 Pride above all opposes her design ;  
 Pride, of a growth superiour to the rest, 475  
 The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,  
 Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,  
 Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.  
 And is the soul indeed so lost ?—she cries,  
 Fall'n from her glory, and too weak to rise ? 480  
 Torpid and dull beneath a frozen zone,  
 Has she no spark that may be deem'd her own ?  
 Grant her indebted to what zealots call

Grace undeserv'd, yet surely not for all—  
 Some beams of rectitude she yet displays, 485  
 Some love of virtue, and some pow'r to praise ;  
 Can lift herself above corporeal things,  
 And, soaring on her own unborrow'd wings,  
 Possess herself of all that's good or true,  
 Assert the skies, and vindicate her due. 490  
 Past indiscretion is a venial crime,  
 And if the youth, unmellow'd yet by time,  
 Bore on his branch, luxuriant then and rude,  
 Fruits of a blighted size, austere and crude,  
 Maturer years shall happier stores produce, 495  
 And meliorate the well-concocted juice.  
 Then, conscious of her meritorious zeal,  
 To Justice she may make her bold appeal,  
 And leave to Mercy, with a tranquil mind,  
 The worthless and unfruitful of mankind. 500  
 Hear, then, how Mercy, slighted and defied,  
 Retorts the affront against the crown of Pride.  
 Perish the virtue as it ought, abhorr'd,  
 And the fool with it who insults his Lord.  
 The atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought, 505  
 Is not for you—the righteous need it not  
 Seest thou yon harlot wooing all she meets,  
 The worn-out nuisance of the publick streets,  
 Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,  
 Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn ! 510  
 The gracious show'r, unlimited and free,  
 Shall fall on her, when Heav'n denies it thee.  
 Of all that wisdom dictates, this the drift,  
 That man is dead in sin, and life a gift.  
 Is virtue, then, unless of Christian growth, 515  
 Mere fallacy, or foolishness, or both ?  
 Ten thousand sages lost in endless wo,  
 For ignorance of what they could not know ?  
 That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue—  
 Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong. 520  
 Truly not I—the partial light men have,

My creed persuades me, well-employ'd, may save ;  
 While he that scorns the noonday beam, perverse,  
 Shall find the blessing unimprov'd, a curse.  
 Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind      525  
 Left sensuality and dross behind,  
 Possess for me their undisputed lot,  
 And take, unenvied, the reward they sought.  
 But still in virtue of a Saviour's plea,  
 Not blind by choice, but destin'd not to see.      530  
 Their fortitude and wisdom were a flame  
 Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,  
 Deriv'd from the same source of light and grace,  
 That guides the Christian in his swifter race ;  
 Their judge was conscience, and her rule their law ;  
 That rule, pursued with reverence and with awe,      536  
 Led them however falt'ring, faint, and slow,  
 From what they knew, to what they wish'd to know.  
 But let not him, that shares a brighter day,  
 Traduce the splendour of a noontide ray,      540  
 Prefer the twilight of a darker time ,  
 And deem his base stupidity no crime ;  
 The wretch, who slights the bounties of the skies,  
 And sinks, while favour'd with the means to rise,  
 Shall find them rated at their full amount,      545  
 The good he scorn'd all carried to account.  
     Marshalling all his terrours as he came,  
 Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,  
 From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,  
 Life for obedience, death for ev'ry flaw.      550  
 When the great sov'reign would his will express,  
 He gives a perfect rule ; what can he less ?  
 And guards it with a sanction as severe  
 As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear ;  
 Else his own glorious rights he would disclaim,      555  
 And man might safely trifle with his name.  
 He bids him glow with unremitting love  
 To all on earth, and to himself above ;  
 Condemns th' injurious deed, the sland'rous tongue,

The thought that meditates a brother's wrong : 560  
 Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,  
 His conduct, to the test, but tries his heart.

Hark ! universal nature shook and groan'd,  
 'Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge enthron'd !  
 Rouse all your courage at your utmost need, 565  
 Now summon ev'ry virtue—stand and plead.

What ! silent ? is your boasting heard no more ?  
 That self-renouncing wisdom learn'd before,  
 Had shed immortal glories on your brow,  
 That all your virtues cannot purchase now. 570

All joy to the believer ! He can speak—  
 Trembling, yet happy ; confident, yet meek.

Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,  
 And cut up all my follies by the root,  
 I never trusted in an arm but thine, 575

Nor hop'd, but in thy righteousness divine :  
 My pray'rs and alms, imperfect and defil'd,  
 Were but the feeble efforts of a child ;  
 Howe'er perform'd, it was their brightest part

That they proceeded from a grateful heart ; 580  
 Cleans'd in thine own all-purifying blood,  
 Forgive their evil, and accept their good ;  
 I cast them at thy feet—my only plea

Is what it was, dependence upon thee ;  
 While struggling in the vale of tears below, 585  
 That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now.

Angelick gratulations rend the skies,  
 Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,  
 Humility is crown'd, and Faith receives the prize.

## EXPOSTULATION.



*Tantane, tam patiens, nullo certamine tolli  
Dona sines ?* VIRG.

WHY weeps the muse for England ? What appears  
In England's case, to move the muse to tears ?  
From side to side of her delightful isle  
Is she not cloth'd with a perpetual smile ?  
Can Nature add a charm, or Art confer 5  
A new-found luxury not seen in her ?  
Where under Heav'n is pleasure more pursued,  
Or where does cold reflection less intrude ?  
Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn,  
Pour'd out from Plenty's overflowing horn ; 10  
Ambrosial gardens, in which art supplies  
The fervour and the force of Indian skies ;  
Her peaceful shores, where busy Commerce waits  
To pour his golden tide through all her gates ;  
Whom fiery suns, that scorch the russet spice 15  
Of eastern groves, and oceans floor'd with ice,  
Forbid in vain to push his daring way  
To darker climes, or clines of brighter day ;  
Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,  
From the world's girdle to the frozen pole ; 20  
The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn streets,  
Her vaults below, where ev'ry vintage meets ;  
Her theatres, her revels, and her sports ;  
The scenes to which not youth alone resorts.

But age, in spite of weakness and of pain, 25  
 Still haunts, in hope to dream of youth again ;  
 All speak her happy : let the muse look round  
 From east to west, no sorrow can be found ;  
 Or only what, in cottages confin'd,  
 Sighs unregarded to the passing wind. 30  
 Then wherefore weep for England ? What appears  
 In England's case, to move the muse to tears ?  
 The prophet wept for Israel : wish'd his eyes  
 Were fountains fed with infinite supplies :  
 For Israel dwelt in robbery and wrong ; 35  
 There were the scorner's and the sland'rer's tongue ;  
 Oaths, used as playthings or convenient tools,  
 As interest bias'd knaves, or fashion fools ;  
 Adult'ry, neighing at his neighbour's door ;  
 Oppression, lab'ring hard to grind the poor : 40  
 The partial balance, and deceitful weight ;  
 The treach'rous smile, a mask for secret hate ;  
 Hypocrisy, formality in pray'r,  
 And the dull service of the lip were there.  
 Her women, insolent and self-caress'd, 45  
 By Vanity's unwearied finger dress'd,  
 Forgot the blush, that virgin fears impart  
 To modest cheeks, and borrow'd one from art :  
 Were just such trifles, without worth or use,  
 As silly pride and idleness produce : 50  
 Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd, and flounced around,  
 With feet too delicate to touch the ground,  
 They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,  
 And sigh'd for every fool that flutter'd by.  
 He saw his people slaves to ev'ry lust, 55  
 Lewd, avaricious, arrogant, unjust :  
 He heard the wheels of an avenging God  
 Groan heavily along the distant road ;  
 Saw Babylon set wide her two-leav'd brass  
 To let the military deluge pass ; 60  
 Jerusalem a prey, her glory soil'd,  
 Her princes captive, and her treasure spoil'd ;



EXPOSTULATION.

67

Wept till all Israel heard his bitter cry,  
 Stamp'd with his foot, and smote upon his thigh ;  
 But wept, and stamp'd, and smote his thigh in vain, 65  
 Pleasure is deaf when told of future pain,  
 And sounds prophetick are too rough to suit  
 Ears long accustom'd to the pleasing lute :  
 They scorn'd his inspiration and his theme,  
 Pronounc'd him frantick, and his fears a dream ; 70  
 With self indulgence wing'd the fleeting hours,  
 Till the foe found them, and down fell their tow'rs  
 Long time Assyria bound them in her chain,  
 'Till penitence had purg'd the publick stain,  
 And Cyrus, with relenting pity mov'd, 75  
 Return'd them happy to the land they lov'd ;  
 There, proof against prosperity, a while  
 They stood the test of her ensnaring smile,  
 And had the grace in scenes of peace to show  
 The virtues they had learn'd in scenes of wo. 80  
 But man is frail, and can but ill sustain  
 A long immunity from grief and pain ;  
 And after all the joys that Plenty leads,  
 With tiptoe step, Vice silently succeeds.  
 When he that rul'd them with a shepherd's rod 85  
 In form a man, in dignity a God,  
 Came, not expected in that humble guise,  
 To sift and search them with unerring eyes ;  
 He found conceal'd beneath a fair outside,  
 The filth of rottenness, and worm of pride ; 90  
 Their piety a system of deceit,  
 Scripture employ'd to sanctify the cheat ;  
 The pharisee the dupe of his own art,  
 Self idoliz'd, and yet a knave at heart.  
 When nations are to perish in their sins, 95  
 'Tis in the church the leprosy begins ;  
 The priest, whose office is with zeal sincere  
 To watch the fountain and preserve it clear,  
 Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,  
 While others poison what the flock must drink ; 100

Or, waking at the call of lust alone,  
 Infuses lies and errors of his own ;  
 His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure ;  
 And, tainted by the very means of cure,  
 Catch from each other a contagious spot, 105  
 The foul forerunner of a gen'ral rot.  
 Then Truth is hush'd, that Heresy may preach ;  
 And all is trash, that Reason cannot reach :  
 Then God's own image on the soul impress'd  
 Becomes a mock'ry, and a standing jest ; 110  
 And Faith, the root whence only can arise  
 The graces of a life that wins the skies,  
 Loses at once all value and esteem,  
 Pronounc'd by graybeards a pernicious dream :  
 Then Ceremony leads her bigots forth, 115  
 Prepar'd to fight for shadows of no worth ;  
 While truths, on which eternal things depend,  
 Find not, or hardly find, a single friend ;  
 As soldiers watch the signal of command,  
 They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand ; 120  
 Happy to fill Religion's vacant place  
 With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace.  
 Such, when the Teacher of his church was there,  
 People and priest, the sons of Israel were ;  
 Stiff in the letter, lax in the design 125  
 And import, of their oracles divine ;  
 Their learning legendary, false, absurd,  
 And yet exalted above God's own word ;  
 They drew a curse from an intended good,  
 Puff'd up with gifts they never understood. 130  
 He judg'd them with as terrible a frown,  
 As if not love, but wrath, had brought him down  
 Yet he was gentle as soft summer airs,  
 Had grace for others' sins, but none for theirs ;  
 Through all he spoke a noble plainness ran— 135  
 Rhet'rick is artifice, the work of man ;  
 And tricks and turns, that fancy may devise,  
 Are far too mean for him that rules the skies.

EXPOSTULATION.

69

Th' astonish'd vulgar trembled while he tore  
 The mask from faces never seen before : 140  
 He stripp'd the impostors in the noonday sun,  
 Show'd that they follow'd all they seem'd to shun :  
 Their pray'rs made publick, their excesses kept  
 As private as the chambers where they slept ·  
 The temple and its holy rites profan'd 145  
 By mumm'ries he that dwelt in it disdain'd ;  
 Uplifted hands, that at convenient times  
 Could act extortion and the worst of crimes,  
 Wash'd with a neatness scrupulously nice,  
 And free from ev'ry taint but that of vice. 150  
 Judgment, however tardy, mends her pace  
 When Obstinacy once has conquer'd Grace.  
 They saw distemper heal'd, and life restor'd,  
 In answer to the fiat of his word ;  
 Confess'd the wonder, and with daring tongue 155  
 Blasphem'd th' authority from which it sprung.  
 They knew by sure prognosticks seen on high,  
 The future tone and temper of the sky ;  
 But, grave dissemblers, could not understand,  
 'That Sin let loose speaks Punishment at hand. 160  
 Ask now of history's authentick page,  
 And call up evidence from every age ;  
 Display with busy and laborious hand  
 The blessings of the most indebted land ;  
 What nation will you find, whose annals prove 165  
 So rich an int'rest in almighty love ?  
 Where dwell they now, where dwell in ancient day,  
 A people planted, water'd, bless'd as they ?  
 Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim  
 The favours pour'd upon the Jewish name ; 170  
 Their freedom purchas'd for them at the cost  
 Of all their hard oppressors valued most ;  
 Their title to a country not their own,  
 Made sure by prodigies till then unknown ; 174  
 For them, the states they left made waste and void ;  
 For them, the states to which they went destroy'd ;

A cloud to measure out their march by day,  
 By night a fire to cheer the gloomy way :  
 That moving signal summoning, when best  
 Their host to move, and when it stay'd, to rest. 180  
 For them the rocks dissolv'd into a flood,  
 The dews condens'd into angelick food,  
 Their very garments sacred—old, yet new,  
 And Time forbid to touch them as he flew ;  
 Streams, swell'd above the bank, enjoin'd to stand, 185  
 While they pass'd through to their appointed land ;  
 Their leader arm'd with meekness, zeal, and love,  
 And grac'd with clear credentials from above .  
 Themselves secur'd beneath the Almighty wing ;  
 Their God their captain,\* lawgiver, and king ; 190  
 Crown'd with a thousand vict'ries, and at last  
 Lords of the conquer'd soil, there rooted fast,  
 In peace possessing what they won by war,  
 Their name far published, and rever'd as far :  
 Where will you find a race like theirs, endow'd 195  
 With all that man e'er wish'd, or Heav'n bestow'd ?  
 They, and they only, amongst all mankind  
 Receiv'd the transcript of the eternal mind ;  
 Were trusted with his own engraven laws,  
 And constituted guardians of his cause ; 200  
 Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,  
 And theirs, by birth, the Saviour of us all.  
 In vain the nations that had seen them rise  
 With fierce and envious, yet admiring eyes,  
 Had sought to crush them, guarded as they were 205  
 By pow'r divine, and skill that could not err.  
 Had they maintain'd allegiance firm and sure,  
 And kept the faith immaculate and pure,  
 Then the proud eagles of all-conquering Rome  
 Had found one city not to be o'ercome ; 210  
 And the twelve standards of the tribes unfurl'd,  
 Had bid defiance to the warring world.

\* *Vide Joshua, v. 14.*

## EXPOSTULATION.

71

But grace abus'd brings forth the foulest deeds,  
 As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.  
 Cur'd of the golden calves, their fathers' sin,      215  
 They set up self, that idol god, within ;  
 View'd a deliverer with disdain and hate,  
 Who left them still a tributary state ;  
 Seiz'd fast his hand, held out to set them free  
 From a worse yoke, and nail'd it to the tree :      220  
 There was the consummation and the crown,  
 The flow'r of Israel's infamy full blown ;  
 Thence date their sad declension and their fall,  
 Their woes not yet repeal'd, thence date them all.  
     Thus fell the best instructed in her day,      225  
 And the most favour'd land, look where we may.  
 Philosophy, indeed, on Grecian eyes  
 Had pour'd the day, and clear'd the Roman skies ;  
 In other climes perhaps creative Art,  
 With pow'r surpassing theirs, perform'd her part ;      230  
 Might give more life to marble, or might fill  
 The glowing tablets with a juster skill ;  
 Might shine in fable, and grace idle themes  
 With all the embroid'ry of poetick dreams ;  
 'Twas theirs alone to dive into the plan,      235  
 That Truth and Mercy had reveal'd to man ;  
 And, while the world beside, that plan unknown,  
 Deified useless wood or senseless stone,  
 They breath'd in faith their well-directed pray'rs,  
 And the true God, the God of truth, was theirs.      240  
     Their glory faded, and their race dispers'd,  
 The last of nations now, though once the first ;  
 They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn.  
 Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn :  
 If we escap'd not, if Heav'n spar'd not us,      245  
 Peel'd, scatter'd, and exterminated thus !  
 If Vice receiv'd her retribution due,  
 When we were visited, what hope for you ?  
 When God arises with an awful frown  
 To punish lust, or pluck presumption down ;      250

When gifts perverted, or not duly priz'd,  
 Pleasure o'ervalued, and his grace despis'd,  
 Provoke the vengeance of his righteous hand ;  
 To pour down wrath upon a thankless land ;  
 He will be found impartially severe, 255  
 Too just to wink, or speak the guilty clear

Oh Israel, of all nations most undone !  
 Thy diadem displac'd, thy sceptre gone :  
 Thy temple, once thy glory, fall'n and raz'd,  
 And thou a worshipper e'en where thou may'st ; 260  
 The services, once only without spot,  
 Mere shadows now, their ancient pomp forgot ;  
 Thy Levites, once a consecrated host,  
 No longer Levites, and their lineage lost,  
 And thou thyself o'er ev'ry country sown, 265  
 With none on earth that thou canst call thine own ;  
 Cry aloud, thou, that sittest in the dust,  
 Cry to the proud, the cruel, and unjust ;  
 Knock at the gates of nations, rouse their fears ;  
 Say wrath is coming, and the storm appears, 270  
 But raise the shrillest cry in British ears.

What ails thee, restless as the waves that roar,  
 And fling their foam against thy chalky shore ;  
 Mistress, at least while Providence shall please  
 And trident-bearing queen of the wide seas— 275  
 Why, having kept good faith, and often shown  
 Friendship and truth to others, find'st thou none ?  
 Thou that hast set the persecuted free,  
 None interposes now to succour thee.  
 Countries indebted to thy pow'r, that shine 280  
 With light deriv'd from thee, would smother thine ;  
 Thy very children watch for thy disgrace—  
 A lawless brood, and curse thee to thy face.  
 Thy rulers load thy credit year by year,  
 With sums Peruvian mines could never clear ; 285  
 As if, like arches built with skilful hand,  
 The more 'twere press'd the firmer it would stand.

The cry in all thy ships is still the same,  
 Speed us away to battle and to fame.  
 Thy mariners explore the wild expanse,                   290  
 Impatient to descry the flags of France :  
 But though they fight as thine have ever fought,  
 Return asham'd without the wreaths they sought.  
 Thy senate is a scene of civil jar,  
 Chaos of contrarieties at war ;                   295  
 Where sharp and solid, phlegmatick and light,  
 Discordant atoms meet, ferment, and fight ;  
 Where Obstinacy takes his sturdy stand,  
 To disconcert what Policy has plann'd ;  
 Where Policy is busied all night long                   300  
 In setting right what Faction has set wrong ;  
 Where flails of oratory thresh the floor,  
 That yields them chaff and dust, and nothing more.  
 Thy rack'd inhabitants repine, complain,  
 Tax'd till the brow of Labour sweats in vain ;           305  
 War lays a burden on the reeling state,  
 And peace does nothing to relieve the weight ;  
 Successive loads succeeding broils impose,  
 And sighing millions prophesy the close.  
 Is adverse Providence, when ponder'd well,           310  
 So dimly writ, or difficult to spell,  
 Thou canst not read with readiness and ease  
 Providence adverse in events like these ?  
 Know, then, that heavenly wisdom on this ball  
 Creates, gives birth to, guides, consummates all ;   315  
 That while laborious and quick-thoughted man  
 Snuffs up the praise of what he seems to plan,  
 He first conceives, then perfects his design,  
 As a mere instrument in hands divine :  
 Blind to the working of that secret pow'r,           320  
 That balances the wings of ev'ry hour,  
 The busy trifler dreams himself alone,  
 Frames many a purpose, and God works his own.  
 States thrive or wither as moons wax and wane,  
 E'en as his will and his decrees ordain ;           225

While honour, virtue, piety, bear sway,  
 They flourish ; and as these decline, decay :  
 In just resentment of his injur'd laws,  
 He pours contempt on them, and on their cause :  
 Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart 330  
 The web of ev'ry scheme they have at heart ;  
 Bids rottenness invade and bring to dust  
 The pillars of support, in which they trust,  
 And do his errand of disgrace and shame  
 On the chief strength and glory of the frame. 335  
 None ever yet impeded what he wrought,  
 None bars him out from his most secret thought ;  
 Darkness itself before his eye is light,  
 And Hell's close mischief naked in his sight.  
 Stand now and judge thyself—Hast thou incurr'd  
 His anger, who can waste thee with a word ; 341  
 Who poises and proportions sea and land,  
 Weighing them in the hollow of his hand :  
 And in whose awful sight all nations seem  
 As grasshoppers, as dust, a drop, a dream ? 345  
 Hast thou, (a sacrilege his soul abhors,)  
 Claim'd all the glory of thy prosperous wars ?  
 Proud of thy fleets and armies, stol'n the gem  
 Of his just praise, to lavish it on them ?  
 Hast thou not learn'd, what thou art often told, 350  
 A truth still sacred, and believ'd of old,  
 That no success depends on spears and swords  
 Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's ?  
 That courage is his creature, and dismay  
 The post that at his bidding speeds away, 355  
 Ghastly in feature, and his stamm'ring tongue  
 With doleful rumour and sad presage hung,  
 To quell the valour of the stoutest heart,  
 And teach the combatant a woman's part ?  
 That he bids thousands fly where none pursue, 360  
 Saves as he will by many or by few,  
 And claims for ever as his royal right,  
 Th' event and sure decision of the fight ?



EXPOSTULATION.

75

Hast thou, tho' suckled at fair Freedom's breast,  
 Exported Slav'ry to the conquered East ? 365  
 Pull'd down the tyrants India serv'd with dread,  
 And rais'd thyself, a greater in their stead ?  
 Gone thither arm'd and hungry, return'd full,  
 Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,  
 A despot big with pow'r obtain'd by wealth, 370  
 And that obtain'd by rapine and by stealth ?  
 With Asiatick vices stor'd thy mind,  
 But left their virtues and thine own behind ?  
 And having truck'd thy soul, brought home the fee,  
 To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee ? 375

Hast thou by statute shov'd from its design  
 The Saviour's feast, his own bless'd bread and wine,  
 And made the symbols of atoning grace  
 An office-key, a picklock to a place,  
 That infidels may prove their title good 380  
 By an oath dipp'd in sacramental blood ?  
 A blot, that will be still a blot, in spite  
 Of all that grave apologists may write ;  
 And though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,  
 He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain. 385  
 And hast thou sworn on ev'ry slight pretence,  
 Till perjuries are common as bad pence,  
 While thousands, careless of the damning sin,  
 Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look'd within ?

Hast thou, when Heav'n has cloth'd thee with dis-  
 grace, 390  
 And long provok'd, repaid thee to thy face,  
 (For thou hast known eclipses, and endur'd,  
 Dimness and anguish, all thy beams obscur'd,  
 When sin has shed dishonour on thy brow ;  
 And never of a sabler hue than now,) 395  
 Hast thou with heart perverse and conscience sear'd,  
 Despising all rebuke, still persever'd,  
 And having chosen evil, scorn'd the voice  
 That cried, Repent !—and gloried in thy choice ?

Thy fastings, when calamity at last 400  
 Suggests th' expedient of a yearly fast,  
 What mean they? Canst thou dream there is a pow'r  
 In lighter diet at a later hour,  
 To charm to sleep the threat'ning of the skies,  
 And hide past folly from all-seeing eyes? 405  
 The fast that wins deliverance, and suspends  
 The stroke that a vindictive God intends,  
 Is to renounce hypocrisy; to draw  
 Thy life upon the pattern of the law;  
 To war with pleasure, idoliz'd before; 410  
 To vanquish lust, and wear its yoke no more.  
 All fasting else, whate'er be the pretence,  
 Is wooing mercy by renew'd offence.  
 Hast thou within thee sin, that in old time  
 Brought fire from Heav'n, the sex-abusing crime, 415  
 Whose horrid perpetration stamps disgrace,  
 Baboons are free from, upon human race?  
 Think on the fruitful and well-water'd spot  
 That fed the flocks and herds of wealthy Lot.  
 Where Paradise seem'd still vouchsaf'd on earth, 420  
 Burning and scorch'd into perpetual dearth;  
 Or in his words who damn'd the base desire,  
 Suff'ring the vengeance of eternal fire;  
 Then Nature injur'd, scandaliz'd, defil'd,  
 Unveil'd her blushing cheek, look'd on, and smil'd; 425  
 Beheld with joy the lovely scene defac'd,  
 And prais'd the wrath that laid her beauties waste.  
 Far be the thought from any verse of mine,  
 And farther still the form'd and fix'd design,  
 To thrust the charge of deeds, that I detest, 430  
 Against an innocent unconscious breast;  
 The man that dares traduce, because he can  
 With safety to himself, is not a man:  
 An individual is a sacred mark  
 Not to be pierc'd in play, or in the dark; 435  
 But publick censure speaks a publick foe,  
 Unless a zeal for virtue guide the blow.

EXPOSTULATION.

77

The priestly brotherhood, devout, sincere,  
 From mean self-int'rest and ambition clear,  
 Their hope in Heav'n, servility their scorn, 440  
 Prompt to persuade, expostulate, and warn,  
 Their wisdom pure, and giv'n them from above,  
 Their usefulness ensur'd by zeal and love,  
 As meek as the man Moses, and withal  
 As bold as, in Agrippa's presence, Paul, 445  
 Should fly the world's contaminating touch,  
 Holy and unpolluted ;—are thine such ?  
 Except a few with Eli's spirit bless'd,  
 Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.  
 Where shall a teacher look, in days like these, 450  
 For ears and hearts that he can hope to please ?  
 Look to the poor—the simple and the plain  
 Will hear perhaps thy salutary strain ;  
 Humility is gentle, apt to learn,  
 Speak but the word, will listen and return, 455  
 Alas, not so !—the poorest of the flock  
 Are proud, and set their faces as a rock ;  
 Denied that earthly opulence they choose,  
 God's better gift they scoff at and refuse.  
 The rich, the produce of a nobler stem, 460  
 Are more intelligent at least—try them.  
 Oh, vain inquiry ! they, without remorse,  
 Are altogether gone a devious course ;  
 Where beck'ning Pleasure leads them, wildly stray,  
 Have burst the bands, and cast the yoke away. 465  
 Now borne upon the wings of truth sublime,  
 Review thy dim original and prime.  
 This island, spot of unreclaim'd rude earth,  
 The cradle that receiv'd thee at thy birth,  
 Was rock'd by many a rough Norwegian blast, 470  
 And Danish howlings scar'd thee as they pass'd ;  
 For thou wast born amid the din of arms,  
 And suck'd a breast that panted with alarms.  
 While yet thou wast a grov'ling puling chit,  
 Thy bones not fashion'd, and thy joints not knit, 475

The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bow,  
 Though twice a Cæsar could not bend thee now :  
 His victory was of that orient light,  
 When the sun's shafts disperse the gloom of night.  
 Thy language at this distant moment shows 480  
 How much the country to the conqueror owes ;  
 Expressive, energetick, and refin'd,  
 It sparkles with the gems he left behind :  
 He brought thy land a blessing when he came ;  
 He found thee savage, and he left thee tame ; 485  
 Taught thee to clothe thy pink'd and painted hide,  
 And grace thy figure with a soldier's pride ;  
 He sow'd the seeds of order where he went,  
 Improv'd thee far beyond his own intent,  
 And, while he rul'd thee by the sword alone, 490  
 Made thee at last a warrior like his own.  
 Religion, if in heavenly truths attir'd,  
 Needs only to be seen to be admir'd ;  
 But thine, as dark as witch'ries of the night,  
 Was form'd to harden hearts and shock the sight ; 495  
 Thy Druids struck the well-hung harps they bore  
 With fingers deeply dyed in human gore ;  
 And while the victim slowly bled to death,  
 Upon the rolling chords rung out his dying breath.  
 Who brought the lamp, that with awaking beams  
 Dispell'd thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams, 501  
 Tradition, now decrepit and worn out,  
 Babblers of ancient fables, leaves a doubt ;  
 But still light reach'd thee ; and those gods of thine,  
 Woden and Thor, each tottering in his shrine, 505  
 Fell, broken and defac'd at his own door,  
 As Dagon in Philistia long before.  
 But Rome with sorceries and magick wand  
 Soon rais'd a cloud, that darken'd ev'ry land ;  
 And thine was smother'd in the stench and fog 510  
 Of Tiber's marshes and the papal bog.  
 Then priests with bulls, and briefs, and shaven crowns,  
 And griping fists, and unrelenting frowns,

Legates and delegates with pow'rs from Hell,  
 Though heavenly in pretension, fleec'd thee well ; 515  
 And to this hour, to keep it fresh in mind,  
 Some twigs of that old scourge are left behind.\*  
 Thy soldiery, the pope's well-manag'd pack,  
 Were train'd beneath his lash, and knew the smack,  
 And when he laid them on the scent of blood, 520  
 Would hunt a Saracen through fire and flood.  
 Lavish of life, to win an empty tomb,  
 That prov'd a mint of wealth, a mine to Rome,  
 They left their bones beneath unfriendly skies,  
 His worthless absolution all the prize. 525  
 Thou wast the veriest slave in days of yore,  
 That ever dragg'd a chain or tugg'd an oar ;  
 Thy monarchs arbitrary, fierce, unjust,  
 Themselves the slaves of bigotry or lust,  
 Disdain'd thy counsels, only in distress 530  
 Found thee a goodly sponge for Power to press.  
 Thy chiefs, the lords of many a petty fee,  
 Provok'd and harass'd, in return plagu'd thee ;  
 Call'd thee away from peaceable employ,  
 Domestick happiness and rural joy, 535  
 To waste thy life in arms, or lay it down  
 In causeless feuds and bick'rings of their own.  
 Thy parliaments ador'd on bended knees  
 The sov'reignty they were conven'd to please ;  
 Whate'er was ask'd, too timid to resist, 540  
 Complied with, and were graciously dismiss'd ;  
 And if some Spartan soul a doubt express'd,  
 And blushing at the tameness of the rest,  
 Dar'd to suppose the subject had a choice,  
 He was a traitor by the general voice. 545  
 O slave ! with powers thou didst not dare exert,  
 Verse cannot stoop so low as thy desert ;  
 It shakes the sides of splenetick Disdain,  
 Thou self-entitled ruler of the main,  
 To trace thee to the date when yon fair sea, 550  
 That clips thy shores, had no such charms for thee ;

\* Which may be found at Doctors' Commons.

When other nations flew from coast to coast,  
 And thou hadst neither fleet nor flag to boast.  
 Kneel now, and lay thy forehead in the dust ;  
 Blush if thou canst ; not petrified, thou must ;      555  
 Act but an honest and a faithful part ;  
 Compare what then thou wast with what thou art ;  
 And God's disposing providence confess'd,  
 Obduracy itself must yield the rest—  
 Then thou art bound to serve him, and to prove,      560  
 Hour after hour, thy gratitude and love.  
 Has he not hid thee, and thy favour'd land,  
 For ages safe beneath his shelt'ring hand :  
 Giv'n thee his blessing on the clearest proof,  
 Bid nations leagu'd against thee stand aloof,      565  
 And charg'd Hostility and Hate to roar,  
 Where else they would, but not upon thy shore ?  
 His power secur'd thee when presumptuous Spain  
 Baptiz'd her fleet invincible in vain ;  
 Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resign'd      570  
 To ev'ry pang that racks an anxious mind,  
 Ask'd of the waves that broke upon his coast,  
 What tidings ? and the surge replied—All lost !  
 And when the Stuart, leaning on the Scot,  
 Then too much fear'd and now too much forgot,      575  
 Pierc'd to the very centre of the realm,  
 And hop'd to seize his abdicated helm,  
 'Twas but to prove how quickly with a frown,  
 He that had rais'd thee could have pluck'd thee down.  
 Peculiar is the grace by thee possess'd,      580  
 Thy foes implacable, thy land at rest ;  
 Thy thunders travel over earth and seas,  
 And all at home is pleasure, wealth, and ease.  
 'Tis thus, extending his tempestuous arm,  
 Thy Maker fills the nations with alarm,      585  
 While his own Heav'n surveys the troubled scene,  
 And feels no change, unshaken and serene.  
 Freedom, in other lands scarce known to shine,  
 Pours out a flood of splendour upon thine ;

EXPOSTULATION.

81

Thou hast as bright an int'rest in her rays, 590  
 As ever Roman had in Rome's best days.  
 True freedom is where no restraint is known,  
 That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown ;  
 Where only vice and injury are tied,  
 And all from shore to shore is free beside. 595  
 Such freedom is—and Windsor's hoary tow'rs  
 Stood trembling at the boldness of thy pow'rs,  
 That won a nymph on that immortal plain,  
 Like her the fabled Phœbus woo'd in vain ;  
 He found the laurel only—happier you, 600  
 'Th' unfading laurel and the virgin too !\*  
 Now think, (if pleasure have a thought to spare ,  
 If God himself be not beneath her care ;  
 If business, constant as the wheels of time,  
 Can pause an hour to read a serious rhyme ; 605  
 If the new mail thy merchants now receive,  
 Or expectation of the next give leave,)  
 O think, if chargeable with deep arrears  
 For such indulgence gilding all thy years,  
 How much, though long neglected, shining yet, 610  
 The beams of heavenly truth have swell'd the debt.  
 When persecuting zeal made royal sport  
 With tortur'd innocence in Mary's court,  
 And Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,  
 Enjoy'd the show, and danc'd about the stake ; 615  
 The sacred book, its value understood,  
 Receiv'd the seal of martyrdom in blood.  
 Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,  
 Seem to reflection of a different race ;  
 Meck, modest, venerable, wise, sincere, 620  
 In such a cause they could not dare to fear ;  
 They could not purchase earth with such a prize,  
 Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.

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

From them to thee convey'd along the tide,  
 Their streaming hearts pour'd freely, when they died ;  
 Those truths, which neither use nor years impair, 626  
 Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.  
 What dotage will not vanity maintain ?  
 What web too weak to catch a modern brain ?  
 The moles and bats in full assembly find 630  
 On special search, the keen-ey'd eagle blind.  
 And did they dream, and art thou wiser now ?  
 Prove it—if better, I submit and bow.  
 Wisdom and goodness are twin-born, one heart  
 Must hold both sisters, never seen apart. 635  
 So then—as darkness overspread the deep,  
 Ere Nature rose from her eternal sleep,  
 And this delightful earth, and that fair sky,  
 Leap'd out of nothing, call'd by the Most High ;  
 By such a change thy darkness is made light, 640  
 Thy chaos order, and thy weakness might ;  
 And He whose pow'r mere nullity obeys,  
 Who found thee nothing, form'd thee for his praise.  
 To praise him is to serve him, and fulfil,  
 Doing and suff'ring, his unquestion'd will ; 645  
 'Tis to believe what men inspir'd of old,  
 Faithful, and faithfully inform'd, unfold ;  
 Candid and just, with no false aim in view,  
 To take for truth what cannot but be true ;  
 To learn in God's own school the Christian part, 650  
 And bind the task assign'd thee to thine heart :  
 Happy the man there seeking and there found,  
 Happy the nation where such men abound.  
 How shall a verse impress thee ? by what name  
 Shall I adjure thee not to court thy shame ? 655  
 By theirs, whose bright example unimpeach'd,  
 Directs thee to that eminence they reach'd,  
 Heroes and worthies of days past, thy sires ?  
 Or his, who touch'd their hearts with hallow'd fires ?  
 Their names, alas ! in vain reproach an age, 660  
 Whom all the vanities they scorn'd engage ;



## EXPOSTULATION.

83

And His, that seraph's trembled at, is hung  
 Disgracefully on ev'ry trifler's tongue,  
 Or serves the champion in forensick war  
 To flourish and parade with at the bar. 665  
 Pleasure herself perhaps suggests a plea,  
 If int'rest move thee, to persuade e'en thee ;  
 By ev'ry charm, that smiles upon her face,  
 By joys possess'd, and joys still held in chase,  
 If dear society be worth a thought, 670  
 And if the feast of freedom cloy thee not,  
 Reflect that these, and all that seem thine own,  
 Held by the tenure of his will alone,  
 Like angels in the service of their Lord,  
 Remain with thee, or leave thee at his word , 675  
 That gratitude and temperance in our use  
 Of what he gives, unsparing, and profuse  
 Secure the favour, and enhance the joy,  
 That thankless waste and wild abuse destroy.  
 But, above all, reflect, how cheap soe'er 680  
 Those rights that millions envy thee appear,  
 And though resolv'd to risk them, and swim down  
 The tide of pleasure, heedless of his frown,  
 That blessings truly sacred, and when giv'n,  
 Mark'd with the signature and stamp of Heav'n, 685  
 The word of prophecy, those truths divine,  
 Which make that Heav'n, if thou desire it, thine.  
 Awful alternative ! believ'd, belov'd,  
 (Thy glory, and thy shame if unimprov'd,)  
 Are never long vouchsaf'd, if push'd aside 690  
 With cold disgust, or philosophick pride ;  
 And that judiciously withdrawn, disgrace,  
 Error, and darkness, occupy their place.  
 A world is up in arms, and thou, a spot  
 Not quickly found if negligently sought, 695  
 Thy soul as ample as thy bounds are small,  
 Endur'st the brunt, and dar'st defy them all  
 And wilt thou join to this bold enterprise,  
 A bolder still, a contest with the skies ?

Remember, if He guard thee and secure, 700  
 Whoe'er assails thee, thy success is sure ;  
 But if He leave thee, though the skill and pow'r  
 Of nations sworn to spoil thee and devour,  
 Were all collected in thy single arm,  
 And thou could'st laugh away the fear of harm, 705  
 That strength would fail, oppos'd against the push  
 And feeble onset of a pigmy rush.  
 Say not, (and if the thought of such defence  
 Should spring within thy bosom, drive it thence,)  
 What nation amongst all my foes is free 710  
 From crimes as base as any charg'd on me ?  
 Their measure fill'd, they too shall pay the debt,  
 Which God, though long forborne, will not forget.  
 But know that wrath divine, when most severe,  
 Makes justice still the guide of his career, 715  
 And will not punish, in one mingled crowd,  
 Them without light, and thee without a cloud.  
 Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,  
 Still murmur'ing with the solemn truths I teach ;  
 And while at intervals a cold blast sings 720  
 Through the dry leaves and pants upon the strings,  
 My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament  
 A nation scourg'd, yet tardy to repent.  
 I know the warning song is sung in vain ;  
 That few will hear, and fewer heed the strain ; 725  
 But if a sweeter voice, and one design'd  
 A blessing to my country and mankind,  
 Reclaim the wand'ring thousands, and bring home  
 A flock so scatter'd and so wont to roam,  
 Then place it once again between my knees ; 730  
 The sound of truth will then be sure to please :  
 And truth alone, where'er my life be cast,  
 In scenes of plenty, or the pining waste,  
 Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last.

## HOPE.



—doceas iter, et sacra ostea pandas.  
VIRG. *En.* 6.

ASK what is human life—the sage replies,  
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,  
A painful passage o'er a restless flood ;  
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good ;  
A scene of fancied bliss and heart-felt care, 5  
Closing at last in darkness and despair.  
The poor, inur'd to drudg'ry and distress,  
Act without aim, think little, and feel less,  
And no where, but in feign'd Arcadian scenes,  
Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means. 10  
Riches are pass'd away from hand to hand,  
As fortune, vice, or folly may command ;  
As in a dance, the pair that take the lead  
Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,  
So shifting and so various is the plan, 15  
By which Heav'n rules the mix'd affairs of man ;  
Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,  
The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud ;  
Business is labour, and man's weakness such,  
Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much. 20  
The very sense of it foregoes its use,  
By repetition pall'd, by age obtuse.  
Youth lost in dissipation, we deplore,  
Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore :

Our years a fruitless race without a prize, 25  
 Too many, yet too few to make us wise.

Dangling his cane about, and taking snuff,  
 Lothario cries, What philosophick stuff—  
 O querulous and weak !—whose useless brain  
 Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain ; 30  
 Whose eye reverted weeps o'er all the past,  
 Whose prospect shows thee a disheart'ning waste :  
 Would age in thee resign his wintry reign,  
 And youth invigorate that frame again,  
 Renew'd desire would grace with other speech 35  
 Joys always priz'd, when plac'd within our reach.

For, lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom  
 That overhangs the borders of thy tomb,  
 See Nature gay as when she first began,  
 With smiles alluring her admirer man ; 40  
 She spreads the morning over eastern hills,  
 Earth glitters with the drops the night distils ;  
 The sun, obedient at her call, appears,  
 To fling his glories o'er the robe she wears ;  
 Banks cloth'd with flow'rs, groves fill'd with sprightly  
 sounds, 45

The yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, rising grounds,  
 Streams edg'd with osiers, fatt'ning ev'ry field,  
 Where'er they flow, now seen, and now conceal'd ;  
 From the blue rim, where skies and mountains meet,  
 Down to the very turf beneath thy feet, 50  
 Ten thousand charms, that only fools despise,  
 Or Pride can look at with indiff'rent eyes,  
 All speak one language, all with one sweet voice  
 Cry to her universal realm, Rejoice !  
 Man feels the spur of passions and desires ; 55  
 And she gives largely more than he requires ;  
 Not that his hours devoted all to Care,  
 Hollow-ey'd Abstinence, and lean Despair,  
 The wretch may pine, while to his smell, taste, sight,  
 She holds a paradise of rich delight ; 60

## HOPE.

87

But gently to rebuke his awkward fear,  
 To prove that what she gives, she gives sincere.  
 To banish hesitation, and proclaim  
 His happiness, her dear, her only aim.  
 'Tis grave philosophy's absurdest dream, 65  
 That Heav'n's intentions are not what they seem  
 That only shadows are dispens'd below,  
 And earth has no reality but wo.

Thus things terrestrial wear a different hue,  
 As youth or age persuades ; and neither true. 70  
 So Flora's wreath through colour'd crystal seen,  
 The rose or lily appears blue or green,  
 But still th' imputed tints are those alone  
 The medium represents, and not their own.

To rise at noon, sit slipshod and undress'd, 75  
 To read the news or fiddle as seems best,  
 Till half the world comes rattling at his door,  
 To fill the dull vacuity till four ;  
 And, just when ev'ning turns the blue vault gray,  
 To spend two hours in dressing for the day : 80  
 To make the Sun a bauble without use,  
 Save for the fruits his heav'nly beams produce :  
 Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,  
 Who bids him shine, or if he shine or not ;  
 Through mere necessity to close his eyes 85  
 Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise :  
 Is such a life, so tediously the same,  
 So void of all utility or aim,

That poor *Jonquil*, with almost ev'ry breath,  
 Sighs for his exit, vulgarly call'd death : 90  
 For he, with all his follies, has a mind  
 Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind,  
 But now and then perhaps a feeble ray  
 Of distant wisdom shoots across his way ;  
 By which he reads, that life without a plan, 95  
 As useless as the moment it began,  
 Serves merely as a soil for discontent  
 To thrive in ; an incumbrance ere half spent.

O weariness beyond what asses feel,  
 That tread the circuit of the cistern wheel ; 100  
 A dull rotation, never at a stay,  
 Yesterday's face twin image of to-day ;  
 While conversation, an exhausted stock,  
 Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.  
 No need he cries, of gravity stuff'd out 105  
 With academick dignity devout,  
 To read wise lectures, vanity the text ;  
 Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next ;  
 For truth self-evident, with pomp impress'd,  
 Is vanity surpassing all the rest. 110

That remedy, not hid in deeps profound,  
 Yet seldom sought where only to be found,  
 While passion turns aside from its due scope  
 Th' inquirer's aim, that remedy is hope.  
 Life is his gift, from whom whate'er life needs, 115  
 With ev'ry good and perfect gift proceeds ;  
 Bestow'd on man, like all that we partake,  
 Royally, freely, for his bounty's sake ;  
 Transient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,  
 And yet the seed of an immortal flow'r ; 120  
 Design'd in honour of his endless love,  
 To fill with fragrance his abode above ;  
 No trifle, howsoever short it seem,  
 And howsoever shadowy, no dream ;  
 Its value what no thought can ascertain, 125  
 Nor all an angel's eloquence explain.  
 Men deal with life as children with their play,  
 Who first misuse, then cast their toys away ;  
 Live to no sober purpose, and contend  
 That their Creator had no serious end. 130  
 When God and man stand opposite in view,  
 Man's disappointment must of course ensue.  
 The just Creator condescends to write,  
 In beams of inextinguishable light,  
 His names of wisdom, goodness, pow'r, and love, 135  
 On all that blooms below, or shines above ;

To catch the wand'ring notice of mankind,  
 And teach the world, if not perversely blind,  
 His gracious attributes, and prove the share  
 His offspring hold in his paternal care. 140  
 If, led from earthly things to things divine,  
 His creature thwart not his august design,  
 Then praise is heard instead of reas'ning pride,  
 And captious cavil and complaint subside.  
 Nature employ'd in her allotted place, 145  
 Is handmaid to the purposes of Grace ;  
 By good vouchsaf'd makes known superiour good,  
 And bliss not seen by blessings understood :  
 That bliss, reveal'd in Scripture, with a glow  
 Bright as the covenant-ensuring bow, 150  
 Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn  
 Of sensual evil, and thus hope is born.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all  
 That men have deem'd substantial since the fall ;  
 Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe 155  
 From emptiness itself a real use ;  
 And while she takes, as at a father's hand,  
 What health and sober appetite demand,  
 From fading good derives, with chemick art,  
 That lasting happiness, a thankful heart. 160  
 Hope with uplifted foot, set free from earth,  
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,  
 On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,  
 Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,  
 And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here 165  
 With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.  
 Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast  
 The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.  
 Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure  
 His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure. 170  
 Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,  
 Whom now despairing agonies destroy,  
 Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,  
 What treasures centre, what delights in thee.

Had he the gems, the spices, and the land, 175  
 'That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;  
 The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,  
 Were light, when weigh'd against one smile of thine.  
 Though clasp'd and cradled in his nurse's arms,  
 He shines with all a cherub's artless charms. 180  
 Man is the genuine offspring of revolt, .  
 Stubborn and sturdy as a wild ass' colt ;  
 His passions, like the wat'ry stores that sleep  
 Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,  
 Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm, 185  
 To frown, and roar, and shake his feeble form.  
 From infancy through childhood's giddy maze  
 Froward at school, and fretful in his plays,  
 The puny tyrant burns to subjugate  
 The free republick of the whippig state. 190  
 If one, his equal in athletick frame,  
 Or, more provoking still, of nobler name,  
 Dare step across his arbitrary views,  
 An Iliad, only not in verse, ensues ;  
 The little Greeks look trembling at the scales, 195  
 Till the best tongue, or heaviest hand prevails.  
 Now see him launch'd into the world at large ;  
 If priest, supinely droning o'er his charge,  
 Their fleece his pillow, and his weekly drawl,  
 Though short, too long, the price he pays for all. 200  
 If lawyer, loud whatever cause he plead,  
 But proudest of the worst, if that succeed.  
 Perhaps a grave physician, gath'ring fees,  
 Punctually paid for length'ning out disease ;  
 No *Cotton*, whose humanity sheds rays 205  
 That make superiour skill his second praise.  
 If arms engage him, he devotes to sport  
 His date of life, so likely to be short ;  
 A soldier may be any thing, if brave,  
 So may a tradesman, if not quite a knave. 210  
 Such stuff the world is made of: and mankind  
 To passion, int'rest, pleasure, whim, resign'd,



Insist on, as if each were his own pope,  
 Forgiveness, and the privilege of hope.  
 But Conscience, in some awful, silent hour, 215  
 When captivating lusts have lost their pow'r,  
 Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,  
 Reminds him of religion, hated theme !  
 Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,  
 And tells of laws despis'd, at least not kept : 220  
 Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,  
 A pale procession of past sinful joys,  
 All witnesses of blessings foully scorn'd,  
 And life abus'd, and not to be suborn'd.  
 Mark these, she says ; these summon'd from afar, 225  
 Begin their march to meet thee at the bar ;  
 There find a judge inexorably just,  
 And perish there, as all presumption must.  
 Peace be to those, (such peace as earth can give,)  
 Who live in pleasure, dead e'en while they live ; 230  
 Born, capable, indeed, of heav'nly truth ;  
 But down to latest age, from earliest youth,  
 Their mind a wilderness through want of care,  
 The plough of wisdom never ent'ring there.  
 Peace, (if insensibility may claim 235  
 A right to the meek honours of her name,)  
 To men of pedigree, their noble race,  
 Emulous always of the nearest place  
 To any throne, except the throne of Grace.  
 Let cottagers and unlighten'd swains 240  
 Revere the laws they dream'd that Heav'n ordains ;  
 Resort on Sundays to the house of pray'r,  
 And ask, and fancy they find blessings there.  
 Themselves, perhaps, when weary they retreat  
 T' enjoy cool nature in a country seat, 245  
 T' exchange the centre of a thousand trades,  
 For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and cascades,  
 May now and then their velvet cushions take,  
 And seem to pray, for good example sake ;

- Judging, in charity, no doubt, the town 250  
 Pious enough, and having need of none.  
 Kind souls ! to teach their tenantry to prize  
 What they themselves, without remorse despise :  
 Nor hope have they, nor fear of aught to come,  
 As well for them had prophecy been dumb ; 255  
 They could have held the conduct they pursue,  
 Had Paul of Tarsus liv'd and died a Jew ;  
 And truth, propos'd to reas'ners wise as they,  
 Is a pearl cast—completely cast away.  
 They die—Death lends them, pleas'd, and as in  
 sport, 260  
 All the grim honours of his ghastly court.  
 Far other paintings grace the chamber now,  
 Where late we saw the mimick landscape glow :  
 The busy heralds rang the sable scene  
 With mournful scutcheons, and dim lamps between ;  
 Proclaim their titles to the crowd around, 266  
 But they that wore them move not at the sound ;  
 The coronet plac'd highly at their head,  
 Adds nothing now to the degraded dead ;  
 And e'en the star, that glitters on the bier, 270  
 Can only say—Nobility lies here.  
 Peace to all such—'twere pity to offend,  
 By useless censure, whom we cannot mend ;  
 Life without hope can close but in despair,  
 'Twas there we found them, and must leave them  
 there. 275  
 As when two pilgrims in a forest stray,  
 Both may be lost, yet each in his own way ;  
 So fares it with the multitudes beguil'd  
 In vain Opinion's waste and dang'rous wild ;  
 Ten thousand rove the brakes and thorns among, 280  
 Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong.  
 But here, alas ! the fatal difference lies,  
 Each man's belief is right in his own eyes ;  
 And he that blames what they have blindly chose,  
 Incurs resentment for the love he shows. 285

Say, botanist, within whose province fall  
 The cedar and the hyssop on the wall,  
 Of all that deck the lanes, the fields, the bow'rs ,  
 What parts the kindred tribes of weeds and flow'rs ?  
 Sweet scent, or lovely form, or both combin'd, 290  
 Distinguish ev'ry cultivated kind ;  
 The want of both denotes a meaner breed,  
 And Chloe from her garland picks the weed.  
 Thus hopes of ev'ry sort, whatever sect  
 Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect. 295  
 If wild in nature, and not duly found,  
 Gethsemane ! in thy dear hallow'd ground,  
 That cannot bear the blaze of Scripture light,  
 Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight,  
 Nor animate the soul to Christian deeds, 300  
 (Oh cast them from thee !) are weeds, arrant weeds.

Ethelred's house, the centre of six ways,  
 Diverging each from each, like equal rays,  
 Himself as bountiful as April rains,  
 Lord paramount of the surrounding plains, 305  
 Would give relief of bed and board to none,  
 But guests that sought it in th' appointed *One* ;  
 And they might enter at his open door,  
 E'en till his spacious hall would hold no more.  
 He sent a servant forth, by ev'ry road, 310  
 To sound his horn, and publish it abroad.  
 That all might mark—knight, menial, high, and low,  
 An ord'nance it concern'd them much to know.  
 If after all some headstrong hardy lout  
 Would disobey, though sure to be shut out, 315  
 Could he with reason murmur at his case,  
 Himself sole author of his own disgrace ?  
 No ! the decree was just and without flaw ;  
 And he that made, had right to make the law ;  
 His sov'reign power, and pleasure unrestrain'd, 320  
 The wrong was his who wrongfully complain'd.

Yet half mankind maintains a churlish strife  
 With Him, the Donor of eternal life,

Because the deed, by which his love confirms  
 The largess he bestows, prescribes the terms. 325  
 Compliance with his will your lot ensures,  
 Accept it only, and the boon is yours.  
 And sure it is as kind to smile and give,  
 As with a frown to say, Do this, and live.  
 Love is not pedler's trump'ry, bought and sold · 330  
 He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold ;  
 His soul abhors a mercenary thought,  
 And him as deeply who abhors it not ;  
 He stipulates, indeed, but merely this,  
 That man will freely take an unbought bliss, 335  
 Will trust him for a faithful gen'rous part,  
 Nor set a price upon a willing heart.  
 Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,  
 To place you where his saints his presence share.  
 This only can ; for this plain cause, express'd 340  
 In terms as plain—Himself has shut the rest.  
 But oh the strife, the bick'ring, and debate,  
 The tidings of unpurchas'd Heav'n create !  
 The flirted fan, the bridle, and the toss,  
 All speakers, yet all language at a loss. 345  
 From stucco'd walls smart arguments rebound ;  
 And beaux, adepts in ev'ry thing profound,  
 Die of disdain, or whistle off the sound.  
 Such is the clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,  
 Th' explosion of the levell'd tube excites, 350  
 Where mould'ring abbey walls o'erhang the glade,  
 And oaks coeval spread a mournful shade,  
 The screaming nations, hov'ring in mid air,  
 Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there,  
 And seem to warn him never to repeat 355  
 His bold intrusion on their dark retreat.  
 Adieu, Vinosa cries, ere yet he sips  
 The purple bumper trembling at his lips--  
 Adieu to all morality ! if Grace  
 Make works a vain ingredient in the case. 360

The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—  
 If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!  
 Without good works, whatever some may boast,  
 Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.  
 My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes, 365  
 That Heav'n will weigh man's virtues and his crimes  
 With nice attention, in a righteous scale,  
 And save or damn as these or those prevail.  
 I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,  
 And silence ev'ry fear with—God is just. 370  
 But if, perchance, on some dull, drizzling day,  
 A thought intrude, that says, or seems to say,  
 If thus th' important cause is to be tried,  
 Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side;  
 I soon recover from these needless frights, 375  
 And God is merciful—sets all to rights.  
 Thus between justice, as my prime support,  
 And mercy, fled to as the last resort,  
 I glide and steal along with Heav'n in view,  
 And—pardon me, the bottle stands with you. 380  
 I never will believe, the colonel cries,  
 The sanguinary schemes that some devise,  
 Who make the good Creator on their plan,  
 A being of less equity than man.  
 If appetite, or what divines call lust, 385  
 Which men comply with, e'en because they must,  
 Be punish'd with perdition, who is pure?  
 Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.  
 If sentence of eternal pain belong  
 To ev'ry sudden slip and transient wrong, 390  
 Then Heav'n enjoins the fallible and frail  
 A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.  
 My creed, (whatever some creed-makers mean  
 By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene,)  
 My creed is, he is safe, that does his best, 395  
 And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.  
 Right, says an ensign; and for aught I see  
 Your faith and mine substantially agree;

The best of ev'ry man's performance here  
 Is to discharge the duties of his sphere. 400  
 A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,  
 Honesty shines with great advantage there.  
 Fasting and pray'r sit well upon a priest,  
 A decent caution and reserve at least.  
 A soldier's best is courage in the field, 405  
 With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd.  
 Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay ;  
 A hand as lib'ral as the light of day.  
 The soldier thus endow'd who never shrinks,  
 Nor closets up his thoughts, whate'er he thinks, 410  
 Who scorns to do an injury by stealth.  
 Must go to Heav'n—and I must drink his health.  
 Sir Smug, he cries, (for lowest at the board,  
 Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,  
 His shoulders witnessing by many a shrug 415  
 How much his feelings suffer'd, sat Sir Smug,)  
 Your office is to winnow false from true ;  
 Come, Prophet, drink, and tell us, What think you ?  
 Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,  
 Which they that woo preferment rarely pass, 420  
 Fallible man, the church-bred youth replies,  
 Is still found fallible, however wise ;  
 And diff'ring judgments serve but to declare,  
 That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.  
 Of all it ever was my lot to read, 425  
 Of criticks now alive, or long since dead,  
 The book of all the world that charm'd me most  
 Was—well-a-day—the title page was lost ;  
 The writer well remarks, a heart that knows  
 To take with gratitude what Heav'n bestows, 430  
 With prudence always ready at our call,  
 To guide our use of it, is all in all.  
 Doubtless it is—To which, of my own store,  
 I superadd a few essentials more ;  
 But these, excuse the liberty I take, 435  
 I wave just now, for conversation's sake.—

Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,  
 And add Right Rev'rend to Smug's honour'd name.  
 And yet our lot is giv'n us in a land,  
 Where busy arts are never at a stand ; 440  
 Where Science points her telescopick eye,  
 Familiar with the wonders of the sky ;  
 Where bold inquiry, diving out of sight,  
 Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light ;  
 Where naught eludes the persevering quest, 445  
 That fashion, taste, or luxury, suggest.  
 But above all, in her own light array'd,  
 See Mercy's grand apocalypse display'd '  
 The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,  
 Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue ; 450  
 But speaks with plainness, art could never mend,  
 What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.  
 God gives the word, the preachers throng around,  
 Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound ;  
 That sound bespeaks Salvation on her way, 455  
 The trumpet of a life-restoring day ;  
 'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,  
 And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines,  
 And still it spreads. See Germany send forth  
 Her sons\* to pour it on the farthest north : 460  
 Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, *they* defy  
 The rage and rigour of a polar sky,  
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose  
 On icy plains, and in eternal snows.  
 O bless'd within th' enclosure of your rocks, 465  
 Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks ;  
 No fertilizing streams your fields divide,  
 That show revers'd the villas on their side ;  
 No groves have ye ; no cheerfu sound of bird,  
 Nor voice of turtle in your land is heard ; 470  
 Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell  
 Of those that walk at ev'ning where ye dwell ;

\* The Moravian Missionaries in Greenland. See Krantz.  
 VOL. I. 9

But winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,  
 Sits absolute on his unshaken throne ;  
 Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,           475  
 And bids the mountains he has built stand fast :  
 Beckons the legions of his storms away  
 From happier scenes, to make your land a prey ;  
 Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,  
 And scorns to share it with the distant Sun.           480  
 —Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle !  
 And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile ;  
 The pride of letter'd Ignorance that binds  
 In chains of error our accomplish'd minds,  
 That decks with all the splendour of the true,           485  
 A false religion is unknown to you.  
 Nature, indeed, vouchsafes for our delight  
 The sweet vicissitudes of day and night :  
 Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer  
 Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here ;           490  
 But brighter beams than his who fires the skies,  
 Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,  
 That shoot into your darkest caves the day,  
 From which our nicer opticks turn away.  
 Here see the encouragement Grace gives to vice,  
 The dire effect of mercy without price !           496  
 What were they ? what some fools are made by art,  
 They were by nature, atheists head and heart.  
 The gross idolatry blind heathens teach,  
 Was too refin'd for them, beyond their reach.           500  
 Not e'en the glorious Sun, though men revere  
 The monarch most, that seldom will appear,  
 And tho' his beams, that quicken where they shine,  
 May claim some right to be esteem'd divine,  
 Not e'en the Sun, desirable as rare,           505  
 Could bend one knee, engage one votary there ;  
 They were, what base Credulity believes  
 True Christians are, dissemblers, drunkards, thieves :  
 The full-gorg'd savage, at his nauseous feast  
 Spent half the darkness, and snor'd out the rest,           510



Was one, whom Justice, on an equal plan  
Denouncing death upon the sins of man,  
Might almost have indulg'd with an escape,  
Chargeable only with a human shape.

What are they now?—Morality may spare 515  
Her grave concern, her kind suspicions there :  
The wretch, who once sang wildly, danc'd, and laugh'd,  
And suck'd in dizzy madness with his draught,  
Has wept a silent flood, revers'd his ways,  
Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays, 520  
Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,  
Abhors the craft he boasted of before,  
And he that stole has learn'd to steal no more.  
Well spake the prophet—Let the desert sing,  
Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring, 525  
And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,  
Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

Go now, and with important tone demand  
On what foundation virtue is to stand,  
If self-exalting claims be turn'd adrift, 530  
And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift ;  
The poor reclaim'd inhabitant, his eyes  
Glist'ning at once with pity and surprise,  
Amaz'd that shadows should obscure the sight  
Of one, whose birth was in a land of light, 535  
Shall answer, Hope, sweet Hope, has set me free,  
And made all pleasures else mere dross to me.

These amidst scenes as waste as if denied  
The common care that waits on all beside,  
Wild as if Nature there, void of all good, 540  
Play'd only gambols in a frantick mood  
(Yet charge not heavenly skill with having plann'd  
A play thing world, unworthy of his hand ;)  
Can see his love, though secret evil lurks  
In all we touch, stamp'd plainly on his works ; 545  
Deem life a blessing with its num'rous woes,  
Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows.

Hard task indeed o'er arctick seas to roam!  
 Is hope exotick? grows it not at home?  
 Yes, but an object, bright as orient morn, 550  
 May press the eye too closely to be borne;  
 A distant virtue we can all confess,  
 It hurts our pride, and moves our envy less.  
     Leuconomus, (beneath well-sounding Greek,  
 I slur a name, a poet must not speak,) 555  
 Stood pilloried on Infamy's high stage,  
 And bore the pelting scorn of half an age:  
 The very butt of Slander, and the blot  
 For ev'ry dart that Malice ever shot.  
 The man that mention'd *him* at once dismiss'd 560  
 All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd;  
 His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,  
 And Perjury stood up to swear all true;  
 His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,  
 His speech rebellion against common sense; 565  
 A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule;  
 And when by that of reason, a mere fool;  
 The World's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd:  
 Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.  
     Now, Truth, perform thine office; waft aside 570  
 The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride,  
 Reveal, (the man is dead) to wond'ring eyes,  
 This more than monster in his proper guise.  
 He lov'd the world that hated him; the tear  
 That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere: 475  
 Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,  
 His only answer was a blameless life;  
 And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,  
 Had each a brother's int'rest in his heart.  
 Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbrib'd, 480  
 Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd.  
 He follow'd Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,  
 His apostolick charity the same.  
 Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,  
 Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease; 585

Like him he labour'd, and like him content  
 To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.  
 Blush Calumny ! and write upon his tomb,  
 If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,  
 Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies, 590  
 Which, aim'd at him, have pierc'd th' offended skies !  
 And say, Blot out my sin, confess'd, deplor'd,  
 Against thine image, in thy saint, O Lord !  
 No blinder bigot, I maintain it still,  
 Than he who must have pleasure, come what will :  
 He laughs, whatever weapon Truth may draw, 596  
 And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.  
 Scripture indeed is plain ; but God and he  
 On Scripture ground are sure to disagree ;  
 Some wiser rule must teach him how to live, 600  
 Than this his Maker has seen fit to give ;  
 Supple and flexible as Indian cane,  
 To take the bend his appetites ordain ;  
 Contriv'd to suit frail Nature's crazy case,  
 And reconcile his lust with saving grace. 605  
 By this, with nice precision of design,  
 He draws upon life's map a zigzag line,  
 That shows how far 'tis safe to follow sin,  
 And where his danger and God's wrath begin.  
 By this he forms, as pleas'd he sports along, 610  
 His well-pois'd estimate of right and wrong ;  
 And finds the modish manners of the day,  
 Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play.  
 Build by whatever plan Caprice decrees,  
 With what materials, on what ground you please ; 615  
 Your hope shall stand unblam'd, perhaps admir'd,  
 If not that hope the Scripture has requir'd.  
 The strange conceits, vain projects, and wild dreams,  
 With which hypocrisy for ever teems,  
 (Though other follies strike the publick eye, 620  
 And raise a laugh,) pass unmolested by ;  
 But if, unblamable in word or thought,  
 A *man* arise, a man whom God has taught

With all Elijah's dignity of tone,  
 And all the love of the beloved John, 625  
 To storm the citadels they build in air,  
 And smite the untemper'd wall ; 'tis death to spare  
 To sweep away all refuges of lies,  
 And place, instead of quirks themselves devise,  
*Lama sabacthani* before their eyes ; 630  
 To prove, that without Christ all gain is loss,  
 All hope despair, that stands not on his cross ;  
 Except the few his God may have impress'd,  
 A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.  
 Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at least,  
 There dwells a consciousness in ev'ry breast, 636  
 That folly ends where genuine hope begins,  
 And he that finds his Heav'n must lose his sins.  
 Nature opposes with her utmost force  
 This riving stroke, this ultimate divorce ; 640  
 And, while religion seems to be her view,  
 Hates with a deep sincerity *the true* :  
 For this, of all that ever influenc'd man,  
 Since Abel worshipp'd, or the world began,  
 This only spares no lust, admits no plea, 645  
 But makes him, if at all, completely free ;  
 Sounds forth the signal, as she mounts her car,  
 Of an eternal, universal war ;  
 Rejects all treaty, penetrates all wiles, 649  
 Scorns with the same indiff'rence frowns and smiles ;  
 Drives through the realms of Sin, where Riot reels,  
 And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels !  
 Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, art,  
 Pow'rs of the mind, and feelings of the heart,  
 Insensible of Truth's almighty charms, 655  
 Starts at her first approach, and sounds to arms !  
 While Bigotry, with well-dissembled fears,  
 His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,  
 Mighty to parry and push by God's word  
 With senseless noise, his argument the sword, 660

Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,  
 And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face.  
 Parent of Hope, immortal Truth ! make known  
 Thy deathless wreaths and triumphs all thine own :  
 The silent progress of thy pow'r is such, 665  
 Thy means so feeble, and despis'd so much,  
 That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,  
 And none can teach them, but whom thou hast taught.  
 O see me sworn to serve thee, and command  
 A painter's skill into a poet's hand. 670  
 That while I trembling trace a work divine,  
 Fancy may stand aloof from the design,  
 And light, and shade, and ev'ry stroke be thine.  
 If ever thou hast felt another's pain :  
 If ever when he sigh'd, hast sigh'd again ; 675  
 If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear  
 That pity had engender'd, drop one here.  
 This man was happy—had the World's good word,  
 And with it ev'ry joy it can afford ;  
 Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife, 680  
 Which most should sweeten his untroubled life ;  
 Politely learn'd, and of a gentle race,  
 Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,  
 And whether at the toilette of the fair  
 He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there ; 685  
 Or if in masculine debate he shar'd,  
 Ensur'd him mute attention and regard.  
 Alas, how chang'd ! Expressive of his mind,  
 His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclin'd ;  
 Those awful syllables, Hell, death, and sin, 690  
 Though whisper'd plainly, tell what works within ,  
 That Conscience there performs her proper part,  
 And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart ;  
 Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,  
 He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends 695  
 Hard task ! for one who lately knew no care,  
 And harder still as learn'd beneath despair ;

His hours no longer pass unmark'd away,  
 A dark importance saddens ev'ry day ;  
 He hears the notice of the clock perplex'd, 700  
 And cries, Perhaps eternity strikes next ;  
 Sweet musick is no longer musick here,  
 And laughter sounds like madness in his ear ;  
 His grief the world of all her pow'r disarms,  
 Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms ; 705  
 God's holy word, once trivial in his view,  
 Now by the voice of his experience true,  
 Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone  
 Must spring that hope he pants to make his own  
 Now let the bright reverse be known abroad ; 710  
 Say man's a worm, and pow'r belongs to God.  
 As when a felon, whom his country's laws  
 Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause,  
 Expects in darkness and heart chilling fears,  
 The shameful close of all his mispent years ; 715  
 If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,  
 A tempest usher in the dreaded morn,  
 Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,  
 The thunder seems to summon him away,  
 The warder at the door his key applies, 720  
 Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies  
 If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,  
 When hope, long ling'ring, at last yields the ghost,  
 The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,  
 He drops at once his fetters and his fear ; 725  
 A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,  
 And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.  
 Joy, far superiour joy, that much outweighs  
 The comfort of a few poor added days,  
 Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul 730  
 Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole.  
 'Tis Heav'n, all Heav'n descending on the wings  
 Of the glad legions of the King of kings ;  
 'Tis more—'tis God diffus'd through ev'ry part,  
 'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart 735

## HOPE.

103

O welcome now the Sun's once hated light  
 His noonday beams were never half so bright.  
 Not kindred minds alone are call'd t' employ  
 Their hours, their days, in list'ning to his joy ;  
 Unconscious nature all that he surveys, 740  
 Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his  
 praise.

These are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,  
 The scoff of wither'd age and beardless youth ;  
 These move the censure and illib'ral grin  
 Of fools that hate thee and delight in sin : 745  
 But these shall last when night has quench'd the  
 pole,

And Heav'n is all departed as a scroll.  
 And when, as Justice has long since decreed,  
 This earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,  
 Then these thy glorious works, and they who share  
 That hope, which can alone exclude despair, 751  
 Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,  
 The brightest wonders of an endless day.

Happy the bard, (if that fair name belong  
 To him that blends no fable with his song,) 755  
 Whose lines uniting, by an honest art,  
 The faithful monitor's, and poet's part,  
 Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,  
 And while they captivate, inform the mind :  
 Still happier, if he till a thankful soil, 760  
 And fruit reward his honourable toil :

But happier far, who comfort those that wait  
 To hear plain truth at Judah's hallow'd gate :  
 Their language simple, as their manners meek ;  
 No shining ornaments have they to seek ; 765  
 Nor labour they, nor time, nor talents waste,  
 In sorting flow'rs to suit a fickle taste ;  
 But while they speak the wisdom of the skies,  
 Which art can only darken and disguise,  
 Th' abundant harvest, recompense divine, 770  
 Repays their work—the gleanings only mine.

## CHARITY.



*Quo nihil majus meliusve terris  
Fata donavere, bonique divi ;  
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum  
Tempora priscum.*

HOR. lib. iv. Od. 2.

**FAIREST** and foremost of the train, that wait  
On man's most dignified and happiest state,  
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,  
Chief grace below, and all in all above,  
Prosper, (I press thee with a pow'rful plea,) 5  
A task I venture on, impell'd by thee :  
O never seen but in thy bless'd effects,  
Or felt but in the soul that Heav'n selects ;  
Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee **known**  
To other hearts, must have thee in his own. 10  
Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,  
Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires,  
And though disgrac'd and slighted, to redeem  
A poet's name, by making thee the theme.  
God, working ever on a social plan, 15  
By various ties attaches man to man :  
He made at first, though free and unconfin'd,  
One man the common father of the kind ;  
That ev'ry tribe, though plac'd as he sees best,  
Where seas or deserts part them from the rest, 20



Diff'ring in language, manners, or in face,  
 Might feel themselves allied to all the race.  
 When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just  
 As ever mingled with heroick dust,  
 Steer'd Britain's oak into a world unknown,                   25  
 And in his country's glory sought his own,  
 Wherever he found man, to nature true,  
 The rights of man were sacred in his view ;  
 He sooth'd with gifts, and greeted with a smile,  
 The simple native of the new-found isle ;                   30  
 He spurn'd the wretch that slighted or withstood  
 The tender argument of kindred blood,  
 Nor would endure that any should control  
 His freeborn brethren of the southern pole.  
     But though some nobler minds a law respect,           35  
 That none shall with impunity neglect,  
 In baser souls unnumber'd evils meet,  
 To thwart its influence and its end defeat.  
 While Cook is lov'd for savage lives he sav'd,  
 See Cortez odious for a world enslav'd !                   40  
 Where wast thou then, sweet Charity ! where then  
 Thou tutelary friend of helpless men ;  
 Wast thou in monkish cells and nunn'ries found,  
 Or building hospitals on English ground ?  
 No.—Mammon makes the world his legatee                   45  
 Through fear, not love : and Heav'n abhors the fee :  
 Wherever found, (and all men need thy care,)  
 Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.  
 The hand that slew till it could slay no more,  
 Was glued to the sword hilt with Indian gore.           50  
 Their prince, as justly seated on his throne,  
 As vain imperial Philip on his own,  
 Trick'd out of all his royalty by art,  
 That stripp'd him bare, and broke his honest heart,  
 Died by the sentence of a shaven priest,                   55  
 For scorning what they taught him to detest.  
 How dark the veil that intercepts the blaze  
 Of Heav'n's mysterious purposes and ways :

God stood not, though he seem'd to stand, aloof;  
 And at this hour the conqu'ror feels the proof; 60  
 The wreath he won drew down an instant curse,  
 The fretting plague is in the publick purse,  
 The canker'd spoil corrodes the pining state,  
 Starv'd by that indolence their mines create.

O could their ancient Incas rise again, 65  
 How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!  
 Art thou too fall'n, Iberia? Do we see  
 The robber and the murderer weak as we?  
 Thou, that hast wasted earth, and dar'd despise  
 Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies, 70  
 Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid  
 Low in the pits thine avarice has made.

We come with joy from our eternal rest,  
 To see th' oppressor in his turn oppress'd.  
 Art thou the god, the thunder of whose hand 75  
 Roll'd over all our desolated land,  
 Shook principalities and kingdoms down,  
 And made the mountains tremble at his frown?  
 The sword shall light upon thy boasted pow'rs,  
 And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours. 80  
 'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,  
 And Vengeance executes what Justice wills.

Again—the band of commerce was design'd  
 T' associate all the branches of mankind;  
 And if a boundless plenty be the robe, 85  
 Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.  
 Wise to promote whatever end he means,  
 God opens fruitful nature's various scenes.  
 Each climate needs what other climes produce,  
 And offers something to the gen'ral use; 90  
 No land but listens to the common call,  
 And in return receives supply from all.  
 This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,  
 Cheers what were else a universal shade,  
 Calls nature from her ivy-mantled den, 95  
 And softens human rock-work into men.

CHARITY.

109

Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,  
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race ;  
Not only fills necessity's demand,  
But overcharges her capacious hand : 100

Capricious taste itself can crave no more  
Than she supplies from her abounding store :  
She strikes out all that luxury can ask,  
And gains new vigour at her endless task.

Her's is the spacious arch, the shapely spire, 105  
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre ;  
From her the canvass borrows light and shade,  
And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade.

She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,  
Gives difficulty all the grace of ease, 110  
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,  
Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

These are the gifts of Art, and Art thrives most  
Where Commerce has enrich'd the busy coast.  
He catches all improvements in his flight, 115  
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight.

Imports what others have invented well,  
And stirs his own to match them, or excel.  
'Tis thus reciprocating, each with each,  
Alternately the nations learn and teach ; 120

While Providence enjoins to ev'ry soul  
A union with the vast terraqueous whole.

Heav'n speed the canvass, gallantly unfurl'd  
To furnish and accommodate a world,  
To give the pole the produce of the sun, 125  
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.—

Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave  
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,  
To succour wasted regions, and replace  
The smile of Opulence in Sorrow's face.— 130

Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,  
Impede the bark, that ploughs the deep serene.  
Charg'd with a freight, transcending in its worth  
The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,

That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands, 135  
 A herald of God's love to pagan lands.  
 But ah ! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,  
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,  
 Who drive a loathsome traffick, gauge, and span,  
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man ? 140  
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,  
 All bonds of nature in that moment end ;  
 And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,  
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.  
 The sable warrior, frantick with regret 145  
 Of her he loves, and never can forget,  
 Loses in tears the far-receding shore,  
 But not the thought, that they must meet no more ;  
 Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,  
 What has he left, that he can yet forego ? 150  
 Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,  
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind ;  
 Puts off his gen'rous nature ; and, to suit  
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.  
 O most degrading of all ills, that wait 155  
 On man, a mourner in his best estate !  
 All other sorrows Virtue may endure,  
 And find submission more than half a cure ,  
 Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd  
 T' improve the fortitude that bears the load, 160  
 To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,  
 The path of Wisdom, all whose paths are peace ;  
 But slav'ry !—Virtue dreads it as her grave :  
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave ;  
 Or if the will and sov'reignty of God 165  
 Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,  
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,  
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.  
 Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,  
 That has a heart and life in it, Be free : 170  
 The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force  
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse :

CHARITY.

111

He breaks the cord, that held him at the rack ;  
 And conscious of an unencumber'd back,  
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein ;      175  
 Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane ;  
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs ;  
 Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,  
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,  
 Buy what is woman born, and feel no shame ;      181  
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead  
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?

So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold  
 To quit the forest and invade the fold :      185

So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,  
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bedside ;  
 Not he, but his emergence, forc'd the door,  
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.

Has God then giv'n its sweetness to the cane,      190  
 Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain ?  
 Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist,  
 Unless his right to rule it be dismiss'd ?  
 Impudent blasphemy ! So Folly pleads,  
 And Av'rice being judge, with ease succeeds.      195

But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,  
 That man makes man his prey, because he *must* ;  
 Still there is room for pity to abate  
 And sooth the sorrows of so sad a state.

A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,      200  
 The scripture plac'd within his reach, he ought,  
 That souls have no discriminating hue,  
 Alike important in their Maker's view ;  
 That none are free from blemish since the fall,  
 And Love divine has paid one price for all.      205

The wretch that works and weeps without relief,  
 Has one that notices his silent grief.  
 He, from whose hands alone all pow'r proceeds,  
 Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,

Considers *all* injustice with a frown ; 210  
 But *marks* the man, that treads his fellow down.  
 Begone—the whip and bell in that hard hand  
 Are hateful ensigns of usurp'd command.  
 Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim  
 To scourge him, weariness his only blame. 215  
 Remember, Heav'n has an avenging rod ;  
 To smite the poor is treason against God.  
 Trouble is grudgingly, and hardly brook'd,  
 While life's sublimest joys are overlook'd :  
 We wander o'er a sun-burnt thirsty soil, 220  
 Murm'ring and weary of our daily toil,  
 Forget t' enjoy the palm-tree's offer'd shade,  
 Or taste the fountain in the neighbouring glade :  
 Else who would lose that had the pow'r to improve :  
 The occasion of transmuting fear to love ? 225  
 O 'tis a godlike privilege to save,  
 And he that scorns it is himself a slave.  
 Inform his mind ; one flash of heavenly day  
 Would heal his heart, and melt his chains away.  
 " Beauty for ashes " is a gift indeed, 230  
 And slaves, by truth enlarg'd, are doubly freed.  
 Then would he say, submissive at thy feet,  
 While gratitude and love made service sweet,  
 My dear deliv'rer out of hopeless night,  
 Whose bounty bought me but to give me light, 235  
 I was a bondman on my native plain,  
 Sin forg'd, and Ignorance made fast the chain,  
 Thy lips have shed instruction as the dew,  
 Taught me what path to shun, and what pursue ;  
 Farewell my former joys ! I sigh no more 240  
 For Africa's once lov'd, benighted shore ;  
 Serving a benefactor I am free ;  
 At my best home, if not exil'd from thee.  
 Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds  
 A stream of lib'ral and heroick deeds ; 245  
 The swell of pity, not to be confin'd  
 Within the scanty limits of the mind,

CHARITY.

113

Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,  
 A rich deposit on the bord'ring lands :  
 These have an ear for his paternal call, 250  
 Who makes some rich for the supply of all ;  
 God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ ;  
 And *Thornton* is familiar with the joy.  
 O could I worship aught beneath the skies,  
 That earth has seen, or fancy can devise, 255  
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,  
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,  
 With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair  
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.  
 Duly as ever on the mountain's height 260  
 The peep of morning shed a dawning light ;  
 Again when Ev'ning in her sober vest  
 Drew the gray curtain of the fading west,  
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,  
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days : 265  
 But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,  
 But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine .  
 Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly  
 A captive bird into the boundless sky,  
 This triple realm adores thee—thou art come 270  
 From Sparta hither, and art here at home,  
 We feel thy force still active, at this hour  
 Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r,  
 While Conscience, happier than in ancient years,  
 Owns no superiour but the God she fears. 275  
 Propitious spirit ! yet expunge a wrong  
 Thy rights have suffer'd and our land, too long.  
 Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts, that share  
 The fears and hopes of a commercial care.  
 Prisons expect the wicked, and were built 280  
 To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt ;  
 But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,  
 Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood ;  
 And honest Merit stands on slipp'ry ground  
 Where covert guile and artifice abound 285

Let just Restraint, for publick peace design'd,  
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind ;  
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,  
But let insolvent Innocence go free.

Patron of else the most despis'd of men, 290

Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen ;  
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,  
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed ;  
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame,  
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim,) 295

I must incur, forgetting *Howard's* name.

Bless'd with all wealth can give thee, to resign  
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,  
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,  
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of wo, 300

To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,  
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,  
But knowledge such as only dungeons teach,  
And only sympathy like thine could reach ;  
That grief, sequester'd from the publick stage, 305  
Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage ;

Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,  
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.

O that the voice of clamour and debate,  
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state, 310

Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea,  
The poor thy clients, and Heav'n's smile thy fee !

Philosophy, that does not dream or stray,  
Walks arm in arm with Nature all his way :  
Compasses earth, dives into it, ascends 315

Whatever step Inquiry recommends,  
Sees planetary wonders smoothly roll  
Round other systems under her control,  
Drinks wisdom at the milky stream of light

That cheers the silent journey of the night, 320  
And brings at his return a bosom charg'd  
With rich instruction, and a soul enlarg'd



CHARITY.

115

The treasur'd sweets of the capacious pian,  
 That Heav'n spreads wide before the view of man,  
 All prompt his pleas'd pursuit, and to pursue 325  
 Still prompt him with a pleasure always new ;  
 He too has a connecting pow'r, and draw  
 Man to the centre of the common cause.  
 Aiding a dubious and deficient sight  
 With a new medium and a purer light. 330  
 All truth is precious, if not all divine ;  
 And what dilates the pow'rs must needs refine.  
 He reads the skies, and, watching ev'ry change,  
 Provides the faculties an ample range ;  
 And wins mankind, as his attempts prevail, 335  
 A prouder station on the gen'ral scale.  
 But Reason still, unless divinely taught,  
 Whate'er she learns, learns nothing as she ought ;  
 The lamp of revelation only shows,  
 What human wisdom cannot but oppose, 340  
 That man, in nature's richest mantle clad,  
 And grac'd, with all philosophy can add,  
 Though fair without, and luminous within,  
 Is still the progeny and heir of sin.  
 Thus taught, down falls the plumage of his pride, 345  
 He feels his need of an unerring guide,  
 And knows that falling he shall rise no more,  
 Unless the pow'r that bade him stand, restore.  
 This is indeed philosophy ; this known  
 Makes wisdom, worthy of the name, his own ; 350  
 And without this, whatever he discuss,  
 Whether the space between the stars and us,  
 Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,  
 Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or split a flea ;  
 The solemn trifler with his boasted skill 355  
 Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still :  
 Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes  
 Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.  
 Self-knowledge truly learn'd, of course implies  
 The rich possession of a nobler prize : 360

For self to self, and God to man reveal'd,  
 (Two themes to Nature's eye for ever seal'd,)  
 Are taught by rays, that fly with equal pace  
 From the same centre of enlight'ning grace.  
 Here stay thy foot, how copious, and how clear,   365  
 Th' o'erflowing well of Charity springs here !  
 Hark ! 'tis the musick of a thousand rills,  
 Some through the groves, some down the sloping hills,  
 Winding a secret or an open course,  
 And all supplied from an eternal source.       370  
 The ties of nature do but feebly bind,  
 And Commerce partially reclaims mankind ;  
 Philosophy, without his heavenly guide,  
 May blow up self-conceit, and nourish pride,  
 But, while his province is the reas'ning part,       375  
 Has still a veil of midnight on his heart ;  
 'Tis truth divine, exhibited on earth,  
 Gives Charity her being and her birth.

Suppose, (when thought is warm and fancy flows,  
 What will not argument sometimes suppose ?)   380  
 An isle possess'd by creatures of our kind,  
 Endued with reason, yet by nature blind.  
 Let supposition lend her aid once more,  
 And land some grave optician on the shore :  
 He claps his lens, if haply they may see,       385  
 Close to the part where vision ought to be ;  
 But finds, that though his tubes assist the sight,  
 They cannot give it, or make darkness light.  
 He reads wise lectures, and describes aloud  
 A sense they know not, to the wond'ring crowd   390  
 He talks of light, and the prismatick hues,  
 As men of depth in erudition use ;  
 But all he gains for his harangue is—Well,—  
 What monstrous lies some travellers will tell !

The soul, whose sight all-quick'ning grace renews,  
 Takes the resemblance of the good she views,       396  
 As diamonds stripp'd of their opaque disguise,  
 Reflect the noonday glory of the skies.

CHARITY.

117

She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,  
 Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end, 400  
 In language warm as all that love inspires,  
 And in the glow of her intense desires,  
 Pants to communicate her noble fires.  
 She sees a world stark blind to what employs  
 Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys ; 405  
 Though wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,  
 Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all :  
 Herself as weak as her support is strong,  
 She feels that frailty she denied so long ;  
 And, from a knowledge of her own disease, 410  
 Learns to compassionate the sick she sees.  
 Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,  
 The reign of genuine Charity commence.  
 Though scorn repay her sympathetick tears,  
 She still is kind and still she perseveres ; 415  
 The truth she loves a sightless world blaspheme,  
 'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream.  
 The danger they discern not, they deny ;  
 Laugh at their only remedy, and die.  
 But still a soul thus touch'd can never cease, 420  
 Whoever threatens war, to speak of peace.  
 Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,  
 Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child :  
 She makes excuses where she might condemn,  
 Revil'd by those that hate her, prays for them ; 425  
 Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,  
 The worst suggested, she believes the best ;  
 Not soon provok'd, however stung and teaz'd,  
 And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeas'd ;  
 She rather waves than will dispute her right, 430  
 And injur'd, makes forgiveness her delight.  
 Such was the portrait an apostle drew,  
 The bright original was one he knew ;  
 Heav'n held his hand, the likeness must be true.  
 When one, that holds communion with the skies,  
 Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise, 436

And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;  
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
 That tells us whence his treasures are supplied. 440  
 So when a ship, well freighted with the stores  
 The Sun matures on India's spicy shores,  
 Has dropp'd her anchor, and her canvass furl'd,  
 In some safe haven of our western world,  
 'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went, 445  
 The gale informs us, laden with the scent.  
 Some seek, when queasy conscience has its qualms,  
 To lull the painful malady with alms ;  
 But charity not feign'd, intends alone  
 Another's good—theirs' centres in their own ; 450  
 And too short-liv'd to reach the realms of peace,  
 Must cease for ever when the poor shall cease.  
 Flavia, most tender of her own good name,  
 Is rather careless of her sister's fame :  
 Her superfluity the poor supplies, 455  
 But, if she touch a character, it dies.  
 The seeming virtue weigh'd against the vice,  
 She deems all safe, for she has paid the price :  
 No charity but alms ought values she,  
 Except in porcelain on her mantle-tree. 460  
 How many deeds, with which the world has rung,  
 From Pride, in league with Ignorance, have sprung !  
 But God o'errules all human follies still,  
 And bends the tough materials to his will.  
 A conflagration or a wintry flood, 465  
 Has left some hundreds without home or food ;  
 Extravagance and Av'rice shall subscribe,  
 While fame and self-complacence are the bribe.  
 The brief proclaim'd, it visits ev'ry pew,  
 But first the squire's a compliment but due ; 470  
 With slow deliberation he unties  
 His glitt'ring purse, that envy of all eyes,  
 And, while the clerk just puzzles out the psalm,  
 Slides guinea behind guinea in his palm ;

CHARITY.

119

Till finding, what he might have found before,	475
A smaller piece amidst the precious store, Pinch'd close between his finger and his thumb, He half exhibits and then drops the sun. Gold to be sure !—Throughout the town 'tis told How the good squire gives never less than gold.	480
From motives such as his, though not the best, Springs in due time supply for the distress'd ; Not less effectual than what love bestows, Except that office clips it as it goes.	
But lest I seem to sin against a friend, And wound the grace I mean to recommend, (Though vice derided with a just design Implies no trespass against love divine,) Once more I would adopt the graver style, A teacher should be sparing of his smile,	485
Unless a love of virtue light the flame, Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame ; He hides behind a magisterial air His own offences, and strips others' bare :	
Affects indeed a most humane concern, That men, if gently tutor'd, will not learn ; The mulish Folly, not to be reclaim'd By softer methods, must be made asham'd ; But, (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean,)	490
Too often rails to gratify his spleen.	500
Most sat'rists are indeed a publick scourge : Their mildest physick is a farrier's purge ; Their acid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd, The milk of their good purpose all to curd.	
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse, By lean despair upon an empty purse, The wild assassins start into the street, Prepar'd to poniard whomsoe'er they meet.	505
No skill in swordmanship, however just, Can be secure against a madman's thrust :	510
And even Virtue, so unfairly match'd, Although immortal, may be prick'd or scratch'd	

When Scandal has new-minted an old lie,  
 Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply,  
 'Tis call'd a satire, and the world appears **515**  
 Gath'ring around it with erected ears :  
 A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd ;  
 Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud ;  
 Just as the sapience of an author's brain  
 Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain— **520**  
 Strange ? how the frequent interjected dash  
 Quickens a market, and helps off the trash ;  
 Th' important letters that include the rest,  
 Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd ;  
 Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw, **525**  
 The world is charm'd, and Scrib escapes the law.  
 So, when the cold damp shades of night prevail,  
 Worms may be caught by either head or tail ;  
 Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,  
 They meet with little pity, no redress ; **530**  
 Plung'd in the stream, they lodge upon the mud,  
 Food for the famish'd rovers of the flood.  
 All zeal for a reform, that gives offence  
 To peace and charity, is mere pretence ;  
 A bold remark, but which if well applied, **535**  
 Would humble many a tow'ring poet's pride.  
 Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,  
 And had no other play place for his wit ;  
 Perhaps enchanted with the love of fame,  
 He sought the jewel in his neighbour's shame ; **540**  
 Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,  
 The cause of virtue could not be his view.  
 At ev'ry stroke wit flashes in our eyes ;  
 The turns are quick, the polish'd points surprise,  
 But shine with cruel and tremendous charms, **545**  
 That, while they please, possess us with alarms ;  
 So have I seen, (and hasten'd to the sight  
 On all the wings of holiday delight,)  
 Where stands that monument of ancient pow'r,  
 Nam'd with emphatick dignity, the Tow'r, **550**

Guns, halberts, swords, and pistols, great and small,  
 In starry forms dispos'd upon the wall ;  
 We wonder, as we gazing stand below,  
 That brass and steel should make so fine a show ;  
 But though we praise th' exact designer's skill, 555  
 Account them implements of mischief still.

No works shall find acceptance in that day,  
 When all disguises shall be rent away,  
 That square not truly with the Scripture plan,  
 Nor spring from love to God, or love to man. 560

As he ordains things sordid in their birth  
 To be resolv'd into their parent earth ;  
 And though the soul shall seek superiour orbs,  
 Whate'er this world produces it absorbs ;  
 So self starts nothing, but what tends apace 565  
 Home to the goal, where it began the race.

Such as our motive is, our aim must be ;  
 If this be servile, that can ne'er be free :  
 If self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought,  
 We glorify that self, not him we ought ; 570

Such virtues had need prove their own reward,  
 The judge of all men owes them no regard.  
 True Charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,  
 Fed by the love from which it rose at first,  
 Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene, 575

Storms but enliven its unfading green ,  
 Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,  
 Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies,  
 To look at him who form'd us and redeem'd,  
 So glorious now, though once so disesteem'd, 580

To see a God stretch forth his human hand,  
 T' uphold the boundless scenes of his command ;  
 To recollect that in a form like ours,  
 He bruis'd beneath his feet th' infernal pow'rs,

Captivity led captive, rose to claim 585  
 The wreath he won so dearly in our name ;  
 That, thron'd above all height, he condescends

To call the few that trust in him his friends ;

That in the heav'n of heav'ns, that space he deems  
 'Too scanty for th' exertion of his beams, 590  
 And shines as if impatient to bestow  
 Life and a kingdom upon worms below ;  
 That sight imparts a never-dying flame,  
 Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.  
 Like him the soul thus kindled from above 595  
 Spreads wide her arms of universal love :  
 And, still enlarg'd as she receives the grace,  
 Includes creation in her close embrace.  
 Behold a christian !—and without the fires  
 The founder of that name alone inspires, 600  
 Though all accomplishment, all knowledge meet  
 To make the shining prodigy complete,  
 Whoever boasts that name—behold a cheat !  
 Were love, in these the world's last dotting years  
 As frequent as the want of it appears, 605  
 The churches warm'd, they would no longer hold  
 Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold ;  
 Relenting forms would lose their pow'r, or cease ;  
 And e'en the dipp'd and sprinkled live in peace :  
 Each heart would quit its prison in the breast, 610  
 And flow in free communion with the rest.  
 The statesman, skill'd in projects dark and deep,  
 Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep ;  
 His budget often fill'd, yet always poor,  
 Might swing at ease behind his study door, 615  
 No longer prey upon our annual rents,  
 Or scare the nation with its big contents .  
 Disbanded legions freely might depart,  
 And slaying man would cease to be an art.  
 No learned disputants would take the field, 620  
 Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield ;  
 Both sides deceiv'd, if rightly understood,  
 Pelting each other for the publick good.  
 Did charity prevail, the press would prove  
 A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love ; 625



CHARITY.

123

And I might spare myself the pains to show  
What few can learn, and all suppose they know.  
Thus have I sought to grace a serious lay  
With many a wild, indeed, but flow'ry spray,  
In hopes to gain what else I must have lost, 630  
Th' attention pleasure has so much engross'd.  
But if unhappily deceiv'd I dream,  
And prove too weak for so divine a theme,  
Let Charity forgive me a mistake,  
That zeal, not vanity, has chanc'd to make, 635  
And spare the poet for his subject's sake.

## CONVERSATION.



*Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,  
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ  
Saxosas inter decurrant flumina valles.*

VIRG. Ecl. 5.

THOUGH nature weigh our talents, and dispense  
To ev'ry man his modicum of sense,  
And Conversation in its better part  
May be esteem'd a gift, and not an art,  
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil, 5  
On culture and the sowing of the soil.  
Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,  
But talking is not always to converse ;  
Not more distinct from harmony divine,  
The constant creaking of a country sign. 10  
As Alphabets in ivory employ,  
Hour after hour, the yet unletter'd boy,  
Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee  
Those seeds of science, called his A B C ;  
So language in the mouths of the adult, 15  
Witness its insignificant result,  
Too often proves an implement of play,  
A toy to sport with, and pass time away.  
Collect at evening what the day brought forth,  
Compress the sum into its solid worth, 20

And if it weigh the importance of a fly,  
 The scales are false, or algebra a lie,  
 Sacred interpreter of human thought,  
 How few respect or use thee as they ought !  
 But all shall give account of ev'ry wrong, 25  
 Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue ;  
 Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,  
 Or sell their glory at the market price ;  
 Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,  
 The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon. 30  
 There is a prurience in the speech of some,  
 Wrath stays him, or else God would strike them dumb  
 His wise forbearance has their end in view,  
 They fill their measure, and receive their due.  
 The heathen lawgivers of ancient days, 35  
 Names almost worthy of a Christian's praise,  
 Would drive them forth from the resort of men,  
 And shut up ev'ry satyr in his den.  
 O come not ye near innocence and truth,  
 Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth ; 40  
 Infectious as impure, your blighting pow'r  
 Taints in its rudiments the promis'd flow'r ;  
 Its odour perish'd, and its charming hue,  
 Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it smells of you.  
 Not e'en the vigorous and headlong rage 45  
 Of adolescence, or a firmer age,  
 Affords a plea allowable or just,  
 For making speech the pamperer of lust ;  
 But when the breath of age commits the fault,  
 'Tis nauseous as the vapour of a vault. 50  
 So wither'd stumps disgrace the sylvan scene,  
 No longer fruitful, and no longer green ;  
 The sapless wood, divested of the bark,  
 Grows fungous, and takes fire at every spark.  
 Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife— 55  
 Some men have surely then a peaceful life :  
 Whatever subject occupy discourse,  
 The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,

Asseveration blustering in your face  
 Makes contradiction such a hopeless case : 60  
 In ev'ry tale they tell, or false, or true,  
 Well known, or such as no man ever knew,  
 They fix attention, heedless of your pain,  
 With oaths like rivets forc'd into the brain ;  
 And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout, 65  
 They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.  
 A Persian, humble servant of the sun,  
 Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,  
 Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,  
 With adjurations ev'ry word impress, 70  
 Suppos'd the man a bishop, or at least,  
 God's name so much upon his lips, a priest !  
 Bow'd at the close with all his graceful airs,  
 And begg'd an int'rest in his frequent pray'rs.  
 Go quit the rank to which ye stood preferr'd, 75  
 Henceforth associate in one common herd ;  
 Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,  
 Pronounce your human form a false pretence ;  
 A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,  
 Who yet betrays his secret by his works. 80  
 Ye pow'rs who rule the tongue, if such there are,  
 And make colloquial happiness your care,  
 Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,  
 A duel in the form of a debate,  
 The clash of arguments and jar of words, 85  
 Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,  
 Decide no question with their tedious length,  
 (For opposition gives opinion strength)  
 Divert the champions prodigal of breath,  
 And put the peaceably dispos'd to death. 90  
 O thwart me not, Sir Soph, at ev'ry turn,  
 Nor carp at ev'ry flaw you may discern ;  
 Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,  
 I am not surely always in the wrong :  
 'Tis hard if all is false that I advance, 95  
 A fool must now and then be right by chance.

## CONVERSATION.

127

Not all that freedom of dissent I blame ;  
 No—there I grant the privilege I claim.  
 A disputable point, is no man's ground ;  
 Rove where you please, 'tis common all around. 100  
 Discourse may want an animated—No,  
 To brush the surface, and to make it flow ;  
 But still remember, if you mean to please,  
 To press your point with modesty and ease,  
 The mark at which my juster aim I take, 105  
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake.  
 Set your opinion at whatever pitch,  
 Knots and impediments make something hitch ;  
 Adopt his own, tis equally in vain,  
 Your thread of argument is snapp'd again ; 110  
 The wrangler, rather than accord with you,  
 Will judge himself deceiv'd, and prove it too.  
 Vociferated logick kills me quite,  
 A noisy man is always in the right—  
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair, 115  
 Fix on the wainscoat a distressful stare,  
 And when I hope his blunders are all out,  
 Reply discreetly—To be sure—no doubt !  
*Dubious* is such a scrupulous good man—  
 Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can. 120  
 He would not with a peremptory tone,  
 Assert the nose upon his face his own ;  
 With hesitation admirably slow,  
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.  
 His evidence, if he were call'd by law 125  
 To swear to some enormity he saw,  
 For want of prominence and just relief,  
 Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.  
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,  
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense ; 130  
 Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not ;  
 What he remembers, seems to have forgot :  
 His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,  
 Cent'ring at last in having none at all

Yet, though he tease and balk your list'ning ear, 135  
 He makes one useful point exceeding clear ;  
 Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme  
 A sceptick in philosophy may seem,  
 Reduc'd to practice, his beloved rule  
 Would only prove him a consummate fool : 140  
 Useless in him alike both brain and speech,  
 Fate having plac'd all truth above his reach,  
 His ambiguities his total sum,  
 He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.  
 Where men of judgment creep and feel their way, 145  
 The positive pronounce without dismay ;  
 Their want of light and intellect supplied  
 By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.  
 Without the means of knowing right from wrong,  
 They always are decisive, clear, and strong ; 150  
 Where others toil with philosophick force,  
 Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course ;  
 Flings at your head conviction in the lump,  
 And gains remote conclusions at a jump :  
 Their own defect invisible to them, 155  
 Seen in another, they at once condemn ;  
 And, though self-idolized in ev'ry case,  
 Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.  
 The cause is plain, and not to be denied,  
 The proud are always most provok'd by pride, 160  
 Few competitions but engender spite ;  
 And those the most, where neither has a right.  
 The point of honour has been deem'd of use,  
 To teach good manners and to curb abuse ;  
 Admit it true, the consequence is clear, 165  
 Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear,  
 And, at the bottom barb'rous still and rude,  
 We are restrain'd, indeed, but not subdu'd.  
 The very remedy, however sure,  
 Springs from the mischief it intends to cure, 170  
 And savage in its principle appears,  
 Tried as it should be, by the fruit it bears

CONVERSATION. 129

'Tis hard, indeed if nothing will defend  
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end ;  
That now and then a hero must decease, 175  
That the surviving world may live in peace.  
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show  
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low ;  
That men engage in it compell'd by force,  
And fear, not courage, is its proper source, 180  
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear  
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.  
At least to trample on our Maker's laws,  
And hazard life for any or no cause,  
To rush into a fix'd eternal state 185  
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,  
Or send another shiv'ring to the bar  
With all the guilt of such unnatural war,  
Whatever Use may urge, or Honour plead,  
On Reason's verdict is a madman's deed. 190  
Am I to set my life upon a throw,  
Because a bear is rude, and surly? No—  
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man  
Will not affront me ; and no other can.  
Were I empower'd to regulate the lists, 195  
They should encounter with well-loaded fists !  
A Trojan combat would be something new,  
Let *Dares* beat *Entellus* black and blue ;  
Then each might show, to his admiring friends,  
In honourable bumps his rich amends, 200  
And carry in contusions of his skull,  
A satisfactory receipt in full  
A story, in which native humour reigns,  
Is often useful, always entertains :  
A graver fact, enlisted on your side, 205  
May furnish illustration, well applied ;  
But sedentary weavers of long tales  
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.  
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,  
To hear them tell of parentage and birth, 210

And echo conversations, dull and dry,  
 Embellish'd with—*He said*, and *So said I*.  
 At ev'ry interview their route the same,  
 The repetition makes attention lame :  
 We bustle up with unsuccessful speed, 215  
 And in the saddest part cry—*Droll indeed*

The path of narrative with care pursue,  
 Still making probability your clew ;  
 On all the vestiges of truth attend,  
 And let *them* guide you to a decent end. 220

Of all ambitions man may entertain,  
 The worst, that can invade a sickly brain,  
 Is that, which angles hourly for surprise,  
 And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.  
 Credulous infancy, or age as weak, 225  
 Are fittest auditors for such to seek,

Who to please others will themselves disgrace,  
 Yet please not, but affront you to your face.  
 A great retailer of this curious ware  
 Having unloaded and made many stare, 230  
 Can this be true ?—an arch observer cries,  
 Yes, (rather mov'd) I saw it with these eyes ;  
 Sir ! I believe it on that ground alone ;  
 I could not, had I seen it with my own.

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct ; 235  
 The language plain, and incidents well link'd,  
 Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows,  
 And, new or old, still hasten to a close ;  
 There, cent'ring in a focus round and neat,  
 Let all your rays of information meet. 240

What neither yields us profit nor delight  
 Is like a nurse's lullaby at night ;  
 Guy, Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanor,  
 Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff, 245  
 Makes half a sentence at a time enough ;  
 The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,  
 Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.



CONVERSATION. 131

Such often, like the tube they so admire,  
 Important triflers ! have more smoke than fire. 250  
 Pernicious weed ! whose scent the fair annoys ;  
 Unfriendly to society's chief joys,  
 Thy worst effect is banishing for hours  
 The sex, whose presence civilizes ours :  
 Thou art indeed the drug a gard'ner wants, 255  
 To poison vermin that infest his plants ;  
 But are we so to wit and beauty blind,  
 As to despise the glory of our kind,  
 And show the softest minds and fairest forms  
 As little mercy, as he grubs and worms ? 260  
 They dare not wait the riotous abuse,  
 Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce.  
 When wine has giv'n indecent language birth,  
 And forc'd the floodgates of licentious mirth ;  
 For sea-born Venus her attachment shows 265  
 Still to that element from which she rose,  
 And with a quiet, which no fumes disturb,  
 Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.  
 Th' emphatick speaker dearly loves t' oppose,  
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose, 270  
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,  
 Touch'd with a magnet had attracted his.  
 His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,  
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,  
 An extract of his diary—no more, 275  
 A tasteless journal of the day before.  
 He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,  
 Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again,  
 Resum'd his purpose, had a world of talk  
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk. 280  
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,  
 Adieu, dear Sir, lest you should lose it now.  
 I cannot talk with civet in the room,  
 A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume ;  
 The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau— 285  
 Who thrusts his nose into a raree show ?

His odoriferous attempts to please  
 Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees ;  
 But we that make no honey, though we sting,  
 Poets are sometimes apt to maul the thing,           290  
 'Tis wrong to bring into a mix'd resort,  
 What make some sick, and others *à la mort*.  
 An argument of cogence, we may say,  
 Why such a one should keep himself away.  
     A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,           295  
 Quite as absurd, though not so light as he :  
 A shallow brain behind a serious mask,  
 An oracle within an empty cask,  
 The solemn fop ; significant and budge ;  
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge ;           300  
 He says but little, and that little said  
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.  
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
 But when you knock it never is at home ;  
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,           305  
 Some handsome present, as your hopes presage :  
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove  
 An absent friend's fidelity and love ;  
 But when unpack'd your disappointment groans  
 To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones.   310  
     Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,  
 In making known how oft they have been sick,  
 And give us in recitals of disease  
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees ;  
 Relate how many weeks they kept their bed ;           315  
 How an emetick or cathartick sped ;  
 Nothing is slightly touch'd, much less forgot,  
 Nose, ears, and eyes, seem present on the spot.  
 Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,  
 Victorious seem'd, and now the doctor's skill ;           320  
 And now—alas, for unforeseen mishaps !  
 They put on a damp nightcap and relapse ;  
 They thought they must have died, they were so bad ;  
 Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

CONVERSATION. 133

Some fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch, 325  
 You always do too little or too much ;  
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,  
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;  
 You fall at once into a lower key,  
 That's worse—the dronepipe of an humblebee. 330  
 The southern sash admits too strong a light,  
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.  
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive  
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.  
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ; 335  
 With soal—that's just the sort he would not wish.  
 He takes what he at first profess'd to loathe,  
 And in due time feeds heartily on both ;  
 Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,  
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down. 340  
 Your hope to please him vain on ev'ry plan,  
 Himself should work that wonder, if he can—  
 Alas ! his efforts double his distress,  
 He likes yours little, and his own still less.  
 Thus always teasing others, always teaz'd, 345  
 His only pleasure is—to be displeas'd.  
 I pity bashful men, who feel the pain  
 Of fancied scorn, and undeerv'd disdain,  
 And bear the marks, upon a blushing face,  
 Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace. 350  
 Our sensibilities are so acute,  
 The fear of being silent makes us mute.  
 We sometimes think we could a speech produce  
 Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose ;  
 But being tried, it dies upon the lip, 355  
 Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip :  
 Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,  
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns,  
 Few Frenchmen of this evil have complain'd ;  
 It seems as if we Britons were ordain'd, 360  
 By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,  
 To fear each other, fearing none beside.

The cause perhaps inquiry may descry,  
 Self-searching with an introverted eye,  
 Conceal'd within an unsuspected part, 365  
 The vainest corner of our own vain heart :  
 For ever aiming at the world's esteem,  
 Our self-importance ruins its own scheme ;  
 In other eyes our talents rarely shown,  
 Become at length so splendid in our own, 370  
 We dare not risk them into publick view,  
 Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.  
 True modesty is a discerning grace,  
 And only blushes in the proper place ;  
 But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear, 375  
 Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd t' appear ;  
 Humility the parent of the first,  
 The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.  
 The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,  
 Like figures drawn upon a dial plate ; 380  
 Yes, ma'am, and No, ma'am, utter'd softly, show  
 Ev'ry five minutes how the minutes go ;  
 Each individual, suffering a constraint,  
 Poetry may, but colours cannot paint ;  
 As if in close committee on the sky, 385  
 Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry ;  
 And finds a changing clime a happy source  
 Of wise reflection, and well-tim'd discourse.  
 We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,  
 Like conservators of the publick health, 390  
 Of epidemick throats, if such there are,  
 And coughs, and rheums, and phthisicks, and catarrh  
 That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,  
 Fill'd up at last with interesting news,  
 Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed, 395  
 And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed ;  
 But fear to call a more important cause,  
 As if 'twere treason against English laws.  
 The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,  
 As from a seven years' transportation home, 400

CONVERSATION.

135

And there resume an unembarrass'd brow,  
 Recov'ring what we lost we know not how,  
 The faculties, that seem'd reduc'd to nought,  
 Expression and the privilege of thought.

The reeking, roaring hero of the chase, 405  
 I give him over as a desp'rate case.

Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,  
 Never, if honest ones, when death is sure ;  
 And though the fox he follows may be tam'd,  
 A mere fox follower never is reclaim'd. 410

Some farrier should prescribe his proper course,  
 Whose only fit companion is his horse ;  
 Or if deserving of a better doom,  
 The noble beast judge otherwise, his groom.  
 Yet e'en the rogue that serves him, tho' he stand 415

To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,  
 Prefers his fellow grooms with much good sense,  
 Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.  
 If neither horse nor groom affect the squire,  
 Where can at last his jockeyship retire ? 420

Oh to the club, the scene of savage joys,  
 The school of coarse good fellowship and noise ;  
 There in the sweet society of those  
 Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,  
 Let him improve his talent if he can, 425  
 Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

Man's heart had been impenetrably seal'd,  
 Like theirs that cleave the flood or graze the field,  
 Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand  
 Giv'n him a soul, and bade him understand ; 430  
 The reas'ning pow'r vouchsaf'd of course inferr'd  
 The pow'r to clothe that reason with his word ;  
 For all is perfect that God works on earth,  
 And he that gives conception, aids the birth.

If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood, 435  
 What uses of his boon the giver would.

The mind despatch'd upon her busy toil,  
 Should range where Providence has bless'd the soil ;

Visiting ev'ry flow'r with labour meet,  
 And gath'ring all her treasures sweet by sweet ; 440  
 She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,  
 And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,  
 That good diffus'd may more abundant grow,  
 And speech may praise the pow'r that bids it flow.  
 Will the sweet warbler of the livelong night, 445  
 That fills the list'ning lover with delight,  
 Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,  
 To learn the twitt'ring of a meaner bird ?  
 Or make the parrot's mimickry his choice,  
 That odious libel on a human voice ? 450  
 No—Nature, unsophisticate by man,  
 Starts not aside from her Creator's plan ;  
 The melody, that was at first design'd  
 To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,  
 Is note for note deliver'd in our ears, 455  
 In the last scene of her six thousand years.  
 Yet Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train,  
 Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,  
 Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,  
 And would degrade her votary to an ape, 460  
 The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,  
 Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue ;  
 There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,  
 Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace.  
 And, when accomplish'd in her wayward school, 465  
 Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.  
 'Tis an unalterable fix'd decree,  
 That none could frame or ratify but she,  
 That Heav'n and Hell, and righteousness and sin,  
 Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within, 470  
 God and his attributes, (a field of day  
 Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray,)  
 Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,  
 Be never nam'd in ears esteem'd polite.  
 That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave, 475  
 Shall stand proscrib'd, a madman, or a knave,

## CONVERSATION.

137

A close designer not to be believ'd,  
 Or, if excus'd that charge, at least deceiv'd.  
 Oh folly worthy of the nurse's lap,  
 Give it the breast, or stop its mouth with pap ! 480  
 Is it incredible, or can it seem

A dream to any, except those that dream,  
 That man should love his Maker, and *that* fire,  
 Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire :  
 Know then, and modestly let fall your eyes, 485  
 And veil your daring crest that braves the skies ,

That air of insolence affronts your God,  
 You need his pardon, and provoke his rod :  
 Now, in a posture that becomes you more  
 Than that heroick strut assum'd before, 490

Know your arrears with ev'ry hour accrue  
 For mercy shown, while wrath is justly due.  
 The time is short, and there are souls on earth,  
 Though future pain may serve for present mirth,  
 Acquainted with the woes, that fear or shame, 495

By Fashion taught, forbade them once to name,  
 And having felt the pangs you deem a jest,  
 Have prov'd them truths too big to be express'd.  
 Go seek on revelation's hallow'd ground,  
 Sure to succeed, the remedy they found ; 500

Touch'd by that pow'r that you have dar'd to mock,  
 That makes seas stable, and dissolves the rock,  
 Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,  
 That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide, 505  
 Soon after He that was our Surety died,  
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,  
 The scene of all those sorrows left behind,  
 Sought their own village, busied as they went  
 In musings worthy of the great event : 510

They spake of him they lov'd, of him whose life,  
 Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,  
 Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,  
 A deep memorial graven on their hearts.

The recollection, like a vein of ore 515  
 The farther trac'd, enrich'd them still the more,  
 They thought him, and they justly thought him, one  
 Sent to do more than he appear'd t' have done;  
 T' exalt a people, and to place them high  
 Above all else, and wonder'd he should die. 520  
 Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,  
 A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,  
 And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,  
 What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.  
 Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread, 525  
 And truth and wisdom gracing all he said,  
 Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well  
 The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,  
 That reaching home, the night, they said, is near,  
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here. 530  
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,  
 And, made so welcome at their simple feast,  
 He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,  
 And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!"  
 Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say— 535  
 Did they not burn within us by the way?  
 Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves  
 Man to maintain, and such as God approves;  
 Their view, indeed were indistinct and dim,  
 But yet successful being aim'd at him. 540  
 Christ and his character their only scope,  
 Their object, and their subject, and their hope.  
 They felt what it became them much to feel,  
 And wanting him to loose the sacred seal,  
 Found him as prompt, as their desire was true, 545  
 To spread the new-born glories in their view.  
 Well—what are ages and the lapse of time  
 Match'd against truths as lasting as sublime?  
 Can length of years on God himself exact?  
 Or make that fiction, which was once a fact? 550  
 No—marble and recording brass decay,  
 And like the graver's mem'ry pass away;



CONVERSATION.

139

The works of man inherit, as is just,  
 Their author's frailty, and return to dust ;  
 But truth divine for ever stands secure, 555  
 Its head is guarded as its base is sure ;  
 Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,  
 The pillar of th' eternal plan appears,  
 The raving storm and dashing waves defies,  
 Built by that architect who built the skies. 560  
 Hearts may be found that harbour, at this hour,  
 That love of Christ and all its quick'ning pow'r ;  
 And lips, unstain'd by folly or by strife,  
 Whose wisdom drawn from the deep well of life,  
 Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows 565  
 A Jordan for th' ablution of our woes.  
 O days of Heav'n, and nights of equal praise,  
 Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days,  
 When souls drawn upwards in communion sweet,  
 Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat, 570  
 Discourse, as if releas'd and safe at home,  
 Of dangers pass'd, and wonders yet to come,  
 And spread the sacred treasures of the breast  
 Upon the lap of covenanted rest.  
 What, always dreaming over heavenly things, 575  
 Like angel heads in stone with pigeon wings ?  
 Canting and whining out all day the word,  
 And half the night ? fanatick and absurd !  
 Mine be the friend less frequent in his pray'rs,  
 Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs, 580  
 Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,  
 And chase the splenetick dull hours away ;  
 Content on earth in earthly things to shine,  
 Who waits for Heav'n ere he becomes divine,  
 Leaves saints t' enjoy those altitudes they teach, 585  
 And plucks the fruit plac'd more within his reach.  
 Well spoken, Advocate of sin and shame,  
 Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name.  
 Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right,  
 The fix'd fee simple of the vain and light ? 690

Can hopes of Heav'n, bright prospects of an hour,  
 That come to waft us out of sorrow's pow'r,  
 Obscure or quench a faculty that finds  
 Its happiest soil in the serenest minds ?  
 Religion curbs indeed its wanton play, 595  
 And brings the trifler under rig'rous sway,  
 But gives it usefulness unknown before,  
 And, purifying, makes it shine the more.  
 A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,  
 A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight ; 600  
 Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth,  
 'Tis always active on the side of truth :  
 Temp'rance and peace insure its healthful state,  
 And make it brightest at its latest date.  
 Oh I have seen, (nor hope perhaps in vain, 605  
 Ere life go down, to see such sights again,)  
 A vet'ran warrior in the Christian field,  
 Who never saw the sword he could not wield ;  
 Grave, without dulness, learned without pride,  
 Exact, yet not precise ; though meek, keen-ey'd ; 610  
 A man that would have foil'd at their own play  
 A dozen would-be's of the modern day ;  
 Who, when occasion justified its use,  
 Had wit as bright as ready to produce ;  
 Could fetch from records of an earlier age, 615  
 Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,  
 His rich materials, and regale your ear  
 With strains it was a privilege to hear :  
 Yet above all, his luxury supreme,  
 And his chief' glory, was the Gospel theme ; 620  
 There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,  
 His happy eloquence seem'd there at home,  
 Ambitious not to shine or to excel,  
 But to treat justly what he lov'd so well.  
 It moves me more perhaps than folly ought, 625  
 When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,  
 Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,  
 And wiser men's ability pretence.

CONVERSATION. 141

Though time still wear us, and we must grow old,  
 Such men are not forgot as soon as cold, 630  
 Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,  
 Embalm'd for ever in its own perfume.  
 And to say truth, though in its early prime,  
 And when unstain'd with any grosser crime,  
 Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast, 635  
 That in the valley of decline are lost,  
 And Virtue with peculiar charms appears,  
 Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years;  
 Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,  
 Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd, 640  
 That fire abated, which impels rash youth,  
 Proud of his speed to overshoot the truth,  
 As time improves the grape's authentick juice,  
 Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,  
 And claims a rev'rence in its short'ning day, 645  
 That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.  
 The fruits of age less fair, are yet more sound,  
 Than those a brighter season pours around;  
 And like the stores autumnal suns mature,  
 Through wintry rigours unimpair'd endure. 650  
 What is fanatick phrenzy, scorn'd so much,  
 And dreaded more than a contagious touch?  
 I grant it dang'rous, and approve your fear,  
 That fire is catching if you draw too near;  
 But sage observers oft mistake the flame, 655  
 And give true piety that odious name.  
 To tremble, (as the creature of an hour  
 Ought at the view of an almighty pow'r,)  
 Before his presence, at whose awful throne  
 All tremble in all worlds, except our own, 660  
 To supplicate his mercy, love his ways,  
 And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise,  
 Though common sense, allow'd a casting voice,  
 And free from bias, must approve the choice,  
 Convicts a man fanatick in th' extreme, 665  
 And wild as madness in the world's esteem.

**But that disease, when soberly defin'd,**  
**Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind :**  
 It views the truth with a distorted eye,  
 And either warps or lays it useless by ; 670  
 'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws  
 Its sordid nourishment from man's applause ,  
 And while at heart sin unrelinquish'd lies,  
 Presumes itself chief fav'rite of the skies.  
 'Tis such a light as putrefaction breeds 675  
 In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds,  
 Shines in the dark, but usher'd into day,  
 The stench remains, the lustre dies away.

True bliss, if man may reach it, is compos'd  
 Of hearts in union mutually disclos'd : 680  
 And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,  
 Those hearts should be reclaim'd, renew'd, upright.  
 Bad men, profaning friendship's hallow'd name,  
 Form, in its stead, a covenant of shame :  
 A dark confederacy against the laws 685  
 Of virtue and religion's glorious cause :  
 They build each other up with dreadful skill,  
 As bastions set point blank against God's will ;  
 Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt,  
 Deeply resolv'd to shut a Saviour out ; 690  
 Call legions up from Hell to back the deed,  
 And, curs'd with conquest, finally succeed.  
 But souls that carry on a bless'd exchange  
 Of joys they meet with in their heav'nly range,  
 And with a fearless confidence make known 695  
 The sorrows sympathy esteems its own,  
 Daily derive increasing light and force  
 From such communion in their pleasant course,  
**Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,**  
**Meet their opposers with united strength,** 700  
 And, one in heart, in int'rest, and design,  
 Gird up each other to the race divine.

But Conversation, choose what theme we may,  
 And chiefly when religion leads the way,

CONVERSATION. 143

Should flow like waters after summer show'rs, 705  
 Not as if rais'd by mere mechanick pow'rs.

The Christian, in whose soul, though now distress'd,  
 Lives the dear thought of joys he once possess'd,  
 When all his glowing language issu'd forth  
 With God's deep stamp upon its current worth, 710

Will speak without disguise, and must impart,  
 Sad as it is, his undissembling heart,  
 Abhors constraint, and dares not feign a zeal,  
 Or seem to boast a fire he does not feel.

'The song of Sion is a tasteless thing, 715  
 Unless, when rising on a joyful wing,  
 The soul can mix with the celestial bands,  
 And give the strain the compass it demands.

Strange tidings these to tell a world who treat  
 All but their own experience as deceit! 720

Will they believe, though credulous enough  
 To swallow much upon much weaker proof,  
 That there are bless'd inhabitants on earth,  
 Partakers of a new ethereal birth,

Their hopes, desires, and purposes estrang'd 725  
 From things terrestrial and divinely chang'd,  
 Their very language of a kind that speaks  
 The soul's sure int'rest in the good she seeks ;

Who deal with Scripture, its importance felt  
 As Tully with philosophy once dealt, 730

And in the silent watches of the night,  
 And through the scenes of toil-renewing light,  
 The social walk, or solitary ride,  
 Keep still the dear companion at their side ?

No—shame upon a self-disgracing age, 735  
 God's work may serve an ape upon a stage  
 With such a jest, as fill'd with hellish glee  
 Certain invisibles as shrewd as he ;

But veneration or respect finds none,  
 Save from the subject of that work alone. 740

The world grown old, her deep discernment shows,  
 Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose,

Peruses closely the true Christian's face,  
 And finds it a mere mask of sly grimace ;  
 Usurps God's office, lays his bosom bare, 745  
 And finds hypocrisy close lurking there.  
 And serving God herself through mere constraint,  
 Concludes his unfeign'd love of him a feint.  
 And yet God knows, look human nature through,  
 (And in due time the world shall know it too,) 750  
 That since the flow'rs of Eden felt the blast,  
 That after man's defection laid all waste,  
 Sincerity tow'rd's the heart-searching God  
 Has made the new-born creature her abode,  
 Nor shall be found in unregen'rate souls, 755  
 Till the last fire burn all between the poles.  
 Sincerity ! why 'tis his only pride,  
 Weak and imperfect in all grace beside ;  
 He knows that God demands his heart entire,  
 And gives him all his just demands require. 760  
 Without it his pretensions were as vain,  
 As, having it, he deems the world's disdain ;  
 That great defect would cost him not alone  
 Man's favourable judgment, but his own ;  
 His birthright shaken, and no longer clear 765  
 Than while his conduct proves his heart sincere.  
 Retort the charge, and let the world be told  
 She boasts a confidence she does not hold ;  
 That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead  
 A cold misgiving, and a killing dread : 770  
 That while in health the ground of her support  
 Is madly to forget that life is short ;  
 That sick she trembles, knowing she must die,  
 Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie ;  
 That while she dotes, and dreams that she believes,  
 She mocks her Maker, and herself deceives ; 775  
 Her utmost reach historical assent,  
 The doctrines warp'd to what they never meant ;  
 That truth itself is in her head as dull  
 And useless as a candle in a skull ; 780

CONVERSATION.

145

And all her love of God a groundless claim,  
 A trick upon the canvass, painted flame.  
 Tell her again, the sneer upon her face,  
 And all her censures of the work of grace,  
 Are insincere, meant only to conceal 785

A dread she would not, yet is forc'd to feel ;  
 That in her heart the Christian she reveres,  
 And while she seems to scorn him, only fears.

A poet does not work by square or line,  
 As smiths and joiners perfect a design ; 790

At least we moderns, our attention less,  
 Beyond the example of our sires digress,  
 And claim a right to scamper and run wide,  
 Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide.  
 The world and I fortuitously met ; 795

I ow'd a trifle, and have paid the debt ;  
 She did me wrong, I recompens'd the deed,  
 And having struck the balance, now proceed.  
 Perhaps, however, as some years have pass'd  
 Since she and I convers'd together last, 800

And I have liv'd recluse in rural shades,  
 Which seldom a distinct report pervades,  
 Great changes and new manners have occur'd,  
 And bless'd reforms, that I have never heard,  
 And she may now be as discreet and wise 805

As once absurd in all discerning eyes.  
 Sobriety, perhaps, may now be found  
 Where once intoxication press'd the ground :  
 The subtle and injurious may be just,  
 And he grown chaste that was the slave of lust ; 810

Arts once esteem'd may be with shame dismiss'd ;  
 Charity may relax the miser's fist ;  
 The gamester may have cast his cards away,  
 Forgot to curse and only kneel to pray.  
 It has indeed been told me, (with what weight, 815

How credibly, 'tis hard for me to state.)  
 That fables old, that seem'd for ever mute,  
 Reviv'd are hast'ning into fresh repute,

And gods and goddesses, discarded long  
 Like useless lumber, or a stroller's song, 820  
 Are bringing into vogue their heathen train,  
 And Jupiter bids fair to rule again ;  
 That certain feasts are instituted now,  
 Where Venus hears the lovers' tender vow ;  
 That all Olympus through the country roves, 825  
 To consecrate our few remaining groves ;  
 And Echo learns politely to repeat  
 The praise of names for ages obsolete ;  
 That having prov'd the weakness, it should seem  
 Of revelation's ineffectual beam, 830  
 To bring the passions under sober sway,  
 And give the moral springs their proper play,  
 They mean to try what may at last be done,  
 By stout substantial gods of wood and stone,  
 And whether Roman rites may not produce 835  
 The virtues of old Rome for English use.  
 May such success attend the pious plan,  
 May Mercury once more embellish man,  
 Grace him again with long forgotten arts,  
 Reclaim his taste, and brighten up his parts, 840  
 Make him athletic as in days of old,  
 Learn'd at the bar, in the pelæstra bold,  
 Divest the rougher sex of female airs,  
 And teach the softer not to copy theirs :  
 The change shall please, nor shall it matter aught  
 Who works the wonder, if it be but wrought. 846  
 'Tis time, however, if the case stand thus,  
 For us plain folks, and all who side with us,  
 To build our altar, confident and bold,  
 And say as stern Elijah said of old, 850  
 The strife now stands upon a fair award,  
 If Israel's Lord be God, then serve the Lord .  
 If he be silent, faith is all a whim,  
 Then Baal is the God, and worship him.  
 Digression is so much in modern use, 855  
 Thought is so rare, and fancy so profuse,



CONVERSATION.

147

Some never seem so wide of their intent,  
 As when returning to the theme they meant ;  
 As mendicants, whose business is to roam,  
 Make every parish but their own their home. 860  
 Though such continual zigzags in a book,  
 Such drunken reelings have an awkward look,  
 And I had rather creep to what is true,  
 Than rove and stagger with no mark in view ;  
 Yet to consult a little seem'd no crime, 865  
 The freakish humour of the present time :  
 But now to gather up what seems dispers'd,  
 And touch the subject I design'd at first,  
 May prove, though much beside the rules of art,  
 Best for the publick, and my wisest part. 870  
 And first, let no man charge me, that I mean  
 To clothe in sable ev'ry social scene,  
 And give good company a face severe,  
 As if they met around a father's bier ;  
 For tell some men, that pleasure all their bent, 875  
 And laughter all their work, is life mispent ;  
 Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,  
 Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry.  
 To find the medium asks some share of wit,  
 And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit. 880  
 But though life's valley be a vale of tears,  
 A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,  
 Whose glory with a light that never fades,  
 Shoots between scatter'd rocks and op'ning shades,  
 And while it shows the land the soul desires, 885  
 The language of the land she seeks inspires.  
 Thus touch'd, the tongue receives a sacred cure  
 Of all that was absurd, profane, impure ;  
 Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech  
 Pursues the course that truth and nature teach ; 890  
 No longer labours merely to produce  
 The pomp of sound or tinkle without use ;  
 Where'er it winds, the salutary stream,  
 Sprightly and fresh, enriches every theme,

While all the happy man possess'd before, 895  
The gift of nature or the classick store,  
Is made subservient to the grand design  
For which Heav'n form'd the faculty divine.  
So, should an idiot, while at large he strays,  
Find the sweet lyre on which an artist plays, 900  
With rash and awkward force the chords he shakes,  
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes ;  
But let the wise and well-instructed hand  
Once take the shell beneath his just command,  
In gentle sounds it seem'd as it complain'd 905  
Of the rude injuries it late sustain'd,  
Till tun'd at length to some immortal song,  
It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours his praise along.

## RETIREMENT.



— *studiis florens ignobilis ott.*

VIRG. Georg Lib. 4.

HACKNEY'D in business, wearied at that oar  
Which thousands, once fast chain'd to, quit no more  
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,  
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego ;  
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,       5  
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,  
Where, all his long anxieties forgot  
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,  
Or recollected only to gild o'er,  
And add a smile to what was sweet before,       10  
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,  
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,  
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,  
And, having liv'd a trifler, die a man.  
Thus Conscience pleads her cause within the breast,  
Though long rebell'd against, not yet suppress'd,       16  
And calls a creature form'd for God alone,  
For Heav'n's high purposes, and not his own,  
Calis him away from selfish ends and aims,  
From what debilitates and what inflames,       20  
From cities humming with a restless crowd,  
Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,

Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,  
 The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain.

Where works of man are cluster'd close around,      25  
 And works of God are hardly to be found,  
 To regions where in spite of sin and wo,  
 Traces of Eden are still seen below,  
 Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,  
 Remind him of his Maker's power and love.      30  
 'Tis well if, look'd for at so late a day,  
 In the last scene of such a senseless play,  
 True wisdom will attend his feeble call,  
 And grace his action ere the curtain fall.  
 Souls that have long despis'd their heavenly birth,      35  
 Their wishes all impregnated with earth,  
 For threescore years employ'd with ceaseless care  
 In catching smoke and feeding upon air,  
 Conversant only with the ways of men,  
 Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.      40  
 Invet'rate habits, choke th' unfruitful heart,  
 Their fibres penetrate its tend'rest part,  
 And draining its nutritious pow'rs to feed  
 Their noxious growth, starve ev'ry better seed.  
 Happy, if full of days—but happier far,      45  
 If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,  
 Sick of the service of a world that feeds  
 Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,  
 We can escape from custom's idiot sway,  
 To serve the Sov'reign we were born t' obey.      50  
 Then sweet to muse upon his skill display'd,  
 (Infinite skill,) in all that he has made !  
 To trace in nature's most minute design  
 The signature and stamp of pow'r divine,  
 Contrivance intricate, express'd with ease,      55  
 Where unassisted sight no beauty sees,  
 The shapely limb and lubricated joint,  
 Within the small dimensions of a point,  
 Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,  
 His mighty work, who speaks and it is done,      60

## RETIREMENT.

151

Th' invisible in things scarce seen reveal'd,  
 To whom an atom is an ample field ;  
 To wonder at a thousand insect forms,  
 These hatch'd and those resuscitated worms,  
 New life ordain'd and brighter scenes to share, 65  
 Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air,  
 Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and  
 size,  
 More hideous foes than fancy can devise ;  
 With helmet heads, and dragon scales adorn'd,  
 The mighty myriads, now securely scorn'd, 70  
 Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,  
 Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth :  
 Then with a glance of fancy to survey,  
 Far as the faculty can stretch away,  
 Ten thousand rivers pour'd at his command 75  
 From urns that never fail, through ev'ry land ;  
 This like a deluge with impetuous force,  
 Those winding modestly a silent course ;  
 The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales ;  
 Seas, on which ev'ry nation spreads her sails ; 80  
 The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light,  
 The crescent moon, the diadem of night ;  
 Stars countless, each in his appointed place  
 Fast anchor'd in the deep abyss of space—  
 At such a sight to catch the poet's flame, 85  
 And with a rapture like his own exclaim,  
 These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,  
 How dimly seen, how faintly understood !  
 Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,  
 This universal frame, thus wondrous fair : 90  
 Thy pow'r divine, and bounty beyond thought,  
 Ador'd and prais'd in all that thou hast wrought  
 Absorb'd in that immensity I see,  
 I shrink abas'd, and yet aspire to thee ;  
 Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day, 95  
 Thy words more clearly than thy works display

That, while thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,  
I may resemble thee, and call thee mine.

Oh blest proficiency! surpassing all  
That men erroneously their glory call, 100  
The recompense that arts or arms can yield,  
The bar, the senate, or the tented field.

Compar'd with this sublimest life below,  
Ye kings and rulers, what have courts to show?  
Thus studied, us'd, and consecrated thus, 105  
On earth, what is, seems form'd indeed for us.

Not as the plaything of a froward child,  
Fretful unless diverted and beguil'd,  
Much less to feed and fan the fatal fires  
Of pride, ambition, or impure desires; 110

But as a scale, by which the soul ascends  
From mighty means to more important ends,  
Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,  
Mounts from inferiour beings up to God,  
And sees, by no fallacious light or dim, 115  
Earth made for man, and man himself for him.

Not that I mean t' approve, or would enforce,  
A superstitious and monastick course:  
Truth is not local, God alike pervades  
And fills the world of traffick, and the shades, 120

And may be fear'd amidst the busiest scenes,  
Or scorn'd where business never intervenes.  
But 'tis not easy with a mind like ours,  
Conscious of weakness in its noblest pow'rs,  
And in a world where other ills apart, 125

The roving eye misleads the careless heart,  
To limit Thought, by nature prone to stray  
Wherever freakish Fancy points the way;  
'To bid the pleadings of self-love be still,

Resign our own, and seek our Maker's will; 130  
To spread the page of Scripture, and compare  
Our conduct with the laws engraven there;  
To measure all that passes in the breast,

Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test

RETIREMENT.

	153
To dive into the secret deeps within,	135
To spare no passion and no fav'rite sin,	
And search the themes important above all,	
Ourselves and our recov'ry from our fall.	
But leisure, silence, and a mind releas'd	
From anxious thoughts how wealth may be increas'd,	
How to secure, in some propitious hour,	141
The point of int'rest or the post of pow'r,	
A soul serene, and equally retir'd,	
From objects too much dreaded or desir'd,	
Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,	145
At least are friendly to the great pursuit.	
Op'ning the map of God's extensive plan,	
We find a little isle, this life of man ;	
Eternity's unknown expanse appears	
Circling around and limiting his years.	150
The busy race examine and explore	
Each creek and cavern of the dang'rous shore,	
With care collect what in their eyes excels,	
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells ;	
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,	155
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight :	
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,	
And ev'ry hour sweep multitudes away ;	
They shrink and sink, survivors start and weep,	
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.	160
A few forsake the throng ; with lifted eyes	
Ask wealth of Heav'n, and gain a real prize—	
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,	
Seal'd with his signet, whom they serve and love,	
Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait	165
A kind release from their imperfect state,	
And unregretted are soon snatch'd away	
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.	
Now these alone prefer a life recluse,	
Who seek retirement for its proper use ;	170
The love of change, that lives in ev'ry breast,	
Genius and temper, and desire of rest,	

Discordant motives in one centre meet,  
 And each inclines its votary to retreat.  
 Some minds by nature are averse to noise, 175  
 And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,  
 The lure of av'rice, or the pompous prize,  
 That courts display before ambitious eyes,  
 The fruits that hang on pleasure's flow'ry stem,  
 Whate'er enchants them, are no snares to them. 180  
 To them the deep recess of dusky groves,  
 Or forest, where the deer securely roves,  
 The fall of waters, and the song of birds,  
 And hills that echo to the distant herds,  
 Are luxuries excelling all the glare 185  
 The world can boast, and her chief fav'rites share.  
 With eager step and carelessly array'd,  
 For such a cause the poet seeks the shade ;  
 From all he sees he catches new delight,  
 Pleas'd Fancy claps her pinions at the sight ; 190  
 The rising or the setting orb of day,  
 The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,  
 Nature in all the various shapes she wears,  
 Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs,  
 The snowy robe her wintry state assumes, 195  
 Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,  
 All, all alike transport the glowing bard,  
 Success in rhyme his glory and reward.  
 O Nature ! whose Elysian scenes disclose  
 His bright perfections, at whose word they rose, 200  
 Next to that pow'r who form'd thee and sustains,  
 Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.  
 Still as I touch the lyre, do thou expand  
 Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,  
 That I may catch a fire but rarely known, 205  
 Give useful light, though I should miss renown ;  
 And poring on thy page, whose ev'ry line  
 Bears proof of an intelligence divine,  
 May feel a heart enrich'd by what it pays,  
 That builds its glory on its Maker's praise. 210



RETIREMENT.

155

Wo to the man, whose wit disclaims its use,  
 Glitt'ring in vain, or only to seduce,  
 Who studies nature with a wanton eye,  
 Admires the work, but slips the lesson by ;  
 His hours of leisure and recess employs 215  
 In drawing pictures of forbidden joys,  
 Retires to blazon his own worthless name,  
 Or shoot the careless with a surer aim.  
 The lover, too, shuns business and alarms,  
 Tender idolater of absent charms. 220  
 Saints offer nothing in their warmest pray'rs,  
 That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs ;  
 'Tis consecration of his heart, soul, time,  
 And ev'ry thought that wanders is a crime.  
 In sighs he worships his supremely fair, 225  
 And weeps a sad libation in despair ;  
 Adores a creature, and, devout in vain,  
 Wins in return an answer of disdain.  
 As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,  
 Rough elm, or smooth-grain'd ash, or glossy beech,  
 In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and lays 231  
 Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,  
 But does a mischief while she lends a grace,  
 Strait'ning its growth by such a strict embrace ;  
 So love, that clings around the noblest minds, 235  
 Forbids th' advancement of the soul he binds ;  
 The suitor's air, indeed, he soon improves,  
 And forms it to the taste of her he loves,  
 Teaches his eyes a language, and no less  
 Refines his speech, and fashions his address ! 240  
 But farewell promises of happier fruits ;  
 Manly designs, and learning's grave pursuits ;  
 Girt with a chain he cannot wish to break,  
 His only bliss is sorrow for her sake ,  
 Who will may pant for glory and excel, 245  
 Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell !  
 Thyrsis, Alexis, or whatever name  
 May least offend against so pure a flame,

Though sage advice of friends the most sincere  
 Sounds harshly in so delicate an ear, 250  
 And lovers, of all creatures, tame or wild,  
 Can least brook management, however mild,  
 Yet let a poet, (poetry disarms  
 The fiercest animals with magick charms,)  
 Risk an intrusion on thy pensive mood, 255  
 And woo and win thee to thy proper good.  
 Pastoral images and still retreats,  
 Umbrageous walks and solitary seats,  
 Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,  
 Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and day dreams, 260  
 Are all enchantments in a case like thine,  
 Conspire against thy peace with one design ;  
 Sooth thee to make thee but a surer prey,  
 And feed the fire that wastes thy pow'rs away :  
 Up—God has form'd thee with a wiser view, 265  
 Not to be led in chains, but to subdue ;  
 Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first  
 Points out a conflict with thyself, the worst.  
 Woman, indeed, a gift he would bestow  
 When he design'd a Paradise below, 270  
 The richest earthly boon his hands afford,  
 Deserves to be belov'd, but not ador'd.  
 Post away swiftly to more active scenes,  
 Collect the scatter'd truths that study gleans,  
 Mix with the world, but with its wiser part, 275  
 No longer give an image all thine heart ;  
 Its empire is not hers, nor is it thine,  
 'Tis God's just claim, prerogative divine.  
 Virtuous and faithful *Heberden*, whose skill  
 Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil, 280  
 Gives melancholy up to Nature's care,  
 And send the patient into purer air.  
 Look where he comes—in this embower'd alcove  
 Stand close conceal'd, and see a statue move :  
 Lips busy, and eyes fix'd, foot falling slow, 285  
 Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below,

RETIREMENT.

157

Interpret to the marking eye distress,  
 Such as its symptoms can alone express.  
 That tongue is silent now ; that silent tongue,  
 Could argue once, could jest or join the song,     290  
 Could give advice, could censure or commend,  
 Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.  
 Renounc'd alike its office, and its sport,  
 Its brisker and its graver strains fall short ;  
 Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,     295  
 And like a summer brook are pass'd away.  
 This is a sight for pity to peruse,  
 Till she resemble faintly what she views,  
 Till Sympathy contract a kindred pain,  
 Pierc'd with the woes that she laments in vain.     300  
 This, of all maladies that man infest,  
 Claims most compassion, and receives the least :  
 Job felt it when he groan'd beneath the rod  
 And the barb'd arrows of a frowning God ;  
 And such emollients as his friends could spare,     305  
 Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.  
 Bless'd, rather curs'd, with hearts that never feel,  
 Kept snug in caskets of close-hammer'd steel,  
 With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,  
 And minds that deem derided pain a treat,     310  
 With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,  
 And wit that puppet-prompters might inspire,  
 Their sovereign nostrum is a clumsy joke,  
 On pangs enforc'd with God's severest stroke.  
 But with a soul, that ever felt the sting     315  
 Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing :  
 Not to molest, or irritate, or raise  
 A laugh at his expense, is slender praise :  
 He that has not usurp'd the name of man,  
 Does all, and deems too little all, he can,     320  
 T' assuage the throbbings of the fester'd part,  
 And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.  
 'Tis not as heads that never ache suppose,  
 Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes ;

Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,           325  
 Each yielding harmony dispos'd aright ;  
 The screws revers'd, (a task which if he please  
 God in a moment executes with ease,)  
 Ten thousand thousand springs at once go loose,  
 Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.       330  
 Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair  
 As ever recompens'd the peasant's care,  
 Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,  
 Nor view of waters turning busy mills,  
 Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,           335  
 Nor gardens interspers'd with flow'ry beds,  
 Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves,  
 And waft it to the mourner as he roves,  
 Can call up life into his faded eye,  
 That passes all he sees unheeded by ;               340  
 No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,  
 No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.  
 And thou, sad suff'rer under nameless ill,  
 That yields not to the touch of human skill,  
 Improve the kind occasion, understand               345  
 A Father's frown, and kiss his chast'ning hand.  
 To thee the day-spring and the blaze of noon,  
 The purple ev'ning and resplendent moon,  
 The stars that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,  
 Seem drops descending in a show'r of light,           350  
 Shine not, or undesir'd and hated shine,  
 Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine ;  
 Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,  
 All bliss beside a shadow or a sound ;  
 Then Heav'n eclips'd so long, and this dull earth,   355  
 Shall seem to start into a second birth ;  
 Nature, assuming a more lovely face,  
 Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,  
 Shall be despis'd and overlook'd no more,  
 Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,           360  
 Impart to things inanimate a voice,  
 And bids her mountains and her hills rejoice ;

RETIREMENT.

159

The sound shall run along the winding vales,  
 And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.  
 Ye groves, (the statesman at his desk exclaims, 365  
 Sick of a thousand disappointed aims,)  
 My patrimonial treasure and my pride,  
 Beneath your shades your gray possessor hide,  
 Receive me languishing for that repose,  
 The servant of the publick never knows. 370  
 Ye saw me once, (ah those regretted days,  
 When boyish innocence was all my praise !)  
 Hour after hour delightfully allot  
 To studies then familiar, since forgot,  
 And cultivate a taste for ancient song, 375  
 Catching its ardour as I mus'd along ;  
 Nor seldom, as propitious Heav'n might send,  
 What once I valu'd and could boast, a friend,  
 Were witnesses how cordially I press'd  
 His undissembling virtue to my breast ; 380  
 Receive me now, not uncorrupt as then,  
 Nor guiltless of corrupting other men,  
 But vers'd in arts, that while they seem to stay  
 A falling empire, hasten its decay,  
 To the fair haven of my native home, 385  
 The wreck of what I was, fatigued I come ;  
 For once I can approve the patriot's voice,  
 And make the course he recommends my choice :  
 We meet at last in one sincere desire,  
 His wish and mine both prompt me to retire. 390  
 'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,  
 Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,  
 That whirl away from business and debate  
 The disencumber'd Atlas of the state.  
 Ask not the boy, who, when the breeze of morn 395  
 First shakes the glitt'ring drops from ev'ry thorn,  
 Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush  
 Sits linking cherry stones, or plating rush,  
 How fair is freedom !—he was always free  
 To carve his rustick name upon a tree, 400

To snare the mole, or with ill-fashion'd hook  
 To draw the incautious minnow from the brook,  
 Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,  
 His flock the chief concern he ever knew ;  
 She shines but little in his heedless eyes, 405  
 The good we never miss we rarely prize :  
 But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,  
 Escap'd from office and its constant cares,  
 What charms he sees in Freedom's smile express'd,  
 In Freedom lost so long, now repossess'd ; 410  
 The tongue, whose strains were cogent as commands,  
 Rever'd at home, and felt in foreign lands,  
 Shall own itself a stamm'rer in that cause,  
 Or plead its silence as its best applause.  
 He knows, indeed, that, whether dress'd or rude, 415  
 Wild without art, or artfully subdu'd,  
 Nature in ev'ry form inspires delight,  
 But never mark'd her with so just a sight.  
 Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated store,  
 With woodbine, and wild roses mantled o'er, 420  
 Green balks and furrow'd lands, the stream, that  
 spreads  
 Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads,  
 Downs, that almost escape th' inquiring eye,  
 That melt and fade into the distant sky,  
 Beauties he lately slighted as he pass'd, 425  
 Seem all created since he travell'd last.  
 Master of all th' enjoyments he design'd,  
 No rough annoyance rankling in his mind,  
 What early philosophick hours he keeps,  
 How regular his meals, how sound he sleeps ! 430  
 Not sounder he, that on the mainmast head,  
 While morning kindles with a windy red,  
 Begins a long look-out for distant land,  
 Nor quits till evening watch his giddy stand,  
 Then, swift descending with a seaman's haste, 435  
 Slips to his hammock, and forgets the blast.

RETIREMENT.

161

He chooses company, but not the squire's,  
 Whose wit is rudeness, whose good breeding tires ;  
 Nor yet the parson's, who would gladly come,  
 Obsequious when abroad, though proud at home ; 440  
 Nor can he much affect the neighb'ring peer,  
 Whose toe of emulation treads too near ;  
 But wisely seeks a more convenient friend  
 With whom, dismissing forms, he may unbend  
 A man, whom marks of condescending grace 445  
 Teach, while they flatter him, his proper place ,  
 Who comes when call'd, and at a word withdraws,  
 Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause ;  
 Some plain mechanick, who, without pretence  
 To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence ; 450  
 On whom he rests well pleas'd his weary pow'rs,  
 And talks and laughs away his vacant hours.  
 The tide of life, swift always in its course,  
 May run in cities with a brisker force,  
 But no where with a current so serene, 455  
 Or half so clear, as in the rural scene.  
 Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss,  
 What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss  
 Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,  
 But short the date of all we gather here ; 460  
 No happiness is felt, except the true,  
 That does not charm the more for being new.  
 This observation, as it chanc'd, not made,  
 Or, if the thought occur'd not duly weigh'd,  
 He sighs—for, after all, by slow degrees 465  
 The spot he lov'd has lost the pow'r to please  
 To cross his ambling pony day by day,  
 Seems at the best but dreaming life away ;  
 The prospect, such as might enchant despair,  
 He views it not, or sees no beauty there ; 470  
 With aching heart, and discontented looks,  
 Returns at noon to billiards or to books,  
 But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,  
 A secret thirst of his renounc'd employs.

He chides the tardiness of ev'ry post, 475  
 Pants to be told of battles won or lost,  
 Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,  
 'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,  
 Flies to the levee, and, receiv'd with grace,  
 Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place. 480  
     Suburban villas, highway side retreats,  
 That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,  
 Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze  
 With all a July sun's collected rays,  
 Delight the citizen, who, gasping there, 485  
 Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.  
 O sweet retirement, who would balk the thought  
 That could afford retirement, or could not ?  
 'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,  
 The second milestone fronts the garden gate ; 490  
 A step if fair, and if a show'r approach,  
 You find safe shelter in the next stage coach.  
 There prison'd in a parlour snug and small,  
 Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,  
 The man of business and his friends compress'd, 495  
 Forget their labours, and yet find no rest ;  
 But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen  
 From ev'ry window, and the fields are green :  
 Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,  
 And what could a remoter scene show more ? 500  
 A sense of elegance we rarely find  
 The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,  
 And ignorance of better things makes man,  
 Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can ;  
 And he that deems his leisure well bestow'd 505  
 In contemplation of a turnpike road,  
 Is occupied as well, employs his hours  
 As wisely, and as much improves his pow'rs,  
 As he that slumbers in pavilions grac'd  
 With all the charms of an accomplish'd taste. 510  
 Yet hence, alas ! insolvencies ; and hence  
 The unpitied victim of ill-judg'd expense,



## RETIREMENT.

163

From all his wearisome engagements freed,  
 Shakes hands with business, and retires indeed.  
 Your prudent grandmammās, ye modern belles, 515  
 Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge wells,  
 When health requir'd it would consent to roam,  
 Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.  
 But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,  
 Ingenious to diversify dull life, 520  
 In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,  
 Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys,  
 And all, impatient of dry land, agree  
 With one consent to rush into the sea—  
 Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad, 525  
 Much of the pow'r and majesty of God.  
 He swathes about the swelling of the deep,  
 That shines and rests as infants smile and sleep ;  
 Vast as it is, it answers as it flows  
 The breathings of the lightest air that blows ; 530  
 Curling and whit'ning over all the waste,  
 The rising waves obey th' increasing blast,  
 Abrupt and horrid as the tempest roars,  
 Thunder and flash upon the steadfast shores,  
 Till he that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein, 535  
 Then all the world of waters sleep again.—  
 Nereids or Dryads, as the fashion leads,  
 Now in the floods, now panting in the meads,  
 Vot'ries of pleasure still, where'er she dwells,  
 Near barren rocks, in palaces, or cells, 540  
 O grant a poet leave to recommend,  
 (A poet fond of Nature, and your friend,)  
 Her slighted works to your admiring view ;  
 Her works must needs excel, who fashion'd you.  
 Would ye, when rambling in your morning ride, 545  
 With some unmeaning cockcomb at your side,  
 Condemn the prattler for his idle pains,  
 To waste unheard the musick of his strains,  
 And, deaf to all th' impertinence of tongue,  
 That, while it courts, affronts and does you wrong, 550

Mark well the finish'd plan without a fault,  
 The seas globose and huge, th' o'erarching vault,  
 Earth's millions daily fed, a world employ'd,  
 In gath'ring plenty yet to be enjoy'd.  
 Till gratitude grew vocal in the praise 555  
 Of God beneficent in all his ways ;  
 Grac'd with such wisdom, how would beauty shine ?  
 Ye want but that to seem indeed divine.

Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,  
 Force many a shining youth into the shade, 560  
 Not to redeem his time, but his estate,  
 And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.  
 There, hid in loth'd obscurity, remov'd  
 From pleasures left, but never more belov'd,  
 He just endures, and with a sickly spleen 565  
 Sighs o'er the beauties of the charming scene ;  
 Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme ;  
 Streams tinkle sweetly in poetick chime ;  
 The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,  
 Are musical enough in Thomson's song ; 570  
 And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,  
 When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets ;  
 He likes the country, but in truth must own,  
 Most likes it, when he studies it in town.

Poor Jack—no matter who—for when I blame, 575  
 I pity, and must therefore sink the name,  
 Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chace, the course,  
 And always, ere he mounted, kiss'd his horse.  
 The estate his sires had own'd in ancient years,  
 Was quickly distanc'd, match'd against a peer's. 580  
 Jack vanish'd, was regretted and forgot ;  
 'Tis wild good nature's never-failing lot.  
 At length, when all had long suppos'd him dead,  
 By cold submersion, razor, rope, or lead,  
 My lord, alighting at his usual place, 585  
 The Crown, took notice of an ostler's face.  
 Jack knew his friend, but hop'd in that disguise  
 He might escape the most observing eyes ;

RETIREMENT.

165

And whistling, as if unconcern'd and gay,  
Curried his nag, and look'd another way. 590

Convinc'd at last, upon a nearer view,  
'Twas he, the same, the very Jack he knew,  
O'erwhelm'd at once with wonder, grief, and joy,  
He press'd him much to quit his base employ ;  
His countenance, his purse, his heart, his hand, 595  
Influence and pow'r, were all at his command :

Peers are not always gen'rous as well-bred,  
But Granby was, meant truly what he said.  
Jack bow'd, and was oblig'd—confess'd 'twas strange,  
That so retir'd he should not wish a change, 600  
But knew no medium between guzzling beer,  
And his old stint—three thousand pounds a year.

Thus some retire to nourish hopeless wo :  
Some seeking happiness not found below ;  
Some to comply with humour, and a mind 605  
To social scenes by nature disinclin'd ;  
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disgust ;  
Some self-impoverish'd, and because they must ;  
But few, that court Retirement, are aware  
Of half the toils they must encounter there. 610

Lucrative offices are seldom lost  
For want of pow'rs proportion'd to the post :  
Give e'en a dunce th' employment he desires,  
And he soon finds the talents it requires ;  
A business with an income at its heels 615  
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.

But in his arduous enterprise to close  
His active years with indolent repose,  
He finds the labours of that state exceed  
His utmost faculties, severe indeed. 620

'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,  
But not to manage leisure with a grace ;  
Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.  
The vet'ran steed, excus'd his task at length, 625  
In kind compassion of his failing strength,

And turn'd into the park or mead to graze,  
 Exempt from future service all his days,  
 There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,  
 Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind : 630  
 But when his lord would quit the busy road,  
 To taste a joy like that he had bestow'd,  
 He proves, less happy than his favour'd brute,  
 A life of ease a difficult pursuit.  
 Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem 635  
 As natural as when asleep to dream ;  
 But reveries, (for human minds will act,)  
 Specious in show, impossible in fact,  
 Those flimsy webs, that break as soon as wrought,  
 Attain not to the dignity of thought : 640  
 Nor yet the swarms that occupy the brain,  
 Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign ;  
 Nor such as useless conversation breeds,  
 Or lust engenders, and indulgence feeds.  
 Whence, and what are we ? to what end ordain'd ? 645  
 What means the drama by the world sustain'd ?  
 Business or vain amusement, care or mirth,  
 Divide the frail inhabitants of earth.  
 Is duty a mere sport, or an employ ?  
 Life an intrusted talent, or a toy ? 650  
 Is there, as reason, conscience, Scripture say,  
 Cause to provide for a great future day,  
 When earth's assign'd duration at an end,  
 Man shall be summon'd and the dead attend ?  
 The trumpet—will it sound ? the curtain rise ? 655  
 And show the august tribunal of the skies,  
 Where no prevarication shall avail,  
 Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,  
 The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,  
 And conscience and our conduct judge us all ? 660  
 Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil  
 To learned cares of philosophick toil,  
 Though I revere your honourable names,  
 Your useful labours and important aims,

RETIREMENT.

	167
And hold the world indebted to your aid,	665
Enrich'd with the discov'ries ye have made ;	
Yet let me stand excus'd, if I esteem	
A mind employ'd on so sublime a theme,	
Pushing her bold inquiry to the date	
And outline of the present transient state,	670
And after poisoning her advent'rous wings,	
Settling at last upon eternal things,	
Far more intelligent, and better taught	
The strenuous use of profitable thought,	
Than ye, when happiest, and enlighten'd most,	675
And highest in renown, can justly boast.	
A mind unnerv'd, or indispos'd to bear	
The weight of subjects worthiest of her care,	
Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,	
Must change her nature, or in vain retires.	680
An idler is a watch that wants both hands ;	
As useless if it goes, as when it stands.	
Books, therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,	
In which lewd sensualists print out themselves ;	
Nor those in which the stage gives vice a blow,	685
With what success let modern manners show ;	
Nor his, who, for the bane of thousands born,	
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn,	
Skilful alike to seem devout and just,	
And stab religion with a sly side-thrust ;	690
Nor those of learned philologists, who chase	
A panting syllable through time and space,	
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,	
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark ;	
But such as learning without false pretence,	695
The friend of truth, th' associate of good sense.	
And such as, in the zeal of good design,	
Strong judgment lab'ring in the Scripture mine,	
All such as manly and great souls produce,	
Worthy to live, and of eternal use ;	700
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,	
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.	

Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,  
 And, while she polishes, perverts the taste ;  
 Habits of close attention, thinking heads,                   705  
 Become more rare as dissipation spreads,  
 Till authors hear at length one gen'ral cry,  
 Tickle and entertain us, or we die.  
 The loud demand, from year to year the same,  
 Beggars Invention, and makes Fancy lame ;                   710  
 Till farce itself most mournfully jejune,  
 Calls for the kind assistance of a tune ;  
 And novels, (witness ev'ry month's review,)  
 Belie their name, and offer nothing new.  
 The mind, relaxing into needful sport,                         715  
 Should turn to writers of an abler sort,  
 Whose wit well manag'd, and whose classick style,  
 Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.  
 Friends, (for I cannot stint, as some have done,  
 Too rigid in my view, that name to one ;                   720  
 Though one, I grant it, in the gen'rous breast  
 Will stand advanc'd a step above the rest ;  
 Flow'rs by that name promiscuously we call,  
 But one, the rose, the regent of them all,)—  
 Friends, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,                 725  
 But chosen with a nice discerning taste,  
 Well born, well disciplin'd, who, plac'd apart  
 From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,  
 And though the world may think the ingredients odd,  
 The love of virtue, and the fear of God !                   730  
 Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,  
 A temper rustick as the life we lead,  
 And keep the polish of the manners clean,  
 As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene ;  
 For solitude, however some may rave,                         735  
 Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,  
 A sepulchre, in which the living lie,  
 Where all good qualities grow sick and die.

RETIREMENT.

169

I praise the Frenchman,\* his remark was shrewd—  
 How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude ! 740  
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
 Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.  
 Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside,  
 That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,  
 Can save us always from a tedious day, 745  
 Or shine the dulness of still life away ;  
 Divine communion, carefully enjoy'd,  
 Or sought with energy, must fill the void.  
 O sacred art, to which alone life owes  
 Its happiest seasons, and a peaceful close ; 750  
 Scorn'd in a world, indebted to that scorn  
 For evils daily felt and hardly borne.  
 Not knowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands  
 Flow'rs of rank odour upon thorny lands,  
 And while Experience cautions us in vain, 755  
 Grasp seeming happiness, and find it pain.  
 Despondence, self-deserted in her grief,  
 Lost by abandoning her own relief,  
 Murmuring and ungrateful discontent,  
 That scorns afflictions mercifully meant, 760  
 Those humours tart as wine upon the fret,  
 Which idleness and weariness beget ;  
 These, and a thousand plagues, that haunt the breast,  
 Fond of the phantom of an earthly rest,  
 Divine communion chases, as the day 765  
 Drives to their dens th' obedient beasts of prey.  
 See Judah's promis'd king, bereft of all,  
 Driv'n out an exile from the face of Saul ;  
 To distant caves the lonely wand'rer flies,  
 To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies. 770  
 Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,  
 Hear him, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, yet rejoice ;  
 No womanish or wailing grief has part,  
 No, not a moment, in his royal heart ;

\* *Bruyère.*

- 'Tis manly musick, such as martyrs make, 775  
 Suff'ring with gladness for a Saviour's sake ;  
 His soul exults, hope animates his lays,  
 The sense of mercy kindles into praise,  
 And wilds, familiar with a lion's roar,  
 Ring with ecstasick sounds unheard before ; 780  
 'Tis love like his, that can alone defeat  
 The foes of man, or make a desert sweet.  
 Religion does not censure or exclude  
 Unnumber'd pleasures harmlessly pursu'd ;  
 To study culture, and with artful toil 785  
 To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;  
 To give dissimilar, yet fruitful lands,  
 The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands ;  
 To cherish virtue in an humble state,  
 And share the joys your bounty may create ; 790  
 To mark the matchless workings of the pow'r,  
 That shuts within its seed the future flow'r,  
 Bid these in elegance of form excel,  
 In colour these, and those delight the smell ,  
 Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies, 795  
 To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes ,  
 To teach the canvass innocent deceit,  
 Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—  
 These, these are arts pursu'd without a crime,  
 That leave no stain upon the wing of Time. 800  
 Me poetry, (or rather notes that aim  
 Feebly and vainly at poetick fame,)  
 Employs, shut out from more important views,  
 Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse ;  
 Content if thus sequester'd I may raise 805  
 A monitor's though not a poet's praise,  
 And while I teach an art too little known,  
 To close life wisely, may not waste my own.



## THE YEARLY DISTRESS,

OR,

TITHING TIME AT STOCK, IN ESSEX.

Verses addressed to a country clergyman, complaining of the disagreeableness of the day annually appointed for receiving the dues at the parsonage.



COME, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,  
To laugh it would be wrong,  
The troubles of a worthy priest,  
The burden of my song.

The priest he merry is and blithe,  
Three quarters of the year,  
But, oh! it cuts him like a sithe,  
When tithing time draws near.

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

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

## THE YEARLY DISTRESS.

In sooth, the sorrow of such days  
 Is not to be express'd,  
 When he that takes, and he that pays,  
 Are both alike distress'd.

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

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

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

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

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

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,  
 One spits upon the floor,  
 Yet not to give offence or grieve,  
 Holds up the cloth before.

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

THE YEARLY DISTRESS.

173

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

One talks of mildew and of frost,  
And one of storms of hail,  
And one of pigs, that he has lost  
By maggots at the tail.

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

O why are farmers made so coarse,  
Or clergy made so fine ?  
A kick that scarce would move a horse,  
May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home ;  
'Twould cost him, I dare say,  
Less trouble taking twice the sum  
Without the clowns that

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO HENRY COWPER, ESQ.

On his emphatical and interesting delivery of the  
defence of Warren Hastings, Esq. in the House of  
Lords.



COWPER. whose silver voice, task'd sometimes hard  
Legends prolix delivers in the ears,  
(Attentive when thou read'st,) of England's peers,  
Let verse at length yield thee thy just reward.

Thou wast not heard with drowsy disregard,  
Expendng late on all that length of plea  
Thy gen'rous pow'rs, but silence honour'd thee,  
Mute as e'er gaz'd on orator or bard.

Thou art not voice alone, but hast beside  
Both heart and head ; and couldst with musick sweet  
Of Attick phrase and senatorial tone,  
Like thy renown'd forefathers, far and wide  
Thy fame diffuse, prais'd not for utt'rance meet  
Of *others'* speech, but magick of *thy own*.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO DR. DARWIN,

Author of "The Botanick Garden."



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

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

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

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

But we in mutual bondage kni\*  
Of friendship's closest tie,  
Can gaze on even Darwin's wit  
With an unjaundic'd eye ;

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

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

ON

MRS. MONTAGU'S FEATHER HANG-  
INGS.



THE Birds put off their ev'ry hue,  
To dress a room for Montagu.

The Peacock sends his heavenly dyes,  
His *rainbows* and his *starry eyes* ;  
The Pheasant plumes, which round in fold  
His mantling neck with downy gold ;  
The Cock his arch'd tail's azure show ;  
And, river-blanch'd, the Swan his snow  
All tribes beside of Indian name,  
That glossy shine, or vivid flame,  
Where rises and where sets the day,  
Whate'er they boast of rich and gay,  
Contribute to the gorgeous plan,  
Proud to advance it all they can.  
This plumage neither dashing show'r,  
Nor blasts that shake the dripping bow'r,  
Shall drench again or discompose,  
But, screen'd from every storm that blows,  
It boasts a splendour ever new,  
Safe with protecting Montagu.

To this same patroness resort,  
Secure of favour at her court,  
Strong Genius, from whose forge of thought  
Forms rise, to quick perfection wrought,  
Which, though new-born, with vigour move,  
Like Pallas springing arm'd from Jove—

Imagination scatt'ring round  
 Wild roses over furrow'd ground,  
 Which Labour of his frown beguile,  
 And teach Philosophy a smile—  
 Wit flashing on Religion's side,  
 Whose fires to sacred Truth applied,  
 The gem, though luminous before,  
 Obtrudes on human notice more,  
 Like sunbeams on the golden height  
 Of some tall temple playing bright—  
 Well-tutor'd Learning, from his books  
 Dismiss'd with grave, not haughty, looks  
*Their* order on his shelves exact,  
 Not more harmonious or compact  
 Than that to which he keeps confin'd  
 The various treasures of his mind—  
 All these to Montagu's repair,  
 Ambitious of a shelter there :  
 There Genius, Learning, Fancy, Wit,  
 Their ruffled plumage calm refit,  
 (For stormy troubles loudest roar  
 Around their flight who highest soar,)  
 And in her eye, and by her aid,  
 Shine safe without a fear to fade.

She thus maintains divided sway  
 With yon bright regent of the day :  
 The plume and poet both, we know,  
 Their lustre to his influence owe ;  
 And she the works of Phœbus aiding,  
 Both poet saves and plume from fading.

VERSES

*Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during  
his solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernandez.*



I.

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute :  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O Solitude ! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face ?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

II.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet musick of speech,  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see ;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

III.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
O had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again !  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth



IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But, alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

VII.

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

ON THE PROMOTION OF

**EDWARD THURLOW, ESQ.**

*To the Lord High Chancellorship of England.*



I.

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

II.

See ! with united wonder, cried  
Th' experienc'd and the sage,  
Ambition in a boy supplied  
With all the skill of age !

III.

Discernment, eloquence, and grace,  
Proclaim him born to sway  
The balance in the highest place,  
And bear the palm away.

IV.

The praise bestow'd was just and wise ,  
He sprang impetuous forth,  
Secure of conquest, where the prize  
Attends superiour worth.

V.

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

ODE TO PEACE.



I.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest !  
Return and make thy downy nest

Once more in this sad heart :  
Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,  
Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;  
We therefore need not part.

II.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,  
From av'rice and ambition free,  
And pleasure's fatal wiles ?  
For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare  
The sweets that I was wont to share,  
The banquet of thy smiles ?

III.

The great, the gay, shall they partake,  
The Heav'n that thou alone canst make ?  
And wilt thou quit the stream  
That murmurs through the dewy mead,  
The grove and the sequester'd shed  
To be a guest with them ?

IV.

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,  
For thee I gladly sacrific'd  
Whate'er I lov'd before ;  
And shall I see thee start away,  
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—  
Farewell ! we meet no more ?

HUMAN FRAILTY.



I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

## THE MODERN PATRIOT.



I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

*On observing some Names of little note recorded in  
the Biographia Britannica.*



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

So when a child, as playful children use,  
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,  
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—  
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,  
There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark !  
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk !



## REPORT

*Of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the  
Books.*



### I.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

## II.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause  
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,  
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
 So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

## III.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,  
 And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,  
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,  
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

## IV.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court.  
 Your lordship observes they are made with a  
 straddle  
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,  
 Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

## V.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,  
 ('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again,)  
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,  
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

## VI.

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

## VII.

Then shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows now,)  
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :  
 But what were his arguments few people know,  
 For the court did not think they were equally wise

## VIII.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,  
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—  
 That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
 By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut

( 186 )

ON  
**THE BURNING**  
OF  
**LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY,**  
TOGETHER WITH HIS MSS.

By the Mob, in the month of June, 1780



I.

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

II.

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

III.

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



ON THE SAME.



I.

WHEN Wit and Genius meet their doom  
In all-devouring flame,  
They tell us of the fate of Rome,  
And bid us fear the same.

II.

O'er *Murray's* loss the muses wept,  
They felt the rude alarm,  
Yet bless'd the guardian care that kept  
His sacred head from harm.

III.

There mem'ry, like the bee, that's fed  
From Flora's balmy store,  
The quintessence of all he read  
Had treasur'd up before.

IV.

The lawless herd, with fury blind,  
Have done him cruel wrong ;  
The flow'rs are gone—but still we find  
The honey on his tongue.

THE  
LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED

OR, HYPOCRISY DETECTED.\*



THUS says the prophet of the Turk—  
Good musselman, abstain from pork ;  
There is a part in every swine  
No friend or follower of mine  
May taste, whate'er his inclination,  
Upon pain of excommunication.  
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,  
And thus he left the point at large.  
Had he the sinful part express'd,  
They might with safety eat the rest ;  
But for one piece they thought it hard  
From the whole hog to be debarr'd ;  
And set their wit at work to find  
What joint the prophet had in mind.  
Much controversy straight arose,  
These choose the back, the belly those ;  
By some 'tis confidently said  
He meant not to forbid the head ;  
While others at that doctrine rail,  
And piously prefer the tail.  
Thus conscience freed from ev'ry clog,  
Mahometans eat up the hog.

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

You laugh—'tis well—The tale applied,  
 May make you laugh on t'other side,  
 Renounce the world—the preacher cries ;  
 We do—a multitude replies.  
 While one as innocent regards  
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;  
 And one, whatever you may say,  
 Can see no evil in a play ;  
 Some love a concert or a race ;  
 And others shooting, and the chace,  
 Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,  
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallow'd ;  
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,  
 Yet likes a slice as well as he :  
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,  
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.



ON

## THE DEATH OF

MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON'S

## BULFINCH.



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

190 LADY THROCKMORTON'S BULFINCH.

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

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

Above, below, in all the house,  
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,  
No cat had leave to dwell ;  
And Bully's cage supported stood  
On props of smooth-shaven wood,  
Large built and lattic'd well.

Well lattic'd—but the grate, alas !  
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,  
For Bully's plumage sake,  
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,  
With which, when neatly peal'd and dried,  
The swains their baskets make.

Night veil'd the pole ; all seem'd secure ,  
When led by instinct, sharp and sure,  
Subsistence to provide,  
A beast forth sallied on the scout,  
Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whisker'd snout,  
And badger-colour'd hide.

He, ent'ring at the study door  
Its ample area 'gan explore ;  
And something in the wind

Conjectur'd, sniffing round and round,  
 Better than all the books he found,  
 Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impress'd,  
 A dream disturb'd poor Bully's rest ;  
 In sleep he seem'd to view  
 A rat fast clinging to the cage,  
 And screaming at the sad presage,  
 Awoke and found it true.

For aided both by ear and scent,  
 Right to his mark the monster went—  
 Ah muse ! forbear to speak  
 Minute the horrors that ensu'd ;  
 His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—  
 He left poor Bully's beak.

O had he made that too his prey ;  
 That beak, whence issu'd many a lay  
 Of such mellifluous tone,  
 Might have repaid him well I wote,  
 For silencing so sweet a throat,  
 Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps—the muses mourn—  
 So when by Bacchanalians torn,  
 On Thracean Hebrus' side,  
 The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,  
 His head alone remain'd to tell  
 The cruel death he died.



## THE ROSE.

The Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r  
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd,  
 'The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r  
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was  
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,  
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
 I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part  
 Some act by the delicate mind,  
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
 Might have bloom'd with its owner a while;  
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
 May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.



## THE DOVES.

### I.

REAS'NING at ev'ry step he treads,  
 Man yet mistakes his way,  
 While meaner things, whom instinct leads,  
 Are rarely known to stray.

### II.

One silent eve I wander'd late,  
 And heard the voice of love:  
 The turtle thus address'd her mate,  
 And sooth'd the list'ning dove:

## III.

Our mutual bond of faith and truth,  
 No time shall disengage,  
 Those blessings of our early youth  
 Shall cheer our latest age :

## IV.

While innocence without disguise,  
 And constancy sincere,  
 Shall fill the circles of those eyes,  
 And mine can read them there.

## V.

'Those ills that wait on all below,  
 Shall ne'er be felt by me,  
 Or gently felt, and only so,  
 As being shar'd with thee.

## VI.

When lightnings flash among the trees,  
 Or kites are hov'ring near,  
 I fear lest thee alone they seize,  
 And know no other fear.

## VII.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,  
 And press thy wedded side,  
 Resolv'd a union form'd for life,  
 Death never shall divide.

## VIII.

But oh ! if fickle and unchaste,  
 (Forgive a transient thought,)  
 Thou could become unkind at last,  
 And scorn thy present lot,

## IX.

No need of lightnings from on high,  
 Or kites with cruel beak ;  
 Denied th' endearments of thine eye,  
 This widow'd heart would break

K.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,  
 Soft as the passing wind,  
 And I recorded what I heard,  
 A lesson for mankind.



## A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast  
 Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,  
 And, on her wicker work high mounted,  
 Her chickens prematurely counted,  
 (A fault philosophers might blame  
 If quite exempted from the same,)  
 Enjoy'd at ease the genial day ;  
 'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,  
 The legislature call'd it May.  
 But suddenly a wind as high  
 As ever swept a winter sky,  
 Shook the young leaves about her ears,  
 And fill'd her with a thousand fears,  
 Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,  
 And spread her golden hopes below.  
 But just at eve the blowing weather,  
 And all her fears were hush'd together :  
 And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,  
 'Tis over, and the brood is safe ;  
 (For ravens, though as birds of omen  
 They teach both conjurers and old women,  
 To tell us what is to befall,  
 Can't prophesy themselves at all ;)  
 The morning came, when neighbour Hodge  
 Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,



## A COMPARISON.

195

And destin'd all the treasure there  
A gift to his expecting fair,  
Climb'd like a squirrel to his dray,  
And bore the worthless prize away.

## MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures  
In ev'ry change both mine and yours  
Safety consists not in escape  
From dangers of a frightful shape ;  
An earthquake may be bid to spare  
The man that's strangled by a hair.  
Fate steals along with silent tread,  
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,  
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,  
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.



## A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,  
Both speed their journey with a restless stream  
The silent pace with which they steal away,  
No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay  
Alike irrevocable both when past,  
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.  
Though each resemble each in ev'ry part,  
A difference strikes at length the musing heart ;

196 THE POET'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound,  
How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd !  
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,  
Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.



ANOTHER.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,  
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid —  
Silent and chaste she steals along,  
Far from the world's gay busy throng ;  
With gentle, yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destin'd course ;  
Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and bless'd where'er she goes,  
Pure-bosom'd as that wat'ry glass,  
And Heav'n reflected in her face.



THE

POET'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

TO MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON.

MARIA ! I have ev'ry good  
For thee wish'd many a time,  
Both sad and in a cheerful mood,  
But never yet in rhyme.

ODE TO APOLLO.

197

To wish thee fairer is no need,  
More prudent, or more sprightly,  
Or more ingenious, or more freed  
From temper flaws unsightly.

What favour then not yet possess'd  
Can I for thee require,  
In wedded love already blest,  
To thy whole heart's desire ?

None here is happy but in part :  
Full bliss is bliss divine :  
There dwells some wish in ev'ry heart,  
And doubtless one in thine.

That wish on some fair future day,  
Which Fate shall brightly gild,  
('Tis blameless, be it what it may.)  
I wish it all fulfill'd.



ODE TO APOLLO.

*On an Inkglass almost dried in the sun*

PATRON of all those luckless brains,  
That, to the wrong side leaning,  
Indite much metre with much pains,  
And little or no meaning.

And why, since oceans, rivers, streams,  
That water all the nations,  
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,  
In constant exhalations ;

198 PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

Why, stooping from the noon of day,  
Too covetous of drink,  
Apollo, hast thou stol'n away  
A poet's drop of ink ?

Upborne into the viewless air,  
It floats a vapour now,  
Impell'd through regions dense and rare,  
By all the winds that blow.

Ordain'd, perhaps, ere summer flies,  
Combin'd with millions more,  
To form an Iris in the skies,  
Though black and foul before.

Illustrious drop ! and happy then  
Beyond the happiest lot,  
Of all that ever pass'd my pen,  
So soon to be forgot.

Phœbus, if such be thy design,  
To place it in thy bow,  
Give wit, that what is left may shine  
With equal grace below.



PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jaques Rosseau,\*  
If birds confabulate or no ;

\* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables, which ascribe reason and speech to animals, should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses ?

'Tis clear that they were always able  
 To hold discourse—at least in fable ;  
 And e'en the child who knows no better,  
 Than to interpret by the letter,  
 A story of a cock and bull,  
 Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanc'd then on a winter's day,  
 But warm, and bright, and calm as May,  
 The birds, conceiving a design  
 To forestall sweet St. Valentine,  
 In many an orchard, copse, and grove,  
 Assembled on affairs of love,  
 And with much twitter and much chatter,  
 Began to agitate the matter.  
 At length a Bulfinch, who could boast  
 More years and wisdom than the most,  
 Entreated, op'ning wide his beak,  
 A moment's liberty to speak ;  
 And, silence publicly enjoin'd,  
 Deliver'd briefly thus his mind :

My friends ! be cautious how ye treat  
 The subject upon which we meet ;  
 I fear we shall have winter yet.

A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,  
 With golden wing, and satin poll,  
 A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried  
 What marriage means, thus pert replied :

Methinks the gentleman, quoth she,  
 Opposite in the apple tree,  
 By his good will would keep us single  
 Till yonder Heav'n and earth shall mingle  
 Or, (which is likelier to befall,)  
 Till death exterminate us all.

I marry without more ado,  
 My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,  
 Turning short round, strutting, and sideling,

200 · PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

Attested, glad, his approbation  
Of an immediate conjugation.  
Their sentiments, so well express'd,  
Influenc'd mightily the rest,  
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.  
But though the birds were thus in haste,  
The leaves came on not quite so fast,  
And destiny, that sometimes bears  
An aspect stern on man's affairs,  
Not altogether smil'd on theirs.  
The wind of late breath'd gently forth,  
Now shifted east, and east by north ;  
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,  
Could shelter them from rain or snow.  
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,  
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled ;  
Soon ev'ry father bird and mother  
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,  
Parted without the least regret,  
Except that they had never met ;  
And learn'd, in future, to be wiser  
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses ! the tale that I relate  
This lesson seems to carry—  
Choose not alone a proper mate,  
But proper time, to marry.

( 201 )

THE DOG

AND

THE WATER-LILY.

NO FABLE.



THE noon was shady, and soft airs  
Swept Ouse's silent tide,  
When, scap'd from literary cares,  
I wander'd on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,  
And high in pedigree,  
(Two nymphs\* adorn'd with ev'ry grace  
That spaniel found for me.)

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,  
Now starting into sight,  
Pursu'd the swallow o'er the meads  
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd  
His lilies newly blown ;  
Their beauties I intent survey'd,  
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far I sought  
To steer it close to land ;  
But still the prize, though nearly caught,  
Escap'd my eager hand.

\* Sir Robert Gunning's daughters.

*Beau* mark'd my unsuccessful pains  
 With fix'd considerate face,  
 And puzzling set his puppy brains  
 To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,  
 Dispersing all his dream,  
 I thence withdrew, and follow'd long  
 The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I return'd ;  
*Beau* trotting far before,  
 The floating wreath again discern'd,  
 And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd,  
 Impatient swim to meet  
 My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd  
 The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,  
 Shall hear of this thy deed :  
 My dog shall mortify the pride  
 Of man's superiour breed :

But chief myself I will enjoin,  
 Awake at duty's call,  
 To show a love as prompt as thine,  
 To him who gives me all.



## THE POET, THE OYSTER,

AND

## SENSITIVE PLANT.

AN Oyster, cast upon the shore,  
 Was heard, though never heard before,



Complaining in a speech well worded.  
And worthy thus to be recorded—

Ah, hapless wretch ! condemned to dwell  
For ever in my native shell ;

Ordain'd to move when others please,  
Not for my own content or ease .

But toss'd, and buffeted about,  
Now *in* the water, and now *out*.

'Twere better to be borne a stone,  
Of ruder shape and feeling none,  
Than with a tenderness like mine,  
And sensibilities so fine !

I envy that unfeeling shrub,  
Fast rooted against ev'ry rub.

The plant he meant grew not far off,  
And felt the sneer with scorn enough ;  
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,  
And with asperity replied.

When, cry the botanists, and stare,  
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there ?  
No matter when—a poet's muse is,  
To make them grow just where she chooses

You shapeless nothing in a dish,  
You that are but almost a fish,  
I scorn your coarse insinuation,  
And have most plentiful occasion,  
To wish myself the rock I view,  
Or such another dolt as you :

For many a grave and learned clerk,  
A many a gay unletter'd spark,  
With curious touch examines me,  
If I can feel as well as he ;  
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,  
Says—Well, 'tis more than one would think !  
Thus life is spent, (oh fie upon't !)

In being touch'd, and crying—Don't !

A poet in his ev'ning walk,  
O'erheard, and check'd this idle talk

And your fine sense, he said, and yours,  
 Whatever evil it endures,  
 Deserves not, if so soon offended,  
 Much to be pitied or commended.  
 Disputes though short, are far too long,  
 Where both alike are in the wrong ;  
 Your feelings in their full amount,  
 Are all upon your own account.

You, in your grotto work enclos'd,  
 Complain of being thus expos'd ;  
 Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,  
 Save when the knife is at your throat,  
 Where'er driv'n by wind or tide,  
 Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,  
 Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,  
 If all the plants that can be found,  
 Embellishing the scene around,  
 Should drop and wither where they grow,  
 You would not feel at all—not you.  
 The noblest minds their virtue prove  
 By pity, sympathy, and love :  
 These, these are feelings truly fine,  
 And prove their owner half divine.

His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,  
 And each by shrinking show'd he felt it.



## THE SHRUBBERY.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

### I.

OH happy shades—to me unblest !  
 Friendly to peace, but not to me !  
 How ill the scene, that offers rest,  
 And heart that cannot rest, agree !

## II.

This glassy stream, that spreading pine  
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,  
Might sooth a soul less hurt than mine,  
And please, if any thing could please.

## III.

But fix'd, unalterable Care  
Foregoes not what she feels within,  
Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,  
And slights the season and the scene.

## IV.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,  
While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,  
Her animating smile withdrawn,  
Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs

## V.

The saint or moralist should tread  
This moss-grown alley, musing, slow ;  
They seek like me the secret shade,  
But not like me to nourish wo !

## VI.

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste  
Alike admonish not to roam ;  
These tell me of enjoyments past,  
And those of sorrows yet to come.



## THE WINTER NOSEGAY

## I.

WHAT Nature, alas ! has denied  
To the delicate growth of our isle,  
Art has in a measure supplied,  
And winter is deck'd with a smile.

## MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

See, Mary, what beauties I bring  
 From the shelter of that sunny shed,  
 Where the flow'rs have the charms of the **spring**,  
 Though abroad they are frozen and dead,

## II.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,  
 Where Flora is still in her prime,  
 A fortress to which she retreats  
 From the cruel assaults of the clime  
 While earth wears a mantle of snow,  
 These pinks are as fresh and as gay  
 As the fairest and sweetest, that blow  
 On the beautiful bosom of May

## III.

See how they have safely surviv'd  
 The frowns of a sky so severe ;  
 Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd  
 Through many a turbulent year.  
 The charms of the late blowing rose  
 Seem'd grac'd with a livelier hue,  
 And the winter of sorrow best shows,  
 The truth of a friend such as you.



## MUTUAL FORBEARANCE

NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED

STATE.

THE Lady thus address'd her spouse—  
 What a mere dungeon is this house !  
 By no means large enough ; and was it,  
 Yet this dull room, and that dark closet.

Those hangings with their worn out graces,  
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,  
Are such an antiquated scene,  
They overwhelm me with the spleen.  
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,  
Makes answer quite beside the mark :  
No doubt, my dear ; I bade him come,  
Engag'd myself to be at home,  
And shall expect him at the door,  
Precisely when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf, the lady cried,  
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside,)  
You are so sadly deaf, my dear,  
What shall I do to make you hear ?

Dismiss poor Harry ! he replies ;  
Some people are more nice than wise,  
For one slight trespass all this stir ?  
What if he did ride whip and spur,  
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse  
Will never look one hair the worse.

Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing—  
Child ! I am rather hard of hearing—  
Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl  
I tell you, you can't hear at all !  
Then with a voice exceeding low,  
No matter if you hear or no.

Alas ! and is domestick stife,  
That sorest ill of human life,  
A plague so little to be fear'd,  
As to be wantonly incurr'd,  
To gratify a fretful passion,  
On ev'ry trivial provocation ?  
The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear ;  
And something ev'ry day they live,  
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.

But if infirmities, that fall  
In common to the lot of all,

A blemish or a sense impair'd,  
 Are crimes so little to be spar'd,  
 Then farewell all, that must create  
 The comfort of the wedded state ;  
 Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,  
 And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,  
 Proof against sickness and old age,  
 Preserv'd by virtue from declension,  
 Becomes not weary of attention ;  
 But lives, when that exterior grace,  
 Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.  
 'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,  
 To faults compassionate or blind,  
 And will with sympathy endure  
 Those evils, it would gladly cure :  
 But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,  
 Shows love to be a mere profession ;  
 Proves that the heart is none of his,  
 Or soon expels him if it is.



THE

## NEGRO'S COMPLAINT

FORC'D from home and all its pleasures  
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;  
 To increase a stranger's treasures,  
 O'er the raging billows borne.  
 Men from England bought and sold me,  
 Paid my price in paltry gold ;  
 But though slave they have enroll'd me,  
 Minds are never to be sold

## THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

209

Still in thought as free as ever,  
What are England's rights I ask,  
Me from my delights to sever,  
Me to torture, me to task ?  
Fleecy locks and black complexion,  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature  
Make the plant for which we toil—  
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.  
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,  
Lolling at your jovial boards ;  
Think how many backs have smarted  
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,  
Is there one, who reigns on high ?  
Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
Speaking from his throne, the sky ?  
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,  
Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
Are the means that duty urges  
Agents of his will to use ?

Hark ! he answers—wild tornadoes,  
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks ;  
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
Are the voice with which he speaks.  
He, foreseeing what vexations  
Afric's sons should undergo,  
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations  
Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,  
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain ;  
By the mis'ries that we tasted,  
Crossing in your barks the main ;

210      PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

By our suff'rings since ye brought us  
To the man-degrading mart ;  
All-sustain'd by patience, taught us  
Only by a broken heart ;

Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
Till some reason ye shall find  
Worthier of regard, and stronger  
Than the colour of our kind.  
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings  
Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,  
Prove that you have human feelings,  
Ere you proudly question ours !



PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

*Video meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor.....*

I OWN I am shock'd at the purchase of slaves,  
And fear those who buy them and sell them are  
knaves ;  
What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and  
groans,  
Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

I pity them greatly—but I must be mum—  
For how could we do without sugar and rum ?  
Especially sugar, so needful we see ?  
What, give up our desserts, our coffee, and tea !

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,  
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains :  
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,  
And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.



If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,  
Much more in behalf of your wish might be said ;  
But, while they get riches by purchasing blacks,  
Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks ?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind  
A story so pat, you may think it is coin'd  
On purpose to answer you out of my mint :  
But I can assure you I saw it in print :

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,  
Had once his integrity put to the test ;  
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answer'd—" Oh no !  
What ! rob our good neighbour ! I pray you don't go ;  
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,  
Then think of his children, for they must be fed "

" You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;  
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,  
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—" I see they will go ;  
Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !  
Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could  
But staying behind will do him no good.

" If the matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree ;  
But since they will take them, I think I'll go to,  
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenc'd, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;  
He blam'd and protested, but join'd in the plan :  
He shar'd in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE  
MORNING DREAM.



'Twas in the glad season of spring,  
Asleep at the dawn of the day,  
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,  
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.  
I dream'd, that on ocean afloat,  
Far hence to the westward I sail'd,  
While the billows high lifted the boat,  
And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd

In the steerage a woman I saw,  
Such at least was the form that she wore,  
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,  
Ne'er taught me by woman before.  
She sat, and a shield at her side  
Shed light like a sun on the waves,  
And smiling divinely, she cried—  
“ I go to make freemen of slaves.”—

Then raising her voice to a strain  
The sweetest that ear ever heard,  
She sung of the slave's broken chain,  
Wherever her glory appear'd.  
Some clouds, which had over us hung  
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,  
And methought while she liberty sung,  
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,  
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,  
Where a demon her enemy stood—  
Oppression his terrible name.

## THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM. 213

In his hand, as the sign of his sway,  
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,  
And stood looking out for his prey  
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,  
That goddess-like woman he view'd,  
The scourge he let fall from his hand,  
With blood of his subjects imbru'd.  
I saw him both sicken and die,  
And the moment the monster expir'd,  
Heard shouts that ascended the sky,  
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse.  
At what such a dream should betide :  
But soon my ear caught the glad news,  
Which serv'd my weak thought for a guide—  
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves  
For the hatred she ever has shown  
To the black-scepter'd rulers of slaves,  
Resolves to have none of her own.



THE

## NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
Had cheer'd the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite ;

214 THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM

When looking eagerly around,  
He spied far off upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;  
So stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.  
The worm aware of his intent,  
Harangu'd him thus right eloquent.

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,  
As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song ;  
For 'twas the self-same pow'r divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;  
That you with musick, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And warbling out his approbation,  
Releas'd him as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn  
Their real int'rest to discern ;  
That brother should not war with brother,  
And worry and devour each other ;  
But sing and shine by sweet consent,  
Till life's poor transient night is spent,  
Respecting in each other's case  
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,  
Who studiously make peace their aim ,  
Peace both the duty and the prize  
Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

ON A GOLDFINCH,

STARVED TO DEATH IN HIS CAGE



I.

TIME was when I was free as air,  
The thistle's downy seed my fare,  
My drink the morning dew ;  
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,  
My form genteel, my plumage gay,  
My strains for ever new.

II.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,  
And form genteel, were all in vain,  
And of a transient date ;  
For caught, and cag'd, and starv'd to death,  
In dying sighs my little breath  
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

III.

Thanks gentle swain, for all my woes,  
And thanks for this effectual close  
And cure of ev'ry ill !  
More cruelty could none express ;  
And I, if you had shown me less,  
Had been your pris'ner still.

THE

PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.



THE pine-apples in triple row,  
Were basking hot, and all in blow ;  
A bee of most discerning taste  
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd,  
On oager wing the spoiler came,  
And search'd for crannies in the frame,  
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,  
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied ;  
But still in vain, the frame was tight,  
And only pervious to the light ;  
Thus having wasted half the day,  
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Methinks, I said, in thee I find  
The sin and madness of mankind.  
To joys forbidden man aspires,  
Consumes his soul with vain desires ;  
Folly the spring of his pursuit,  
And disappointment all the fruit.  
While Cynthio ogles, as she passes,  
The nymph between two chariot glasses,  
She is the pine-apple, and he  
The silly unsuccessful bee.  
The maid, who views with pensive air  
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,  
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,  
But sighs at thought of empty pockets ;  
Like thine, her appetite is keen,  
But ah the cruel glass between.

Our dear delights are often such,  
Expos'd to view but not to touch ;

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE X. 21

The sight our foolish heart inflames,  
We long for pine-apples in frames ;  
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers ;  
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers ;  
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,  
Can gather honey from a weed.



HORACE, BOOK II. ODE X.



I.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,  
So shalt thou live beyond the reach  
Of adverse Fortune's pow'r ;  
Not always tempt the distant deep,  
Nor always timorously creep  
Along the treach'rous shore.

II.

He that holds fast the golden mean,  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
Nor plagues, that haunt the rich man's door,  
Imbitt'ring all his state.

III.

The tallest pine feels most the pow'r  
Of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tower  
Comes heaviest to the ground ;  
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,  
His cloud-capt eminence divide,  
And spread the ruin round.

## IV.

The well-inform'd philosopher  
 Rejoices with a wholesome fear,  
 And hopes in spite of pain ;  
 If winter bellow from the north,  
 Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,  
 And nature laughs again.

## V.

What if thine Heav'n be overcast,  
 The dark appearance will not last ;  
 Expect a brighter sky.  
 The God that strings the silver bow,  
 Awakes sometimes the muses too  
 And lays his arrows by.

## VI.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,  
 Thy magnanimity display,  
 And let thy strength be seen ;  
 But oh ! if Fortune fill thy sail  
 With more than a propitious gale,  
 Take half thy canvass in.

## A REFLECTION ON THE FOREGOING ODE.

AND is this all ? Can reason do no more,  
 Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore,  
 Sweet moralist ? afloat on life's rough sea,  
 The Christian has an art unknown to thee.  
 He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;  
 Where duty bids, he confidently steers,  
 Faces a thousand dangers at her call,  
 And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.



## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

I.

THE Nymph must lose her female friend,  
If more admir'd than she—  
But where will fierce contention end,  
If flow'rs can disagree ?

II.

Within the garden's peaceful scene  
Appear'd two lovely foes,  
Aspiring to the rank of queen,  
The Lily and the Rose.

III.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,  
And swelling with disdain,  
Appeal'd to many a poet's page,  
To prove her right to reign.

IV.

The Lily's height bespoke command,  
A fair imperial flow'r ;  
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,  
The sceptre of her pow'r.

V.

This civil bick'ring and debate  
The goddess chanc'd to hear,  
And flew to save, ere yet too late,  
The pride of the parterre ;

VI.

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,  
And yours the statelier mien :  
And till a third surpasses you,  
Let each be deem'd a queen

## VII.

Thus, sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks  
 The fairest British fair,  
 The seat of empire is her cheeks,  
 They reign united there.



## IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

## I.

HEU inimicitias quoties parit æmula forma,  
 Quam raro pulchræ pulchra placere potest ?  
 Sed fines ultra solitos discordia tendit,  
 Cum flores ipsos bilis et ira movent.

## II.

Hortus ubi dulces præbet tacitosque recusus,  
 Se rapit in partes gens animosa duas ;  
 Hic sibi regales Amaryllis candida cultus,  
 Illie purpureo vindicat ore Rosa.

## III.

Ira Rosam et meritis quæsitâ superbia tangunt,  
 Multaque ferventi vix cohibenda sinu,  
 Dum sibi fautorum ciet undique nomina vatam,  
 Jusque suum, multo carmine fulta, probat.

## IV.

Altior emicat illa, et celso vertice nutat,  
 Ceu flores inter non habitura parem,  
 Fastiditque alios, et nata videtur in usus  
 Imperii, sceptrum, Flora quod ipsa gerat.

## V.

Nec Dea non sensit civilis murmura rixæ,  
 Cui curæ est pietas pandere ruris opes.  
 Deliciasque suas nunquam non prompta tueri,  
 Dum licet et locus est, ut tueatur, adest.

## VI.

Et tibi forma datur procerior omnibus, inquit ;  
 Et tibi, principibus qui solet esse, color ;  
 Et donec vincat quædam formosior ambas,  
 Et tibi reginæ nomen, et esto tibi.

## VII.

His ubi sedatus furor est, petit utraque nympham,  
 Qualem inter Veneres Anglia sola parit ;  
 Hanc penes imperium est, nihil optant amplius, hujus  
 Regnant in nitidis, et sine lite, genis.



## THE POPLAR FIELD

THE poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade,  
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;  
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,  
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elaps'd since I last took a view  
 Of my fav'rite field, and the bank where they grew,  
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,  
 And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,  
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,  
 And the scene, where his melody charm'd me before,  
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hastening away,  
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,  
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,  
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead

Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,  
 To muse on the perishing pleasures of man ,

Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,  
Have a being less durable even than he.\*



### IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

POPULÆ cecidit gratissima copia silvæ,  
Conticuere susurri, omnisque evanuit umbra.  
Nullæ jam levibus se miscent frondibus auræ,  
Et nulla in fluvio ramorum ludit imago.

Hei mihi ! bis senos dum luctu torqueor annos,  
His cogor silvis suetoque carere recessu  
Cum sero rediens ; stratasque in gramine cernens,  
Insedî arboribus, sub queis errare solebam.

Ah ubi nunc merulæ cantus ? Felicior illum  
Silva tegit, duræ nondum permissa bipenni ;  
Scilicet exustos colles camposque patentes  
Odit, et indignans et non rediturus abivit.

Sed qui succisas doleo succidar et ipse,  
Et prius huic parillis quam creverit altera silva  
Fiebor, et, exequiis parvis donatus, habebo  
Defixum lapidem tumulique cubantis acervum.

Tam subito periisse videns tam digna manere,  
Agnosco humanas sortes et tristia fata—  
Sit licet ipse brevis, voluerique simillimus umbræ,  
Est homini brevior citiusque obitura voluptas.

\* Mr Cowper afterwards altered this last stanza in the following manner :

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,  
I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys ;  
Short-liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,  
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

## VOTUM.



O MATUTINI rores, auræque salubres,  
 O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,  
 Graminei colles, et amænæ in vallibus umbræ !  
 Fata modo dederint quas olim in rure paterno  
 Delicias, procul arte procul formidine novi,  
 Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea semper avebat,  
 Ante larem proprium placidam expectare senectam,  
 Tum demum. exactis non infeliciter annis,  
 Sortiri tacitum lapidem, aut sub cespide condi !



## CICINDELA.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

Sub sepe exiguum est, nec raro in margine ripæ,  
 Reptile, quod lucet nocte, dieque latet.  
 Vermis habet speciem, sed habet de lumine nomen ;  
 At prisca a fama non liquet, unde micet.  
 Plerique a cauda credunt procedere lumen ;  
 Nec desunt, credunt qui rutilare caput.  
 Nam superas stellas quæ nox accendit, et illi  
 Parcæ eadem lucem dat, moduloque parem.  
 Forsitan hoc prudens voluit Natura caveri,  
 Ne pede quis duro reptile contereret.  
 Exiguum, in tenebris ne gressum offenderet ullus,  
 Prætendi voluit forsitan illa facem.  
 Sive usum hunc Natura parens, seu maluit illum,  
 Haud frustra accensa est lux, radiique dati.  
 Ponite vos fastus, humiles nec spernite, magni ;  
 Quando habet et minimum reptile, quod niteat.

## I THE GLOW-WORM.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.



I.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream  
A worm is known to stray,  
That shows by night a lucid beam,  
Which disappears by day.

II.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,  
From whence his rays proceed ;  
Some give that honour to his tail,  
And others to his head.

III.

But this is sure—the hand of might,  
That kindles up the skies,  
Gives *him* a modicum of light  
Proportion'd to his size.

IV.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,  
By such a lamp bestow'd,  
To bid the traveller, as he went,  
Be careful where he trod ;

V.

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light  
Might serve, however small,  
So show a stumbling stone by night,  
And save him from a fall.

VI.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine  
Is legible and plain,  
'Tis pow'r almighty bids him shine,  
Nor bids him shine in vain.

CORNICULA.

225

VII.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme  
Teach humbler thoughts to you,  
Since such a reptile has its gem,  
And boasts its splendour too.



CORNICULA.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

NIGRAS inter aves avis est, quæ plurima turres,  
Antiquas ædes, celsaque Fana colit.  
Nil tam sublime est, quod non audace volatu,  
Aeriis spernens inferiora, petit.  
Quo nemo ascendat, cui non vertigo cerebrum  
Corripiat, certe hunc seligit illa locum.  
Quo vix a terra tu suspicis absque tremore,  
Illa metu expers incolumisque sedet.  
Lamina delubri supra fastigia, ventus  
Qua cœli spiret de regione, docet ;  
Hanc ea præ reliquis mavult, securi pericli,  
Nec curat, nedum cogitat, unde cadet.  
Res inde humanus, sed summa per otia, spectat,  
Et nihil ad sese, quas videt, esse videt.  
Concursus spectat, plateaque negotia in omni,  
Omnia pro nugis at sapienter habet.  
Clamores, quas infra audit, si forsitan audit,  
Pro rebus nihili negligit, et crocitat.  
Ille tibi invidet, felix Cornicula, pennas,  
Qui sic humanis rebusse velit

## II. THE JACKDAW.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.



I.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,  
And by the hoarseness of his note,  
Might be suppos'd a crow ;  
A great frequenter of the church,  
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,  
And dormitory too.

II.

Above the steeple shines a plate,  
That turns and turns to indicate  
From what point blows the weather ;  
Look up—your brains begin to swim,  
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,  
He chooses it the rather.

III.

Fond of the speculative height,  
Thither he wings his airy flight,  
And thence securely sees  
The bustle of the raree show,  
That occupy mankind below,  
Secure and at his ease.

IV.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses  
On future broken bones and bruises,  
If he should chance to fall.  
No: not a single thought like that  
Employs his philosophick pate,  
Or troubles it at all



## V.

He sees, that this great roundabout,  
 The world, with all its motley rout,  
 Church, army, physick, law,  
 Its customs, and its businesses,  
 Is no concern at all of his,  
 And says—what says he?—Caw.

## VI.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen  
 Much of the vanities of men ;  
 And, sick of having seen 'em,  
 Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
 For such a pair of wings as thine,  
 And such a head between 'em.



## AD GRILLUM

ANACREONTICUM.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

O QUI meæ culinæ  
 Argutulus choraules,  
 Et hospes es canorus,  
 Quacunq̄ue commoreris  
 Felicitatis omen ;  
 Jucundiore cantu  
 Siquando me salutes,  
 Et ipse te rependam,  
 Et ipse, qua valebo,  
 Remuncrabo musa.

## AD GRILLUM.

## II.

Diceris innocensque  
Et gratus inquilinus ;  
Nec victitans rapinis,  
Ut sorices voraces,  
Muresve curiosi,  
Furumque delicatum  
Vulgus domesticorum ;  
Sed tutus in camini  
Recessibus, quiete  
Contentus et calore.

## III.

Beatior Cicada,  
Quæ te referre forma,  
Quæ voce te videtur ;  
Et saltitans per herbas,  
Unius, haud secundæ,  
Æstatis est chorista ;  
Tu carmen integratum,  
Reponis ad Decembrem,  
Lætus per universum  
Incontinenter annum.

## IV.

Te nulla lux relinquit,  
Te nulla nox revisit,  
Non musicæ vacantem,  
Curisve non solutum :  
Quin amplius canendo,  
Quin amplius fruendo,  
Ætatulam, vel omni,  
Quam nos homunciones  
Absumimus querendo,  
Ætate longiorem.

### III. THE CRICKET.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.



#### I.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,  
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode,  
 Always harbinger of good,  
 Pay me for thy warm retreat  
 With a song more soft and sweet ·  
 In return thou shalt receive  
 Such a strain as I can give.

#### II.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd,  
 Inoffensive, welcome guest !  
 While the rat is on the scout,  
 And the mouse with curious snout,  
 With what vermin else infest  
 Ev'ry dish, and spoil the best ;  
 Frisking thus before the fire,  
 Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

#### III.

Though in voice and shape they be  
 Form'd as if akin to thee,  
 Thou surpassest, happier far,  
 Happiest grasshoppers that are ;  
 Theirs is but a summer's song,  
 Thine endures the winter long,  
 Unimpair'd, and shrill and clear,  
 Melody throughout the year.

## IV.

Neither night, nor dawn of day,  
 Puts a period to thy play ;  
 Sing then—and extend thy span  
 Far beyond the date of man.  
 Wretched man whose years are spent  
 In repining discontent,  
 Lives not, aged though he be,  
 Half a span compar'd with thee.



## SIMILE AGIT IN SIMILE

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

**CRISTATUS**, pictisque ad Thaida *Psittacus alis*,  
 Missus ab Eoo munus amante venit.  
 Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,  
 Archididascalie dat sibi Thais opus.  
*Psittace*, ait Thais, fingitque sonantia molle  
 Basia, quæ docilis molle refingit avis.  
 Jam captat, jam dimidiat tyrunculis ; et jam  
 Integrat auditos articulatque sonos.  
*Psittace* mi pulcher pulchelle, hera dicit alumno ;  
*Psittace* mi pulcher, reddit alumnus heræ.  
 Jamque canit, ridet, deciesque ægrotat in hora,  
 Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque suo.  
 Multaque scurratur mendax, et multa jocatur,  
 Et lepido populuâ detinet augurio.  
 Nunc tremulum illudet fratrem, qui suspicit, et Pol.  
 Carnalis, quisquis te docet, inquit, homo est ;  
 Argutæ nunc stridet anus argutulus instar ;  
 Respicit, et nebulo es, quisquis es, inquit anus.  
 Quando fuit melior tyro, meliorve magistra !  
 Quando duo ingeniis tam eoiere pares '  
 Ardua discenti nulla est, res nulla docenti  
 Ardua ; cum deceat femina, discat avis.

## IV. THE PARROT.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.



I.

IN painted plumes superbly dress'd,  
A native of the gorgeous east,  
By many a billow toss'd ;  
Poll gains at length the British shore,  
Part of the captain's precious store,  
A present to his toast.

II.

Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd  
To teach him now and then a word,  
As Poll can master it ;  
But 'tis her own important charge,  
To qualify him more at large,  
And make him quite a wit.

III.

Sweet Poll ! his doating mistress cries,  
Sweet Poll ! the mimick bird replies ;  
And calls aloud for sack.  
She next instructs him in the kiss ;  
'Tis now a little one, like Miss,  
And now a hearty smack.

IV.

At first he aims at what he hears ;  
And list'ning close with both his ears,  
Just catches at the sound ;  
But soon articulates aloud,  
Much to the amusement of the crowd,  
And stuns the neighbours round.

## TRANSLATION, &amp;c.

## V.

A querulous old woman's voice  
 His hum'rous talent next employs,  
 He scolds, and gives the lie.  
 And now he sings, and now is sick,  
 Here, Sally, Susan, come, come quick,  
 Poor Poll is like to die !

## VI.

Belinda and her bird ! 'tis rare  
 To meet with such a well-match'd pair,  
 The language and the tone,  
 Each character in ev'ry part  
 Sustain'd with so much grace and art,  
 And both in unison.

## VII.

When children first begin to spell,  
 And stammer out a syllable,  
 We think them tedious creatures ;  
 But difficulties soon abate,  
 When birds are to be taught to prate,  
 And women are the teachers.



## TRANSLATION

## OF

## PRIOR'S CHLOE AND EUPHELIA.



## I.

MERCATOR, vigiles oculos ut fallere possit,  
 Nomine sub ficto trans mare mittit opes ;  
 Lene sonat liquidumque meis Euphelia chordis,  
 Sed solam exoptant te, mea vota, Chloe.

## II.

Ad speculum ornabat nitidos Euphelia crines,  
 Cum dixit mea lux, heus, cane, sume lyram.  
 Namque lyram juxta positam cum carmine vidit  
 Suave quidem carmen dulcisonamque lyram

## III.

Fila lyræ vocemque paro, suspiria surgunt,  
 Et miscent numeris murmura mæsta meis  
 Dumque tuæ memoro laudes, Euphelia, formæ,  
 Tota anima interea pendet ab ore Chloes.

## IV.

Subrabet illa pudore, et contrahit altera frontem  
 Me torquet mea mens conscia, psallo, tremo ;  
 Atque Cupidinea, dixit Dea cincta corona,  
 Heu ! fallendi artem quam didicere parum.



## THE DIVERTING HISTORY

OF

## JOHN GILPIN ;

*Showing how he went further than he intended, and  
 came safe home again.*



JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
 Of credit and renown,  
 A trainband captain eke was he  
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
 Though wedded we have been  
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
 No holy-day have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, that's well said,  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnish'd with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;  
O'erjoy'd was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
Where they did all get in ;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.



Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad ;  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time  
Although it griev'd him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs,  
" The wine is left behind !"

Good lack ! quoth he—yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword,  
When I do exercise.

Now mistress Gilpin, (careful soul !)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So fair and softly, John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain,  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught ;  
Away went hat and wig ;  
He little dreamt when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung ;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all ;  
And ev'ry soul cried out, well done !  
As loud as he could bawl

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?  
His fame soon spread around,  
He carries weight ! he rides a race !  
'Tis for a thousand pound !

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle brac'd ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These merry gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about  
 On both sides of the way,  
 Just like unto a trundling mop,  
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
 From the balcony spied  
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much  
 To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin—Here's the house—  
 They all at once did cry ;  
 The dinner waits, and we are tir'd ;  
 Said Gilpin—So am I !

But yet his horse was not a whit  
 Inclin'd to tarry there ;  
 For why ?—his owner had a house  
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
 Shot by an archer strong ;  
 So did he fly—which brings me to  
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
 And sore against his will,  
 Till at his friend the calender's  
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see  
 His neighbour in such trim,  
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
 And thus accosted him :

What news? what news? your tidings tell ;  
 Tell me you must and shall—  
 Say why bareheaded you are come,  
 Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And lov'd a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

I came because your horse would come ;  
And, if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.

The calender right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Return'd him not a single word,  
But to the house went in :

Whence straight he came with hat and wig  
A wig that flow'd behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus show'd his ready wit,  
My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, it is my wedding day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,  
I am in haste to dine ;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast '  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,  
That drove them to the Bell,  
This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet,  
John coming back amain :  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frighted steed he frighted more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scamp'ring in the rear,  
They rais'd the hue and cry :—

Stop thief! stop thief! —a highwayman!  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that pass'd that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopp'd till where he did get up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,  
And Gilpin long live he ;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see !

## AN EPISTLE

TO

AN AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY

IN FRANCE.

*Madam,*

A STRANGER'S purpose in these lays  
 Is to congratulate, and not to praise.  
 To give the creature the Creator's due  
 Were sin in me, and an offence to you.  
 From man to man, or e'en to woman paid  
 Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,  
 A coin by Craft for Folly's use design'd,  
 Spurious, and only current with the blind.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ·  
 No trav'ler ever reach'd that blest abode,  
 Who found not thorns and briers in the road.  
 The World may dance along the flow'ry plain,  
 Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain,  
 Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,  
 With unshod feet they yet securely tread ;  
 Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,  
 Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.  
 But he, who knew what human hearts would prove,  
 How slow to learn the dictates of his love,  
 That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,  
 A life of ease would make them harder still,



In pity to the souls his grace design'd  
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,  
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,  
And said, " Go, spend them in the vale of tears."  
O balmy gales of soul-reviving air !  
O salutary streams that murmur there !  
These flowing from the fount of grace above,  
Those breath'd from lips of everlasting love.  
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys ;  
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys ;  
An envious world will interpose its frown,  
To mar delights superiour to its own :  
And many a pang, experienc'd still within  
Remind them of their hated inmate, sin ;  
But ills of ev'ry shade and ev'ry name,  
Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel aim ;  
And ev'ry moment's calm, that soothes the breast,  
Is giv'n in earnest of eternal rest

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast  
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste !  
No shepherds' tents within thy view appear,  
But the chief Shepherd even there is near ;  
Thy tender sorrows, and thy plaintive strain  
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain ;  
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,  
And ev'ry drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—  
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,  
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

TO THE

REV. W. CAWTHORNE UNWIN.



I.

UNWIN, I should but ill repay  
The kindness of a friend,  
Whose worth deserves as warm a lay,  
As ever friendship penn'd,  
Thy name omitted in a page  
That would reclaim a vicious age.

II.

A union form'd, as mine with thee,  
Not rashly, nor in sport,  
May be as fervent in degree,  
And faithful in its sort,  
And may as rich in comfort prove,  
As that of true fraternal love.

III.

The bud inserted in the rind,  
The bud of peach or rose,  
Adorns, though diff'ring in its kind,  
The stock whereon it grows,  
With flow'r as sweet, or fruit as fair,  
As if produc'd by Nature there.

IV.

Not rich, I render what I may,  
I seize thy name in haste,  
And place it in this first essay,  
Lest this should prove the last.  
'Tis where it should be—in a plan,  
That holds in view the good of man.

V.

The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,  
Should be the poet's heart ;  
Affection lights a brighter flame  
Than ever blaz'd by art.  
No muses on these lines attend,  
I sink the poet in the friend.

END OF VOL. I.

Of a more free and easy temper  
I should not have been so surpris'd  
To find you thus, and so surpris'd  
To find you thus, and so surpris'd  
To find you thus, and so surpris'd

1700



1878

W. H. ...

...

...

...

P O E M S,

BY

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TOGETHER WITH HIS

POSTHUMOUS POETRY,

AND

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

BY JOHN JOHNSON, LL. D.

---

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE.

---

NEW EDITION.

BOSTON  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & CO.,  
110 WASHINGTON STREET.

---

1849.

P O E M S

BY

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE FIRST OF WHICH IS

ENTITLED, THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE SECOND OF WHICH IS

ENTITLED, THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY JOHN JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

1785.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

Price 1s. 6d.

Half-bound in Paper, 1s.

Half-bound in Leather, 2s.

Bound in Leather, 3s.

Bound in Leather, 4s.

Bound in Leather, 5s.

Bound in Leather, 6s.

Bound in Leather, 7s.

Bound in Leather, 8s.



## ADVERTISEMENT.



**THE** history of the following production, is briefly **this** : A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the **Sofa** for a subject. He obeyed ; and, having much leisure, connected another subject with it ; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth, at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a **Volume** !

In the poem on the subject of Education, he would be very sorry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are suscepti-

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

ble of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention : and the aching hearts of ten thousand parents, mourning under the bitterness of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel, therefore, is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

## CONTENTS.



THE TASK, in Six books.	Page
Book I. The Sofa, - - - - -	7
II. The Time-piece, - - - - -	29
III. The Garden, - - - - -	52
IV. The Winter Evening, - - - - -	76
V. The Winter Morning Walk, - - - - -	98
VI. The Winter Walk at noon, - - - - -	123
Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq. - - - - -	155
Tirocinium: or, a Review of Schools, - - - - -	ib.
To the Reverend Mr. Newton, - - - - -	180
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk, - - - - -	181
Friendship, - - - - -	185
The Moralizer corrected, - - - - -	191
Catharina, - - - - -	193
The Faithful Bird, - - - - -	195
The Needless Alarm, - - - - -	196
Boadicea, - - - - -	200
Heroism, - - - - -	202
On a mischievous Bull, which the Owner of him sold at the Author's instance, - - - - -	205
Annus Memorabilis, 1789. Written in commemoration of his majesty's happy's recovery, - - - - -	206
Hymn for the use of the Sunday School at Olney, - - - - -	208

	Page
Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality for the year 1787, - - - - -	209
The same for 1788, - - - - -	211
The same for 1789, - - - - -	213
The same for 1790, - - - - -	214
The same for 1792, - - - - -	216
The same for 1793, - - - - -	218
Inscription for the tomb of Mr. Hamilton, - -	220
Epitaph on a Hare, - - - - -	ib.
Epitaphium Alterum, - - - - -	222
Account of the Author's treatment of Hares, -	223

# THE TASK.

BOOK I.

---

---

## THE SOFA.

---

---

### ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Historical deduction of seats, from the Stool to the Sofa—A Schoolboy's ramble—A walk in the country—The scene described—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful—Another walk—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected—Colonnades commended—Alcove, and the view from it—The wilderness—The grove—The thresher—The necessity and benefit of exercise—The works of nature superiour to, and in some instances inimitable by, art—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure—Change of scene sometimes expedient—A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced—Gipsies—The blessings of civilized life—That state most favourable to virtue—The South Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai—His present state of mind supposed—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured—Fête champêtre—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminaey upon our public measures.

---

I SING the *Sofa*. I, who lately sang  
Truth, Hope, and Charity,\* and touch'd with awe  
The solemn chords, and, with a trembling hand,  
Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,  
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme ; 5  
The theme, though humble, yet august and proud  
Th' occasion—for the fair commands the song.  
Time was, when clothing, sumptuous or for use,  
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.  
As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth, 10  
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile :  
The hardy chief, upon the rugged rock  
Wash'd by the sea, or on the gravelly bank

\* See Poems, Vol. I.

Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,  
 Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength. 15  
 Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next  
 The birthday of Invention ; weak at first,  
 Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.  
 Joint-stools were then created ; on three legs  
 Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm 20  
 A massy slab, in fashion square or round.  
 On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,  
 And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms :  
 And such in ancient halls and mansions drear  
 May still be seen ; but perforated sore, 25  
 And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,  
 By worms voracious eating through and through.  
 At length a generation more refin'd  
 Improv'd the simple plan ; made three legs four,  
 Gave them a twisted form vermicular, 30  
 And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,  
 Induc'd a splendid cover, green and blue,  
 Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought  
 And woven close, or needlework sublime.  
 There might ye see the piony spread wide, 35  
 The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,  
 Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,  
 And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.  
 Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright,  
 With nature's varnish ; sever'd into stripes, 40  
 That interlac'd each other, these supplied  
 Of texture firm a lattice-work, that brac'd  
 The new machine, and it became a chair.  
 But restless was the chair ; the back erect  
 Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease ; 45  
 The slipp'ry seat betrayed the sliding part  
 That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,  
 Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.  
 These for the rich ; the rest, whom Fate had plac'd  
 In modest mediocrity, content 50  
 With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,

THE SOFA.

9

Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,  
 With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,  
 Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fix'd,  
 If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd 55  
 Than the firm oak, of which the frame was form'd.  
 No want of timber then was felt or fear'd  
 In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood  
 Pond'rous and fix'd by its own massy weight.  
 But elbows still were wanting; these, some say, 60  
 An alderman of Cripplegate contrived;  
 And some ascribe th' invention to a priest  
 Burly, and big, and studious of his ease.  
 But rude at first, and not with easy slope  
 Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs, 65  
 And bruise'd the side; and, elevated high,  
 Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears.  
 Long time elaps'd or e'er our rugged sires  
 Complain'd, though incommo'diously pent in,  
 And ill at ease behind. The ladies first 70  
 'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.  
 Ingenious Fancy, never better pleas'd  
 Than when employ'd t' accommodate the fair,  
 Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd  
 The soft settee; one elbow at each end, 75  
 And in the midst an elbow it receiv'd,  
 United, yet divided, twain at once.  
 So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne;  
 And so two citizens, who take the air,  
 Close pack'd, and smiling, in a chaise and one. 80  
 But relaxation of the languid frame,  
 By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs,  
 Was bliss reserv'd for happier days. So slow  
 The growth of what is excellent; so hard  
 T' attain perfection in this nether world. 85  
 Thus first Necessity invented stools,  
 Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,  
 And Luxury th' accomplish'd *Sofa* last.

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick  
 Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he, 90  
 Who quits the coach-box at a midnight hour,  
 To sleep within the carriage more secure,  
 His legs depending at the open door.  
 Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,  
 The tedious rector drawing o'er his head ; 95  
 And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep  
 Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead ;  
 Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour  
 To slumber in the carriage more secure ;  
 Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk ; 100  
 Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are sweet,  
 Compar'd with the repose the *Sofa* yields.

O may I live exempted (while I live  
 Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)  
 From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe 105  
 Of libertine Excess. The *Sofa* suits  
 The gouty limb, 'tis true : but gouty limb,  
 Though on a *Sofa*, may I never feel :  
 For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes  
 Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep, 110  
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm  
 Of thorny boughs ; have lov'd the rural walk  
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,  
 E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds  
 T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames ; 115  
 And still remember, not without regret,  
 Of hours, that sorrow since has much endear'd,  
 How oft, my slice of pocket store consum'd,  
 Still hung'ring, pennyless, and far from home,  
 I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws, 120  
 Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss  
 The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.  
 Hard fare ! but such as boyish appetite  
 Disdains not ; nor the palate, undeprav'd  
 By culinary arts, unsav'ry deems. 125



No *Sofa* then awaited my return ;  
 Nor *Sofa* then I needed. Youth repairs  
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil  
 Incurring short fatigue ; and, though our years,  
 As life declines, speed rapidly away, 130  
 And not a year but pilfers as he goes  
 Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep ;  
 A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees  
 Their length and colour from the locks they spare ;  
 The elastick spring of an unwearied foot, 135  
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence ;  
 That play of lungs, inhaling and again  
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes  
 Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,  
 Mine have not pilfer'd yet ; nor yet impair'd 140  
 My relish of fair prospect ; scenes that sooth'd  
 Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find  
 Still soothing, and of pow'r to charm me still.  
 And witness, dear companion of my walks,  
 Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive 145  
 Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,  
 Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth  
 And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—  
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.  
 Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere, 150  
 And that my raptures are not conjur'd up  
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,  
 But genuine, and art partner of them all.  
 How oft upon yon eminence our pace  
 Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne 155  
 The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,  
 While Admiration, feeding at the eye,  
 And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene  
 Thence, with what pleasure have we just discern'd  
 The distant plough slow moving, and beside 160  
 His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,  
 The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy !  
 Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain

Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,  
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course **165**  
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,  
 Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,  
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;  
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,  
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale, **170**  
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;  
 Displaying on its varied side the grace  
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,  
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells  
 Just undulates upon the list'ning ear, **175**  
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.  
 Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view'd  
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.  
 Praise justly due to those that I describe. **180**  
 Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,  
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
 The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,  
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood  
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike **185**  
 The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,  
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;  
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,  
 And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.  
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar **190**  
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
 Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip  
 Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall  
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length  
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green **195**  
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.  
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,  
 But animated nature sweeter still,  
 To sooth and satisfy the human ear.  
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one **200**  
 The livelong night ; nor these alone, whose notes

THE SOFA.

13

Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,  
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime  
 In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,  
 The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl, 205  
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me,  
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,  
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,  
 And only there, please highly for their sake.  
 Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought 210  
 Devis'd the weatherhouse, that useful toy !  
 Fearless of humid air and gath'ring rains,  
 Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself !  
 More delicate his tim'rous mate retires.  
 When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet, 215  
 Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,  
 Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,  
 The task of new discov'ries falls on me.  
 At such a season, and with such a charge,  
 Once went I forth ; and found, till then unknown, 220  
 A cottage, whither oft we since repair :  
 'Tis perch'd upon the green hill top, but close  
 Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,  
 That overhang the thatch, itself unseen  
 Peeps at the vale below ; so thick beset 225  
 With foliage of such dark redundant growth,  
 I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the *peasant's nest*.  
 And, hidden as it is, and far remote  
 From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear  
 In village or in town, the bay of curs 230  
 Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,  
 And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd,  
 Oft have I wish'd the peaceful coveret mine.  
 Here, I have said, at least I should possess  
 The poet's treasure, Silence, and indulge 235  
 The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.  
 Vain thought ! the dweller in that still retreat  
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.  
 Its elevated site forbids the wretch

To drink sweet waters of the crystal well ;                    240  
 He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,  
 And, heavy laden, brings his bev'rage home,  
 Far fetch'd and little worth ; nor seldom waits,  
 Dependent on the baker's punctual call,  
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door,                    245  
 Angry, and sad, and his last crust consum'd.  
 So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest* !  
 If solitude make scant the means of life,  
 Society for me !—thou seeming sweet,  
 Be still a pleasing object in my view ;                    250  
 My visit still, but never mine abode.  
     Not distant far, a length of colonnade  
 Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,  
 Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.  
 Our fathers knew the value of a screen                    255  
 From sultry suns : and, in their shaded walks  
 And long protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon  
 The gloom and coolness of declining day.  
 We bear our shades about us ; self-depriv'd  
 Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,                    260  
 And range an Indian waste without a tree.  
 Thanks to Benevolus\*—he spares me yet  
 These chestnuts rang'd in corresponding lines ;  
 And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves  
 The obsolete prolixity of shade.                    265  
     Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)  
 A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,  
 We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip  
 Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.  
 Hence, ankle deep in moss and flow'ry thyme,                    270  
 We mount again, and feel at ev'ry step  
 Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,  
 Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.  
 He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,  
 Disfigures Earth : and, plotting in the dark,                    275

\* John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston Under-wood.

THE SOFA.

15

Toils much to earn a monumental pile  
 That may record the mischief he has done.  
 The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove  
 That crowns it ! yet not all its pride secures  
 The grand retreat from injuries impress'd 280  
 By rural carvers, who with knives deface  
 The panels, leaving an obscure, rude name,  
 In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.  
 So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself  
 Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a few, 285  
 Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd  
 Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,  
 And even to a clown. Now roves the eye ;  
 And, posted on this speculative height,  
 Exults in its command. The sheepfold here 290  
 Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.  
 At first, progressive as a stream, they seek  
 The middle field ; but, scatter'd by degrees,  
 Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.  
 There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps  
 The loaded wain ; while, lighten'd of its charge, 295  
 The wain that meets it passes swiftly by ;  
 The boorish driver leaning o'er his team  
 Vociferous, and impatient of delay.  
 Nor less attractive is the woodland scene, 300  
 Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth,  
 Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks  
 Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,  
 Within the twilight of their distant shades ;  
 There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood 305  
 Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.  
 No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
 Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,  
 And of a wannish gray ; the willow such,  
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf, 310  
 And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm ;  
 Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,  
 Lord of the woods, the long surviving oak.

Some glossy leav'd, and shining in the sun,  
 The maple and the beech of oily nuts **315**  
 Prolifick, and the lime at dewy eve  
 Diffusing odours : nor unnoted pass  
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
 Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet  
 Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright.  
 O'er those, but, far beyond (a spacious map **321**  
 Of hill and valley interpos'd between)  
 The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,  
 Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,  
 As bashful, yet impatient to be seen. **325**  
 Hence the declivity is sharp and short,  
 And such the reascent ; between them weeps  
 A little naiad her impov'rish'd urn  
 All summer long, which winter fills again.  
 The folded gates would bar my progress now, **330**  
 But that the lord\* of this enclos'd demesne,  
 Communicative of the good he owns,  
 Admits me to a share ; the guiltless eye  
 Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.  
 Refreshing change ! where now the blazing sun ? **335**  
 By short transition we have lost his glare,  
 And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.  
 Ye fallen avenues ! once more I mourn  
 Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice  
 That yet a remnant of your race survives. **340**  
 How airy and how light the graceful arch,  
 Yet awful as the consecrated roof  
 Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath  
 The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood  
 Brush'd by the wind So sportive is the light **345**  
 Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,  
 Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,  
 And dark'ning, and enlight'ning, as the leaves  
 Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot.  
 And now, with nerves new brac'd and spirits cheer'd,

\* See the foregoing note.

We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks, 351  
 With curvature of slow and easy sweep—  
 Deception innocent—give ample space  
 To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next ;  
 Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms 355  
 We may discern the thresher at his task.  
 Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,  
 That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls  
 Full on the destin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff,  
 The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist 360  
 Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.  
 Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,  
 And sleep not ; see him sweating o'er his bread  
 Before he eats it.— 'Tis the primal curse,  
 But soften'd into mercy ; made the pledge 365  
 Of cheerful days and nights without a groan.  
 By ceaseless action all that is subsists.  
 Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel  
 That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,  
 Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads 370  
 An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves :  
 Its own revolency upholds the World,  
 Winds from all quarters agitate the air,  
 And fit the limpid element for use,  
 Else noxious ; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams, 375  
 All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd  
 By restless undulation : e'en the oak  
 Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm :  
 He seems indeed indignant, and to feel  
 Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain, 380  
 Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm  
 He held the thunder · but the monarch owes  
 His firm stability to what he scorns,  
 More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.  
 The law, by which all creatures else are bound, 385  
 Binds man, the Lord of all. Himself derives  
 No mean advantage from a kindred cause,  
 From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.

The sedentary stretch their lazy length  
 When Custom bids, but no refreshment find, 390  
 For none they need : the languid eye, the cheek  
 Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,  
 And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,  
 Reproach their owner with that love of rest,  
 To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves. 395  
 Not such the alert and active. Measure life  
 By its true worth, the comforts it affords,  
 And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.  
 Good health, and its associate in the most,  
 Good temper ; spirits prompt to undertake, 400  
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous task ;  
 The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are theirs ;  
 E'en age itself seems privileg'd in them  
 With clear exemption from its own defects.  
 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front 405  
 The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray beard  
 With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave  
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay.  
 Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,  
 Furthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine 410  
 Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.  
 The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,  
 Is nature's dictate. Strange ! there should be found,  
 Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,  
 Renounce the odours of the open field 415  
 For the unscented fictions of the loom ;  
 Who, satisfied with only pencill'd scenes,  
 Prefer to the performance of a God  
 Th' inferiour wonders of an artist's hand !  
 Lovely indeed the mimick works of Art ; 420  
 But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,  
 None more admires the painter's magick skill ;  
 Who shows me that which I shall never see,  
 Conveys a distant country into mine,  
 And throws Italian light on English walls : 425  
 But imitative strokes can do no more



Than please the eye—sweet Nature's ev'ry sense  
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,  
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,  
 And musick of her woods—no works of man 430  
 May rival these, these all bespeak a pow'r  
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own.  
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;  
 'Tis free to all—'tis ev'ry day renew'd ;  
 Who scorns it starves deservedly at home. 435  
 He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long  
 In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey  
 To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank  
 And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,  
 Escapes at last to liberty and light : 440  
 His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue ;  
 His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires ;  
 He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,  
 And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze.  
 He does not scorn it, who has long endur'd 445  
 A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.  
 Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd  
 With acrid salts ; his very heart athirst,  
 To gaze at Nature in her green array,  
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd 450  
 With visions prompted by intense desire ;  
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left  
 Far distant, such as he would die to find—  
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.  
 The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ; 455  
 The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,  
 And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,  
 And mar, the face of Beauty, when no cause  
 For such immeasurable wo appears,  
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair 460  
 Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.  
 It is the constant revolution, stale  
 And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,  
 That palls and satiates, and makes languid life

A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down. 465  
 Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart  
 Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast  
 Is famish'd—finds no musick in the song,  
 No smartness in the jest ; and wonders why.  
 Yet thousands still desire to journey on, 470  
 Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.  
 The paralytick, who can hold her cards,  
 But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand,  
 To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort  
 Her mingled suits and sequences ; and sits, 475  
 Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad  
 And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.  
 Others are dragg'd into a crowded room  
 Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit,  
 Through downright inability to rise, 480  
 Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.  
 These speak a loud memento. Yet e'en these  
 Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he  
 That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.  
 They love it, and yet loathe it ; fear to die, 485  
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.  
 Then wherefore not renounce them ? No—the dread,  
 The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds  
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,  
 And their invet'rate habits, all forbid. 490  
 Whom call we gay ? That honour has been long  
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name.  
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,  
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,  
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams 495  
 Of day spring overshoot his humble nest.  
 The peasant too, a witness of his song,  
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.  
 But save me from the gayety of those,  
 Whose headachs nail them to a noonday bed ; 500  
 And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes  
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs

For property stripp'd off by cruel chance ;  
 From gayety, that fills the bones with pain,  
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with wo. 505  
 The earth was made so various, that the mind  
 Of desultory man, studious of change,  
 And pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd.  
 Prospects, however lovely, may be seen  
 Till half their beauties fade : the weary sight 510  
 Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off,  
 Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.  
 Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,  
 Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,  
 Delight us ; happy to renounce awhile, 515  
 Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,  
 That such short absence may endear it more.  
 Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,  
 That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts  
 Above the reach of man. His hoary head, 520  
 Conspicuous many a league, the mariner  
 Bound homeward, and in hope already there,  
 Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist  
 A girle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,  
 And at his feet the baffled billows die. 525  
 The common, overgrown with fern, and rough  
 With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,  
 And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom,  
 And decks itself with ornaments of gold,  
 Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf 530  
 Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs  
 And fungus fruits of earth, regales the sense  
 With luxury of unexpected sweets.  
 There often wanders one, whom better days  
 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd 535  
 With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound,  
 A serving maid was she, and fell in love  
 With one who left her, went to sea, and died.  
 Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves  
 To distant shores ; and she would sit and weep 540

At what a sailor suffers ; fancy too,  
 Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
 And dream of transports she was not to know.  
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death— 545  
 And never smil'd again ! and now she roams  
 The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,  
 And there, unless when charity forbids,  
 The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,  
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown 550  
 More tatter'd still ; and both but ill conceal  
 A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.  
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
 And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food, 554  
 Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,  
 Though pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz'd.  
 I see a column of slow rising smoke  
 O'er top the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.  
 A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
 Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung 560  
 Between two poles upon a stick transverse,  
 Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,  
 Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd  
 From his accustom'd perch. Hard faring race !  
 They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge, 565  
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched  
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
 Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,  
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim.  
 Great skill have they in palmistry, and more 570  
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,  
 Conveying worthless dross into its place ;  
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal  
 Strange ! that a creature rational, and cast  
 In human mould, should brutalize by choice 575  
 His nature ; and, though capable of arts,  
 By which the world might profit, and himself  
 Self-banish'd from society, prefer

Such squalid sloth to honourable toil !  
 Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft 580  
 They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,  
 And vex their flesh with artificial sores,  
 Can change their whine into a mirthful note,  
 When safe occasion offers ; and with dance,  
 And musick of the bladder and the bag, 585  
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.  
 Such health and gayety of heart enjoy  
 The houseless rovers of the sylvan world ;  
 And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,  
 Need other physick none to heal th' effects 590  
 Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd  
 By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,  
 Where man by nature fierce, has laid aside  
 His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,  
 The manners and the arts of civil life. 596  
 His wants indeed are many ; but supply  
 Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach  
 Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands.  
 Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil ; 600  
 Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,  
 And terrible to sight, as when she springs,  
 (If e'er she spring spontaneous,) in remote  
 And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails,  
 And strength is lord of all ; but gentle, kind, 605  
 By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,  
 And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd.

War and the chase engross the savage whole ;  
 War follow'd for revenge or to supplant  
 The envied tenants of some happier spot : 610  
 The chase for sustenance, precarious trust :  
 His hard condition with severe constraint  
 Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth  
 Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns  
 Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate, 615  
 Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.

Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north,  
 And thus the rangers of the western world,  
 Where it advances far into the deep,  
 Tow'rd's the antarctick. E'en the favour'd isles 620  
 So lately found, although the constant sun  
 Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,  
 Can boast but little virtue ; and inert  
 Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain  
 In manners—victims of luxurious ease. 625  
 These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote  
 From all that science traces, art invents,  
 Or inspiration teaches ; and enclos'd  
 In boundless oceans never to be pass'd  
 By navigators uninform'd as they, 630  
 Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again .  
 But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,  
 Thee, gentle savage !\* whom no love of thee  
 Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,  
 Or else vain glory, prompted us to draw 635  
 Forth from thy native bow'rs, to show thee here  
 With what superiour skill we can abuse  
 The gifts of Providence, and squander life.  
 The dream is past ; and thou hast found again  
 Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams, 640  
 And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou  
 found  
 Their former charms ? And, having seen our state,  
 Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp  
 Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,  
 And heard our musick ; are thy simple friends, 644  
 Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,  
 As dear to thee as once ? And have thy joys  
 Lost nothing by comparison with ours ?  
 Rude as thou art, (for we return'd thee rude  
 And ignorant, except of outward show,) 650  
 I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart  
 And spiritless, as never to regret

\* Omai.

## THE SOFA.

25

Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.  
 Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,  
 And asking of the surge, that bathes thy foot, 655  
 If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.  
 I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,  
 A patriot's for his country : thou art sad  
 At thought of her forlorn and abject state,  
 From which no pow'r of thine can raise her up. 660  
 Thus fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,  
 Perhaps errs little, when she paints thee thus.  
 She tells me too, that duly ev'ry morn  
 Thou climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye  
 Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste 665  
 For sight of ship from England. Ev'ry speck  
 Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale  
 With conflict of contending hopes and fears.  
 But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,  
 And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepar'd 670  
 To dream all night of what the day denied.  
 Alas ! expect it not. We found no bait  
 To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,  
 Disinterested good, is not our trade.  
 We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought ; 675  
 And must be brib'd to compass Earth again  
 By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.  
 But though true worth and virtue in the mild  
 And genial soil of cultivated life  
 Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there, 680  
 Yet not in cities oft : in proud, and gay,  
 And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,  
 As to a common and most noisome sewer,  
 The dregs and feculence of every land.  
 In cities, foul example on most minds 685  
 Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds,  
 In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth, and lust,  
 And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.  
 In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,  
 Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught 690

By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there  
 Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.  
 I do confess them nurseries of the arts,  
 In which they flourish most ; where in the beams  
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye **695**  
 Of publick note, they reach their perfect size.  
 Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd  
 The fairest capital of all the world,  
 By riot and incontinence the worst.  
 There touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes **700**  
 A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees  
 All her reflected features. Bacon there  
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,  
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.  
 Nor does the chisel occupy alone **705**  
 The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much ;  
 Each province of her art her equal care.  
 With nice incision of her guided steel  
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil  
 So sterile with what charms soe'er she will, **710**  
 The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.  
 Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,  
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk  
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?  
 In London. Where her implements exact, **715**  
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans,  
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now  
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world ?  
 In London. Where has commerce such a mart,  
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied, **720**  
 As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still  
 Increasing London ? Babylon of old  
 Not more the glory of the Earth, than she,  
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.  
 She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two, **725**  
 That so much beauty would do well to purge ;  
 And show this queen of cities, that so fair,  
 May yet be foul ; so witty, yet not wise



## THE SOFA.

27

It is not seemly, nor of good report,  
 That she is slack in discipline ; more prompt 730  
 T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law :  
 That she is rigid in denouncing death  
 On petty robbers, and indulges life,  
 And liberty, and oft-times honour too,  
 To peculators of the public gold : 735  
 That thieves at home must hang ; but he that puts  
 Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse  
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.  
 Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,  
 That, through profane and infidel contempt 740  
 Of holy writ, she has presum'd t' annul  
 And abrogate, as roundly as she may,  
 The total ordinance and will of God ;  
 Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,  
 And centring all authority in modes 745  
 And customs of her own, till sabbath rites  
 Have dwindled into unrespected forms,  
 And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd.  
 God made the country, and man made the town.  
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts 750  
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught  
 That life holds out to all, should most abound  
 And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves ?  
 Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about  
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue 755  
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes  
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still  
 Your element, there only can ye shine ;  
 There only minds like yours can do no harm.  
 Our groves were planted to console at noon 760  
 The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve  
 The moon-beam, sliding softly in between  
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,  
 Birds warbling all the musick. We can spare  
 The splendour of your lamps ; they but eclipse 765  
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound

Our more harmonious notes : the thrush departs  
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.  
There is a publick mischief in your mirth ;  
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours, 770  
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,  
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,  
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,  
A mutilated structure soon to fall.

# THE TASK.

## BOOK II.

---

### THE TIME-PIECE.

---

#### ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book—Peace among the nations recommended on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow—Prodigies enumerated—Sicilian earthquakes—Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin—God the agent in them—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved—Our own late miscarriages accounted for—Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainbleau—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation—The Reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons—Petit-maitre parson—The good preacher—Picture of a theatrical clerical coxcomb—Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved—Apostrophe to popular applause—Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with—Sum of the whole matter—Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity—Their folly and extravagance—The mischiefs of profusion—Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

---

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more ! My ear is pain'd,           5  
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart ;  
It does not feel for man ; the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax,               10

That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
 Not colour'd like his own ; and having pow'r  
 T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
 Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey. 15  
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
 Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd  
 Make enemies of nations, who had else  
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.  
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ; 20  
 And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,  
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat  
 With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart,  
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast. 25  
 Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,  
 And having human feelings, does not blush,  
 And hang his head, to think himself a man ?  
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, 30  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd  
 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
 Just estimation priz'd above all price,  
 I had much rather be myself the slave, 35  
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
 We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad ?  
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave  
 That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.  
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs 40  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;  
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,  
 And let it circulate through ev'ry vein 45  
 Of all your empire: that, where Britain's pow'r  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.  
 Sure there is need of social intercourse,

THE TIME-PIECE.

31

Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,  
 Between the nations, in a world that seems 50  
 To toll the death-bell of its own decease,  
 And by the voice of all its elements  
 To preach the gen'ral doom.\* When were the winds  
 Let slip with such a warrant to destroy ?  
 When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap 55  
 Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry ?  
 Fires from beneath, and meteors† from above,  
 Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,  
 Have kindled beacons in the skies ; and th' old  
 And crazy Earth has had her shaking fits 60  
 More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.  
 Is it a time to wrangle, when the props  
 And pillars of our planet seem to fail,  
 And Nature with a dim and sickly eye‡  
 To wait the close of all ? But grant her end 65  
 More distant, and that prophecy demands  
 A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet ;  
 Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak  
 Displeasure in his breast who smites the Earth 70  
 Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.  
 And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve  
 And stand expos'd by common peccancy  
 To what no few have felt, there should be peace,  
 And brethren in calamity should love.  
 Alas for Sicily ! rude fragments now 75  
 Lie scatter'd, where the shapely columns stood.  
 Her palaces are dust. In all her streets  
 The voice of singing and the sprightly chord  
 Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,  
 Suffer a syncope and solemn pause ; 80  
 While God performs upon the trembling stage  
 Of his own works his dreadful part alone.  
 How does the earth receive him ? with what signs

\* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.

† August, 18, 1783.

‡ Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

Of gratulation and delight her king ?  
 Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad, 85  
 Her sweetest flow'rs, her aromattick gums,  
 Disclosing Paradise where'er he treads ?  
 She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,  
 Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps  
 And fiery caverns roars beneath his foot. 90  
 The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,  
 For he has touch'd them. From th' extremest point  
 Of elevation down into the abyss  
 His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.  
 The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise, 95  
 The rivers die into offensive pools,  
 And, charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe a gross  
 And mortal nuisance into all the air.  
 What solid was, by transformation strange,  
 Grows fluid ; and the fix'd and rooted earth, 100  
 Tormented into billows, heavens and swells,  
 Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl  
 Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense  
 The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs  
 And agonies of human and of brute 105  
 Multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry side,  
 And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene  
 Migrates uplifted : and, with all its soil  
 Alighting in far distant fields, finds out  
 A new possessor, and survives the change. 110  
 Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought  
 To an enormous and o'erbearing height,  
 Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice  
 Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore  
 Resistless. Never such a sudden flood, 115  
 Upridg'd so high, and sent on such a charge,  
 Possess'd an inland scene. Where now the throng  
 That press'd the beach, and, hasty to depart,  
 Look'd to the sea for safety ? They are gone,  
 Gone with the refluent wave into the deep— 120  
 A prince with half his people ! Ancient tow'rs,

And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes  
 Where beauty oft and letter'd worth consume  
 Life in the unproductive shades of death,  
 Fall prone : the pale inhabitants come forth,      125  
 And, happy in their unforeseen release  
 From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy  
 The terrors of the day that sets them free.  
 Who, then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast  
 Freedom ! whom they that lose thee so regret,      130  
 That e'en a judgment, making way for thee,  
 Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake ?  
 Such evil Sin hath wrought ; and such a flame  
 Kindled in Heav'n, that it burns down to Earth,  
 And in the furious inquest that it makes      135  
 On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.  
 The very elements, though each be meant  
 The minister of man, to serve his wants,  
 Conspire against him. With his breath he draws  
 A plague into his blood ; and cannot use      140  
 Life's necessary means, but he must die.  
 Storms rise t' o'erwhelm him ; or if stormy winds  
 Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,  
 And, needing none assistance of the storm,  
 Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there. 145  
 The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,  
 Or make his house his grave : nor so content,  
 Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,  
 And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.  
 What then !—were they the wicked above all,      150  
 And we the righteous, whose fast-anchor'd isle  
 Mov'd not, while theirs was rock'd, like a light skiff,  
 The sport of every wave ? No ; none are clear,  
 And none than we more guilty. But, where all  
 Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts      155  
 Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark :  
 May punish, if he please, the less, to warn  
 The more malignant. If he spar'd not them,

Tremble and be amaz'd at thine escape,  
 Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee ! 160  
 Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd  
 In all the good and ill that checker life !  
 Resolving all events, with their effects  
 And manifold results, into the will  
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme. 165  
 Did not his eye rule all things, and intend  
 The least of our concerns ; (since from the least  
 The greatest oft originate ;) could chance  
 Find place in his dominion, or dispose  
 One lawless particle to thwart his plan ; 170  
 Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen  
 Contingence might alarm him, and disturb  
 The smooth and equal course of his affairs.  
 This truth Philosophy, though eagle-ey'd  
 In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ; 175  
 And, having found his instrument, forgets,  
 Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,  
 Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims  
 His hot displeasure against foolish men,  
 That live an atheist life ; involves the Heavens 180  
 In tempests ; quits his grasp upon the winds,  
 And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague  
 Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,  
 And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.  
 He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend 185  
 Blows mildew from between his shrivoll'd lips,  
 And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,  
 And desolates a nation at a blast.  
 Forth steps the spruce Philosopher, and tells  
 Of homogenous and discordant springs, 190  
 And principles ; of causes how they work  
 By necessary laws their sure effects  
 Of action and reaction : he has found  
 The source of the disease that nature feels,  
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear. 195



Thou fool? will thy discov'ry of the cause  
 Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God  
 Still wrought by means since first he made the world?  
 And did he not of old employ his means  
 To drown it? What is his creation less,           200  
 Than a capacious reservoir of means,  
 Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?  
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of Him,  
 Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;  
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.   205  
 England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
 My country! and, while yet a nook is left,  
 Where English minds and manners may be found,  
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime  
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd       210  
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,  
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
 And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France  
 With all her vines: nor for Ausonia's groves  
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.       215  
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:  
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart     220  
 As any thund'rer there. And I can feel  
 Thy follies too; and with a just disdain  
 Frown at effeminate, whose very looks  
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.  
 How in the name of soldiership and sense,       225  
 Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth  
 And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er  
 With odours, and as profligate as sweet;  
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
 And love when they should fight: when such as these  
 Presume to lay their hand upon the ark       231  
 Of her magnificent and awful cause?  
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough

In every clime, and travel where we might,  
 That we were born her children. Praise enough 235  
 To fill th' ambition of a private man  
 That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,  
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.  
 Farewell those honours, and farewell with them  
 The hope of such hereafter ! They have fall'n 240  
 Each in his field of glory ; one in arms,  
 And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap  
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,  
 And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame !  
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still 245  
 Consulting England's happiness at home,  
 Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,  
 If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,  
 Put so much of his heart into his act,  
 That his example had a magnet's force, 250  
 And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd.  
 Those suns are set. O rise some other such ?  
 Or all that we have left is empty talk  
 Of old achievements and despair of new.  
 Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float 255  
 Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck  
 With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,  
 That no rude savour maritime invade  
 The nose of nice nobility ! Breathe soft,  
 Ye clarionets ; and softer still, ye flutes ; 260  
 That winds and waters, lull'd by magick sounds,  
 May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.  
 True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.  
 True, we may thank the perfidy of France,  
 That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown, 265  
 With all the cunning of an envious shrew.  
 And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state—  
 A brave man knows no malice, but at once  
 Forgets in peace the injuries of war,  
 And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace. 270  
 And sham'd as we have been, to th' very beard

THE TIME-PIECE.

37

Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd  
 Too weak for those decisive blows that once  
 Ensur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain  
 Some small pre-eminence ; we justly boast 275  
 At least superiour jockeyship, and claim  
 The honours of the turf as all our own !  
 Go, then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,  
 And show the shame ye might conceal at home,  
 In foreign eyes '—be grooms and win the plate, 280  
 Where once your nobler fathers won a crown '—  
 'Tis gen'rous to communicate your skill  
 To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd :  
 And under such preceptors who can fail ?  
 There is a pleasure in poetick pains, 285  
 Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,  
 Th' expedients and inventions multiform,  
 To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms,  
 Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—  
 T' arrest the fleeting images, that fill 290  
 The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,  
 And force them sit, till he has pencil'd off  
 A faithful likeness of the forms he views ;  
 Then to dispose his copies with such art,  
 That each may find its most propitious light, 295  
 And shine by situation, hardly less  
 Than by the labour and the skill it cost ;  
 Are occupations of the poet's mind  
 So pleasing, and that steal away the thought,  
 With such address from themes of sad import, 300  
 That, lost in his own musings, happy man !  
 He feels the anxieties of life denied  
 Their wonted entertainment ; all retire.  
 Such joys has he that sings. But ah ! not such,  
 Or seldom such, the hearers of his song. 305  
 Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps  
 Aware of nothing arduous in a task  
 They never undertook, they little note  
 His dangers or escapes, and haply find

Their least amusement where he found the most 310  
 But is amusement all? Studious of song,  
 And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,  
 I would not trifle merely, though the world  
 Be loudest in their praise who do no more.  
 Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay? 315  
 It may correct a foible, may chastise  
 The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,  
 Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;  
 But where are its sublimer trophies found?  
 What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaim'd 320  
 By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform?  
 Alas! Leviathan is not so tam'd:  
 Laugh'd at, he laughs again; and stricken hard,  
 Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,  
 That fear no discipline of human hands. 325  
 The pulpit, therefore—(and I name it fill'd  
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
 With what intent I touch that holy thing)—  
 The pulpit—(when the sat'rist has at last,  
 Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school, 330  
 Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)—  
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
 Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)  
 Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,  
 The most important and effectual guard, 335  
 Support, and ornament, of Virtue's cause.  
 There stands the messenger of truth; there stands  
 The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,  
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
 By him the violated law speaks out 340  
 Its thunders: and by him, in strains as sweet  
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.  
 He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,  
 Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,  
 And, arm'd himself in panoply complete 345  
 Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms  
 Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule

## THE TIME-PIECE.

39

Of holy discipline, to glorious war  
 The sacramental host of God's elect : 349  
 Are all such teachers?—would to Heav'n all were !  
 But hark—the doctor's voice !—fast wedg'd between  
 Two empiricks he stands, and with swoln cheeks  
 Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far  
 Than all invective is his bold harangue,  
 While through that publick organ of report 355  
 He hails the clergy ; and, defying shame,  
 Announces to the world his own and theirs !  
 He teaches those to read whom schools dismiss'd,  
 And colleges, untaught : sells accent, tone,  
 And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r 360  
 Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.  
 He grinds divinity of other days  
 Down into modern use ; transforms old print  
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes  
 Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts. 365  
 Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware ?  
 O, name it not in Gath !—it cannot be,  
 That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.  
 He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,  
 Assuming thus a rank unknown before— 370  
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church !  
 I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,  
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,  
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
 That he is honest in the sacred cause. 375  
 To such I render more than mere respect,  
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.  
 But loose in morals and in manners vain,  
 In conversation frivolous, in dress  
 Extreme at once rapacious and profuse ; 380  
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,  
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;  
 But rare at home, and never at his books,  
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;  
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round 385

Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;  
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,  
 And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,  
 By infidelity and love of world,  
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave **390**  
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride ;  
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,  
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands  
 On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.  
 Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul, **395**  
 Were he on Earth, would hear, approve, and own,  
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.  
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;  
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain, **400**  
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,  
 And natural in gesture ; much impress'd  
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look, **405**  
 And tender in address, as well becomes  
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.  
 Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?  
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
 And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ; **410**  
 Cry—hem ; and, reading what they never wrote  
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !  
 In man or woman, but far most in man,  
 And most of all in man that ministers **415**  
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe  
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;  
 Object of my implacable disgust.  
 What !—will a man play tricks—will he indulge  
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form, **420**  
 And just proportion, fashionable mien,  
 And pretty face, in presence of his God ?  
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with trapes,

THE TIME-PIECE.

41

As with the diamond on his lily hand,  
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes, 425  
 When I am hungry for the bread of life ?  
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames  
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,  
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.  
 Therefore avaunt all attitude and stare, 430  
 And start theatrick, practis'd at the glass !  
 I seek divine simplicity in him  
 Who handles things divine ; and all besides,  
 Though learn'd with labour, and though much admir'd  
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd, 435  
 To me is odious as the nasal twang  
 Heard at conventicle where worthy men,  
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes  
 Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bedrid.  
 Some, decent in demeanour while they preach, 440  
 That task perform'd, relapse into themselves ;  
 And, having spoken wisely, at the close  
 Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye,  
 Whoe'er was edify'd, themselves were not !  
 Forth comes the pocket-mirror. First we stroke 445  
 An eyebrow ; next compose a straggl'g lock ,  
 Then with an air most gracefully perform'd,  
 Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,  
 And lay it at its ease with gentle care,  
 With handkerchief in hand depending low ; 450  
 The better hand more busy gives the nose  
 Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye  
 With op'ra glass, to watch the moving scene,  
 And recognise the slow retiring fair.—  
 Now this is fulsome ; and offends me more 455  
 Than in a churchman slovenly neglect  
 And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind  
 May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,  
 And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;  
 But how a body so fantastic, trim, 460

And quaint, in its deportment and attire,  
Can lodge a heav'nly mind—demands a doubt.

He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware 465  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful

To court a grin, when you should woo a soul :  
To break a jest, when pity would inspire  
Pathetick exhortation ; and t' address  
The skittish fancy with facetious tales, 470  
When sent with God's commission to the heart !

So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip  
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,  
And I consent you take it for your text,  
Your only one, till sides and benches fail. 475

No : he was serious in a serious cause,  
And understood too well the weighty terms,  
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop  
To conquer those by jocular exploits,  
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain. 480

O Popular Applause ! what heart of man  
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?  
The wisest and the best feel urgent need  
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;  
But swell'd into a gust—who, then, alas ! 485

With all his canvass set, and inexpert,  
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy pow'r ?  
Praise from the rivell'd lips of toothless, bald  
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean  
And craving Poverty, and in the bow 490  
Respectful of the smutch'd artificer,

Is oft too welcome and may much disturb  
The bias of the purpose. How much more,  
Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,  
In language soft as Adoration breathes ? 495

Ah, spare your idol, think him human still.  
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too !  
Dote not too much nor spoil what ye admire.



THE TIME-PIECE.

43

All truth is from the sempiternal source  
 Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome, 500  
 Drew from the stream below. More favour'd, we  
 Drink when we choose it, at the fountain head.  
 To them it flow'd much mingled and defil'd  
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams  
 Illusive of philosophy, so call'd, 505  
 But falsely. Sages after sages strove  
 In vain to filter off a crystal draught  
 Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd  
 The thirst than slak'd it, and not seldom bred  
 Intoxication and delirium wild. 510  
 In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth  
 And spring-time of the world; ask'd, Whence is man?  
 Why form'd at all? and wherefore as he is?  
 Where must he find his maker? with what rites  
 Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless? 515  
 Or does he sit regardless of his works?  
 Has man within him an immortal seed?  
 Or does the tomb take all? If he survive  
 His ashes, where? and in what weal or wo?  
 Knots worthy of solution, which alone 520  
 A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague  
 And all at random, fabulous and dark,  
 Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life  
 Defective and unsanction'd, prov'd too weak  
 'To bind the roving appetite, and lead 525  
 Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.  
 'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,  
 Explains all mysteries, except her own,  
 And so illuminates the path of life  
 That fools discover it, and stray no more. 530  
 Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,  
 My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades  
 Of Academus—is this false or true?  
 Is Christ the abler teacher or the schools  
 If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn 535  
 To Athens, or to Rome, for wisdom shore

Of man's occasions, when in him reside  
 Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store?  
 How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,  
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd! 540  
 Men that, if now alive, would sit content  
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,  
 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,  
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too.  
 And thus it is.—The pastor, either vain 544  
 By nature, or by flatt'ry made so, taught  
 To gaze at his own splendour, and t' exalt  
 Absurdly; not his office, but himself;  
 Or unenlighten'd and too proud to learn;  
 Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach; 550  
 Perverting often by the stress of lewd  
 And loose example, whom he should instruct;  
 Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,  
 The noblest function, and discredits much  
 The brightest truths that man has ever seen. 555  
 For ghostly counsel; if it either fall  
 Below the exigence, or be not back'd  
 With show of love, at least with hopeful proof  
 Of some sincerity on the giver's part;  
 Or be dishonour'd in th' exteriour form 560  
 And mode of its conveyance, by such tricks  
 As move derision, or by foppish airs  
 And histrionick mumm'ry that let down  
 The pulpit to the level of the stage;  
 Drops from the lips a disregarded thing. 564  
 The weak perhaps are mov'd, but are not taught  
 While prejudice in men of stronger minds  
 Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.  
 A relaxation of religion's hold  
 Upon the roving and untutor'd heart 570  
 Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapp'd  
 The laity run wild. But do they now?  
 Note their extravagance, and be convinc'd.  
 As nations, ignorant of God, contrive

THE TIME-PIECE. 45

A wooden one : so we, no longer taught 575  
 By monitors, that mother church supplies,  
 Now make our own. Posterity will ask,  
 (If e'er posterity see verse of mine,)

Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,  
 What was a monitor in George's days ? 580  
 My very gentle reader, yet unborn,  
 Of whom I needs must augur better things,  
 Since Heav'n would sure grow weary of a world  
 Productive only of a race like ours,  
 A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin. 585  
 We wear it at our backs. There, closely brac'd  
 And neatly fitted, it compresses hard  
 The prominent and most unsightly bones,  
 And binds the shoulder flat. We prove its use  
 Sov'reign and most effectual to secure 590  
 A form, not now gymnastick as of yore,  
 From rickets, and distortion, else our lot.  
 But thus admonish'd, we can walk erect—  
 One proof at least of manhood! while the friend  
 Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge. 595  
 Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,  
 And by caprice as multiplied as his,  
 Just please us while the fashion is at full,  
 But change with ev'ry moon. The sycophant,  
 Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date ; 600  
 Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye ;  
 Finds one ill made, another obsolete,  
 This fits not nicely, that is ill conceiv'd ;  
 And, making prize of all that he condemns,  
 With our expenditure defrays his own. 605  
 Variety's the very spice of life,  
 That gives it all its flavour. We have run  
 Through ev'ry change, that Fancy at the loom  
 Exhausted, has had genius to supply ;  
 And studious of mutation still, discard 610  
 A real elegance, a little us'd,  
 For monstrous novelty and strange disguise

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys  
 And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,  
 And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires; 615  
 And introduces hunger, frost, and wo,  
 Where peace and hospitality might reign.  
 What man that lives, and that knows how to live,  
 Would fail t' exhibit at the publick shows  
 A form as splendid as the proudest there, 620  
 Though appetite raise outcries at the cost?  
 A man o' th' town dines late, but soon enough,  
 With reasonable forecast and despatch,  
 T' ensure a side-box station at half price.  
 You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress, 625  
 His daily fare as delicate. Alas!  
 He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems  
 With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet!  
 The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws  
 With magick wand. So potent is the spell, 630  
 That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,  
 Unless by Heav'n's peculiar grace, escape.  
 There we grow early gray, but never wise;  
 There form connexions, but acquire no friend;  
 Solicit pleasure hopeless of success; 635  
 Waste youth in occupations only fit  
 For second childhood, and devote old age  
 To sports, which only childhood could excuse.  
 There, they are happiest who dissemble best  
 Their weariness; and they the most polite 640  
 Who squander time and treasure with a smile,  
 Though at their own destruction. She that asks  
 Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,  
 And hates their coming. They (what can they less?)  
 Make just reprisals; and with cringe and shrug, 645  
 And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.  
 All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace,  
 Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,  
 And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,  
 To her, who, frugal only that her thrift 650

THE TIME-PIECE.

17

May feed excesses she can ill afford,  
 Is hackney'd home unlackey'd ; who, in haste  
 Alighting, turns the key in her own door,  
 And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,  
 Finds a cold bed her only comfort left. 655

Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,  
 On Fortune's velvet altar off'ring up  
 Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe  
 Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far  
 Than all that held their routs in Juno's Heav'n.— 660  
 So fare we in this prison-house, the World ;  
 And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see

So many maniacs dancing in their chains.  
 They gaze upon the links, that hold them fast,  
 With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot, 665  
 Then shake them in despair, and dance again !

Now basket up the family of plagues,  
 That waste our vitals ; peculation, sale  
 Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds  
 By forgery, by subterfuge of law, 670  
 By tricks and lies as num'rous and as keen  
 As the necessities their authors feel :

Then cast them, closely bundled, ev'ry brat  
 At the right door. Profusion is the sire.  
 Profusion unrestrain'd, with all that's base 675  
 In character, has litter'd all the land,

And bred, within the mem'ry of no few,  
 A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,  
 A people, such as never was till now.  
 It is a hungry vice :—it eats up all 680

That gives society its beauty, strength,  
 Convenience, security, and use :

Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd  
 And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws  
 Can seize the slippery prey : unties the knot 685  
 Of union, and converts the sacred band  
 That holds mankind together, to a scourge.  
 Profusion deluging a state with lusts

Of grossest nature and of worst effects,  
 Prepares it for its ruin : hardens, blinds, 690  
 And warps, the consciences of publick men,  
 Till they can laugh at Virtue ; mock the fools  
 That trust them ; and in th' end disclose a face,  
 That would have shock'd Credulity herself.  
 Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse— 695  
 Since all alike are selfish, why not they ?  
 This does Profusion, and th' accursed cause  
 Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,  
 When learning, virtue, piety, and truth, 700  
 Were precious and inculcated with care,  
 There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,  
 Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,  
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,  
 But strong for service still, and unimpair'd. 705  
 His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile  
 Play'd on his lips ; and in his speech was heard  
 Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love  
 The occupation dearest to his heart  
 Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke 710  
 The head of modest and ingenious worth,  
 That blush'd at his own praise : and press the youth  
 Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning grew  
 Beneath his care, a thriving vig'rous plant ;  
 The mind was well informed, the passions held 715  
 Subordinate, and diligence was choice.  
 If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,  
 That one among so many overleap'd  
 The limits of control, his gentle eye  
 Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke ; 720  
 His frown was full of terrour, and his voice  
 Shock the delinquent with such fits of awe,  
 As left him not, till penitence had won  
 Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.  
 But Discipline, a faithful servant long, 725  
 Declin'd at length into the vale of years .

THE TIME-PIECE

49

A palsy struck his arm ; his sparkling eye  
 Was quenched in rheums of age ; his voice, unstrung,  
 Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more  
 Than rev'rence, in perverse rebellious youth. 730  
 So colleges and halls neglected much  
 Their good old friend ; and Discipline at length,  
 O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.  
 Then Study languished, Emulation slept,  
 And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene 735  
 Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,  
 His cap well lin'd with logick not his own,  
 With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,  
 Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.  
 Then compromise had place, and scrutiny 740  
 Became stone blind ; precedence went in truck,  
 And he was competent whose purse was so.  
 A dissolution of all bonds ensued ;  
 The curbs invented for the mulish mouth  
 Of headstrong youth were broken ; bars and bolts 745  
 Grew rusty by disuse ; and massy gates  
 Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch ;  
 Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,  
 The tassel'd cap and the spruce band a jest,  
 A mock'ry of the world ! What need of these 750  
 For gamesters, jockeys, brothelers impure,  
 Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen  
 With belted waist and pointers at their heels,  
 Than in the bounds of duty ? What was learn'd,  
 If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot : 755  
 And such expense, as pinches parents blue,  
 And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,  
 Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports  
 And vicious pleasures ; buys the boy a name  
 That sits a stigma on his father's house, 760  
 And cleaves through life inseparably close  
 To him that wears it. What can after games  
 Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,

The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,  
 Add to such erudition, thus acquired, 765  
 Where science and where virtue are professed ?  
 They may confirm his habits, rivet fast  
 His folly, but to spoil him is a task  
 That bids defiance to th' united powers  
 Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews. 770  
 Now blame we most the nurselings or the nurse ?  
 The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,  
 Through want of care ; or her, whose winking eye  
 And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood ?  
 The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge, 775  
 She needs herself correction ; needs to learn  
 That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,  
 With things so sacred as a nation's trust,  
 The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.  
 All are not such. I had a brother once— 780  
 Peace to the memory of a man of worth,  
 A man of letters, and of manners too !  
 Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,  
 When gay good-natured dresses her in smiles.  
 He grac'd a college,\* in which order yet 785  
 Was sacred ; and was honour'd, lov'd, and wept  
 By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.  
 Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd  
 With such ingredients of good sense, and taste  
 Of what is excellent in man, they thirst 790  
 With such a zeal to be what they approve,  
 That no restraints can circumscribe them more  
 Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.  
 Nor can example hurt them ; what they see  
 Of vice in others but enhancing more 795  
 The charms of virtue in their just esteem.  
 If such escape contagion, and emerge  
 Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,  
 And give the world their talents and themselves,

Bene't Coll. Cambridge.



THE TIME-PIECE.

51

Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth  
 Expos'd their inexperience to the snare,  
 And left them to an undirected choice.

See then the quiver broken and decay'd,  
 In which are kept our arrows ! Rusting there  
 In wild disorder, and unfit for use, 805  
 What wonder, if discharg'd into the world,  
 They shame their shooters with a random flight,  
 Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine !  
 Well may the church wage unsuccessful war  
 With such artill'ry arm'd. Vice parries wide 810  
 Th' undreaded volley with a sword of straw,  
 And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not track'd the felon home, and found  
 His birthplace and his dam ? The country mourns,  
 Mourns because ev'ry plague that can infest 815  
 Society, and that saps and worms the base  
 Of th' edifice that policy has rais'd,

Swarms in all quarters : meets the eye, the ear,  
 And suffocates the breath at ev'ry turn.  
 Profusion breeds them ; and the cause itself 820  
 Of that calamitous mischief has been found :  
 Found, too, where most offensive, in the skirts  
 Of the rob'd pedagogue ! Else let th' arraign'd  
 Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.  
 So when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm, 825

And wav'd his rod divine, a race obscene,  
 Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,  
 Polluting Egypt : gardens, fields, and plains,  
 Were cover'd with the pest ; the streets were fill'd ;  
 The croaking nuisance lurk'd in ev'ry nook ; 830  
 Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd ;  
 And the land stank—so num'rous was the fry.

# THE TASK.

## BOOK III.

---

### THE GARDEN.

---

#### ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Self-recollection, and reproof—Address to domestick happiness—Some account of myself—The vanity of many of their pursuits, who are reputed wise—Justification of my censures—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher.—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions—Domestick happiness addressed again—Few lovers of the country—My tame hare—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden—Pruning—Framing—Greenhouse—Sowing of flower seeds—The country preferable to the town even in the winter—Reasons why it is deserted at that season—Ruinous effects of gaming and of expensive improvement—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.

---

AS one, who long in thickets and in brakes  
Entangled, winds now this way and now that  
His devious course uncertain, seeking home;  
Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd  
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough      5  
Flunging, and half despairing of escape;  
If chance at length he find a greensward smooth  
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,  
He cherups brisk his ear-erecting steed,  
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease.      10  
So I, designing other themes, and call'd  
T' adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,

THE GARDEN.

53

To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,  
 Have rambled wide. In country, city, seat  
 Of academick fame, (howe'er deserv'd,) 15  
 Long held, and scarcely disengag'd at last :  
 But now with pleasant pace a cleanlier road  
 I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,  
 Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,  
 If toil await me, or if dangers new. 20

Since pulpits fail, and sounding boards reflect  
 Most part an empty ineffectual sound,  
 What chance that I, to fame so little known,  
 Nor conversant with men or manners much,  
 Should speak to purpose, or with better hope 25  
 Crack the satirick thong ? 'Twere wiser far  
 For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,  
 And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose  
 Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine  
 My languid limbs ; when summer sears the plains ; 30  
 Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft  
 And shelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air  
 Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth ;  
 There, undisturb'd by Folly, and appriz'd  
 How great the danger of disturbing her, 35  
 To muse in silence, or at least confine  
 Remarks, that gall so many, to the few  
 My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd  
 Is ofttimes proof of wisdom, when the fault  
 Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach. 40

Domestick happiness, thou only bliss  
 Of Paradise, that has surviv'd the fall !  
 Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,  
 Or tasting, long enjoy thee ! too infirm,  
 Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets 45  
 Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect  
 Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup ;  
 Thou art the nurse of Virtue—in thine arms  
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,  
 Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again. 50

Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,  
 That recling goddess, with the zoneless waist  
 And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm  
 Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support ;  
 For thou art meek and constant, hating change, 55  
 And finding in the calm of truth-tried love,  
 Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.  
 Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made  
 Of honour, dignity, and fair renown !  
 Till prostitution elbows us aside 60  
 In all our crowd'd streets ; and senates seem  
 Conven'd for purposes of empire less  
 Than to release the adult'ress from her bond.  
 Th' adult'ress ! what a theme for angry verse !  
 What provocation to th' indignant heart, 65  
 That feels for injur'd love ! but I disdain  
 The nauseous task to paint her as she is,  
 Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame ?  
 No :—let her pass, and, charioted along  
 In guilty splendour, shake the publick ways ; 70  
 The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white,  
 And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,  
 Whom matrons now of character unsmirch'd  
 And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own.  
 Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time, 75  
 Not to be pass'd : and she that had renounced  
 Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself  
 By all that priz'd it ; not for prud'ry's sake  
 But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.  
 'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif, 80  
 Desirous to return and not receiv'd  
 But was a wholesome rigour in the main,  
 And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care  
 That purity, whose loss was loss of all.  
 Men too were nice in honour in those days, 85  
 And judg'd offenders well. Then he that sharp'd,  
 And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,  
 Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that sold

THE GARDEN.

55

His country, or was slack when she requir'd  
 His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch, 90  
 Paid with the blood that he had basely spar'd  
 The price of his default. But now—yes, now  
 We are become so candid and so fair  
 So lib'ral in construction, and so rich  
 In christian charity, (good natur'd age !) 95  
 That they are safe ; sinners of either sex  
 Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well  
 bred,  
 Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough,  
 To pass as readily through ev'ry door.  
 Hypocrisy, detest her as we may, 100  
 (And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet,  
 May claim this merit still—that she admits  
 The worth of what she mimicks, with such care,  
 And thus gives virtue indirect applause ;  
 But she has burnt her mask, not needed here, 105  
 Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts  
 And specious semblances have lost their use.  
 I was a stricken deer, that left the herd  
 Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd  
 My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew 110  
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
 There was I found by one who had himself  
 Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,  
 And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.  
 With gentle force soliciting the darts, 115  
 He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.  
 Since then, with few associates, in remote  
 And silent woods I wander, far from those  
 My former partners of the peopled scene ;  
 With few associates, and not wishing more. 120  
 Here much I ruminatè, as much I may,  
 With other views of men and manners now  
 Than once, and others of a life to come .  
 I see that all are wand'ers, gone astray  
 Each in his own delusions ; they are lost 125

In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd  
 And never won. Dream after dream ensues ;  
 And still they dream that they shall still succeed,  
 And still are disappointed. Rings the world  
 With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind 130  
 And add two thirds of the remaining half,  
 And find the total of their hopes and fears  
 Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay,  
 As if created only like the fly,  
 That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon, 135  
 To sport their season, and be seen no more.  
 The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,  
 And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.  
 Some write a narrative of wars, and feats  
 Of heroes little known ; and call the rant 140  
 A history : describe the man, of whom  
 His own coevals took but little note,  
 And paint his person, character, and views,  
 As they had known him from his mother's womb.  
 They disentangle from the puzzled skein, 145  
 In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,  
 The threads of politick and shrewd design,  
 That ran through all his purposes, and charge  
 His mind with meanings that he never had,  
 Or, having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore 150  
 The solid earth, and from the strata there  
 Extract a register, by which we learn,  
 That he who made it and reveal'd its date  
 To Moses, was mistaken in its age.  
 Some, more acute, and more industrious still, 155  
 Contrive creation ; travel nature up  
 To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,  
 And tell us whence the stars ; why some are fix'd,  
 And planetary some ; what gave them first  
 Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light. 160  
 Great contest follows, and much learned dust  
 Involves the combatants ; each claiming truth,  
 And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend

THE GARDEN.

57

The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp  
 In playing tricks with nature, giving laws 165  
 To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.  
 Is't not a pity now, that tickling rheums  
 Should ever tease the lungs, and blear the sight  
 Of oracles like these ? Great pity, too,  
 That having wielded th' elements, and built 170  
 A thousand systems, each in his own way,  
 They should go out in fume, and be forgot  
 Ah ! what is life thus spent ? and what are they  
 But frantick, who thus spend it ? all for smoke—  
 Eternity for bubbles, proves at last 175  
 A senseless bargain. When I see such games  
 Play'd by the creatures of a pow'r who swears  
 That he will judge the Earth, and call the fool  
 To a sharp reck'ning, that has liv'd in vain ;  
 And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well, 180  
 And prove it in th' infallible result  
 So hollow and so false—I feel my heart  
 Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd,  
 If this be learning, most of all deceiv'd.  
 Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps, 185  
 While thoughtful man is plausibly amused.  
 Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,  
 From reveries so airy, from the toil  
 Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
 And growing old in drawing nothing up ! 190  
 'Twere well, says one, sage, crudite, profound  
 Terribly arch'd and aquiline his nose,  
 And overbuilt with most impending brows,  
 'Twere well, could you permit the World to live  
 As the world pleases : what's the World to you ? 195  
 Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk  
 As sweet as charity from human breasts.  
 I think, articulate—I laugh and weep,  
 And exercise all functions of a man.  
 How then should I and any man that lives 200  
 Be strangers to each other ? Pierce my vein,

Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there,  
 And catechise it well : apply thy glass,  
 Search it, and prove now if it be not blood  
 Congenial with thine own : and, if it be, 215  
 What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose  
 Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,  
 To cut the link of brotherhood, by which  
 One common Maker bound me to the kind ?  
 True ; I am no proficient, I confess, 210  
 In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift  
 And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,  
 And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath ;  
 I cannot analyze the air, nor catch  
 The parallax of yonder luminous point, 215  
 That seems half quench'd in the immense abyss .  
 Such powers I boast not—neither can I rest  
 A silent witness of the headlong rage,  
 Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,  
 Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine. 220  
 God never meant that man should scale the Heav'ns  
 By strides of human wisdom. In his works,  
 Though wondrous, he commands us in his word  
 To seek *him* rather where his mercy shines.  
 The mind, indeed, enlighten'd from above, 225  
 Views him in all ; ascribes to the grand cause  
 The grand effect ; acknowledges with joy  
 His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.  
 But never yet did philosophick tube,  
 That brings the planets home into the eye 230  
 Of observation, and discovers, else  
 Not visible, his family of worlds,  
 Discover him that rules them ; such a veil  
 Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,  
 And dark in things divine. Full often too, 235  
 Our wayward intellect, the more we learn  
 Of nature, overlooks her author more ;  
 From instrumental causes proud to draw  
 Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake



THE GARDEN.

59

But if his word once teach us—shoot a ray      240  
 Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal  
 Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light ;  
 Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptiz'd  
 In the pure fountain of eternal love,  
 Has eyes indeed ; and viewing all she sees      245  
 As meant to indicate a God to man,  
 Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.  
 Learning has borne such fruit in other days  
 On all her branches : piety has found  
 Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r      250  
 Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.  
 Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage !  
 Sagacious reader of the works of God,  
 And in his word sagacious. Such, too, thine,  
 Milton, whose genius had angelick wings,      255  
 And fed on manna ! And such thine, in whom  
 Our British Themis gloried with just cause,  
 Immortal Hale ! for deep discernment prais'd,  
 And sound integrity, not more than fam'd  
 For sanctity of manners undefil'd.      260  
 All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades  
 Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind ;  
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream ,  
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,  
 And we that worship him, ignoble graves.      265  
 Nothing is proof against the gen'ral curse  
 Of vanity that seizes all below.  
 The only amaranthine flow'r on earth  
 Is virtue ; th' only lasting treasure, truth.  
 But what is truth ? 'Twas Pilate's question put      270  
 To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.  
 And wherefore ? will not God impart his light  
 To them that ask it ?—Freely—'tis his joy,  
 His glory, and his nature, to impart.  
 But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,      275  
 Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.  
 What's that which brings contempt upon a book,

And him who writes it, though the style be neat,  
 The method clear, and argument exact :  
 That makes a minister in holy things 290  
 The joy of many, and the dread of more.  
 His name a theme for praise and for reproach?—  
 That, while it gives us worth in God's account,  
 Depreciates and undoes us in our own?  
 What pearl is it, that rich men cannot buy, 295  
 That learning is too proud to gather up ;  
 But which the poor, and the despis'd of all,  
 Seek and obtain, and often find unsought ;  
 Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.  
     O friendly to the best pursuits of man, 290  
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace !  
 Domestick life in rural leisure pass'd !  
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets ;  
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect  
 To understand and choose thee for their own. 295  
 But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,  
 E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,  
 Though plac'd in Paradise, (for earth has still,  
 Some traces of her youthful beauty left)  
 Substantial happiness for transient joy : 300  
 Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse  
 The growing seeds of wisdom ; that suggest  
 By ev'ry pleasing image they present,  
 Reflections such as meliorate the heart,  
 Compose the passions, and exalt the mind ; 305  
 Scenes such as these 'tis his supreme delight  
 To fill with riot, and defile with blood.  
 Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes  
 We persecute, annihilate the tribes  
 That draw the sportsman over hill and dale, 310  
 Fearless and wrapt away from all his cares ;  
 Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,  
 Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye ;  
 Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,  
 Be quell'd in all our summer-months' retreats ; 315

How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,  
 Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,  
 Would find them hideous nurs'ries of the spleen,  
 And crowd the roads, impatient for the town !  
 They love the country, and none else, who seek, 320  
 For their own sake, its silence and its shade.  
 Delights which who would leave that has a heart  
 Susceptible of pity, or a mind  
 Cultur'd and capable of sober thought  
 For all the savage din of the swift pack 325  
 And clamours of the field ?—Detested sport,  
 That owes its pleasures to another's pain ;  
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks  
 Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued  
 With eloquence, that agonies inspire, 330  
 Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs ?  
 Vain tears, alas, and sighs that never find  
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls !  
 Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd hare  
 Has never heard the sanguinary yell 335  
 Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.  
 Innocent partner of my peaceful home,  
 Whom ten long years' experience of my care  
 Has made at last familiar : she has lost  
 Much of her vigilant instinctive dread, 340  
 Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.  
 Yes—thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the hand  
 That feeds thee ; thou mayst frolick on the floor  
 At ev'ning, and at night retire secure  
 To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd , 345  
 For I have gained thy confidence, have pledg'd  
 All that is human in me, to protect  
 Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.  
 If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave ;  
 And, when I place thee in it, sighing say, 350  
 I knew at least one hare that had a friend.\*

\* See the note at the end.

How various his employments, whom the world  
 Calls idle ; and who justly in return  
 Esteems that busy world an idler too !  
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,      355  
 Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,  
 And nature in her cultivated trim  
 Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—  
 Can he want occupation who has these ?  
 Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy ?      360  
 Me therefore studious of laborious ease,  
 Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,  
 Not waste it, and aware that human life  
 Is but a loan to be repaid with use,  
 When He shall call his debtors to account,      365  
 From whom are all our blessings, business finds  
 E'en here : while sedulous I seek t' improve,  
 At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,  
 The mind he gave me ; driving it, though slack  
 Too oft, and much impeded in its work      370  
 By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,  
 To its just point—the service of mankind.  
 He that attends to his interior self,  
 That has a heart, and keeps it ; has a mind  
 That hungers and supplies it ; and who seeks      375  
 A social, not a dissipated life,  
 Has business ; feels himself engag'd t' achieve  
 No unimportant, though a silent task.  
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem  
 To him that leads it wise, and to be prais'd ;      380  
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success  
 Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies  
 He that is ever occupied in storms,  
 Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,  
 Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.      385  
 The morning finds the self-sequester'd man  
 Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.  
 Whether inclement seasons recommend  
 His warm but simple home, where he enjoys

## THE GARDEN.

63

With her who shares his pleasures and his heart, 390  
 Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph,  
 Which neatly she prepares : then to his book  
 Well chosen, and not sullenly perus'd  
 In selfish silence, but imparted, oft  
 As aught occurs that she may smile to hear, 395  
 Or turn to nourishment, digested well.  
 Or if the garden with its many cares,  
 All well repaid, demand him, he attends  
 The welcome call, conscious how much the hand  
 Of lubbard Labour needs his watchful eye, 400  
 Oft loit'ring lazily, if not o'erseen,  
 Or misapplying his unskilful strength.  
 Nor does he govern only, or direct,  
 But much performs himself. No works indeed,  
 That ask robust, tough sinews bred to toil, 405  
 Servile employ ; but such as may amuse,  
 Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.  
 Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees,  
 That meet, no barren interval between,  
 With pleasure more than e'en their fruits afford ; 410  
 Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel.  
 These therefore are his own peculiar charge ;  
 No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,  
 None but his steel approach them. What is weak,  
 Distemper'd, or has lost prolifick pow'rs, 415  
 Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand  
 Dooms to the knife : nor does he spare the soft  
 And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,  
 But barren, at th' expense of neighb'ring twigs  
 Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick 420  
 With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left  
 That may disgrace his art, or disappoint  
 Large expectation, he disposes neat  
 At measur'd distances, that air and sun,  
 Admitted freely may afford their aid, 425  
 And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.  
 Hence summer has her riches, Autumn hence,

And hence e'en Winter fills his wither'd hand  
 With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own.\*  
 Fair recompense of labour well bestow'd, 430  
 And wise precaution ; which a clime so rude  
 Makes needful still, whose Spring is but the child  
 Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods  
 Discov'ring much the temper of her sire.  
 For oft, as if in her the stream of mild 435  
 Maternal nature had revers'd its course,  
 She brings her infants forth with many smiles ;  
 But once deliver'd, kills them with a frown.  
 He therefore, timely warn'd, himself supplies  
 Her want of care, screening and keeping warm 440  
 The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep  
 His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft  
 As the sun peeps, and vernal airs breathe mild,  
 The fence withdrawn, he gives them ev'ry beam,  
 And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day. 445  
 To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,  
 So grateful to the palate, and when rare  
 So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—  
 Food for the vulgar merely—is an art  
 That toiling ages have but just matur'd, 450  
 And at this moment unessay'd in song.  
 Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,  
 Their eulogy ; those sang the Mantuan bard,  
 And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains ;  
 And in thy numbers, Philips, shines for aye 455  
 The solitary shilling. Pardon, then,  
 Ye sage dispensers of poetick fame,  
 Th' ambition of one meaner far, whose pow'rs,  
 Presuming an attempt not less sublime,  
 Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste 460  
 Of critick appetite, no sordid fare,  
 A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce.  
 The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,

\* *Miraturque novos fructus et non sua poma. Virg.*

THE GARDEN.

65

Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,  
 And potent to resist the freezing blast : 465  
 For ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf  
 Deciduous, when now November dark  
 Checks vegetation in the torpid plant  
 Expos'd to his cold breath, the task begins.  
 Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed, 470  
 He seeks a favour'd spot ; that where he builds  
 Th' agglomerated pile his frame may front  
 The sun's meridian disk, and at the back  
 Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge  
 Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread 475  
 Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe  
 Th' ascending damps; then leisurely impose,  
 And lightly shaking it with agile hand  
 From the full fork, the saturated straw.  
 What longest binds the closest forms secure 480  
 The shapely side, that as it rises takes,  
 By just degrees, an overhanging breath,  
 Shelt'ring the base with its projected eaves ;  
 Th' uplifted frame, compact at ev'ry joint,  
 And overlaid with clear translucent glass, 485  
 He settles next upon the sloping mount,  
 Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure  
 From the dash'd pane the deluge as it falls.  
 He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.  
 Thrice must the voluble and restless Earth 490  
 Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,  
 Slow gath'ring in the midst, through the square mass  
 Diffus'd, attain the surface ; when, behold !  
 A pestilent and most corrosive stream,  
 Like a gross fog Bœotian, rising fast, 495  
 And fast condens'd upon the dewy sash,  
 Asks egress ? which obtain'd, the overcharg'd  
 And drench'd conservatory breathes abroad,  
 In volumes wheeling slow the vapour dank ;  
 And, purified, rejoices to have lost 500  
 Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage

Th' impatient fervour, which it first conceives  
 Within its reeking bosom, threat'ning death  
 To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.  
 Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft 505  
 The way to glory by miscarriage foul,  
 Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch  
 Th' auspicious moment, when the temper'd heat,  
 Friendly to vital motion, may afford  
 Soft fomentation, and invite the seed. 510  
 The seed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,  
 And glossy, he commits to pots of size  
 Diminutive, well fill'd with well-prepar'd  
 And fruitful soil, that has been treasur'd long,  
 And drank no moisture from the dripping clouds. 515  
 These on the warm and genial earth that hides  
 The smoking manure, and o'erspreads it all,  
 He places lightly, and, as time subdues  
 The rage of fermentation, plunges deep  
 In the soft medium, till they stand immers'd. 520  
 Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick  
 And spreading wide their spongy lobes ; at first  
 Pale, wan, and livid ; but assuming soon,  
 If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air,  
 Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green. 525  
 Two leaves produc'd, two rough indented loaves,  
 Cautious he pinches from the second stalk  
 A pimple that portends a future sprout,  
 And interdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed  
 The branches, sturdy to his utmost wish ; 530  
 Prolifick all, and harbingers of more.  
 The crowded roots demand enlargement now,  
 And transplantation in an ampler space.  
 Indulg'd in what they wish, they soon supply  
 Large foliage, overshadowing golden flow'rs, 535  
 Blown on the summit of the apparent fruit.  
 These have their sexes ; and when summer shines  
 The bee transports the fertilizing meal  
 From flow'r to flow'r, and e'en the breathing air



THE GARDEN.

67

Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use. 540  
 Not so when winter scowls. Assistant Art  
 Then acts in Nature's office, brings to pass  
 The glad espousals, and ensures the crop.

Grudge not, ye rich, (since Luxury must have  
 His dainties, and the World's more num'rous half 545  
 Lives by contriving delicates for you,)

Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares  
 The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,  
 That day and night are exercis'd, and hang  
 Upon the ticklish balance of suspense, 550

That ye may garnish your profuse regales  
 With summer fruits brought forth by wintry suns.  
 Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart  
 The process. Heat, and cold, and wind, and steam,  
 Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming  
 flies, 555

Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work  
 Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,  
 And which no care can obviate. It were long,  
 Too long, to tell th' expedients and the shifts,  
 Which he that fights a season so severe 560  
 Devises while he guards his tender trust ;  
 And oft at last in vain. The learn'd and wise  
 Sarcastick would exclaim, and judge the song  
 Cold as its theme, and like its theme the fruit  
 Of too much labour, worthless when produc'd. 565

Who loves a garden loves a green-house too  
 Unconscious of a less propitious clime,  
 There blooms exotick beauty, warm and snug,  
 While the winds whistle and the snows descend  
 The spiry myrtle with unwith'ring leaf 570  
 Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast  
 Of Portugal and western India there,  
 The ruddier orange, and the paler lime  
 Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,  
 And seem to smile at what they need not fear. 575  
 The amomum there with intermingling flow'rs

And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts  
 Her crimson honours ; and the spangled beau,  
 Ficoides glitters bright the winter long.  
 All plants of ev'ry leaf, that can endure 580  
 The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,  
 Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,  
 Levantine regions these ; th' Azores send  
 Their jessamine, her jessamine remote  
 Caffraria : foreigners from many lands, 585  
 They form one social shade, as if conven'd  
 By magick summons of th' Orphean lyre.  
 Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass  
 But by a master's hand, disposing well  
 The gay diversities of leaf and flow'r, 590  
 Must lend its aid t' illustrate all their charms,  
 And dress the regular yet various scene.  
 Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van  
 The dwarfish, in the rear retir'd, but still  
 Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand. 595  
 So once were rang'd the sons of ancient Rome,  
 A noble show ! while Roscius trod the stage ;  
 And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,  
 The sons of Albion ; fearing each to lose  
 Some note of Nature's musick from his lips, 600  
 And covetous of Shakspeare's beauty, seen  
 In ev'ry flash of his far-beaming eye,  
 Nor taste alone and well-contriv'd display  
 Suffice to give the marshall'd ranks the grace  
 Of their complete effect. Much yet remains 605  
 Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,  
 And more laborious ; cares on which depend  
 Their vigour, injur'd soon, not soon restor'd.  
 The soil must be renew'd, which often wash'd  
 Loses its treasure of salubrious salts, 610  
 And disappoints the roots ; the slender roots  
 Close interwoven, where they meet the vase,  
 Must smooth be shorn away ; the sapless branch,  
 Must fly before the knife ; the wither'd leaf

THE GARDEN.

69

Must be detach'd, and where it strews the floor 615  
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else  
Contagion and disseminating death.

Discharge but these kind offices, (and who  
Would spare, that loves them, offices like these ?)  
Well they repay the toil. The sight is pleased, 620

The scent regal'd, each odorif'rous leaf,  
Each op'ning blossom, freely breathes abroad  
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.

So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,  
All healthful, are th' employs of rural life. 625

Reiterated as the wheel of time  
Runs round ; still ending, and beginning still.  
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll  
That softly swell'd and gayly dress'd appears  
A flow'ry island, from the dark green lawn 630

Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due  
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.  
Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd  
And sorted hues, (each giving each relief,  
And by contrasted beauty shining more,) 635

Is needful. Strength may wield the pond'rous spade,  
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home ;  
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,  
And most attractive, is the fair result  
Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind. 640

Without it all is Gothick as the scene  
To which th' insipid citizen resorts  
Near yonder heath ; where industry mispent,  
But proud of his uncouth, ill-chosen task,  
Has made a Heav'n on Earth ; with suns and moons  
Of close-ramm'd stones has charg'd th' encumber'd  
soil, 646

And fairly laid the zodiack in the dust.  
He, therefore, who would see his flow'rs dispos'd  
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives  
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds, 650  
Forecasts the future whole ; that, when the scene

Shall break into its preconceiv'd display,  
 Each for itself, and all as with one voice  
 Conspiring, may attest his bright design,  
 Nor even then dismissing as perform'd, 655  
 His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.  
 Few self-supported flow'rs endure the wind  
 Uninjur'd, but expect the upholding aid  
 Of the smooth shaven prop, and, neatly tied,  
 Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age, 660  
 For int'rest sake, the living to the dead.  
 Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffus'd  
 And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,  
 Like virtue, thriving most where little seen  
 Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub 665  
 With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,  
 Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon  
 And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well  
 The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.  
 All hate the rank society of weeds, 670  
 Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust  
 Th' impov'rish'd earth; an overbearing race,  
 That, like the multitude made faction mad,  
 Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.  
 O blest seclusion from a jarring world, 675  
 Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat  
 Cannot indeed to guilty man restore  
 Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;  
 But it has peace, and much secures the mind  
 From all assaults of evil; proving still 680  
 A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease  
 By vicious Custom, raging uncontroll'd  
 Abroad, and desolating publick life,  
 When fierce Temptation, seconded within  
 By traitor Appetite, and arm'd with darts 685  
 Temper'd in Hell, invades the throbbing breast,  
 To combat may be glorious, and success  
 Perhaps may crown us; but to fly is safe.  
 Had I the choice of sublunary good,

THE GARDEN.

71

What could I wish, that I possess not here? 690  
 Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace,  
 No loose or wanton, though a wand'ring muse,  
 And constant occupation without care.  
 Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss;  
 Hopeless, indeed, that dissipated minds, 695  
 And profligate abusers of a world  
 Created fair so much in vain for them,  
 Should seek the guiltless joys that I describe,  
 Allur'd by my report : but sure no less  
 That self-condemn'd they must neglect the prize, 700  
 And what they will not taste must yet approve.  
 What we admire we praise ; and when we praise  
 Advance it into notice, that, its worth  
 Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too.  
 I therefore recommend, though at the risk 705  
 Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,  
 The cause of piety and sacred truth,  
 And virtue, and those scenes which God ordain'd  
 Should best secure them, and promote them most;  
 Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive 710  
 Forsaken, or through folly not enjoy'd.  
 Pure is the nymph, though lib'ral of her smiles,  
 And chaste, though unconfin'd, whom I extol.  
 Not as the prince in Shushan, when he call'd,  
 Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vashti forth, 715  
 To grace the full pavilion. His design  
 Was but to boast his own peculiar good,  
 Which all might view with envy, none partake.  
 My charmer is not mine alone ; my sweets,  
 And she that sweetens all my bitters too, 720  
 Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form  
 And lineaments divine I trace a hand  
 That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,  
 Is free to all men—universal prize.  
 Strange that so fair a creature should yet want 725  
 Admirers, and be destin'd to divide  
 With meaner objects e'en the few she finds !

Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flow'rs,  
 She loses all her influence. Cities then  
 Attract us, and neglected Nature pines 730  
 Abandon'd as unworthy of our love.  
 But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd  
 By roses ; and clear suns, though scarcely felt ;  
 And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure  
 From clamour, and whose very silence charms ; 735  
 To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse,  
 That metropolitan volcanoes make,  
 Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long ;  
 And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,  
 And thund'ring loud, with his ten thousand wheels ?  
 They would be, were not madness in the head, 741  
 And folly in the heart ; were England now,  
 What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,  
 And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell  
 To all the virtues of those better days, 745  
 And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once  
 Knew their own masters ; and laborious hinds,  
 Who had surviv'd the father, serv'd the son.  
 Now, the legitimate and rightful lord  
 Is but a transient guest, newly arriv'd, 750  
 And soon to be supplanted. He that saw  
 His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,  
 Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price  
 To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.  
 Estates are landscapes, gaz'd upon a while, 755  
 Then advertis'd, and auctioneer'd away.  
 The country starves, and they that feed th' o'ercharg'd  
 And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,  
 By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.  
 The wings that waft our riches out of sight, 760  
 Grow on the gamester's elbows, and the alert  
 And nimble motion of those restless joints,  
 That never tire, soon fans them all away.  
 Improvement, too, the idol of the age,  
 Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes ! 765

Th' omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!  
 Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode  
 Of our forefathers—a grave whisker'd race,  
 But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,  
 But in a distant spot; where more expos'd 770  
 It may enjoy th' advantage of the north,  
 And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd  
 Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove.  
 He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;  
 Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise: 775  
 And streams, as if created for his use,  
 Pursue the track of his directing wand,  
 Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,  
 Now murm'ring soft, now roaring in cascades—  
 E'en as he bids! Th' enraptur'd owner smiles. 780  
 'Tis finish'd, and yet, finish'd as it seems,  
 Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,  
 A mine to satisfy th' enormous cost.  
 Drain'd to the last poor item of his wealth,  
 He sighs, departs, and leaves th' accomplish'd plan 785  
 That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day  
 Labour'd, and many a night pursu'd in dreams,  
 Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the Heav'n  
 He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy!  
 And now perhaps the glorious hour is come, 790  
 When, having no stake left, no pledge t' endear,  
 Her int'rests, or that gives her sacred cause  
 A moment's operation on his love,  
 He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal  
 To serve his country. Ministerial grace 795  
 Deals him out money from the publick chest;  
 Or, if that mine be shut, some private purse  
 Supplies his need with a usurious loan,  
 To be refunded duly, when his vote  
 Well-manag'd shall have earn'd its worthy price. 800  
 O innocent, compar'd with arts like these,  
 Crape, and cock'd pistol, and the whistling ball  
 Sent through the trav'ler's temples! He that finds

One drop of Heav'n's sweet mercy in his cup,  
 Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content, 805  
 So he may wrap himself in honest rags  
 At his last gasp ; but could not for a world  
 Fish up his dirty and dependent bread  
 From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,  
 Sordid and sick'ning at his own success. 810  
 Ambition, avarice, penury, incurr'd  
 By endless riot, vanity, the lust  
 Of pleasure and variety, despatch  
 As duly as the swallows disappear,  
 The world of wand'ring knights and squires to town.  
 London ingulfs them all ! The shark is there, 816  
 And the shark's prey ; the spendthrift, and the leech  
 That sucks him there the sycophant, and he  
 Who, with bareheaded and obsequious bows,  
 Begg a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail 820  
 And groat per diem, if his patron frown.  
 The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp  
 Were character'd on ev'ry statesman's door,  
 "*Batter'd and bankrupt fortunes mended here.*"  
 These are the charms that sully and eclipse 825  
 The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,  
 That lean, hard-handed Poverty inflicts,  
 The hope of better things, the chance to win,  
 The wish to shine, the thirst to be amus'd,  
 That at the sound of Winter's hoary wing 830  
 Unpeople all our countries of such herds  
 Of flutt'ring, loit'ring, cringing, begging, loose,  
 And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast  
 And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.  
 O thou resort and mart of all the earth, 835  
 Checker'd with all complexions of mankind,  
 And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see  
 Much that I love, and more that I admire,  
 And all that I abhor ; thou freckled fair,  
 That pleasest and yet shock'st me ! I can laugh, 840  
 And I can weep, can hope and can despond



Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!  
Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,  
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—  
That salt preserves thee ; more corrupted else, 845  
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,  
Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,  
For whom God heard his Abr'ham plead in vain.

# THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

---

## THE WINTER EVENING

---

### ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

The post comes in—The newspaper is read—The World contemplated at a distance—Address to Winter—The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones—Address to evening—A brown study—Fall of snow in the evening—The wagoner—A poor family piece—The rural thief—Publick houses—The multitude of them censured—The farmer's daughter: what she was,—what she is—The simplicity of country manners almost lost—Causes of the change—Desertion of the country by the rich—Neglect of the magistrates—The militia principally in fault—The new recruit and his transformation—Reflection on bodies corporate—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

---

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,  
That with its wearisome but needful length  
Bestrides the wintry flood; in which the moon  
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright:—  
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,                   &  
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,  
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.  
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,  
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;                   10  
And having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.  
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch.

THE WINTER EVENING.

77

Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief  
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;  
 To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy. 15  
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's checks  
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
 Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains, 20  
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.  
 But O, th' important budget! usher'd in  
 With such heart-shaking musick, who can say  
 What are its tidings? have our troops awak'd? 25  
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,  
 Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantick wave  
 Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd  
 And jewel'd turban with a smile of peace,  
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate, 30  
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
 The logick, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;  
 I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,  
 And give them voice and utt'rance once again. 35

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
 And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each, 40  
 So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.  
 Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face  
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd  
 And bor'd with elbow points through both his sides,  
 Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage: 45  
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,  
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath  
 Of patriots, bursting with heroick rage,  
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.  
 This folio of four pages happy work! 50

Which not e'en criticks criticise ; that holds  
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,  
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,  
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;  
 What is it, but a map of busy life, 55  
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?  
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,  
 That tempts Ambition. On the summit see  
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;  
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels 60  
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,  
 And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,  
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.  
 Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft  
 Meanders lubricate the course they take ; 65  
 The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd,  
 T' engross a moment's notice ; and yet begs,  
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,  
 However trivial, all that he conceives.  
 Sweet bashfulness ; it claims at least this praise : 70  
 The dearth of information and good sense  
 That it foretells us always comes to pass.  
 Cataracts of declamation thnuder here ;  
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,  
 In which all comprehension wanders, lost ; 75  
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there  
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.  
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange  
 But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,  
 And lilies for the brows of faded age, 80  
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,  
 Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,  
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
 Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,  
 Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits, 85  
 And Katterfelto, with his hair on end  
 At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.  
 'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,

THE WINTER EVENING.

79

To peep at such a world ; to see the stir  
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ; 90  
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates  
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
 Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.  
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease  
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd 95  
 To some secure and more than mortal height,  
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.  
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round  
 With all its generations ; I behold  
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war 100  
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;  
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride  
 And av'rice that make man a wolf to man ;  
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,  
 By which he speaks the language of his heart, 105  
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.  
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee  
 From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land ;  
 The manners, customs, policy, of all  
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans ; 110  
 He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,  
 And spreads the honey of his deep research  
 At his return—a rich repast for me.  
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,  
 Ascend his topmast through his peering eyes 115  
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart  
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;  
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.  
 O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year, 120  
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,  
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows  
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,  
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne 125  
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,

But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,  
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
 And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun  
 A pris'n'er in the yet undawning east, 130  
 Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,  
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
 Down to the rosy west : but kindly still  
 Compensating his loss with added hours  
 Of social converse and instructive ease, 135  
 And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group  
 The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,  
 Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.  
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness, 140  
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
 Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours  
 Of long, uninterrupted ev'ning know.  
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates,  
 No powder'd pert proficient in the art 145  
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors  
 Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds  
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,  
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake ;  
 But here the needle plies its busy task, 150  
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,  
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
 Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,  
 And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,  
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair ; 155  
 A wreath, that cannot fade, or flow'rs that blow  
 With most success when all besides decay.  
 The poet's or historian's page by one  
 Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest : 159  
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds  
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;  
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,  
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,  
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge

THE WINTER EVENING.

81

On female industry : the threaded steel 165  
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.  
 The volume clos'd, the customary rites  
 Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal:  
 Such as the mistress of the world once found  
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note, 170  
 Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,  
 And under an old oak's domestick shade,  
 Enjoy'd, spare feast ! a radish and an egg.  
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,  
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play 175  
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth :  
 Nor do we madly, like an impious World,  
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God  
 That made them an intruder on their joys,  
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise 180  
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone  
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
 While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,  
 That calls the past to our exact review,  
 The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare, 185  
 The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found  
 Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd—  
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.  
 O ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd  
 The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply, 190  
 More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,  
 As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,  
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.  
 Is Winter hideous in a garb like this ?  
 Needs he the tragick fur, the smoke of lamps, 195  
 The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,  
 To thaw him into feeling, or the smart  
 And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits  
 Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile ?  
 The self-complacent actor, when he views 200  
 (Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)  
 The slope of faces, from the floor to th' roof

(As if one master spring controll'd them all,)  
 Relax'd into a universal grin,  
 Sees not a count'nance there, that speaks of joy 205  
 Half so refin'd or so sincere as ours.  
 Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks  
 That idleness has ever yet contriv'd  
 To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,  
 To palliate dulness, and give time a shove. 210  
 Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,  
 Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound ;  
 But the world's Time is Time in masquerade !  
 Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd,  
 With motley plumes ; and where the peacock shows  
 His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red 216  
 With spots quadrangular of diamond form,  
 Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,  
 And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.  
 What should be, and what was an hourglass once, 220  
 Becomes a dicebox, and a billiard mace  
 Well does the work of his destructive sith.  
 Thus deck'd, he charms a World whom Fashion blinds  
 To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most :  
 Whose only happy, are their idle hours. 225  
 E'en misses, at whose age their mothers wore  
 The backstring and the bib, assume the dress  
 Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school  
 Of card devoted Time, and, night by night,  
 Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board, 230  
 Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the game.  
 But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,  
 Where shall I find an end, or how proceed ?  
 As he that travels far oft turns aside,  
 To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tow'r, 235  
 Which seen, delights him not ; then coming home,  
 Describes and prints it, that the world may know  
 How far he went for what was nothing worth :  
 So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,  
 With colours mix'd for a far diff'rent use, 240



THE WINTER EVENING.

83

Paint cards, and dolls, and ev'ry idle thing,  
That Fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come, Ev'ning, once again, season of peace,  
Return, sweet Ev'ning, and continue long !  
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west, 245  
With matron step slow-moving, while the Night  
Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd  
In letting fall the curtain of repose

On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man  
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day : 250  
Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,  
Like homely-featur'd Night, of clust'ring gems ;  
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,  
Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine  
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high 255  
With ostentatious pageantry, but set  
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,  
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.

Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,  
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift ; 260  
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours  
To books, to musick, or the poet's toil ;  
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;  
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,  
When they command whom man was born to please ;  
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still. 266

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze  
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied  
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,  
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk 270  
Whole without stooping, tow'ring crest and all,  
My pleasures, too, begin. But me perhaps  
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile  
With faint illumination, that uplifts  
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits 275  
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame,  
Not undelightful is an hour to me  
So spent in parlour twilight : such a gloom

Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,  
 The mind contemplative, with some new theme 280  
 Pregnant, or indispos'd alike to all.  
 Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial pow'rs,  
 That never feel a stupor, know no pause,  
 Nor need one ; I am conscious, and confess  
 Fearless, a soul that does not always think. 285  
 Me oft has Fancy, ludicrous and wild,  
 Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, tow'rs,  
 Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd  
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
 I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw. 290  
 Nor less amus'd have I quiescent watch'd  
 The sooty films that play upon the bars  
 Pendulous, and foreboding in the view  
 Of superstition, prophesying still,  
 Though still deceiv'd, some stranger's near approach.  
 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose 296  
 In indolent vacuity of thought,  
 And sleeps, and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face  
 Conceals the mood lethargick with a mask  
 Of deep deliberation, as the man 300  
 Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost  
 Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour  
 At ev'ning, till at length the freezing blast  
 That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home  
 The recollected pow'rs ; and snapping short 305  
 The glassy threads, with which the Fancy weaves  
 Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.  
 How calm is my recess ; and how the frost,  
 Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear  
 The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within ! 310  
 I saw the woods and fields at close of day,  
 A variegated show ; the meadows green,  
 Though faded ; and the lands, where lately wav'd  
 The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,  
 Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share. 315  
 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile

THE WINTER EVENING.

85

With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd  
 By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each  
 His fav'rite herb : while all the leafless groves  
 That skirt th' horizon wore a sable hue, 320  
 Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve.  
 To-morrow brings a change, a total change !  
 Which even now, though silently perform'd,  
 And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face  
 Of universal nature undergoes. 325  
 Fast falls a fleecy show'r : the downy flakes  
 Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,  
 Softly alighting upon all below,  
 Assimilate all objects. Earth receives  
 Gladly the thick'ning mantle ; and the green 330  
 And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,  
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none  
 Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,  
 Without some thistly sorrow at its side ; 335  
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin  
 Against the law of love, to measure lots  
 With less distinguish'd than ourselves ; that thus  
 We may with patience bear our moderate ills,  
 And sympathize with others suff'ring more. 340  
 Ill fares the trav'ler now, and he that stalks  
 In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team  
 The wain goes heavily, impeded sore  
 By congregated loads adhering close  
 To the clogg'd wheels ; and in its sluggish pace 345  
 Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.  
 The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,  
 While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong  
 Forc'd downward, is consolidated soon  
 Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear 350  
 The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,  
 With half shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth  
 Presented bare against the storm, plods on.  
 One hand secures his hat, save when with both

He orandishes his pliant length of whip, 355  
 Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.  
 O happy ; and in my account denied  
 That sensibility of pain with which  
 Refinement is endu'd, thrice happy thou !  
 Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed 360  
 The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.  
 The learn'd finger never need explore  
 Thy vig'rous pulse ; and the unheathful east,  
 That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone  
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee. 365  
 Thy days roll on exempt from household care ;  
 Thy wagon is thy wife ; and the poor beasts,  
 That drag the dull companion to and fro,  
 Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.  
 Ah, treat them kindly ; rude as thou appear'st, 370  
 Yet show that thou hast mercy ! which the great,  
 With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,  
 Humane as they would seem, not always show.  
 Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,  
 Such claim compassion in a night like this, 375  
 And have a friend in ev'ry feeling heart.  
 Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long  
 They brave the season, and yet find at eve,  
 Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.  
 The frugal housewife trembles when she lights 380  
 Her scanty stock of brushwood blazing clear,  
 But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.  
 The few small embers left she nurses well ;  
 And, while her infant race, with outspread hands  
 And crowded knees, sit cow'ring o'er the sparks, 385  
 Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd  
 The man feels least, as more inur'd than she  
 To winter, and the current in his veins  
 More briskly mov'd by his severer toil ;  
 Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs. 390  
 The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw  
 Dangled along at the cold finger's end

THE WINTER EVENING.

87

Just when the day declin'd : and the brown loaf  
 Lodg'd on the shelf half eaten without sauce  
 Of sav'ry cheese, or butter, costlier still ; 395  
 Sleep seems their only refuge : for, alas !  
 Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,  
 And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few !  
 With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care,  
 Ingenious Parsimony takes, but just 400  
 Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,  
 Skillet, and old carv'd chest, from publick sale.  
 They live, and live without extorted alms  
 From grudging hands : but other boast have none,  
 To sooth their honest pride, that scorns to beg, 405  
 Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.  
 I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,  
 For ye are worthy ; choosing rather far  
 A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd,  
 And eaten with a sigh, than to endure 410  
 The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs  
 Of knaves in office, partial in the work  
 Of distribution ; lib'ral of their aid  
 To clam'rous Importunity in rags,  
 But ofttimes deaf to suppliants, who would blush 415  
 To wear a tatter'd garb, however coarse,  
 Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth :  
 These ask with painful shyness, and, refus'd  
 Because deserving, silently retire !  
 But be ye of good courage ! Time itself 420  
 Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase ;  
 And all your numerous progeny, well train'd,  
 But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,  
 And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want  
 What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare, 425  
 Nor what a wealthier than ourse'ves may send.  
 I mean the man, who, when the distant poor  
 Need help, denies them nothing but his name.  
 But poverty with most, who whimper forth  
 Their long complaints, is self-inflicted wo ; 430

The effect of laziness or sottish waste.  
 Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad  
 For plunder ; much solicitous how best  
 He may compensate for a day of sloth  
 By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong. 435  
 Wo to the gard'ner's pale, the farmer's hedge,  
 Plash'd neatly, and secur'd with driven stakes  
 Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,  
 Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame  
 To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil, 440  
 An ass's burden, and, when laden most  
 And heaviest, light of foot, steals fast away  
 Nor does the bordered hovel better guard  
 The well-stack'd pile of riven logs and roots  
 From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave 445  
 Unwrench'd the door, however well secur'd,  
 Where Chanticleer amidst his haram sleeps  
 In unsuspecting pomp. Twitch'd from the perch,  
 He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,  
 To his voracious bag, struggling in vain, 450  
 And loudly wond'ring at the sudden change.  
 Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere some excuse  
 Did pity of their suff'rings warp aside  
 His principle, and tempt him into sin  
 For their support, so destitute. But they 455  
 Neglected, pine at home ; themselves, as more  
 Expos'd than others, with less scruple made  
 His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.  
 Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst  
 Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts 460  
 His ev'ry action, and imbrates the man.  
 O for a law to noose the villain's neck  
 Who starves his own ; who persecutes the blood  
 He gave them in his children's veins, and hates  
 And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love ! 465  
 Pass where we may, through city or through town,  
 Village or hamlet, of this merry land,  
 Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace

THE WINTER EVENING.

89

Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff  
 Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the sties 470  
 That law has licens'd, as makes Temp'rance reel.  
 There sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds  
 Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,  
 The lackey, and the groom ; the craftsman there  
 Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil ; 475  
 Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,  
 And he that kneads the dough ; all loud alike,  
 All learned and all drunk ! the fiddle screams  
 Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd  
 Its wasted tones and harmony unheard, 480  
 Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme ; while she,  
 Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,  
 Perch'd on the signpost, holds with even hand  
 Her undecisive scales. In this she lays  
 A weight of ignorance ; in that, of pride ; 485  
 And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.  
 Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,  
 The cheek distending oath, not to be prais'd  
 As ornamental, musical, polite,  
 Like those which modern senators employ, 490  
 Whose oath is rhet'rick, and who swear for fame !  
 Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds,  
 Once simple, are initiated in arts  
 Which some may practise with politer grace,  
 But none with readier skill !—'Tis here they learn  
 The road that leads from competence and peace 496  
 To indigence and rapine ; till at last  
 Society, grown weary of the load,  
 Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.  
 But censure profits little ; vain th' attempt 500  
 To advertise in verse a publick pest,  
 That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds  
 His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.  
 Th' excise is fatten'd with the rich result  
 Of all this riot ; and ten thousand casks, 505  
 For ever dribbling out their base contents,

Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,  
 Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.  
 Drink, and be mad then ; 'tis your country bids !  
 Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call ! 510  
 Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats ;  
 Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

Would I had fall'n upon those happier days  
 That poets celebrate : those golden times,  
 And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings, 515  
 And Sidney, warbler of poetick prose.  
 Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts  
 That felt their virtues : Innocence, it seems,  
 From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves ;  
 The footsteps of simplicity, impress'd 520  
 Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing.)  
 Then were not all effac'd ; then speech profane,  
 And manners profligate, were rarely found,  
 Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.  
 Vain wish ! those days were never ; airy dreams 525  
 Sat for the picture : and the poet's hand,  
 Imparting substance to an empty shade,  
 Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth.  
 Grant it : I still must envy them an age  
 That favour'd such a dream : in days like these 530  
 Impossible when Virtue is so scarce,  
 That to suppose a scene where she presides  
 Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief  
 No : we are polish'd now. The rural lass,  
 Whom once her virgin modesty and grace, 535  
 Her artless manners, and her neat attire,  
 So dignified, that she was hardly less  
 Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,  
 Is seen no more. The character is lost !  
 Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft, 540  
 And ribands streaming gay, superbly rais'd,  
 And magnified beyond all human size,  
 Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand  
 For more than half the tresses it sustains :



THE WINTER EVENING. 91

Her elbows ruffled, and her tott'ring form 545  
 Ill propp'd upon French heels ; she might be deem'd  
 (But that the basket dangling on her arm  
 Interprets her more truly) of a rank  
 Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs—  
 Expect her soon with footboy at her heels, 550  
 No longer blushing for her awkward load,  
 Her train and her umbrella all her care !

The town has ting'd the country ; and the stain  
 Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,  
 The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs 555  
 Down into scenes still rural ; but, alas,  
 Scenes rarely grac'd with rural manners now !  
 Time was when in the pastoral retreat  
 Th' unguarded door was safe ; men did not watch  
 T' invade another's right, or guard their own. 560  
 Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscar'd  
 By drunken howlings ; and the chilling tale  
 Of midnight murder was a wonder heard  
 With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.  
 But farewell now to unsuspecting nights, 565  
 And slumbers unalarm'd ! Now, ere you sleep,  
 See that your polish'd arms be prim'd with care,  
 And drop the night-bolt ;—ruffians are abroad ;  
 And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat  
 May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear 570  
 To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.  
 E'en daylight has its dangers ; and the walk  
 Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once  
 Of other tenants than melodious birds,  
 Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold. 575  
 Lamented change ! to which full many a cause  
 Invet'rate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.  
 The course of human things from good to ill,  
 From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.  
 Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth ; 580  
 Wealth luxury, and luxury excess ;  
 Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague,

That seizes first the opulent, descends  
 To the next rank contagious, and in time  
 Taints downward all the graduated scale **585**  
 Of order, from the chariot to the plough.  
 The rich, and they that have an arm to check  
 The license of the lowest in degree,  
 Desert their office ; and themselves, intent  
 On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus **590**  
 To all the violence of lawless hands  
 Resign the scenes their presence might protect.  
 Authority herself not seldom sleeps,  
 Though resident, and witness of the wrong.  
 The plump convivial parson often bears **595**  
 The magisterial sword in vain, and lays  
 His rev'rence and his worship both to rest  
 On the same cushion of habitual sloth.  
 Perhaps timidity restrains his arm ;  
 When he should strike he trembles, and sets free, **600**  
 Himself enslav'd by terrour of the band—  
 Th' audacious convict whom he dares not bind.  
 Perhaps though by profession ghostly pure,  
 He, too, may have his vice, and sometimes prove  
 Less dainty than becomes his grave outside **605**  
 In lucrative concerns. Examine well  
 His milk-white hand ; the palm is hardly clean—  
 But here and there an ugly smutch appears.  
 Foh ! 'twas a bribe that left it : he has touch'd  
 Corruption. Whoso seeks an audit here **610**  
 Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,  
 Wild fowl or venison : and his errand speeds.  
 But faster far, and more than all the rest,  
 A noble cause, which none, who bears a spark  
 Of publick virtue, ever wish'd remov'd, **615**  
 Works the deplor'd and mischievous effect.  
 'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd  
 The heart of merit in the meaner class.  
 Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage  
 Of those that bear them, in whatever cause, **620**

Seem most at variance with all moral good,  
 And incompatible with serious thought.  
 The clown, the child of nature, without guile,  
 Blest with an infant's ignorance of all  
 But his own simple pleasures ; now and then 625  
 A wrestling match, a foot-race, or a fair ;  
 Is balloted, and trembles at the news :  
 Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears  
 A bible oath to be whate'er they please,  
 To do he knows not what. The task perform'd 630  
 That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,  
 His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.  
 His awkward gait, his introverted toes,  
 Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,  
 Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees, 635  
 Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,  
 He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,  
 Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well :  
 He stands erect : his slouch becomes a walk ;  
 He steps right onward, martial in his air, 640  
 His form and movement ; is as smart above  
 As meal and larded locks can make him ; wears  
 His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace ;  
 And, his three years of heroship expir'd,  
 Returns indignant to the slighted plough. 645  
 He hates the field, in which no fife or drum  
 Attends him ; drives his cattle to a march ;  
 And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.  
 Twere well if his exteriour change were all—  
 But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost 650  
 His ignorance and harmless manners too.  
 To swear, to game, to drink ; to show at home  
 By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath breach,  
 The great proficiency he made abroad ;  
 T' astonish, and to grieve his gazing friends ; 655  
 To break some maiden's and his mother's heart :  
 To be a pest where he was useful once ;  
 Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now

Man in society is like a flow'r  
 Blown in its native bed ; 'tis there alone 665  
 His faculties, expanded in full bloom,  
 Shine out ; there only reach their proper use.  
 But man, associated and leagued with man  
 By regal warrant or self-join'd by bond  
 For int'rest sake, or swarming into clans 665  
 Beneath one head for purposes of war,  
 Like flow'rs selected from the rest, and bound  
 And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,  
 Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr'd,  
 Contracts defilement not to be endur'd. 670  
 Hence charter'd boroughs are such publick plagues  
 And burghers, men immaculate perhaps  
 In all their private functions, once combin'd,  
 Become a loathsome body, only fit  
 For dissolution, hurtful to the main. 675  
 Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin  
 Against the charities of domestick life,  
 Incorporated, seem at once to lose  
 Their nature ; and, disclaiming all regard  
 For mercy and the common rights of man, 680  
 Build factories with blood, conducting trade  
 At the sword's point, and dying the white robe  
 Of innocent commercial Justice red.  
 Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world  
 Misdeems it, dazzied by its bright array, 685  
 With all its majesty of thund'ring pomp,  
 Enchanting musick, and immortal wreaths,  
 Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught  
 On principle, where foppery atones  
 For folly, gallantry for ev'ry vice. 690  
 But slighted as it is, and by the great  
 Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,  
 Infected with the manners and the modes  
 It knew not once, the country wins me still.  
 I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan, 695  
 That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,

But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd  
 My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice  
 Had found me, or the hope of being free.  
 My very dreams were rural; rural too 700  
 The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,  
 Sportive and jingling her poetick bells,  
 Ere yet her ear was mistress of their pow'rs.  
 No bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd  
 To Nature's praises. Herocs and their feats 705  
 Fatigu'd me, never weary of the pipe  
 Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,  
 The rustick throng beneath his fav'rite beech.  
 Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms :  
 New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd 710  
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue  
 To speak its excellence. I danc'd for joy.  
 I marvell'd much that, at so ripe an age  
 As twice seven years, his beauties had then first  
 Engag'd my wonder ; and admiring still, 715  
 And still admiring, with regret suppos'd  
 The joy half lost, because not sooner found.  
 There, too, enamour'd of the life I lov'd,  
 Pathetick in its praise, in its pursuit  
 Determin'd and possessing it at last, 720  
 With transports such as favour'd lovers feel,  
 I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had known,  
 Ingenious Cowley ! and, though now reclaim'd  
 By modern lights from an erroncus taste,  
 I cannot but lament thy splendid wit 725  
 Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.  
 I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd ;  
 Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bow'rs,  
 Not unemploy'd ; and finding rich amends  
 For a lost world in solitude and verse. 730  
 'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works  
 Is an ingredient in the compound man,  
 Infus'd at the creation of the kind.  
 And, though th' Almighty Maker has throughout

Discriminated each from each, by strokes 735  
 And touches of his hand, with so much art  
 Diversified, that two were never found  
 Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all  
 That all discern a beauty in his works,  
 And all can taste them : minds that have been form'd  
 And tutor'd with a relish more exact, 741  
 But none without some relish, none unmov'd.  
 It is a flame that dies not even there,  
 Where nothing feeds it : neither business, crowds,  
 Nor habits of luxurious city life, 745  
 Whatever else they smother of true worth  
 In human bosoms, quench it or abate.  
 The villas, with which London stands begirt,  
 Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads  
 Prove it. A breath of unadult'rate air 750  
 The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer  
 The citizen, and brace his languid frame !  
 E'en in the stifling bosom of the town  
 A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms  
 That sooth the rich possessor ; much consol'd, 755  
 That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint  
 Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well  
 He cultivates. These serve him with a hint  
 That Nature lives ; that sight-refreshing green  
 Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear, 760  
 Though sickly samples of th' exub'rant whole.  
 What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs,  
 The prouder sashes fronted with a range  
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,  
 The Frenchman's darling ?\* are they not all proofs,  
 That man, immur'd in cites, still retains 766  
 His inborn inextinguishable thirst  
 Of rural scenes, compensating his loss  
 By supplemental shifts, the best he may ?  
 The most unfurnish'd with the means of life, 770  
 And they, that never pass their brick-wall bounds,

\* Mignonette.

THE WINTER EVENING.

97

To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,  
 Yet feel the burning instinct ; over head  
 Suspend their crazy boxes planted thick,  
 And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands 775  
 A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there ;  
 Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets  
 The country, with what ardour he contrives  
 A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease, 780

And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,  
 And harmless pleasures in the throng'd abode  
 Of multitudes unknown ! hail, rural life '  
 Address himself who will to the pursuit  
 Of honours, or emolument, or fame ; 785

I shall not add myself to such a chase,  
 Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.  
 Some must be great. Great offices will have

Great talents. And God gives to ev'ry man  
 The virtue, temper, understanding, taste, 790  
 That lifts him into life, and lets him fall  
 Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.

To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land  
 He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, a heart  
 To feel, and courage to redress, her wrongs ; 795

To monarchs dignity ; to judges sense ;  
 To artists ingenuity and skill ;

To me, an unambitious mind, content  
 In the low vale of life, that early felt  
 A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long 800

Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd.

# THE TASK.

BOOK V

---

---

## THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

---

---

### ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

A frosty morning—The foddering of cattle—The woodman and his dog—The poultry—Whimsical effects of a frost at a waterfall—The empress of Russia's palace of ice—Amusements of monarchs—War, one of them—Wars, whence—And whence monarchy—The evils of it—English and French loyalty contrasted—The Bastile, and a prisoner there—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country—Modern patriotism questionable, and why—The perishable nature of the best human institutions—Spiritual liberty not perishable—The slavish state of man by nature—Deliver him, Deist, if you can—Grace must do it—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated—Their different treatment—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free—His relish of the works of God—Address to the Creator.

---

'TIS morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb  
Ascending, fires th' horizon ; while the clouds  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
Resemble most some city in a blaze, 5  
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray  
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,  
From ev'ry herb and ev'ry spiry blade  
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field. 10  
Mine spindling into longitude immense,  
In spite of gravity, and sage remark



THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 99

That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance,  
I view the muscular proportion'd limb 15  
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,  
As they design'd to mock me, at my side,  
Take step for step ; and, as I near approach  
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,  
Prepost'rous sight ! the legs without the man. 20  
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents,  
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,  
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad, 25  
And, fledg'd with icy feathers, nod superb.  
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep  
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
Their wonted fodder ; not like hung'ring man, 30  
Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,  
And patient of the slow-pac'd swain's delay.  
He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,  
Deep plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,  
His broad keen knife into the solid mass ; 35  
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,  
With such undeviating and even force  
He severs it away ; no needless care,  
Lest storm should upset the leaning pile  
Deciduous, or its own unbalanc'd weight. 40  
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd  
The cheerful haunts of man ; to wield the axe,  
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,  
From morn to eve his solitary task.  
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears 45  
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur—  
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk  
Wide-scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow  
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ; 50



THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 101

As instinct prompts ; self-buried ere they die.  
 The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,  
 Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth nut, now 90  
 Repays their labour more ; and perch'd aloft  
 By the way-side, or stalking in the path,  
 Lean pensioners upon the trav'ler's track,  
 Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,  
 Of voided pulse or half-digested grain. 95  
 The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,  
 O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,  
 Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight  
 Lies undissolv'd ; while silently beneath,  
 And unperceiv'd, the current steals away. 100  
 Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps  
 The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,  
 And wantons in the pebbly gulf below :  
 No frost can bind it there : its utmost force  
 Can but arrest the light and smoky mist, 105  
 That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.  
 And see where it has hung the embroider'd banks  
 With forms so various, that no pow'rs of art,  
 The pencil, or the pen, may trace the scene !  
 Here glitt'ring turrets rise, upbearing high, 110  
 (Fantastick misarrangement !) on the roof  
 Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees  
 And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops  
 That trickled down the branches, fast congeal'd,  
 Shoot into pillars of pellucid length, 115  
 And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.  
 Here grotto within grotto safe defies  
 The sunbeam ; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,  
 The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes  
 Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain 120  
 The likeness of some object seen before.  
 Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,  
 And in defiance of her rival pow'rs ;  
 By these fortuitous and random strokes  
 Performing such inimitable feats, 125

As she with all her rules can never reach.  
 Less worthy of applause, though more admir'd,  
 Because a novelty, the work of man,  
 Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,  
 Thy most magnificent and mighty freak, 130  
 The wonder of the North. No forest fell  
 When thou wouldst build ; no quarry sent its stores,  
 T' enrich thy walls : but thou didst hew the floods,  
 And make thy marble of the glassy wave.  
 In such a palace Aristæus found 135  
 Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale  
 Of his lost bees to her maternal ear :  
 In such a palace poetry might place  
 The armoury of Winter ; where his troops,  
 The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet 140  
 Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,  
 And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course,  
 And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.  
 Silently as a dream the fabrick rose ;  
 No sound of hammer or of saw was there : 145  
 Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
 Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd  
 Than water interfus'd, to make them one.  
 Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues,  
 Illumin'd ev'ry side : a wat'ry light 150  
 Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd  
 Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n  
 From Heav'n to Earth, of lambent flame serene  
 So stood the brittle prodigy ; though smooth  
 And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost-bound 155  
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within  
 That royal residence might well befit,  
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths  
 Of flow'rs that fear'd no enemy but warmth,  
 Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none 160  
 Where all was vitreous ; but in order due  
 Convivial table and commodious seat  
 (What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there .

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.	103
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.	
The same lubricity was found in all,	165
And all was moist to the warm touch ; a scene	
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,	
And soon to slide into a stream again.	
Alas ! 'twas but a mortifying stroke	
Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd,	170
(Made by a monarch,) on her own estate,	
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.	
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show	
'Twas durable ; as worthless, as it seem'd	
Intrinsically precious ; to the foot	175
Treach'rous and false ; it smil'd, and it was cold.	
Great princes have great play-things. Some have	
play'd	
At hewing mountains into men, and some	
At building human wonders mountain-high.	
Some have amus'd the dull, sad years of life,	180
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,)	
With schemes of monumental fame ; and sought	
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,	
Short liv'd themselves, t' immortalize their bones.	
Some seek diversion in the tented field,	185
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.	
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,	
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well,	
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands	
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds	190
Are gratified with mischief ; and who spoil,	
Because men suffer it, their toy, the world.	
When Babel was confounded, and the great	
Confed'racy of projectors wild and vain	
Was split into diversity of tongues,	195
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,	
These to the upland, to the valley those,	
God drove asunder, and assign'd their lot	
To all the nations. Ample was the boon	
He gave them, in its distribution fair	200

And equal ; and he bade them dwell in peace.  
 Peace was awhile their care ; they plough'd, and sow'd,  
 And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.  
 But violence can never longer sleep  
 Than human passions please. In every heart      205  
 Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war ;  
 Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.  
 Cain had already shed a brother's blood :  
 The deluge wash'd it out ; but left unquench'd  
 The seeds of murder in the breast of man.      210  
 Soon by a righteous judgment in the line  
 Of his descending progeny was found  
 The first artificer of death ; the shrewd  
 Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,  
 And forc'd the blunt and yet unbloodied steel      215  
 To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.  
 Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times,  
 The sword and falchion their inventor claim ;  
 And the first smith was the first murd'rer's son.  
 His art surviv'd the waters ; and ere long,      220  
 When man was multiplied and spread abroad  
 In tribes and clans, and had begun to call  
 These meadows and that range of hills his own,  
 The tasted sweets of property begat  
 Desire of more ; and industry in some,      225  
 T' improve and cultivate their just demesne,  
 Made others covet what they saw so fair.  
 Thus war began on Earth : these fought for spoil,  
 And those in self-defence. Savage at first  
 The onset, and irregular. At length      230  
 One eminent above the rest for strength,  
 For stratagem, for courage, or for all,  
 Was chosen leader ; him they serv'd in war,  
 And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds,  
 Rev'renc'd no less. Who could with him compare ?  
 Or who so worthy to control themselves,      236  
 As he, whose prowess had subdu'd their foes ?  
 Thus war, affording field for the display

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.	105
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace, Which have their exigencies too, and call For skill in government, at length made king.	240
King was a name too proud for man to wear With modesty and meekness ; and the crown So dazling in their eyes, who set it on, Was sure t' intoxicate the brows it bound	245
It is the abject property of most, That, being parcel of the common mass, And destitute of means to raise themselves, They sink, and settle lower than they need. They know not what it is to feel within	250
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields, Almost without an effort, plans too vast For their conception, which they cannot move. Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk	255
With gazing, when they see an able man Step forth to notice ; and, besotted thus, Build him a pedestal, and say, " Stand there, " And be our admiration and our praise." They roll themselves before him in the dust,	260
Then most deserving in their own account When most extravagant in his applause, As if, exalting him, they rais'd themselves. Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound And sober judgment, that he is but man,	265
They demi-deify and fume him so, That in due season he forgets it too. Inflated and astrut with self conceit, He gulps the windy diet ; and ere long, Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks	270
The world was made in vain, if not for him. Thenceforth they are his cattle ; drudges, born To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears, And sweating in his service, his caprice Becomes the soul that animates them all.	275
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,	

Spent in the purchase of renown for him,  
 An easy reck'ning : and they think the same.  
 Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings  
 Were burnish'd into heroes, and became 280  
 The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp ;  
 Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died.  
 Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man  
 To eminence, fit only for a god,  
 Should ever drivel out of human lips, 285  
 E'en in the cradled weakness of the world !  
 Still stranger much, that, when at length mankind  
 Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,  
 And could discriminate and argue well  
 On subjects more mysterious, they were yet 290  
 Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear  
 And quake before the gods themselves had made :  
 But above measure strange, that neither proof  
 Of sad experience, nor examples set  
 By some whose patriot virtue has prevail'd, 295  
 Can even now, when they are grown mature  
 In wisdom, and with philosophick deeds  
 Familiar, serve t' emancipate the rest !  
 Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone  
 To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead 300  
 A course of long observance for its use,  
 That even servitude, the worst of ills,  
 Because deliver'd down from sire to son,  
 Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.  
 But is it fit, or can it bear the shock 305  
 Of rational discussion, that a man,  
 Compounded and made up like other men  
 Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust  
 And folly in as ample measure meet  
 As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules, 310  
 Should be a despot absolute, and boast  
 Himself the only freeman of his land ?  
 Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,  
 Wage war, with any or with no pretence



THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 107

Of provocation giv'n, or wrong sustain'd, 315  
 And force the beggarly last doit by means  
 That his own humour dictates, from the clutch  
 Of Poverty, that thus he may procure  
 His thousands, weary of penurious life,  
 A splendid opportunity to die ? 320  
 Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old  
 Jotham ascrib'd to his assembled trees  
 In politick convention) put your trust  
 I' th' shadow of a bramble, and, reclin'd  
 In fancied peace beneath his dang'rous branch, 325  
 Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,  
 Where find ye passive fortitude ? Whence springs  
 Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good  
 To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang  
 His thorns with streamers of continual praise ? 330  
 We too are friends to loyalty. We love  
 The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,  
 And reigns content within them : him we serve  
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free :  
 But recollecting still that he is man, 335  
 We trust him not too far. King though he be,  
 And king in England too, he may be weak  
 And vain enough to be ambitious still ;  
 May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,  
 Or covet more than freemen choose to grant ! 340  
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,  
 T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,  
 But not to warp or change it. We are his,  
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,  
 True to the death ; but not to be his slaves. 345  
 Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love  
 Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.  
 We love the man ; the paltry pageant, you :  
 We the chief patron of the commonwealth ;  
 You, the regardless author of its woes : 350  
 We, for the sake of liberty, a king ;  
 You, chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake

Our love is principle, and has its root  
 In reason; is judicious, manly, free;  
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod, 355  
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.

Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,  
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,  
 I would not be a king to be belov'd  
 Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise, 360  
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,  
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will  
 Of a superiour, he is never free.  
 Who lives, and is not weary of a life 365

Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.  
 The state that strives for liberty, though foil'd,  
 And forc'd to abandon what she bravely sought,  
 Deserves at least applause for her attempt,  
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause 370

Not often unsuccessful: pow'r usurp'd  
 Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,  
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.  
 But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought  
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess 375

All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,  
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts;  
 The surest presage of the good they seek.\*

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more  
 To France than all her losses and defeats, 380  
 Old or of later date, by sea or land,

Her house of bondage, worse than that of old  
 Which God aveng'd on Pharaoh—the Bastile  
 Ye horrid tow'rs, th' abode of broken hearts:  
 Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair, 385  
 That monarchs have supplied from age to age

\* The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware, that it is become almost fashionable, to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 109

With musick, such as suits their sov'reign ears—  
 The sighs and groans of miserable men !  
 There's not an English heart that would not leap  
 To hear that ye were fall'n at last ; to know 390  
 That e'en our enemies, so oft employ'd  
 In forging chains for us, themselves were free.  
 For he who values Liberty, confines  
 His zeal for her predominance within  
 No narrow bounds ; her cause engages him 395  
 Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.  
 There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,  
 Immur'd though unaccus'd, condemn'd untried,  
 Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape.  
 There, like the visionary emblem seen 400  
 By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,  
 And, filleted about with hoops of brass,  
 Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.  
 To count the hour-bell and expect no change ;  
 And ever as the sullen sound is heard, 405  
 Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note  
 To him whose moments all have one dull pace,  
 Ten thousand rovers in the world at large  
 Account it musick ; that it summons some  
 To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball ; 410  
 The wearied hireling finds it a release  
 From labour ; and the lover, who has chid  
 Its long delay, feels ev'ry welcome stroke  
 Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—  
 To fly for refuge from distracting thought 415  
 To such amusements as ingenious wo  
 Contrives, hard shifting, and without her tools  
 To read engraven on the mouldy walls,  
 In stagg'ring types, his predecessor's tale,  
 A sad memorial, and subjoin his own— 420  
 To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd  
 And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest  
 Is made familiar, watches his approach,  
 Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—

To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro 425  
 The studs that thick emboss his iron door ;  
 Then downward and then upward, then aslant,  
 And then alternate ; with a sickly hope  
 By dint of change to give his tasteless task  
 Some relish ; till the sum, exactly found 430  
 In all directions, he begins again—  
 O comfortless existence ! hemm'd around  
 With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel  
 And beg for exile, or the pangs of death ?  
 That man should thus encroach on fellow man, 435  
 Abridge him of his just and native rights,  
 Eradicate him, tear him from his hold  
 Upon th' endearments of domestick life  
 And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,  
 And doom him for perhaps a heedless word 440  
 To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,  
 Moves indignation, makes the name of king,  
 (Of king whom such prerogative can please)  
 As dreadful as the Manichean god,  
 Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy. 445  
 'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flow'r  
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;  
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,  
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,  
 Is evil : hurts the faculties, impedes 450  
 Their progress in the road of science ; blinds  
 The eyesight of Discovery ; and begets,  
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,  
 Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit  
 To be the tenant of man's noble form. 455  
 Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,  
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd  
 By publick exigence, till annual food  
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,  
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief 460  
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free ;  
 My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,

THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 111

Replete with vapours, and disposes much  
 All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :  
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft 465  
 And plausible than social life requires,  
 And thou hast need of discipline and art,  
 To give thee what politer France receives  
 From Nature's bounty—that humane address  
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is 470  
 In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,  
 Or flush'd by fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.  
 Yet, being free, I love thee : for the sake  
 Of that one feature can be well content,  
 Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art, 475  
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.  
 But once enslav'd, farewell ! I could endure  
 Chains no where patiently ; and chains at home,  
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.  
 Then what were left of roughness in the grain 480  
 Of British natures, wanting its excuse  
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust  
 And shock me. I should then with double pain  
 Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime ;  
 And, if I must bewail the blessing lost, 485  
 For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,  
 I would at least bewail it under skies  
 Milder, among a people less austere ;  
 In scenes, which having never known me free,  
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt. 490  
 Do I forebode impossible events,  
 And tremble at vain dreams ? Heav'n grant I may !  
 But th' age of virtuous politicks is past,  
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.  
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere, 495  
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes  
 Deep in his soft credulity the stamp  
 Design'd by loud declaimers on the part  
 Of liberty, (themselves the slaves of lust,)  
 Incurs derision for his easy faith 500

And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough :  
 For when was publick virtue to be found,  
 Where private was not ? Can he love the whole,  
 Who loves no part ? He be a nation's friend,  
 Who is in truth the friend of no man there ? 505  
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,  
 Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake  
 That country, if at all, must be belov'd ?

'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad  
 For England's glory, seeing it wax pale 510  
 And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts  
 So loose to private duty, that no brain  
 Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,  
 Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.  
 Such were they not of old, whose temper'd blades 515

Dispers'd the shackles of usurp'd control,  
 And hew'd them link from link ; then Albion's sons  
 Were sons indeed ; they felt a filial heart  
 Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs ;  
 And, shining each in his domestick sphere, 520  
 Shone brighter still, once call'd to publick view.

'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot  
 Forbids their interference, looking on  
 Anticipate perforce some dire event ;  
 And seeing the old castle of the state, 525  
 That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,  
 That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,  
 Stand motionless expectants of its fall.

All has its date below ; the fatal hour  
 Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began. 530  
 We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works  
 Die too : the deep foundations that we lay,  
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.

We build with what we deem eternal rock ;  
 A distant age asks where the fabrick stood ; 535  
 And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,  
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung

THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 113

By poets, and by senators unprais'd,  
 Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs 540  
 Of Earth and Hell confed'rate take away :  
 A liberty, which persecution, fraud,  
 Oppression, prisons, have no pow'r to bind  
 Which whoso tastes can be enslav'd no more.  
 'Tis liberty of heart deriv'd from Heav'n, 545  
 Bought with *his* blood, who gave it to mankind,  
 And seal'd with the same token. It is held  
 By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure  
 By th' unimpeachable and awful oath  
 And promise of a God. His other gifts 550  
 All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,  
 And are august ! but this transcends them all.  
 His other works, the visible display  
 Of all-creating energy and might,  
 Are grand, no doubt, and worthy of the word 555  
 That, finding an interminable space  
 Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,  
 And made so sparkling what was dark before.  
 But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,  
 Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene, 560  
 Might well suppose th' artificer divine  
 Meant it eternal, had he not himself  
 Pronounc'd it transient, glorious as it is,  
 And, still designing a more glorious far,  
 Doom'd it as insufficient for his praise. 565  
 These therefore are occasional, and pass ;  
 Form'd for the confutation of the fool,  
 Whose lying heart disputes against a God ;  
 That office serv'd, they must be swept away.  
 Not so the labours of his love : they shine 570  
 In other heav'ns than these that we behold,  
 And fade not. There is Paradise that fears  
 No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends  
 Large prelibation oft to saints below.  
 Of these the first in order, and the pledge, 575  
 And confident assurance of the rest,

Is liberty ; a flight into his arms,  
 Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,  
 A clear escape from tyrannising lust,  
 And full immunity from penal wo. 580

Chains are the portion of revolted man,  
 Stripes, and a dungeon ; and his body serves  
 The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,  
 Opprobrious residence, he finds them all.  
 Propense his heart to idols, he is held 585

In silly dotage on created things,  
 Careless of their Creator. And that low  
 And sordid gravitation of his pow'rs  
 To a vile clod, so draws him, with such force  
 Resistless from the centre he should seek, 590

That he at last forgets it. All his hopes  
 Tend downward ; his ambition is to sink,  
 To reach a depth profounder still, and still  
 Profounder, in the fathomless abyss  
 Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death. 595

But ere he gain the comfortless repose  
 He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul  
 In Heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures—  
 What does he not, from lusts oppos'd in vain,  
 And self-reproaching conscience ? He foresees 600

The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,  
 Fortune, and dignity ; the loss of all  
 That can ennoble man and make frail life,  
 Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,  
 Far worse than all the plagues with which his sins 606

Infect his happiest moments, he forbodes  
 Ages of hopeless mis'ry. Future death,  
 And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,  
 Like that which sends him to the dusty grave :  
 But unrepealable, enduring, death. 610

Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears :  
 What none can prove a forgery, may be true ,  
 What none but bad men wish exploded, must  
 That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud



THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 115

Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst 615  
 Of laughter his compunctions are sincere ;  
 And he abhors the jest by which he shines.  
 Remorse begets reform. His master-lust  
 Falls first before his resolute rebuke,  
 And seems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace ensues,  
 But spurious and short liv'd : the puny child 621  
 Of self-congratulating Pride, begot  
 On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,  
 And fights again ; but finds, his best essay  
 A presage ominous, portending still 625  
 Its own dishonour by a worse relapse.  
 Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foil'd  
 So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,  
 Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now  
 Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause 630  
 Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd ;  
 With shallow shifts and old devices, worn  
 And tatter'd in the service of debauch,  
 Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight.  
 " Hath God indeed giv'n appetites to man, 635  
 And stor'd the earth so plenteously with means  
 To gratify the hunger of his wish ;  
 And doth he reprobate, and will he damn  
 The use of his own bounty ? making first  
 So frail a kind, and then enacting laws 640  
 So strict, that less than perfect must despair ?  
 Falsehood ! which whoso but suspects of truth,  
 Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.  
 Do they themselves, who undertake for hire  
 The teacher's office, and dispense at large 645  
 Their weekly dole of edifying strains,  
 Attend to their own musick ? have they faith  
 In what, with such solemnity of tone  
 And gesture, they propound to our belief ?  
 Nay—Conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice  
 Is but an instrument, on which the priest 651  
 May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,

The unequivocal, authentick deed,  
 We find sound argument, we read the heart."  
 Such reas'nings (if that name inust needs belong  
 T' excuses in which reason has no part) 654  
 Serve to compose a spirit well inclin'd  
 To live en terms of amity with vice,  
 And sin without disturbance. Often urg'd,  
 (As often as, libidinous discourse 660  
 Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes,  
 Of theological and grave import,)  
 They gain at last his unreserv'd assent ;  
 Till, harden'd his heart's temper in the forge  
 Of lust, and on the anvil of despair, 663  
 He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,  
 Or nothing much, his constancy in ill ;  
 Vain tamp'ring has but foster'd his disease ;  
 'Tis desp'rate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.  
 Haste, now, philosopher, and set him free. 670  
 Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear  
 Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth  
 How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,  
 Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps  
 Directly to the *first and only fair*. 675  
 Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the pow'rs  
 Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise ;  
 Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,  
 And with poetick trappings grace thy prose,  
 Till it out-mantle all the pride of verse.— 680  
 Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high sounding brass,  
 Smitten in vain ! such musick cannot charm  
 The eclipse, that intercepts truth's heav'nly beam  
 And chills and darkens a wide wand'ring soul.  
 The *still small voice* is wanted. He must speak, 685  
 Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect ;  
 Who calls for things that are not, and they come.  
 Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change  
 That turns to ridicule the turgid speech  
 And stately tone of moralists, who boast 690

THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 117

As if, like him of fabulous renown,  
 They had indeed ability to smooth  
 The shag of savage nature, and were each  
 An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song ;  
 But transformation of apostate man 605

From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,  
 Is work for Him that made him. He alone,  
 And he by means in philosophick eyes  
 'Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves  
 The wonder ; humanizing what is brute 700  
 In the lost kind, extracting from the lips  
 Of asps their venom, overpow'ring strength  
 By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toil'd, and, in their country's cause  
 Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve, 705  
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
 Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historick muse,

Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
 To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,  
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass 710

To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust :  
 But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,  
 To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,  
 Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,  
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed, 715

And, for a time, ensure to his lov'd land  
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;  
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,  
 And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed  
 In confirmation of the noblest claim— 720

Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,  
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,  
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.

Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,  
 Till persecution dragg'd them into fame, 725  
 And chas'd them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew  
 —No marble tells us whither. With their names  
 No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :

And history, so warm on meaner themes,  
 Is cold on this. She execrates indeed 730  
 The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,  
 But gives the glorious suff'ers little praise.\*  
 He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
 That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm, 735  
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
 He looks abroad into the varied field  
 Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compar'd  
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight, 740  
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
 And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy  
 With a propriety that none can feel,  
 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd, 744  
 Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,  
 And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"  
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
 And by an emphasis of int'rest his,  
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy, 750  
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,  
 That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world  
 So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?  
 Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap 755  
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good  
 In senseless riot; but ye will not find  
 In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,  
 A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd  
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong, 760  
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,  
 And has a richer use of yours than you.  
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth  
 Of no mean city; plann'd or ere the hills

\* See Hume.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK. 119

Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea, 765  
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.

His freedom is the same in ev'ry state ;  
 And no condition of this changeful life,  
 So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day  
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less : 770

For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,  
 Nor penury, can cripple or confine.  
 No nook so narrow, but he spreads them there  
 With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds

His body bound ; but knows not what a range 775  
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain ;  
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,  
 Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste  
 His works. Admitted once to his embrace, 780

Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :  
 Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart,  
 Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,  
 Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone, 785  
 And eyes intent upon the scanty herb

It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,  
 Ruminates heedless of the scene outspread  
 Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away  
 From inland regions to the distant main. 790

Man views it, and admires ; but rests content  
 With what he views. The landscape has his praise,  
 But not its author. Unconcern'd who form'd

The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,  
 And such well pleas'd to find it, asks no more. 795

Not so the mind that has been touch'd from Heav'n,  
 And in the school of sacred wisdom taught  
 To read His wonders, in whose thought the world,  
 Fair as it is, existed ere it was.

Nor for its own sake merely, but for his 800  
 Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise ;  
 Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,

To earth's acknowledg'd sov'reign, finds at once  
 Its only just proprietor in Him.  
 The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd 805  
 New faculties, or learns at least t' employ  
 More worthily the powers she own'd before,  
 Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze  
 Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,  
 A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms 810  
 Terrestrial in the vast and the minute ;  
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God,  
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.  
 Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds 815  
 With those fair ministers of light to man,  
 That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,  
 Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they  
 With which Heaven rang, when every star, in haste  
 To gratulate the new-created earth, 820  
 Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God  
 Shouted for joy.—“ Tell me, ye shining hosts,  
 That navigate a sea that knows no storms,  
 Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,  
 If from your elevation, whence ye view 825  
 Distinctly scenes invisible to man,  
 And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet  
 Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race  
 Favour'd as ours ; transgressors from the womb  
 And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise, 830  
 And to possess a brighter Heaven than yours ?  
 As one, who, long detain'd on foreign shores,  
 Pants to return, and when he sees afar  
 His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,  
 From the green wave emerging, darts an eye 835  
 Radiant with joy toward the happy land ;  
 So I with animated hopes behold,  
 And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,  
 That show like beacons in the blue abyss,  
 Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home 840

THE WINTER MORNING WALK 121

From toilsome life to never-ending rest.  
 Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires  
 That give assurance of their own success,  
 And that, infus'd from Heaven, must thither tend."  
 So reads he Nature, whom the lamp of truth 845  
 Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word!  
 Which whoso sees, no longer wanders lost,  
 With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt,  
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built  
 With means that were not, till by thee employ'd, 850  
 Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength  
 Been less, or less benevolent than strong.  
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r  
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears  
 That hear not, or receive not their report. 855  
 In vain thy creatures testify of thee,  
 Till thou proclaim thyself. 'Theirs is indeed  
 A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,  
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,  
 And with the boon gives talents for its use. 860  
 Till thou art heard, imaginations vain  
 Possess the heart, and fables false as hell:  
 Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death  
 The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.  
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,  
 The glory of thy work; which yet appears 866  
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,  
 Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd  
 Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.  
 But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st: 870  
 Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r  
 (If pow'r she be, that works but to confound)  
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.  
 Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can  
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves 875  
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,  
 Or disregard our follies, or that sit  
 Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.

These we reject, unable to abide  
 Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure, 880  
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause,  
 For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.  
 Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,  
 Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heav'n  
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy. 885  
 A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not,  
 Till thou hast touch'd them ; 'tis the voice of song,  
 A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works ;  
 Which he that hears it, with a shout repeats,  
 And adds his rapture to the general praise ! 890  
 In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide  
 Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile  
 The author of her beauties, who, retir'd  
 Behind his own creation, works unseen  
 By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied : 895  
 Thou art the source and centre of all minds,  
 Their only point of rest, eternal Word !  
 From thee departing, they are lost, and rove  
 At random, without honour, hope, or peace.  
 From thee is all that sooths the life of man, 900  
 His high endeavour, and his glad success,  
 His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
 But O thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !  
 Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor ; 905  
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.



# THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

---

## THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

---

### ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK

**Bells at a distance—Their effect—A fine noon in winter—A sheltered walk—Meditation better than books—Our familiarity with the course of Nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is—The transformation that Spring effects in a shrubbery, described—A mistake concerning the course of Nature corrected—God maintains it by an unremitted act—The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reproved—Animals happy, a delightful sight—Origin of cruelty to animals—That it is a great crime proved from Scripture—That proof illustrated by a tale—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them—Their good and useful properties insisted on—Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man—The groans of the creation shall have an end—A view taken of the restoration of all things—An invocation and an invitation of Him who shall bring it to pass—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness—Conclusion.**

---

**THERE** is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd  
With melting airs or martial, brisk, or grave ;  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies,                   5  
How soft the musick of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !                   10

With easy force it opens all the cells  
 Where Mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard  
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains.  
 Such comprehensive views the spirit takes, **15**  
 That in a few short moments I retrace  
 (As in a map the voyager his course)  
 The windings of my way through many years.  
 Short as in retrospect the journey seems,  
 It seem'd not always short ; the rugged path, **20**  
 And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,  
 Mov'd many a sigh at its disheart'ning length.  
 Yet feeling present evils, while the past  
 Faintly impress the mind or not at all,  
 How readily we wish time spent revok'd, **25**  
 That we might try the ground again, where once  
 (Through inexperience as we now perceive)  
 We miss'd that happiness we might have found !  
 Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend !  
 A father, whose authority, in show **30**  
 When most severe, and must'ring all its force,  
 Was but the graver countenance of love ;  
 Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r,  
 And utter now and then an awful voice,  
 But had a blessing in its darkest frown, **35**  
 Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.  
 We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand  
 That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd  
 By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd  
 His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent **40**  
 That converse which we now in vain regret.  
 How gladly would the man recall to life  
 The boy's neglected sire ! a mother too,  
 That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,  
 Might he demand them at the gates of death. **45**  
 Sorrow has, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd  
 The playful humour : he could now endure,  
 (Himself grown sober in the vale of tears,)

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 125

And feel a parent's presence no restraint.  
 But not to understand a treasure's worth, 50  
 Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,  
 Is cause of half the poverly we feel,  
 And makes the World the wilderness it is.  
 The few that pray at all, pray oft amiss,  
 And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold, 55  
 Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter in its roughest mood ;  
 The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast, 60  
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
 The dazzling splendour of the scene below.

Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ; 65  
 And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r,  
 Whence all the musick. I again perceive  
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
 And settle in soft musings as I tread

The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms, 70  
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.  
 The roof, though moveable through all its length  
 As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,  
 And, intercepting in their silent fall

The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me. 75  
 No noise is here, or none that hinders thought  
 The red-breast warbles still, but is content  
 With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd:  
 Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light  
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes 80  
 From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,  
 That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.

Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here the heart 85  
 May give a useful lesson to the head,

And Learning wiser grow without his books.  
 Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ; 90  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,  
 Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,  
 Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich. 95  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells,  
 By which the magick art of shrewder wits  
 Hold an unthinking multitude enthral'd. 100  
 Some to the fascination of a name,  
 Surrender judgment hood-wink'd. Some the style  
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds  
 \* Of error leads them, by a tune entranc'd.  
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear 105  
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,  
 And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice  
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.  
 But tree and rivulets, whose rapid course  
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer, 110  
 And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,  
 And lares, in which the primrose ere her time  
 Peeps through the moss, that clothes the hawthorn  
 root,  
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,  
 Not shy, as in the world, and to be won 115  
 By slow solicitation, seize at once  
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.  
 What prodigies can pow'r divine perform  
 More grand than it produces year by year,  
 And all in sight of inattentive man ? 120  
 Familiar with th' effect, we slight the cause,  
 And in the constancy of Nature's course,  
 The regular return of genial months,

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 127

And renovation of a faded world,  
See nought to wonder at. Should God again, 125  
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race  
Of th' undeviating and punctual sun,  
How would the world admire ! But speaks it less  
An agency divine, to make him know  
His moment when to sink and when to rise, 130  
Age after age, than to arrest his course ?  
All we behold is miracle ; but seen  
So duly, all is miracle in vain.  
Where now the vital energy, that mov'd  
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph 135  
Through th' imperceptible meand'ring veins  
Of leaf and flow'r ? It sleeps ; and th' icy touch  
Of unprolific winter has impress'd  
A cold stagnation on th' intestine tide.  
But let the months go round, a few short months, 140  
And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,  
Barren as lances, among which the wind  
Makes wintry musick, sighing as it goes,  
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,  
And, more aspiring, and with ampler spread, 145  
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.  
Then each in its peculiar honours clad,  
Shall publish even to the distant eye  
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich  
In streaming gold ; syringa, iv'ry pure ; 150  
The scentless and the scented rose ; this red  
And of a humbler growth, the other\* tall,  
And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
Of neigh'ring cypress, or more sable yew,  
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf, 155  
That the wind severs from the broken wave ;  
The lilack, various in array, now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set  
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd 160

\* The Guelder Rose.

Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all ;  
 Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,  
 But well compensating her sickly looks  
 With never cloying odours, early and late ;  
 Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm 165  
 Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,  
 That scarce a leaf appears ; mezereon, too,  
 Though leafless, well-attir'd and thick beset  
 With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;  
 Althæa with the purple eye ; the broom 170  
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,  
 Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all  
 The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf  
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more 175  
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—  
 These have been, and these shall be in their day,  
 And all this uniform uncolour'd scene  
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,  
 And flush into variety again. 180  
 From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,  
 Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man  
 In heav'nly truth ; evincing, as she makes  
 The grand transition, that their lives and works  
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God. 185  
 The beauties of the wilderness are his,  
 That makes so gay the solitary place,  
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,  
 That cultivation glories in, are his.  
 He sets the bright procession on its way, 190  
 And marshals all the order of the year ;  
 He marks the bounds, which winter may not pass,  
 And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,  
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,  
 Uninjur'd, with inimitable art ; 195  
 And, ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,  
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.  
 Some say that in the origin of things,

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 129

When all creation started into birth,  
 The infant elements receiv'd a law 200  
 From which they swerv'd not since. That under force  
 Of that controlling ordinance they move,  
 And need not His immediate hand who first  
 Prescrib'd their course, to regulate it now.  
 Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God 205  
 Th' encumbrance of his own concerns, and spare  
 The great artificer of all that moves  
 The stress of a continual act, the pain  
 Of unremitted vigilance and care,  
 As too laborious and severe a task. 210  
 So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,  
 To span omnipotence, and measure might  
 That knows no measure, by the scanty rule  
 And standard of his own, that is to-day,  
 And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down. 215  
 But how should matter occupy a charge,  
 Dull as it is, and satisfy a law  
 So vast in its demands, unless impell'd  
 To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,  
 And under pressure of some conscious cause? 220  
 The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,  
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.  
 Nature is but a name for an effect,  
 Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire,  
 By which the mighty process is maintain'd, 225  
 Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight  
 Slow circling ages are as transient days;  
 Whose work is without labour; whose designs  
 No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;  
 And whose beneficence no charge exhausts. 230  
 Him blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,  
 With self-taught rites, and under various names,  
 Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,  
 And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth  
 With tutelary goddesses and gods, 235  
 That were not; and commending as they would

To each some province, garden, field, or grove.  
 But all are under one. One spirit—His  
 Who wove the platted thorns with bleeding brows—  
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower 240  
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
 Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires  
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
 And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
 In grains as countless as the seaside sands, 245  
 The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.  
 Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds  
 Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,  
 Of what he views of beautiful or grand  
 In nature, from the broad majestick oak 250  
 To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
 Prompts with remembrance of a present God  
 His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd,  
 Makes all still fairer As with him no scene  
 Is dreary, so with him all seasons please. 255  
 Though winter had been gone, had man been true  
 And earth be punish'd for its tenant's sake,  
 Yet not in vengeance; as this smiling sky,  
 So soon succeeding such an angry night,  
 And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream 260  
 Recov'ring fast its liquid musick, prove.

Who, then, that has a mind well strung and tun'd  
 To contemplation, and within his reach  
 A scene so friendly to his fav'rite task,  
 Would waste attention at the checker'd board. 265  
 His host of wooden warriors to and fro  
 Marching and countermarching, with an eye  
 As fix'd as marble, with a forehead ridg'd  
 And furrow'd into storms, and with a hand  
 Trembling, as if eternity were hung 270  
 In balance on his conduct of a pin?  
 Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,  
 Who pant with application misapplied  
 To trivial toys, and, pushing iv'ry balls



**THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 131**

Across a velvet level, feel a joy 275

Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds

Its destin'd goal, of difficult access.

Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon

To miss, the mercer's plague from shop to shop

Wand'ring, and litt'ring with unfolded silks 280

The polish'd counter, and approving none,

Or promising with smiles to call again.

Nor him, who by his vanity seduc'd,

And sooth'd into a dream, that he discerns

The difference of a Guido from a daub, 285

Frequents the crowded auction : station'd there

As duly as the Langford of the show,

With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,

And tongue accomplish'd in the fulsome cant

And pedantry that coxcombs learn with ease : 290

Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls,

He notes it in his book, then raps his box,

Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate,

That he has let it pass—but never bids !

Here unmolested, through whatever sign 295

The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,

Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,

Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.

E'en in the spring and playtime of the year,

That calls the unwonted villager abroad 300

With all her little ones, a sportive train,

To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,

And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick

A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook—

These shades are all my own. The tim'rous hare,

Grown so familiar with her frequent guest, 306

Scarce shuns me ; and the stock-dove, unalarm'd,

Sits cooing in the pinetree, nor suspends

His long love ditty for my near approach.

Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm, 310

That age or injury has hollow'd deep,

Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,

He has outlept the winter, ventures forth,  
 To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,  
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play ; 315  
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,  
 Ascends the neigh'ring beech ; there whisks his brush,  
 And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,  
 With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,  
 And anger insignificantly fierce. 320

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
 For human fellowship, as being void  
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
 To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd  
 With sight of animals enjoying life, 325  
 Nor feels their happiness augment his own.  
 The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade  
 When none pursues, through mere delight of heart  
 And spirits buoyant with excess of glee ;  
 The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet, 330  
 That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,  
 Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,  
 Starts to the voluntary race again ;  
 The very kine that gambol at high noon,  
 The total herd receiving first from one, 335  
 That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,  
 Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth  
 Their efforts, yet resolv'd, with one consent,  
 To give such act and utterance as they may  
 To ecstasy too big to be suppress'd— 340  
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,  
 With which kind Nature graces ev'ry scene,  
 Where cruel man defeats not her design,  
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish  
 All that are capable of pleasure pleas'd, 345  
 A far superiour happiness to theirs,  
 The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had ris'n, obedient to his call  
 Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,  
 When he was crown'd as never king was since. 350

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 133

God set the diadem upon his head,  
 And angel choirs attended. Wond'ring stood  
 The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,  
 All happy, and all perfect in their kind,  
 The creatures, summon'd from their various haunts,  
 To see their sov'reign, and confess his sway. 356  
 Vast was his empire, absolute his pow'r,  
 Or bounded only by a law, whose force  
 'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel  
 And own—the law of universal love. 360  
 He rul'd with meekness, they obey'd with joy ;  
 No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,  
 And no distrust of his intent in theirs.  
 So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,  
 Where kindness on his part who rul'd the whole, 365  
 Begat a tranquil confidence in all,  
 And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.  
 But sin marr'd all ; and the revolt of man,  
 That source of evils not exhausted yet,  
 Was punish'd with revolt of his from him. 370  
 Garden of God, how terrible the change  
 Thy groves and lawns then witness'd ! Ev'ry heart,  
 Each animal, of ev'ry name, conceiv'd  
 A jealousy and an instinctive fear,  
 And, conscious of some danger, either fled 375  
 Precipitate the loath'd abode of man,  
 Or growl'd defiance in such angry sort,  
 As taught him too to tremble in his turn.  
 Thus harmony and family accord  
 Were driv'n from Paradise ; and in that hour 380  
 The seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd  
 To such gigantick and enormous growth,  
 Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.  
 Hence date the persecution and the pain,  
 That man inflicts on all inferiour kinds, 385  
 Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,  
 To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,  
 Or his base gluttony, are causes good

And just in his account, why bird and beast  
 Should suffer torture, and the streams be died **390**  
 With blood of their inhabitants impal'd.  
 Earth groans beneath the burden of a war  
 Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he,  
 Not satisfied to prey on all around,  
 Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs **395**  
 Needless, and first torments ere he devours.  
 Now happiest they that occupy the scenes  
 The most remote from his abhorr'd resort,  
 Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,  
 They fear'd, and as his perfect image, lov'd. **400**  
 The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves,  
 Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,  
 Unvisited by man. There they are free,  
 And howl and roar as likes them, uncontroll'd;  
 Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play. **405**  
 Wo to the tyrant, if he dare intrude  
 Within the confines of their wild domain:  
 The lion tells him—I am monarch here—  
 And if he spare him, spares him on the terms  
 Of royal mercy, and through gen'rous scorn **410**  
 To rend a victim trembling at his foot.  
 In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,  
 Or by necessity constrain'd, they live  
 Dependent upon man; those in his fields,  
 These at his crib, and some beneath his roof. **415**  
 They prove too often at how dear a rate  
 He sells protection—Witness at his foot  
 The spaniel dying for some venial fault  
 Under dissection of the knotted scourge;  
 Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells **420**  
 Driv'n to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,  
 To madness; while the savage at his heels  
 Laughs at the frantick sufferer's fury, spent  
 Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.  
 He too is witness, noblest of the train **425**  
 That wait on man. the flight-performing horse;

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 135

With unsuspecting readiness he takes  
His murd'rer on his back, and, push'd all day  
With bleeding sides and flanks that heave for life,  
To the far distant goal arrives and dies. 430  
So little mercy shows who needs so much !  
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,  
Denounce no doom on the delinquent ? None.  
He lives and o'er his brimming beaker boasts  
(As if barbarity were high desert,) 435  
Th' inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise  
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose  
The honours of his matchless horse his own.  
But many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,  
Is register'd in Heav'n ; and these no doubt, 440  
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.  
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But God will never. When he charg'd the Jew  
T' assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise ;  
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seiz'd 445  
The young, to let the parent bird go free ;  
Prov'd he not plainly, that his meaner works  
Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,  
All, in the universal Father's love?  
On Noah, and in him on all mankind, 450  
The charter was conferr'd by which we hold  
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim  
O'er all we feed on pow'r of life and death.  
But read the instrument, and mark it well :  
Th' oppression of a tyrannous control 455  
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield,  
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,  
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute ?  
The Governor of all, himself to all  
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear 460  
The unfledg'd raven and the lion's whelp  
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs  
Of hunger unassuag'd, has interpos'd,  
Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite

Th' injurious trampler upon Nature's law, 465  
 That claims forbearance even for a brute.  
 He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart ;  
 And, prophet as he was, he might not strike  
 The blameless animal, without rebuke,  
 On which he rode. Her opportune offence 470  
 Sav'd him, or the unrelenting seer had died.  
 He sees that human equity is siack  
 To interfere, though in so just a cause :  
 And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb  
 And helpless victims with a sense so keen 475  
 Of injury, with such knowledge of their strength  
 And such sagacity to take revenge,  
 That oft the beast has seem'd to judge the man.  
 An ancient, not a legendary tale,  
 By one of sound intelligence rehears'd, 480  
 (If such who plead for Providence may seem  
 In modern eyes,) shall make the doctrine clear.  
 Where England, stretch'd towards the setting sun,  
 Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,  
 Dwelt young Misagathus ; a scorner he 485  
 Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,  
 Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.  
 He journey'd : and his chance was, as he went,  
 To join a trav'ller, of far different note,  
 Evander, fam'd for piety, for years 490  
 Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.  
 Fame had not left the venerable man  
 A stranger to the manners of the youth,  
 Whose face, too, was familiar to his view.  
 Their way was on the margin of the land, 495  
 O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base  
 Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.  
 The charity that warm'd his heart, was mov'd  
 At sight of the man-monster. With a smile  
 Gentle and affable, and full of grace, 500  
 As fearful of offending whom he wish'd  
 Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 137

Not hardly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,  
 But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet  
 "And dost thou dream," th' impenetrable man 505  
 Exclaim'd, "that me the lullabies of age,  
 And fantasies of dotards, such as thou,  
 Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?  
 Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave  
 Need no such aids as superstition lends 510  
 "To steel their hearts against the dread of death."  
 He spoke, and to the precipice at hand  
 Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,  
 And the blood thrills and curdles at the thought  
 Of such a gulf as he design'd his grave. 515  
 But though the felon on his back could dare  
 The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed  
 Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round,  
 Or ere his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,  
 Baffled his rider, sav'd against his will. 520  
 The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd  
 By med'cine well applied, but without grace  
 The heart's insanity admits no cure.  
 Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd  
 His horrible intent, again he sought 525  
 Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd,  
 With sounding whip, and rowels died in blood,  
 But still in vain. The Providence that meant  
 A longer date to the far nobler beast,  
 Spar'd yet again th' ignobler for his sake. 530  
 And now, his prowess prov'd, and his sincere  
 Incurable obduracy evinc'd,  
 His rage grew cool, and, pleas'd perhaps t' have earn'd  
 So cheaply, the renown of that attempt,  
 With looks of some complacence he resum'd 535  
 His road, deriding much the blank amaze  
 Of good Evander, still where he was left  
 Fix'd motionless, and petrified with dread.  
 So on they far'd. Discourse on other themes  
 Ensuing seem'd t' obliterate the past : 540

And tamer far for so much fury shown,  
 (As is the course of rash and fiery men,)  
 The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd—  
 But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near  
 An unsuspected storm. His hour was come. 545  
 The impious challenger of Pow'r divine  
 Was now to learn, that Heav'n, though slow to wrath,  
 Is never with impunity defied.  
 His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,  
 Snorting, and starting into sudden rage, 550  
 Unbidden, and not now to be controll'd,  
 Rush'd to the cliff, and, having reach'd it, stood.  
 At once the shock unseated him : he flew  
 Sheer o'er the craggy barrier ; and immers'd  
 Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not, 555  
 The death he had deserv'd, and died alone.  
 So God wrought double justice ; made the fool  
 The victim of his own tremendous choice,  
 And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.  
 I would not enter on my list of friends, 560  
 (Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility,) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
 That crawls at ev'ning in the publick path ; 565  
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,  
 And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,  
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes 570  
 Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,  
 The chamber, or refectory, may die :  
 A necessary act incurs no blame.  
 Not so when, held within their proper bounds,  
 And guiltless of offence, they range the air, 575  
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field :  
 There they are privileg'd ; and he that hunts  
 Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,



THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 139

Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,  
 Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode. 580  
 The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,  
 Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims  
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—  
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life, 585  
 As God was free to form them at the first,  
 Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.  
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
 To love it too. The spring time of our years  
 Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most 590  
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand  
 To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,  
 If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,  
 Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.  
 Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule 595  
 And righteous limitation of its act,  
 By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;  
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
 Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn. 600  
 Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more  
 By our capacity of grace divine,  
 From creatures, that exist but for our sake,  
 Which having serv'd us, perish, we are held  
 Accountable; and God some future day 605  
 Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse  
 Of what he deems no mean nor trivial trust.  
 Superiour as we are, they yet depend  
 Not more on human help than we on theirs.  
 Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n 610  
 In aid of our defects. In some are found  
 Such teachable and apprehensive parts,  
 That man's attainments in his own concerns,  
 Match'd with th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,  
 Are oftentimes vanquish'd and thrown far behind. 615  
 Some show that nice sagacity of smell,

And read with such discernment, in the port  
 And figure of the man, his secret aim,  
 That oft we owe our safety to a skill  
 We could not teach, and must despair to learn. 620  
 But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop  
 To quadruped instructors many a good  
 And useful quality, and virtue too,  
 Rarely exemplified among ourselves.  
 Attachment never to be wean'd, or chang'd 625  
 By any change of fortune : proof alike  
 Against unkindness, absence, and neglect ;  
 Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat  
 Can move or warp ; and gratitude for small  
 And trivial favours, lasting as the life, 630  
 And glist'ning even in the dying eye.  
 Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms  
 Wins publick honour ; and ten thousand sit  
 Patiently present at a sacred song,  
 Commemoration mad ; content to hear 635  
 (O wonderful effect of musick's power !)  
 Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake !  
 But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—  
 (For, was it less, what heathen would have dar'd  
 To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath, 640  
 And hang it up in honour of a man ?)  
 Much less might serve, when all that we design  
 Is but to gratify an itching ear,  
 And give the day to a musician's praise.  
 Remember Handel ? Who, that was not born 645  
 Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,  
 Or can, the more than Homer of his age ?  
 Yes—we remember him ; and while we praise  
 A talent so divine, remember too  
 That His most holy book from whom it came, 650  
 Was never meant, was never us'd before,  
 To buckram out the mem'ry of a man.  
 But hush !—the Muse perhaps is too severe  
 And with a gravity beyond the size

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 141

And measure of th' offence, rebukes a deed 655  
 Less impious than absurd, and owing more  
 To want of judgment than to wrong design  
 So in the chapel of old Ely House,  
 When wand'ring Charles, who meant to be the third,  
 Had fled from William, and the news was fresh, 660  
 The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,  
 And eke did roar right merrily, two staves,  
 Sung to the praise and glory of King George!  
 —Man praises man: and Garrick's mem'ry next,  
 When time hath somewhat mellow'd it, and made 665  
 The idol of our worship while he liv'd  
 The God of our idolatry once more,  
 Shall have its altar; and the world shall go  
 In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.  
 The theatre too small, shall suffocate 670  
 Its squeez'd contents, and more than it admits  
 Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return  
 Ungratified; for there some noble lord  
 Shall stuff his shoulders with King Richard's bunch,  
 Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak, 675  
 And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp, and stare,  
 To show the world how Garrick did not act.  
 For Garrick was a worshipper himself;  
 He drew the liturgy, and fram'd the rites  
 And solemn ceremonial of the day, 680  
 And call'd the world to worship on the banks  
 Of Avon, fam'd in song. Ah, pleasant proof  
 That piety has still in human hearts  
 Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.  
 The mulb'rry tree was hung with blooming wreaths;  
 The mulb'rry tree stood centre of the dance; 686  
 The mulb'rry tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs;  
 And from his touchwood trunk the mulb'rry tree  
 Supplied such relics as devotion holds  
 Still sacred, and preserves with pious care. 690  
 So 'twas a hallow'd time: decorum reign'd,  
 And mirth without offence. No few return'd,

Doubtless, much edified, and all refresh'd.  
 —Man praises man. The rabble all alive  
 From tipping benches, cellars, stalls, and styes, 695  
 Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,  
 A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.  
 Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,  
 To gaze in 's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave  
 Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy: 700  
 While others, not so satisfied, unhorse  
 The gilded equipage, and turning loose  
 His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.  
 Why? what has charm'd them? Hath he saved the  
 state?

No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No. 705

Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,  
 That finds out ev'ry crevice of the head  
 That is not sound, and perfect, hath in theirs  
 Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,  
 And his own cattle must suffice him soon. 710

Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,  
 And dedicate a tribute, in its use  
 And just direction sacred, to a thing  
 Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there.  
 Encomium in old time was poet's work; 715

But poets, having lavishly long since  
 Exhausted all materials of the art,  
 The task now falls into the publick hand;  
 And I contented with an humbler theme,  
 Have pour'd my stream of panegyrick down 720

The vale of Nature, where it creeps and winds  
 Among her lovely works with a secure  
 And unambitious course, reflecting clear,  
 If not the virtues, yet the worth of brutes.  
 And I am recompensed, and deem the toils 725

Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine  
 May stand between an animal and wo,  
 And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

The groans of Nature in this nether world,

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 143

Which heav'n has heard for ages, have an end. 730

Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,

Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp ;

The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath, comes

Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh 735

Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course

Over a sinful world ; and what remains

Of this tempestuous state of human things

Is merely as the working of a sea

Before a calm that rocks itself to rest ;

For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds 740

The dust that waits upon his sultry march,

When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,

Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend

Propitious in his chariot pav'd with love ;

And what his storms have blasted and defac'd 745

For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet

Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch ;

Nor can the wonders it records be sung

To meaner musick, and not suffer loss. 750

But when a poet, or when one like me,

Happy to rove among poetick flow'rs,

Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last

On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,

Such is the impulse and the spur he feels, 755

To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,

That not t' attempt it, arduous as he deems

The labour, were a task more arduous still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,

Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ! which who can see, 760

Though but in distant prospect, and not feel

His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ?

Rivers of gladness water all the earth,

And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach

Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field 765

Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,

Or fertile only in its own disgrace,  
 Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.  
 The various seasons woven into one,  
 And that one season an eternal spring, 770  
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,  
 For there is none to covet, all are full.  
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,  
 Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon  
 Together, or all gambol in the shade 775  
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream ;  
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
 Lurks in the serpent now ; the mother sees,  
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm, 780  
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.  
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind  
 One Lord, one Father. Errour has no place ;  
 That creeping pestilence is driv'n away ; 785  
 The breath of Heav'n has chas'd it. In the heart  
 No passion touches a discordant string,  
 But all is harmony and love. Disease  
 Is not : the pure and uncontaminate blood  
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age. 790  
 One song employs all nations ; and all cry,  
 " Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us !"  
 The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
 Shout to each other, and the mountain tops  
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy, 795  
 Till, nation after nation taught the strain,  
 Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.  
 Behold the measure of the promise fill'd ;  
 See Salem built, the labour of a God !  
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ; 800  
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
 Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands  
 Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 145

And endless her increase. Thy rams are there  
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;\* 805  
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,  
 And Saba's spicy groves pay tribute there.  
 Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls,  
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,  
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there 810  
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;  
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,  
 And worships. Her report has travell'd forth  
 Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come  
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy, 815  
 O Sion ! an assembly such as Earth  
 Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see.

Thus heav'nward all things tend. For all were once  
 Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.  
 So God has greatly purpos'd ; who would else 820  
 In his dishonour'd works himself endure  
 Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.  
 Haste, then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,  
 Ye slow-revolving seasons ! we would see  
 (A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet) 825  
 A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,  
 And suffer for its crime ; would learn how fair  
 The creature is, that God pronounces good ;  
 How pleasant in itself what pleases him.  
 Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting : 830  
 Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flow'rs  
 And e'en the joy, that haply some poor heart  
 Derives from Heav'n, pure as the fountain is,  
 Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint  
 From touch of human lips, at best impure. 835  
 O for a world in principle as chaste  
 As this is gross and selfish ! over which

\* Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs in the prophetick Scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,  
 That govern all things here, should'ring aside  
 The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her 840  
 To seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife  
 In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men ;  
 Where Violence shall never lift the sword,  
 Nor Cunning justify the proud man's wrong,  
 Leaving the poor no remedy but tears : 845  
 Where he that fills an office, shall esteem  
 Th' occasion it presents of doing good  
 More than the perquisite : where Law shall speak  
 Seldom, and never but as Wisdom prompts  
 And Equity ; not jealous more to guard 850  
 A worthless form than to decide aright :  
 Where Fashion shall not sanctify abuse,  
 Nor smooth Good-breeding (supplemental grace)  
 With lean performance ape the work of Love !  
 Come, then, and, added to thy many crowns, 855  
 Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,  
 Thou who alone art worthy ! It was thine  
 By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth ;  
 And thou hast made it thine by purchase since ;  
 And o'erpaid its value with thy blood. 860  
 Thy saints proclaim thee king ; and in their hearts  
 Thy title is engraven with a pen  
 Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love.  
 Thy saints proclaim thee king ; and thy delay  
 Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see 865  
 The dawn of thy last advent, long desir'd,  
 Would creep into the bowels of the hills,  
 And flee for safety to the falling rocks.  
 The very spirit of the world is tir'd  
 Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long, 870  
 " Where is the promise of your Lord's approach ?"  
 The infidel has shot his bolts away,  
 Till his exhausted quiver yielding none,  
 He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoil'd,  
 And aims them at the shield of Truth again. 875



THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 147

The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,  
 That hides divinity from mortal eyes ;  
 And all the mysteries to faith propos'd,  
 Insulted and traduc'd are cast aside,  
 As useless, to the moles and to the bats. 880

They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,  
 Who, constant only in rejecting Thee,  
 Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,  
 And quit their office for their errour's sake.

Blind and in love with darkness ! yet e'en these 885

Worthy, compar'd with sycophants, who knee  
 Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man ;  
 So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare  
 The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,  
 And what they will. All pastors are alike 890

To wand'ring sheep, resolv'd to follow none.  
 Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain ;  
 For these they live, they sacrifice to these,  
 And in their service wage perpetual war 894

With Conscience and with Thee. Lust in their hearts,  
 And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth

To prey upon each other ; stubborn, fierce,  
 High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.  
 Thy prophets speak of such ; and noting down  
 The features of the last degen'rate times, 900

Exhibit every lineament of these.

Come, then, and, added to thy many crowns,  
 Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,  
 Due to thy last and most effectual work,  
 Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world ! 905

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now  
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;  
 Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,  
 Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,  
 Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit  
 Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith, 911  
 Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one  
 Content indeed to sojourn while he must

Below the skies, but having there his home.  
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search 915  
 Of objects more illustrious in her view ;  
 And occupied as earnestly as she,  
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the World.  
 She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;  
 He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain. 920  
 He cannot skim the ground like summer birds  
 Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems  
 Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.  
 Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,  
 Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from earth  
 She makes familiar with a Heav'n unseen, 926  
 And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.  
 Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,  
 And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams  
 Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird 930  
 That flutters least is longest on the wing.  
 Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd,  
 Or what achievements of immortal fame  
 He purposes, and he shall answer—None.  
 His warfare is within. There, unfatigu'd, 935  
 His fervent spirit labours. There he fights  
 And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,  
 And never-with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which,  
 The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.  
 Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world, 940  
 That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks  
 Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see,  
 Deems him a cipher in the works of God,  
 Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,  
 Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes 945  
 Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring  
 And plenteous harvest, to the pray'r he makes,  
 When, Isaac like, the solitary saint  
 Walks forth to meditate at eventide,  
 And think on her who thinks not for herself. 950  
 Forgive him, then, thou bustler in concerns

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON. 149

Of little worth, an idler in the best,  
 If, author of no mischief and some good,  
 He seeks his proper happiness by means  
 That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine. 955  
 Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,  
 Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,  
 Account him an encumbrance on the state,  
 Receiving benefits, and rend'ring none.  
 His sphere, though humble, if that humble sphere  
 Shine with his fair example ; and though small 961  
 His influence, if that influence all be spent  
 In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,  
 In aiding helpless indigence in works  
 From which at least a grateful few derive 965  
 Some taste of comfort in a world of wo ;  
 Then let the supercilious great confess  
 He serves his country, recompenses well  
 The state beneath the shadow of whose vine  
 He sits secure, and in the scale of life 970  
 Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.  
 The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,  
 Must drop indeed the hope of publick praise ;  
 But he may boast, what few that win it can,  
 That if his country stand not by his skill, 975  
 At least his follies have not wrought her fall.  
 Polite Refinement offers him in vain  
 Her golden tube, through which a sensual World  
 Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,  
 The neat conveyance hiding all the offence. 980  
 Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,  
 Because that World adopts it. If it bear  
 The stamp and clear impression of good sense,  
 And be not costly more than of true worth  
 He puts it on, and for decorum sake 985  
 Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.  
 She judges of refinement by the eye ;  
 He, by the test of conscience, and a heart  
 Not soon deceiv'd ; aware, that what is base

No polish can make sterling ; and that vice, 990  
 Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,  
 Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flow'rs,  
 Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far  
 For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.  
 So life glides smoothly and by stealth away, 995  
 More golden than that age of fabled gold  
 Renown'd in ancient song ; not vex'd with care  
 Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd  
 Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.  
 So glide my life away ! and so at last, 1000  
 My share of duties decently fulfill'd,  
 May some disease, not tardy to perform  
 Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,  
 Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,  
 Beneath the turf that I have often trod. 1005  
 It shall not grieve me then, that once, when call'd  
 To dress a Sofa with the flow'rs of verse,  
 I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,  
 With that light Task ; but soon, to please her more,  
 Whom flowers alone I knew would little please, 1010  
 Let fall th' unfinish'd wreath, and rov'd for fruit ;  
 Rov'd far, and gather'd much ; some harsh, 'tis true,  
 Pick'd from the thorns and briars of reproof,  
 But wholesome, well digested ; grateful some  
 To palates that can taste immortal truth ; 1015  
 Insipid else, and sure to be despis'd.  
 But all is in His hand whose praise I seek.  
 In vain the poet sings, and the World hears,  
 If he regard not, though divine the theme.  
 'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime 1020  
 And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,  
 To charm His ear whose eye is on the heart,  
 Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,  
 Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

AN

## EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—  
Alas, how time escapes ! 'tis even so—

With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,  
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat  
A tedious hour—and now we never meet !  
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,  
( 'Twas therefore much the same in ancient days, )  
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—  
Strange fluctuation of all human things !  
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part  
But distance only cannot change the heart ;  
And, where I call'd to prove th' assertion true,  
One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it, then, that in the vane of life,  
Though nothing have occur'd to kindle strife,  
We find the friends we fancied we had won,  
Though num'rous once, reduc'd to few or none ?  
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch ?  
No ; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,  
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,  
Dreading a negative, and overaw'd  
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.  
Go, fellow,—whither ?—turning short about—  
Nay—Stay at home—you're always going out.  
'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end.—  
For what ?—An please you, sir, to see a friend.—  
A friend ! Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—  
Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart—

152 EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

And fetch my cloak ; for, though the night be raw,  
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,  
And was his plaything often when a child ;  
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,  
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.  
Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,  
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made  
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,  
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.  
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind  
Respoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain,  
To prove an evil, of which all complain,  
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun,)  
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.  
Once on a time, an emp'ror, a wise man,  
No matter where, in China or Japan,  
Decreed, that whosoever should offend  
Against the well-known duties of a friend,  
Convicted once, should ever after wear  
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.  
The punishment importing this, no doubt,  
That all was naught within, and all found out

O happy Britain ! we have not to fear  
Such hard and arbitrary measure here ;  
Else, could a law like that which I relate,  
Once have the sanction of our triple state,  
Some few, that I have known in days of old,  
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ;  
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow  
Might traverse England safely to and fro,  
An honest man, close button'd to the chin,  
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

# **TIROCINIUM:**

OR,

**A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.**

---

*Κεφαλαιον δη παιδειας ορθη τροφη.....PLATO.*

*Αρχη πολιτειας απασης νεων τροφα.....DIOG. LAERT.*

TO THE  
REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,  
RECTOR OF STOCK IN ESSEX,  
THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS,

THE FOLLOWING

**POEM,**

RECOMMENDING PRIVATE TUITION, IN PREFERENCE  
TO AN EDUCATION AT SCHOOL,  
IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

**WILLIAM COWPER**

*Olney, Nov. 6, 1784.*



## TIROCINIUM.



IT is not from his form, in which we trace  
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,  
That man, the master of this globe, derives  
His right of empire over all that lives.  
That form, indeed, th' associate of a mind 5  
Vast in its pow'rs, ethereal in its kind—  
That form, the labour of almighty skill,  
Fram'd for the service of a freeborn will,  
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,  
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul. 10  
Here is the state, the splendour, and the throne,  
An intellectual kingdom; all her own.  
For her the Mem'ry fills her ample page  
With truths pour'd down from ev'ry distant age ·  
For her amasses an unbounded store, 15  
The wisdom of great nations, now no more ;  
Though laden, not encumber'd with her spoil ;  
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil ;  
When copiously supplied, then most enlarg'd,  
Still to be fed, and not to be surcharg'd. 20  
For her the Fancy, roving unconfin'd,  
The present muse of ev'ry pensive mind,  
Works magick wonders, adds a brighter hue  
To Nature's scenes than Nature ever knew.  
At her command winds rise, and waters roar, 25  
Again she lays them slumbering on the shore ;

With flow'r and fruit the wilderness supplies,  
 Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise.  
 For her the Judgment, umpire in the strife,  
 That Grace and Nature have to wage through life, 30  
 Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,  
 Appointed sage preceptor to the will,  
 Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice  
 Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth 35  
 To yon fair Sun, and his attendant Earth?  
 And when, descending, he resigns the skies,  
 Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,  
 Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,  
 And owns her pow'r on ev'ry shore he laves? 40

Why do the seasons still enrich the year,  
 Fruitful and young as in their first career?  
 Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,  
 Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze;  
 Summer in haste the thriving charge receives 45

Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,  
 Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews  
 Die them at last in all their glowing hues—  
 'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,  
 Pow'r misemployed, munificence misplac'd, 50

Had not its author dignified the plan,  
 And crown'd it with the majesty of man.  
 Thus form'd, thus plac'd, intelligent, and taught,  
 Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,  
 The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws 55

Finds in a sober moment time to pause.  
 To press th' important question on his heart,  
 "Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art?"  
 If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,  
 The next mere dust and ashes in the grave; 60

Endu'd with reason only to descry  
 His crimes and follies with an aching eye;  
 With passions, just that he may prove, with pain,  
 The force he spends against their fury vain;

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS. 157

And if, soon after having burn'd, by turns, 65  
 With ev'ry lust with which frail Nature burns,  
 His being end where death desolves the bond,  
 The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond ;  
 Then he of all that Nature has brought forth,  
 Stands self-impeach'd the creature of least worth, 70  
 And useless while he lives and when he dies,  
 Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.

Truths, that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,  
 Are not important always as dear bought,  
 Proving at last, though told in pompous strains, 75  
 A childish waste of philosophick pains ;  
 But truths, on which depends our main concern,  
 That 'tis our shame and mis'ry not to learn,  
 Shine by the side of ev'ry path we tread  
 With such a lustre, he that runs may read. 80

'Tis true, that if to trifle life away  
 Down to the sunset of their latest day,  
 Then perish on futurity's wide shore,  
 Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,  
 Were all that Heav'n requir'd of human kind, 85  
 And all the plan their destiny design'd,  
 What none could rev'rence all might justly blame,  
 And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame.

But reason heard, and nature well perus'd,  
 At once the dreaming mind is disabus'd. 90  
 If all we find possessing earth, sea, air,  
 Reflect his attributes who plac'd them there,  
 Fulfil the purpose, and appear design'd  
 Proofs of the wisdom of the all-seeing Mind,  
 'Tis plain the creature, whom he chose t' invest 95

With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,  
 Receiv'd his nobler nature, and was Made  
 Fit for the pow'r in which he stands array'd ;  
 That first, or last, hereafter, if not here,  
 He too might make his author's wisdom clear, 100  
 Praise him on earth, or, obstinately dumb,  
 Suffer his justice in a world to come.

This once believ'd, 'twere logick misapplied,  
 To prove a consequence by none denied, 105  
 That we are bound to cast the minds of youth  
 Betimes into the mould of heav'nly truth,  
 That taught of God they may indeed be wise,  
 Nor, ignorantly wand'ring, miss the skies.  
 In early days the conscience has in most  
 A quickness, which in later life is lost : 110  
 Preserv'd from guilt by salutary fears,  
 Or, guilty, soon relenting into tears.  
 Too careless often, as our years proceed,  
 What friends we sort with, or what books we read,  
 Our parents yet exert a prudent care, 115  
 To feed our infant minds with proper fare ;  
 And wisely store the nurs'ry by degrees  
 With wholesome learning, yet acquir'd with ease.  
 Neatly secur'd from being soil'd or torn  
 Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn, 120  
 A book, (to please us at a tender age  
 'Tis call'd a book, though but a single page.)  
 Presents the pray'r the Saviour deign'd to teach,  
 Which children use, and parsons—when they preach.  
 Lispering our syllables, we scramble next 125  
 Through moral narrative, or sacred text ;  
 And learn with wonder how this world began,  
 Who made, who marr'd, and who has ransom'd man.  
 Points which, unless the Scripture made them plain,  
 The wisest heads might agitate in vain. 130  
 O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing  
 Back to the season of life's happy spring,  
 I pleas'd remember, and, while mem'ry yet  
 Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget ;  
 Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale 135  
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;  
 Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,  
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;  
 Witty, and well employ'd, and like thy Lord,  
 Speaking in parables his slighted word ; 140

I name thee not, lest so despis'd a name  
 Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame,  
 Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,  
 That mingles all my brown with sober gray,  
 Revere the man, whose *Pilgrim* marks the road, 145  
 And guides the *progress* of the soul to God.  
 'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage  
 Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;  
 The man approving what had charm'd the boy,  
 Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy; 150  
 And not with curses on his heart, who stole  
 The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.  
 The stamp of artless piety impress'd  
 By kind tuition on his yielding breast,  
 The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw, 155  
 Regards with scorn, though once receiv'd with awe;  
 And, warp'd into the labyrinth of lies,  
 That babblers, call'd philosophers, devise,  
 Blasphemes his creed, as founded on a plan  
 Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man. 160  
 Touch but his nature in its ailing part,  
 Assert the native evil of his heart,  
 His pride resents the charge, although the proof  
 Rise in his forehead,\* and seem rank enough;  
 Point to the cure, describe a Saviour's cross 165  
 As God's expedient to retrieve his loss,  
 The young apostate sickens at the view,  
 And hates it with the malice of a Jew.  
 How weak the barrier of mere Nature proves,  
 Oppos'd against the pleasures Nature loves! 170  
 While self-betray'd and wildly undone,  
 She longs to yield, no sooner woo'd than won.  
 Try now the merits of this bless'd exchange,  
 Of modest truth for wit's eccentric range,  
 Time was, he clos'd as he began the day 175  
 With decent duty, not asham'd to pray:

\* See 2 Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

The practice was a bond upon his heart,  
 A pledge he gave for a consistent part ;  
 Nor could he dare presumptuously displease  
 A pow'r confess'd so lately on his knees. 180

But now farewell all legendary tales,  
 The shadows fly, philosophy prevails ;  
 Pray'r to the winds, and caution to the waves ;  
 Religion makes thee free by nature slaves !  
 Priests have invented, and the world admir'd 185

What knavish priests pronulgate as inspir'd ;  
 Till Reason, now no longer overaw'd,  
 Resumes her powers, and spurns the clumsy fraud ,  
 And, common sense diffusing real day,  
 The meteor of the Gospel dies away 190

Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth  
 Learn from expert inquirers after truth ;  
 Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,  
 Is not to find what they profess to seek.  
 And thus, well-tutor'd only while we share 195

A mother's lectures and a nurse's care ;  
 And taught at schools much mythologick stuff,\*  
 But sound religion sparingly enough ;  
 Our early notices of truth, disgrac'd,  
 Soon lose their credit, and are all effac'd. 200

Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,  
 Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once ;  
 That in good time the stripling's finish'd taste  
 For loose expense, and fashionable waste,  
 Should prove your ruin and his own at last ; 205  
 Train him in publick with a mob of boys,  
 Childish in mischief only and in noise,  
 Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten  
 In infidelity and lewdness men.

\* The author begs leave to explain. Sensible that without such knowledge neither the ancient poets nor historians can be tasted, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a school boy in the religion of the Heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture, which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS. 161

There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old, 210  
 That authors are most useful, pawn'd or sold ;  
 That pedantry is all that schools impart,  
 But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart ;  
 There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,  
 Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise ; 215  
 His counsellor and bosom friend shall prove,  
 And some street-pacing harlot his first love.  
 Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,  
 Detain their adolescent charge too long ;  
 The management of tyroes of eighteen 220  
 Is difficult, their punishment obscene.  
 The stout tall captain, whose superiour size  
 The minor heroes view with envious eyes,  
 Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix  
 Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks. 225  
 His pride, that scorns t' obey or to submit,  
 With them is courage ; his effront'ry, wit.  
 His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,  
 Robb'ry of gardens, quarrels in the streets, 229  
 His hairbreadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes,  
 Transport them, and are made their fav'rite themes.  
 In little bosoms such achievements strike  
 A kindred spark : they burn to do the like :  
 Thus half accomplish'd ere he yet begin  
 To show the peeping down upon his chin ; 235  
 And, as maturity of years comes on,  
 Made just th' adept that you design'd your son ,  
 T' ensure the perseverance of Lis course,  
 And give your monstrous project all its force,  
 Send him to college. If he there be tam'd, 246  
 Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,  
 Where no regard of ord'nances is shown  
 Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own,  
 Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,  
 Where neither strumpets' charms nor drinking bout,  
 Nor gambling practices, can find it out. 246  
 Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,

Ye nurs'ries of our boys, we owe to you :  
 Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,  
 For publick schools 'tis publick folly feeds. 250  
 The slaves of custom and establish'd mode,  
 With packhorse constancy we keep the road,  
 Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,  
 True to the jingling of our leader's bells.  
 To follow foolish precedents, and wink 255  
 With both our eyes, is easier than to think ;  
 And such an age as ours balks no expense,  
 Except of caution, and of common sense ;  
 Else sure notorious fact and proof so plain,  
 Would turn our steps into a wiser train. 260  
 I blame not those who, with what care they can,  
 O'erwatch the num'rous and unruly clan ;  
 Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare  
 Promise a work, of which they must despair.  
 Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole, 265  
 A ubiquarian presence and control—  
 Elisha's eye, that, when Gehazi stray'd,  
 Went with him, and saw all the game he play'd ?  
 Yes—ye are conscious ; and on all the shelves  
 Your pupils strike upon, have struck yourselves, 270  
 Or if, by nature sober, ye had then,  
 Boys as ye were, the gravity of men ;  
 Ye knew at least, by constant proofs address'd  
 To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.  
 But ye connive at what ye cannot cure, 275  
 And evils, not to be endur'd, endure,  
 Lest pow'r exerted, but without success,  
 Should make the little ye retain still less.  
 Ye once were justly fam'd for bringing forth  
 Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth ; 280  
 And in the firmament of fame still shines  
 A glory, bright as that of all the signs,  
 Of poets rais'd by you, and statesmen, and divines.  
 Peace to them all ! those brilliant times are fled,  
 And no such lights are kindling in their stead. 285



A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS. 163

Our striplings shine indeed, but with such rays,  
 As set the midnight riot in a blaze ;  
 And seem, if judg'd by their expressive looks,  
 Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.  
 Say, Muse, (for education made the song, 290  
 No muse can hesitate, or linger long,)

What causes move us, knowing as we must,  
 That these *menageries* all fail their trust,  
 To send our sons to scout and scamper there,  
 While colts and puppies cost us so much care ? 295

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,  
 We love the play-place of our early days ;  
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone  
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.  
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill, 300  
 The very name we carv'd subsisting still ;  
 The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,  
 Tho' mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd ,  
 The little ones, unbotton'd, glowing hot,  
 Playing our games, and on the very spot ; 305  
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw  
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;  
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,  
 Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat ;  
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites 310  
 Such recollection of our own delights,  
 That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain  
 Our innocent sweet simple years again.  
 This fond attachment to the well-known place,  
 Whence first we started into life's long race, 315  
 Maintains its hold with such unfailling sway,  
 We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.  
 Hark ! how the sire of chits, whose future share  
 Of classick food begins to be his care,  
 With his own likeness plac'd on either knee, 320  
 Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee ;  
 And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,  
 That they must soon learn Latin, and to box ;

Then turning, he regales his list'ning wife  
 With all the adventures of his early life ; 325  
 His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,  
 In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays ;  
 What shifts he us'd, detected in a scrape,  
 How he was flogg'd or had the luck t' escape ;  
 What sums he lost at play, and how he sold 330  
 Watch, seals, and all—till all his pranks are told.  
 Retracing thus his frolicks, ('tis a name  
 That palliates deeds of folly and of shame,)  
 He gives the local bias all its sway ;  
 Resolves that where he play'd his sons shall play, 335  
 And destines their bright genius to be shown  
 Just in the scene where he display'd his own.  
 The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught,  
 To be as bold and forward as he ought ;  
 The rude will scuffle through with ease enough, 340  
 Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.  
 Ah happy designation, prudent choice,  
 Th' event is sure ; expect it, and rejoice !  
 Soon see your wish fulfill'd in either child—  
 The pert made perter, and the tame made wild. 345  
 The great, indeed, by titles, riches, birth,  
 Excus'd th' encumbrance of more solid worth,  
 Are best dispos'd of where with most success  
 They may acquire that confident address,  
 Those habits of profuse and lewd expense, 350  
 That scorn of all delights but those of sense,  
 Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,  
 With so much reason all expect from them.  
 But families of less illustrious fame,  
 Whose chief distinction is their spotless name, 355  
 Whose heirs, their honours none, their income small,  
 Must shine by true desert, or not at all,  
 What dream they of, that with so little care  
 They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure there ?  
 They dream of little Charles or William grac'd 360  
 With wig prolix, down flowing to his waist :

They see th' attentive crowds his talents draw :  
 They hear him speak—the oracle of law.  
 The father, who designs his babe a priest,  
 Dreams him episcopally such at least ; 365  
 And while the playful jockey scours the room  
 Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,  
 In fancy sees him more superbly ride  
 In coach with purple lin'd, and mitres on its side.  
 Events improbable and strange as these, 370  
 Which only a parental eye foresees,  
 A publick school shall bring to pass with ease.  
 But how ! Resides such virtue in that air,  
 As must create an appetite for pray'r ?  
 And will it breathe into him all the zeal, 375  
 That candidates for such a prize should feel,  
 To take the lead and be the foremost still  
 In all true worth and literary skill ?  
 " Ah, blind to bright futurity, untaught  
 The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought !  
 Church-ladders are not always mounted best 380  
 By learned clerks, and Latinists profess'd.  
 Th' exalted prize demands an upward look,  
 Not to be found by poring on a book.  
 Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek, 385  
 Is more than adequate to all I seek.  
 Let erudition grace him or not grace,  
 I give the bauble but the second place ;  
 His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,  
 Subsist and centre in one point—a friend. 390  
 A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,  
 Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.  
 His intercourse with peers and sons of peers,  
 There dawns the splendour of his future years :  
 In that bright quarter his propitious skies 395  
 Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.  
*Your Lordship and Your Grace !* what school can teach  
 A rhet'rick equal to those parts of speech !  
 What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,

Sweet interjections ! if he learn but those ? 400  
 Let rev'rend churls his ignorance rebuke,  
 Who starv'd upon a dog's-car'd Pentateuch,  
 The parson knows enough, who knows a duke."  
 Egregious purpose ! worthily begun  
 In barb'rous prostitution of your son ; 405  
 Press'd on *his* part by means that would disgrace  
 A scriv'ner's clerk, or footman out of place,  
 And ending, if at last its end be gain'd,  
 In sacrilege, in God's own house profan'd !  
 It may succeed ; and, if his sins should call 410  
 For more than common punishment, it shall ;  
 The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on earth  
 Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,  
 To occupy a sacred awful post,  
 In which the best and worthiest tremble most. 415  
 The *royal letters* are a thing of course,  
 A king, that would, might recommend his horse ;  
 And deans, no doubt, and chapters with one voice,  
 As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.  
 Behold your bishop ; well he plays his part, 420  
 Christian in name, and infidel in heart,  
 Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,  
 A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man.  
 Dumb as a senator, and as a priest  
 A piece of mere church furniture at best ; 425  
 To live estrang'd from God his total scope,  
 And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope.  
 But fair although and feasible it seem,  
 Depend not much upon your golden dream :  
 For Providence, that seems concern'd t' exempt 430  
 The hallow'd bench from absolute contempt,  
 In spite of all the wrigglers into place,  
 Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace ;  
 And therefore 'tis that though the sight be rare,  
 We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there. 435  
 Besides, school-friendships are not always found,  
 Though fair in promise, permanent and sound ;

The most disint'rested and virtuous minds, In early years connected, time unbinds, New situations give a different cast	440
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste ; And he that seem'd our counterpart at first, Soon shows the strong similitude revers'd. Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm, And make mistakes for manhood to reform.	445
Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown, Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known ; Each dreams that each is just what he appears, But learns his error in maturer years, When disposition, like a sail unfurl'd,	450
Shows all its rents and patches to the world If, therefore, e'en when honest in design, A boyish friendship may so soon decline, 'Twere wiser sure t' inspire a little heart With just abhorrence of so mean a part,	455
Than set your son to work at a vile trade For wages so unlikely to be paid. Our publick hives of puerile resort, That are of chief and most approv'd report, To such base hopes, in many a sordid soul,	460
Owe their repute in part, but not the whole. A principle, whose proud pretensions pass Unquestion'd, though the jewel be but glass— That with a world, not often over nice, Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice ;	465
Or rather a gross compound, justly tried, Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride— Contributes most perhaps t' enhance their fame And emulation is its specious name. Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,	470
Feel all the rage that female rivals feel ; The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes Not brighter than in theirs the scholar's prize The spirit of that competition burns With all varieties of ill by turns ;	475

Each vainly magnifies his own success,  
 Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less,  
 Exults in his miscarriage if he fail,  
 Deems his reward too great if he prevail,  
 And labours to surpass him day and night, 480  
 Less for improvement than to tickle spite.  
 The spur is pow'rful, and I grant its force ;  
 It pricks the genius forward in its course,  
 Allows short time for play, and none for sloth ;  
 And, felt alike by each, advances both : 485  
 But judge, where so much evil intervenes,  
 The end, though plausible, not worth the means.  
 Weigh, for a moment, classical desert  
 Against a heart deprav'd and temper hurt ;  
 Hurt, too, perhaps, for life ; for early wrong, 490  
 Done to the nobler part, affects it long ;  
 And you are stanch indeed in learning's cause,  
 If you can crown a disciplinc, that draws  
 Such mischiefs after it with much applause.  
 Connexion form'd for int'rest, and endear'd 495  
 By selfish views, thus censur'd and cashier'd :  
 And emulation, as engend'ring hate,  
 Doom'd to a no less ignominious fate :  
 The props of such proud seminaries fall,  
 The Jachin and the Boaz of them all. 500  
 Great schools rejected then, as those that swell  
 Beyond a size that can be manag'd well,  
 Shall royal institutions miss the bays,  
 And small academies win all the praise ?  
 Force not my drift beyond its just intent, 505  
 I praise a school as Pope a government ;  
 So take my judgment in his language dress'd,  
 " Whate'er is best administer'd is best."  
 Few boys are born with talents that excel,  
 But all are capable of living well ; 510  
 Then ask not, Whether limited or large ?  
 But, Watch they strictly, or neglect their charge ?

If anxious only, that their boys may *learn*,  
 While *morals* languish, a despis'd concern,  
 The great and small deserve one common blame, 515  
 Diff'rent in size, but in effect the same.

Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,  
 Though motives of mere lucre sway the most ;  
 Therefore in towns and cities they abound,  
 For there the game they seek is easiest found ; 520  
 Though there, in spite of all that care can do,  
 Traps to catch youth are more abundant too.

If shrewd, and of a well-constructed brain,  
 Keen in pursuit, and vig'rous to retain,  
 Your son come forth a prodigy of skill ; 525  
 As, wheresoever taught, so form'd he will ;  
 The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,  
 Claims more than half the praise as his due share.

But if, with all his genius, he betray,  
 Not more intelligent than loose and gay, 530  
 Such vicious habits as disgrace his name,  
 Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame ;  
 Though want of due restraint alone have bred  
 The symptoms, that you see with so much dread :  
 Unenvied there, he may sustain alone 535  
 The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.

O 'tis a sight to be with joy perus'd,  
 By all whom sentiment has not abus'd,  
 New-fangled sentiment, the boasted grace  
 Of those who never feel in the right place ; 540  
 A sight surpass'd by none that we can show,  
 'Though Vestris on one leg still shine below ;  
 A father blest with an ingenuous son,  
 Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one ;  
 How !—turn again to tales long since forgot, 545  
 Æsop, and Phædrus, and the rest ?—Why not ?  
 He will not blush, that has a father's heart.  
 To take in childish plays a childish part ;  
 But bends his sturdy back to any toy  
 That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy ; 550

Then why resign into a stranger's hand  
 A task as much within your own command,  
 That God and Nature, and your int'rest too  
 Seem with one voice to delegate to you?  
 Why hire a lodging in a house unknown 555  
 For one, whose tend'rest thoughts all hover round  
 your own?

This second weaning, needless as it is,  
 How does it lac'rate both your heart and his!  
 Th' indented stick, that loses day by day  
 Notch after notch, till all are smooth'd away, 560  
 Bears witness, long ere his dismissal come,  
 With what intense desire he wants his home.  
 But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof  
 Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,  
 Harmless, and safe, and nat'ral, as they are 565  
 A disappointment waits him even there:  
 Arriv'd, he feels an unexpected change,  
 He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange;  
 No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease,  
 His fav'rite stand between his father's knees, 570  
 But seeks the corner of some distant seat,  
 And eyes the door, and watches a retreat;  
 And, least familiar where he should be most,  
 Feels all his happiest privileg'es lost.  
 Alas, poor boy!—the natural effect 575  
 Of love by absence chill'd into respect.  
 Say, what accomplishments, at school acquir'd,  
 Brings he to sweeten fruits so undesir'd?  
 Thou well deserv'st an alienated son,  
 Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none; 580  
 None that, in thy domestick snug recess,  
 He had not made his own with more address,  
 Though some, perhaps, that shock thy feeling mind,  
 And better never learn'd, or left behind.  
 Add, too, that, thus estrang'd, thou canst obtain 585  
 By no kind arts his confidence again;



A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS. 171

That here begins with most that long complaint  
 Of filial frankness lost, and love grown faint ;  
 Which, oft neglected in life's waning years  
 A parent pours into regardless ears. 590

Like caterpillars dangling under trees  
 By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,  
 Which filthily bewray and sore disgrace  
 The boughs in which are bred th' unseemly race ;  
 While ev'ry worm industriously weaves 595  
 And winds his web about the rivell'd leaves ;  
 So num'rous are the follies that annoy  
 The mind and heart of ev'ry sprightly boy ;  
 Inaginations noxious and perverse,  
 Which admonition can alone disperse, 600  
 Th' encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,  
 Patient, affectionate, of high command,  
 To check the procreation of a breed  
 Sure to exhaust the plant on which they feed.  
 'Tis not enough, that Greek or Roman page, 605  
 At stated hours, his freakish thoughts engage ;  
 E'en in his pastimes he requires a friend  
 To warn, and teach him safely to unbend  
 O'er all his pleasures gently to preside,  
 Watch his emotions, and control their tide ; 610  
 And levying thus, and with an easy sway,  
 A tax of profit from his very play,  
 T' impress a value not to be eras'd,  
 On moments squander'd else, and running all to waste  
 And seems it nothing in a father's eye, 615  
 That unimprov'd those many moments fly  
 And is he well content his son should find  
 No nourishment to feed his growing mind,  
 But conjugated verbs, and nouns declin'd ?  
 For such is all the mental food purvey'd 620  
 By publick hacknies in the schooling trade ;  
 Who feed a pupil's intellect with store  
 Of syntax, truly, but with little more ;

Dismiss their cares, when they dismiss their flock,  
 Machines themselves, and govern'd by a clock. 625  
 Perhaps a father, bless'd with any brains,  
 Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,  
 T' improve this diet, at no great expense,  
 With sav'ry truth and wholesome common sense :  
 To lead his son, for prospects of delight, 630  
 'To some not steep, though philosophick height,  
 Thence to exhibit to his wond'ring eyes  
 Yon circling worlds, their distance and their size,  
 The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,  
 And the harmonious order of them all ; 635  
 To show him in an insect or a flow'r  
 Such microscopick proof of skill and pow'r,  
 As, hid from ages past, God now displays,  
 To combat atheists with in modern days ;  
 To spread the earth before him, and commend, 640  
 With designation of the fingers' end,  
 Its various parts to his attentive note,  
 Thus bringing home to him the most remote ;  
 To teach his heart to glow with gen'rous flame,  
 Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame ; 645  
 And, more than all, with commendation due,  
 To set some living worthy in his view,  
 Whose fair example may at once inspire  
 A wish to copy what he must admire.  
 Such knowledge gain'd betimes, and which appears  
 Though solid, not too weighty for his years, 651  
 Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,  
 When health demands it, of athletic sort,  
 Would make him—what some lovely boys have been,  
 And more than one, perhaps, that I have seen— 655  
 An evidence and reprehension both  
 Of the mere school-boy's lean and tardy growth.  
 Art thou a man professionally tied,  
 With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,  
 Too busy to intend a meaner care, 660  
 Than how t' enrich thyself, and next thine heir :

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

173

Or art thou (as, though rich, perhaps thou art )  
 But poor in knowledge, having none t' impart'  
 Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad ;  
 His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad ; 665  
 Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then  
 Heard to articulate like other men ;  
 No jester, and yet lively in discourse,  
 His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force  
 And his address, if not quite French in ease, 670  
 Not English stiff, but frank, and form'd to please ,  
 Low in the world because he scorns its arts ;  
 A man of letters, manners, morals, parts ;  
 Unpatronis'd, and therefore little known ;  
 Wise for himself and his few friends alone— 675  
 In him thy well-appointed proxy see,  
 Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee ;  
 Prepar'd by taste, by learning, and true worth,  
 To form thy son, to strike his genius forth ;  
 Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove 680  
 The force of discipline when back'd by love ;  
 To double all thy pleasure in thy child,  
 His mind inform'd, his morals undefil'd.  
 Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show  
 No spots contracted among grooms below, 685  
 Nor taint his speech with meannesses design'd  
 By footman Tom for witty and refin'd.  
 There, in his commerce with the liv'ried herd,  
 Lurks the contagion chiefly to be fear'd ;  
 For since, (so fashion dictates,) all who claim 690  
 A higher than a mere plebeian fame,  
 Find it expedient, come what mischief may,  
 To entertain a thief or two in pay,  
 (And they that can afford th' expense of more,  
 Some half a dozen, and some half a score,) 695  
 Great cause occurs, to save him from a band  
 So sure to spoil him, and so near at hand ;  
 A point secur'd, if once he be supply'd  
 With some such Mentor always at his side.

Are such men rare? perhaps they would abound, 700  
 Were occupation easier to be found,  
 Were education, else so sure to fail,  
 Conducted on a manageable scale,  
 And schools, that have outliv'd all just esteem,  
 Exchang'd for the secure domestick scheme.— 705  
 But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,  
 Show thou hast sense enough to prize the pearl,  
 And, as thou wouldst th' advancement of thine heir  
 In all good faculties beneath his care,  
 Respect, as is but rational and just, 710  
 A man deem'd worthy of so dear a trust.  
 Despis'd by thee, what more can he expect  
 From youthful folly than the same neglect?  
 A flat and fatal negative obtains,  
 That instant, upon all his future pains; 715  
 His lessons tire, his mild rebukes offend,  
 And all th' instructions of thy son's best friend  
 Are a stream chok'd, or trickling to no end.  
 Doom him not then to solitary meals;  
 But recollect that he has sense, and feels: 720  
 And that, possessor of a soul refin'd,  
 An upright heart and cultivated mind,  
 His post not mean, his talents not unknown,  
 He deems it hard to vegetate alone. 725  
 And, if admitted at thy board he sit,  
 Account him no just mark for idle wit;  
 Offend not him, whom modesty restrains  
 From repartee, with jokes that he disdains;  
 Much less transfix his feelings with an oath;  
 Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth. 730  
 And, trust me, his utility may reach  
 To more than he is hir'd or bound to teach;  
 Much trash unutter'd, and some ills undone,  
 Through rev'rence of the censor of thy son.  
 But, if thy table be indeed unclean, 735  
 Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

175

And thou a wretch, whom, foll'wing her own plan  
 The world accounts an honourable man,  
 Because forsooth thy courage has been tried  
 And stood the test, perhaps on the wrong side ; 740  
 Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove  
 That any thing but vice could win thy love ;—  
 Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,  
 Chain'd to the routs that she frequents for life ;  
 Who, just when industry begins to snore, 745  
 Flies, wing'd with joy, to some coach-crowded door ;  
 And thrice in every winter throngs thine own  
 With half the chariots and sedans in town,  
 Thyself meanwhile e'en shifting as thou mayst ,  
 Not very sober though, nor very chaste ; 750  
 Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank  
 If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,  
 And thou at best, and in thy sob'rest mood,  
 A trifler, vain and empty of all good ;  
 Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none, 755  
 Hear Nature plead, show mercy to thy son.  
 Sav'd from his home, where every day brings forth  
 Some mischief fatal to his future worth,  
 Find him a better in a distant spot,  
 Within some pious pastor's humble cot, 760  
 Where vile example, (yours I chiefly mean,  
 The most seducing, and the oft'nest seen,)  
 May never more be stamp'd upon his breast,  
 Nor yet perhaps incurably impress'd.  
 Where early rest makes early rising sure, 765  
 Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure  
 Prevented much by diet neat and plain ;  
 Or, if it enter, soon starv'd out again :  
 Where all th' attention of his faithful host,  
 Discreetly limited to two at most, 770  
 May raise such fruits as shall reward his care,  
 And not at last evaporate in air ;  
 Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind  
 Serene, and to his duties much inclin'd,

Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home, 775  
 Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,  
 His virtuous toil may terminate at last  
 In settled habit and decided taste.—  
 But whom do I advise ? the fashion led,  
 Th' incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead, 780  
 Whom care and cool deliberation suit  
 Not better much than spectacles a brute ;  
 Who, if their sons some slight tuition share,  
 Deem it of no great moment whose, or where ;  
 Too proud t' adopt the thoughts of one unknown 785  
 And much too gay t' have any of their own.  
 But courage, man ! methought the muse replied  
 Mankind are various, and the world is wide :  
 The ostrich, silliest of the feather'd kind,  
 And form'd of God without a parent's mind, 790  
 Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,  
 Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust ;  
 And, while on publick nurs'ries they rely,  
 Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,  
 Irrational in what they thus prefer 795  
 No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.  
 But all are not alike. Thy warning voice  
 May here and there prevent erroneous choice ;  
 And some perhaps, who, busy as they are,  
 Yet make their progeny their dearest care, 800  
 (Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may  
     reach  
 Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach,)  
 Will need no stress of argument t' enforce  
 Th' expedience of a less advent'rous course ;  
 The rest will slight thy counsel or condemn ; 805  
 But *they* have human feelings—turn to *them*.  
 To you then, tenants of life's middle state,  
 Securely plac'd between the small and great,  
 Whose character, yet undebauch'd, retains  
 Two thirds of all the virtue that remains, 810

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS. 177

Who, wise yourselves, desire your son should learn  
 Your wisdom and your ways—to you t turn.  
 Look round you on a world perversely blind :  
 See what contempt is fall'n on human kind ;  
 See wealth abus'd, and dignities misplac'd, 815  
 Great titles, offices, and trusts disgrac'd,  
 Long lines of ancestry, renown'd of old,  
 Their noble qualities all quench'd and cold ;  
 See Bedlam's closeted and hand-cuff'd charge  
 Surpass'd in frenzy by the mad at large ; 820  
 See great commanders making war a trade ,  
 Great lawyers lawyers without study made :  
 Churchmen, in whose esteem their best employ  
 Is odious, and their wages all their joy ;  
 Who, far enough from furnishing their shelves 825  
 With gospel lore, turn infidels themselves ;  
 See womanhood despis'd, and manhood sham'd  
 With infamy too nauseous to be nam'd ;  
 Fops at all corners, lady-like in mien,  
 Civeted fellows, smelt ere they are seen, 830  
 Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue  
 On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung,  
 Now flush'd with drunk'nness, now with whoredom  
 pale,  
 Their breath a sample of last night's regale ;  
 See volunteers in all the vilest arts 835  
 Man well endow'd, of honourable parts,  
 Design'd by Nature wise, but self-made fools ,  
 All these, and more like these, were bred at schools,  
 And if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,  
 That though school-bred the boy be virtuous still ; 840  
 Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark  
 Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark :  
 As here and there a twinkling star descried,  
 Serves but to show how black is all beside.  
 Now look on him, whose very voice in tone 845  
 Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own,

And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest red,  
 And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,  
 And say, My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,  
 When thou, transplanted from thy genial home, 850  
 Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,  
 And trust for safety to a stranger's care ;  
 What character, what turn thou wilt assume  
 From constant converse with I know not whom ;  
 Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,  
 And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose ; 856  
 Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,  
 Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.  
 Canst thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids,  
 And while the dreadful risk foreseen forbids ; 860  
 Free too, and under no constraining force,  
 Unless the sway of custom warp thy course ;  
 Lay such a stake upon the losing side  
 Merely to gratify so blind a guide ?  
 Thou canst not ! Nature, pulling at thine heart, 865  
 Condemns th' unfatherly, th' imprudent part.  
 Thou wouldst not, deaf to Nature's tend'rest plea,  
 Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea,  
 Nor say, *Go thither*, conscious that there lay  
 A brood of asps or quicksands in his way ; 870  
 Then, only govern'd by the self-same rule  
 Of nat'ral pity, send him not to school.  
 No—guard him better. Is he not thine own,  
 Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone ?  
 And hop'st thou not, ('tis ev'ry father's hope,) 875  
 That since thy strength must with thy years elope,  
 And thou wilt need some comfort to assuage  
 Health's last farewell, a staff in thine old age,  
 That then, in recompense of all thy cares,  
 Thy child shall show respect to thy gray hairs, 880  
 Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,  
 And give thy life its only cordial left !  
 Aware then how much danger intervenes,  
 To compass that good end forecast the means,



A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS. 179

His heart, now passive, yields to thy command ; 885  
Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand.

If thou desert thy charge, and throw it wide,  
Nor heed what guest there enter and abide,  
Complain not if attachments lewd and base  
Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place 890

But, if thou guard its sacred chambers sure  
From vicious inmates and delights impure,  
Either his gratitude shall hold him fast,  
And keep him warm and filial to the last ;  
Or, if he prove unkind, (as who can say 895  
But, being man, and therefore frail, he may ?)  
One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart,  
Howe'er he slight thee, thou hast done thy part.

O barb'rous ! wouldst thou with a Gothick hand  
Pull down the schools—what !—all th' schools i' th'  
land ; 900

Or throw them up to liv'ry nags and grooms,  
Or turn them into shops and auction rooms ?  
A captious question, sir, (and yours is one,)  
Deserves an answer similar or none.

Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ, 905  
(Appris'd that he is such,) a careless boy,  
And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,  
Merely to sleep, and let them run astray ?  
Survey our schools and colleges, and see  
A sight not much unlike my simile. 910

From education, as the leading cause,  
The publick character its colour draws ;  
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,  
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.

And, though I would not advertise them yet, 915  
Nor write on each—*This building to be let*,  
Unless the world were all prepar'd t' embrace  
A plan well worthy to supply their place ;  
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,  
To cultivate and keep the *morals* clean, 920  
(Forgive the crime,) I wish them, I confess,  
Or better manag'd, or encourag'd less.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.



THE swallows in their torpid state  
Compose their useless wing,  
And bees in hives as idly wait  
The call of early Spring.

II.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,  
The wildest wind that blows,  
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,  
Secure of their repose.

III.

But man, all feeling and awake,  
The gloomy scene surveys !  
With present ills his heart must ache,  
And pant for brighter days.

IV.

Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,  
Bids me and Mary mourn ;  
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,  
And whispers your return.

V.

Then April with her sister May,  
Shall chase him from the bow'rs,  
And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day  
To crown the smiling hours.

VI.

And if a tear, that speaks regret,  
Of happier times, appear,  
A glimpse of joy, that we have met,  
Shall shine and dry the tear.

*On the receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk, the gift of my cousin Ann Bodham.*



O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
 The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me ;  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
 " Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"  
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes,  
 (Bless'd be the art that can immortalize,  
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannick claim  
 To quench it,) here shines on me still the same

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !  
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,  
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
 I will obey, not willingly alone,  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :  
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss,  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.  
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,

I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
 And turning from my nurs'ry window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
 But was it such?—It was—where thou art gone  
 Adicus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!  
 Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,  
 And disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.  
 By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,  
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
 Till all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
 But though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;  
 And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,  
 Drew me to school along the publick way,  
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,  
 Tis now become a hist'ry little known,  
 That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.  
 Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,  
 That mem'ry keeps of all the kindness there,  
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd  
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum,  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:  
 All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,

Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and **breass**  
That humour interpos'd too often makes ;  
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee as my numbers may :  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the **hours**,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and **smile**,)  
Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them **here** ?  
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might—  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,  
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd,)  
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons **smile**,  
There sits quiescent on the floods that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her fanning light her streamers gay ;  
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore,  
" Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"\*  
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide  
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—

\* Garth.

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,  
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.  
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the Earth ;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
And now farewell—Time unrevok'd has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done,  
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again ;  
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine ;  
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimick show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to sooth me left.

## FRIENDSHIP.



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

If ev'ry polish'd gem we find  
Illuminating heart or mind,  
Provoke to imitation ;  
No wonder friendship does the same,  
That jewel of the purest flame,  
Or rather constellation

No knave but boldly will pretend  
The requisites that form a friend,  
A real and a sound one ;  
Nor any fool, he would deceive,  
But proves as ready to believe,  
And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,  
Boys care but little whom they trust,  
An error soon corrected—  
For who but learns in riper years,  
That man, when smoothest he appears  
Is most to be suspected ?

But here again a danger lies,  
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,  
And taken trash for treasure,  
We should unwarily conclude  
Friendship a false ideal good,  
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare  
Is yet no subject of despair ;  
Nor is it wise complaining,  
If either on forbidden ground,  
Or where it was not to be found,  
We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,  
That stands on sordid interest,  
Or mean self-love erected :  
Nor such as may awhile subsist,  
Between the sot and sensualist,  
For vicious ends connected.

Who seeks a friend should come dispos'd  
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd  
The graces and the beauties,  
That form the character he seeks,  
For 'tis a union that bespeaks  
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,  
And equal truth on either side,  
And constantly supported ;  
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse  
Another of sinister views,  
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice ?  
It is indeed above all price,  
And must be made the basis ;  
But ev'ry virtue of the soul  
Must constitute the charming whole,  
All shining in their places.

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  
In hopes of permanent delight—  
The secret just committed,  
Forgetting its important weight,  
They drop through mere desire to prate,  
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  
A tax upon their own just praise,  
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee,  
Will seldom scruple to make free  
With friendship's finest feeling ;  
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,  
And say he wounded you in jest,  
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear  
For tattlers, will be sure to hear  
The trumpet of contention ;  
Aspersions is the babblers' trade,  
To listen is to lend him aid,  
And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits  
Of controversial rage emits

    The sparks of disputation,  
Like hand in hand insurance plates,  
Most unavoidably creates  
    The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul  
True as a needle to the pole,

    Their humour yet so various,  
They manifest their whole life through  
The needle's deviations too,  
    Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet  
On terms of amity complete,  
    Plebeians must surrender  
And yield so much to noble folk,  
It is combining fire with smoke,  
    Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene  
(As Irish bogs are always green,)  
    They sleep secure from waking :  
And are indeed a bog that bears  
Your unparticipated cares  
    Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix  
Their het'rogeaneous politicks,  
    Without an effervescence,  
Like that of salts with lemon juice,  
Which does not, yet like that produce  
    A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,  
And make a calm of human life ;  
    But friends that chance to differ  
On points which God has left at large,  
How freely will they meet and charge  
    No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent  
Needs no expense of argument,  
No cutting and contriving—  
Seeking a real friend we seem  
T' adopt the chemist's golden dream,  
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,  
Some blemish in due time made known  
By trespass or omission ;  
Sometimes occasion brings to light  
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,  
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man  
As circumspectly as you can,  
And, having made election,  
Beware no negligence of yours,  
Such as a friend but ill endures,  
Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,  
That friends should be sincere and just,  
That constancy befits them,  
Are observations on the case,  
That savour much of common-place,  
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,  
An architect requires alone,  
To finish a fine building—  
The palace were but half complete,  
If he could possibly forget  
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack  
And proves by thumps upon your back  
How he esteems your merit,  
Is such a friend, that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed,  
To pardon or to bear it.

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

Some act upon this 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.

The man I trust, if shy to me,  
 Shall find me as reserv'd as he,  
 No subterfuge or pleading  
 Shall win my confidence again—  
 I will by no means entertain  
 A spy on my proceeding.

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 search, and you will find  
 Good sense and knowledge of mankind  
 To be at least expedient,  
 And, after summing all the rest,  
 Religion ruling in the breast  
 A principal ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shown  
 The Saviour's history makes known,  
 Though some have turn'd and turn'd it ;  
 And whether being craz'd or blind,  
 Or seeing with a biass'd mind,  
 Have not, it seems, discern'd it

THE MORALIZER CORRECTED. 191

O Friendship ! if my soul forego  
Thy dear delights while here below  
To mortify and grieve me,  
May I myself at last appear  
Unworthy, base, and insincere,  
Or may my friend deceive me !



THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT, (or if 'chance you hold  
That title now too trite and old,)  
A man, once young, who liv'd retir'd  
As hermit could have well desir'd,  
His hours of study clos'd at last,  
And finsh'd his concise repast,  
Stopp'd his cruise, replac'd his book  
Within his customary nook,  
And, staff in hand, set forth to share  
The sober cordial of sweet air,  
Like Isaac, with a mind applied  
To serious thought at ev'ning tide.  
Autumnal rains had made it chill,  
And from the trees that fring'd his hill,  
Shades slanting at the close of day  
Chill'd more his else delightful way,  
Distant a little mile he spied  
A western bank's still sunny side,  
And right toward the favour'd place  
Proceeding with his nimblest pace,  
In hope to bask a little yet,  
Just reach'd it when the sun was set

Your hermit, young and jovial sirs!  
 Learns something from whate'er occurs—  
 And hence, he said, my mind computes  
 The real worth of man's pursuits  
 His object chosen, wealth, or fame,  
 Or other sublunary game,  
 Imagination to his view  
 Presents it deck'd with ev'ry hue  
 That can seduce him not to spare  
 His pow'rs of best exertion there,  
 But youth, health, vigour, to expend  
 On so desirable an end.  
 Ere long approach life's ev'ning shades,  
 The glow that fancy gave it fades;  
 And, earn'd too late, it wants the grace  
 That first engag'd him in the chase.

True, answer'd an angelick guide,  
 Attendant at the senior's side—  
 But whether all the time it cost,  
 To urge the fruitless chase be lost,  
 Must be decided by the worth  
 Of that which call'd his ardour forth.  
 Trifles pursu'd, whate'er th' event,  
 Must cause him shame or discontent:  
 A vicious object still is worse,  
 Successful there he wins a curse.  
 But he, whom e'en in life's last stage  
 Endeavours laudable engage,  
 Is paid, at least in peace of mind,  
 And sense of having well design'd;  
 And if, ere he attain his end,  
 His sun precipitate descend,  
 A brighter prize than that he meant  
 Shall recompense his mere intent.  
 No virtuous wish can bear a date  
 Either too early or too late

## CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON,  
(NOW MRS. COURTNEY.)



**SHE** came—she is gone—we have met—  
And meet perhaps never again ;  
The sun of that moment is set,  
And seems to have risen in vain  
Catharina has fled like a dream—  
(So vanishes pleasure, alas !)  
But has left a regret and esteem,  
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last ev'ning ramble we made,  
Catharina, Maria, and I,  
Our progress was often delay'd  
By the nightingale warbling nigh.  
We paus'd under many a tree,  
And much she was charm'd with a tone  
Less sweet to Maria and me,  
Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,  
And gave them a grace so divine,  
As only her musical tongue  
Could infuse into numbers of mine.  
The longer I heard, I esteem'd  
The work of my fancy the more,  
And e'er to myself never seem'd  
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed  
In number the days of the year,  
Catharina, did nothing impede,  
Would feel herself happier here ;  
For the close-woven arches of limes  
On the banks of our river, I know,  
Are sweeter to her many times  
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endu'd  
With a well-judging taste from above,  
Then whether embellish'd or rude  
'Tis nature alone that we love ;  
The achievements of art may amuse,  
May even our wonder excite,  
But groves, hills, and vallies, diffuse  
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since, then, in the rural recess  
Catharina alone can rejoice,  
May it still be her lot to possess  
The scene of her sensible choice !  
To inhabit a mansion remote  
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,  
And by Philomel's annual note  
To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre  
To wing all her moments at home ;  
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,  
As oft as it suits her to roam ;  
She will have just the life she prefers,  
With little to hope or to fear,  
And ours would be pleasant as hers,  
Might we view her enjoying it here.



## THE FAITHFUL BIRD.



THE green house is my summer seat ;  
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat  
    Enjoy'd the open air ;  
Two Goldfinches, whose sprightly song,  
Had been their mutual solace long,  
    Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing,  
That flutter loose on golden wing,  
    And frolick where they list ;  
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,  
But that delight they never knew  
    And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast,  
With force not easily suppress'd ;  
    And Dick felt some desires,  
That after many an effort vain,  
Instructed him at length to gain  
    A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd t' invite  
The freeman to a farewell flight :  
    But Tom was still confin'd :  
And Dick, although his way was clear  
Was much too gen'rous and sincere,  
    To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,  
And chirp, and kiss he seem'd to say,  
    You must not live alone—  
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,  
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,  
    Return'd him to his own.

O ye who never taste the joys  
 Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,  
 Fandango, ball, and rout !  
 Blush, when I tell you how a bird,  
 A prison with a friend preferr'd  
 To liberty without.



## THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass  
 Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,  
 Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,  
 Where oft the bitch fox hides her hapless brood,  
 Reserv'd to solace many a neighb'ring squire,  
 That he may follow them through brake and brier,  
 Contusion, hazarding of neck, or spine,  
 Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.  
 A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd  
 Runs in a bottom, and divides the field ;  
 Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,  
 But now wear crests of oven-wood instead ;  
 And where the land slopes to its wat'ry bourn,  
 Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn ;  
 Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,  
 And horrid brambles intertwine below ;  
 A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,  
 For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,  
 With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed ;  
 Nor autumn yet had brush'd from ev'ry spray,  
 With her chill hand the mellow leaves away ;

But corn was hous'd, and beans were in the stack ;  
Now therefore issu'd forth the spotted pack,  
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats,  
With a whole gamut fill'd of heav'nly notes,  
For which, alas! my destiny severe,  
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The sun, accomplishing his early march,  
His lamp now planted on Heav'n's topmost arch,  
When, exercise and air my only aim,  
And heedless whither, to that field I came,  
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound  
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,  
Or with the high-raisd horn's melodious clang  
All Kilwick\* and all Dingleberry\* rang.

Sheep graz'd the field ; some with soft bosom press'd  
The herb as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest ;  
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,  
Struggling, detain'd in many a petty nook.  
All seem'd so peaceful, that, from them convey'd,  
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the huntsman with distended check,  
'Gan make his instrument of musick speak,  
And from within the wood that crash was heard,  
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,  
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that graz'd,  
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gaz'd,  
Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,  
Then cours'd the field around, and cours'd it round  
again ;  
But, recollecting with a sudden thought,  
That flight in circles urg'd advanc'd them nought,  
They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,  
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

\* Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.

The man to solitude accustom'd long  
 Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue,  
 Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,  
 Have speech for him, and understood with ease;  
 After long drought when rains abundant fall,  
 He hears the herbs and flow'rs rejoicing all;  
 Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,  
 How glad they catch the largess of the skies;  
 But, with precision nice: still, the mind  
 He scans of ev'ry locomotive kind;  
 Birds of all feather, beasts of ev'ry name,  
 That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;  
 The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears  
 Have all articulation in his ears;  
 He spells them true by intuition's light,  
 And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premis'd was needful as a text,  
 To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mus'd; surveying ev'ry face,  
 Thou hadst suppos'd them of superiour race;  
 Their periwigs of wool, and fears combin'd  
 Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,  
 That sage they seem'd as lawyers o'er a doubt,  
 Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out;  
 Or academick tutors, teaching youths,  
 Sure ne'er to want them, mathematick truths;  
 When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,  
 A ram, the ewes and wethers sad, address'd.

Friends! we have liv'd too long. I never heard  
 Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.  
 Could I believe, that winds for ages pent  
 In Earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,  
 And from their prison-house below arise,  
 With all these hideous howlings to the skies,  
 I could be much compos'd, nor should appear,  
 For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.

Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders roll'd  
All night, me resting quiet in the fold,  
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,  
I could expound the melancholy tone ;  
Should deem it by our old companion made,  
The ass ; for he, we know, has lately stray'd,  
And being lost, perhaps, and wand'ring wide,  
Might be suppos'd to clamour for a guide.  
But ah ! those dreadful yells what soul can hear  
That owns a careass and not quake for fear ?  
Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-claw'd,  
And fang'd with brass, the dæmons are abroad ;  
I hold it therefore wisest and most fit,  
That, life to save, we leap into the pit.

Him answer'd then his loving mate and true,  
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.

How ! leap into the pit our life to save ?  
To save our life leap all into the grave ?  
For can we find it less ? Contemplate first  
The depth how awful ! falling there we burst ;  
Or should the brambles, interpos'd, our fall  
In part abate, that happiness were small :  
For with a race like theirs no chance I see  
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.  
Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,  
Or be it not, or be it whose it may,  
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues  
Of demons utter'd from whatever lungs,  
Sounds are but sounds, and till the cause appear,  
We have at least commodious standing here.  
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast  
From Earth or Hell, we can but plunge at last.

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,  
For Reynard, close attended at his heels  
By panting dog, tir'd man, and spatter'd horse,  
Through mere good fortune, took a diff'rent course

The flock grew calm again, and I the road  
 Foll'wing, that led me to my own abode.  
 Much wonder'd that the silly sheep had found  
 Such cause of terrour in an empty sound,  
 So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

## MORAL.

Beware of desp'rate steps. The darkest day,  
 Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.



## BOADICEA

## AN ODE.

## I.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
 Sought with an indignant mien,  
 Counsel of her country's gods.

## II.

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief;  
 Ev'ry burning word he spoke  
 Full of rage, and full of grief

## III.

Princess! if our aged eyes  
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs  
 'Tis because resentment ties  
 All the terrours of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word  
In the blood that she hast spill'd ;  
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

## V.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,  
Tramples on a thousand states ;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

## VI.

Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name ;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize  
Harmony the path to fame.

## VII.

'Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings  
Shall a wider world command.

## VIII.

Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway ;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they.

## IX.

Such the bard's prophetick words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

## X.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow ;  
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;  
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

## HEROISM

## XI.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
 Heav'n awards the vengeance due ·  
 Empire is on us bestow'd,  
 Shame and ruin wait for you.



## HEROISM.

**THERE** was a time when Ætna's silent fire  
 Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire ;  
 When, conscious of no danger from below,  
 She tower'd a cloudcapt pyramid of snow.  
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound  
 The blooming groves that girdled her around.  
 Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines,  
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines,)  
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,  
 In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.  
 When on a day, like that of the last doom,  
 A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,  
 She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,  
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.  
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,  
 And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,  
 While through the stygian veil that blots the day,  
 In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.  
 But O ! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,  
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along ?  
 Havock and devastation in the van,  
 It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,  
 Vines, olives, herbage, forests, disappear,  
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.



Revolving seasons fruitless as they pass,  
 See it an uninform'd and idle mass ;  
 Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,  
 Or blade that might redeem it from despair.  
 Yet time, at length, (what will not time achieve ?)  
 Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.  
 Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,  
 And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.  
 O bliss precarious and unsafe retreats,  
 O charming Paradise of short-liv'd sweets !  
 The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance round,  
 Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound :  
 Again the mountain feels the imprison'd foe,  
 Again pours ruin on the vale below.  
 Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,  
 That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,  
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause,  
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,  
 Glory your aim, but justice your pretence ;  
 Behold in Ætna's emblematick fires  
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.

Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,  
 And tells you where ye have a right to reign,  
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,  
 Studious of peace, their neighbours' and their own.  
 Ill-fated race ! how deeply must they rue  
 Their only crime, vicinity to you !  
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad.  
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road .  
 At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread  
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread !  
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress  
 Before them, and behind a wilderness.  
 Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,  
 Attend to finish what the sword begun .

And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,  
 And Folly pays, resound at your return.  
 A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train  
 Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again,  
 And years of pining indigence must show  
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,  
 (Such is his thirst of opulence and ease,)  
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,  
 Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil,  
 Rebuilds the tow'rs, that smok'd upon the plain,  
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art  
 Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part ;  
 And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,  
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.  
 What are ye, monarchs, laurell'd heroes, say,  
 But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway ?  
 Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,  
 Deplores the wasted regions of her globe ;  
 And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,  
 To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O place me in some Heav'n-protected isle,  
 Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;  
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,  
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood ;  
 Where Pow'r secures what Industry has won ;  
 Where to succeed is not to be undone ;  
 A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,  
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign ?

ON A MISCHIEVOUS BULL, WHICH THE OWNER OF HIM  
SOLD AT THE AUTHOR'S INSTANCE.



GO—thou art all unfit to share  
The pleasures of this place  
With such as its old tenants are,  
Creatures of gentler race.

The squirrel here his hoard provides  
Aware of wintry storms,  
And wood-peckers explore the sides  
Of rugged oaks for worms.

The sheep here smooths the knotted thorn  
With frictions of her fleece;  
And here I wander eve and morn,  
Like her, a friend to peace.

Ah!—I could pity thee exil'd  
From this secure retreat—  
I would not lose it to be styl'd  
The happiest of the great.

But thou canst taste no calm delight;  
Thy pleasure is to show  
Thy magnanimity in fight,  
Thy prowess—therefore go-

I care not whether east or north,  
So I no more may find thee;  
The angry muse thus sings thee forth,  
And claps the gate behind thee.

## ANNUS MEMORABILIS, 1789.

WRITTEN IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
HAPPY RECOVERY.



I RANSACK'D for a theme of song,  
Much ancient chronicle, and long ;  
I read of bright embattled fields,  
Of trophied helmets, spears, and shields,  
Of chiefs, whose single arm could boast  
Prowess to dissipate a host ;  
Through tomes of fable and of dream  
I sought an eligible theme,  
But none I found, or found them shar'd  
Already by some happier bard.

To modern times, with Truth to guide  
My busy search, I next applied ;  
Here cities won, and fleets dispers'd,  
Urg'd loud a claim to be rehears'd,  
Deeds of unperishing renown,  
Our fathers' triumphs and our own.

Thus, as the bee, from bank to bow'r,  
Assiduous sips at ev'ry flow'r,  
But rests on none, till that be found,  
Where most nectareous sweets abound--  
So I, from theme to theme display'd  
In many a page historick stray'd,  
Siege after siege, fight after fight  
Contemplating with small delight,  
(For feats of sanguinary hue  
Not always glitter in my view,)

Till, settling on the current year,  
I found the far-sought treasure near ;  
A theme for poetry divine,  
A theme t' ennoble even mine,  
In memorable eighty-nine.

The spring of eighty-nine shall be  
An era cherish'd long by me,  
Which joyful I will oft record,  
And thankful at my frugal board ;  
For then the clouds of eighty-eight  
That threaten'd England's trembling state  
With loss of what she least could spare,  
Her sovereign's tutelary care,  
One breath of Heaven, that cried—**Restore !**  
Chas'd, never to assemble more ;  
And far the richest crown on earth,  
If valued by its wearer's worth,  
The symbol of a righteous reign  
Sat fast on George's brows again.

Then peace and joy again possess'd  
Our Queen's long agitated breast ;  
Such joy and peace as can be known  
By sufferers like herself alone,  
Who, losing, or supposing lost,  
The good on earth they valu'd most,  
For that dear sorrows' sake forego  
All hope of happiness below,  
Then suddenly regain the prize,  
And flash thanksgivings to the skies !

O Queen of Albion, queen of isles '  
Since all thy tears were chang'd to smiles,  
The eyes that never saw thee shine  
With joy not unallied to thine,  
Transports not chargeable with art  
Illume the land's remotest part,

And strangers to the air of courts,  
Both in their toils and at their sports,  
The happiness of answer'd pray'rs,  
That gilds thy features, show in theirs.

If they who on thy state attend,  
Awe-struck, before thy presence bend,  
'Tis but the natural effect  
Of grandeur that ensures respect ;  
But she is something more than queen,  
Who is belov'd where never seen.



## HYMN,

*For the use of the Sunday School at Olney.*

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r,  
In heav'n 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 O 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 older 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 shower'd on those,  
 Who plac'd us where it shines.

---

 STANZAS

*Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality of the Parish  
 of All-Saints, Northampton,\* Anno Domini 1787.*

---

*Pallida Mors, æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
 Regumque turres.* Horace.

Pale Death with equal foot strikes wide the door  
 Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

---

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run  
 The Nen's barge-laden wave,  
 All these, life's rambling journey done,  
 Have found their home, the grave.

Was man, (frail always) made more frail  
 Than in foregoing years?  
 Did famine or did plague prevail,  
 That so much death appears?

\* Composed for John Cox, parish clerk of Northampton.

No ; these were vig'rous as their sires,  
Nor plague nor famine came ;  
This annual tribute Death requires,  
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,  
And some are mark'd to fall ;  
The axe will smite at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,  
With its new foliage on,  
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,  
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,  
With which I charge my page ;  
A worm is in the bud of youth,  
And at the root of age.

No present health can health ensure  
For yet an hour to come ;  
No med'cine, though it oft can cure,  
Can always balk the tomb.

And O ! that humble as my lot,  
And scorn'd as is my strain,  
These truths, though known, too much forgot,  
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,  
And ere he quits the pen,  
Begs *you* for once to take *his* part,  
And answer all—Amen !



ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

*Quod adest, memento  
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis  
Ritu ferunter.* Horace.

Improve the present hour, for all beside  
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

COULD I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage  
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,  
As I can number in my punctual page,  
And item down the victims of the past ;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet  
On which the press might stamp him next to die,  
And reading here his sentence, how replete  
With anxious meaning, heav'nward turn his eye !

Time then would seem more precious than the joys  
In which he sports away the treasure now ;  
And pray'r more seasonable than the noise  
Of drunkards, or the musick-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink  
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,  
Forc'd to a pause, would feel it good to think,  
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceiv'd! Could I prophetick say  
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,  
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play;  
But naming *none*, the voice now speaks to **ALL**.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light  
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—  
One falls—the rest, wide scatter'd with affright,  
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,  
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,  
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,  
Die self-accus'd of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones,  
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;  
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,  
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then ye living! by the mouths be taught  
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,  
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,  
And the next op'ning grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1789.



*....Placidaque ibi denuum morte quievit.*      VIRG.  
There calm at length he breath'd his soul away.



“ O MOST delightful hour by man  
Experienc'd here below,  
The hour that terminates his span,  
His folly, and his wo !

Worlds should not bribe me back to tread  
Again life's dreary waste,  
To see again my day o'erspread  
With all the gloomy past.

My home henceforth is in the skies,  
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu !  
All Heav'n unfolded to my eyes,  
I have no sight for you.”

So spake Aspasio, firm possess'd  
Of faith's supporting rod,  
Then breath'd his soul into its rest,  
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few  
Sincere on virtue's side ;  
And all his strength from Scripture drew,  
To hourly use applied.

## BILL OF MORTALITY.

That rule he priz'd, by that he fear'd,  
 He hated, hop'd, and lov'd ;  
 Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd  
 But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail as thou or I,  
 And evil felt within ;  
 But when he felt it heav'd a sigh,  
 And loath'd the thought of sin.

Such liv'd Aspasio ; and at last  
 Call'd up from Earth to Heav'n,  
 The gulf of death triumphant pass'd,  
 By gales of blessing driv'n.

*His* joys be *mine*, each Reader cries,  
 When my last hour arrives :  
 They shall be yours, my verse replies,  
 Such only be your lives.



## ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1790.



*Ne commonentem recta sperne.* Buchanan.  
 Despise not my good counsel.



HE who sits from day to day,  
 Where the prison'd lark is hung,  
 Heedless of his loudest lay,  
 Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round  
Nightly lifts his voice on high,  
None, accustom'd to the sound,  
Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verseman I and clerk,  
Yearly in my song proclaim  
Death at hand—yourselves his mark—  
And the foes unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,  
Publishing to all aloud—  
Soon the grave must be your home,  
And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,  
Oft repeated in your ears,  
Seems to sound too much in vain,  
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess'd  
Of such magnitude and weight,  
Grow, by being oft impress'd,  
Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,  
Hear it often as we may;  
New as ever seem our sins,  
Though committed every day.

Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell—  
These alone, so often heard,  
No more move us than the bell,  
When some stranger is interr'd.

O then, ere the turf or tomb  
Cover us from every eye,  
Spirit of instruction come,  
Make us learn, that we must die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1792.

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!*

Virg.

Happy the mortal, who has trac'd effects  
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,  
And death, and roaring Hell's voracious fires!

THANKLESS for favours from on high  
Man thinks he fades too soon ;  
Though 'tis his privilege to die,  
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan  
His best concerns aright,  
Would gladly stretch life's little span  
To ages, if he might.

To ages in a world of pain,  
To ages, where he goes  
Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,  
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,  
Enamour'd of its harm !  
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,  
And still has pow'r to charm.

Whence has the world her magick pow'r ?  
Why deem we death a foe ?  
Recoil from weary life's best hour,  
And covet longer wo ?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft  
Her tale of guilt renews ;  
Her voice is terrible, though soft,  
And dread of death ensues.

Then, anxious to be longer spar'd,  
Man mourns his fleeting breath :  
All evils then seem light, compar'd  
With the approach of Death.

'Tis Judgment shakes him, there's the fear  
That prompts the wish to stay :  
He has incurr'd a long arrear,  
And must despair to pay.

*Pay!*—follow Christ, and all is paid .  
His death your peace ensures ;  
Think on the grave where *he* was laid,  
And calm descend to *yours*.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

*De sacris autem hoc sic una sententia, ut conseruentur.*

C1c. de Leg.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that  
things sacred be inviolate.

He lives, who lives to God alone  
And all are dead beside ;  
For other source than God is none  
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite  
His love as best we may :  
To make his precepts our delight,  
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring  
Of giddy joys compris'd,  
Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,  
But rather death disguis'd.

Can life in them deserve the name,  
Who only live to prove  
For what poor toys they can disclaim  
An endless life above.

Who much diseas'd, yet nothing feel ;  
Much menac'd, nothing dread ,  
Have wounds, which only God can heal.  
Yet never ask his aid ?



**BILL OF MORTALITY.**

219

**Who deem his house a useless place,  
Faith want of common sense ;  
And ardour in the Christian race,  
A hypocrite's pretence ?**

**Who trample order ; and the day,  
Which God asserts his own,  
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,  
And worship chance alone ?**

**If scorn of God's commands, impress'd  
On word and deed, imply  
The better part of man unblest'd  
With life that cannot die ;**

**Such want it, and that want uncur'd  
Till man resigns his breath,  
Speaks him a criminal, assur'd  
Of everlasting death.**

**Sad period to a pleasant course !  
Yet so will God repay  
Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,  
And mercy cast away.**

## INSCRIPTION,

FOR THE TOMB OF MR. HAMILTON.

—◆—

PAUSE here, and think : a monitory rhyme  
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.

Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein ;  
Seems it to say—" Health here has long to reign ?"  
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth ? an eye  
That beams delight ? a heart untaught to sigh ?  
Yet fear. Youth, oftentimes healthful and at ease,  
Anticipates a day it never sees ;  
And many a tomb, like *Hamilton's*, aloud  
Exclaims, " Prepare thee for an early shroud."

—∞—

## EPITAPH ON A HARE.

—◆—

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,  
Nor swifter grayhound follow,  
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,  
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo,

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,  
Who, nurs'd with tender care,  
And to domestick bounds confin'd,  
Was still a wild Jack-hare

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

221

Though duly from my hand he took  
 His pittance ev'ry night,  
 He did it with a jealous look,  
 And, when he could, would bite,

His diet was of wheaten bread,  
 And milk, and oats, and straw ;  
 Thistles, or lettuces instead,  
 With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regal'd,  
 On pippen's russet peel,  
 And, when his juicy salads fail'd,  
 Slic'd carrot pleas'd him well.

A turkey carpet was his lawn  
 Whereon he lov'd to bound,  
 To skip and gambol like a fawn,  
 And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at ev'ning hours,  
 For then he lost his fear,  
 But most before approaching show'rs,  
 Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons  
 He thus saw steal away,  
 Dozing out all his idle noons,  
 And ev'ry night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,  
 For he would oft beguile  
 My heart of thoughts, that made it ache,  
 And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade  
 He finds his long last home,  
 And waits, in snug concealment laid,  
 Till gentler Puss shall come

## EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks,  
 From which no care can save,  
 And, partner once of Tiney's box,  
 Must soon partake his grave.



## EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

Hic etiam jacet,  
 Qui totum novennium vixit,  
 Puss.  
 Siste paulisper,  
 Qui præteriturus es,  
 Et tecum sic reputa—  
 Hunc neque canis venaticus,  
 Nec plumbum missile,  
 Nec laqueus,  
 Nec imbres nimii,  
 Confecere :  
 Tamen mortuus est—  
 Et moriar ego.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE TREATMENT OF HIS HARES WAS INSERTED BY MR. COWPER IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, WHENCE IT IS TRANSCRIBED.

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived, that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night re-

ture, each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him, (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick,) and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening: in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetorick did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney ; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention ; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way ; even his surliness was matter of mirth ; and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him, too, I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage ; Tiney was not to be tamed at all : and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet afforded their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superiour to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest ; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in

hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them, no two could be found exactly similar ; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites ; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them ; but a miller coming in, engaged their affections at once : his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind, has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence : he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of these articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one ; at least grass is not their staple ; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sowthistle, dandelion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident that fine white sand is in great estimation with them ; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird cage while the hares were with me : I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which, being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously ; since that time I have generally taken



care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat: straw of any kind, especially wheat straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatick herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk: they seem to resemble sheep in this, that if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot: to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and, filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening, and in the night: during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed, that they cannot overset it into their beds. I must not omit, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last. I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall: Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicksome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance—a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but

there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them; that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

May 28, 1784

*Memorandum found among Mr. Cowper's papers.*

Tuesday, March 9, 1786

This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

P O E M S ,

BY

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TOGETHER WITH HIS

POSTHUMOUS POETRY,

AND

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

BY JOHN JOHNSON, LL. D.

---

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE.

---

NEW EDITION.

BOSTON  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & CO.,  
110 WASHINGTON STREET.

---

1849.

FORM 8

INVESTMENT FUND STATEMENT

STATEMENT OF INVESTMENT PERFORMANCE  
FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31/12/2000

ASSETS

Equity	100.00
Fixed Income	0.00
Real Estate	0.00
Other	0.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>100.00</b>

LIABILITIES

Accumulated Loss	0.00
Other	0.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>0.00</b>

**NET ASSETS**

Equity	100.00
Fixed Income	0.00
Real Estate	0.00
Other	0.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>100.00</b>

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
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 publicly declaring myself

Your Lordship's  
Highly obliged, and  
Very faithful servant,  
JOHN JOHNSON.

## PREFACE.



It is incumbent on me to apprize 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 to be 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 Reverend 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 venture to advance on the only path in the wild 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 through 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*



## CONTENTS.



SKETCH of the Author's life	13
Verses written on finding the Heel of a Shoe	62
Stanzas on the First Publication of Sir Charles Grandison	63
Epistle to Robert Lloyd, Esq.	64
Fifth Satire of the First Book of Horace	67
Ninth Satire of the First Book of Horace	74
Address to Miss —, on reading the prayer for Indifference	79
Translation from Virgil	82
Ovid. Trist. Lib. V. Eleg. XII.	94
A Tale founded on a Fact	96
Translation of a Simile in Paradise Lost	98
Translation of Dryden's Epigram on Milton	ib.
To the Rev. Mr. Newton, on his Return from Ramsgate	99
Love Abused	ib.
Poetical Epistle to Lady Austen	100
From a letter to the Rev. Mr. Newton	104
The Colubriad	105
On Friendship	106
On the Loss of the Royal George	112
In Submersionem Navigii, cui Georgius Regalis Nomen, inditum	114
Song on Peace	115
Song, written at the request of Lady Austen	116
Verses from a Poem entitled Valediction	117
In Brevitatem Vitæ Spatii Hominibus concessi	119
On the Shortness of Human life	ib.

Epitaph on Johnson	120
To Miss C——, on her Birth-day	ib.
Gratitude	121
The Flatting Mill	123
Lines for a Memorial of Ashley Cowper, Esq.	124
On the Queen's Visit to London	ib.
The Cock-fighter's Garland	127
On the Benefit received by his Majesty from Sea-Bathing	130
Hor. Lib. I. Ode IX.	ib.
Hor. Lib. I. Ode XXXVII.	131
Hor. B. I. Ode XXXVIII.	132
Hor. Lib. II. Ode XVI.	ib.
Latin Verses to the Memory of Dr. Lloyd	134
The same in English	135
To Mrs. Throckmorton	136
Inscription for a Stone erected at the sowing of a Grove of Oaks	137
Another, for a Stone erected on a similar occasion	138
Hymn for the Sunday School at Olney	ib.
On the late indecent Liberties taken with the Remains of Milton	139
To Mrs. King	141
Anecdote of Homer	142
In Memory of the late J. Thornton, Esq.	144
The Four Ages	145
The Judgment of the Poets	147
To Charles Diodati	150
On the Death of the University Beadle at Cam- bridge	153
On the Death of the Bishop of Winchester	154
To his Tutor, Thomas Young	157
On the Approach of Spring	161
To Charles Diodati	165
Composed in the Author's Nineteenth Year	168
Epigram.—On the Inventor of Guns	171
Epigram.—To Leonora, singing at Rome	172
Epigram. -To the same	ib.

CONTENTS.

9

The Cottager and his Landlord	- - -	173
To Christiana, Queen of Sweden	- - -	ib.
On the Death of a Physician	- - -	174
On the Death of the Bishop of Ely	- - -	176
Nature unimpaired by Time	- - -	178
On the Platonick Idea	- - -	181
To his father	- - - - -	182
To Salsillus, a Roman Poet	- - -	187
To Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa	- - -	189
On the Death of Damon	- - -	193
An Ode addressed to Mr. John Rouse	- - -	203
Sonnet	- - - - -	207
Sonetto	- - - - -	ib.
Sonnet	- - - - -	208
Sonetto	- - - - -	ib.
Canzone	- - - - -	209
Canzone	- - - - -	ib
Sonnet.—To Charles Diodati	- - -	210
Sonetto	- - - - -	ib.
Sonnet	- - - - -	211
Sonetto	- - - - -	ib.
Sonnet	- - - - -	212
Sonetto	- - - - -	ib.
Epitaph on Mrs. M. Higgins, of Weston	- - -	213
The Retired Cat	- - - - -	ib.
Yardley Oak	- - - - -	217
To the Nightingale	- - - - -	222
Lines written for Insertion in a collection of Hand-writings and Signatures made by Miss Patty, Sister of Hannah More	- - -	223
Epitaph on a Redbreast	- - -	ib.
Sonnet to W. Wilberforce, Esq.	- - -	224
Epigram	- - - - -	225
To Dr. Austin	- - - - -	226
Sonnet, addressed to William Hayley, Esq.	- - -	227
Catharina	- - - - -	228
An Epitaph	- - - - -	229
Epitaph on Fop	- - - - -	230

Sonnet to George Romney, Esq. - - -	230
On receiving Hayley's Picture - - -	231
Epitaph on Mr. Chester, of Chicheley - -	232
On a Plant of Virgin's bower - - -	ib
To my cousin, Anna Bodham - - -	233
Inscription for an Hermitage in the Author's Garden - - - - -	234
To Mrs. Unwin - - - - -	ib
To John Johnson - - - - -	235
To a young Friend - - - - -	236
A Tale - - - - -	ib
To William Hayley, Esq. - - - - -	240
On a Spaniel, called Beau, killing a Bird -	241
Beau's Reply - - - - -	242
Answer to Stanzas addressed to Lady Hesketh	243
To the Spanish Admiral, Count Gravina -	ib.
On Flaxman's Penelope - - - - -	244
On receiving Heyne's Virgil - - - - -	ib.
To Mary - - - - -	245
Montes Glaciales - - - - -	247
On the Ice Islands - - - - -	249
The Castaway - - - - -	251
Thrax - - - - -	253
The Thracian - - - - -	254
Mutua Benevolentia - - - - -	ib.
Reciprocal Kindness - - - - -	256
Manuale - - - - -	257
A Manual - - - - -	258
Ænigma - - - - -	260
An Enigma - - - - -	261
Passeres Indigenæ - - - - -	262
Sparrows self-domesticated - - - - -	263
Nulli te facias nimis sodalem - - - -	264
Familiarity Dangerous - - - - -	ib.
Ad Rubeculam Invitatio - - - - -	265
Invitation to the Redbreast - - - - -	266
Stradæ Philomela - - - - -	267
Strada's Nightingale - - - - -	ib

CONTENTS.

	11
Anus Sæcularis - - - - -	268
Ode on the Death of a Lady - - - - -	270
Victoria Forensis - - - - -	271
The Cause Won - - - - -	272
Bombyx - - - - -	ib.
The Silk Worm - - - - -	273
Innocens Prædatrix - - - - -	274
The Innocent Thief - - - - -	ib.
Denneri Anus - - - - -	276
Denner's Old Woman - - - - -	277
Lacrymæ Pictoris - - - - -	278
The Tears of a Painter - - - - -	ib.
Spe Finis - - - - -	280
The Maze - - - - -	ib.
Nemo Miser nisi comparatus - - - - -	ib.
No Sorrow peculiar to the Sufferer - - - - -	281
Linax - - - - -	ib.
The Snail - - - - -	282
Eques Academicus - - - - -	283
The Cantab - - - - -	ib.
The Salad, by Virgil - - - - -	284
From the Greek of Julianus - - - - -	289
On the same, by Palaadas - - - - -	ib.
An Epitaph - - - - -	290
Another - - - - -	ib.
Another - - - - -	ib.
Another - - - - -	291
By Callimachus - - - - -	ib.
On Miltiades - - - - -	ib.
On an Infant - - - - -	292
By Heraclides - - - - -	ib.
On the Reed - - - - -	ib.
To Health - - - - -	293
On the Astrologers - - - - -	294
On an Old Woman - - - - -	ib.
On Invalids - - - - -	ib.
On Flatterers - - - - -	295
On the Swallow - - - - -	ib.

On late acquired Wealth	-	-	-	-	296
On a True Friend	-	-	-	-	ib.
On a Bath, by Plato	-	-	-	-	ib.
On a Fowler, by Isiodorus	-	-	-	-	297
On Niobe	-	-	-	-	ib.
On a Good Man	-	-	-	-	ib.
On a Miser	-	-	-	-	298
Another	-	-	-	-	ib.
Another	-	-	-	-	ib.
On Female Inconstancy	-	-	-	-	299
On the Grasshopper	-	-	-	-	ib.
On Hermocrates	-	-	-	-	300
From Menander	-	-	-	-	ib.
On Pallas, bathing	-	-	-	-	301
To Demosthenes	-	-	-	-	302
On a Similar Character	-	-	-	-	ib.
On an Ugly Fellow	-	-	-	-	303
On a Battered Beauty	-	-	-	-	ib.
On a Thief	-	-	-	-	ib.
On Pedigree	-	-	-	-	304
On Envy	-	-	-	-	ib.
By Philemon	-	-	-	-	305
By Moschus	-	-	-	-	306
In Ignorantem arrogantem Linum	-	-	-	-	307
On one Ignorant and Arrogant	-	-	-	-	ib.
Prudens Simplicitas	-	-	-	-	ib.
Prudent Simplicity	-	-	-	-	ib.
Ad Amicum Pauperum	-	-	-	-	ib.
To a Friend in Distress	-	-	-	-	ib.
Lex Talionis	-	-	-	-	308
Retaliation	-	-	-	-	ib.
De Ortu et Occasu	-	-	-	-	ib.
Sunset and Sunrise	-	-	-	-	ib.
Lepus multis Amicus	-	-	-	-	309
Avarus et Plutus	-	-	-	-	311
Papilio et Limax	-	-	-	-	312

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 Lodham-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 Hipplesley of Throughley, in Sussex, and Pellet of Bolney, 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 bauble coach, and wrapt  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap.”

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, sometime 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 instruc-



tion 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 show, 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 appeared 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 have already 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 shown to his legal studies, for in the thirty-first year of his age they procured him a nomination 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 allow 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 conscious-

ness that it did so, accumulated his terrours. 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 some what 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 twelve month after he had pronounced 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 *hypochondriasis*, which it did in a very early stage of its progress, than those sacred truths which prove an unfailling 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 delightful anticipations of heavenly rest, those 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 delightful of all freedom.

---

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

\* \* \* \* \*

E'en "liberty of heart,\* deriv'd from heav'n :  
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,  
And seal'd with the same token !"<sup>†</sup>

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,

\* Rom. viii. 21

† The Task, Book V.

A clear escape from tyrannising" sin,  
" And full immunity from penal wo!"\*

On the 25th of July, 1764, his brother, the Rev. John Cowper, Fellow of Bennet College, Cambridge, having been informed by Dr. Cotton, that his patient was greatly amended, came to visit him. 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 vo-

\* The Task, Book V.

sume 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 suitability 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 use 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 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 principles 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-esta-



blishment 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 Rev. 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 Rev. Morley Unwin, consisting of himself, his wife, the son already named, and a daugh-

ter : 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 following, 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 Rev. 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.

\* Joseph Hill, Esq.

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 distinction 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 prov

ed 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 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, shows 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 himself 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 Rev. 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 Error, 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 Church-yard, 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 operation 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 narrative, such as this professes to be, will only allow me here to introduce the brief character of this accomplished lady, which Cow-

per 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 acquaintance 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 Madam 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 of d’Henri de Lorraine, 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 Rev. Matthew Powley and his amiable partner, the daughter of Mrs. Unwin; his old friends the Newtons, Mr. Rose, and lady Hesketh.

The reappearance 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 him-

self to the poet as the grandson of his mother's brother, the Rev. 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 visiter 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 public, 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 Novem-

ber, 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 revisal. 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 28th of November, 1790 : " We had a visit on Monday from one of the first women in the world ; in point of character, 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 critics." 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 reasonable 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

Boydell's Shakspeare, is in contemplation, 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 neighbours 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 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

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

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 Eartham, 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 outline 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 crayon 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 Colne 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 revision and correction of all the translations 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 this 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 holy-day: if holy-day 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 Walter 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 fag till near eleven, when I breakfast.—I cannot spare a moment for eating in the early part of the morning, having no other time to 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 hand-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 Spencer, 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 conspires 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 the 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 Rev. Mr. Greathead 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 sufferer, 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 ensure 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 biographer, “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 en-

joyment 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 extended 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 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 these 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 favour-

able 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, awakening 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 shows," as Mr. Hayley observes, " the severity of his depression, but shows 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 eyelids, 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. Gregson, and your neighbours the Courtenays, 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 Happisburgh, 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 Parry, 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 riveting 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 permitted, 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 despondence, 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 moment 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 Mundsley, 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 Lodge,) 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 were 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 pa-

tient 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 twenty-third 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 twenty-first 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 utmost 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 reinstate 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 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 meantime, 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. The series of excursions to the marine village of Mundsley commenced in the summer of 1798, 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 Lighthouses 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 Pursuits 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 companions 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 translated "*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 ancles 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 Illiad, where mention is made of the very ancient sculpture in which Dædalus had represented the Cretan dance for Ariadne. "On the 31st 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 learned 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 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 towards 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 ameliorate 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 afternoon, 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, though 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,  
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 moralize 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



Upbore : on this supported oft, he stretch'd,  
 With uncouth strides, along the furrow'd glebe,  
 Flattening the stubborn clod, till cruel time,  
 (What will not cruel time,) on a wry step,  
 Sever'd the strict cohesion ; when, alas !  
 He, who could erset, 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 through 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 ;

64 EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ.

These, these distinguish from the crowd,  
And these along, 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 Heav'n 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 of an angel's song,  
The hero, and the saint !



AN EPISTLE

TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ.

1754.

'Tis not that I design to roo  
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 ;

EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ. 65

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, crony 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, though 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 cinders 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*.

## 66 EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ.

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, through 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 hat :  
 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 case ?  
 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 savant*,  
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 humorous Description of the Author's Journey from  
Rome to Brundisium.*

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

## JOURNEY TO BRUNDISIUM.

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  
 Diffused 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 resolved to stun us,  
 " Steer the barge this way to the shore ;  
 I tell you we'll admit no more ;  
 Plague ! will you never be content ?"  
 Thus a whole hour at least is spent,  
 While they receive the sev'ral 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 passenger,  
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 Mæna'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 supply'd by the purveyors  
 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's 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 rise !



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, undismayed—  
"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 Cyclop's 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

## JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM.

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  
 Striving, 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 wetter  
 Next day no weather could be better ;  
 No roads so bad ; we scarce could crawl  
 Along to fishy Barium's wall.  
 Th' Ignatians 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 pursu'd me close—  
 " Sir, you have business, I suppose."  
 " My business, sir, is quickly done,  
 'Tis but to make my merit known.  
 Sir, I have read"—" O learned Sir,  
 You and your learning I revere."  
 Then, 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.

Teas'd with his loose unjointed chat—  
 " What street is this ? What house is that ?"

DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT. 75

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, relation, 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.

76 DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT.

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 earshot, 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 Heaven'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.—

DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT. 77

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

78 DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT.

Labour, like this, our want supplies ;  
And they must stoop 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 the  
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 !

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

\* For Mrs. Greville's Ode. see Annual Register, vol. v. p  
202.

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 ;  
An 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 heavenly 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 wat'ry 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 canvass glows,  
The muses sweep the lyre.

82      TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

“ 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, unfit, not knowing what to choose.

And as a cistern that in brim of brass  
Confines the crystal flood, if chance the sun  
Smile 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 vaults, 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:  
“ Heaven-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 fix'd 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.

## 84 TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

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 cerulean 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 plung'd 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 bless'd 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 chanc'd 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 smok'd with blood.  
Soon as they saw the tow'ring 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--

## 86 TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

Say this—and say, besides, 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, although 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 diffus'd through 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' ethereal 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 self-same 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 fix'd 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 remember  
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 emboss'd,  
Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.  
The friendly league thou hast solicited  
I give thee therefore, and to-morrow all  
My chosen youth shall wait on your return.  
Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,  
Rejoice with us, and join to celebrate  
These annual rites, which may not be delay'd,  
And be at once familiar at our board."

He said, and bade replace the feast removed ;  
Himself upon a grassy bank disposed  
The crew, but for Æneas order'd forth  
A couch, spread with a lion's tawny shag,  
And bade 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 solemn 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' encumber'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 begot 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  
 Cacus, that nothing might escape his hand  
 Of villany or fraud, drove from the stalls  
 Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four  
 The fairest of his heifers; by the tail  
 He dragg'd them to his den, and there conceal'd,  
 No footstep 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 contriv'd.  
Scarce was he fast, when panting for revenge  
Came Hercules ; he gnash'd his teeth with rage,  
And quick as lightning glanc'd his eyes around  
In quest of entrance. Fiery red, and stung  
With indignation, thrice he wheel'd his course  
About the mountain ; thrice, but thrice in vain,  
He strove to force the quarry at the gate,  
And thrice 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 shov'd 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 expos'd,  
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 amaz'd  
 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 millstone size. He, (for escape was none)  
 Wondrous 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, mix'd with fiery sparks.  
 No sight could penetrate the veil obscure.  
 The hero, more provoked, endur'd not this,  
 But, with a headlong leap, he rushed 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 the Oechalia he destroyed,  
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 Pholos, 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 e'en the vast  
Typhœus could appal, though 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 fawns and nymphs  
 Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race  
 Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms  
 And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew  
 Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke  
 The 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 fam'd in story; till by slow degrees  
 Far other times, and of far different 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 Tiberis of gigantick form  
 Was chief, and we Italians since have call'd  
 The river by his name; thus Albula  
 (So was the country call'd in ancient days)  
 Was quite forgot. Me from my native land  
 An exile, 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, fix'd me here.

[*Ten lines omitted.*]

He said, and show'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 e'en 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 thy 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 Libistian bear.

[*The Episode of Venus and Vulcan omitted*]

## 94 TRANSLATION FROM OVID.

While thus in Lemnos Vulcan was employed,  
 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 mastiffs followed 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 befit 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 e'en 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 service of the muse.  
Thistles and weeds are all we can expect  
From the best soil improv'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—

36      A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

Yet to say truth, e'en 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, 1799.

WHERE Humber pours his rich commercial stream,  
There dwelt a wretch who breath'd but to blaspheme  
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 which wash'd 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 quierunt,  
Cælum hilares abdit, spissa 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 longe distantia, sæcula vates  
Ostentant tribus e gentibus eximios  
Græcia sublimem, cum majestate disertum  
Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrique parem.  
Partubus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,  
Tertius ut fieret, 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 ?

100 AN EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN.

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 overflowing 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.

AN EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN. 101

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 the 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.\*

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

102 AN EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN.

Thus Martha, e'en against her will,  
 Perch'd on the top of yonder hill ;  
 And you, though you must needs prefer  
 The fairest 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,  
 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  
 Toils 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 minutæ can educe  
 Events of most important use ;  
 And bid a dawning sky display  
 The blaze of a meridian day.

\* Lady Austen's residence in France



AN EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN. 103

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 pow'r 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 engaging,  
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 a 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 outstretch'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,

FRIENDSHIP.

109

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 stopp'd against the tales they bear ;  
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;



FRIENDSHIP. 111

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 unmentioned)  
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.

112 THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

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.

**THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE. 113**

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

10 \*

IN SUBMERSIONEM NAVIGII, CUI GEORGIUS  
REGALIS NOMEN, INDITUM.

PLANGIMUS fortes. Periere fortes,  
Patrium propter periere littus  
His quater centum ; subito sub alto  
Æquore mersi.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hi quidem (sic dis placuit) fuere :  
 Sed ratis, nondum putris, ire possit  
 Rursus in bellum, Britonumque nomen  
 Tollere ad astra.



## SONG

## ON PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1783, AT THE REQUEST  
 OF LADY AUSTEN, WHO GAVE THE SENTIMENT.

*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 prov'd 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 in it 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.

It is content of heart  
Gives nature power to please ;  
The mind that feels no smart,  
Enlivens all it sees ;  
Can make a wint'ry 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 wondrous skill display'd,  
Is to a mourner's heart  
A dreary wild at best ;  
It flutters to depart,  
And longs to be at rest.

\* Also written at the request of Lady Austen.

## VERSES

SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL POEM, ENTITLED

## VALEDICTION.

[November, 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,**  
**Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove**  
**A thousand ways the force of genuine love.**  
**He may be call'd to give up health and gain,**  
**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.**  
**Vot'ries of business, and of pleasure, prove**  
**Faithless alike in friendship and in love.**

118 FROM THE POEM OF VALEDICTION.

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 escaped mankind ;  
Polite, yet virtuous, who has brought away  
The manners, not the morals, of the day :  
With him, perhaps with *her*, (for men have known  
No firmer friendships than the fair have shown,)  
Let me enjoy, in some unthought-of spot,  
All former friends forgiven, and forgot,  
Down to the close of life's fast fading scene,  
Union of hearts, without a flaw between.  
'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and it calls for praise,  
If God give health, that sunshine of our days !  
And if he add, a blessing shared by few,  
Content of heart, more praises still are due—  
But if he grant a friend, that boon 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.

HEI mihi ! Lege rata sol occidit atque resurgit,  
Lunaque mutatæ reparat dispēdia formæ,  
Astraque, purpurei telis extincta diei,  
Rursus nocte vigent. Humiles telluris alumni  
Graminis herba verens, et florum picta propago,  
Quos crudelis hyems lethali tabe peredit,  
Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque sereni  
Temperies anni, fœcundo, e 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.

120 TO MISS C——, ON HER BIRTH-DAY

Zephyr speaks ; serener skies  
Warm the glebe, and they arise.  
We, alas ! Earths 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 give them birth !

GRATITUDE.

121

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,  
Contriv'd both for toil and repose,  
Wide-elbow'd and wadded 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 mirror 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,  
 These stoves that for pattern and form,  
 Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands :

All these are not half that I owe  
 To one, from her 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 for a delicate palate.

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

If he 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 unfolds 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.

**THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON. 125**

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 undescri'd,  
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 !

126 THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON.

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 ænigmatick line,  
So difficult to spell,  
Which shock 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 a 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.



THE COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND. 127

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 nigh  
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.

128 THE COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND.

This man (for since the howling wild  
Disclaims him, Man he must be styl'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 every 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 steed superb, his carriage neat  
As lux'ry could provide.

Can such be cruel!—Such can be  
Cruel as hell, and so is 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 COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND 129

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 he, shall be, sunk—  
Led by the sufferer'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 renown'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.



TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

**HOR. LIB. I. ODE IX.**

*Vides, ut alta 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.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE. 131

This be our part—let Heav'n 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 have 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-stretch'd beneath my vine  
Myrtle more becoming thee,  
Waiting with thy master's wine.

132 TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

*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 ploughs by night the Ægean flood,  
When neither moon nor stars appear,  
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

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

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE. 133

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 even 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.

134 TO THE MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD

*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  
Cura fovebat patria.  
Seu quando fractus, jamque donatus rude,  
Vultu sed usque blandulo,  
Miscere gaudebat suas facetias  
His annuis leporibus.  
Vixit probus, puraque simplex indole,  
Blandisque comis moribus,



TO THE MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD. 135

Et dives æqua 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 inditum, 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 locks in mild complacence dress'd,  
He took his annual seat, and mingled here  
His sprightly vein with yours—now drop a tear.  
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.

\* 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.

† See the note in the Latin copy.

136 TO MRS. THROCKMORTON.

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.



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. Gifford, Esq.*

1790.

[*June, 1790.*]

OTHER stones the era teil,  
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 fix'd 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 Sabbath more.

**Thanks that we hear—but oh impart**  
To each desire 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 plac'd us where it shines.\*



## STANZAS

*On the late indecent Liberties taken with the Remains  
 of the great Milton—Anno 1780.*

[August, 1790.]

“ME too, perchance, in future days,  
 The sculptur'd 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 every care,  
Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,  
And sleep securely there."\*

So sang, in Roman tone and style,  
The youthful bard, ere long  
Ordain'd 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 heav'd 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 the dead.

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

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)  
Compos'd 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 rous'd to toil again.

What labours of the loom I see !  
Looms numberless have groan'd for me  
Should ev'ry 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.



[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

\* 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 Καμνος, 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*



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 uninvo'k'd t' avenge the wrong.  
Come Syntrips, Smaragus, Sabactes come,  
And Asbetus, nor let your direst dread,  
Omodamus, delay ! Fire seize your house,  
May neither house nor vestibule escape,  
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 board,  
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, though 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 tempered 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 power 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 shubb'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 acquiesced ; 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 chanc'd 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 oftener than she smil'd.

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

The other was of gentler cast,  
From all such frenzy clear,  
Her frowns were seldom known to last,  
And never prov'd 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 chang'd her mood so oft,  
That failing left untold.

148 THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS

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 combin'd,” he said,  
“ My favourite 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.]*

13\*

( 150 )

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



ELEGIES.



ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DIODATI.

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 reffluent 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 choosc.  
 I would, that, exiled to the Pontick shore,  
 Rome's hapless bard had suf'er'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 to 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

## 152 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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' embrace  
 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 Ilion ! 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 enforce my stay,  
 I leave these happy walls, while yet I may.

Immortal Moly shall secure my heart  
 From all the sorc'ry of Circæan art,  
 And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools  
 To face once more the warfare of the schools.  
 Meantime accept this trifle! rhymes 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 sunnons clear,  
 Minerva's flock long time was wont 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 shall 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!

154 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 die,  
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 e'en 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 ris'n 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 declin'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 :

156 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Flowers over all the field, of every 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 flow'rs,  
With airs awaken'd under rosy bow'rs.  
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 fix'd 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 æther rings ,  
Each chants 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 psalt'ry'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 HAMBURG.

*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 ensure 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 Hamburga 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 attick youth !

## 158 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON

Dear as the Stagyrite 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 downcast 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, though 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 rends 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, giv'n  
 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,

160 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,  
In long Arabian wilds he shelter'd life ;  
So, from Philippi, wander'd forth forlorn  
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn ;  
And Christ himself so left, and trod no more,  
The thankless Gergesenes' 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,  
E'en 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 laid 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 the 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 pow'rs 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, undepress'd by cumbrous 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 will it perform ?  
 Spring claims the verse, that with his influence glows,  
 And shall be paid with what himself bestows.

## 162 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 declare  
 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 dew,  
 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 ling'ring slumb'ring with thy wither'd mate !  
 Leave him, and to Hymettu'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 attir'd,  
 Tænarian Dis himself with love inspir'd.  
 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.  
 Now, unendow'd and indigent, aspires,  
 The am'rous Earth to engage thy warm desires,  
 But, rich in balmy drugs, assist 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 crystal 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 canst 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 valleys, ring ;  
 He, new-attired, and by the season dress'd,  
 Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.  
 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 flow'ry meadows weave  
 And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,  
 Silvanus wreath'd with cypress, skips behind,  
 The Dryads leave their hollow sylvan 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 every grove preside,  
 For all is safe, and bliss, where ye abide !

Return, O Jove ! the age of gold restore—  
 Why choose to dwell where storms and thunders 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 DIODATI,

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 overcharg'd, 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 desirous 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 described, 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 ,

## 166 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found  
 With ivy, than with laurel, crown'd.  
 The Nine themselves oft-times 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 to 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 inwrought,  
 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 power's like 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 crystal 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 Limus 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 syren train ;  
 And through the realms, where grizzly spectres dwell,  
 Whose tribes he fetter'd in a gory spell ;  
 For these are sacred bards, and, from above,  
 Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove !

Wouldst thou, (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear,)  
 Wouldst 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 rever'd no more :

168 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse :  
The dawn of that blest day inspir'd 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 ;

TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 169

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 confess'd !  
 I vanquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain  
 From this 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 rue Alcides, and Alcides' friend.

At me should Jove himself a bolt design,  
 His bosom first should bleed transfix'd 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 the 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 ey'd  
 The dang'rous show : rash youth my only guide ;

170 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 unsupply'd  
 With torch well-trimm'd and quiver at his side ;  
 Now to her lips he clung, her eyelids now,  
 Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow,  
 And with a thousand wounds from ev'ry part  
 Pierc'd, 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, tell her of the pangs I bear,  
 Perhaps she is not adamant, would show  
 Perhaps some pity at my tale of wo.  
 Oh inasuspicious 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 sov'reign 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'd,  
 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 rage 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 days, 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, though 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,  
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.

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

## THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A PEASANT to his lord paid 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

CHRISTIANA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

WITH

CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

CHRISTIANA, 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 but 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 ; an equal skill  
Had preserv'd Medea still.



TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 175

Dwelt in herbs, and drugs, a pow'r  
To avert man's destin'd hour,  
Learn'd Machoan 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 hadst fill'd thy princely place  
Regent of the gowned race.

Hadst 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

Plato'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 ?”

## TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 177

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  
Bootes' wagon, 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 crystal 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 fix'd  
 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 shatter'd, and the huge Ceraunian hills,  
 Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immers'd  
 In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.

No. The Almighty Father surer laid  
 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 Satan 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 odorif'rous 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 Cynthia's changeful horn waxes, and wanes,  
 Alternate, and with arms extended still

180 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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, O 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.

182 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 reveal'd;  
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 themselves  
 Confess the influence of verse, which stirs  
 The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains  
 Of adamant both Plato and the Shades.  
 In verse the Delphick priestess, and the pale  
 Treinulous 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 chanting 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 Ophinchus holds his hiss 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

184 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 thunderbolt  
 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! howsø'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 lead'st right on

To opulence, nor didst 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 smoot  
 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

186 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 throng  
 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,

188 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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, diffused 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 Pæan, or what name divine  
 Soe'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, render'd 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.

Fra 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 shall prove an everlasting name.  
Already such, it shines in Tasso's page  
(For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,

190 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 theirs which thou couldst  
     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 Phæbus's 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 Phæbus raise the polish'd rhyme,  
 We too serve Phæbus; Phæbus 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,



TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 191

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 inmates 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 Ceta 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 ;

192      TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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'ers, 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, every cloud from my pure spirit driven,  
 Joy in the bright beatitude of Heaven !

( 193 )

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 Diodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman; a youth of un-  
common 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 ceas'd to pour  
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

194 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,  
 And golden harvest twice enriched 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 heaven, or earth, concern'd for human woes,  
 Since, O 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 every shepherd's tongue  
 To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,  
 And, after him, to thee the votive lay,  
 While Palcs 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 lambs ; 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 wint'ry night,  
 While hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,  
 And black'ning chestnuts start and crackle there,  
 While storms abroad the dreary meadows overwhelm,  
 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,

196 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 Alpheus 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 each persuades, but, deaf to every 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 wouldst 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 every 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 hadst found  
 Ere then thy dark cold lodgment under ground  
 Now Damon sings, 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 yon whisp'ring shades awhile  
 Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,  
 Or where Cassibelan's grey 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-bell to the dwarfish weed,  
 What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,

## 200 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 statelier 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 chose—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 crystal urn,

TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 201

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 Orcades.

“ 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  
Enfolded safe, and for thy view designed,  
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 virtue 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,

202 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 choir."

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,

204 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 rapture 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 Albion, 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 lo! again the splendid hope appears  
     That thou may'st yet escape  
 The gulfs of Lethe, and on oary wings  
 Mount 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 interiour shrine, his charge,  
 Where he intends a richer treasure far  
 Than Ion kept (Ion, Erectheus' son  
 Illustrious, of the fair Creusa 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

206 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

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 sterile 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 e colui d'ogni valore scarco,  
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamorà;  
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora  
De sui atti soavi giammai parco,

208 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

F i don,' che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,  
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
L'entrata, chi di tre si truova indegno ;  
Grazia sola di su gli vaglia, innanti  
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 sterile breast might be,  
To Him, who plants from Heav'n, a soil as free !

SONETTO.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera,  
L'avvezza 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 insu la lingua snella  
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
Mentre 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 ! fos' 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 swans,  
 And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,  
 Love-songs in language that thou little know'st ?  
 How dar'st thou risk to sing these foreign strains ?  
 Say truly. Find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,  
 And that thy fairest flowers, 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 declin'd ?  
 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.

RIDONSÌ donne, e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 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, a la tua chioma  
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi :  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?

Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi '  
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir e il mio cuore :  
 " Questa e lingua, di cui si vanta Amore."

## SONNET

## TO CHARLES DIODATI.

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 fall'n in his snare,  
 (Full many an upright man has fallen so)  
 Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow  
 Of golden locks, 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 diro con meraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io, ch'amor spreggiar solea,  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,  
 Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia  
 Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
 M' abbaglian si, ma sotto nuova 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 avventa si 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 e'en as Phœbus him, whose way  
 Through horrid Lybia's sandy desert lies.  
 Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise  
 Where most 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 puo, 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 senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge, ove mi 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 poc  
 Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingi ;

212    TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge 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 fix'd 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,  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sone,  
 Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Faro 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 cetra 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.

## THE RETIRED CAT.

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 nothing, save a fan,  
 To seem some nymph in her sedan  
 Apparel'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,  
 Exposed 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  
 Too rudely wanton with her hair,  
 And sought it in the likeliest mode  
 Within her master's snug abode.

A draw'r, it chanc'd at bottom lin'd  
 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, ere long,  
 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 was left I see,  
Merely to prove a nest for me,  
For soon as I was well compos'd,  
Then came the maid, and it was clos'd.  
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 roll'd tardily away,  
(With her indeed 'twas never day,)  
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,  
The evening gray again ensu'd,  
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 presag'd 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 ?"

## THE RETIRED CAT.

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,  
Consol'd him, and dispell'd his fears;  
He left his bed, he trod the floor,  
He 'gan in haste the draw'rs t' 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 fond 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,  
We 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  
 Imagin'd 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 misstated 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'erlhung 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, didst 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 thriflier 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 forest 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,  
 Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp  
 The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet  
 Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,  
 Though all the superstructure, by the tooth  
 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

\* 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.

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, assigned  
To each his name significant, and, fill'd  
With love and wisdom, rendered 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 ev'n 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



EPITAPH

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 her finger perch'd, to stand  
Picking his breakfast crumb.

Alarm'd, she call'd him, and perplex'd  
 She sought him but in vain,  
 That day he came not, nor the next,  
 Nor ever came again.

She, therefore, raised him here a tomb,  
 Though where he fell, or how,  
 None knows, so secret was his doom,  
 Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died  
 In social Robin's stead,  
 Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,  
 Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold,  
 Nor spiritlessly tame ;  
 Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,  
 But always in a flame.



## 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 enthral'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 ; hast 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 Afric, fenc'd 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 wondrous 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 dear sake 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 forth  
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,  
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 banns.

\* Lady Throckmorton.

AN EPITAPH.

229

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 Earham 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 canvass, not the form alone  
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,  
The mind's impression too on every face—



ON RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE. 231

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 thee Friend of all mankind ;  
Expression here more soothing still I see,  
That Friend of *all* a partial Friend to *me*.

( 232 )

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 danc'd 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 feign'd 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.

( 235 )

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 reward  
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 loose my precious years now soon to fail,  
Handling his gold, which, howsoe'er it shine,  
Proves dross, when balanc'd in the Christian scale  
Be wiser thou—like our forefather DONNE,  
Seek heav'nly wealth, and work for God alone.

( 236 )

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 other's 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 heath uncover'd, and the moors,  
Except with snow and sleet,  
Sea-beaten rocks, and naked shores  
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,  
Till both grew vex'd and tir'd ;  
At length a ship arriving, brought  
The good so long desir'd.

A ship ! could such a restless thing  
Afford them place of rest ?  
Or was the merchant charg'd 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 mix'd.

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 lest 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 honour'd 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 Gretnock, 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.

( 240 )

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 other's lays ;  
Bards, I acknowledge, of unequall'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 chas'd 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—forbear—but in my breast  
A mightier cried—proceed—  
'Twas Nature, Sir, whose strong behest  
Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I 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 ?

( 243 )

ANSWER

TO

*Stanzas addressed to Lady Hesketh, by Miss Catharine Fanshaw, 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 remembered *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 stor'd  
Of many a Grecian belle,  
Was once preserv'd—a richer hoard,  
But never lodg'd so well.



TO

THE SPANISH ADMIRAL,  
COUNT GRAVINA,

ON

*His translating the Author's Song on a Rose into Italian Verse.*

[1793.]

My rose, Gravina, blooms anew,  
And, steep'd not now in rain,  
But in Castalian streams by You,  
Will never fade again.

( 244 )

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 them 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 thou lov'st,

My Mary !

And still to love, though prest with ill,  
In wintry 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 æquora 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 vero hoc monstri est magis et mirabile visu!  
 Splendentes video, ceu pulchro ex ære vel auro  
 Conflatos, rutilisque accinctos undique gemmis,  
 Bacca cærulea, et flammam imitante pyropo,  
 Ex oriente adsunt, ubi gazas optima tellus  
 Parturit omnigenas, quibus æva per omnia sumptu  
 Ingenti finxere sibi diademata reges?  
 Vix hoc crediderim. Non fallunt talia acutos  
 Mercatorum oculos: prius et quam littora Gangis  
 Liquissent, avidis gratissima præda fuissent.  
 Ortos unde putemus? An illos Ves'vius atrox  
 Protulit, ignivomisve ejecit faucibus Ætna?  
 Luce micant propria, Phœbive, per æra parum  
 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  
 Multa onerata nive, et canis conspersa pruinis  
 Cætera sunt glacies. Procul hinc, ubi Bruma fere  
 omnes

Contristat menses, portenta hæc horrida nobis  
Illa strui voluit. Quoties de culmine summo  
Clivorum fluere 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 aggesta 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 pelagus tanquam studiosa natandi,  
Ingens tota strues. Sic Delos dicitur olim,  
Insula, in Ægæo fluitasse erratica ponto.  
Sed non ex glacie Delos ; neque torpida Delum  
Bruma inter rupes genuit nudam sterilemque.  
Sed vestita herbis erat illa, ornataque nunquam  
Decidua lauro ; et Delum dilexit Apollo.  
At vos, erroneos horrendi, et caligine digni  
Cimmeria, Deus idem odit. Natalia vestra,  
Nubibus involvens frontem, non ille tueri  
Sustinuit. Patrium vos ergo requirite cælum !  
Ite ! Redite ! Timete moras ; ni leniter austro  
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 wondrous still ! Behold !  
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 marked and seized 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 borne them nearer ; and the nearer sight,  
Advantag'd more, contemplates them aright.  
Their lofty summits crested high, they show,  
With mingled sleet, and long-encumbent 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 fix'd, 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'rers of the deep, to you  
He deems cimmerician 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 CASTAWAY.

[*March, 20, 1799.*]

OBSCUREST night involv'd the sky ;  
Th' Atlantic 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 subdu'd, 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 shod  
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.

**THREICIUM** infantem, cum lucem intravit et auras,  
 Fletibus excepit mæstus uterque parens.  
**Threicium** infantem, cum luce exivit et auris,  
 Extulit ad funus lætus uterque parens.  
 Interea tu Roma ; et tu tibi Græcia plaudens,  
 Dicitis, hæc vera est Thraica barbaries.  
 Lætitiæ causam, causamque exquirite luctus ;  
 Vosque est quod doceat Thraica barbaries.  
**Vol. III. 22**

## 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, qua poterat voce, precatur opem.



Percussus 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 fluit humor :  
Et coit, absterso sanguine, rupta cutis ;  
Nunc iterum sylvas dumosque peragrat ; et affert  
Providus assiduas 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 periclis  
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 amicum  
Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.  
Quid vero percussi animis, stupere 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 giv'n 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 doom'd 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

*Typographia 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, quas 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 sup-  
plet .  
Sed non ejusdem singula quæque loci.

Disposita ordinibus certis, discrimina servant ;  
 Quæ sibi conveniant, seligat unde nurus.  
 Ultima quæ restant quæ multa minutula nympha  
 Dicit, sunt sexti divitiæ folii.  
 Quantillo in spatio doctrina O quanta latescit !  
 Quam tamen obscuram vix brevitate voces.  
 Non est interpres, nec 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 auctor 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 'tis richly lin'd,  
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard  
Oft visit : and the fair  
Preserve it in their bosom 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 conflare metallum ;  
 In longa alterius decere 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 Œdipæ, 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 shears another plies,  
Who clips in lengths the brazen thread  
For him, who, chafing every thread,  
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 norit sedes, aut viserit hasce  
    Newtoni egregii quas ccelebravit honos ;  
Viditque et meminit, lætus fortasse videndo,  
    Quam multa ad mensas advolitarit 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 hopes adest.  
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 alitque diem.  
Hunc unum, hunc modicum (nec quisquam invidorit  
    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 the 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 suppliant natives of the place ?

## NULLI TE FACIAS NIMIS SODALEM

PALPAT heram felis, gremio recumbans in anili ;  
Quam semel atque iterum Lydia palpat hora.  
Ludum lis sequitur ; nam totos exserit 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 jœcari,  
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 disposed 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 O ! hyberni fugias ut frigora cœli,  
Confuge, et incolumis sub lare vive meo !  
Unde tuam esuriem relevas, 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 quavis arbore vernat honos,  
Pro libitu ad lucos redeas, sylvasque revisas,  
Læta quibus resonat Musica parque tuæ !  
Sin iterum, sin forte iterum, inclementia brumæ  
Ad mea dilectam tecta reducet avem,  
Esto, redux, grato memor esto rependere cantu  
Pabula, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus !  
Vis hinc harmoniæ, numerorum hinc sacra potestas  
Conspicitur, nusquam conspicienda magis,  
Vincula quod stabilis firmissima nectit amoris,  
Vincula vix longa dissaocinda die.  
Captat, et incantat blando oblectamine Musa  
Humanum pariter pennigerumque genus ;  
Nos homines et aves quotecunque animantia vivunt  
Nos soli harmoniæ gens studiosa sumus

Vol. III. 23

## 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 boasts any musical pow'rs ?



## STRADÆ PHILOMELA.

PASTOREM audivit calamis Philomela canentem,  
 Et voluit tenues ipsa referre modos ;  
 Ipsa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans  
 Argutum fida 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 superasse tuum.



## STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

THE Shepherd touch'd his reed ; sweet Philomel  
 Essay'd, and oft assay'd 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 natale,  
 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 tua a summa procul est remota  
 summula nostra !

Pabulum nos luxuriesque lethi,  
 Nos simul nati, incipimus perire,  
 Nos, statim a cunis cita destinamur  
 præda sepulchro !

Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix  
 Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris  
 Vim repentinam, aut male pertinacis  
 semina morbi.

Sin brevem possit superare vita  
 Terminum, quicquid superest vacivum,  
 Illud ignavis superest et imbe-  
 cillibus 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, mœstum 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 vacuam querelis  
 dimidiamus.

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 uneven,  
 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 gratulate ; content,  
 Should propitious Heaven 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 jurgia 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 ove  
Reptilis exiguo corpore vermiculus,  
Frondebis hic mori, volvox dum fiat adultus,  
Gnaviter incumbens, dum satiatur, edit.  
Crescendo ad justum cum jam maturuit ævum,  
Incipit artificii 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, sætumque 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 ;  
Though, 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, though 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-liv'd than most he be,  
Were useful in their kind as he.

## INNOCENS PRÆDATRIX.

SECULA per campos nullo defessa labore,  
 In cella ut stipet mella, vagatur apis,  
 Purpureum vix florem opifex prætervolat unum,  
 Innumeras inter quas alit hortus opes ;  
 Herbula gramineis vix una innascitur agris,  
 Theauri unde aliquid non studiosa legit.  
 A flore ad florem transit, mollique volando  
 Delibat tactu suave quod intus habent.  
 Omnia delibat, parce sed et omnia, furti,  
 Ut ne vel minimum videris indicium :  
 Omnia degustat tam parce, 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 cera, et multo melle repondit apis.



THE

## INNOCENT THIEF.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,  
 Or the spot that we till for our pleasure  
 From the largest to least, but it yields  
 To 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 pick the seed from the bed,  
Still less to be spar'd than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill  
Her pillage so fits for her use,  
That the chymist 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 vitæ 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.  
Adveniunt juvenes ; et anus si possit amari,  
Dennere, 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.  
Quantus honos arti, per quam placet ipsa senectus :  
Quæ facit, ut nymphis invideatur anus !  
Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cum nec Apelli  
Majorem famam det Cytherea suo !

\* Diu publico fuit spectaculo egregia hæc tabula in area  
Palatina exteriori, juxta fanum Westmonastre riense.

## 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 ribbon, 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, nor 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 decline,  
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 inane jubet,  
Et calamum, et succos poscens, "Hos accipe luctus,  
"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 æterna vives tu laude, nec arte  
Vincendus pictor, nec pietate pater.



THE

TEARS OF A PAINTER.

APELLES, hearing that his boy  
Had just expir'd—his only joy!  
Although 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 pow'rs he tries,  
For on his lips a smile he spies :  
And still his cheek, unfaded, shows  
The deepest damask of the rose.  
Then, heedless 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-liv'd shall the glory prove,  
Or of thy labour, or thy love.

### SPE FINIS.

AD dextram, ad lævam, porro, retro, itque, reditque,  
Depreſſum in laqueo quem labyrinthus habet,  
Et legit et relegit gressus, sese explicet unde,  
Perplexum quærens unde revolvat iter.  
Sta modo, respira paulum, simul accipe filum ;  
Certius et melius non Ariadne dabit.  
Sic te, sic solum exepdies errore , viarum  
Principium invenies, 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 adeo ! quis perditus æque ! ”  
Conqueritur mæsto carmine tristis amans.  
Non novus hic questus, rarove auditus ; amantes  
Deserti et spreti 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 decedit imber aquæ.  
**Cornua** vel leviter tangas, se protinus in se  
Colligit, in proprios contrahiturque lares.  
**Secum** habitat quacunq̄ue 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**, quacunq̄ue siet, quacunq̄ue 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 ejus, et unde, 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, multaque ridet anus.  
Jamque ferox plagis erecta ad verbera dextra  
Calce cruentata lassat utrumque latus.  
Impete sed tanto vixdum confecerit ille  
Millia propositæ sexve novemve viæ,  
Viribus absumptis, fessusque labore, caballus  
Sternit in immundum seque equitemque lutum  
Vectus iter peraget curru plastrove viator ?  
Proh pudor et facinus ! cogitur ire pedes.  
Si, nec inexpertum, senioresem 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 ;

Through the fields and the towns, (see !) he scampers  
alone,

And is look'd at, and laugh'd at by old and by young,  
Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with  
blood,

Down tumbles his horse, man and all, in the mud.

In a wagon or chaise, shall he finish his route ?

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' incrusted 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,  
Fix'd 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 parch'd 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 simmering 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 Similus, 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 cook'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 weeds and osiers sparely girt around,  
Small was the spot, but lib'ral to produce :  
Nor wanted aught that serves a parent'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 starwort, 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 medley 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 PALAADAS.

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 bow'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 funeral bier,  
Young Menalippus ; 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 ail 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,

TO HEALTH.

293

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 untir'd,  
As if by Phœbus' self inspir'd.



TO HEALTH.

ELDEST born 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 weary 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.

( 294 )

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 dyed 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 intold a foe,  
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,  
Th' inevitable blow.



ON THE SWALLOW.

ARRICK 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 naught enjoy'd, while young, deny'd the means,  
And naught, when old, enjoy'd, deny'd the pow'r.



ON

**A TRUE FRIEND.**

HAST thou a friend ? Thou hast indeed  
A rich and large supply,  
Treasure to serve your ev'ry 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 ISIODORUS.

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 with 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-liv'd by nature as the rook or hind ?  
Heap treasure then, for if thy need be such,  
Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.  
But man thou seem'st, clear therefore from thy breast  
This lust of treasure—folly at the best !  
For why shouldst thou go 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 ;

### 300 TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES

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 singing, sporting, playing,  
What has nature else to show  
Godlike in his 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.

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES. 301

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 CALLIMACHUS.

NOR oils of balmy scent produce,  
Nor mirror 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 mirror's polish'd face,  
Though Venus oft with anxious care  
Adjusted twice a single hair.

**TO DEMOSTHENES.**

It flatters and deceives thy view,  
This mirror of ill polish'd ore ;  
For were it just, and told thee true,  
Thou wouldst consult it never more.



ON A

**SIMILAR CHARACTER.**

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,  
With washes die 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

A 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  
Oftimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

## ON PEDIGREE.

FROM EPICHRMUS.

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—

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES. 205

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.

Ort 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 beauteous hand she led,  
A bashful seeming boy, and thus she said ;  
" Shepherd, receive my little one ! I bring  
An untaught love, whom thou must teach to sing."  
She said, and left him. I suspecting nought,  
Many a sweet strain my subtle pupil taught,  
How reed to reed Pan first with osier bound,  
How Pallas form'd the pipe of softest sound,  
How Hermes gave the lute, and how the choir  
Of Phœbus owe to Phœbus' self the lyre.  
Such were my themes ; my themes nought heeded 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 mayest 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 mayest 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 reditus a morte memento !  
Sis memor occasus. 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 fit,  
Simplice ni nexus fœdere, lusus amor.  
Incerto genitore puer, non sæpe paternæ  
Tutamen novit, deliciasque domus :  
Quique sibi fidos fore multos sperat amicos,  
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  
Quadrupes, norat conciliare sibi ;  
Et quisque innocuo, invitoque lacessere quenquam  
Labra tenus saltem fidus amicus erat.  
Ortum sub lucis dum pressa cubilia linquit,  
Rorantes herbas, pabula sueta, petens,  
Venatorum audit clangores pone sequentum,  
Fulmineumque sonum territus erro fugit.  
Corda pavor pulsat, sursum sedet, erigit aures,  
Respicit, et sentit jam prope adesse necem.  
Utque canes fallat late circumvagus, illuc,  
Unde abiit, mira calliditate redit ;  
Viribus at fractis tandem se projicit ultro  
In media miserum semianimemque via.  
Vix ibi stratus, equi sonitum pedis audit, et, oh spe  
Quam lata adventu cor agitatur equi !  
Dorsum (inquit) mihi, chare, tuum concede, tuoque  
Auxilio nares fallere, vimque canum.

310 TRANSLATIONS FROM GAY.

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, bonique  
 Adveniunt, quorum sis cito salvus ope.  
 Proximus armenti dominus bos 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 **acervum**  
 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. [languent !  
 Febrem (ait hircus) habes. Heu, sicca ut lumina  
 Utque caput, collo deficiente, jacet !  
 Hirsutum mihi tergum ; et forsan 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 peritulum alias ocyus eripiat.  
 Remne 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. Fidissima dissociantur  
 Corda, et tale tibi sat liquet esse meum.  
 Ecce autem ad calces canis est ! te quanta perempto  
 Tristitia est nobis ingruitura !— -Vale !



## AVARUS ET PLUTUS.

**I**cta fenestra Euri flatu stridebat, avarus  
**E**x somno trepidus surgit, opumque memor.  
**L**ata silenter numi ponit vestigia, quemque  
**R**espicit ad sonitum respiciensque tremit ;  
**A**ngustissima quæque foramina lampade visit,  
**A**d vectes, obices, fertque refertque manum.  
**D**ein reserat crebris junctam compagibus arcam  
**E**xultansque omnes conspicit intus opes.  
**S**ed tandem furiis ultricibus actus ob artes  
**Q**ueis sua res tenuis creverat in cumulum.  
**C**ontortis manibus nunc stat, nunc pectora pulsans  
**A**urum execratur, perniciemque vocat ;  
**O** mihi, ait, misero mens quam tranquilla fuisset,  
**H**oc celasset adhuc si modo terra malum !  
**N**unc autem virtus ipsa est venalis ; et aurum  
**Q**uid contra vitii termina sæva valet ?  
**O** inimicum aurum ! O homini infestissima pestis,  
**C**ui datur illecebras vincere posse tuas ?  
**A**urum homines suasit contemnere quicquid honestum  
 est,  
**E**t præter nomen nil retinere boni  
**A**urum cuncta mali per terras semina sparsit ;  
**A**urum nocturnis furibus arma dedit.  
**B**ella docet fortes, timidosque ad pessima ducit.  
**F**œdifragas artes, multiplicesque dolos,  
**N**ec vitii quicquam est, quod non inveneris ortum  
**E**x malesuada auri sacrilegaque fame  
**D**ixit et ingemuit ; Plutusque suum sibi numen  
**A**nte oculos, ira fervidus, ipse stetit.  
**A**rcam clausit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis  
**O**stendens ; tremulum sic Deus increpuit.  
**Q**uestibus his raucis mihi cur, stulte, opstrepis aures ?  
**I**sta tui similis tristitia quisque canit.

312 TRANSLATIONS FROM GAY.

Commaculavi egone humanum genus, improbe? Culpa,  
Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua est.  
Mene execrandum censes, quia tam pretiosa  
Criminibus fiunt pernicioso tuis?  
Virtutis specie, pulchro ceu pallio amictus  
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, fovit, 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 fastigis surgit,  
Nativas sordes, quicquid agatur, olet.

THE END.

188 20 1948



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 114 976 3