R. C. Elwes.

SPECIMENS

OF THE

Later English Poets,

WITH PRELIMINARY NOTICES;

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CUTHBERT SHAW.

Ravensworth, Yorkshire. 1738—1771.

The Monodies of this writer upon his Wife and Child are well known. What other misfortunes he suffered besides their deaths, were occasioned by his own follies and vices. His first poem was published under the name of W. Seymour.

An Evening Address to a Nightingale.

SWEET bird! that kindly perching near,
  Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe,
  Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain :—
For surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
  Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?
Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
  That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?

Or has the cruel hand of fate
  Bereft thee of thy darling young?
    Alas, for BOTH, I weep———
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe that should have lived to bless,
  And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
  The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
  By every art that science could devise;
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
  And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies—
Then O our comforts be the same,
  At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
  And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
  The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
  Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
  Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
  Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love

But O for ME in vain may seasons roll,
  Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
  I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver, say,
  Where is the promised period of my woes?
Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
  And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
    O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
" That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,
  " Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
" The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
  " Soften the horrors of despair,
    " And chear a heart long lost to joy?"
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
  Gazing enraptured on its angel-face,
  My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd,
  How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
      utter more.—
" Just Heaven," I cry'd—with recent hopes elate,
  " Yet I will live—will live, thoug EHMMA's
      dead—

" So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
" Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
" My little EMMA, now my ALL,
" Will want a father's care,
" Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recall,
" And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear:
" And oft together we'll complain,
" Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
" From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
" And prattle tales of woe;
" And O in that auspicious hour,
" When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
" With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
" No more to weep—my sorrow streaming eyes,
" When death gives misery repose,
" And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought! it must not be—She too is dead—
The flattering scene is o'er—
My hopes for ever—ever fled—
And vengeance can no more.—
Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (O falsly deem'd severe)

Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
  And dry up every tear:
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
  But ah from my affections far removed!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
  As if I ne'er had been beloved;
    As if, unconscious of poetick fire,
    I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
    As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
    Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last,
  While yet my tongue can form the impassion'd
    strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
  And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
  For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
  The tale of misery to impart;
  From other's eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
  And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Even HE, * the noblest of the tuneful throng,
  Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
  And pay the pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

* Lord Lyttleton.

GEORGE CANNING.

1771.

An Irish Gentleman, father to the Right Honourable George Canning.

Lord Epistle from Lord William Russel to William Cavendish, supposed to have been written by Lord Russel, on Friday night, July 20, 1806, *in Newgate.*

LOST to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Though rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While Night's black shades augment the savage sound,
Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, CAVENDISH, to thee.

Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of praise;
When, leagued with patriots, we maintain'd the cause
Of true religion, liberty, and laws,
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide;
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy generous soul with tales of woe;
No: view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd—
Heavens! with what pride that moment I recall!
Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall!
When England's Genius, hovering o'er, inspired
Her chosen sons with love of Freedom fired,
Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,
Minions of Power, and worshippers of Gain,
To save from Bigotry its destin'd prey,
And shield three nations from tyrannick sway.

'Twas then my CA'NDISH caught the glorious flame,
The happy omen of his future fame;
Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
The clearest head, and warmest, noblest heart,
His words, deep-sinking in each captived ear,
Had power to make even Liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in Oratory's lore,
Whose tongue ne'er speaks but when the heart runs
o'er,
In plain blunt phrase my honest thoughts express'd
Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd.

Justice prevail'd; yes, Justice, let me say,
Well poised her scales on that auspicious day.
The watchful shepherd spies the wolf afar,
Nor trusts his flock to try the unequal war;
What though the savage crouch in humble guise,
And check the fire that flashes from his eyes,
Should once his barbarous fangs the fold invade,
Vain were their cries, too late the shepherd's aid,
Thirsting for blood, he knows not how to spare,
His jaws distend, his fiery eye-balls glare,
While ghastly Desolation, stalking round,
With mangled limbs bestrews the purple ground.

Now, Memory, fail! nor let my mind revolve,
How England's Peers annull'd the just resolve,
Against her bosom aim'd a deadly blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low!

Degenerate nobles! Yes, by Heaven I swear,
Had BEDFORD's self appear'd delinquent there,

And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
To thwart the exclusion of the apostate JAMES,
All filial ties had then been left at large,
And I myself the first to urge the charge.

Such the fix'd sentiments that rule my soul,
Time cannot change, nor Tyranny controul;
While free, they hung upon my pensive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now;
Foil'd I submit, nor think the measure hard,
For conscious Virtue is its own reward.

Vain then is force, and vain each subtile art,
To wring retraction from my tortured heart;
There, lie, in marks indelible engraved,
The means whereby my country must be saved;
Are to thine eyes those characters unknown?
To read my inmost heart, consult thine own;
There wilt thou find this sacred truth reveal'd,
Which shall to-morrow with my blood be seal'd,
Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
But banish James, or England is no more.

Friendship her tender offices may spare,
Nor strive to move the unforgiving pair,
Hopeless the tyrant's mercy-seat to climb—
Zeal for my country's freedom is my crime!

Ere that meets pardon, lambs with wolves shall
range,
Charles be a saint, and James his nature change.

Press'd by my friends, and Rachel's fond desires,
(Who can deny what weeping love requires!)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
Th' indignant pride that in my bosom swell'd;
I sued—the weak attempt I blush to own—
I sued for mercy, prostrate at the throne.
O! blot the foible out, my noble friend,
With human firmness human feelings blend!
When Love's endearments softest moments seize,
And Love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,
When Nature's strongest ties the soul enthral,
(Thou canst conceive, for thou hast felt them all!)
Let him resist their prevalence who can;
He must, indeed, be more or less than man.

Yet let me yield my Rachel honour due,
The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too!
Anxious to save her husband's honest name,
Dear was his life, but dearer still his fame!
When suppliant prayers no pardon could obtain,
And, wonderous strange! ev'n Bedford's gold proved
vain.

The informer's part her generous soul abhorr'd,
Though life preserved had been the sure reward;
Let impious Estrick act such treacherous scenes,
And shrink from death by such opprobrious means.

O! my lov'd Rachel! all accomplish'd fair!
Source of my joy, and soother of my care!
Whose heavenly virtues, and unfading charms,
Have bless'd through happy years my peaceful arms!
Parting with thee into my cup was thrown,
Its harshest dregs else had not forc'd a groan!—
But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd their last—
And now the bitterness of death is past.
Burnet and Tillotson, with pious care,
My fleeting soul for heavenly bliss prepare,
Wide to my view the glorious realms display,
Pregnant with joy, and bright with endless day.
Charm'd, as of old when Israel's prophet sung,
Whose words distill'd like manna from his tongue,
While the great bard sublimest truths explored,
Each ravish'd hearer wonder'd and adored;
So rapt, so charm'd, my soul begins to rise,
Spurns the base earth, and seems to reach the skies.

But when, descending from the sacred theme,
Of boundless power, and excellence supreme,

They would for man, and his precarious throne,
Exact obedience, due to Heaven alone,
Forbid resistance to his worst commands,
And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands;
The vision sinks to life's contracted span,
And rising passion speaks me still a man.

What! shall a tyrant trample on the laws,
And stop the source whence all his power he draws?
His country's rights to foreign foes betray,
Lavish her wealth, yet stipulate for pay?
To shameful falshood's venal slaves suborn,
And dare to laugh the virtuous man to scorn?
Deride Religion, Justice, Honour, Fame,
And hardly know of Honesty the name?
In Luxury's lap lie screen'd from cares and pains,
And only toil to forge his subjects chains?
And shall he hope the public voice to drown,
The voice which gave, and can resume his crown!

When Conscience bares her horrours, and the dread
Of sudden vengeance, bursting o'er his head,
Wrings his black soul; when injured nations groan,
And cries of millions shake his tottering throne;
Shall flattering churchmen soothe his guilty ears,
With tortured texts, to calm his growing fears;

Exalt his power above the etherial climes,
And call down Heaven to sanctify his crimes!

O! impious doctrine!—Servile priests away!
Your Prince you poison, and your God betray.

Hapless the monarch, who, in evil hour,
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawless
power!
The magick potion boils within his veins,
And locks each sense in adamantine chains;
Reason revolts, insatiate thirst ensues,
The wild delirium each fresh draught renews;
In vain his people urge him to refrain,
His faithful servants supplicate in vain;
He quaffs at length, impatient of controul,
The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl.

Zeal your pretence, but wealth and power your
aims,
You even could make a Solomon of James.
Behold the pedant, throned in awkward state,
Absorb'd in pride, ridiculously great;
His courtiers seem to tremble at his nod,
His prelates call his voice the voice of God;
Weakness and vanity with them combine,
And James believes his majesty divine.

Presumptuous wretch ! almighty power to scan,
While every action proves him less than man.

By your delusions to the scaffold led,
Martyr'd by you a royal Charles has bled.
Teach then ye sycophants ! O ! teach his son,
The gloomy paths of tyranny to shun ;
Teach him to prize Religion's sacred claim,
Teach him how Virtue leads to honest fame,
How Freedom's wreath a monarch's brows adorns,
Nor, basely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.
Point to his view his people's love alone,
The solid basis of his stedfast throne ;
Chosen by them their dearest rights to guard,
The bad to punish, and the good reward,
Clement and just let him the sceptre sway,
And willing subjects shall with pride obey,
Shall vie to execute his high commands,
His throne their hearts, his sword and shield their
hands.

Happy the Prince ! thrice firmly fix'd his crown !
Who builds on public good his chaste renown ;
Studious to bless, who knows no second aim,
His people's interest, and his own the same ;
The ease of millions rests upon his cares,
And thus Heaven's high prerogative he shares.

Wide from the throne the blest contagion spreads,
O'er all the land its gladdening influence sheds,
Faction's discordant sounds are heard no more,
And foul corruption flies the indignant shore.
His ministers with joy their courses run,
And borrow lustre from the royal sun.
But should some upstart, train'd in Slavery's school,
Learn'd in the maxims of despotick rule,
Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantic pride,
(Mysterious cloakthe mind's defects to hide!)
Sordid in small things, prodigal in great,
Saving for minions, squandering for the state—
Should such a miscreant, born for England's bane,
Obscure the glories of a prosperous reign;
Gain, by the semblance of each praiseful art,
A pious prince's unsuspecting heart;
Envious of worth, and talents not his own,
Chase all experienc'd merit from the throne;
To guide the helm a motley crew compose,
Servile to him, the king's and country's foes;
Meanly descend each paltry place to fill,
With tools of power, and panders to his will;
Brandishing high the scorpion scourge o'er all,
Except such slaves as bow their knee to Baal—
Should Albion's fate decree the baneful hour—
Short be the date of his detested power!

Soon may his sovereign break his iron rods,
And hear his people; for their voice is God's!

Cease then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers! cease,
Suffer your rulers to repose in peace;
By Reason led, give proper names to things,
God made them men, the people made them kings;
To all their acts but legal powers belong,
Thus England's monarch never can do wrong;
Of right divine let foolish Filmer dream,
The public welfare is the law supreme.

Lives there a wretch, whose base, degenerate soul
Can crouch beneath a tyrant's stern controul?
Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiss the hand
In galling chains that bind his native land?
Purchased by gold, or aw'd by slavish fear,
Abandon all his ancestors held dear?
Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
England's great charter made a ruffian's spoil;
Hear, unconcern'd, his injured country groan,
Nor stretch an arm to hurl him from the throne?
Let such to freedom forfeit all their claims,
And Charles's minions be the slaves of James.
But soft awhile—Now, Cavendish, attend
The warm effusions of thy dying friend;

Fearless who dares his inmost thoughts reveal,
When thus to Heaven he makes his last appeal.

All-gracious God! whose goodness knows no bounds!
Whose power the ample universe surrounds!
In whose great balance, infinitely just,
Kings are but men, and men are only dust;
At thy tribunal low thy suppliant falls,
And here condemn'd, on thee for mercy calls!
Thou hear'st not, Lord! an hypocrite complain,
And sure with thee hypocrisy were vain;
To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
Thou know'st my sins, and, knowing, still can'st spare!
Though partial power its ministers may awe,
And murder here by specious forms of law;
The axe, which executes the harsh decree,
But wounds the flesh, to set the spirit free!
Well may the man a tyrant's frown despise,
Who, spurning earth, to Heaven for refuge flies;
And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
Builds his firm trust—that rock can never fail!
Hear then, Jehovah, hear thy servant's prayer!
Be England's welfare thy peculiar care!
Defend her laws, her worship chaste, and pure,
And guard her rights while Heaven and earth endure!

O let not ever fell tyrannick sway
His blood stain'd standard on her shores display!
Nor fiery Zeal usurp the holy name,
Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame!
In vain let Slavery shake her threatening chain,
And Persecution wave her torch in vain!
Arise, O Lord! and hear thy people's call!
Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall!
O! that my blood may glut the barbarous rage
Of Freedom's foes, and England's ills assuage!—
Grant but that prayer, I ask for no repeal,
A willing victim for my country's weal!
With rapturous joy the crimson stream shall flow,
And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow.

But should the fiend, though drench'd with human gore,
Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more,
And, arm'd from Rome, seek this devoted land,
Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand—
Blast her fell purpose! blast her foul desires!
Break short her sword, and quench her horrid fires!

Raise up some champion, zealous to maintain
The sacred compact, by which monarchs reign!
Wise to foresee all danger from afar,
And brave to meet the thunders of the war!

Let pure Religion, not to forms confin'd,
And love of freedom fill his generous mind!
Warm let his breast with sparks celestial glow,
Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe!
While sinking nations rest upon his arm,
Do thou the great Deliverer shield from harm!
Inspire his councils! aid his righteous sword!
'Till Albion rings with Liberty restored!
Thence let her years in bright succession run,
And Freedom reign coæval with the sun.

'Tis done, my Ca'ndish, Heaven has heard my prayer;
So speaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To Belgia's coast advert thy ravish'd eyes,
That happy coast, whence all our hopes arise.
Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future king,
From whose green years maturest blessings spring;
Whose youthful arm, when all o'erwhelming Power
Ruthless march'd forth, his country to devour,
With firm-braced nerve repell'd the brutal force,
And stopp'd th' unwieldy giant in his course.

Great William, hail! who sceptres could despise,
And spurn a crown with unretorted eyes:

O! when will princes learn to copy thee,
And leave mankind, as Heaven ordain'd them, free!

Haste, mighty chief, our injur'd rights restore,
Quick spread thy sails for Albion's longing shore!
Haste, mighty chief, ere millions groan enslav'd;
And add three realms to one already sav'd!
While Freedom lives, thy memory shall be dear,
And reap fresh honours each returning year;
Nations preserved shall yield immortal fame,
And endless ages bless thy glorious name!

Then shall my Ca'ndish, foremost in the field,
By justice arm'd, his sword conspicuous wield;
While willing legions crowd around his car,
And rush impetuous to the righteous war.
On that great day be every chance defied,
And think thy Russel combats by thy side;
Nor, crown'd with victory, cease thy generous toil,
'Till firmest peace secure this happy isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open heart believe
Professions specious, forged but to deceive;
Fear may extort them, when resources fail,
But O! reject the baseless, flattering tale.

Think not that promises, or oaths can bind,
With solemn ties, a Rome-devoted mind;
Which yields to all the holy juggler saith,
And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith.
What though the bigot raise to Heaven his eyes
And call the Almighty witness from the skies!
Soon as the wish'd occasion he explores,
To plant the Roman cross on England's shores,
All, all will vanish, while his priests applaud,
And saint the perjurer for the pious fraud.
Far let him fly these freedom-breathing climes,
And seek proud Rome, the fosterer of his crimes;
There let him strive to mount the Papal chair,
And scatter empty thunders in the air,
Grimly preside in Superstition's school,
And curse those kingdoms he could never rule.
Here let me pause, and bid the world adieu,
While Heaven's bright mansions open to my view!

Yet still one care, one tender care remains;
My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains!
Watch o'er my son, inform his waxen youth
And mould his mind to virtue and to truth
Soon let him learn fair liberty to prize,
And envy him, who for his country dies;

In one short sentence to comprize the whole,
Transfuse to his the virtues of thy soul.

Preserve thy life, my too, too generous friend,
Nor seek with mine thy happier fate to blend!
Live for thy country, live to guard her laws,
Proceed, and prosper in the glorious cause;
While I, though vanquish'd, scorn the field to fly,
But boldly face my foes, and bravely die.

Let princely Monmouth courtly wiles beware,
Nor trust too far to fond paternal care;
Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell,
Heaven only knows how noble Essex fell!
Sidney yet lives, whose comprehensive mind
Ranges at large through systems unconfin'd;
Wrapt in himself, he scorns the tyrant's power,
And hurls defiance even from the tower;
With tranquil brow awaits the unjust decree,
And, arm'd with virtue, looks to follow me.

Ca'ndish, farewell! may Fame our names entwine!
Through life I loved thee, dying I am thine;
With pious rites let dust to dust be thrown,
And thus inscribe my monumental stone.
"Here Russel lies, enfranchised by the grave,
"He prized his birthright, nor would live a slave.

" Few were his words, but honest and sincere,
" Dear were his friends, his country still more dear;
" In parents, children, wife supremely bless'd,
" But that one passion swallow'd all the rest;
" To guard her freedom was his only pride,
" Such was his love, and for that love he died."
" Yet fear not thou, when Liberty displays
" Her glorious flag, to steer his course to praise;
" For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'st his fate,
" And think'st, perhaps, his sufferings were too great,)
" Bless'd as he was, at her imperial call,
" Wife, children, parents—he resign'd them all;
" Each fond affection then forsook his soul,
" And AMOR PATRIÆ occupied the whole;
" In that great cause he joy'd to meet his doom,
" Bless'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb."

The hour draws near—But what are hours to me?
Hours, days, and years hence undistinguished flee!
Time, and his glass unheeded pass away,
Absorb'd, and lost in one vast flood of day!
On Freedom's wings my soul is borne on high,
And soars exulting to its native sky!

WILLIAM WILKIE.

West Lothian, 1721,—1672.

Whatever nationality could do for a Poem, has been done for this writer's Epigoniad. Hume recommended it in the Critical Review, as one of the ornaments of our language, Smollett enumerated it among the glories of George the Second's reign, and he is called the Scottish Homer.—All would not do, the fable is well invented, but it is dull, the verses respectable but dull, the author learned but dull, and dulness is the poetical sin, for which there is no redemption.

Wilkie wrote this poem as the most probable means of introducing himself to the notice of the Great. He composed an epick poem upon the speculation of getting preferment.

In person he was slovenly, dirty, and even nauseous, he abhorred nothing so much as clean sheets. One evening at Hatton, being asked by Lady Lauderdale to stay all night, he expressed an attachment to his own bed, but said, if her Ladyship would give him a pair of foul sheets, he would stay.

But there are more honourable traits in Wilkie's character; his talents made him the best farmer in his neighbour-

hood, his honesty the worst dealer in the market, he was parsimonious, and parsimony must be ascribed to him as a virtue, for he had been obliged to borrow ten pounds for his father's burial, and had been refused the loan by his uncle; he provided for his sisters, and was known to be charitable when he had amassed money.

Wallace said, nobody could venture to cope with him in conversation; both his manner and thoughts were masculine in a degree peculiar to himself." It is extraordinary that no trace of this manliness or originality is to be found in his writings, but it is still more extraordinary that a man should have been able to write verses at all, who could not read them without violating all metre and all melody by the grossest mistakes in quantity and pronunciation.

His Fables are even worse than his Epick; that which we have selected is the best, as well as the shortest. His Dream will show his own opinion of his epick merits.

At the time of his death he was Professor of Natural Philosophy at St. Andrews, the only preferment he ever obtained, except the living of Rath's, which he resigned for it.

From "The Epigoniad."

BOOK III.

THE Spartan bands, with thirst of vengeance fired,
The fight maintain'd; nor from their toils respired.

Before the hero fallen, the warriors stand,
Firm as the chains of rock which guard the strand;
Whose rooted strength the angry ocean braves,
And bounds the fury of his bursting waves.
So Sparta stood; their serred bucklers bar
The Theban phalanx, and exclude the war.
While from the field, upon their shoulders laid,
His warriors sad, the Argive prince convey'd;
Leophron saw, with indignation fired,
And with his shouts the lingering war inspired.
Again the rigour of the shock returns;
The slaughter rages, and the combat burns;
Till, push'd and yielding to superior sway,
In slow retreat the Spartan ranks give way.
As in some channel pent, entangled wood
Reluctant stirs before the angry flood;
Which, on its loaded current, slowly heaves
The spoils of forests mix'd with harvest sheaves.

Pallas observed, and from the Olympian height
Precipitated swift her downward flight.
Like Cleon's valiant son, the goddess came;
The same her stature, and her arms the same.
Descending from her chariot to the ground,
The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, he found;
His steeds unruled: for, stretch'd before the wheel,
Lay the bold driver pierced with Theban steel.

On the high car her mighty hand she laid,
And thus address'd the valiant Diomed:
The Spartan warriors, prince! renounce the fight,
O'ermatch'd by numbers and superior might:
While adverse Fate their valiant chief restrains,
Who, dead or wounded, with the foe remains;
Hegialus lies lifeless on the earth,
Brother to her from whom you claim your birth:
The great Atrides, as he press'd to save,
Leophron's javelin mark'd for him the grave.
To vengeance haste; and, ere it is too late,
With speedy succour stop impending fate:
For stern Leophron, like the rage of flame,
With ruin threatens all the Spartan name.
The Goddess thus: Tydides thus replies:
How partial are the counsels of the skies!
For vulgar merit, oft the Gods with care
Honour, and peace, and happiness prepare;
While worth, distinguish'd by their partial hate,
Submits to all the injuries of fate.
Adrastus thus, with justice may complain
His daughters widow'd, sons in battle slain.
In the devoted line myself I stand,
And here must perish by some hostile hand:
Yet not for this I shun the works of war,
Nor skulk inglorious when I ought to dare.

And now I'll meet yon terrour of the plain,
To crown his conquests, or avenge the slain.
But wish some valiant youth to rule my car,
And push the horses through the shock of war,
Were present; for, extended in his gore,
The brave Speusippus knows his charge no more.

FABLE XV.

The Crow, and the other Birds.

Containing an useful hint to the Criticks.

In ancient times, tradition says,
When birds, like men, would strive for praise;
The Bulfinch, Nightingale, and Thrush,
With all that chant from tree or bush,
Would often meet in song to vie;
The kinds that sing not, sitting by.
A knavish Crow, it seems, had got
The nack to criticise by rote:
He understood each learned phrase,
As well as criticks, now-a-days:
Some say, he learned them from an owl,
By listening where he taught a school.

'Tis strange to tell, this subtle creature,
Though nothing musical by nature,
Had learn'd so well to play his part,
With nonsense couch'd in terms of art,
As to be own'd by all at last
Director of the publick taste.
Then, puff'd with insolence and pride,
And sure of numbers on his side,
Each song he freely criticised;
What he approved not was despised:
But one false step in evil hour,
For ever stript him of his power.
Once when the birds assembled sat,
All listening to his formal chat;
By instinct nice he chanced to find
A cloud approaching in the wind,
And ravens hardly can refrain
From croaking when they think of rain;
His wonted song he sung: the blunder
Amazed, and scared them worse than thunder;
For no one thought so harsh a note
Could ever sound from any throat:
They all at first with mute surprise
Each on his neighbour turn'd his eyes:
But scorn succeeding soon took place,
And might be read in every face.

All this the raven saw with pain
And strove his credit to regain.

Quoth he, The solo which ye heard
In publick should not have appear'd:
The trifle of an idle hour,
To please my mistress once when sour:
My voice, that's somewhat rough and strong,
Might chance the melody to wrong,
But, try'd by rules, you'll find the grounds
Most perfect and harmonious sounds.
He reason'd thus; but to his trouble,
At every word the laugh grew double:
At last o'ercome with shame and spite,
He flew away quite out of sight.

JAMES GRÆME.

Carnworth, Lanarkshire. 1749—1772.

Græme is indebted to the partial friendship of Dr. Anderson for a place among the English Poets.

In one of his pieces a very curious passage is to be found. It is debated in Heaven how to reward the distinguished virtue of Archibald Hamilton, Esq. son of the Reverend Mr. Hamilton, Minister of Douglas.

> 'Shall he at once our happy mansions tread,
> From life's low cares and flesh's fetters freed?
> Or rather with some kindred spirit know
> All that can be conceived of heaven below?
> 'Tis fix'd; and who shall question Heaven's award?
> Be Miss Dinwiddie his divine reward.

The Student.

REMOTE from schools, from colleges remote,
In a poor hamlet's meanest, homeliest cot,
My earliest years were spent, obscurely low;
Little I knew, nor much desired to know;

My highest wishes never mounted higher,
Than the attainments of an aged sire;
Proverbial wisdom, competence of wealth,
Earn'd with hard labour, and enjoy'd with health,
Blest, had I still these blessings known to prize!
More rich I sure had been; perhaps more wise.

One luckless day, returning from the field,
Two swains, the wisest that the village held,
Talking of books and learning, I o'erheard,
Of learned men and learned men's reward:
How some rich wives, and some rich livings, got,
Sprung from the tenants of a turf-built cot:
Then both concluded though it ruin'd health,
Increase of learning was increase of wealth.

Fired with the prospect, I embraced the hint,
A grammar borrowed, and to work I went;
The scope and tenor of each rule I kept;
No accent miss'd me, and no gender scap'd;
I read whate'er commenting Dutchmen wrote,
Turn'd o'er Stobæus, and could Suidas quote;
In letter'd Gellius traced the bearded sage
Through all the windings of a wise adage:
Was the spectator of each honest scar,
Each sophist carry'd from each wordy war;

Undaunted was my heart, nor could appal
The mustiest volume of the mustiest stall;
Where'er I turn'd, the giant-spiders fled,
And trembling moths retreated as I read;
Through Greece and Rome, I then observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd;
Attended heroes to the bloody fields,
Their helmets polish'd, and emboss'd their shields;
With duteous hand the decent matron drest,
And wrapp'd the stripling in his manly vest;
Nor stop'd I there, but mingled with the boys,
Their rattles rattled, and improved their toys;
Lash'd conick turbos as in gyres they flew,
Bestrode their hobbies, and their whistles blew:
But still when this, and more than this, was done,
My coat was ragged and my hat was brown.

Then thus I commun'd with myself: "shall I
"Let all this learning in oblivion die,
"Live in the haunts of ignorance, content
"With vest unbutton'd, and with breeches rent?
"None knows my merit here; if any knew,
"A scholar's worth would meet a scholar's due.
"What then? the college! ay, 'tis there I'll shine,
"I'll study morals, or I'll turn divine;

" Struck with my letter'd fame, without a doubt,
" Some modern Lœlius will find me out:
" Superior parts can never long be hid,
" And he who wants, deserves not to be fed."
Transported with the thoughts of this and that,
I stitch'd my garments, and I dyed my hat;
To college went, and found with much ado,
That roses were not red, nor violets blue;
That all I've learn'd, or all I yet may learn,
Can't help me truth from falsehood to discern.

* * * * * * *

All mere confusion, altogether hurl'd,
One dreary waste, one vast ideal world!
Where uproar rules, and do you what you will,
Uproar has ruled it, and will rule it still.
Victorious *ergo*, daring consequence,
Will even be a match for common sense!
To lordly reason every thing must bow,
The hero liberty, and conscience too;
The first is fetter'd in a fatal chain,
The latter gagg'd attempts to speak in vain.
Locke! Malebranche! Hume! abstractions thrice
abstract!
In reason give me what in sense I lack;
I feel my poverty, and in my eye,
My hat, though dyed has but a dusky dye,

"Mistrust your feelings, Reason bids you do."—
But, gentlemen, indeed I cannot now;
For after all your *ergo's*, look you there
My hat is greasy, and my coat is bare.

Hail MORAL TRUTH! I'm here at least secure,
You'll give me comfort, though you keep me poor.
But say you so? in truth 'tis something hard,
Virtue does surely merit a reward.
"Reward! O, servile, selfish; ask a hire!"
Raiment and food this body does require:
A prince for nothing may philosophize,
A student can't afford to be so wise.

Sometimes the Stoick's gloomy walks I try'd,
Wrinkled my forehead, and enlarged my stride,
Despised even hunger, poverty, and pain,
Searching my pockets for a crust in vain.
Sometimes in Academus' verdant shade,
With step more graceful I exulting stray'd,
Saw health and fortune join'd with happiness,
And virtues smiling in her social dress;
On me she did not smile, but rather lour;
I still was wretched, for I still was poor.
Sworn to no master, sometimes I would dwell
With Shaftesbury, sometimes with Mandeville;

Would call at every system on my way,
And now with Leibnitz, now with Manes stay;
But after all my shiftings here and there,
My hat was greasy, and my coat was bare.

Then I beheld my labours past, and lo!
It was not vanity, and all was woe;
I look'd on learning, and her garb was mean,
Her eyes were hollow, and her cheeks were lean;
Disease and Famine threaten'd in her train,
And Want, who strives to hide her rags in vain;
Her lurid brow a sprig of laurel traced,
On which was mark'd, 'Unpension'd and Unplac'd.'
I turn'd to Ignorance; and lo she sate
Enthroned beneath a canopy of state;
Before her riches all his bags unty'd,
And ever and anon her wants supply'd,
While on a smiling plenitude of face,
Was clearly read, "a Pension and a Place."

To Lady D——n, on her learning.

In beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet,
To question your empire has dared;

But men of discerning,
Have thought, that in learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,
Where Pedants give rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So Papist s refuse,
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a female at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight:
And Sages agree,
Our laws will decree,
To the first possessor the right.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Renew the old claim,
Which to your whole sex doth belong:
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if Eve the first,
Was so cruelly curst,
When only one apple had she:

What punishment new,
Shall be found out for you,
Who have robb'd the whole fruit of the tree.

To the Two Miss Woodwards.

THE charms of sweet Lydia inspire me,
Her face, shape, and wit, I adore:
But Emily's smiling eyes fire me
With wishes I ne'er felt before.

The bright mind of Lydia's a jewel,
Well set in an elegant frame:
But Emily pleases me too well,
To examine what causes my flame.

His measure with Lydia Time loses,
Hours glide like the minutes away:
If Emily her presence refuses,
One moment appears a whole day.

One sister my head so possesses,
My reason with her would take part:
But the other that rebel suppresses,
And absolute reigns in my heart.

To musick when gay Lydia bounds,
  My fancy too dances the hays:
When Emily's spinnet resounds,
  I feel on my heart-string she plays.

Fair Lydia all the Graces adorn,
  Every word, every look I approve;
But Emily's serene as the morn,
  And I only know this, that I love.

WALTER HARTE.

About 1700—1773.

Walter Harte was the son of a clergyman of the same name who obtained, *mirabile dictu*, a Prebendary of Bristol, through the recommendation of Lord Chancellor Jefferies, in return for the manly freedom with which he remonstrated against his severities at Taunton.

The subject of this biographical sketch was authour of the History of Gustavus Adolphus, which work has been aptly said to be "full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanicisms, and all isms, but Anglicisms." He was tutor to Lord Chesterfield's son, and is thus spoken of in Anderson's collection:

"The character of Harte seems to have been highly amiable and respectable. He was beloved, esteemed, and revered by his friends. The testimonies of Pope, Fenton, and Lyttleton, are unquestionable authorities in favour of his intellectual and moral endowments. Even Chesterfield concurs in the fullest commendation of his amiable worth and consummate erudition, though his fastidious delicacy unfitted him to balance the excellence of his moral qualities against his deficiency in the graces of personal behaviour.

Meditations on Christ's Death and Passion.
An Emblem.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him. Isaiah liii. 5.

Σός εἰμι, ΧΡΙΣΤΕ· σῶσον, ὡς Αὐλος θελεις.

GRÆC. NAZ. CARM. JAM.

Respice dum transis; Quia sis mihi causa doloris.

HASTE not so fast, on worldly cares employ'd,
Thy bleeding Saviour asks a short delay:
What trifling bliss is still to be enjoy'd,
What change of folly wings thee on thy way?
Look back a moment, pause a while, and stay,
For thee thy God assumed the human frame;
For thee the guiltless pains and anguish try'd;
Thy passions (sin excepted) his became:
Like thee he suffer'd, hunger'd, wept, and died.

Nor wealth nor plenty did he ever taste,
The moss his pillow, oft his couch the ground;
The poor man's bread completed his repast;
Home he had none, and quiet never found,
For fell Reproach pursued, and aim'd the wound:

The wise men mock'd him, and the learned
scorn'd;
Th' ambitious worldling other patrons tried;
The power that judg'd him every foe suborn'd;
He wept unpity'd, and unhonour'd died.

For ever mournful, but for ever dear,
O love stupendous! glorious degradation!
No death of sickness, with a common tear;—
No soft extinction claims our sorrows here;
But anguish, shame, and agonizing passion!
The riches of the world, and worldly praise,
No monument of gratitude can prove;
Obedience only the great debt repays,
An imitative heart, and undivided love!

To see the image of the All-glorious Pow'r
Suspend his immortality, and dwell
In mortal bondage, tortured every hour:
A self-made prisoner in a dolesome cell,
Victim for sin, and conqueror of hell!
Lustration for offences not his own!
The unspotted for the impure resign'd his breath;
No other offering could thy crimes atone:—
Then blame thy Saviour's love, but not his death.

From this one prospect draw thy sole relief,
Here learn submission, passive duties learn;
Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief:
Eschew each danger, every good discern,
And the true wages of thy virtue earn.
Reflect, O man, on such stupendous love,
Such sympathy divine, and tender care;
Beseech the Paraclete thine hand to move,
And offer up to heaven this silent prayer.

"Great God, thy judgments are with justice crown'd,
To human crimes and errours gracious still;
Yet, though thy mercies more and more abound,
Right reason spares not fresh-existing ill,
Nor can thy goodness counterwork thy will.
Ah, no, the gloom of sin so dreadful shows,
That horrour, guilt, and death the conscience fill:
Eternal laws our happiness oppose;
Thy nature and our lives are everlasting foes!

"Severe thy truth, yet glorious is thy scheme;
Complete the vengeance of thy just desire;
See from our eyes the gushing torrents stream,
Yet strike us, blast us with celestial fire;
Our doom, and thy decrees, alike conspire.

Yet dying we will love thee and adore :—
Where shall the flaming flashes of thy ire
Transpierce our bodies ? Ev'ry nerve and pore
With Christ's immaculate blood is cover'd o'er and
o'er."

A SIMILE,

Upon a set of Tea Drinkers.

So Fairy elves their morning table spread
O'er a white Mushroon's hospitable head :
In acorn cups the merry goblins quaff
The pearly dews ; they sing, they love, they laugh ;
Melodious Musick trembles through the sky,
And airy sounds along the green wood die.

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

1708—1773.

To have been a respectable versifier, if praise it be, is the least of this nobleman's praises: he was a faithful historian, an honourable statesman, and a good man.

Advice to a Lady.—1731.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:

All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays!
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abused.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—to be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit like wine intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:

Of those who claim it more than half have none,
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty, and all peace within;
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat:
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestick worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign:
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine;
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.

One only care your gentle breasts shall move,
The important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose: but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-placed flame;
Not loving first, but loving wrong is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power,
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;

For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.
But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandoned prostitutes are they,
Who not to love but avarice fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
A maid so wedded is a whore for life.

Even in the happiest choice, where favouring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The graces might alone his heart allure,
They, and the virtues meeting, must secure.

Let even your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care, for him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife:
And wrinkled age shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
Even o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:

For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

London. 1694—1773.

Lord Chesterfield has been too much praised by dancing masters, who cannot read him; and too much blamed by rigid moralists, who cannnot understand him. His great penetration led him to look deeply into the character of mankind; and the picture that he draws of it, is so like, that it cannot but provoke a melanchoiy smile. To a very young mind, such a representation may be prejudicial, as tending to destroy that ingenuousness in the outset of life, which dies naturally and gradually by intercourse with the world. A man, therefore, who should begin by acting upon Lord Chesterfield's principles, would now become a consummate hypocrite; and he who should not acknowledge the truth of his Lordship's observations in the progress of experience, would be a fool; and thus at thirty we should acquiesce in what might shock us at eighteen.

Lord Chesterfield's attempts to lay down rules for behaviour, are vain attempts; the cautions which he gives upon

points of more serious importance, are those of a father, anxious to pour the benefit of his experience upon his son; an attempt perhaps equally fruitless.

He was among the first wits of his time, and filled high political situations.

Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

Asse's milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before;
Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.
At nine stretch your arms, and O! think when alone,
There's no pleasure in bed.—Mary, bring me my gown:
Slip on that ere you rise; let your caution be such;
Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too much.
Your pinners set right, your twicher ty'd on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done;
Retire to some author improving and gay,
And with sense like your own, set your mind for the day.
At twelve you may walk, for at this time of year,
The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear:

But mark in the meadows the ruin of time;
Take the hint, and let life be improved in its prime.
Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed;
For beauty like yours, no assistance can need.
With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,
Where the chief of the feast, is the flow of your wit:
Let this be indulged, and let laughter go round;
As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound.
After dinner two glasses at least, I approve;
Name the first to the king, and the last to your love:
Thus cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,
And calm with your joys gently glide through the day.
The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,
Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.
All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind;
And those you may end, when you please to be kind.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Dublin. 1729—1773.

Cunningham's father was a wine-cooper at Dublin, who won a prize in the Lottery, and was ruined by it, for he commenced wine-merchant with his new capital, and became a bankrupt. His son, who was then at the grammar-school at Drogheda, was taken from his studies in consequence, and began, like many young men in hopeless circumstances, to look to the Theatre for support. Voice, figure, manner,—every thing was against him; he became sensible of his own unfitness for this way of life, but there was no alternative; and having made one unsuccessful effort to better himself, by attempting the trade of authorship in London, he returned contentedly to the stage. The places where he was employed were Edinburgh, Newcastle, and Alnwick, where, in spite of his situation, he seems to have been regarded with that respect which his worth and talents deserved.

Cunningham was an interesting man, he had a true love for the beauties of nature, his life was innocent, and, humble as his lot was, he was contented and happy. His Poems have obtained considerable popularity, and are not unworthy of it.

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free—(the furrowed task is done)

Now the village windows blaze,
  Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
  Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimick skill,
  Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
  To the smoking hamlet bound,
Giant-like their shadows grow,
  Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
  Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
  See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with varied tune,
  Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
  Breaking through a parted cloud.

Now the hermit howlet peeps
  From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
  Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
  Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
  Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
  O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
  With her well-poised milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
  And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
  Bid the setting sun adieu.

EPIGRAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great
  Pass'd Sawney with his budget,
The peer was in a car of state,
  The tinker forced to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
  His lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
  And t'other's shoes are paid for.

CONTENT:

A Pastoral.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes: she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
But take me fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
  So simple, yet sweet, were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
  And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
  And if, on the banks of the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
  Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
  Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
  And point out new themes for my Muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
  The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her sire,
  And the shepherds have named her Content.

The Sheep and the Bramble Bush. A Fable.

A thick twisted brake, in the time of a storm,
  Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep:
So snug, for a while, he lay shelter'd and warm,
  It quietly soothed him asleep.

The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at peace;
The sheep to his pasture inclined:
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
Consider before you get in;
Though judgment and sentence are pass'd on your side,
By Jove you'll be fleeced to your skin.

Verses by the Author,

Written about three Weeks before his death.

Dear lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And see my long name at the end,
You'll cry—"and has Cunningham time
"To give so much verse to his friend?"

'Tis true, the reproof, though severe,
Is just, from the letters I owe;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.

However for better for worse,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
Even take the dull lines I rehearse—
They are all a poor friend has to give.

The drama and I have shook hands,
We have parted, no more to engage;
Submissive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleasure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A pension supplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praise!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the supply—
His kindness exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

But like the old horse in the song,
  I am turn'd on the common to graze—
To fortune these changes belong,
  And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend; through the day,
  Her smiles were the smiles of deceit—
At noon she'd her favours display,
  At night let me pine at her feet:

No longer her presence I court,
  No longer I shrink at her frowns!
Her whimsies supply me with sport—
  And her smiles I resign to the clowns!

Thus lost to each worldly desire,
  And scorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire
  When time shall the summons proclaim.

I have nothing to weep for behind!
  To part with my friends is the worst!
Their numbers I grant are confined;
  But you are still one of the first.

JAMES DANCE.

1774.

This Author was an Actor at Drury-Lane Theatre, under the assumed name of Love. He was the son of the City Architect, and published a small volume of poems printed at Edinburgh, in 1754.

The Wish.

When Time and gently creeping age
Shall point my exit from life's stage;
If all I could desire were mine
To smooth and soften my decline;
I'd ask but this,—instead of wealth
A competence, and store of health,
Far from the city's busy noise,
From Pomp and Luxury's false joys,

With one dear female, and one friend,
I'd laugh and prattle to my end,
And think what mortals most esteem,
A trifling play,—an idle dream.
Let other actors grasp the bays
And pant each year for birth-day praise;
Or more voluptuous, hold their wish,
And gorge on venison, or on fish!
Far otherwise my soul is bent,
All I desire is but CONTENT.

EPIGRAM.

Janus commends me to my face,
As first in Wisdom's school;
The rogue in every other place,
Proclaims me for a fool.

By this confest a judging youth,
The world with trust receive him;
And I, self-conscious of the truth,
You may be sure, believe him.

CHARLES JENNER.

1774.

Rector of Claybrooke, Leicestershire.

ECLOGUE II.

Time was.

The spring had now enliven'd every scene,
And clad the dusky park in partial green;
Gay opening buds peep'd through the winter rust,
And kindly showers had half wash'd off their dust.

On a dull day which, every week, affords
A glut of 'prentices, in bags and swords;
When sober families resort to prayer,
And cits take in their weekly meal of air;
Whilst, eastward of St. Paul's, the well-dress'd spark
Runs two long miles, to saunter in the Park:

Prudentio strolling down the mall was seen,
To loll upon a bench, and vent his spleen:
He meets Avaro on the accustom'd seat,
And thus, in grumbling strains, the veterans greet.

AVARO.

Well met, Prudentio - - - Come man, sit you down;
How fare you?

PRUDENTIO.

Sick, of this confounded town.

AVARO.

Aye, so am I; time was when it was said,
A penny buys a pennyworth of bread;
But now, engrossers meet with no controul,
Your penny scarce will buy a farthing roll.
Time was, when evening markets fed the poor,
And good cheap things were cried from door to door;
But now, the bakers get each week a rise,
And all provisions double in their price.

PRUDENTIO.

How should it happen otherwise? look here
What shoals of puppies every where appear!

That fellow with the tarnish'd suit of lace,
With insolence and folly in his face,
Must raise his soap and candles, to afford
To dress himself on Sundays, like a lord;
Whilst that pert puppy, with the powder'd queue,
Must pay his barber out of me or you.

AVARO.

Time was, when sattin waistcoats and scratch wigs,
Enough distinguished all the city prigs,
Whilst every sunshine Sunday saw them run
To club their sixpences, at Islington;
When graver citizens, in suits of brown,
Lined every dusty avenue to town,
Or led the children and the loving spouse,
To spend two shillings at White-Conduit-house:
But now, the 'prentices, in suits of green,
At Richmond or at Windsor may be seen;
Where in mad parties they run down to dine,
To play at gentlefolks, and drink bad wine:
Whilst neat post-chariots roll their masters down
To some snug box, a dozen miles from town.

PRUDENTIO.

I grant, that even prudence' self allows
The man of wealth his coach and country house;

By common justice every man is taught,
To taste those blessings which his labour bought;
But, say, if candour can forbear to scoff,
When men begin just where their sires left off?
But trade to gain is now too slow a way;
Fortunes must rise, like mushrooms, in a day;
Hence sprung that most destructive mode of robbing,
By dangerous under-writing, and stock-jobbing;
Even merchants now, laborious trade despise,
And find that money is best merchandize;
Hence springs the irrecoverable debt,
Hence, *whereas* fills each page of the Gazette.

AVARO.

Time was, when tradesmen laid up what they gain'd,
And frugally a family maintain'd;
When they took stirring house-wives for their spouses,
To keep up prudent order in their houses;
Who thought no scorn, at night to sit them down,
And make their childrens cloaths, or mend their own;
Would Polly's coat to younger Bess transfer,
And make their caps without a milliner:
But now a shopping half the day they're gone,
To buy five hundred things, and pay for none;

Whilst Miss despises all domestick rules,
But lisps the French of Hackney boarding-schools;
And every lane around Whitechapel bars
Resounds with screaming notes, and harsh guittars.

PRUDENTIO.

Time was too, when the prudent dames would stay
Till Christmas holidays to see a play,
And met at cards, at that glad time alone,
In friendly setts of loo or cheap pope-joan;
Now, every lady writes her invitations
For weekly routs, to all her wise relations,
And every morning teems with fresh delights;
They run the city over, seeing sights;
Then hurry to the play as night approaches,
And spend their precious time in hackney-coaches.

AVARO.

Hence spring assemblies with such uncouth names,
At Deptford, Wapping, Rotherhithe, and Shad-Thames,
Where every month the powder'd white-gloved sparks,
Spruce haberdashers, pert attornies' clerks,
With deep-enamour'd 'prentices, prefer
Their suit to many a sighing millener;

In scraps of plays their passions they impart,
With all the awkward bows they learn from Hart.
'Tis here they learn their genius to improve,
And throw by Wingate for the Art of Love;
They frame the acrostick deep, and rebus terse,
And fill the day-book with enamour'd verse;
Even learned Fenning on his vacant leaves,
The ill-according epigram receives,
And Cocker's margin hobling sonnets grace
To Delia, measuring out a yard of lace.

PRUDENTIO.

'Tis true, my friend; and thus throughout the nation
Prevails this general love of dissipation:
It matters little where their sports begin,
Whether at Arthur's, or the Bowl and Pin;
Whether they tread the gay Pantheon's round,
Or play at skittles at St. Giles's pound,
The self-same idle spirit drags them on,
And peer and porter are alike undone:
Whilst thoughtless imitation leads the way,
And laughs at all the grave or wise can say.
The prudent youth, whom some fond mother's care
Had taught to dread the subtle gamester's snare,

The first half year improves his own estate,
And visits not the mansions of the great.
But thirst of pleasure lures him up to town,
And every sharper marks the pigeon down.
Destructive custom quickly draws him in,
He plays for trifles, and they let him win;
He doubles stakes, still feels no fatal rub,
And now is ballotted at every club:
No more he dreads the rattling sound of dice,
And what was but amusement, turns to vice;
He views the Faro-bank without affright,
And all his acres tremble every night.
So have I seen the cautious maiden fair,
Bred up in innocence and country air,
Her first appearance make in this gay place,
And hang her head, and dread to shew her face;
A bashful, blushing, modest, timorous creature,
That fancies every man she meets will eat her:
But this improving air soon calms her fear,
She looks around and spies no dangers near,
In one short month learns how to play her cards,
And flirts it with an Ensign in the Guards.

AVARO.

All these are heavy truths - - - what can we say?

PRUDENTIO.

Why nothing - - - let the children have their way.
Our grave remarks will never make them wiser,
And sad experience is their best adviser.
But, hark! the palace clock is striking three,
So even go home and eat your beef with me.

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

London, 1710,—1774.

An imitator of Pope, whose talents were so far successful that they raised him from obscurity to affluence.

VERSES,

On converting the Chapel to a Kitchen, at the seat of the Lord Donnerayle called The Grove, in Hertfordshire.

By Ovid, among other wonders we're told
What chanced to Philemon and Baucis of old;
How their cot to a temple was conjured by Jove,
So a chapel was changed to a kitchen at Grove.

The lord of the mansion most rightly conceiting,
His guests loved good prayers, much less than good
eating;

And possess'd by the devil, as some folks will tell
ye,
What was meant for the soul, he assign'd to the
belly.

The word was scarce given—when down dropp'd
the clock,
And straight was seen fixed, in the form of a jack;
And shameful to tell! pulpits, benches, and pews,
Form'd cupboards, and shelves for plates, sauce-
pans, and stews.

Prayer-books turn'd into platters; nor think it a
fable,
A dresser sprung out of the communion-table;
Which instead of the usual repast, bread and wine,
Is stored with rich soups, and good English sirloin.

No fire but what pure devotion could raise,
'Till now had been known in this temple to blaze:
But, good lord! how the neighbours around did
admire,
When a chimney rose up in the room of a spire.

For a Jew many people the master mistook,
Whose Levites were scullions, his high-priest a
cook;

And thought he design'd our religion to alter,
When they saw the burnt-offering smoke at the altar.

The bell's solemn sound, that was heard far and near,
And oft roused the chaplain unwilling to prayer,
No more to good sermons now summons the sinner,
But blasphemous rings in—the country to dinner.

When my good lord the bishop had heard the strange story,
How the place was profaned that was built to G—'s glory;
Full of zeal he cried out, "Oh how impious the deed,
"To cram Christians with pudding, instead of the "creed!"

Then away to the grove hied the church's protector,
Resolving to give his lay brother a lecture;
But he scarce had begun, when he saw placed before 'em,
A haunch piping hot from the sanctum sanctorum.

"Truth!" quoth he, "I find no great sin in the plan,
"What was useless to G—d to make useful to man:
"Besides, 'tis a true Christian duty, we read,
"The poor and the hungry with good things to feed."

Then again on the walls he bestow'd consecration,
But reserved the full rights of a free visitation:
Thus, 'tis still the Lord's house—only varied the treat,
Now, there's meat without grace—where was grace without meat.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Ireland, 1729,—1774.

Goldsmith's career began in misfortunes, and the greater part of his life was overshadowed by poverty. A simple man in the affairs of the world, his imprudences brought with them the meed of vices. But even in indigence he was dear to those who know how to honour talents; and his exquisite good nature attached to him even those who might have hated him for his wit. The TRAVELLER, and DESERTED VILLAGE will to many eyes present serious truths, to many, the speculations only of a man of genius. He died in 1774, in the possession of such honours as the friendship of men, high in rank, and abilities could bestow upon him.

From "The Traveller."

* * * * * * *

FIRED at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle musick melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy;
But foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordling stands alone,
All claims that bind, and sweeten life unknown;

Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd, die.

* * * * * * *

From "The Deserted Village."

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,

Princes and lords may florish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumberous pomps repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

* * * * * * *

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Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that many poor supplyed;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken cloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies,
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits its fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies;
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In natures simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vista's strike, its palaces surprise;
While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

* * * * * * *

HENRY BAKER.

1774.

From his poems, published in two volumes, 1725, and 1726. He was the confidential friend of Miller, from whose poetry there are extracts in this work.

The Petition.

GRANT me, you Gods! before I die,
A happy mediocrity;
I envy not the man that's great;
His floors inlaid, his coach of state;
To me an humble quiet's more
Than all the statesman's dearly purchas'd store.
Nor rank, nor wealth, I ask, but let me be
Above contempt, and wantful poverty.
Give me a mind not anxious to encrease,
But able to enjoy my little stock in peace;

Be it unruffled, calm, sedate,
Not rais'd above, but equal to my fate.
Good nature still in my behaviour shine,
And be humanity for ever mine:
May true religion, that unerring guide,
Direct my flight
To Heaven aright,
But let me lay its empty forms aside.
Health and sound reason give me still,
To judge unbiass'd what is good or ill.
Obedient let my passions be
To all the rules of strict morality.

Now, you Heav'nly Powers above!
Benign, indulgent, full of love,
If in all your boundless store
A blessing so unprizeable there be,
Crown whate'er you gave before
With a true friend, full of sincerity:
Be he the adviser of my rising thoughts,
Able and willing to correct their faults.

Grant me this, and wheresoe'er
Phœbus shews his golden ray,
Underneath the frozen bear,
Or in the sultry wilds of Africa,

Place me wheresoe'er you please,
On th' extended Continent,
Or some island dasht with seas,
Still shall I praise you, and be well content.

A serious Reflection on Human Life.

How vain is man! how foolish all his ways!
How short, and yet, how sorrowful his days!
From life's first moment, to its latest date,
A painful, careful, miserable state!
Languid as sunshine in a winter's day,
Its worthless joys, scarce tasted, haste away:
But grief, and labour, everlasting flow,
And make out one continued scene of woe.

Like blades of grass, poor mortals fall, and rise,
Here one springs up, one withers there, and dies:
This sun restores the loss of yesterday,
To-morrow takes, what this restor'd, away.
Thus fiery meteors dance along the plain,
Now up, now down, now seen, now lost again.

Man's infant state is chiefly pass'd in tears;
His youth in bondage under tyrant fears;

Manhood drives headlong with a loosen'd rein,
By passion spur'd, nor reason can restrain;
And in old age even life itself is pain.
Thus ev'ry stage peculiar sorrow knows,
As years on years, so woes increase on woes.

On man, if poor, a thousand ills attend,
Abandon'd, comfortless, he knows no friend;
A wretched life his labours scarce sustain,
Begun, continued, and dragg'd on with pain.
By all regarded with a scornful eye,
Despis'd he lives, does unlamented die:
No pompous obsequies his corse shall have,
Alone, and unattended to the grave.

But, if the Gods have doom'd him rich, and great,
He stands a mark for all the darts of fate:
So lofty mountains, storms, and tempests know,
While gentle calms bless all the plains below.

Tho' on his brows a regal-circle blaze,
And wond'ring crowds at humble distance gaze,
Wait ev'ry nod, his each command obey,
Aw'd by the false delusive charms of sway,
He sadly feels that weight which bends him down,
And finds there's no enjoyment in a crown:

Distinguish'd by his purple, and his cares,
His grief's superior, as the rank he bears.

No age, no state, unhappy mortals know,
Which is not full, and ever-charg'd with woe:
Troubles from life, as sparks from fire, arise;
Man's born, knows cares, looks round, laments,
and dies.

Death.

DEATH is the road to everlasting life,
To palms, and crowns, and to eternal joys
Unmix'd with sorrow: where no care, nor strife,
Or hopes, or fears, the happiness destroys;
But where content, and love, and perfect peace,
And bliss, abides, which never knows decrease.

Death is a friend, that sets the wretched free,
From pain and want, and all their suff'rings here:
That laughs at disappointed tyranny,
And makes the slave no more his bondage fear;
That heals the sick, the hungry kindly fills,
And cures mankind of all their worldly ills.

Death is a gate, that opens differently
Two folding doors, which lead contrary ways;
Thro' this the good man finds felicity,
The bad thro' that to endless ruin strays:
Herein they both the self-same rule retain,
Who enters once must ne'er return again.

The Modish Lover.

With down-cast eyes, and folded arms,
  Young Myrtle saunter'd out one day,
Reflecting on Florinda's charms,
  The fair, the blooming, and the gay;
Deeply he sigh'd, his bosom all a flame,
And on the dust he flourished out her name.

Next morn, abroad he walk'd again,
  Much alter'd since the day before:
A good night's rest had cur'd his pain,
  Nor was Florinda thought of more.
But gidd chance the fickle youth had brought
Close by that spot where he her name had wrote.

The place recals to mind his flame,
  When all in love he wander'd there:
'Twas here, he cries, I left the name
  Of yesterday's commanding fair.
Pensive a-while he stood, then look'd to find
What beauteous image had possess'd his mind.

But vain, alas! his searches prove,
  The rain had fallen, the wind had blown,
And sympathizing with his love,
  Away was every letter flown:
Nor could his faithless memory declare
Whose name he yesterday had flourish'd there.

The Expostulation.

WHY should I pine, lament, and die,
For one kind glance of Flora's eye;
Or sue to her who slights my pains,
Contemns my vows, my love disdains?
While such a beauteous throng appear,
More kind than she,—tho' none so fair.

More soft she seems than falling snow;
Or silver streams that gently flow,

When those bewitching eyes I view,
They look as they could pity too;
But when to her I make my moan,
She's harder than the hardest stone.

No longer will I waste my time,
And spend in vain my youthful prime,
To court a maid, whose chiefest joy
Is how to torture and destroy:
I won't be any longer blind,
For none are charming but the kind.

But, stay:—behold the blooming fair!
Her graceful shape! her lovely air!
All my resolves are flown away,
Like ghosts at the approaching day;
And as the sun the flower revives,
My passion in her presence thrives.

'Tis vain elsewhere to seek redress,
For she, and only she, can bless:
Ev'n while I to forget her try,
For her, and her alone, I die:
May Heav'n, that made her fair, dispose
Her breast to cure the lover's woes.

EDWARD LOVIBOND.

1775.

A country gentleman whose amusements in verse were collected after his death.

He was the Author of "The Tears of Old May Day" printed in No. 82 of the World, a poem which has been often praised.

On a very fine Lady.

FINE B——R observes no other rules
Than those the coterie prize;
She thinks, whilst lords continue fools,
'Tis vulgar to be wise:

Thinks rudeness wit in noble dames,
Adultery, love polite;
That ducal stars shoot brighter flames
Than all the host of light.

Yet sages own that greatness throws
  A grace on Spencer's charms;
On Hagley's verse, on Stanhope's prose,
  And gilded Marlborough's arms.

For titles here their reverence ends;
  In general wisdom thinks
The higher grandeur's scale ascends,
  The lower nature's sinks.

On Rural Sports.

THE sun wakes jocund - - - all of life, who breathe
  In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
  Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
  Whose levelled thunder frightens morn's repose,
Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
  A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havoc loose the reins,
  A general groan the general anguish speaks,
The stately stag falls butchered on the plains,
  The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
  Green, azure, gold, but undistinguished gore!
Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
  I call in vain,—They gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
  With dogs of war—the spurning bull their prize;
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground;
  And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's power,
  Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;
Thou the morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour
  *Vigil to fasts and penitence and prayer;

Must fatal wars of human avarice wage,
  For milder conflicts, love their palm design'd;
Now sheath'd in steel, must rival reason's rage,
  Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind;

Are these your sovereign joys, creations lords?
  Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?
Have rigid hearts no sympathising chords
  For concord, order, for the harmonious whole?

* Shrove Tuesday.

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood!
  Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven revere!
Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
  But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,
  Uninjur'd, and uninjuring Nature's peace.
Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
  Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase!

See pasturing heifers with the bull who wields
  Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!
Or see the panting spaniels try the fields
  While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
  Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind controul;
Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
  And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
  Mark the gay, floating myriads, nor molest
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
  Of evil fled and all creation blest.

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy
  Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ,
  To lure the wing'd domesticks to repast!

There smiling see, a fop in swelling state,
  The turkey struts with valour's red pretence,
And duck row on with waddling honest gait,
  And goose mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect in simple pride
  Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call;—
Now deal the copious barly, waft it wide,
  That each may taste the bounty meant for all.

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye
  Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly,
  A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him, yet still the wafted grain,
  Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense,
And blessing heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
  Let Heaven's best joy be thine, Benevolence!

While flocks soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
  The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath,
Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear
  Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
  Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!
For not their fury, a consuming flood,
  Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
  Eager on man, a nobler chase they start;
Now from a brother's side a dagger draw,
  Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See as they reach ambition's purple fruits,
  Their reeking hands in nation's carnage dyed!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
  They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
  With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last!
See festering in the bosom where they sprung
  The fury passions that laid nature waste?

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
  And weary heaven with many a fruitless groan!
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
  Revenging nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
  He calls down heaven in thunders to pursue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love
  The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
  To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence, to all, to thee;
  Each being's bliss consummates general good.

DANIEL BELLAMY.

London. 1687—1775.

This gentleman was the son of opulent parents, but the unfortunate issue of the south sea scheme obliged him, "to turn those talents, which were intended for the ornament towards the support of life," and he actually devoted more than half a century to writing for the publick.

As an example of that virtuous levity of heart, of which no adverse circumstances can deprive those who early and assiduously cultivate the means of preserving; the following extract is taken from a M. S. preface to his works, written by his son D. Bellamy, Chaplain at Kew, in the possession of Thomas Hill, Esq. of Queenhithe.

"The fable of the City Mouse and the Country Mouse; and of the Dog and the Shadow, in the tenth article of this collection, were written in the mad year 1720; at which time our author was so deeply engaged in the south sea scheme, that he there lost his lands, and sunk his fortune. As somewhat too nearly similar to the infatuation of that year has happened to various adventurers in

change-alley in our times, it is presumed there will be the less need of apology for re-printing those poetical sallies on such an interesting event; more especially as they convey the feelings of the author while smarting under the distresses which those projects brought upon him; and which gave the colour to every transaction of a life extended to the age of eighty-eight years. Our author departed this life the 6th day of February, 1775."

The Old Lyon.

All drown'd in tears a lion sat,
With age and cares oppress'd:
Once the dread sovereign of the plains,
But now his subjects jest.

The tenants of the groves and meads
Insult him now by turns:
The bear torments him with his tusks,
The bull with levelled horns.

But above all the coward ass
Of former wrongs complains;

Turns tail, and with uplifted heels,
Still aggravates his pains.

The lion sigh'd, and dying curst
The day that he was born;
Who'd wish to live, that once becomes
A senseless ass's scorn.

The Application.

When fortune frowns and friends disdain us,
Their censure's hard to bear;
But when a fool's reflections pain us
They drive us to despair.

The City Mouse and Country Mouse.

A modern mouse bred up at 'change
An active, airy cit;
Worth twice two plums, tho' more by chance,
Than by the dint of wit.

Took a short tour one leisure day
In all the pomp of pride;
His south-sea coach, six Flanders mares,
And sumpter horse beside.

To pay a visit to a friend,
  An honest country yeoman,
A civil, modest, easy clown,
  One that wish'd ill to no man.

At his approach Hob look'd aghast;
  And stared with all his eyes;
Not thinking of his quondam friend,
  In such a gay disguise.

But recollecting soon :—He said,
  I hope you'll stay and eat :
My house and fare are mean 'tis true;
  Yet decent, Sir, and sweet.

Although Sir Courtly's stomach stood,
  To such good country feeding;
He would not make a hearty meal
  To shew his city breeding.

So pick'd and piddled at a crust,
  And turned it o'er and o'er :
No dainty toothless lady could
  Mumble a sweet-meat more.

At last he mounts, and to his mouth,
  Applies a gilt tooth-picker;
Split me cries he, Iv'e fed, methinks,
  Like any country vicar.

Thank you dear friend,—and then he bow'd,
  For this your plenteous treat;
Pray, come to town, my dear, and see
  How we at London eat.

Soon after Hob to London went,
  And found the best of cheer;
Roast beef, boiled fowl, and rich minced pies,
  French wine and humming beer.

But in the height of all their mirth,
  In bounces one grimalkin;
A broker with a sour phiz,
  And interrupts their talking.

Lord! Sir, says he, we're all undone!
  There's dreadful mischief brewing;
Last Saturday's gazette will prove
  One half of Britain's ruin.

Your *York is under twenty, Sir,
  And South-sea but two hundred:
Then farewell all my future hopes!
  S'death, I am broke, I'm plunder'd!

A thousand frantick tricks he play'd;
  With patience could not bear it;
And thoughtless of his country friend,
  Threw down a flask of claret.

Is this, says Hob, your city treat,
  Your sauce to your nice diet?
Give me a homely dish of peas,
  And let me dine in quiet.

A little plain but wholesome food,
  Is better far than cramming:
And a small gain with honest care,
  Than thousands got by gaming.

Grant me, ye Gods! a life sedate,
  Tho' in an humble cell;
Rich discontent I see too plain,
  Is but a glorious hell.

* The author had engaged large sums in the York-building Company.

The Dog and the Shadow; or Æsop in Change-alley.

In days of yore, a farmer's dog,—
To use fam'd Æsop's apologue,—
Took a sly tour around his kitchen,
As Joan her tatter'd gown was stitching,
And John was busy sitting nigh her,
Telling love-stories at the fire;
And squinted, east, west, north, and south,
To find out something for his mouth:
And in the pantry, on a hook,
He spy'd a leg of mutton stuck.
This, this must be the lucky minute,
Or else, quoth he, old Nick is in it.
So up he mounts on his fore-paws,
And gripes the joint between his jaws.

But now I've got, thinks he, my booty,
Lest Joan should scold, or John should shoot me,
For preservation's sake 'tis better
To dine to-day across the water.
Now here 'tis proper to be noted,
That Towser's master's house was moated.
So in he jumps with his tit-bit,
And long'd on t'other side to get,

The famed Leander could not more
Desire to land on Hero's shore.
But as the moat was smooth and clear,
And gilt with sun-beams here and there,
The shadow of his new got prize
Presents itself before his eyes,
Bless me, quoth he, here's noble luck!
Here's profit! Here's increase of stock!
Here's cent per cent. got in a trice;
This stock jobbing's a rare device!
He said,—and at the shadow snaps;
And down the leg of mutton drops.
Too late he finds what he has done,
And sees at once his dinner gone.
Speechless awhile the puppy stood,
And lour'd on the deceitful flood:
But at the last, all drown'd in tears,
He curs'd his fate, and shook his ears.

MORAL.

Was ever senseless dog so bit;
Had ever whelp so little wit?
T' involve himself in so much trouble,
For a mere shadow, a mere bubble.

EVAN LLOYD.

1734—1776.

Oh! pleasing Poet, friend for ever dear,
Thy memory claims the tribute of a tear;
In thee were join'd, whate'er mankind admire,
Keen wit, strong sense, the Poet's, Patriot's fire,
Temper'd with gentleness such gifts were thine,—
Such gifts with heartfelt anguish we resign.

J. WILKES.

This Epitaph is inscribed upon the tomb of this Poet in Llanyhill church, on the banks of Bala Lake. It is some honour to have been praised by Wilkes, even in such verses as these.

Evan Lloyd was of Jesus College, Oxford; he published, 1. The Powers of the Pen. 2. The Curate. 3. The Methodist. 4. Conversation. 5. An Epistle to David Garrick. 6. An Ode on opening the new exhibition room of the Royal Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain; each seperately in quarto.

The Ode performed at the new Exhibition Room of the Royal Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, written by E. Lloyd.

> .....Ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

'Twas where grim Mars with ruin strew'd the plain,
And wide displayed the terrors of his reign,
While discord wav'd her crimson wings,
Dripping with the blood of Kings,
Britannia wept forlorn to see,
Death revel 'midst her progeny:
Then asked of Heav'n to temper, not debase,
The savage fierceness of her warlike race.

Ye powers! sooth a mother's care;
Propitious to a mother's prayer,
Vouchsafe a boon that may assuage
My martial island's burning rage!
The pen, the pencil, and the lyre,
Might gentler bravery inspire,
And manners mild infuse—
Then send, O Heaven! the muse,

Her pray'r prevail'd—from Heav'n the muse descends,
And in her train each liberal art attends.

In softer murmurs let the hills
Pour down fresh heliconian rills;
Ye vales, with groves of laurel swell,
The muse now deigns with you to dwell.
Hark! thro' the enchanted isle
The choir of Phœbus sings!
They teach the warriors brow to smile,
And tame the hearts of Kings!
Tame, not enfeeble—firmer is the steel
When made the polish of the file to feel.

The sister of the pencil came
With these, another and the same,
She came and lent her plastic hand
To humanize the savage land:
Iris on her steps attended
And the mimic colours blended.

Hail! wond'rous art! whose pow'r is such
With mightiest magic fraught,
It gives with a promethean touch
To colour, life, and thought!

Not Egypt's skill so well can save,
And give the form to elude the grave;
When fate condemns, thy hand reprieves,
And after death the person lives!
Vain are the ravages of time;
Thy pencil gives eternal prime:
When Delia moulders in the tomb,
On canvas she retains her bloom.
From thee a new creation grew,
Adorn'd with every living hue
That Phœbus' orb illumes:
  Each moral quality, no more
  Abstracted notions, as before,
A person'd shape assumes.

Each passion by the pencil dress'd
Is better to the mind express'd
  Than in the writer's page;
And virtues, which with langour pine
When pedant moralists define
  In cherub forms engage.
Picture, music of the eye,
Might tempt a seraph from the sky
'Mid kindred forms on earth to roam,
And think it his celestial home.

Less is the ardour cold narration gives
  Or fame historic kindles in the breast,
Than when the war in glowing colours lives,
  And heroes on the canvas field contest;
And less energic holy prelates call
To penitence than Raphael's pictur'd Paul.
  What were life without the muse?
  Toil that wisdom would refuse;
  Nought of living but the breath;
  Days of blood, and nights of death.
  Genius of arts! here turn thine eyes,
  Behold to thee this temple rise!
  Lo! thy priests, a sacred band,
  Round thy altar musing stand;
  The sweet enthusiasts deign to inspire,
  And fill their breasts with thoughts of fire!
  When living tables they design,
  Stamp thou thyself on every line;
  Teach the passions how to glow,
  And virtue's comely semblance shew;
  Bid her every charm unfold,
  And men reform as they behold.
  Let vice with gorgon terrors scare,
  And bid her votaries beware—
  Open Clio's brightest page
  Where honour's noblest deeds engage!

To make her charms still more inflame,
Contrast them with the shade of shame!
Let Brutus here each danger brave,
And Cæsar stab, his Rome to save.
There teams of slaves in tyrant's chain
Teach Britons slavery to disdain;
And from Britannia's annals bring
The portraits of a patriot King.

Albion, thus thy gifts possessing,
Shall abound in every blessing;
Greater shall her monarchs be,
Nobler her nobility;
To patriots shall her peasants turn,
And with the love of freedom burn.
The power descends! from his auspicious nod
The temple lives, and shews the present God.
Behold! the arts around us bloom,
And this muse-devoted dome
Rivals the works of Athens and of Rome.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

1721,—1777.

A Clergyman who was not one of the "righteous overmuch," and translated some of the minor Greek Poets respectably.

An Autumnal Ode.

YET once more, glorious god of day,
While beams thine orb serene,
O let me warbling court thy stay
To gild the fading scene!
Thy rays invigorate the spring,
Bright summer to perfection bring,
The cold, inclement days of winter chear,
And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of the year.

Ere yet the russet foliage fall,
I'll climb the mountain's brow,
My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
To view the scene below:
How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold!
How mix'd the many checker'd shades between
The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green.

How splendid all the sky! how still!
How mild the dying gale!
How soft the whispers of the rill,
That wind along the dale!
So tranquil Nature's works appear,
It seems the sabbath of the year;
As if, the summer's labour past, she chose
This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

Such is a well spent life, the time
When busy days are past,
Man verging gradual from his prime,
Meets sacred peace at last:
His flowery spring of pleasures o'er,
And Summer's full blown pride no more,

He gains pacific Autumn, meek and bland,
And dauntless braves the stroke of Winter's palsy'd
hand.

For yet a while, a little while,
Involved in wintery gloom,
And lo! another Spring shall smile,
A Spring eternal bloom;
Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
In the bright mansions of the blest,
Where due rewards on Virtue are bestow'd,
And reap the golden fruits of what his Autumn
sow'd.

A Vernal Ode.

Sent to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, March 12, 1754.

BRIGHT God of day, whose genial power
Revives the buried seed,
That spreads with foliage every bower,
With verdure every mead,
Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,
Diffusing mildness thro' the sky;
Give the soft Season to our drooping plains,
Sprinkled with rosy dews, and salutary rains,

Enough has Winter's hand severe
Hurl'd all his terrors round,
Chill'd the fair dawning of the year,
And whiten'd all the ground:
Give but thy vital beams to play,
The frozen scenes will melt away;
And, mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming hours,
Will 'wake the drowsy Spring, and Spring awake
the flowers.

Let Health, gay daughter of the skies,
On Zephyr's wings descend,
And scatter pleasures as she flies
Where Surry's downs extend;
There Herring wooes her friendly power,
There may all her roses shower,
To heal that shepherd all her balms employ,
So will she sooth our fears, and give a nation joy.

Ah me! that Virtue's godlike friends
So soon are claim'd by fate!
Lo! * Pelham to the grave descends,
The bulwark of the state:

* The Right Honourable Henry Pelham Esq. died on the 6th of March, 1754.

When will fair Truth his equal find
Among the best of human-kind?
Long be the fatal day with mourning kept!
Augustus sigh'd sincere, and all the worthy wept.

Thy delegate, kind heaven, restore
To health, and safely keep;
Let good Augustus sigh no more,
No more the worthy weep:
And still upon the royal head
The riches of thy blessings shed:
Establish'd with his counsellors around,
Long be his prosperous reign, and all with glory
crown'd.

The Birth Day of Folly, an Heroi-Comical Poem.

Now dawns the day to Folly ever dear,
And deem'd by her the fairest of the year,
April's first morn, distinguish'd for her birth;
To sloth she gives the day, the night to mirth.
Her herald, Lauder, vehement and loud,
Brays out this proclamation to the crowd:

" Attend, ye dunces, and ye zanies all,
" 'Tis Folly's birth-day, come at Folly's call;
" To sound her fame the sons of dulness meet
" At seven o'clock precisely in Hart-street;
" Come when the hooting Owls begin their flight,
' For Folly keeps her holiday at night.

Close by that theatre of high repute
Where Quin so well perform'd the part of Brute;
Where Macklin, late the stage's dullest tool,
Once play'd old Shylock, but now plays the Fool;
A fabrick rose, magnificent of frame,
Which from this grand projector took its name:
As to the music of the damn'd that fell,
Rose Pandemonium on the plains of hell;
So of this pile, 'tis thought, in some ill weather,
Rich's Orchestra fiddled it together.
Here on a sofa of goose-feathers made,
Lo! half-supine luxurious Folly laid:
Powerful to lull the most enliven'd sense,
This sofa was the gift of Indolence:
Her little left eye twinkles to the light,
But open'd wide, and goggling is her right:
Down from her collar to her bosom bare,
Her bells hung pendant like a solitaire:

High o'er her ear, light-wavering to the gale,
She wore the plumage of a peacock's tail,
Which, nodding o'er her round unmeaning face,
Gave to her front the French fantastick grace.
Full fat and fair she waddles in her gate,
And lisps so pretty that she loves to prate;
Her ears she pricks up to herself to list,
And sputters all her meaning in a mist.
Wise in conceit she seems, for all the while
Her face is dimpled with a foolish smile.
A painted fan her fickleness declares,
Which waving gives the ideot Goddess airs;
She flirts it to a sceptre of command;
And grasps an English Plautus in her hand.

But hark! what sounds my trembling ears dismay;
The screech-owls hoot, the long-ear'd brethren bray;
Loud squeal the cat-calls with discordant strain,
The sport of Folly, but the poet's pain.
The signal given, all boobies hear the call,
(The feast of Folly is a feast for all)
Tittering they run—tall Taylor heads the rout,
And swells his high harangue with many a-round-about:

" Most potent Queen, with heart-dilating glee
" I greet the day benign to You and Me—
" That dire Glaucoma which your eye bedims,
" This hand deterges, dispumates and skims.
" Thanks to my stars that sent me here to-day
" To purge from films opaque your visual ray;
" Pay but ten pieces—that my constant rate is;
" One shilling and this syllabus comes gratis.
" Great in the art no falshoods I maintain;
" In France I'm honour'd, and adored in Spain:
" In Prussia, Poland, Portugal I'm known;
" Sweden, and Denmark ring with my renown:
" Of me strange things all Germany relates,
" For I'm admired thro' all her hundred states:
" Bohemia, Muscovy I've travell'd o'er,
" Kingdoms where Doctors never went before:
" Full well these foreign courts my pains requite,
" They chuse me member, and they dub me Knight;
" The Patents of the Dignities I've won,
" Are all lodged safely with my darling son.
" Your gracious Majesty has heard I hope,
" I'm Oculist-Physician to the Pope,
" Besides (think not I dare your Highness hum)
" To every Sovereign Prince in Christendom:

" So well all Europe knows me and my works,
" Next month I'll shew my parts among the Turks;
" Now, now's the lucky time to cure your sight,
" This wonder-working needle sets it right :
" Consult with me, great Queen, nor more regard
" That cursed tar-water, or the pills of Ward.

He spoke, and turning carelessly display'd
His golden badge of honour, and brocade.
The simpering Queen embraced her wondrous son,
And thus with sneer sarcastical begun :

" Go on, and prosper, great exotick knight,
" Yet shew some reverence for thy mother's sight :
" Tho' of that glittering pendant justly vain,
" In France tho' honour'd, and adored in Spain ;
" Tho' Germans, Goths, and Huns, thy skill admire,
" And many a nurse, and many a rural Squire,
" Yet I the greatest of all fools should be,
" Tho' Queen of Dupes, to trust my eyes with thee.

Next came, resolved the Goddess to trepan,
Something betwixt a Monkey and a Man,
(Not far behind in impudence the first)
Who aped all characters, and wore the worst;

Expressive thrice he shook his empty head,
Perdy address'd the dame, and thus he said:

" How blest am I, illustrious Queen, to think
" You deign to tip your own dear son the wink?
" Lo! here I stand, obsequious to your call,
" Great patron, friend, and mother of us all:
" So keen your piercer, and so sweet your smile,
" You charm us at the distance of a mile.
" To crown with high festivity the night,
" If jest, and farce, and mimickry delight,
" The stingless satire, and the ideot sneer,
" I'll mount my rostrum, and turn Auctioneer.
" My taste consists of foolery and fun;
" Without your succour I had been undone:
" To you 'tis owing that I please the great;
" Thro' you I eat to live, and live to eat:
" That I the chattering of maccaws exceed,
" And learn queer faces from the monkey breed,
" Like Proteus boast dexterity of limb—
" To you I owe it all, and not to him:
" Yours be the praise, that from my infant state
" You taught your son to move, to grin, to prate."
He ended, and prepared to take his stand,
As Auctioneer, with hammer in his hand:
The Goddess watch d him sly, and at his head
Hurling her Plautus, thus indignant said;

"Vile wretch, thou'rt much too silly for my son,
"Born on Bæotian bogs, away, begone,
"Go and reserve the squeezings of thy brains
"To brew small beer, and feed the pigs with grains."
Abash'd he stood—shame fluster'd him all o'er,
And he once blusht, who never blusht before;
Fear made him fly, and with amazing art,
He took three strides, and jump'd into a cart.

PAUL HIFFERMAN.

County of Dublin, 1719—1777.

Hifferman's parents designed him to be a Popish Priest; he was sent to France to finish his education, but after remaining there seventeen years, he took a batchelor's degree in physic and returned to Dublin to practise. He left that city in consequence of having unsuccessfully written against Dr. Lucas, and repaired to London to live by his wits. Here he obtained a dirty livelihood by writing pamphlets, levying contributions upon his friends, and extorting money from the actors.

An amusing account of this eccentrick and despicable scoundrel, who attracted considerable notice in his day, may be found in the European Magazine. His Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, 1754, entitle him to a place in this series.

The Author on himself.

THE author, I, to reason's dictates true,
Love all mankind, a Deist, Turk, or Jew,

No matter what your faith or country be,
If a good fellow, 'tis all one to me.
Our life's so short, for sects why should we justle,
In the great day Heaven will decide the bustle.
While in this world to all I'd civil be,
And would from all require civility.

Four lustres and one annual orb have run,
Since in this world existence I begun.
And now behold the sad result of all,
My travelling, studying, labours, great or small,
Heaven for past sins, to avert all future pain,
Has plagued, not bless'd me with a scribbling vein.

'Tis not, I swear, for sordid gain I chuse,
But for herself I woo the lovely Muse.
'Tis she that tunes, that animates my lyre,
Warms my gay soul, and sets me all on fire.

Of what I trifle, learn the mighty ends,
To please myself, divert good humour'd friends.
I'll therefore scorn all envious criticks slight;
For 'tis amusement—in my mirth I write;
But still jog on, and follow my own ways,
Careless of partial censure, deaf to praise.

Perhaps some curious would my person know;
I humbly answer, 'tis but so and so;
Not over tall, nor despicably low.
Black frowning brows my deep-sunk eyes o'ershade,
They were I fear for a physician made.
Foreseeing nature gave this anti-grace,
And mark'd me with a medical grimace.
In limbs proportion'd, body somewhat gross,
In humour various, affable, morose;
The ladies servitor—in health a king;
Good natured, peevish, gay phantastic thing:
That like friend Horace, grey before his time,
Seek fame in loose-paced Prose, and fetter'd Rhime.
Whose highest wish 's a meer absurdity;
Nothing to do, and learndly idle be:
Like to myself to have a Muse-bit friend,
My vain chimeras to review and mend.
The day to write, by night in fancy stray;
So, like true Poets dream my life away.

His Epitaph.

READER,

HERE lies the man that to his end,
Good Books, good Wine adored, the Fair-Sex and his Friend.

THOMAS DENTON.

1777.

The pupil of Josiah Relph, and the first editor of his work.

The House of Superstition a Vision.

When Sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters soft
  Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest;
The internal power, creative Fancy, oft
  Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.
Thus when no longer daily cares engage,
  The busy mind pursues the darling theme;
Hence angels whisper'd to the slumbering sage,
  And gods of old inspired the hero's dream;
Hence as I slept, these images arose
  To Fancy's eye, and join'd, this fairy scene
    compose.

As when fair morning dries her pearly tears,
  The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head;
Thus new to sight a gothick dome appears
  With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.
Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,
  And her lip-labour'd orisons she plies
In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,
  Or evening skirts with gold the western skies;
To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
  And many a cross she makes, and many a bead
    lets fall.

Near to the dome a magick pair reside
  Prompt to deceive, and practised to confound;
Here hood-winkt Ignorance is seen to bide
  Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.
No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,
  Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,
Save when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,
  And haunt his soul with visionary fears:
Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,
And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
  And in faint glimmerings just admit the light,
There Errour sits in borrow'd white array'd,
  And in Truth's form deceives the transient sight.

A thousand glories wait her opening day,
  Her beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts;
Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,
  And cheat the unpractised mind with mimic arts:
She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies,
Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastick rise.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind
  Sits at the gate,—and lifts a liberal bowl
With wine of wonderous power to lull the mind,
  And check each vigorous effort of the soul:
Whoe'er un'wares shall ply his thirsty lip,
  And drink in gulps the luscious liquor down,
Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,
  And objects see in features not their own;
Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
He laved with copious draughts, and Prejudice his
    name.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,
  Props of her age, and pillars of her state,
Which erst were nurtured by the wither'd crone,
  And born to Tyranny, her griesly mate;
The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
  With triple crown erect, and throned high;
Two golden keys hang dangling by his side
To lock or ope the portals of the sky;

Crouching and prostrate there, ah sight unmeet!
The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty
feet.

With bended arm he on a book reclined,
Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes;
Heaven's gracious gift to light the wandering mind,
To lift fallen man, and guide him to the skies!
A man no more, a God he would be thought,
And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey:
With slight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay:
Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
Of Limbos' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

There meagre Penance sat, in sackcloth clad,
And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, Sin;
Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gall, as mad,
With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.
Counting large heaps of o'er-abounding good
Of saints that dy'd within the church's pale;
With gentler aspect there Indulgence stood,
And to the needy culprit would retail;
There too, strange merchandize! he pardons sold,
And treason would absolve, and murder purge with
gold.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell
  A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay;
No work had he, save some few beads to tell,
  And indolently snore the hours away.
The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,
The mystick rites of Hymen's hallow'd tye
Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,
  As crimes of foulest stain, and deepest dye:
No social hopes hath he, no social fears,
But spends in lethargy devout the lingering years.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire
  Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath
Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
  And feasts on murders, massacres, and death.
Near him was placed Procrustes' iron bed
  To stretch or mangle to a certain size;
To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,
  To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries;
Yet he beholds them with unmoisten'd eye,
Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,
  And slow approaching with majestick pace;
A lovely maid appears in Beauty's bloom,
  With native charms, and unaffected grace:

Her hand a clear reflecting mirror shows,
In which all objects their true pictures wear,
And on her cheek a blush indignant glows
To see the horrid sorceries practised there;
She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
Unlock'd its iron clasps, and ope'd the heavenly page.

" My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,
" That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,
" Unveil, she said, the sacred mysteries here,
" Give the celestial boon to public view.
" Tho' blatant Obloquy with leperous mouth
" Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous deed,
" Yet in revolving years some generous youth
" Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed.
" Your names adorn'd in *Gilpin's polish'd page,
" With each historick grace, shall shine thro' every age.

" With furious hate the fierce relentless power
" Exert of torment all her horrid skill;
" Tho' your lives meet too soon the fatal hour
" Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel;

* The Rev. Mr. William Gilpin, author of the lives of Bernard Gilpin, Bishop Latimer, Wickliff, and the principal of his followers.

" Yet when the Dragon in the deep abyss
" Shall lie, fast bound in adamantine chain,
" Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless bliss,
" First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign;
" Then shall repay the momentary tear
" The great sabbatick rest, the millenary year.

WILLIAM DODD.

1729—1777.

Dodd's was a life of thoughtlessness and extravagance, and he paid dearly for all his faults in the conclusion of it. Courage at an earlier period, to have met the evils he brought upon himself, might have saved him from the last and most terrible one. Had he lived an economist he might have died honourably.

Yet, let him have his due; and his claim is not small—Many were reclaimed from vice and many relieved from wretchedness by his labours. Who derived advantage from his death? When one reads his pathetick appeals for mercy, at his trial, and in the Prison-thoughts, one is tempted to ask if the hearts to which they were made were human, or ever knew what it was to err?

But it was an appeal to Avarice under the name of Justice; and at a tribunal, where property is of more value than the life of man, such an appeal is not likely to he heard. The advertisement prefixed to the MS. of the Prison-thoughts,

concludes with a remarkable break, more impressive than the most finished rhetorick.

"The thinking will easily pardon all inaccuracies, as I am neither able nor willing to read over these melancholy lines with a *curious* and *critical* eye. They are imperfect, but the language of the heart; and had I time and inclination, might and should be improved.

But———."

Thoughts in Prison.

YET, oh ye sons of Justice!—ere we quit
This awful court, expostulation's voice
One moment hear impartial. Give a while
Your honest hearts to nature's touches true,
Her fine resentments faithful. Draw aside
That veil from reason's clear reflecting view,
Which practice long, and rectitude supposed
Of laws establish'd, hath obstructive hung.
But pleads or time, or long prescription aught
In favour or abatement of the wrong
By folly wrought, or errour? Hoary grown,
And sanctify'd by custom's habit grey,
Absurdity stalks forth, still more absurd,

And double shame reflect upon an age
Wise and enlighten'd. Should not equal laws
Their punishments proportionate to crimes;
Nor, all Draconic, ev'n to blood pursue
Vindictive, where the venial poor offence
Cries loud for mercy? Death's the last demand
Law can exact: the penalty extreme
Of human crime! and shall the petty thief
Succumb beneath its terrours, when no more
Pays the bold murderer, crimson'd o'er with guilt?

Few are the crimes against or God or man,
—Consult the eternal code of right or wrong,—
Which e'er can justify this last extreme,
This wanton sporting with the human life,
This trade in blood. Ye sages, then, review,
Speedy and diligent, the penal code,
Humanity's disgrace: our nation's first
And just reproach, amidst its vaunted boasts
Of equity and mercy: Shiver not
Full oft your inmost souls, when from the bench
Ye deal out death tremendous? and proclaim
Th' irrevocable sentence on a wretch
Pluck'd early from the paths of social life,
And immature, to the low grave consign'd
For misdemeanors trivial! Runs not back,

Affrighted, to its fountain your chill'd blood,
When, deck'd in all the horrid pomp of death,
And Gothick rage surpassing, to the flames
The weaker sex,—incredible—you doom;
Denouncing punishments the more severe,
As less of strength is found to bear their force?
Shame on the savage practice! Oh stand forth
In the great cause,—Compassion's, Equity's,
Your Nation's, Truth's, Religion's, Honour's cause,
—Stand forth, reflecting EDEN! Well thou'st toil'd
Already in the honourable field:
Might thy young labours animate, the hour
Auspicious is arrived. Sages esteem'd,
And venerably learn'd, as in the school
Of legal science, so in that of worth
And sentiment exalted, fill the bench:
And lo! the imperial Muscovite, intent
On public-weal, a bright example shines
Of civilizing justice. Sages, rise?
The cause, the animating pattern calls.
Oh, I adjure you, with my parting breath,
By all your hopes of mercy and of peace,
By all the blood henceforth unjustly spilt,
Or wantonly by all the sorrows deep,
And scalding tears shed for that blood so spilt!
In God's tremendous name, lo, I adjure,

Without procrastination to the task
Important that you haste! With equal hand
In scales of temperate justice, balance well
The claims of pleading mercy! Unto crimes
Inflictions just and adequate assign;
On reformation or example sole,
And all impartial, constantly intent,
Banish the rage for blood, for tortures, fell,
Savage, reproachful. Study to restore
Its young, its useful members to the state,
Well disciplined, corrected, moralized;
Preserved at once from shame, from death, from
Hell,
Men, rationals, immortals,—Sons of God.
Oh prosperous be your labours, crown'd your zeal!

* * * * * * *

But, ah, why droops my soul? why o'er me thus
Comes a chill cloud? Such triumph well besuits
The faithful Christian! thee had suited well,
If haply persevering in the course,
As first thy race exultingly began.
But thou art fallen, fallen! Oh my heart,
What dire compunction!—sunk in foul offence
A prisoner, and condemn'd: an outcast vile;
Bye-word and scorn of an indignant world,

Who reprobate with horrour thy ill deed:
Turn from thee loath'd, and to damnation just
Assign, unpitying, thy devoted head,
Loaded with every infamy!
Dread God
Of Justice and of Mercy! wilt thou too,
In fearful indignation on my soul,
My anguish'd soul, the door of pity close,
And shut me from thee ever?—Lo! in dust,
Humiliate, prostrate, weeping 'fore thy throne—
Before thy cross, oh dying Friend of man,
Friend of repentant sinners I confess
And mourn my deep transgressions, as the sand
Innumerous, as the glowing crimson red;
With every aggravation, every guilt
Accumulate and burden'd! Against light,
'Gainst love, and clearest knowledge perpetrate!
Stampt with Ingratitude's most odious stain;
Ingratitude to thee; whose favouring love
Had bless'd me, had distinguish'd me with grace,
With goodness far beyond my wish or worth!
Ingratitude to man; whose partial ear
Attended to my doctrine with delight;
And from my zeal conspicuous justly claim'd
Conspicuous example!——Lord, I sink
O'erwhelm'd with self-conviction, with dismay,

With anguish and confusion past compare!
And could I weep whole seas of briny tears
In painful penitence; could I deplore
From my heart's aching fountain, drop by drop,
My crimes and follies; my deep grief and shame
For vile dishonour on thy gospel brought;
For vile discredit to my order done;
For deep offence against my country's laws;
For deep offence to pity and to man,—
A patriarchal age would be too short
To speak my sorrows and lament my sins;
Chief, as I am, of sinners! Guiltier far
Than he who, falling, at the cock's shrill call
Rose, and repented weeping: Guiltier far—
I dare not say, than Judas; for my heart
Hath ever loved,—could never have betray'd,
Oh never, never Thee, dear Lord! to death;
Tho' cruelly, unkindly, and unwise
That heart hath sacrificed its truth and peace,
—For what a shameful, what a paltry price!—
To sin, detested sin; and done thee wrong,
Oh blessed source of all its good, its hope!
For tho' thus sunk, thus sinful, sorrowing thus,
It dare not, cannot Judas' crime commit,
Last crime,—and of thy mercy, Lord, despair!
But conscious of its guilt: contrite and plunged

In lowest self-abjection, in the depths
Of sad compunction, of repentance due
And undissembled, to thy cross it cleaves,
And cries for—ardent cries for mercy, Lord !
Mercy, its only refuge ! Mercy, Christ !
By the red drops that in the garden gush'd
'Midst thy soul's anguish from thee; By the drops
That down thy precious temples from the crown
Of agony distill'd ! By those that flow'd
From thy pierced hands and blessed feet so free;
By all thy blood, thy sufferings, and thy death,
Mercy, oh Mercy, Jesus ! Mercy, Thou
Who erst on David, with a clement eye,
When mourning at thy footstool, deign'dst to look.
Thou, who the adulterous Magdalen forgav'st,
When in the winning garb of penitence
Contrite she knelt, and with her flowing tears
Wash'd lowly thy loved feet! Nor thou the thief,
forgav'st
Even in the last, the bitterest hour of pain,
Refusedst, gracious ! Nor wilt thou refuse
My humble supplication, nor reject
My broken bleeding heart, thus offer'd up
On true contrition's altar; while thro' thee,
Only thro' Thee acceptance do I hope,
Thou bleeding Love ! Consummate Advocate,

Prevailing Intercessor! Oh look pitying down!
On thy sufficient merits I depend;
From thy unbounded mercies I implore
The look of pardon, and the voice of grace,—
Grace, Grace!—Victorious Conqueror over sin,
O'er death, o'er Hell, for me, for all mankind;
For grace I plead: repentant at thy feet
I throw myself, unworthy, lost, undone;
Trusting my soul, and all its dear concerns,
With filial resignation to thy will:
Grace,—still on grace my whole reliance built:
Glory to grace triumphant!—And to thee,
Dispenser bounteous of that sovereign grace!
Jesus, thou King of glory! at thy call
I come obedient: lo, the future world
Expands its views transporting! Lord, I come;
And in that world eternal trust to 'plaud,
With all Redemption's sons, thy glorious grace!
Then farewell, oh, my friends! light o'er my grave
The green sod lay, and dew it with the tear
Of memory affectionate! and you,
—The curtain dropt decisive, oh my foes,
Your rancour drop; and, candid, as I am
Speak of me, hapless! Then you'll speak of one
Whose bosom beat at pity's gentlest touch
From earliest infancy; whose boyish mind

In acts humane and tender ever joy'd;
And who,—that temper by his inmost sense
Approved and cultivate with constant care,
Melted thro' life at Sorrow's plaintive tale;
And urged, compassionate, with pleasure ran
To soothe the sufferer and relieve the woe!
Of one, who, though to humble fortune bred,
With splendid generosity's bright form
Too ardently enamour'd, turn'd his sight,
Deluded, from frugality's just care,
And parsimony needful! one who scorn'd
Mean love of gold, yet to that power,—his scorn
Retorting vengeful,—a mark'd victim fell!
Of one, who, unsuspecting, and ill-form'd
For the world's subtleties, his bare breast bore
Unguarded, open; and ingenuous, thought
All men ingenuous, frank, and open too!
Of one, who, warm with human passions, soft
To tenderest impressions, frequent rush'd
Precipitate into the tangling maze
Of errour;—instant to each fault alive.
Who, in his little journey through the world—
Misled, deluded oft, mistook his way;
Met with bad roads and robbers, for his steps
Insidious lurking: and, by cunning craft
Of fellow-travellers sometimes deceived,

Severely felt of cruelty and scorn,
Of envy, malice, and of ill report,
The heavy hand oppressive! One who brought
(From ignorance, from indiscretion, blind,)
Ills numerous on his head; but never aim'd,
Nor wish'd an ill or injury to man!
Injured, with cheerful readiness forgave;
Nor for a moment in his happy heart
Harbour'd of malice or revenge a thought:
Still glad and blest to avenge his foes despite
By deeds of love benevolent!—Of one—
Oh painful contradiction, who in God,
In duty, placed the summit of his joy;
Yet left that God, that blissful duty left,
Preposterous, vile deserter! and received
A just return—"Desertion from his God,
"And consequential plunge into the depth
"Of all his present—of all human woe!"

HUGH KELLY.

Dublin, 1739,—1777.

The father of this writer kept a Tavern; it was frequented by the players, and thus young Kelly's attention was attracted to the theatre. The boy went through the Latin Grammar, but his education did not proceed farther; he was apprenticed at an early age to a Stay-maker; the players, however, flattered him; he had written songs, theatrical criticism, &c. and was persuaded to try his fortune in London as a man of talents. There he attempted to carry on his business, his friends the players recommended him, and he had employment enough, but his work was ill-finished and dirty, his customers forsook him, and he was saved from want by the offer of an attorney to engage him as a copying clerk at fifteen shillings a-week This income he increased by writing paragraphs for one of the Daily papers; the underling Booksellers discovered that he held the pen of a ready writer, and offered him more profitable work in the Magazines, and having no other means of subsistence, he ventured at the age of two and twenty, to marry a woman who had sup-

ported herself by needlework. She was an excellent woman, and this marriage was perhaps the wisest action of his life.

He now wrote his Babbler, and his Louisa Mildmay, became editor of the Public Ledger in 1765, one of the four Morning Papers then published in London, and in the ensuing year produced his "Thespis;" this introduced him to Garrick, and at Garrick's instigation he venturedto write for the stage. "False Delicacy" was his first attempt, and the representation of this, the first Sentimental Comedy, is an era in theatrical history. Kelly's profits amounted to above 700 pounds, and his fame spread over the Continent. Goldsmith, it is said, was envious of his good fortune; it would be more just to say that he was provoked and mortified at the miserable taste of the publick. He lived however to witness the downfall of the Sentimental Comedy, and probably to occasion it.

Kelly now applied himself to the Law; he continued his dramatick labours, realizing by them and by other exertions of the pen nearly a thousand a year, till in course of time he was called to the bar. The ill success of his last comedy had then irritated him, and he confined himself wholly to his profession. In this he obtained some reputation and some practice, but his income fell short of what he had formerly enjoyed. Kelly did not retrench; he became embarrassed, contracted habits of drinking, and died, leaving a widow and five children in distressed circumstances.

Song.

You ask what charm in Nancy's face,
This foolish heart has stole:
Nor can I name one striking grace—
Not I upon my soul;
But there's a certain something there
This bosom must adore:
A something not exactly fair,
And yet extremely more.

A finer face perhaps may try
A greater share of art:
And yet can only touch the eye,
But never strike the heart:
Less native force experience sees,
Attends a fairer form;
For that can only hope to please,
But never think to charm.

But say my passion is misplaced,
I live for her alone:
And which must I consult, your taste,
Or gratify my own?

Our friendship, if you kindly cease,
  Your silence best secures:
Nor think, I can destroy my peace,
  To please a whim of yours.

Prologue to the Romance of an Hour,

A COMEDY.

To night good folkes, tho' led a little dance,
Thro' the light mazes of an Hours Romance,
No spells, nor spectres, have you cause to dread,
Not one poor thunder rumbles o'er your head;
Nor will the tempest howling thro' the trees,
Once rouse your horror—with a storm of peas —
Between ourselves, this Poet was a fool,
To plan by common sense, or build by rule;
When even the mightiest masters of the stage,
Have gain'd so much from trick in every age.
Shakspeare is great—is exquisite, no doubt —
But then our carpenters must help him out:
The deep distresses of a maddening Lear
In vain would ask the tributary tear,

If, midst the fury of the midnight sky,
Our rosin lightenings did not aptly fly,
And pity warmly plead to be let in,
Thro' a smart shower of heart exploring tin—
Let Criticks boldly form dramatick laws,
Give me, I say, what's sure to meet applause;
Let them of time, and place, and action, boast,
I'm for a Devil, a Dungeon, or a Ghost—
When Hamlet, weeping for a murder'd sire,
Upbraids his mother with a guilty fire,
Tho' every line a plaudit should command
Not one God yonder will employ his hand.
But, cased in canvass, let the dead stalk in,
Then the loud peans, then the claps begin—
And Pit, Box, Gallery eagerly contend,
Exalted strife!—Who loudest shall commend
The frantick 'Hah'—the bedlamite 'Look there'
The star—the heave—the stagger—and the stare.
To dear Macbeth the learned ladies all run,
What to enjoy?—the flaming of the cauldron.
Ask Molly Dripping there, so sleek and mild,
(As good a Cook as e'er drest roast or boil'd,
What in all Julet makes her soonest weep,
She'll say—the Funeral—'tis so werry deep.
Allured by sterling sentiment alone,
"Cato for me" cries Darby Macahone,

" I never miss that place at any time,
" If 'tis but added to a Pantomime"—
" Hoot" growls a bold North-Bratton taking snuff,
" A Pantomime is exacrable stuff—
" No Bag-pipes in the bond, they dinna play
" The Corn Rags, or the Barkes of Audermay"—
In short, tho' all Stage-mummery despise,
All want a banquet for their ears, or eyes;
And while at shews they take the most offence,
Still make them bladders to the shore of sense.
The name our Author gives his Piece to-night,
Would well admit a supper for the sight;
A grand collection of dramatick dishes,
Of Dragons, Giants, Forests, Rivers, Fishes —
Yet tho' he calls his trifle a Romance,
He does not treat you with a single dance,
Nor use one hackney'd, one excentrick art
To lull your judgment, or to cheat your heart—
He brings indeed a character to view
From Indian climes, he trusts entirely new.
A poor Gentoo, composed of virtues all,
Tho' fresh from English Nabobs at Bengal;
His face perhaps too swarthy you may find,
" Yet see Othello's visage in his mind"—
And till you've fairly tried our trembling Bays
Forbear to blame—but do not fear to praise.

BENJAMIN VICTOR.

1778.

Victor descended regularly, from the honourable trade of shaving and perriwig-making, to that of vending Norwich stuffs, and lastly to that of poetry. He was passionately fond of the theatre, and thought by the converse of the proposition "All the World's a Stage," that the Stage was all the World; it was so in reality to him, for all his pleasures and all his disappointments originated from it.

He was treasurer of Drury-Lane Theatre, and was faithful and scrupulous in the execution of his trust; while in this office, he published his works in 3 vols 8vo. omitting only "The Widow of the Wood," and "The History of the Stage;" he died advanced in years, at his lodgings, in Covent-Garden, in 1778.

PROLOGUE

Designed for the Comedy called the Modern Husband; written by Henry Fielding, Esq.

To night you'll see two dangerous things in life,
A willing cuckold, and a jilting wife!

With the same views here two impostors meet,
And holy wedlock well improves the cheat;
Kindly combined, for mischief they prepare,
And each fond cull falls plump into the snare.

The comick Muse assumes her pleasing art,
And by instruction would her worth impart:
Teach, by example, how to shun the fury,
Of plaintiff Cuckold, and a London jury.
For there, alas, how vain the lover strives!
They squeeze much harder than you squeeze their wives.
With needful satire we this vice pursue,
But, oh! how vain—unless approved by you.
When Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, ruled the stage,
There scarce were ten good palates in the age;
More curious cooks than guests, for men would eat,
Most heartily of any kind of meat.
E'en since their time what authors have we seen!
Expect not, Sirs, such poets as have been;
And though the richness of the crop is spent,
And wit's quite barren, yet you raise the rent.

Our youthful author various themes has tried;
By him Tom Thumb fought, conquered, lov'd and died.

Wild flights of fancy! gay, unbounded strains!
Where wanton wit, without true judgment reigns.
Yet blooming merit should demand your care;
Genius alone can thrive and flourish there:
Indulgence comes, like kind, enlivening showers,
And the warm sun-beam to awake the flowers;
When from the tree young spritely branches shoot,
If blasted—blame the wind—and not the root.

To Sir William Brewer, Bart. in Kent; written in the Year 1744.

Muse! to my worthy friend an offering bring;
And his fair garden, in soft numbers sing:
Sweet let thy verse from unforced nature flow,
Yet strongly mark'd let the full figures glow;
As when drawn clouds unveil the blushing sky,
And Heaven burns broad with a vermillion dye,
While thro' the grovy tracks, cool zephyrs pass,
To fan the silver streams, and sweep the grass.

Deep, in surrounding woods, there shines a seat,
Nature's blest favourite, and Love's retreat;
Green, amid stony wilds, rise opening bowers,
Arch'd with a wreathy heaven of pendant flowers:

Cool, in the burning dog-star's sultry sway;
Yet in the ice of winter, warm and gay.

O shades, well temper'd, like your owner's mind,
Where soft, and solid, are by nature join'd;
Sublimely wise, and to perfection blest,
You know to judge, and dare to choose the best.

Beauty and wit, in your loved consort meet,
Where all that's noble lives with all that's sweet;
At once your wife, your partner, and your friend,
She curbs your cares, and does your joys extend:
You are the point, which all her hopes pursue;
And if she sings, she sweetly sings of you!
In her, alone, you every blessing find,
Charm to your eye, and cordial to your mind.
Ever thus bless'd, may life wear slow away,
And some new charm mark even its latest day;
May no noise reach you, but thro' rustling trees,
When their broad boughs bend from the murmuring
breeze.

Lift me, some God, from this tumultuous town,
And near that heavenly umbrage set me down;
In some small cottage, that delightful stands,
Some clean thatch'd tenement within your lands;

Hemm'd with high rosy banks, and shadowy bowers,
" A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers;"
Where the low vine does the tall elm beseech,
And the sweet lime-tree woos the useful beech;
'Till the mix'd boughs compose a roofy shade,
And no bold sun-beam can my rest invade;
Here out of hated scandal's noisy sound,
Stretch'd in sweet leisure on the silent ground;
Deathless companions of my shade I'd choose,
The few fix'd favourites of our English muse:
High soaring Milton! Dryden sweet of strain!
Undying Shakspeare! and wild Spenser's vein!
Sometimes familiar Jonson in low flight,
Shall place the vulgar world before my sight;
But Waller's numbers most my heart shall move,
For the prevailing passion there, is love;
But naming love, hark! Clio tunes the strings,
And the soul melts before her, as she sings;
What prouder ornaments of life remain,
I leave for fools to seek; and knaves to gain.

DAVID GARRICK.

1716—1779.

The life of Garrick is too well known, and too full of little incidents, to require, or to allow, of its insertion here.

He seems always to have written as the manager of a theatre, and to have always kept in view the interest he possessed in it. His poetry is calculated to catch applause, but does not aspire to fame; it would be invidious therefore to try it by very rigid rules. His satire is not weak, but it is not terrible; and his muse is always lively enough to please, though she may not attempt to astonish. The Fribbleriad will not compare with the Rosciad; the first 90 lines are nearly upon the same subject as those of Churchill, beginning

'With that low cunning which in fools supplies'

and are given in these specimens. The reader will see that in a better-natured vein he satirizes a prevailing folly, in the prologue to Foote's comedy, "Taste."

The Ode to Shakspeare is not in the manner of the ancient Pindar, but of a modern Manager, and can hardly give a just idea of the lyrick poetry of our times; as it has been much spoken of, an extract from it is subjoined.

The Fribbleriad.

WHO is the Scribler, X, Y, Z,
Who still writes on, though little read?
Whose falshood, malice, envy, spite,
So often grin, yet seldom bite?
Say, Garrick, does he write for bread,
This friend of yours, this X, Y, Z?
For pleasure sure, not bread—'twere vain,
To write for that he ne'er could gain;
No calls of nature to excuse him,
He deals in rancour to amuse him;
A man, it seems—'tis hard to say—
A woman then?—a moment pray;—
Unknown as yet by sex or feature,
Suppose we try to guess the creature;
Whether a wit, or a pretender?
Of masculine, or female gender?

Some things it does may pass for either,
And some it does, belong to neither:
It is so fibbing, slandering, spiteful,
In phrase so dainty, so delightful;

So fond of all it reads and writes,
So waggish when the maggot bites;
Such spleen, such wickedness, and whim;
It must be woman, and a brim.
But then the learning and the Latin!
The ends of Horace come so pat in,
And, wanting wit, it makes such shift,
To fill up gaps with Pope and Swift,
As cunning house-wives bait their traps,
And take their game with bits and scraps;
For playhouse criticks, keen as mice,
Are ever greedy, ever nice;
And rank abuse, like toasted cheese,
Will catch as many as you please;
In short, 'tis easily discerning,
By here and there a patch of learning,
The creature's male—say all we can,
It must be something like a man—
What, like a man, from day to shrink,
And seek revenge with pen and ink?
On mischief bent, his name conceal,
And like a toad in secret steal,
There swell with venom inward pent,
Till out he climbs to give it vent.
Hate, join'd with fear, will shun the light,
But hate and manhood fairly fight—

'Tis manhood's mark to face the foe,
And not in ambush give the blow;
The savage thus less man than beast,
Upon his foe will fall and feast,
From bush, or hole, his arrows send,
To wound his prey, then tear and rend;
For fear and hatred in conjunction,
Make wretches that feel no compunction.

With colours flying, beat of drum,
Unlike to this, see Churchill come.
And not like Hercules he stands,
Unmask'd his face, but aim'd his hands;
Alike prepared to write or drub!
This holds a pen, and that, a club!
A club! which nerves like his can wield,
And form'd a wit like his to shield.
"Mine is the Rosciad, mine, he cries;
Who says 'tis not, I say, he lies.
To falsehood and to fear a stranger,
Not one shall fear my fame or danger;
Let those who write with fear or shame,
Those Craftmen scribblers, hide their name!
My name is Churchill!" . . Thus he spoke,
And thrice he waved his knotted oak:

That done, he paused. . . . prepared the blow,
Impartial bard ! for friend and foe.

If such are manhoods' feats and plan,
Poor X, Y, Z, will prove no man ;
Nor male ? nor female ? . . . . then on oath
We safely may pronounce *it* both.

What ! of that wriggling, fribbling race,
The curse of nature, and disgrace ?
That mixture base, with fiends set sorth,
To taint and villify all worth—
Whose rancour knows no bounds, nor measure,
Fools every passion, tastes no pleasure ;
The want of power, all peace destroying,
For ever wishing, ne'er enjoying—
So smiling, smirking, soft in feature,
You'd swear it was the gentle creature—
But touch its pride, the lady-fellow,
From sickly pale, turns deadly yellow —
Male, female, vanish—fiends appear—
And all is malice, rage, and fear !

* * * * * * *

From "An Ode upon dedicating a Building, and erecting a Statue to Shakspeare; at Stratford upon Avon."

To what blest Genius of the isle
  Shall Gratitude her tribute pay,
    Decree the festive day,
Erect the Statue, and devote the Pile?

Do not your sympathetick hearts accord,
  To own the "bosom's lord?"
'Tis he! 'tis he! — that demi-god!
Who Avon's flowery margin trod,

  While sportive Fancy round him flew,
Where Nature led him by the hand,
  Instructed him in all she knew,
And gave him absolute command!
    'Tis he! 'tis he!
  "The God of our idolatry!"

To him the song, the edifice we raise,
He merits all our wonder, all our praise!
  Yet ere impatient joy break forth,
  In sounds that lift the soul from earth;

And to our spell-bound minds impart
Some faint idea of his magick art;
Let awful silence still the air!
From the dark cloud, the hidden light
Burst ten-fold bright!
Prepare! prepare! prepare!

Now swell at once the choral song,
Roll the full tide of harmony along
Let Rapture sweep the trembling strings,
And Fame expanding all her wings,
With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim
The loved, revered, immortal name!
Shakspeare! Shakspeare! Shakspeare!
Let the enchanting sonnd
From Avon's shores rebound;
Thro' the air
Let it bear
The precious freight the envious nations round!

CHORUS.

SWELL the choral song,
Roll the tide of harmony along,
Let Rapture sweep the strings,
Fame expand her wings,

With her trumpet-tongues proclaim
The loved, revered, immortal name,
Shakspeare! Shakspeare! Shakspeare!

AIR.

SWEETEST bard that ever sung,
Nature's glory, Fancy's child;
Never sure did witching tongue
Warble forth such wood-notes wild!

Come each Muse, and sister Grace,
Loves and Pleasures hither come;
Well you know this happy place,
Avon's banks were once your home.

Bring the laurel, bring the flowers,
Songs of triumph to him raise;
He united all your powers,
All uniting, sing his praise!

Tho' Philip's famed unconquer'd son,
Had every blood-stain'd laurel won
He sigh'd—that his creative word
(Like that which rules the skies)
Could not bid other nations rise,
To glut his yet unsated sword:

But when our Shakspeare's matchless pen,
Like Alexander's sword had done with men;
He heaved no sigh, he made no moan,
Not limited to human kind,
He fired his wonder-teaming mind,
Raised other worlds, and beings of his own!

* * * * * * *

PROLOGUE TO TASTE.

Spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of an Auctioneer.

BEFORE this court I Peter Puff appear,
A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer;
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desperate case before ye,—

'Tis said this night a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends;
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cured of auction-hunting by his jokes;

Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the
land,
Before you buy be sure to understand,
Oh think on us what various ills will flow,
When great ones only purchase—what they know,
What! laugh at Taste? It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion;
The fair one's hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—china and japan.
The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single—and when married cold;
Their blood at sight of beauty gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
No amourous passion with deep knowledge
thrives;
'Tis the complaint indeed of all our wives!
'Tis said Virtû to such a height is grown,
All artists are encouraged—but our own.
Be not deceived, I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome;
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
Free Britons all—and living in the Strand.

I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
They furnish not my room from Herculaneum.
But hush ———
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as antients, but as moderns starve.
If we should fail, to you it will be owing;
Farewel to Arts—they're going, going, going;
The fatal hammers' in your hand, oh Town!
Then set Us up—and knock the Poet down.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

1779.

Dr. Langhorne was Rector of Blagden, in Somersetshire, and is well known as the translator of Plutarch's Lives. He was also author of several other literary productions.

Hymn to Humanity.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
  Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
  Should haply on thy cheeks be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity.

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming Sorrow dwell;
For Sorrow, long-indulged and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And Grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears Sensibility away,
Why comes sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity?

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know,
The pulse that throbs at joy, or woe;
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private, or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart.

If the fair star of Fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor borne along the favouring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.

Let me from wealth but hope conten.,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

If heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destined to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er extracted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast,
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclined;
The soul that one long Sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending vanity.

Alike, the foolish, and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetick glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetick eye survey'd
Sion in future ages laid;
Or, raised to heaven, implored the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave,
Sigh'd;——and forgot its power to save—
O for that sympathetick glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: It fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart opprest.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye, her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry,
O God! their moving sorrow see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with griefs' distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.

Behold, in you unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantick woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Rural Simplicity, an Ode.

O THOU, whom Love and Fancy lead,
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever musick soothed thy quill,
Or pity waked thy gentle reed,
Repose beneath my humble tree,
If thou lovest Simplicity.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid
  In toilsome scenes of busy life,
  Full sorely may'st thou see the strife,
Of weary passions ill repaid,
  In a garden live like me,
If thou lovest Simplicity.

Flowers have sprung for many a year,
  O'er the village maiden's grave,
  That, one memorial-spring to save,
Bore it from a sister's bier;
  And homeward walking, wept o'er me
  The true tears of simplicity.

And soon, her cottage-window near,
  With care my slender stem she placed,
  And fondly thus her grief embraced,
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear;
  For love sincere and friendship free,
  Are children of Simplicity.

When past was many a painful day,
  Slow-pacing o'er the village-green
  In white were all its maidens seen,
And love my guardian friend away.
  Oh, Death! what sacrifice to thee
  The ruins of Simplicity.

One generons swain her heart approved,
A youth, whose fond and faithful breast,
With many an artless sigh confest,
In Nature's language that he loved:
But Stranger, 'tis no tale for thee,
Unless thou lovest Simplicity.

He died—and soon her lip was cold,
And soon her rosy lip was pale,
The village wept to hear the tale
When for both the slow bell toll'd—
Beneath yon flowery turf they lie,
The lovers of Simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave;
Stranger, if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
And strew my pale flowers o'er their grave?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Because thou lovest Simplicity.

Ode to the River Eden.

DELIGHTFUL Eden! parent stream,
  Yet shall the maids of Memory say,
When, led by Fancy's fairy dream,
  My young steps traced thy winding way:
How oft along thy mazy shore,
Where slowly waved the willows hoar,
  In pensive thought their poet stray'd;
Or, dozing near thy meadow'd side,
Beheld thy dimply waters glide,
  Bright thro' the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,
  Where once with infant-joy he play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
  The azure worlds below survey'd;
Led by the rosy-handed hours,
When Time trip'd o'er that bank of flowers,
  Which in thy crystal bosom smiled!
Tho' old the God, yet light and gay,
He flung his glass, his scythe away,
  And seem'd himself, a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
  Would whisper to thy mnrmurs free;
Yet rustling seems to soothe mine ear,
  And trembles when I sigh for thee.
Yet seated on thy sheltering brim,
Can Fancy see the Naiads trim
  Burnish their green locks in the sun;
Or at the last lone hour of day,
To chase the lightly glancing jay,
  In airy circles run.

But Fancy, can thy mimick power,
  Again those happy moments bring?
Canst thou restore that golden hour,
  When young Joy waved his laughing wing!
When first in Eden's rosy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
  The vow sincere, devoid of guile!
While Delia in her panting breast,
With sighs, the tender thought suppress,
  And look'd as angels smile.

O Goddess of the crystal brow,
  That dwells't the golden meads among;
Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
Whose murmurs melodize my song!

O! yet those gleams of joy display,
  Which brightening glow'd in Fancy's ray
    When, near thy lucid urn reclined,
The Dryad, Nature, bared her breast,
And left, in naked charms imprest,
    Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Memory fair
  No more in golden visions play;
No friendship smoothes the brow of care.
  No Delia's smile approves my lay.
Yet, love and friendship lost to me,
'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,
  And in thy breast this mortal find;
That life, tho' stain'd with sorrow's showers,
Shall flow serene, while Virtue pours
  Her sunshine on the mind.

WILLIAM KENRICK.

—1779.

Kenrick's memory will be perpetuated by the slight mention which Goldsmith makes of him in his Poem of "RETALIATION," his own efforts were not the best directed for the accomplishment of that purpose; for he lived in a state of warfare, and died unregretted by his contemporaries.

The Force of Prejudice.

A FABLE.

The Hint from Helvetius.

ONCE on a time, or story lies,
A Deity forsook the skies;
And rambling, curious, up and down,
Enter'd, at length, an Africk town!

Where lived a tribe of mortals black,
With each a hump upon his back;
A burthen common to the nation
Thro' each such successive generation.

The comely God, well-shaped and fair,
March'd forward with a graceful air;
While, gathering round, the gaping throng
Wonder'd, and hooted him along.
This gave a kick, and that a thump;
All crying, Where's the fellow's hump?
The females too, among the rest,
Their detestation had express'd;
While luscious jokes were cut and crack'd,
To see a man so slender back'd;
Eager each flirt to have a fling,
At such a pale faced ugly thing.
Nay, heaven knows where their taunts had ended,
If fate the God had not befriended.
But so, it chanced, a sober sage
Advanced, revered for sense and age;
Made wise by time and observation,
His knowledge gleaned from every nation;
He whites had seen, as well as blacks,
No mountains bearing on their backs;

And knew, from reason consequential,
Colour and form, were not essential.
Yet still too wise to call in doubt
The wisdom of the rabble rout:
He thus, the stranger to protect,
Address'd the mob with due respect.
" O give, my friends, your insults o'er,
" Nor vex this hapless creature more:
" What tho' before our eyes we see
" A lump of fair deformity;
" Not e'en a mole-hill on his shoulder,
" To captivate one black beholder;
" But like an unshaped log he stands,
" Unfinish'd left by Nature's hands;
" Yet mock him not, in cruel pride,
" For wanting what the Gods deny'd:
" 'Tis affectation makes the fool;
" No object this of ridicule.
" It might have been your fate or mine,
" To want the human hump divine;
" And each of us, an ugly sight,
" Might have flat-shoulder'd been and white:
" If therefore heaven, to us so kind,
" Give the protub rance behind,
" Thanks to the Gods with fervour pray,
" But send this wretch unhurt away."

The mob on every word intent,
With some few murmurings gave consent;
When now the sage the God address'd
And thus dismiss'd the injured guest.

" On earth a welcome wouldst thou find,
" Go hence and learn to know mankind.
" In other lands thy form and face,
" May challenge comliness and grace;
" But here to beauty are we blind,
" If wanting of a hump behind.
" Thus every nation, every tribe,
" Peculiar sentiments imbibe;
" And beauty, virtue, sense, lay claim
" To little more than empty name;
" Varied in every clime and nation,
" As suits the general situation.
" Hence, judging each by different rules,
" They think each other knaves or fools;
" While no defect or vice is known,
" Unless it differs from their own.
" To turn the shafts of scorn aside,
" Then take this maxim for your guide:
" Go where you will, be sure to wear
" The general hump the people bear:

" He's ne'er accounted fool or rogue,
" Whose vice or folly is in vogue,"

The Bullfinch and Sparrow,

A Fable, from the French, of the King of Prussia.

Of greatness, and its pompous train,
What notions false, we entertain!
The glittering dress, the splendid feast,
Those seeking most, who know them least;
Our time, anxiety, and cost,
In the vain acquisition lost.

Its joy and grief, to every state
Adapted by the will of fate,
The man we envy, oft as blest,
In secret pines, with care oppress'd!
Of this, though trite, just observation,
My fable is an illustration.

As, on the rake, one winter's day,
A town-bred sparrow wing'd his way,
Possess'd of each engaging art
To win the feather'd fair one's heart,

To all his rivals still preferr'd,
The favourite of each female bird.
He lighted near an ancient seat,
Whose turrets mark the squire's retreat;
The mansion, where renown'd in fame,
Resides the guardian of the game;
Or the right worshipful the Mayor,
Whose corporation's all his care.

There, hopping round from tree to tree,
Curious, no doubt, to hear and see,
A Bullfinch, from a window nigh,
Attracted the young rover's eye
Struck with the warbler's gilded cage,
He glow'd with envy, grief and rage.
" How partial," he exclaim'd, " is fate!
" See how that Bullfinch lives in state,
" The happiest of the feather'd race!
" How different the poor Sparrow's case!
" He, shelter'd from the winds and rain,
" Still chaunts at ease his warbling strain.
" While I sit, shivering in the shower,
" Exposed through each inclement hour
" To nipping frost, or melting snows;
" Ills that no pamper'd Bullfinch knows!

" He, cherish'd at a sumptuous board,
" Is logd'd and feasted like a lord;
" Fondled and by his master fed,
" With sweetest cakes and whitest bread;
" While after me the village runs,
" With pelting stones and popping guns;
" Forced by such barbarous sport to fly,
" A miserable wanderer I,
" In the more hospitable wood
" Pick, up and down, precarious food.
" Hard lot! alas, how different mine,
" Compared, thrice happy bird with thine!
" Why, cruel fate, live I to rue
" I was not hatch'd a Bulfinch too!

The finch, in quite a well-bred way,
Heard what our Sparrow had to say,
And understood him, though at distance,
Without the interpreter's assistance.
Indeed a bird, not quite a fool,
Brought up in so polite a school,
Could not be thought in want of learning:
A word's enough to the discerning.
Not comprehend the vulgar folk!
Poh, comprehend! tis all a joke.

Smiling to find the awkward blunder
The foolish fellow labour'd under;
He, pluming up his haughty crest,
The envious grumbler thus address'd:
" Sure my good friend, you're touch'd in brain,
" To talk in this mistaken strain;
" 'Tis true there 's something of a smattering
" Of wit, in what you have been chattering;
" But, chirp as smartly as you will,
" Trust me you reason very ill;
" And to be serious for a while,
" In truth, your envy makes me smile.
" What is there in this fine gilt cage
" So much your fancy should engage?
" These wires my prison bars, where I,
" A splendid slave must live and die!
" Go hence, content, and learn of me,
" How vain the finery you see.
" Forbear my joys true bliss to call:
" Thy liberty is worth them all."

THOMAS PENROSE.

1748—1779.

From this writer's Poem, that which has been most praised is selected. The author mistook inclination for power, and has luckily found Criticks, who have accepted the will for the deed.

MADNESS.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the Muse's fires!
All thy answers, echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis Madness self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his venturous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee;
Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark!—To the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Phrenzy leads her chorus near
And Demon's dance around.—
Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and malice swell her train,—

Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
Hope in disappointment lost—
And injured merit, with a downcast eye,
Hurt by neglect, slow stalking heedless by.
Loud the shouts of madness rise
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave, that wars
On Thule's desert shores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ,
—But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd,
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.
She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reason, still the same.—
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs.

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with
care,
Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted
fair.
Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost!
She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
She shouts— she flies—who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude?—
'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train.
Merry Mischief fills his train.
Blanket-robed, and antick crown'd,
The mimick monarch skips around!
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unexpected
wiles,—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from his inmost soul!
" Give the knife, Demons, or the poison'd bowl,
" To finish miseries equal to your own"—
Who's this wretch, with horror wild!—
—'Tis devotion's ruin'd child.—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm, and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good and wise.
To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father of us all.

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
'Till Superstition, friend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.
Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
His beams of mercy thrown aside,
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet lingering, flies,
And dash'd on terrour's rocks, Faith's best dependence lies.

But ah!—too thick they crowd,—too close they
throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the descriptive song—
Nature shudders at the sight.—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless groupe, low drop compassion's veil.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

1723—1780.

Though the reputation of this celebrated lawyer may be built on the broad foundation of legal quartos, we must yet be pleased to view the more ornamental part of his literary life derived from his poetical character, and his pursuits of elegant studies: at the age of twenty he had compiled a treatise, entitled, "Elements of Architecture," which met with approbation, though intended only for his own use.—These were the arts of his choice.—And it is pleasanter to follow his mind through them, than to trace its labours through those by which he rose to fame.

The Lawyer's Farewel to his Muse.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home;

Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go; nor dares to stay;
'Till on some neighbouring mountains' brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy, and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithsome were we want to rove
By verdant hill, or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Chear'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:

But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more,
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewel! — a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoak, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And Pride and Avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial Nymph adieu!

Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these a formal band
In furs, and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,

Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystick, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat,
There, fenced by bulwarks of the Law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe,
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queens, is more admired.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right:

See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end:
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore—blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homeful bliss
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the Harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour, and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

JAMES DE LA COUR.

Cork, 1709—1781.

At a very early age this writer attained some reputation, by an Epistle from Abelard to Eloisa, and by his "Prospect of Poetry." He took orders, but neglected the duties and even the decencies of his profession, till habitual drunkenness produced derangement. His madness took a prophetick turn, and asduring the siege of the Havannah, he guessed what day it would surrender, he was for some time in high odour as a prophet. A little estate of about fourscore pounds a-year, preserved him, with the help of hospitality, from want: towards the latter end of his life he sold this to his brother-in-law for his board and lodging and a certain yearly allowance; restraining himself from staying out after twelve o'clock at night, under the penalty of one shilling; his balance at the end of the year, was in consequence very inconsiderable-

TO JAMES THOMSON, ESQ.

On his Seasons.

FROM sunless worlds, where Phebus seldom smiles,
But with his evening wheels hangs o'er our isles;
A Western Muse to worth this tribute pays,
From regions bordering on the Hebrides:
For thee the Irish harp, new strung, once more
Greets our rough rocks, and bleak Hibernian shore:
Thou, Thomson, badest my fingers wake the strings,
And with thy praise the wild wood hollow rings;
The shades of reverend Druids hover round,
And bend transported o'er the brazen sound.

So the wing'd bees that idly rove along,
(Renown'd alike for sweets as those for song)
If the shrill brass invite them from the sky,
In dusky clusters round the musick fly.

Blest Bard! with what new lustre dost thou rise?
Soft as the Season o'er the Summer skies!

Thy works a little world, new-found appear,
And thou the Phebus of a heaven so fair;
Thee their bright sovereign all the signs allow,
And Thomson is the name for Nature now:
Thou first could'st drive the coursers of the day,
Nor through the dazzling glories lost thy way;
Thy steeds red hoofs, still trod the eternal round,
Nor threw the burning chariot to the ground.

So round Julus' temples blazing bright
In locks dishevel'd stream'd a length of light;
The prince unharm'd beheld the sparkles spread,
Nor shook the shining honours from his head.

Beneath thy touch, description paints anew,
And the skies brighten to a purer blue;
Spring owes thy pencil her peculiar green,
And drown'd in redder roses Summer's seen;
While hoary Winter whitens into cold.
And Autumn bends beneath her bearded gold.

In various drapery see the rolling year,
And the wild waste in sable spots appear;
O'er the black heath the bittern stalks alone,
And to the naked marshes makes his moan;

Engulph'd in bogs behold his muddy beak,
And the brown partridge feeding in the brake.

But chief the sweetest passion best you sing,
The grove's soft theme, and symphony of Spring:
How brindled lions roar with fierce desire,
And in the waters Phocae feel the fire;
There large Leviathan unwieldly raves,
And burns though circled round with all his waves.
But higher still, those wonders must give place
To the new transports of a beauteous face!
Its force on man—the touch—the glowing glance,
The tempting bosom, and the tender trance!
On those how strongly dost thou paint our care,
And all the darling weakness of the fair;
What thanks must Beauty give in yielding hour,
To warn them from us in the rosy bower!

A sudden flash of lightning turns my eye
To thunder rumbling in the Summer sky!
Beneath thy hand the flaming sheet is spread
O'er heaven's wide face, and wraps it round with red;
With the broad blaze the kindling lines grow bright,
And all the glowing page is fill'd with light;

Through the rough verse the thunder hoarsly roars
And on red wings the nimble lightning soars:
Here thy Amelia starts, and, chill'd with fears,
At every flash her eye-lids swim in tears;
What heart but beats for so divine a form,
Pale as a lily sinking in the storm!
What maid so cold to take a lover's part,
But pities Celadon with all her heart!

How precious gems enrich each sparkling line,
Add sun to sun, and from thy fancy shine!
Here rocks of diamond blaze in broken ray,
And sanguine rubies shed a blushing day;
Blue shining sapphires a gay heaven unfold,
And topaz lightens like transparent gold;
Of evening tint pale amethysts are seen,
And emeralds paint their languid beams with green:
While the clear opal courts the rural sight;
And rains a shower of many-colour'd light:
Your sky-dipp'd pencil adds the proper glow,
Stains each bright stone, and lets their lustre flow,
Tempers the colours shifting from each beam,
And bids them flash in one continued stream.

So have I seen the florid rainbow rise,
In braided colours o'er the watery skies,

Where drops of light alternate fall away,
And fainting gleams in gradual dies decay;
But thrown together the broad arch displays
One tide of glory ! one collected blaze !

Where may those numbers find thee now retired?
What lawn or grove is by the Muse admired ?
Dost thou in Stowe's delightful gardens stray,
Or in the glooms of Doddington delay :
There sweet embower'd some favourite author read,
Or breathe the breezes of thy native Tweed;
On her cool border rest reclined a while,
Mindful of Forbes, and of thy own Argyle?
O! thou that only in this garb could'st please,
And bring me over to commend thy lays,
Where rhyme is wanting, but where fancy shines,
And burst like ripen'd ore above the mines :
Enjoy thy genius, glory in thy choice,
Whose Roman freedom has Roscommon's voice.

RICHARD JAGO.

1715—1781.

The friend of Shenstone and Graves, who had courage enough to break through the prejudice which exists at our Universities, against Servitors and Sizers, and to admit him of their Society, on which Jago brought no discredit. He was afterwards protected and cherished by persons of higher rank, and died at his Rectory of Snitterfield, in Warwickshire, which he owed to the patronage of the Earl Nugent.

THE GOLDFINCHES,

AN ELEGY.

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
The Dorick strain belongs, O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the plumy race,
By nature taught, in nuptial league combine!
A Goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
  With wonderous art they build their airy seat;
In the next orchard lived a friendly thrush,
  Nor distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
  With early songs they waked the neighb'ring groves,
Till time matured their joys, and crown'd their nest
  With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!
  What equal fondness dealt the allotted food!
What joy each others' likenes, to descry,
  And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah, what earthly happiness can last!
  How does the fairest purpose often fail!
A truant schoolboy's wantonness could blast
  Their flattering hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he,
  No generous precept ever touch'd his heart,
With concored false, and hideous prosody
  He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd, with ravenous eyes,
  Where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay,
Then rushing rudely seized the glittering prize,
  And bore it in his impious hands away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
  The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd
  The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

'O grief of griefs!' with shrieking voice she cried,
  "What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!
"O! that I had in youth's fair season died,
  "From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

"Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
  "Was it for this I pois'd the unwieldy straw?
"For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
  "Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

"Was it for this I peck'd the wool with care,
  "Intent with nicer skill our work to crown;
"For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
  "And lined our cradle with the thistle's down?

" Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
" And ceased to rove at large from plain to plain;
" For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
To bear the scorching heat, and pelting rain?

" Was it for this my watchful eyes grew dim?
" For this the roses on my cheek turn'd pale?
" Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!
" And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail.

" O plunderer vile! O more than adders fell!
" More murderous than the cat, with prudish face!
" Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
" And thievish as the cuckow's pilfering race!

" May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow,
" For thee no flower unveil its charming dies,
" May birch-trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
" And listening starlings mock thy frantick cries.

" Thus sang the mornful bird her piteous tale,
" The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd,
" Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
" And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd."

PHANUEL BACON.

Reading—1700—1783.

This Doctor in Divinity is characterized as having been "possessed of exquisite humour with a strong inclination for punning." He published, The Kite, a poem, 1719. then five Dramatick Pieces; The Foxes—The Insignificants—The Trial of the Time-killers—The Moral Quack—The Duellists, 1757: afterwards collected in one volume, and entitled, Humourous Ethicks. The Snipe and the Song of Similies, in the Oxford Sausage are his, and the Friar in the first Ballad, is intended for himself.

THE SNIPE,

A BALLAD.

Tune—Abbot of Canterbury.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story that's true,
A Story that's dismal; yet comical too;
It is of a Friar, who some people think,
Tho' as sweet as a nut, might have died of a stink.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

This Friar would often go out with his gun,
And tho' no great Marksman, he thought himself one;
For tho' he for ever was wont to miss aim,
Still something, but never himself, was to blame.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

It happen'd young Peter, a friend of the Friar's,
With legs arm'd with leather, for fear of the briars,
Went out with him once, tho' it signifies not
Where he hired his gun, or who tick'd for the shot.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Away these two trudged it, o'er hills and o'er dales,
They popt at the Partridges, frighten'd the Quails,
But to tell you the truth, no great mischief was done,
Save spoiling the Proverb, as sure as a Gun.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

But at length a poor Snipe flew direct in the way,
In open defiance, as if he would say
"If only the Friar and Peter are there,
"I'll fly where I list, there's no reason to fear,"
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Tho' little thought he that his death was so nigh,
Yet Peter by chance fetch'd him down from on
high,
His shot was ramm'd down with a journal, I wist,
The first time he charged so improper with Mist.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Then on both sides the speeches began to be made,
As — I beg your acceptance — oh! no Sir indeed!
I beg that you would Sir, — for both wisely knew,
That one Snipe could ne'er be a supper for two,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

What the Friar declined in a most civil sort,
Peter slipt in his pocket, the De'el take him
for't!
But were the truth known 'twould plainly appear,
He oft-times had found a longer Bill there.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Hid in his pocket the Snipe safely lay,
While a week did pass over his head, and a day,
Till the ropes for a toast too offensive were
grown,
And were smelt out by every nose but his own.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The Friar look'd wholesome it must be agreed,
So no one could say, whence the stink should
proceed;
Where the stink might be laid, tho' no one could say,
'Tis certain he brought it and took it away.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

At sight of the Friar began the perfume,
And scarce he appear'd, but he scented the room:
Snuff-boxes were held in the highest esteem,
And all the wry faces were made when he came.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

As the place he was in, it was call'd this and that;
In his room 'twas a close-tool, or else a dead rat;
In the fields where he walk'd for some carrion
'twas guess'd;
'Twas a fart, at the Angel, and pass'd for a jest.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

At length the suspicion fell thick on poor Tray,
'Till he took to his heels and with speed ran away;
Thought the Friar poor Tray, I'll remember thee
soon,
If I live to grow sweet, I will give thee a bone.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

For he knew that poor Tray was most highly
abused,
And if any, himself, thus deserved to be used:
For 'twas certainly he, whom else could he think;
'Twas certainly he, that must make all the stink:
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

So when he came home he sat down on his bed,
His elbow at distance supported his head;
His body long while like a pendulum went;
But all he could do did not alter the scent.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Thus hypp'd, he got up, and pull'd off his cloaths,
He peep'd in his breeches and smelt to his hose,
And the very next morning, fresh cloaths he
put on,
All, all but a waistcoat, for he had but one.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

But changing his clothes did not alter the case,
And so he stunk on for three weeks and three
days;
'Till to send for a Doctor he thought it most meet;
For though he was not, yet his life it was, sweet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The Doctor he came, felt his pulse in a trice;
Then crept at a distance to give his advice:
But sweating, nor bleeding, nor purging would do,
For instead of one stink, this only made two.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The Friar oft-times to his glass would repair,
But to death he was frighten'd whene'er he came there,
His eyes were so sunk, and he look'd so aghast,
He verily thought he was stinking his last
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

So for credit he hastens to burn all his prose,
And into the fire his verses he throws;
When seaching his pockets to make up the pile,
He found out the Snipe, which had stunk all the while,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

So he hopes you will now think him wholesome again,
Since his waisicoat discovers the cause of his pain,
To conclude, the poor Friar entreats you to note,
That you might have been sweet had you been in his coat.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

A SONG OF SIMILIES.

By the Rev. Dr. Bacon.

" I've thought;" the fair Clarissa cries;
" What is it like, Sir?"—' Like your Eyes.'
" 'Tis like a Chair — 'Tis like a Key —
" 'Tis like a Purge — 'Tis like a Flea —
" 'Tis like a Beggar — like the Sun—
" 'Tis like the Dutch— 'Tis like the Moon —
" 'Tis like a Kilderkin of Ale —
" 'Tis like a Doctor—like a Whale.

" Why are my Eyes, Sir, like a Sword?
" For that's the Thought upon my word.—
" Ah! witness ev'ry Pang I feel;
" The Deaths they give their Likeness tell.
" A Sword is like a Chair, you'll find,
" Because 'tis most an end behind.
" 'Tis like a Key, for 'twill undo one;
" 'Tis like a Purge, for 'twill run through one.
" 'Tis like a Flea, and Reason good,
" 'Tis often drawing human Blood;
" Why like a Beggar, you shall hear,
" 'Tis often borne before the Mayor.

" 'Tis like the Sun, because 'tis gilt,
" Besides it travels in a Belt.
" 'Tis like the Dutch we plainly see,
" Because that State, whenever we
" A Push for our own Interest make,
" Does instantly our Sides forsake.
" The Moon—why when all's said and done,
" A Sword is very like the Moon:

" For if his Majesty, (God bless him)
" When Country Sheriff comes t' address him,
" Is pleased his Favo; to bestow
" On him, before him kneeling low,
" This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
" And gives the Glory to the Knight. [Night]
" 'Tis like a Kilderkin, no doubt,
" For 'tis not long in drawing out.
" 'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
" Dispute a Doctor's power to kill?
" But why a Sword is like a Whale,
" Is no such easy thing to tell.
" But since all Swords, are Swords d'ye see,
" Why let it then a Backsword be:
" Which if well used will seldom fail
" To raise up somewhat like a Whale."

JOHN SCOTT.

Southwark—1730—1783.

A very amiable man, whose opinions were seldom wrong, and whose feelings always right. Some of his poems are peculiarly happy.

O D E.

THIS scene how rich from Thames's side,
While evening suns their amber beam
Spread o'er the glossy-surfaced tide,
And 'midst the masts and cordage gleam;
Blaze on the roofs with turrets crown'd,
And gild green pastures stretch'd around,
And gild the slope of that high ground,
Whose corn-fields bright the prospect bound.*

* *Shooter's Hill.* This view was taken on the north side of the Thames, at Ratcliff.

The white sails glide along the shore,
Red streamers on the breezes play,
The boat-men ply the dashing oar,
And wide their various freight convey;
Some, Neptune's hardy thoughtless train,
And some, the carful sons of gain,
And some, the enamour'd nymph and swain,
Listening to musick's soothing strain.

But there, while these the sight allure,
Still fancy wings her flight away
To woods recluse, and vales obsure,
And streams that solitary stray;
To view the pine-grove on the hill,
The rocks that trickling springs distill,
The meads that quivering aspins fill,
Or alders crowding o'er the rill.

And where the trees unfold their bloom,
And where the banks their floriage bear,
And all effuse a rich perfume,
That hovers in the soft calm air;
The hedge-row path to wind along,
To hear the bleating fleecy throng,
To hear the sky-lark's airy song,
And throstle's note so clear and strong.

But say, if there our steps were brought,
Would these their power to please retain?
Say, would not restless, roving thought
Turn back to busy scenes again?
O strange formation of the mind!
Still though the present fair we find,
Still tow'rds the absent thus inclined,
Thus fix'd on objects left behind!

ODE.

Written after reading some modern Love-verses.

TAKE hence this tuneful triflers' lays!
I'll hear no more the unmeaning strain
Of Venus' Loves, and Cupids' darts,
And killing eyes, and wounded hearts;
All flattery's round of fulsome praise,
All falsehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the Muse, whose tongue has told
Love's genuine plaintive tender tale;
Bring me the Muse, whose sounds of woe
'Midst deaths' dread scenes so sweetly flow,
When friendships' faithful breast lies cold,
When beauty's blooming cheek is pale:

Bring these—I like their grief sincere;
It sooths my sympathetick gloom :
For, oh ! love's genuine pains I've born,
And deaths' dread rage has made me mourn;
I've wept o'er friendship's early bier,
And dropt the tear on beauty's tomb.

O D E.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lure's from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms ;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphans moans ;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

SONNET.

To Britain — 1766.

Renown'd Britannia ! lov'd parental land !
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye !
Whene'er the weight of want's afflicting hand
Wakes in thy vales the poor's persuasive cry —

When wealth enormous sets the oppressor high,
When bribes thy ductile senators command,
And slaves in office freemen's rights withstand,
Then mourn, for then thy fate approacheth nigh !

Not from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
Though leagued in war tremendous round thy shore—
But from thyself thy ruin must proceed !
Nor boast thy power ! for know it is decreed,
Thy freedom lost, thy power shall be no more !

HENRY BROOKE.

Ireland — 1706—1783.

Dr. Sheridan had the honour of educating Henry Brooke, whose early genius was noticed by Swift and by Pope. When he was a very young man, his Aunt left to his guardianship, her only daughter, a beautiful girl, between eleven and twelve, with a slight portion. He placed her at a boarding-shool; but they became enamoured of each other; were secretly married, and Mrs. Brooke had her first child before she was fourteen.

Brooke removed to London, abandoning law for literature. The Prince of Wales patronised him, and he on his part espoused his patrons politicks, with such indiscreet and dangerous violence, that his wife, exerting all her influence, made him abandon all his prospects of advancement in this country, and return to his paternal seat. Here his brother and his brothers family, domesticated with him; but he impoverished himself by a thoughtless generosity, and was obliged to mortgage, and at last to sell, his hereditary estate. He took a farm in its neigh-

bourhood, and bore up well against adversity; till the death of his wife, (whom for nearly fifty years he had loved tenderly) gave his intellects a shock which they never recovered. He was advanced in life himself, and his after productions all bear the marks of debility and derangement.

Brooke published proposals for printing, by subscription, the History of Ireland.

LITTLE JOHN AND THE GIANTS.

A I R.

Tune—'*Ye Fairy Elves that be.*'

Come follow, follow me,
Ye jolly boys all, who be
Divested of constraint
From mortified saw or saint;
To pleasure, and prank, and pastime free,
Come follow, follow, follow me!
To prank, and pleasure, and pastime free,
Come follow, follow, follow me!

Let lean-ey'd Honesty bear
His merited weight of care,
And phlegm and consience dwell
In cynical tub or cell;
But all ye lovers of game, and glee,
And feast, and frolick, come follow me!
To pleasure, and prank, and pastime free,
Come follow, follow, follow me!

The pedanted priest, who fain
Would ride, but wants a rein;
To moral us into controul,
Would sour the jovial soul—
The Priest is cunning and so are we;
Then Priest, and people, come follow me!
From scruple, and qualm, and conscience free,
Come follow, follow, follow me!

A I R.

Tune.—'*Dole and woe fa' our Cat.*'

For often my mammy has told,
And sure she is wonderous wise,
In cities that all you behold,
Is a fair, but a faithless disguise.

That the modes of a court education,
  Are train-pits and traitors to youth;
And the only fine language in fashion,
  A tongue that is foreign to truth,

Where Honour is barely an oath,
  Where knaves are with noblemen classed;
Where Natures' a stranger to both,
  And Love an old tale of times past.

Where laughter no pleasure dispenses,
  Where smiles are the envoys of art;
Where joy lightly swims on the senses,
  But never can enter the heart.

Where hopes and kind hugs are trepanners,
  Where Virtue's divorced from success;
Where cringing goes current for manners,
  And worth is no deeper than dress.

Where Favour creeps lamely on crutches,
  Where Friendship is nothing but face;
And the title of duke, or of duchess,
  Is all that entitles to Grace.

A I R.

Tune. — '*You Commons and Peers.*'

THE time to beguile,
Now listen a-while,
And I'll shew you an excellent plot;
How husband and wife,
Through the crosses of life,
May be held by the true lover's knot.

As mortals are frail,
Let indulgence prevail,
And all mutual infirmities blot;
Let the husband atone
His wife's faults, by his own,
And I'll vouch for the true lover's knot.

My Dolly so bright,
Should your Hob over night,
Be surprised by his pipe or his pot;
Let him sleep his dose out,
Nor by scolding and pout,
Strive to loosen the true lover's knot.

When your wives they grow grey,
And their graces decay,
Of all mortal beauty the lot;
Remember their youth,
And by friendship and truth,
Make eternal the true lover's knot.

Prologue for the Opening of a Theatre.

When lazy moralists from cloisters taught
The frosty precepts of unpractised thought,
Howe'er the judgment coldly was inform'd,
No worth was kindled, for no heart was warm'd.
But when some good Man to the publick read,
The generous lecture of a life well led;
When patriots stood for liberty and laws,
Or fell the victims of their country's cause;
Then hearts were taught to glow, and eyes to melt,
And hands to act the lesson that was felt.

In languid maxims, which we barely hear,
The voice of Truth sounds distant to our ear;
But Action bids the substance to arise,
And gives the living Beauty to your eyes.

Hence, was the Stage, from earliest times, design'd
A vital School of Virtue to mankind:
In real life, if scant the Good and Fair,
If Truth be foreign, and if Worth be rare,
For these through every clime and age we steer;
And thence unlade the precious purchase—here!

Though Time and Death have closed their ancient reign,
They bar their everlasting gates in vain —
The fatal valves shall to your eyes unfold,
Recal the past, and renovate the old;
And, from the realms of silence and of night,
Pour down a flood of eloquence and light.

Whate'er of worth informs the social breast,
Upon humanity by Heaven imprest,
The sympathy that proves great souls of kin,
The touch that tries the hidden gold within;
Whate'er of generous, courteous, fond, and kind,
Strikes the lined unison of mind to mind;
Whate'er may teach a virtuous eye to flow,
For griefs that past, nine hundred years ago;
All those we bring—Confest to modern eyes,
The Deed of fam'd antiquity shall rise;

Friends, lovers, heroes, patriots, to this stage
Shall come, from every land, from every age;
Old Time shall render, to your eyes and ears,
The truths and trophies of four thousand years;
Cato again shall abdicate his tomb,
And Brutus strike for Liberty and Rome!

PROLOGUE TO OTHELLO,

Spoken in Dublin, by Mr. Garrick.

My Term expired with this concluding play,
I've cast the Buskin and the Sock away.
No more to kindle with poetick rage,
Nor in mock-majesty to awe the stage,
The Hero shrinks into his native span—
This little sketch and miniature of Man!

"Where's Garrick?" says the Beau; and as I pass,
To mark the noted insect—takes his glass.
Placed in yon box, to publish my disaster,
"Mamma" cries Miss, 'who is that little Master?'
"Zounds!" says the Captain, 'what, is that Othello?'
"Ha, ha, ha!" ———
"A good joke, damme—a rare hulking fellow!"

Thus, on defects, I dare to build a name;
And imperfection gives me up to fame.
O, could my Stature with your Bounty rise,
And swelling Gratitude extend my size!
What ample measure would that change impart,
When every limb should answer to my heart?

Great are the favours which my soul avows;
Great are the thanks with which your servant bows!
My faults are debtors to your generous sense —
Quick to observe, yet gracious to dispense!
And should I but presume that something, too,
Is to your judgment, to your justice due;
Blame not the vanity you kindly raise,
Sprung from your smiles, and heighten'd by your praise!

Hail, generous Isle! though neighbouring to the Pole,
Thy warmth is in the virtues of the soul!
Though clouds, above, may intercept the light;
Below, thy Sun of Beauty cheers our sight!

Where'er my distant fortunes may command,
I sigh for thee, as for my natal land.

Or East, or West, howe'er the region lies,
A country takes its name from social ties;
The Heart alone appoints its favourite place,
And I'm a native by your special Grace.

Then take the warmest wishes of my mind—
As your own favours, great and unconfined,
May peace and smiling pleasure, hand in hand,
Walk the wide limits of your plenteous land!
May Gallia curse the day of William's might,
And Chesterfield return to bless your sight!

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

1784.

A professional wit, who has often set the town and the table in a roar. His songs are well known, and many of them have wit to recommend them, more than falls to the share of songs in general; but their author has taken great liberties both with language and decency, in most of them.

SONG.

THE WORMS.

Tune,

'When Strephon to Chloe made love his pretence.'

KEEP your distance, quoth King, who in lead coffin lay,
As beside him they lower'd, a shroudless old Clay,

The mendicant carcase replied with a sneer;
" Mister Monarch, be still, we are all equal here.

" Life's miseries long I was forced to abide,
" By the Seasons sore pelted, sore pelted by pride:
" And tho' clad in ermine, yet you've been distrest,
" Both our cares now are over, — so let us both rest."

A committee of worms, manor lords of the grave,
Overheard 'em, and wonder'd to hear the dead rave.
Quoth the Chairman, " Dare mortals presume thus to prate,
" When even we maggots don't think ourselves great?

" Insane ostentations, who brag of their births,
" Yet are but machines, mix'd of aggregate earths.
" They distinctions demand—with distinctions meet,
" When we throw by the rich folks, as not fit to eat.

" They are scurvy compounds of debauch and disease,
" Putrefactions of sloth, or vice run to the lees,
" By luxury's pestilence health is laid waste;
" And all they can boast is —They 're poison'd in taste.

" 'Tis true, cries Crawlina, the Queen of the worms,
" They make upon earth immense noise with their forms,
" Pon onner, with beauties, tho' so much I deal,
" On not one in ten can I make a good meal.

" When we chose to regale, on the dainties of charms,
" We formerly fed on necks, faces, and arms;
" Now varnish envenoms their tainted complexions,
" A fine woman's features spread fatal infections.

" Not a worm of good taste, and *bon ton,* I dare vouch,
" A morsel of fashion—made beauties will touch.
" A Quality toast we imported last week,—
" Two maggots, my servants, dy'd eating her cheek."

Very odd, quoth a Critick, worms hold such discourse.
Very odd, quoth the Author, that men shou'd talk worse.
Like Reptiles, we crawl upon earth for a term,
Take wing for a-while,—then descend to a worm.

Dan Pope declares all human race to be worms;
Maids, misers, wives, widows, all maggotty forms,
But of worms, and worm-feeding, no more we'll repeat,
Here's a glass to the dainty that's made for man's meat.

THE WINE VAULT.

Tune — '*The Hounds are all out.*'

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar as sociably stored,
My brave boys.

My vault door is open, descend and improve,
That cask,—aye, that we will try.
Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye:
My brave boys.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
As I hate that a bumper should stand,
My brave boys.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
I gallop the brusher along;
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's God,
And a sentiment give, or a song,
My brave boys.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the coying drops seem
With pearls the moist walls to emboss;
From the arch, mouldy cob-webs in gothick taste stream
Like stucco-work cut out of moss:
My brave boys.

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame
shines,
Which, when moisture is wanting, decays;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze,
My brave boys.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bins
are well fill'd;
View that heap of old Hock in your rear;
Yon bottles are Burgundy! mark how they're piled,
Like artillery, tier over tier,
My brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously ranged in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,
My brave boys.

Like Macedon's Madman, my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out,
My brave boys.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly
will I,
When reeling, I roll on the floor;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best Buck, to do more,
My brave boys.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that his drinking is done,
My brave boys.

THE TRIO.

Tune. '*Ye Fair Possess'd of every Charm.*'

Wit, Love, and Reputation, walk'd
One evening out of town,
They sung, they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd,
'Till night came darkling on.
Love wilful, needs would be their guide,
And smiled at loss of day,
On her the kindred pair rely'd,
And lost with her their way.

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
  All bleak the barren moor;
Across they toil'd, when Love, grown bold,
  Knock'd loud at Labour's door.
Awhile within the reed-roof'd cot
  They stood and stared at Care,
But long could not endure the spot,
  For Poverty was there.

The Twain proposed next morn to part,
  And travel different ways;
Quoth Love, I soon shall find a heart,
  Wit went to look for Praise.
But Reputation, sighing, spoke,
  "'Tis better we agree,
"Though Love may laugh, and Wit may joke,
  "Yet, friends, take care of me.

"Without me, Beauty wins no heart,
  "Without me, Wit is vain;
"If head-strong here, with me you part,
  "We ne'er can meet again.
"Of me, you both should take great care,
  "And shun the rambling plan,
"No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,
  "So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,
  Expecting to be crown'd,
Enquiring for her brother Truth,
  But Truth was never found.
She sought in vain, for Love was blind,
  And Hate her guidance crost;
Tis said, since Truth she cannot find,
  That Love herself is lost.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Litchfield.—1709.—1784.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVETT.

A Practiser in Physic.

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affections' eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind,
Nor, letter'd ignorance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
  And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd,
  The power of art, without the show.

In mis'ry's darkest caverns known,
  His useful care was ever nigh;
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
  And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay;
  No petty gain disdain'd by pride:
The modest wants of ev'ry day
  The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
  Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the eternal Master found
  The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
  Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
  Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throb of fiery pain,
  No cold gradations of decay;
Death broke at once the vital chain,
  And freed his soul the nearest way.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heaven,
  The noble minds' delight and pride,
To men and Angels only given,
  To all the lower world denied.

While Love, unknown among the blest,
  Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
  Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but of destructive gleam,
  Alike o'er all his lightnings fly:
Thy lambent glories only beam
  Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guileless joys
  On fools and villains ne'er descend:
In vain fort hee the tyrant sighs,
  And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
  O guide us thro' life's darksome way,
And let the tortures of mistrust
  On selfish bosoms only prey.

For shall thine ardours cease to glow
  When souls to blissful climes remove,
What raised our virtue here below
  Shall aid our happiness above.

RICHARD GLOVER.

London—1712—1735.

Richard Glover was a man of liberal education, and considerable talents, who devoted himself to commercial pursuits, without neglecting the refinements of taste and literature. A Poem inscribed by him, to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, is prefixed to Dr. Pemberton's View of the Newtonian Philosophy, published in 4to. 1728. The Epick Poem, Leonidas, appeared in 1737, and drew from Lord Lyttelton such praise, as it is grateful to receive from a patriot, a scholar and a critick. The song, Hosier's Ghost, and London, or the Progress of Commerce, came out in 1739; they were written in order to excite the publick resentment against the misconduct of the Spaniards. In 1751, he was a candidate for the Chamberlainship of London, but yielded to the superior interest of his antagonist with dignity, grace, and modesty. He produced the Tragedy of Boadicea, in 1753, which saw only three nights at Drury Lane, and in 1761, another called Medea. Leonidas was republished

in 1770, and augmented from nine to twelve books. From this period Glover dedicated himself to the more active and ordinary occupations of life, till about the year 1775, when he retired to the enjoyment of literary leisure, in which he died.

The life and soul of poetry were not in Glover; but he loved liberty with fervour, worthy of a Greek or of an Englishman; and Leonidas will continue to be read, in spite of its bad language and dis jointed versification, because the whole history of mankind furnishes no other subject so animating and so ennobling. His Athenaid wants this moral dignity — Themistocles is the chief personage; and it is impossible to conceal, that Themistocles was rather a Statesman than a Hero. Still the poem is a very pleasing one; it deserves to be better known, and should always accompany the Leonidas; Glover thought it the best of the two; it was the work of his old age, and in the vanity of an honest heart, he would sometimes boast that it was *longer* than the Iliad.

He was on a visit at Stowe, when he wrote his ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost, the most spirited of all his productions. The thought occurred to him during the night, he rose early, and went into the garden to compose; in the heat of composition he got into the tulip-bed, and, unfortunately having a stick in his hand, hewed, and slashed all round him without mercy. Some of the company who had seen him from the windows, and suspected how his mind was occupied, asked him at

breakfast, how he could think of destroying Lady Temple's favourite flowers. The Poet, perfectly unconscious of what he had done, pleaded not guilty. There were, however, witnesses enough to convict him; he acknowledged that he had been composing in the garden, and was easily forgiven, when he recited his ballad.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying
  On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
  Our triumphant Navy rode,
There while Vernon sat all glorious
  From the Spaniards late defeat,
And his crew with shouts victorious,
  Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
  Hideous yells, and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
  A sad troop of Ghosts appear'd

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand Ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, O heed our fatal story,
"I am Hosier's injured ghost,
"You, who now have purchased glory
"At this place, where I was lost,
"Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
"You now triumph free from fears,
"When you think on our undoing,
"You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
"Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
"Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
"These were English captains brave;

" Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
" Those were once my sailors bold,
" Lo each hangs his drooping forehead,
" While his dismal tale is told.

" I by twenty sail attended,
" Did this Spanish town affright;
" Nothing then its wealth defended
" But my orders not to fight:
" O! that in this rolling ocean
" I had cast them with disdain,
" And obey'd my hearts' warm motion,
" To have quell'd the pride of Spain;

" For resistance I could fear none,
" But with twenty ships had done
" What thou brave and happy Vernon,
" Hast atchieved with six alone,
" Then the Bastimentos never
" Had our foul dishonour seen,
" Nor the sea the sad receiver
" Of this gallant train had been.

" Then, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
" And her galleons leading home,
" Though condemn'd for disobeying,
" had met a traitor's doom,

" To have fallen, my country crying,
" He has played an English part,
" Had been better far than dying
" Of a grieved and broken heart.

" Unrepining at thy glory,
" Thy successful arms we hail;
" But remember our sad story,
" And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
" Sent in this foul clime to languish,
" Think what thousands fell in vain,
" Wasted with disease and anguish,
" Not in glorious battle slain.

" Hence with all my train attending
" From their oozy tombs below,
" Through the hoary foam ascending,
" Here I feel my constant woe:
" Here the Bastimentos viewing,
" We recall our shameful doom,
" And our plaintive cries renewing,
" Wander through the midnight gloom.

" O'er these waves for ever mourning,
" Shall we roam deprived of rest,
" If to Britain's shores returning
" You neglect my just request;
" After this proud foe subduing,
" When your patriot friends you see,
" Think on vengeance for my ruin,
" And for England shamed in me."

MYLES COOPER.

1785.

The following specimens are the best which could be selected, from a volume of very indifferent 'Poems, on Several Occasions.'—Printed at Oxford, 1761; the author was of Queens' College.

EPITAPH.

"Life is a jest" the bard averr'd,
Whose nice conception seldom err'd,
Yet, friend of mine, let me advise;
Be never merry more than wise.
This mean unless thou well discernest,
I fear the jest will turn to earnest.

THE TURNCOAT.

AN EPIGRAM:

Written at a General Election.

His head long since, Sir Gusman turn'd,
'Twas pity no man thought;
But all the world seem'd much concern'd,
When Gusman turn'd his coat.

The contest ended, he has got
This comfort for his pains,
To see how much we think his coat
Is better than his brains.

ON THE SAME.

A turncoat! Heavens, it cannot be;
The Knight would never turn, not he;
The very thought is shocking:
Except he sagely sought to hide
Some desperate hole on t'other side,
As Teague once turn'd his stocking;

ON THE SAME.

SIR Gusman turn'd his brain, why then,
Cries Ned, e'n let him turn't again.
His coat he turn'd; ay, from my heart,
Cries honest Dick, I'm sorry for't.

Of Irish Ram, thus have I seen,
For twice two shillings sold the skin;
And on the stall neglected laid,
An useless heap his blundering head.

TO DELIA SINGING.

YES, my fair, to thee belong,
All the noblest powers of song;
Trust me, for I scorn deceit,
Nought on earth is half so sweet,
As the melting, dying note
Warbling through thy liquid throat,
Save the breath in which it flows,
Save the lip on which it grows.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

Cambridge.—1741.—1785.

Cibber's successor as Laureat.

TO MR. MASON.

BELIEVE me Mason, 'tis in vain
  Thy fortitude the torrent braves;
Thou too must bear the inglorious chain;
  The world will have its slaves.
The chosen friend for converse sweet,
The small, yet elegant retreat,
Are peaceful unambitious views
  Which early fancy loves to form,
When aided by the ingenuous muse,
She turns the philosophick page,
And sees the wise of every age,
  With nature's dictates warm,

But ah, to few has fortune given
  The choice to take, or to refuse;
To fewer still indulgent Heaven
  Allots the very will to choose,

And why are varying schemes preferr'd?
Man mixes with the common herd:
By custom guided to pursue,
  Or wealth, or honours, fame, or ease.
What others wish, he wishes too,
Nor forms his own peculiar choice,
'Till strengthen'd by the public voice,
  His very pleasures please.

How oft, beneath some hoary shade
  Where Cam glides indolently slow
Hast thou, as indolently laid,
  Preferr'd to Heaven thy favourite vow,
" Here, here for ever let me stay,
" Here calmly loiter life away,
" Nor all those vain connections know
  " Which fetter down the free-born mind,
" The slave of interest, or show;
" While yon gay tenant of the grove,
" The happier heir of Nature's love,
  " Can warble unconfined."

Yet sure my friend, the eternal plan
  By truth unerring was design'd;
Interior parts were made for man,
  But man himself for all mankind.

Then by the apparent judge the unseen;
Behold how rolls this vast machine
To one great end, howe'er withstood,
  Directing its impartial course.
All labour for the general good;
Some stem the wave, some till the soil,
By choice the bold, the ambitious toil,
  The indolent by force.

That bird, thy fancy frees from care,
  With many a fear unknown to thee,
Must rove to glean his scanty fare
  From field to field, from tree to tree,
His lot united with his kind,
Has all his little joys confined;
The lover's and the parents' ties
  Alarm by turns his anxious breast,
Yet, bound by fate, by instinct wise,
He hails with songs the rising morn,
And, pleased at evening's cool return,
  He sings himself to rest.

And tell me, has not nature made
  Some stated void for thee to fill,
Some spring, some wheel, which asks thy aid
  To move regardless of thy will?

Go then, go feel with glad surprise
New bliss from new attentions rise;
Till, happier in thy wider shpere,
  Thou quit thy darling schemes of ease;
Nay, glowing in the full career,
Even wish thy virtuous labours more;
Nor 'till the toilsome day is o'er
  Expect the night of peace.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TREE. *

On the Terrace at Nuneham, Oxfordshire.

THIS tree was planted by a female hand,
  In the gay dawn of rustick beauty's glow:
And fast beside it did her cottage stand,
  When age had cloathed the matron's head with snow.

* This tree is well known to the country people, by the name of Bab's Tree. It was planted by one Barbara Wyat, who was so much attached to it, that, on the removal of the village of Nuneham, to where it is now built, she earnestly entreated that she might still remain in her old habitation. Her request was complied with, and her cottage not pulled down till after her death.

To her, long used to nature's simple ways,
This single spot was happiness complete;
Her tree could shield her from the noon-tide blaze,
And from the tempest screen her little seat.

Here with her Colin oft the faithful maid
Had led the dance, the envious youths among:
Here, when his aged bones in earth were laid,
The patient matron turn'd her wheel and sung.

She felt her loss; yet felt it as she ought,
Nor dared 'gainst nature's general law exclaim;
But check'd her tears, and to her children taught
That well known truth, "Their lot would be the same."

Though Thames before her flow'd, his farther shores
She ne'er explored; contented with her own.
And distant Oxford, though she saw its towers,
To her ambition was a world unknown.

Did dreadful tales the clowns from market bear
Of kings and tumults, and the courtier train,
She coldly listen'd with unheeding ear,
And good queen Anne, for ought she cared, might reign.

The sun her day, the seasons mark'd her year,
  She toil'd, she slept, from care, from envy free,
For what had she to hope, or what to fear,
  Blest with her cottage, and her favourite tree.

Hear this ye great, whose proud possessions spread
  O'er earths' rich surface to no space confined;
Ye learn'd in arts, in men, in manners read,
  Who boast as wide an empire o'er the mind,

With reverence visit her august domain;
  To her unletter'd memory bow the knee:
She found that happiness you seek in vain,
  Blest with a cottage, and a single tree.

INSCRIPTION, IN THE GARDENS AT NUNEHAM, IN OXFORDSHIRE.

To the Memory of Walter Clark, Florist, who died suddenly near this spot, 1784.

On him whose very soul was here,
  Whose duteous, careful constant toil
Has varied with the varying year,
  To make the gay profession smile;

Whose harmless life in silent flow
  Within these circling shades has past,
What happier death could Heaven bestow,
  Than in these shades to breathe his last?

'Twas here he fell: not far removed
  Has earth received him in her breast;
Still far beside the scenes he loved,
  In holy ground his relicks rest.
Each clambering woodbine, flaunting rose,
  Which round yon bower he taught to wave,
With every fragrant brier that blows,
  Shall send a wreath to bind his grave.

Each village matron, village maid,
  Shall with chaste fingers chaplets tie.
Due honours to the rural dead,
  And emblems of mortality.
Each village swain that passes by,
  A sigh shall to his memory give;
For sure his death demands a sigh,
  Whose life instructs them how to live.

If spirits walk, as fabling age
  Relates to childhood's wondering ear,
Full oft, does fancy dare presage,
  Shall Walter's faithful shade be here;

Athwart yon glade, at night's pale noon,
  Full oft shall glide with busy feet,
And by the glimmering of the moon
  Revisit each beloved retreat:

Perhaps the tasks on earth he knew
  Resume, correct the gadding spray,
Brush from the plants the sickly dew,
  Or chase the noxious worm away.
The bursting buds shall gladlier grow,
  No midnight blasts the flowers shall fear;
And many a fair effect shall show
  At noon that Walter has been here.

Nay, every morn, in times to come,
  If quainter ringlets curl the shade,
If richer breezes breathe perfume,
  If softer swell the verdant glade,
If neatness charm a thousand ways,
  Till nature almost art appear,
Tradition's constant favourite theme,
  Shall be—Poor Walter has been here.

MOSES BROWNE.

1703—1787.

This writer was originally a pen-cutter, but he took orders, and obtained the vicarage of Olney, and was also chaplain to Morden College; he was one of the first contributors to the Gentleman's Magazine, and obtained some of the prizes offered by Mr. Cave for the best Poems; besides some dramatick pieces, and an edition of Isaac Walton's Complete Angler; he published, 1 a volume of Poems, 1739. 2 Sunday Thoughts, a Poem, 1749 3 Percy Lodge, a descriptive Poem, 1756. His Piscatory Eclogues were reprinted in 1773.

He seems to have enjoyed life to the very last. Cooper had wished for his Parsonage for Lady Hesketh 'But Moses Browne our Vicar,' he says, 'who as I told you is in his eighty-sixth year, is not bound to die for that reason;' he said himself when he was here last summer, 'that he should live ten years longer, and for ought that appears, so he may.' His letter is dated 1786, and if its statement be accurate, as seems probable, Browne must have been born in 1700.

From 'An Essay on the Universe.

* * * * * * *

——— Why did Heaven produce
This Orb, but for his Planets, mutual use?
Have theirs, to cherish with their vital fires,
No happy train, no circulating choirs?
Shine they all void thro' solitary space?
Fair to no service? fruitful with no race?
No Reptile, Plant, or Animal, to tend?
Vast without worth? and active, for no end?
O! rather think, since form'd with equal powers,
Heaven meant their systems as complete as ours.
O'erwhelming image! what a boundless scene
Breaks on the mind! what musings intervene!
What!—when Discoveries still their sum enlarge,
Swell on, and mental Faculties o'ercharge
With the perspective, lo! th' Observer sees
More numerous Orbs, and more, succeed to these.
In the bright knot, where six small Pleiads shine,
Full seventy clustering luminaries join;
Where famed Orion's constellation glows,
Two thousand mingled Stars their Orbs disclose.

How thick, discernible to aided sight,
Their central forms possess the milky height!
Whose spheres elude the reach of naked eyes,
And seem with light to belt the whiten'd skies.
Have each (a sovereign in his system's bound)
Their lighted Earths and Moons revolving round,
Inhabitable all? their plants and flowers?
Their Insects, Animals, and reasoning pow'rs?
Confute it, Mortal! whose elating pride
Would to thyself the Universe divide.
What, tho' no Planets round these Orbs of light
Appear, thus distant, to thy failing sight,
Seen from their Region would thy Wanderers run
To a like point, all shrunk within thy sun.
Thy Sun would seem, by a remove so far,
Diminutive as theirs, supposed a Star,
View'd with his kindred lamps (their night to cheer)
In the same surface of one concave sphere.
Say, do Reflections, Man! enlarged like these,
Thy vain ambition's ruling lust displease;
Yet, humble Christian, thy unswelling mind
May from their lessons, deep instruction find.
Jesus, the God! the existing worlds proclaim,
To Thee related by a dearer Name;

Jesus, the Man ! the incarnate, saving friend !
To thy admiring thoughts they more com-
mend ;
He, who thy Nature bore, thy sins attoned,
Is Lord of all this vast Creation own'd.
If lessen'd by the view thyself thou see,
The more his love it magnifies for thee.

EDMUND RACK.

1737.

He was Secretary to the Society for the encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, &c.

The specimen is taken from a volnme of Essays, Letters, and Poems, published, 1781.

LAVINIA TO MARTIO.

To her loved lord, who on a hostile shore,
Sees the war rage, and hears the cannons roar —
To her loved lord, on whom her life depends; —
These tender lines distress'd Lavinia sends.

I write, (sad task !) that helps to wear away
The long, long, mournful, melancholy day,
Write what the fervours of my soul inspire,
And vainly fan love's slow consuming fire.

With unawailing sorrow sunk, I grow,
A silent, weeping, monument of woe !
Yet hope's kind rays, sometimes afford relief,
And, for a moment, chase the clouds of grief;
Past scenes of bliss, in vision, I survey,
When pleasure led the smiling hours of day :
But soon, ah ! soon, the fleeting phantoms fly,
And real woes their vacant place supply.
O memory, source of happiness or woe,
As from thy stores past joys or sorrows flow,
How oft hast thou recall'd those happy hours,
Enjoy'd, by silver streams, in blooming bowers;
While every breeze that fann'd the conscious grove
Wafted around our vows of mutual love;
When I his suit with modest blush approved,
And sighs unconscious told how well I loved;
When he, enamour'd, snatch'd me to his arms,
And gazed, delighted, on my youthful charms!
To witness calling every power above,
He vow'd a fix'd, inviolable love; —

A love sublime as fervent as inspires
Celestial bosoms with ethereal fires !

Then I too fondly trusted female power,
And like the present, deem'd the future hour:
I hoped, that bound by love's cementing tie,
From these fond arms my Martio ne'er would fly.
Alas, how vain!—The fields of combat claim
His only care, and love submits to fame.

Oh! how couldst thou thy dear Lavinia leave,
To trust the dangers of the faithless wave!
Or how forsake thy peaceful native land,
To meet fierce conflicts on a foreign strand;
Where hell-born discord holds her dreadful course;
Where rages war, with dire destructive force!
Where dying groans from wounded soldiers rise,
And nought but death and horrour meet thine eyes !

When that sad hour arrived, which from my arms
Snatch'd thy dear form, and fill'd me with alarms,
Soon as thy bark, unmoor'd, with flying sails
Plough'd the green flood, and flew before the gales,

(While, loud resounding, roar'd the deeps below,)
Up the steep cliff, with labouring steps and slow,
My way I bent, and, with a tearful eye,
Trembling, beheld the lessening vessel fly:
The lofty masts diminish'd in my view,
And crimson streamers wore a doubtful hue:
Swift fled the ship, beyond the reach of sight,
Lost in blue mists that usher'd in the night.
Then a cold shivering seiz'd my languid frame:
I fell,—and soon insensible became.
O had that moment giv'n me to the skies,
And kindly finish'd all my miseries;
Then had my tears for ever ceased to run,
And these sad numbers ne'er had been begun!
But my attendants, with officious haste,
Recall'd my fleeting soul, again to taste
The cup of woe which Martio's absence brings,
And feel the force of sorrow's sharpest stings.

Then, frantick with despair, my hair I tore:
My loud lamentings echo'd round the shore.
Life I disdain'd; but 'twas my hapless fate
To wish in vain my death to antedate.
At length, a flood of tears, the friends of grief,
Incessant flow'd, and gave my soul relief:

With bended knee, I then to heaven preferr'd
Prayers for the safety of my much loved lord;
That, when the horrors of grim war arise,
And the fields echo with expiring cries,
Thou might'st in safety pass the empurpled plain,
And, crown'd with conquest, bless these arms again.

Sometimes, when slumbers soft my eye-lids close,
And lull my senses in a short repose,
O'er thy uncertain fate my fancy rolls,
And fear alarming, every hope controuls.
Imagination, with her busy train,
Paints all the horrours of Germania's plain:
In visions dire the field of death appears,
And thou, encircled round with hostile spears.
Then, trembling I behold the ruthless sword
Plunged in the bosom of my dearest lord;
Or sudden, hear the cannon's thundering sound,
And see thee pale and fainting on the ground!
Then, starting, wild with terror and affright,
I wake, and mourn away the tedious night.

When morn illumes the east, I pensive, rise;
But, ah!—no joy the fragrant morn supplies;

For fear, distracting fear, my breast invades,
Destroys my peace, and mournful makes the shades
Where erst with thee I pass'd the happy hours,
When light-wing'd love sat hovering o'er the bowers:
But lost to joy, my dearest Martio gone
Pensive I sit, deserted, and alone:
Wasted with grief, Lavinia now appears
A weeping ghost, like Niobe in tears:
No friend can cheer, or give my soul repose,
Or shed the balm of comfort o'er my woes;
For thou, perhaps, distracting thought! hast found
Some new Lavina, with perfection crown'd;
Some blooming fair, replete with matchless charms,
Whose beauty binds thee to her wanton arms:
Some blooming fair, of every grace possess'd,
Perhaps now reigns sole empress of thy breast.

Ah, no!—for ever banish'd be these fears!
Thou wilt not, canst not, thus increase my tears!
Then let me not thy constancy accuse,
Or fear the treasure of thy heart to lose.

Thy spotless heart is pure as Alpine snows;
And truth dictated all thy tender vows.
No thought licentious did thy actions prove;
Chaste was thy passion, fervent was thy love.
Thy looks, persuasive, banish'd every fear;
Thy words, endearing, spoke thy soul sincere:
And when, dissolved in tender woe I lay,
On the sad morning of the parting day;—
When pleading tears, the eloquence of pain,
Flow'd down my cheeks, but flow'd, alas! in vain;
The soft distress disarm'd thy martial mind,
And shook the purpose which thy soul design'd;
Yet honour, stubborn honour, would not yield
To love, the triumphs of a conquer'd field;
But thee compell'd with sorrow in thine eye,
To quit these arms, and from this breast to fly.
Still, when the last, last parting moment came,
Through all the Hero, shone the Lover's flame:
"Adieu, my fair," with faultering voice he cried:
"Adieu, my fair," the echoing rocks reply'd.

Come, then, my Martio; leave the hostile field,
Where fierce Bellona shakes her horrid shield:
With speed repass the intercepting main,
Lavinia waits thee on thy native plain:

Fly to her bosom ; she thy absence mourns :
Her love with undiminish'd fervor burns;
Her sighs, her prayers, her tears, unceasing flow,
And speak the language of perpetual woe.
If to her longing arms you quick return,
Life's quivering lamp will then, rekindled, burn :
Her languid looks new lustre will assume ;
Again the roses in her cheeks will bloom;
Again young smiles will sparkle in her eye;
And love, and joy, their mingled bliss supply.
But in thy absence, sad, she pines away,
And soon to death, alas! must fall a prey;
Forlorn and wretched, on her natal shore,
She now but breathes, and soon will breathe no more.

SOAME JENYNS.

London, 1740.—1787.

The elegant and characteristick pen of Mr. Cumberland has offered to the world the following sketch of Soame Jenyns, which presents itself to be opportunely for this work, not to be inserted in it.

"He was a man who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of all the good companions whom I ever knew. — He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honour in all the colours of the jay; his lace indeed had long since lost its lussre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen embroidered figured velvets with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram skirts; as nature had cast him in the exact mould of an ill made pair of stiff stays, he followed her so close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not

wear them; because he had a protuberant wen just under his poll, he wore a wig that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of these and his nose for another wen, that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he "wondered any body so ugly could write a book."

"Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into; his pleasantry was of a sort poculiar to himself; it harmonized with every thing; it was like the bread to our dinner; you did not perhaps make it the whole, or principal part of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your other viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did; his thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them: he wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil, yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician and a worse dancer: ill nature and personality, with the single exception of his lines upon Johnson, I never heard fall from his lips; these lines I have forgotten, though I believe I was the first person to whom he recited them; they were very bad, but he had been told that Johnson ridiculed his metaphysicks, and some of us had just then

been making extemporary epitaphs upon each other; though his wit was harmless, yet the general cast of it was ironical; there was a terseness in his repartee that had a play of words as well as of thought; as, when speaking of the difference between laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said, 'One was principal without interest, and the other interest without principal.' Certain it is, he had a brevity of expression, that never hung upon the ear, and you felt the point in the very moment that he made the push."

THE 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON,

AN ECLOGUE.

Written on the Conclusion of the Peace, 1748.

By his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclined,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe just fill'd, upon a table near,
Lay by the London-Evening, stain'd with beer

With half a Bible, on whose remnants torn
Each parish round was annually forsworn,
The gate now claps, as evening just grew dark,
Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;
But soon discerning with sagacious nose
The well-known savour of the Parson's toes,
Lays down his head and sinks in soft repose.
The Doctor entering, to the tankard ran,
Took a good hearty pull, and thus began:

PARSON.

Why sitt'st thou thus forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!
See bonfires spangle o'er the vale of night!

SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace, nor plenty can I see,
Joyless I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.
My wheels, though old, are clogg'd with a new tax;
My oaks, though young, must groan beneath the axe;

My barns are half unthatch'd, untyled my house;
Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:
See, there's the bill my late damn'd law-suit cost!
Long as the land contended for — and lost:
Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,
So short my pocket is, so long the score;
At shops all round I owe for fifty things —
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad indeed:
No wonder, when we scarce believe our creed;
When purblind reason's deem'd the surest guide,
And heaven-born faith at her tribunal try'd;
When all Church-power is thought to make men slaves,
Saints, Martyrs, Fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold your tongue:
I'm for the Church, — but think the parson's wrong.

PARSON.

See then! free-thinking now so rank is grown,
It spreads infection through each country town;
Deistick scoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing—

'SQUIRE.

Come, drink;—

PARSON.

—— Here's to you then; to church and king

'SQUIRE.

Here's Church and king; I hate the glass should stand,
Though one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heaven with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,
Unless we soon repeal the Toleration,
And to the Church restore the Convocation.

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starved by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the Church, yet wish for the Pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean;
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a Dean:
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? sure some strange news! a boy with letters:
Oh, ho! here's one, I see, from parson Sly:
"My reverend neighbour Squab being like to die,
"I hope, if heaven should please to take him hence,
"To ask the living wou'd be no offence."

PARSON.

Have you not swore that I shou'd Squab succeed?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;

How oft discover'd puss on new-plow'd land;
How oft supported you with friendly hand,
When I cou'd scarcely go, nor cou'd your wor-
ship stand.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the Bishops, or the Devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die;
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old Presbyterian Sly.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song or story.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;
'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble 'Squire, more generous than your wine,
How pleasing's the condition you assign!

Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:
Great Queen*, who governest this earthly ball,
And makes both kings and kingdoms rise and fall;
Whose wonderous power in secret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;
Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars;
Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,
And gives them peace again—nay gav'st us this;
Whose health does health to all mankind impart,
Here's to thy much-lov'd health:—

(SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*)

——— With all my heart.

* Madam de Pompadour.

ROBERT LOWTH, D D.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

1710. — 1787.

This eminent man is so well known, that little could be said of him here, which is not fresh in the mind of every scholar. He was the son of the Rev. William Lowth, Rector of Buriton, Hants, and gave at Winchester shool early promise of the talents which afterwards distinguished him. At Oxford he filled the chair of the Professor of Poetry for nine years, which he quitted in 1751. In 1762, he published his Introduction to English Grammar. In 1765, he entered into a controversy with Bishop Warburton, and, like all controversialists, the two antagonists disgraced themselves, and each other. But this conduct was not natural to Lowth; and when he and Warburton met, the latter, in his surprize at his amiable and gentle manners, bore ample testimony to his virtues. It is to the honor of both, that mutual shame produced a friendship; a rare instance of liberality between men of different opinions.

Bishop Lowth died in consequence of a paralytick stroke, on the 3d of November, 1787.

TO THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Written in 1746.

BRITON! the thunder of the wrath divine,
Due to thy father's crimes, and long with-held
from thine,
Shall burst with ten-fold rage on thy devoted head;
Unless with conscious terrors awed,
By meek, heart struck repentance led,
Suppliant thou fall before the offended God:
If haply yet thou may'st avert his ire;
And stay his arm outstretch'd to launch the
avenging fire.

Did not high God of old ordain,
When to thy grasp he gave the sceptre of the
main,
That empire in this favour'd land,
Fix'd on religion's solid base should stand?
When from thy struggling neck he broke
The inglorious, galling, papal yoke,
Humbled the pride of haughty Spain,
And freed thee by a woman-hero's hand;

He then confirm'd the strong decree:
" Briton, be virtuous and be free;
" Be truth, be sanctity thy guide:
" Be humble: fear thy God; and fear thou nonebeside"

Oft has the offended Power his rising anger shown:
Led on by his avenging hand
Rebellion triumphs in the land:
Twice have her barbarous sons our war-train'd hosts o'erthrown.
They fell a cheap inglorious prey;
The ambitious victor's boast was half supprest,
While heaven-bred fear, and wild dismay,
Unmann'd the warriour's heart, and reign'd in every breast.

Her arms to foreign lands Britainia bore;
Her arms, auspicious now no more!
With frequent conquests where the sires were crown'd;
The sons ill-fated fell, and bit the hostile ground:
The tame, war-trading Belgian fled,
While in his cause the Briton bled:

The Gaul stood wondering at his own success;
Oft did his hardiest bands their wonted fears confess;
Struck with dismay, and meditating flight,
While the brave foe still urged the unequal fight,
While William, with his Father's ardour fired,
Through all the undaunted host the generous flame inspired!

But heavier far the weight of shame
That sunk Britannia's naval fame:
In vain she spreads her once victorious sails,
Or fear, or rashness, in her chiefs prevails;
And wildly these prevent, those basely shun the fight;
Content with humble praise, the foe
Avoids the long-impending blow;
Improves the kind escape, and triumphs in his flight.

The monstrous age, which still increasing years debase,
Which teems with unknown crimes, and genders new disgrace,
First, unrestrain'd by honour, faith, or shame,
Confounding every sacred name,

The hallow'd nuptial bed with lawless lust profaned;
Derived from this polluted source
The dire corruption held its course
Through the whole canker'd race, and tainted all the land.

The ripening maid is versed in every dangerous art,
That ill adorns the form while it corrupts the heart:
Practised to dress, to dance, to play,
In wanton mask to lead the way,
To move the pliant limbs, to roll the luring eye;
With folly's gayest partizans to vye
In empty noise and vain expense;
To celebrate with flanting air
The midnight revels of the fair;
Studious of every praise but virtue, truth, and sense.

Thus lesson'd in intrigue, her early thought improves,
Nor meditates in vain forbidden loves;
Soon the gay nymph in Cyprus' train shall rove
Free and at large amidst the Idalian grove;
Or haply jealous of the voice of fame,
Mask'd in the matron's sober name,

With many a well-dissembled wile
The kind, convenient husband's care beguile;
More deeply versed in Venus' mystick lore,
Yet for such meaner arts too lofty and sublime,
The proud, high-born, patrician whore,
Bears unabash'd her front, and glories in her crime.

Hither from city and from court
The votaries of love resort;
The rich, the great, the gay, and the severe;
The pension'd architect of laws;
The patriot, loud in virtue's cause;
Proud of imputed worth, the Peer;
Regardless of his faith, his country, or his name,
He pawns his honour and estate;
Nor reckons at how dear a rate
He purchases disease, and servitude, and shame.

Not from such dastard sires, to every virtue lost,
Sprung the brave youth, which Britain once could boast:
Who curb'd the Gaul's usurping sway,
Who swept the unnumber'd hosts away,

In Agincourt, and Cressy's glorious plain;
  Who dyed the seas with Spanish blood,
  Their vainly-vaunted fleets subdued,
And spread the mighty wreck o'er all the van-
    quish'd main.

No—'twas a generous race, by worth transmissive
    known:
  In their bold breast their father's spirit glow'd:
  In their pure veins their mother's virtue flow'd:
They made hereditary praise their own.
  The sire his emulous offspring led
  The rougher paths of fame to tread;
  The matron train'd their spotless youth
  In honour, sanctity and truth;
Framed by the united parents' care,
The sons, though bold, were wise; the daughters
    chaste though fair.

  How time, all-wasting, even the worst impairs,
And each foul age to dregs still fouler runs!
  Our sires, more vicious even then theirs,
  Left us, still more degenerate heirs,
To spawn a baser brood of monster-breeding
    sons.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

1788.

This authour was a Physician at St. Alban's, where he acquired considerable reputation. Dr. Anderson, in the life prefixed to Cotton's Works, laments that 'Of the family, birth-place, and education of Nathaniel Cotton, there are no written memorials.'

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
  Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
  No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
  And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our ownselves our bliss must flow,
  And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
  That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
  Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
  By sweet experience know,
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
  A paradise below.

Our babes shall richer comfort bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs, we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how litttle do we need!
For nature's calls are few.
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
  Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
  Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
  And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
  Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
  But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
  The relicks of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
  With cautious steps we'll tread:
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
  And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
  And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
  And smooth the bed of death.

ROBERT EARL NUGENT.

1709—1788.

This Nobleman was the son of Michael Nugent, Esq. of Carlanston, in Ireland. He distinguished himself both in literature and politicks, to the former of which he dedicated the early part of his life, which was passed among men, eminent for rank and talents. He was brought up a Catholick, but the vigour of his mind was not to be restrained by the creed of the church of Rome. The works of protestant divines, and protestant philosophers, connected him with Frederick Prince of Wales; after whose death he made his peace with the court, and was appointed in 1754 a Commissioner of the Treasury, and continued in a walk of sun-shine till age and infirmities growing on him, induced him to retire from business for a few years preceding his death, which happened in the year 1788.

TO CAMILLA.

WEARIED with indolent repose,
A life unmix'd with joys or woes;
Where all the lazy moments crept,
And every passion sluggish slept;
I wish'd for Love's inspiring pains,
To rouze the loiterer in my veins.
The officious power my call attends,
He who uncall'd his succour lends,
And with a smile of wanton spite,
He gave Camilla to my sight.
Her eyes their willing captive seize,
Her look, her air, her manners please;
New beauties please, unseen before,
Or seen, in her they please me more;
And soon, too soon, alas! I find
The virtues of a nobler kind,

Now cheerful springs the morning ray,
Now cheerful sinks the closing day;
For every morn with her I walk'd,
And every eve with her I talk'd;

With her I liked the vernal bloom,
With her I liked the crowded room;
From her at night I went with pain,
And long'd for morn to meet again.

How quick the smiling moments pass,
Through varying Fancy's mimick glass!
While the gay scene is painted o'er,
Where all was one wide blank before;
And sweetly soothed the inchanting dream,
'Till Love inspired a bolder scheme.

Camilla, stung with grief and shame,
Now marks, and shuns the guilty flame;
Fierce anger lighten'd in her face,
Then cold reserve assumed its place:
And soon, the wretch's hardest fate,
Contempt, succeeds declining hate.
No more my presence now she flies,
She sees me with unheeding eyes;
Sees me with various passions burn,
Enraged depart,—submiss return;
Return with flattering hopes to find
Soft pity move her gentle mind.
But ah! her looks were still the same,
Unmark'd I went, unmark'd I came;

Unmark'd were all my hopes and fears,
While Strephon whispers in her ears.

O jealousy! distracting guest!
Fly to some happy lover's breast;
Fitly with joy thou minglest care,
But why inhabit with despair?

An Ode to William Pultney, Esq.

REMOTE from liberty and truth,
By fortune's crime, my early youth
  Drank errour's poison'd springs.
Taught by dark creeds and mystick law,
Wrapt up in reverential awe,
  I bow'd to priests and kings.

Soon reason dawn'd—with troubled sight,
I caught the glimpse of painful light,
  Afflicted and afraid.
Too weak it shone to mark my way,
Enough to tempt my steps to stray
  Along the dubious shade.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
Lo Hooker shines! the friendly star
  Sends forth a steady ray.
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
I mount, till glorious to my view,
  Locke spreads the realms of day.

Now warm'd with noble Sidney's page,
I pant with all the patriot's rage;
  Now wrapt in Plato's dream,
With More and Harrington around,
I tread fair Freedom's magick ground,
  And trace the flattering scheme.

But soon the beauteous vision flies,
And hideous spectres now arise,
  Corruption's direful train:
The partial judge perverting laws,
The priest forsaking virtue's cause,
  And senates, slaves to gain.

Vainly the pious artist's toil
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,
  On some immortal plan;
Within a sure, tho' varying date,
Confined alas! is every state
  Of empire and of man.

What though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
  To break the eternal doom!
Though Cato lived, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
  Yet perish'd fated Rome.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good Fleury pours the golden tide
  On Gallia's smiling shores;
Once more her fields shall thirst in vain
For wholesome streams of honest gain,
  While rapine wastes her stores.

Yet glorious is the great design,
And such, O Pultney! such is thine,
  To prop a nation's frame.
If crush'd beneath the sacred weight
The ruins of a falling state,
  Shall tell the patriot's name.

JOHN LOGAN.

Soutra. Med Lothian. — 1748 — 1788.

Logan is accused of having purloined certain Poems from the manuscript of poor Michael Bruce, and published them as his own. The best pieces in his volume, are, however, indisputably his own.

SONG.

The Braes of Yarrow.

" THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
" When first on them I met my lover ;
" Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
" When now thy waves his body cover !
" For ever now, O Yarrow stream !
" Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
" For never on thy banks shall I
" Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

" He promised me a milk-white steed,
" To bear me to his father's bowers;
" He promised me a little page,
" To 'squire me to his father's towers;
" He promised me a wedding-ring,—
" The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
" Now he is wedded to his grave,
" Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

" Sweet were his words when last we met;
" My passion I as freely told him!
" Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
" That I should never more behold him!
" Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
" It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
" Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
" And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

" His mother from the window look'd,
" With all the longing of a mother;
" His little sister weeping walk'd
" The green-wood path, to meet her brother.
" They sought him east, they sought him west,
" They sought him all the forest thorough;
" They only saw the cloud of night,
" They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

" No longer from thy window look,
" Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
" No longer walk thou lovely maid!
" Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
" No longer seek him east or west,
" And search no more the forest thorough;
" For, wandering in the night so dark,
" He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

" The tear shall never leave my cheek,
" No other youth shall be my marrow;
" I'll seek thy body in the stream,
" And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

O D E.

On the Death of a young Lady.

THE peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold,
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an earthly tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red;
The affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smiled.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And 'dust to dust' the mourner cries.

O, from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne;
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou, sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair with my first ideas twined,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!

Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragick tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after-friendship e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower,
And love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of fancy cares controul,
And mar the beauties of the soul.

Versed in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart begins to beat!
The blood runs cold at interests' call: —
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely nature is expell'd,
And friendship is romantick held:
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes: —
The veil is rent—the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment's past;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye Gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow cold;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor Nature yield to frigid art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of musick sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on it's bloom
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

HENRY HEADLEY.

1788.

In an age which has been inundated by mechanical rhymesters, it is no small praise to say, that Headley had a feeling of the real merits of our early Poets.

SONNET III.

To Time.

THOU hoary traveller! slow passing by
The wretch, who counts each moment of his woes,
Till liberty his prison-gate unclose;
As the dull snail, whose motion mocks the eye,
Full oft thy tardy journeyings betray
The spoiler—yon moss-mantled tower,
Whose head sublime derided once thy power,
Now silent crumbling sinks beneath thy sway,

The sapling, thy tall streamer, waves on high,
Whilst thy deep wounds each mazy fissure shows,
Like wrinkles, furrowing deep thy own grey brows:
Yet not for this rude triumph swells my sigh,
But that thy hand will wither beauty's rose,
And dim the fire, that lights the sparkling eye.

SONNET V.

The Cottage.

THY haughty eye disdains the wine-clad cot,
And its rude owner, whose salubrious board
Pomona kind, and Naiads fair, have stor'd:
Simple, but dignified, his humble lot.
When Patriotism call'd, from such retreat
Sprang ancient Valour, son of Toil severe,
And sunburnt Health; he snatch'd the glittering spear,
Leaving the plough his country's foes to meet.

Nor back his eagle wing'd her flight to Rome,
Till, bearing bloody spoils, he led the march
Triumphant thro' the sculpture-woven arch,
Where Victory rear'd sublime her laureate dome.
Then Moderation's hand disarm'd the swain,
And led him smiling to his cot again.

SONNET VII.

To Charlotte Smith.

Of thee, fair mourner, o'er whose downcast face,
Fortune has spread the sickly tints of grief;
Whilst Poesy to give thee sweet relief,
Assays with warblings mild thy woes to chase,
An emblem meet thy search far roving finds,
Among the infant spring's first opening flowers,
Drooping its head, and wet with frequent showers,
The snow-drop trembles in the ruffling winds.
Yet seems its simple form in Fancy's eye
More lovely, since in rudest season born.
How piteous such a flower should bide the scorn
Of every surly storm that passes by!
How far more piteous surly storms should blow
'Gainst thee, whose song is echo to thy woe!

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Langholm, Dumfries-shire.—1734.—1789.

Mickle's Lusiad will live; but it is not a translation; he has built upon the timbers of Camoens. The story is sometimes altered, and every where ornamented; and the descriptive parts, almost in every instance, original.

Sacred to the Heir of ——— Castle.

Oh thou whose hopes these fair domains inspire,
The awful lesson here bestow'd attend,
With pensive eve here let thy steps retire,
What time rapt Fancy's shadowy forms descend.
Hark! from yon hall as headlong waste purveys,
What Bacchanalian revels loud resound,
With festive fires the midnight windows blaze,
And fever'd tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis past— the mansion owns another lord,
The ousted heir so riotous ere while,
Now sits a suppliant at his wonted board,
Insulted by a base-born menial's smile.
By the base menials taunted from the door,
With anguish'd heart resistless of his woe,
Forlorn he strays those lawns, his own no more,
Unknowing where, on trembling knees and slow.

'Till here beneath an aged elm's bleak shade,
Fainting he sinks—Ah! let thy mind descry,
On the cold turf how low his humbled head,
On yon fair dome how fix'd his ghastly eye.
By his mad revels, by his last heart sigh,
O thou of these proud towers the promised heir,
By every manly virtue's holy tie,
By honour's fairest bloom, Oh fortune's child, beware!

THOMAS DAY.

London—1748—1789.

The life of Thomas Day has been written at some length, by Mr. Kier, who omitted all its most remarkable circumstances; these have been selected by Miss Seward, in her Memoirs of Darwin. Both writers deserve some censure. Biography should never be written, unless the whole truth is told, and the whole truth ought never to be told, while any good feelings can be wounded, or any evil ones gratified by divulging it. It is well that the heart of every remarkable man should be laid open to posterity: but it is not well, that his friends and his enemies should be invited to the dissection.

Day has been anathematized as a Jacobin, by the same equitable and charitable spirit of reflex law which has placed Aristotle and Socrates in Hell, because they were not Christians. His opinions were often erroneous, his feelings always right; and though he was extravagantly eccentrick, his virtues were at least as singular, as his eccentricities.

Sandford and Merton, will, no doubt, be included in the first English *Index Expurgatorius*. Till, however, we have one, it will continue to be read with profit and pleasure, by those for whom it is designed.

THE DYING NEGRO.

The following Poem was occasioned by a fact, which had recently happened at the time of its first publication, in 1773; A Negro, belonging to the captain of a West-Indiaman, having agreed to marry a white woman his fellow servant; in order to effect his purpose, had left his master's house, and procured himself to be baptized; but being detected and taken, he was sent on board the captain's vessel, then lying in the river; where, finding no chance of escaping, and preferring death to another voyage to America, he took an opportunity of stabbing himself. As soon as his determination is fixed, he is supposed to write this Epistle to his intended wife.

ARM'D with thy sad last gift — the power to die,
Thy shafts, stern Fortune, now I can defy;
Thy dreadful mercy points at length the shore,
Where all is peace, and men are slaves no more;
— This weapon, even in chains, the brave can wield,
And vanquish'd, quit triumphantly the field:

—Beneath such wrongs let pallid Christians live,
Such they can perpetrate, and may forgive.

Yet while I tread that gulph's tremendous brink,
Where nature shudders, and where beings sink,
Ere yet this hand a life of torment close,
And end by one determined stroke my woes,
Is there a fond regret, which moves my mind,
To pause, and cast a ling'ring look behind?
—O my lov'd bride!—for I have call'd thee mine,
Dearer than life, whom I with life resign,
For thee even here this faithful heart shall glow,
A pang shall rend me, and a tear shall flow—
How shall I soothe thy grief, since fate denies
Thy pious duties to my closing eyes?
I cannot clasp thee in a last embrace,
Nor gaze in silent anguish on thy face;
I cannot raise these fetter'd arms for thee,
To ask that mercy Heaven denies to me;
Yet let thy tender breast my sorrows share,
Bleed for my wounds, and feel my deep despair.
Yet let thy tears bedew a wretch's grave,
Whom Fate forbade thy tenderness to save,
Receive these sighs — to thee my soul I breathe —
Fond love in dying groans is all I can bequeath.

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——" So be thy life's gay prospects all o'ercast,
All thy fond hopes dire disappointment blast!
Thus end thy golden visions, son of pride!
Whose ruthless ruffians tore me from my bride;
That beauteous prize Heaven had reserved at last,
Sweet recompense for all my sorrows past.
O may thy harden'd bosom never prove
The tender joys of friendship or of love!
Yet may'st thou, doom'd to hopeless flames a prey,
In unrequited passion pine away!
May every transport violate thy rest,
Which tears the jealous lover's gloomy breast!
May secret anguish gnaw thy cruel heart,
'Till death in all his terrours wing the dart;
Then, to complete the horror of thy doom,
A favour'd rival smile upon thy tomb!"

" Why does my lingering soul her flight delay?
Come, lovely maid, and gild the dreary way!
Come, wildly rushing with disorder'd charms,
And clasp thy bleeding lover in thy arms;

Close his sad eyes, receive his parting breath,
And soothe him sinking to the shades of death!
O come—thy presence can my pangs beguile,
And bid the inexorable tyrant smile;
Transported will I languish on thy breast,
And sink enraptured to eternal rest:
The hate of men, the wrongs of fate forgive,
Forget my woes, and almost wish to live.
—Ah! rather fly, lest aught of doubt control
The dreadful purpose labouring in my soul;
Tears must not bend me, nor thy beauties move,
This hour I triumph over fate and love!

—" Again with tenfold rage my bosom burns,
And all the tempest of my soul returns;
Again the furies fire my madning brain,
And death extends his sheltering arms in vain;
For unrevenged I fall, unpitied die;
And with my blood glut Pride's insatiate eye!
Thou Christian God! to whom so late I bow'd,
To whom my soul its new allegiance vow'd,
When crimes like these, thy injured power prophane,
O God of Nature! art thou call'd in vain?

Did'st thou for this sustain a mortal wound,
While Heaven, and Earth, and Hell, hung trembling round?
That these vile fetters might my body bind;
And agony like this, distract my mind?
On thee I call'd with reverential awe,
Adored thy wisdom, and embraced thy law;
Yet mark thy destined convert as he lies,
His groans of anguish, and his livid eyes,
These galling chains, polluted with his blood,
Then bid his tongue proclaim thee just and good!
But if too weak thy vaunted power to spare,
Or suffcrings move thee not, O hear despair!
Thy hopes and blessings, I alike resign,
But let revenge, let swift revenge be mine!
Be this proud bark, which now triumphant rides,
Toss'd by the winds, and shatter'd by the tides,
And may these fiends, who now exulting view
The horrours of my fortune, feel them too!
Be theirs the torment of a lingering fate,
Slow as thy justice, dreadful as my hate;
Condemn'd to grasp the riven plank in vain,
And chased by all the monsters of the main;
And while they spread their sinking arms to thee,
Then let their fainting souls remember me!

—Thanks, righteous God !—Revenge shall yet be
mine ;
Yon flashing lightning gave the dreadful sign.
I see the flames of heavenly anger hurl'd,
I hear your thunders shake a guilty world.
The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood shall penetrate the sky.
Amid these horrours, and involving night ;
Prophetick visions flash before my sight,
Eternal Justice wakes, and in their turn
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn ;
Lo! Discord, fiercest of the infernal band,
Fires all her snakes, and waves her flaming brand ;
No more proud Commerce courts the western
gales,
But marks the lurid skies, and furls her sails;
War mounts his iron car, and at his wheels
In vain soft Pity weeps, and Mercy kneels,
He breathes a savage rage through all the host,
And stains with kindred blood the impious coast ;
Then, while with horrour sickening Nature groans,
And earth and heaven the monstrous race dis-
owns,—
Then the stern genius of my native land,
With delegated vengeance in his hand,

Shall raging cross the troubled seas, and pour
The plagues of Hell on yon devoted shore.
What tides of ruin mark his ruthless way;
How shriek the fiends exulting o'er their prey!
I see their warriors gasping on the ground,
I hear their flaming cities crash around.—
In vain with trembling heart the coward turns,
In vain with generous rage the valiant burns.—
One common ruin, one promiscuous grave,
O'erwhelms the dastard; and receives the brave—
For Afric triumphs! — his avenging rage
No tears can soften, and no blood assuage.
He smites the trembling waves, and at the shock
Their fleets are dash'd upon the pointed rock.
He waves his flaming dart, and o'er their plains,
In mournful silence, desolation reigns—
Fly swift, ye years! — Arise, thou glorious morn!
Thou great avenger of thy race be born!
The conquerors palm and deathless fame be thine!
One gen'rous stroke, and liberty be mine!
—And now, ye Powers to whom the brave are dear,
Receive me falling, and your suppliant hear.
To you this unpolluted blood I pour,
To you that spirit which ye gave restore!

I ask no lazy pleasures to possess,
No long eternity of happiness;—
But if unstain'd by voluntary guilt,
At your great call, this being I have spilt,
For all the wrongs, which, innocent, I share,
For all I've suffer'd, and for all I dare;
O lead me to that spot, that sacred shore,
Where souls are free, and men oppress no more.

THOMAS WARTON.

1728 — 1790.

Thomas Warton's prose-works are confused and desultory. His poetry is like a new medal, spotted with artificial rust; yet there is no man of his generation to whom our literature is so much indebted, except Percy. He bore a great part in what may be called our Poetical Reformation — in recalling us from a blind faith in Idols, to the study of the true books.

It is delightful to hear how all Wykehamists speak of this happy-natured man, who carried with him a boy's heart to the grave.—We still want a life of Warton, which should relate all his good-tempered oddities.

O D E,

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

STATELY the feast and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,

And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilganon's castle-hall,
Sublime, in formidable state,
And warlike splendour; Henry sate;
Prepared to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lake with rebel blood.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flamed aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream;
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall
The storied tapestry was hung;
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Serne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)

To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime,
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme;

" O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
" High the screaming sea-mew soar'd,
" On Tintaggel's * topmast tower
" Darksome fell the sleety shower;
" Round the rough castle shrilly sung
" The whirling blast, and wildly flung
" On each tall rampart's thundering side
" The surges of the tumbling tide:
" When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
" On conscious Camlan's crimsoned banks:
" By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
" Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
" Yet in vain a paynim foe
" Arm'd with fate the mighty blow:

* *Tintaggel*, or Tintadgal-castle, where king Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity, towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the southern coasts of Cornwall.

" For when he fell, an elfin queen,
" All in secret, and unseen,
" O'er the fainting hero threw
" Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
" And bade her spirits bear him far,
" In Merlin's agate-axled car,
" To her green isle's enamel'd steep,
" Far in the navel of the deep.
" O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
" From flowers that in Arabia grew:
" On a rich enchanted bed,
" She pillow'd his majestick head,
" O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
" Thrice she waved an opiate wand;
" And to soft musick's airy sound,
" Her magick curtains closed around.
" There, renew'd the vital spring,
" Again he reigns a mighty king;
" And many a fair and fragrant clime,
" Blooming in immortal prime,
" By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
" Owns the monarch's high command:
" Thence to Britain shall return,
" (If right prophetick rolls I learn)
" Borne on victory's spreading plume,
" His ancient sceptre to resume,

"Once more, in old heroick pride,
"His barbed courser to bestride;
"His knightly table to restore,
"And brave the tournaments of yore."

They ceased, when on the tuneful stage
Advanced a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With time's faint rose his features glow'd;
His eyes diffused a soften'd fire,
And thus he waked the warbling wire.

"Listen, Henry, to my reed!
"Not from fairy realms I lead
"Bright-robed tradition, to relate
"In forged colours Arthur's fate;
"Though much of old romantick lore
"On the high theme I keep in store:
"But boastful fiction should be dumb,
"Where truth the strain might best become,

" If thine ear may still be won
" With songs of Uther's glorious son;
" Henry, I a tale unfold,
" Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
" Nor sung, nor harp'd in hall or bower;
" Which in my youth's full early flower
" A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
" Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
" Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn;]
" Deep in cliff-encircled lawn,
" What time the glistering vapours fled
" From cloud enveloped Clyder's head;
" And on its sides the torrents gray
" Shone to the morning's orient ray,

" When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
" No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
" Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,'
" In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
" Where crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
" Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
" But when he fell, with winged speed,
" His champions, on a milk-white steed,
" From the battle's hurricane,
" Bore him to Joseph's towred fane,

" In the fair isle of Avalon * :
" There, with chanted orison,
" And the long blaze of tapers clear,
" The stoled fathers met the bier ;
" Through the dim aisles in order dread
" Of martial woe, the chief they led,
" And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
" Before the altar's solemn bound.
" Around no dusky banners wave,
" No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
" Away the ruthless Dane has torn
" Each trace that time's slow touch had worn ;
" And long, o'er the neglected stone,
" Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown :
" The faded tomb, with honour due,
" 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !
" Thither, when conquest has restored
" Yon recreant isle, and sheathed the sword,
" When peace with palm has crowned thy brows,
" Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
" There observant of my lore,
" The pavement's hallow'd depth explore ;

* Glastonbury-abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called, the island, or valley of Avalonia.

" And thrice a fathom underneath
" Dive into the vaults of death.
" There shall thine eyes with wild amaze,
" On his gigantick stature gaze ;
" There shall thou find the monarch laid,
" All in warrior-weeds array'd ;
" Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
" And weapons huge of old renown.
" Martial Prince, 'tis thine to save,
" From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !
" So may thy ships securely stem
" The western frith : thy diadem
" Shine victorious in the van,
" Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
" Thy Norman pike-men win their way
" Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay * :
" And from the steps of rough Kildare
" Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :
" So may thy bow's unerring yew
" Its hafts in Roderick's heart imbrew" †.

* The bay of Dublin ; Harald, or Har-Fager, the fair-haired, King of Norway, is said, in the life of Gryffudh ap Conan, Prince of North-Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long-bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted.

Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high
With passion new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns a-while his bold emprise;
Even now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace;
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wonderous tomb:
Even now, he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
Even now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;
And drag to-day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
Even now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

SONNET.

On Bathing.

When late the trees were stripp'd by winter pale,
Young Health a Dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen,
But since, gay throned in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote, each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the choir of Naiads trim.

SONNET.

To the River Lodon.

Ah, what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks, with alders crown'd,

And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the sound,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, fills the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure,
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless all my vacant days have flow'd,
From Youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

1790.

A Clergyman, who published two volumes of Poems, chiefly translations in 1782.

THE INVITATION.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Berkeley.

When pomp, parade, and splendour cloy,
Bliss on a smaller scale enjoy
With me, within an humble cell,
Where Peace, and cheap Contentment dwell.

No niceties can I bestow;
But if I had them—well I know
You'd wish all dainties to decline,
And snugly on a collop dine:

For more would look so like—your own—
The puzzling meal would ill go down.

When a hedge-parson is your host,
Expect, indeed, but boil'd or roast :
Perhaps beside, the frugal board
A simple pudding may afford,
With—what gives value to a treat —
A hearty welcome, when you eat :
But when this dinner ?—let me see—
On Tuesday next—at half-past three.

If then your Lady-ship will come,
Spruced up each Muse shall be at home ;
On Berkeley!—Ah, how proud to tend !
Berkeley the Muse's guardian friend !
To be in future ages sung
As Her—whence lively Craven * sprung.
On whom has bland Thalia smiled
And taken for her favourite child ;
Hereafter—if such meed she chuse—
To be herself invoked a Muse;

* Right Honourable Lady Craven, highly distinguished for her theatrical taste, and literary compositions of various kinds.

When to a Muse the honours due
Must as their source recur to you.

Whence Berkeley's Earl, well known to prove
" A father in a brother's love :"
Paternally, who draws his blood
From Chiefs that figured near the flood :
But virtue needs no aid from birth,
Nobility's best title's-worth :
And thus to worth the honours due
Reach as their distant source to you —

Whence He*, who with impatience glows
Vengeance to pour on Britain's foes ;
Too gallant much to trust to fame
E'en to a Berkeley's boasted name,
Though thence no mean, no niggard claim :
In vain the youth's intreped spirit,—
Sworn foe is S—d—h to all merit!
Denied command—oppress'd, and cross'd,
Or in inglorious service lost.

* Honourable George Berkeley, Captain of the Vestal Frigate.

This tribute due to worth excuse—
The greatest Bards digressions use,
Which Episodes are call'd in trade:
Then to the point from whence we stray'd.

Now should your Ladyship agree,
To flatter thus my vanity.
O with you bring the lovely lass, *
That justly for a Grace may pass,
Whose beauty, and whose wit proclaim
Her title to a Grace's name:
And soon I hope 'twill be the case,
That I may bow unto—her Grace.

This said, what now remains to say?
I might forsooth enlarge the lay,
With Venus' charms, Minerva's air,
Juno's—I know not what, I swear;
For she was a proud minx, I'm told,
And horriby inclined to scold;
Ought then such trumpery to have place
In the description of a Grace?

* Lady Louisa, youngest daughter of Lady Berkeley.

Well—when a theme transcends all praise,
As happens here to be the case,
'Tis time, I trust, to close the lays,
Lest that the Muses, who are my lodgers,
Impeach of dotage ———

Your's, *S. Rogers.*

AN ESSAY ON DREAMS.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable Lady Craven, of Benham Place, Berkshire.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas
Nocturnos lemures, portantaque Thessala rides?
HOR.

ACCEPT, O Craven! what of right belong
To thee, sweet mistress of Morphean song;
Whose magick pen so well itself displays
Fancy's wild flights in captivating lays:
Accept the lines an humble Muse commends,
Whose pride it is to be—'Of Craven's friends:'

Of Thine, fair Patroness, whose liberal views
Beyond the grave attend the favour'd Muse:
Witness this truth, O Jenour's gentle shade,
The signal honours to thy memory paid.

Fancy, that prompts the aspiring soul to stray
Far as the regions of eternal day;
O'er bounds prescribed by Providence to leap,
And dive into the wonders of the deep:
Hail, sovereign, chief of faculties, assign'd
To rule the various movements of the mind!
Hail, mighty power subordinate to none,
Save when Imperial Reason mounts the throne;
Who knows to check, or urge the aspiring soul,
To form the judgment, or direct the whole.

Night yields to thee the empire of the mind,
In dreams to sport, and wanton unconfined;
While reason sleeps, in mimick forms you play,
Re-judge her actions, and usurp her sway:
But oft mis-join'd compound the motley scene,
Form brutes with reason, and with instinct men;
Nature for thee, inverts each genial power,
For thee the heavens untimely blessings shower:
Raised by thy magick eye new scenes appear,
And crown with plenty the preposterous year;

For thee fell meteors dart from pole to pole,
Realms shift their place, and oceans cease to roll;
With joy your wild creation you survey,
And gild the prospect with your varying ray.

Oh! that by thee, the Muse, inspired to sing,
For flights like thine would stretch the adventurous wing!
Like thee to soar through worlds before unknown,
Scenes unexplored, and regions of her own!
Pleased to pursue the visionary theme,
And trace thee, wandering in the midnight dream!

The active soul let erring scepticks name,
Of mortal substance, and material frame;
Who on the senses think its powers depend,
From these its being, and from these its end:
Studious at best their nature to debase,
And but ingenious in their own disgrace;
But thou my Muse, unanxious that thy name
Should rise a bubble in the stream of fame,
Boast not with them a doctrine to maintain
Ignobly wise, and impotently vain.

What, though a-while the languid frame's oppress'd,
And every wearied sense lies sunk in rest:

Conclude not hence the busy spirit fled,
The mind extinguish'd, and its functions dead;
Such god-like faculties did Heaven decree,
That reason dormant still should reason be;
Yes, yes, our dreams some principles inspire,
Some power unknown—some spark of heavenly fire;
By which we view with Hope's presuming eye
An active being, that can never die.

Hope springs eternal in the aspiring breast,
To joys unknown, or knowlege unpossess'd;
Hence then in sleep the sportive fancy roves
O'er flowery meadows and Elysian groves:
Through vales of bliss, o'er many a cloud-capt hill,
By crystal fountain, or by purling rill;
Bounds to her flight no rigid laws ordain,
No matter clogs, no reasoning powers restrain.
Sometimes o'er craggy rocks, and dreary lakes,
Her midnight course the pensive wanderer takes;
While from the rending earth and bursting skies
Strange sounds are heard, and forms ideal rise;
Forms such as superstition ne'er believed,
Nor fable feign'd, nor panick fear conceived:

The aërial shapes a-while delusive play,
But fly the dawn of reason and of day.
Mark how in dreams, whate'er the Fancy's theme,
Love—rage—or fear—are still in the extreme;
Joy too, by sleep exalted and refined,
With heavenly bliss dilates the ravish'd mind,
While Pride exults with more aspiring wing,
And venom'd Anguish darts a keener sting.

Hence midnight Fancy, in successive train,
Presents each known idea to the brain;
The mine to Misers shoots a splendid beam,
As watchful Avarice prompts the golden dream;
The anxious merchant views the swelling sail
Ride down the tide, and gather all the gale;
When sudden tempests snatch the expected prize,
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and mountains rise.
Statesmen in glory's airy regions soar,
Or boundless realms of politicks explore;
But in the giddy height are blindly lost,
Or rove abandon'd on a desart coast.
The neighing steed, plumed troops, and glittering car,
To slumbering Chiefs present the pomp of war;
While softer charms inspire the melting maid
Of sprightly dance, and midnight masquerade;

As Fancy sports, extravagantly gay,
And sleep restores the conquests of the day.

Mean-while the youth (whose heaven-imparted fires,
Fair Virtue kindles, and true Love inspires)
Feeds soft reflection in the dusky shade,
Each ravish'd thought endears the absent maid;
If absent deem'd, when Fancy's friendly beam
Presents her image in the lively dream.

Ah! strive those dear illusions to remove,
Those pleasing phantoms of aërial love;
Strive hapless youth, lest swift-succeeding care,
And all the frantick anguish of despair,
With real grief thy paradise destroy,
And blast the scenes of visionary joy!

Lo! the poor Rustick on whose mind prevail
The idle legend, and the nurse's tale
Of midnight ghosts, by glimmering tapers seen,
Of fairy forest, or enchanted green,
In the wild dream distracts his tortured brain
With gloomy fear's imaginary train.

By fancy thus those airy forms are made,
That haunt each lawn, and people every shade;

Hence swains attentive snatch a fearful joy,
As tales of woe the tedious night employ :
How, on a time, the love-lorn hapless maid,
By faithless tears, and flattering vows betray'd,
At William's feet a ghastly form was seen ;
How headless monsters stalk across the green ;
How bells at dead of night are heard to ring,
While shrieking ravens flap their boding wing !

Thus all, like those, whose unambitious mind
No arts have form'd, no science has refined,
Through life in Fancy's mazy errour roam,
As Superstition spreads its awful gloom;
Till haply Reason's long-absenting ray
The mind revisits, and restores the day;
When the bright dawn of opening truth shall rise,
To chase these airy phantoms from the eyes,
And teach that all the mind's mistaken themes—
Our Hopes, our Fears, our Pleasures, are but—
Dreams.

JOHN ELLIS.

London, March 22, 1698.—1691.

'It is wonderful,' Sir, said Dr. Johnson, 'what is to be found in London.—The most literary conversation that I ever enjoyed, was at the table of Jack Ellis, a money-scrivener, behind the Royal-Exchange, with whom I at one period used to dine, generally once a week!'

John Ellis, who is thus honourably mentioned, attained to civick as well as literary, honours; he was a common-council-man, Deputy of Broad-Street Ward, and was four times Master of the Scrivener's Company. His mother was one of the fierce old Calvinists; she had him flogged at school, for looking at a top on a Sunday, which had been given to him the day before.

The small pox had injured the sight of one of his eyes, in infancy very materially, so that when he was advanced in life, he could only use the other to draw, write, &c. with the help of a glass. But by some unaccountable

operation of nature, when he was four-score years of age, the sight of that eye became suddenly darkened, and the one which had been useless resumed its faculties, so that he saw far better than before. The change ocasioned no pain or sensation whatever ; it occurred during a walk by moonlight, and its immediate effect was, that though he saw the path distinctly, he could not keep it, but deviated to the right, and so much that his companion was obliged to lead him home.

All the seasons of relaxation from business, he employed in walking: and when he was questioned on his omitting to go to church, his usual reply was—Nathan walked with the Lord.

For more than twenty years he was in the habit of writing verses, some of which appeared in the collections of Dodsley, and of his friend and correspondent Moses Mendez ; his only seperate publications were, 1 The Surprize, or the Gentleman turned Apothecary, 1739. versified from a Latin translation of a French original.

The canto added by Maphæus
To Virgil's twelve books of Æneas,
From the original Bombastic,
Done into English Hudibrastic,
With notes beneath, and Latin text
In every other page annext

1758.

Most of his works remain in manuscript; there is among them a translation of Ovid's Epistles ready for the press, which Johnson, it is said, advised him to publish.

The very curious specimen of his taste and poetry, is copied from the European Magazine, which contains an account of this happy and remarkable man at some length, and a good portrait.

SARAH HARTOP'S LOVE LETTER VERSIFIED.

Advertisement to the Reader.

The following Epistle was written by a Girl at Deal, to her sweet-heart, a sailor on board of a man of war in the Downs. The simplicity which runs through the whole, may, perhaps, excite the reader's ridicule on the first perusal: but if he compares this girl's sentiments, with those of Ovid's Heroines, making allowance for her want of so polite a Secretary, he will find them much the same. Therefore a poetical translation is here added, as an Essay towards dressing up those naked sentiments of Sarah, in such a garb, as to render them rather worthy of compassion, than ridicule.

THE ORIGINAL.

Lovin Der Charls,

THIS with mi kind lov to yow, is to tel yow, after all owr sport and fon, i am lik to pa fort, for i am with child, and wors for all, mi sister Nan nos it, and cals me a hore and bich, and is redy to ter mi sol owt, and Jack Peny lis with her every tim he cums ashor, and the saci dog wuld hav lade with me to, but i wold not let him, for i will be always onest to you, therefor der Charls, cum ashor and let us be mared to saf mi vartu; and if yow hav no munni, i wil paun mi nu stas and sel mi to nu smoks you gav me, and that will pa the parson and find us a diner: and pra der Charls cum ashor, and dont be afraid for want of a ring, for I hav stol mi sister nans, and the nasti tod shal never hav it no mor, for she tels about that i am goin to hav a bastard, and, god bles yor der lovin sol, cum sune, for I longs to be mared

accordin to your promis, and i will be yor der vartus wif tel deth.

Sarah Hartop.

Feb. 7, 1734.

P S. Pray dont let yor mes-mat Jac see this if yow do hel tel owr nan, and shel ter mi hart owt then, for she is a divil at me now.

TRANSLATION.

DEAR object of my love, whose manly charms
With bliss extatick filled my circling arms!
That bliss is past, and nought for me remains,
But dire reproach, and never-pitied pains;
For, death to mine, and food for others' pride,
My sister has my growing shame descried;
Even she assails me with opprobious name,
When the prude's conscious she deserves the same.
Her loose associate sated from her flies,
And vainly to seduce my virtue tries.
True as a wife; I only want the name,
O haste and wed me, and preserve my fame.

And if your present power will not afford
To fee the Priest, and spread the nuptial board,
The finry which your fondness did bestow,
Full freely to supply that want shall go.
With love alone attired; love all my guide,
Oh could I see myself your naked bride;
No Dame I'd envy for her jointured lands;
Love scorns the lawyer's mercenary bands.
Nor shall you want the mystick ring of gold,
My sister Ann's my finger shall enfold;
To me, but just that forfeit for the wrong
My love sustains from her licentious tongue.
Then haste away, and strike detraction dead,
The nuptial feast awaits you, and the bed:
Fail not; my hope, my banish'd peace restore;
Confirm the truth, you plighted me before;
Nor fear the bond that will endure for life
With me your loving and your faithful wife.

P. S.—These earnest dictates of my anxious heart,
I beg you will not to your friend impart,
For oft beneath fair friendship's specious show
The traitor lurks the undermining foe.

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS.

PROVOST OF ETON COLLEGE.

1734 — 1791.

He published, 1. Judah Restored; A Poem in six books, and 2. Poems, 1766.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER, &c.

AMIDST the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,
Though Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole,

O Chatham, nursed in ancient Virtue's lore,
  To these sad strains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou, and I adore,
  Nor turn unpitying from the Poor Man's
    Prayer.

Ah me! how blest was once a peasant's life!
  No lawless passion swell'd my even breast;
Far from the roaring waves of civil strife,
  Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleasure roved,
  But taught by nature, and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet call'd whom best I loved,
  With her I shared my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth, I ask'd no wealthy dower,
  My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
I envied no man's riches; no man's power,
  I ask'd of none to give, of none to lend.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
  When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was
    there,
  Or through the beech-wood cast an anxious eye:

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From such plain food as nature could afford,
Ere simple nature was debauch'd by art.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
Saw round my knees our prattling children play;
And oft with pleased attention sat to hear
The little history of their idle day.

But ah! how changed the scene! on the cold stones,
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Pale famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

My faithful wife with ever-streaming eyes
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head;
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie;
Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain. With visage sour
  Our tyrant lord commands us from our home;
And, arm'd with cruel 'aw's coercive power,
  Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains
    roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
  In riots' orgies, or in idle ease;
Ne'er have I squander'd hours in sport and play,
  Nor wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fare, and constant was my toil;
  Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
Fell'd the stout oak or raised the lofty pile,
  Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze,

Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
  Withholds her gifts from these once-favour'd
    plains?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
  Sent death and famine to her labouring swains?

Ah no, yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
  A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn:
Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
  Feels all her acres crown'd with bending corn.

But what avails, that o'er the furrow'd soil
  In Autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
If artificial want elude my toil,
  Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits that at distance, I behold
  My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend,
If still the griping cormorants withhold
  The fruits which rain and genial seasons send?

If those fell vipers of the public weal
  Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
If still the curse of penury we feel,
  And in the midst of plenty pine away?

In every port the vessel rides secure,
  Which wafts our harvest to a foreign shore;
While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
  The sons of strangers, riot on our store.

O generous Chatham, stop those fatal sails,
  Once more with outstretch'd arm thy Britons save;
The unheeding crew, but waits for favouring gales,
  O stop them, e'er they stem the Etrurian wave.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be braced,
  And glowing health support thy active soul;
With fair renown thy public virtue graced,
  Far as thou bidst Britannia's thunder roll.

Then, joy to thee, and to thy children peace
  The grateful hind shall drink from plenty's horn:
And while they share the cultured land's increase,
  The Poor shall bless the day when PITT was born.

JOHN FREE.

1791.

Dr. Free was Rector of Runcorn, in Cheshire, and Lecturer of Newington, in Surry. He published a volume of Miscellanies, in 1751.

AN ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE,

FROM MY FRIEND MR. A——.

[*Who being just then married, advised the Author to leave such solitary Amusements, as engraving verses upon the Rock, and to employ himself better, in looking out a Wife.*]

YOUR good Advice for me design'd,
Sir, I must own was very kind:
But since 'twas not a case in law,
Forgive me, if I spy a flaw.

The thing you know was Matrimony,
Which you protest is sweet as honey:
And so it may, till this moon's o'er,
But tell me, when you've proved it more.
Though I confess it were a pity,
That you should ever change your ditty;
Of fetters you appear so fond;
So happy in the marriage bond.
But I who freedom love and power,
Could never be controul'd an hour;
Beside the living thus in thrall,
The women, if you know them all;
Are not like your good chear—your wife,
No, some would lead you such a life!
And one of these without due care
May fall to any neighbour's share:
Better to reason and delay,
And study whom you could obey,
Than all one's happiness to barter,
For a month's toying with a tartar.
Then to go at it tooth and nail,
And fly from home as from a jayl.
From civil wars, good Heaven defend me,
Nor let a woman's humour end me;
Not but there is a gentler kind,
And one of these I hope to find;

One, who can think that crystal floods,
And mossy banks are solid goods:
So for my turn, as, if she pleases,
To make my sermons, — or my cheeses.
And when I've found her — shall I marry?
Why Reason still cries, "Tarry—tarry.
"The way for you is yet but thorny,
"Though 'twas so easy for the Attorney,
"His is a money-getting trade.
"Ill fate hath you a Parson made;
"And given you so small a living,
"That you can never think of thriving.
"And children too—your wife may breed them
"Faster than both of you can feed them:
"Then her meek spirit and your own
"Under a weight of care must groan:
"You die—your daughter and your son
"And your dear wife are all undone"—
If this for me be matrimony,
It has much more of gall than honey.
Better to muse among the flocks,
And grave my Sonnets on the rocks;
Than ever to desire to know
A joy so intermix'd with woe.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR PASSIONS.

SAY, Love, for what good end design'd
  Wert thou to mortals given?
Was it to fix on earth the mind?
  Or raise the heart to heaven?

Deluded oft we still pursue
  The fleeting bliss we sought,
As children chase the bird in view,
  That's never to be caught.

O! who shall teach me to sustain,
  A more than manly part?
To go through life, nor suffer pain
  Nor joy to touch my heart.

Thou blest Indifference, be my guide,
  I court thy gentle reign;
When Passion turns my steps aside,
  Still call me back again.

Teach me to see through Beauty's art,
  How oft its trappings hide
A base, a lewd, a treacherous heart,
  With thousand ills beside.

Nor let my generous soul give way,
  Too much to serve my friends;
Let Reason still controul their sway,
  And shew where Duty ends.

If to my lot a wife should fall,
  May Friendship be our Love;
The Passion, that is transport all,
  Does seldom lasting prove:

If lasting, 'tis too great for Peace,
  The pleasure's so profuse;
The heart can never be at ease,
  Which has too much to lose.

Calm let me estimate this life,
  Which I must leave behind,
Nor let fond Passions raise a strife,
  To discompose my mind.

When Nature calls, may I steal by,
  As rising from a feast;
I've had my fill of life, and why
  Should I disturb the rest?

EPITAPH.

STRANGER, approach ! and shed a tender tear,
If ever Virtue to thy soul was dear;
If ever Friend in distant climate lost
Unknown to all, or known to few at most,
Thy heart, if ever female sweetness warm'd,
Or lively wit, or strength of reason charm'd,
Or suffering Beauty bade thy sorrows flow,
Here stop a-while to melt at others' woe:
And learn an husband's, brother's, parent's moan
For such a consort, sister, daughter gone.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

1721. — 1791.

Thomas Blacklock, though born in Scotland, was the son of English parents, his father was a bricklayer: at the age of six months he was deprived of his sight by the small-pox; this calamity was counterbalanced by an acute and comprehensive mind, and an amiable disposition; he acquired an early taste for poetry, by hearing it from his father's readings; as he advanced in age, he acquired the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and a knowledge of Philosophy; his poems are very extraordinary productions, and demonstrate the power of genius, to overcome obstacles, which even nature has thrown in its way; the combined powers of his other senses, and the ideas he received through them, enabled him to form such associations, as that of sight would have assisted to supply him with, and it very seldom occurs in reading his works, that any trace of the deficiency of this sense can be discovered. The author of his life says, 'Mr. Black-

lock is very descriptive in many parts of his poems; but 'tis easy to be observed, that, where his descriptions are of any length, they are generally not descriptions of things, but of passions.'

His idea of brightness and glory, seems to be that of something which gives pleasure to the eye, as smoothness to the touch, and he endeavoured to explain it thus. 'He took out his glass, and carrying his hand gently backward and forward on the case of it, he said that it gave him an idea of smoothness; then doing the same on the glass, he said that it gave him an idea of much greater smoothness. Now this, says he, we may carry higher and higher in the mind; and the highest idea of smoothness, is my idea of Glory.'—This might puzzle a metaphysician, or provoke his pride to a smile; but few metaphysicians have written so well as this poor blind man. He also said, that 'a brisk tune was much more like the rays of the sun, than a melancholy one.'

Much of the correctness of his images and epithets, is to be attributed, of course, to imitation of the works of others, though his imitation is not of the commonplace sort; but such as his memory and cultivated mind furnished him with the means of employing. Once he speaks of a sun-beam as something pointed, and the designation of wine in the Epigram is very curious.

FROM A HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

* * * * *

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,
In awful silence wraps her reign ;
Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,
Condense to solid gloom the skies.
Portentous, through the foggy air,
To wake the Demon of despair,
The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
To Hecate ! curst anthems howl.

Intent with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,
Through funeral vaults and channels strays;
Calls the damn'd shade from every cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.
And, shield me heaven ! what hollow sound,
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
When rising fiends exert their power.
And now, sure now, some cause unblest
Breathes more than horrour thro' my breast:

How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What spectres swim before my sight!
My frozen limbs pale terrour chains,
And in wild eddies wheels my brains:
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And death even seems to seize my soul.
What sacred power, what healing art,
Shall bid my soul herself assert;
Shall rouze the immortal active flame,
And search her whence her being came?
O Fortitude! divinely bright,
O Virtue's child, and man's delight!
Descend, propitious to my lays,
And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
With energy divinely strong,
Exalt my soul, and warm my song.
When raving in eternal pains,
And loaded with ten thousand chains.
Vice deep in Phlegethon, yet lay,
Nor with her vissage blasted day;
No fear to guiltless man was known,
For God and Virtue reign'd alone.

But, when from native flames and night,
The cursed monster wing'd her flight,

Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
Chashed sweet contentment from her reign;
Placed death and hell before each eye,
And wrapt in mist the golden sky;
Banish'd from day each dear delight,
And shook with conscious starts the night."

* * * * * * *

But in these dregs of human kind,
These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
How rare such views the heart elate!
To brave the last extremes of Fate;
Like heaven's Almighty power, serene,
With fix'd regard to view the scene,
When nature quakes beneath the storm,
And horrour wears its direst form.
Though future worlds are now descried,
Though Paul has writ, and Jesus died,
Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
And all the heaven of heavens displayed;
Cursed with unnumber'd groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the day-light shines in vain,
or him the fields no joys contain;

Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their musick boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume.
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrour to elude,
By day he mingles with the croud;
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crouds, and open day.
If night his lonely walk surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
That blasted oak, which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's known retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruin'd tower resound:
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid:
He feels fixt earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
Sees lurid phantoms croud the shade;

While shrouded manes palely stare,
And beckoning wish to breathe their care:
Thus real woes from false he bears,
And feels the death, the hell he fears.

* * * * * * *

FROM A SOLILOQUY.

[*The Extract alludes to the Death of the Author's Father, who was killed by an Accident.*]

* * * * * * *

WHERE now, ah! where is that supporting arm
Which to my weak unequal infant steps
Its kind assistance lent? Ah! where that love,
That strong assiduous tenderness, which watch'd
My wishes yet scarce form'd; and, to my view,
Unimportuned, like all-indulging heaven,
Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice
Which, with instruction, soft as summer dews
Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,
Distinguish'd every hour with new delight?
Ah! where that virtue, which, amid the storms,

The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unsubdued, the shock sustain'd?
So firm the oak, which, in eternal night,
As deep its root extends as high to heaven
Its top majestick rises: such the smile
Of some benignant angel, from the throne
Of God dispatch'd, ambassador of peace;
Who on his look imprest his message bears,
And pleased, from earth averts impending ill.
Alas! no wife thy parting kisses shared:
From thy expiring lips no child received
Thy last dear blessing, and thy last advice.
Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,
In thee forsook me, an unguarded prey
For every storm, whose lawless fury roars
Beneath the azure concave of the sky,
To toss, and on my head exhaust its rage."

* * * * * * *

AN EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM.

On a Girl bringing in a Bottle of Wine.

"TERRESTRIAL Hebe! come, and banish woe;
Let mighty wine in generous bumpers flow;

All flame, all spirit, let the glass go round;
Each face be brighten'd, and each wish be
crown'd.
Atlas, the prop of Jove's sublime abodes,
Oft groans beneath the weight of staggering
gods:
Their great example let us then pursue;
We cannot err in what our authors do.
Like them, in joys unconscious of allay,
Laugh, drink, and sing eternity away."

WILLIAM WOTY.

1731—1791.

One of the many Poets, who have had as much relish for the juice of the grape, as for the waters of Helicon.

His talents, and his love of good living, attended him chearfully to the age of sixty. His Poems are printed in 2 vols. 8vo.

THE WIG.

* * * * * * * * *

'Turn we aside to yon slow solemn prig,
Deck'd with a huge circumference of wig,
Curl, above curl ascending———
Who fills the Change with all that pomp and state,
As if, like———, he was fix'd as fate,

Who would not think from his eternal pride,
That wealth to him roll'd down her golden tide,
And that the wheels of credit, rusty grown,
Turn'd glibly forward by his means alone ?
Deluding thought ! for Civis, whelm'd in debt,
Trembling each time at reading the Gazette,
But for the present swells into applause —
Ask you the reason ?—Why, his wig's the cause.
Had it not been for this egregious show,
The impostor would have fail'd some years ago.

* * * * * * * * *

Day roll'd on day, and night succeeded night,
Whole years had wing'd their everlasting flight,
Ere Wig-wag's vast mechanick stretch of thought
This wonderous wonder to perfection brought.
Mean-while, earths' kings to death resign'd their pride,
Statesmen, and coblers, wits, and dunces, died;
The knave, the fool, the coward, and the bold,
Shared the same fate, and Time himself caught cold
As well he might, when one poor lock of hair
Was all he had to shield a pate so bare,

SPRING.

Again the blossom'd hedge is seen
The turf again is dress'd in smiling green
Again the lark ascends the sky,
Winnows the air, and lessens in the eye.
The swallow, that the meads forsook,
Revisits now, and skims along the brook.
The daw to steeple-top up-springs,
And the rook spreads his ventilating wings.
The feather'd tribe, on ev'ry spray,
Chant lively carols to the vernal day,
Each lengthening morn's diurnal light
Beams fresher beauties on the raptured sight.
The leaves hang clustering on the trees,
And health comes riding on the tepid breeze.
Where'er the Goddess fans her way,
Creation feels her universal sway.
The garden moist, with April showers,
Teems with a family of laughing flowers.
Not even a ray, or drop of rain,
But what impregnates, nor that shines in vain.
Yet though the bounteous hand of Heaven,
All good, this liberality has given,

Beyond our wishes amply kind,
Ingratitude still stains the human mind.
Man sees, around, celestial power,
And thankless tastes the blessings of each hour.
He reaps the produce of the plains,
And meanly thinks it tribute for his pains.
Fond wretch! the sordid thought forbear,
Nor to thy narrow self confine thy care;
For know, the Deity, who gives to-day,
To-night may blast thy crops, and snatch thy soul away.

HYMN TO THE MORNING,

WRITTEN IN SUMMER.

HAIL, Goddess of the silver star,
Whose twinkling orb gives signal to the day;
O! queen of light, whose virgin ray
The Sun salutes in his celestial car;
Whose active heats melt every cloud
That would thy dawn of glory shroud,
And stain the lustre of thy laughing eye,
While beneath thy azure sky

Dimple-cheek'd Health with rosy feature glows,
Through lowing pastures on she goes,
Wearing the milk-maid's ruddy grace,
Ease in her tripping step, and pleasure in her face.
Fore-runner of the day's bright reign,
And giver of unspeakable delight!
How Nature triumphs at thy sight,
And looks thanksgiving through her large domain:
At thy approach, the conscious trees
Bend humbly to the tepid breeze,
And every flower a fresher brightness wears,
Labour to the field repairs,
Where buxom Ceres waits him with a smile,
Whistling he crosses every stile,
Or chants some love-lorn ditty's air,
With which he means to charm, and win his favourite fair.
O sovereign of the spicy gale,
Of odours pure, and salutary dews,
Oft as thy star its beam renews,
Thy violet breath entranced let me inhale:
Give me to range thy wholesome hills,
Thy vallies wash'd with crystal rills,

And verdant laws, where many a wild flower grows.
There while Zephyr softly blows,
Let me indulge the heaven-devoted thought,
And render praises, as I ought,
To him whose power and love divine
Call'd thee from total void, and bade thy beauty shine.

ODE,

TO EVENING.

Thou tranquil daughter of the day?
On whose fair face autumnal Zephyrs play;
O'er whose serene unclouded eye
Sol sheds the mildest lustre of the sky.
Thee undisturb'd, oh let me hail,
And tread the carpet of thy verdant vale;
Near which, with bonnet wheaten-bound,
Sits Ceres listening to the sheep-bells' sound;
Or let me woo thee by the stream
Obliquely gilded by the western beam,

While flies and gnats unnumber'd throng,
And faintly murmur no unpleasing song.
Now, to enjoy the silent hour,
The lark descends from his aerial tower;
Apollo is reclined to rest
Upon the down of Amphitrite's breast;
The bird, who loves the coming night,
Hoots querulous, and flaps his wing for flight;
With wheeling plume the bat flits by,
And mocks th' imperfect motion of the eye;
The buzzing chafer here and there
Spreads his gauze wings, and spins along the air:
But dark-ey'd night (so Heaven ordains)
Comes nodding on, and blackens all the plains.
The pleasing scenes, which Nature drew,
Are clouded o'er, and vanish'd from the view.
The splendid morn, the noon of day,
And all the shades of evening are away;
But soon the splendid morn again
Shall radiate all the firmamental plain,
And soon the Sun's meridian ray,
Zenith'd on high, shall give us back the day;
And Evening! thou, with aspect bland,
Shalt pour thy lengthening shadow o'er the land,
Such is thy pictured life O man,
Which daily dies, and fades as it began.

Thy infant morn shall sink away,
Thy noon of youth, and evening age, decay.
Then death shall wrap thee in his urn,
For dust thou wert, and shalt to dust return.

AN AUTUMNAL SONG.

The wood-path is carpeted over with leaves,
The glories of Autumn decay;
The Goddess of plenty has bound up her sheaves,
And carried the harvest away.
With dissonant guns, hills and vallies resound,
The swains through the coppices rove,
The patridges bleed on the dry stubble ground,
The pheasants lie dead in the grove.

To others such pastime, such sport I resign,
And fly to my heart's little queen,
Her breast with a sympathy tender as mine,
Will mourn so pathetick a scene.
A keener enjoyment, my fair, we'll pursue,
From a sight so destructive remove,
Let sportsmen rejoice with the game in full view,
Our pastime's the pastime of love.

Together the true lover's knot let us tie,
  While youth revels high in each vein,
When youth, and its pleasing concomitants fly,
  The true lover's knot will remain.
Though age may creep on, and indenture the brow,
  Still then shall our constancy last,
And, if we can't relish the feast we act now,
  We'll think on the pleasure that's past.

JAMES MARRIOT.

1793.

This Author was a Fellow of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge; and one of the advocates in Doctor's-Commons. He published a volume of Poems, 1760.

Inscription upon an Hermitage.

BENEATH this rural cell
Sweet smiling Peace and calm Content
Far from the busy crowd sequester'd dwell.
Mortal approaching near,
The hallow'd seat revere,
Nor bring the loud tumultuous passions here;
For not for these is meant
The sacred silence of the stream,
Nor cave prophetick prompting fancy's dream;

If with presumption rude,
Thy daring steps intrude,
Know, that with jealous eye
Peace and content will fly;
The thoughtful Genius of the lone abode
And guardian spirit of this solemn wood
Will sure revenge the sacrilegious wrong;
Reflections tear will then in secret flow,
And all the haunted solitude belong
To Melancholy's train,
Who point the string of pain
With keen remorse and oft redoubled woe.

THE ACADEMICK.

Written April, 1755.

WHILE silent streams the moss-grown turrets lave,
Calm on thy banks with pensive steps I tread;
The dipping osiers kiss thy passing wave,
And evening shadows o'er the plains are spread;

From restless eye of painful care,
To thy secluded grot I fly,
Where fancy's sweetest forms repair,
To sooth her darling poesy;

Reclined the lovely vissionary lies
In yonder vale and Laurel-vested bower:
Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dies,
And breathes the mingled scents of every flower:

While holy dreams prolong her calm repose,
Her pipe is cast the whispering reeds among;
High on the boughs her waving harp is hung,
Murmuring to every wind that o'er it blows.

Oft have I seen her bathe at dewy morn
Her wanton bosom in thy silver spring,
And, while her hands her flowing locks adorn
With busy elegance, have heard her sing.

But say what long recorded theme,
Through all the lofty tale of time,
More worthy can the goddess deem
Of sounding chords and song sublime,

Than whose parental hand to vigour bred
  Each infant art, the noble and the wise,
Whose bounty gave yon arching shades to spread,
  Yon pointed spires in holy pomp to rise?

Shall war alone loud echoing numbers claim,
  And shall the deeds of smiling peace be drown'd
  Amid the hero's shouts and trumpet's sound?
These too shall flourish in immortal fame.

When science fled from Latium's polish'd coasts
  And Grecian groves her long and loved abode,
Far from the din of fierce conflicting hosts,
  Through barbarous realms the weary wanderer trod;

    But to what more indulgent sky,
      To what more hospitable shade,
    Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly
      The helpless and devoted maid?

Time honour'd Founders! ye the virgin woo'd!
  'Twas yours, with souls to native grandeur born,
To bid her radiant beauties shine renew'd,
  With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.

In Granta's happier paths she wept no more;
  Heal'd were the wounds that scarr'd her gentle
    breast
  Here, still she smiles with Freedom's sons to
    rest,
Nor mourns her Attick towers, nor Tuscan shore.

Fathers of Genius! whom the Muse adores,
  For sure to you her noblest strains belong,
Beneath whose venerable roofs she pours
  The grateful notes of sweetly flowing song,

  Th' increase of swift revolving years
    With conscious pride exulting view;
  How all ye plann'd compleat appears;
    How all your virtues bloom anew.

The generous zeal which erst ye felt remains,
  Its bounteous beams still ardent to dispense;
While unexhausted to your learned plains
  Rolls the rich stream of wide munificence.

Joy to your shades! the great career is run,
  Reserved by fate for some superiour hand,
  Confest, the last, the auspicious work shall stand,
And statesman, monarch, end what ye begun.

Ye too, once inmates of these walls renown'd,
  Whose spirits mingling with the ethereal ray,
Of universal nature traced the bound,
  Or raised in majesty of thought the lay,

See your loved arts this clime to grace
  Their rival radiance brighter shed,
While Holles smiles the wreath to place
  Upon the youthful Victor's head.

Where Spenser sits among your thrones sublime,
  To the soft musick of his mournful lays
Listening ye weep for his ungrateful time,
  And point the better hope of happier days.

If with the dead dishonour's memory dies,
  Forget, much injur'd, the unworthy woe!
  In strains like thine so may our accents flow,
In nobler numbers yon fair domes arise.

When faction's storms, or some fell tyrants hate
  Arts join'd with freedom to one grave shall doom,
Then, though these structures to the hand of fate
  Bend their proud height, like thine imperial Rome!

Know, vainly Time, thy rapid rage
Shall point its wide destroying aim!
Since what defies the force of age
Thus consecrates the pile to fame.

Some future eye the ruin'd heap shall trace,
The name of Holles on the stone behold,
Shall point a Brunswick to a distant race
Benign and awful on the swelling gold.

Th' historick page, the poet's tuneful toil,
With these compared, their mutual aid shall raise
To build the records of eternal praise,
And deck with endless wreaths their honour'd soil,

Sweeter than warbled sounds that win the sense,
Flows the glad musick of a grateful heart;
Beyond the pomp of wordy eloquence,
Or strains too cold, high wrought with labour'd art.

Though weakly sounds the jarring string;
Though vainly would the Muse explore
The heights, to which with eagle wing
Alone can heaven-taught genius soar,

Yet shall her hand ingenuous strive to twine
The blooming chaplet for her leaders brow;
While with new verdure graced in glory's shrine,
The ampler palms of civick honours grow;

When he, these favour'd shades appears to bless,
Whose guardian counsels guide a nation's fate
And with superiour toils for Europe's state
Mixes the thought of Granta's happiness.

Hail seats revered! where thoughtful pleasures dwell,
And hovering peace extends her downy wings.
Where musing knowledge holds her humble cell,
And truth divine unlocks her secret springs:

This verse with mild acceptance deign
To hear, this verse yourselves inspire,
Ere yet within your sacred fane
The Muse suspends her votive lyre.

Thee Granta, thus with filial thanks I greet,
With smiles maternal thou those thanks receive,
For learning's humble wealth, for friendship sweet,
For every calmer joy thy scenes could give.

While thus I sport upon thy peaceful strand,
The storms of life at awful distance roar;
And still I dread; still lingering on the shore,
To launch my little bark, and quit the land.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

1746 — 1794.

A man of virtues, talents, and accomplishments, to which he owed his advancement in the world : his life has lately been given to the publick by Lord Teignmouth ; and it affords a rare and useful example of the power of industry, combined with genius.

SOLIMA,

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE;

Written in the year 1768.

Ye maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies ;

The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
Love-tinctured cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild, unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets, and ye gales be still.

See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay; and meadows ever green!
Then ask the groves and ask the vocal bowers,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flowers,
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?

Fair* Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwined the lily, pink, and rose,
Not in proud piles to heap the mighty feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct: —
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope, in the known description of the Man of Ross.

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids!
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble, and ye sick that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bathed in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way:
She asks what cares the joyless train opppress,
What sickness wastes them, or, what wants distress;
And as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,

Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transferr'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this, in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flower
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bower,

Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azibs banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains:
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm:
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twined their blossoms round his vocal tent:
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;
Then ceased, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

A PERSIAN SONG,

OF HAFIZ.

SWEET Maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey,

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom;
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While musick charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

An Ode in Imitation of Alexus.

Οὐ λίθοι, οὐδὲ ξύλα, οὐδὲ
Τέχνη τεχόνων αἱ πόλεις εἰσιν,
Ἀλλ' ὁπόσοι ἄν ὦσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ
Αὐτοὺς σώζειν εἰδότες,
Ἐκεῖθα τείχη καὶ πόλεις.

ALC, quoted by ARISTIDES.

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd business wafts perfume to pride.
No! — Men, high-minded Men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish and be Men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

THE PALACE OF FORTUNE,

AN INDIAN TALE;

Written in the Year 1769.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That roved at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—Maia, thou art fair!
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions robb'd her mind of rest;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharged the anguish of her soul:
"Why glow those cheeks, if unadmired they glow?
"Why flow those tresses, if unpraised they flow?
"Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
"Unfelt their influence, and their sight unseen?

"Ye heavens! was that love-breathing bosom made
"To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade?
"Ah, no: those blushes, that enchanting face,
"Some tap'stried hall, or gilded bower, might grace;
"Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,
"And fire with amorous flames the youthful train."

While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight,
She raised her head, astonished, to the skies,
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A Goddess gliding in her golden car,
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn;
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes, in fluid light array'd;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd;

Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silk-worm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nest of pearly dew
That morning spreads o'er every opening flower,
When sportive summer decks his bridal bower.

The Queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,
Sat in the centre of encircling light.
Soon with soft touch she raised the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid:
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through the aerial plain;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And, as they rose, fresh gales of sweetness shed;
Fann'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild;
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance smiled.

JAMES BOSWELL.

1795.

Our knowlege of the life of Boswell, grows out of that of the life of Johnson: just as the misletoe branches from the oak.

Prologue at the opening of the Theatre Royal Edinburgh; written by James Boswell, Esq. Spoken by Mr. Ross.

SCOTLAND, for learning, and for arms renown'd,
In ancient annals, is with lustre crown'd;
And still she shares whate'er the world can yield
Of letter'd fame, or glory in the field:
In every distant clime Great Britain knows,
The thistle springs promiscuous with the rose.

While in all points with other lands she vied,
The stage alone to Scotland was denied:
Mistaken zeal, in times of darkness bred,
O'er the best minds its gloomy vapour spread;
Taste and Religion were supposed at strife,
And 'twas a sin—to view this glass of life!
When the Muse ventured the ungracious task
To play elusive with unlicensed mask,
Mirth was restrain'd by statutory awe,
And tragick greatness fear'd the scourge of law;
Illustrious heroes arrant vagrants seem'd,
And gentlest nymphs were sturdy beggars deem'd.

This night loved George's free enlightened age,
Bids royal favour shield the Scottish stage:
His royal favour every bosom cheers,
The Drama now with dignity appears.
Hard is my fate, if murmurings there be,
Because the favour is announced by me.

Anxious, alarm'd, and awed by every frown,
May I entreat the candour of the town?
You see me here, by no unworthy art;
My All I venture — where I've fixed my heart.
Fondly ambitious of an honest fame,
My humble hopes your kind indulgence claim.

I wish to hold no right but by your choice;
I'll risk my Patent on the Publick voice.

Prologue to the Comedy of Variety.

AMID the rivals of contending trade,
That court Variety's successive aid,
Two neighbouring houses most exert their cares
To deck with novelty their patent wares;
Both in their turns your generous custom gain,
For both a powerful company maintain
In Covent-garden, and at Drury-lane.
What emulation fires this rival pair—
Variety their everlasting care!
What choice assortments each presents to view!
New furbish'd remnants, now whole pieces—new;
And now old patterns, by the scissars skill,
Sliced into safety—like a cut bank-bill.
Here all the sattin of Circassia shines,
Or homespun stuff with Scottish plaid combines.
There checquer'd Harlequins fair Virtue calls
To Negro nymphs, in linsey-wolsey shawls;

Chictaws and Tictaws all the town entice —
True eastern splendour!—'nothing but full price.'
'Tis good old Lun rebukes the haughty boast;
Stalks from his tomb, and sinks a half-price ghost.

What then, to justly win this precious name,
What true Variety now sues for fame?
Let your own judgment fix our author's plea —
To that we trust to-night's Variety.
No fostering paragraph our Muse can boast,
To slip young laurels in the Morning Post;
Or cull the seedling puffs, at random set,
To thrive transplanted in the Noon Gazette.
Such bankrupt tricks let false ambition play,
And live on paper-credit—day by day;
Variety disdains to trust her cause
To selfish flattery, and to bought applause.

What says the town? — do more — reform, enough,
That Brussels Gazette stop. The prompter's puff—
The prompter's eye, in a fine phrenzy fit,
Glances from pit to box, from box to pit;
And as his fancy bodies forth whole rows
Of absent belles and visionary beaux,

His fertile pen assists the ideal vapours,
And gives them local fixtures in the papers.
There the bold tropes of adulation glow,
Resplendent crowds the teeming house o'erflow;
Repeated bursts attend the scene throughout,
And the play closes with a general shout.

But this fictitious currency is past—
False drafts on Fame must be disgraced at last.
In wealth, as wits, for treasure, or applause,
True genuine credit is the publick cause —
The laws of taste, at least, should still be free—
Assert them kindly—for Variety.

GEORGE BUTT.

1795.

His Poems were published in 2 vols. 1793.

ODE,

TO GREAT BRITAIN.

SET in the silver sea a diamond bright,
  Dear native Albion, would I sing thy praise
I need but ask of truth his purest light,
  To lend the lyrick Muse her proudest blaze.
Borrowing from fable, what we boast our own,
  Let foreign fancy turn the florid tale;
Whilst worshipping, thy sea-sequester'd throne,
  We, what we truly paint, with rapture hail.

Thus Gratitnde to loftiest transport fires,
And Tuscan fancy yields to what the truth in-
spires.

In proud array thy guardian forests rise,
The vigorous products of their genial home,
And, whilst thy mountains touch the sun-bright
skies,
Half o'er their heights majestick mantles roam.
Nor wants sweet Poesy her sweetest range,
By glen and dale, by bower and murmuring
brook;
Toil has his field, and Yeomanry his grange,
Whilst on his down the Shepherd casts his crook,
O'er many a lowland Eden glad to gaze,
And on his Dorick reed to listening Phillis plays.

Thy varying Ether's rolling mirror, shine
Rivers that silver-streak the verdant plains,
Nor seldom pass beside some fane divine,
Where hoar Antiquity sublimely reigns
To tell the glories of thy elder days;
Or to the Muses courteous still, afford
To them, that emulate ingenuous praise,
The cloister'd walk and hospitable board,
And oft thy floods beneath those burdens bend,
Which seas triumphant waft as far as seas extend.

No Norman bulwarks, Cambrian castles, now
  Frown in their strength, nor thence the embattled throng,
Children of blood, as fierce a torrent flow
  As that which thunders Snowdon's side along;
But there the kids disport, or pensive seers
  Stray pleased though pensive, and with profit stray,
Conscious that, after the long lapse of years,
  Illumined more and more by wisdom's ray,
Here Liberty at last her throne has placed,
And views her floating guards lords of the watery waste.

Far as her eye from this her gorgeous tower
  Darts o'er the world she sighs to see mankind,
So many groan beneath the despot's power,
  So widely spectral horrours rack the mind.
She knows its power, she best its power expands,
  Its warmth increases, and unclouds its sight;
Here then she sees Religion's fostering hands
  Drop Hope's best balm, distribute Faith's best light,
Whilst human law weds sacred Charity,
And tells the wondering earth that mind is here most free.

Thus a far famous sage thrice ten years pass'd,
  With all a lovers zeal his country praised;
But, ah the fall! the sage grown blind at last
  Fell as he shook the column he had raised.
So Samson fell, but not alone. We stand
  Strong with augmented liberty and fame,
And more than ever the proud world command,
  Fresh blooming still from Envy's traitourous aim,
Nor would we pillage Peerage, Church and Throne,
To favour low-born pride, and make the world our own.

Firm English honesty, sound English sense,
  Touch rights existing, holy ground, with care,
Scorn Envy's fraud, pert Vanity's pretence,
  Nor dash to dust what Wisdom should repair.
Hence History proud on Britain's acts to wait,
  Has told the world she can her rights maintain,
From tyrant-power with temper save her state,
  With ease majestick cast her papal chain,
Too wise for hurry, too humane for rage,
Dauntless as youth's blind zeal, and cool as well taught age.

What shall I Read?

AN ODE.

Written in 1780, experimentally—in order to ascertain how the observation, 'that poetry is imitation,' could apply to lyrical composition: I therefore as soon as I came into my study, set down, in the above careless way, the real circumstance of the moment.

'Tis winter, cold and rude,
Heap, heap the warming wood;
The wild wind hums the sullen song to night.
Oh hear that pattering shower!
Haste boy—this gloomy hour
Demands relief; the cheerful tapers light.

Though now my cot around
Still roars the Wintery sound,
Methinks 'tis Summer by this festive blaze!
My books, companions dear,
In seemly ranks appear,
And glisten to my fire's far-flashing rays.

Her hairy length outspread,
See Chloe sleeping laid,
Whilst whisker'd Tabby, purring sits beside:
My romping babes at rest—
With perfect leisure blest,
Where shall I now my letter'd feast provide?

Shall I my gay MONTAIGNE,
Pursue thy rambling vein,
And hunt for wisdom in thy motley maze?
Or, with a brow of care,
Think deep with thee Bruyere,
And ponder man in all his mystick ways?

Shall TEMPLE skill'd to please
In prose, whose graceful ease
Wins half the glory from the Poet's toil,
Ambition's pang controul,
And fix my fervent soul
Where rural pleasures best her cares beguile?

Or shall I, couch-reclined
To COWLEY yield my mind,
When the sweet bard forgets his strains of art,
And to the tender lays,
That paint Retirements praise,
Bids all his soul its moral charms impart?

Or in this hour of ease,
Shalt thou CERVENTES please,
And shew thy champions feasts—my prime delight?
No—now thy pleasant page
Shall not my thoughts engage,
Though Wit, though Virtue ruled thy fancy bright;

Though thy good-nature there
(To wit companion rare)
Might smooth the furrows of the sternest brow,
And Quixote's eloquence
'Mid madness flashing sense,
With wisdom's lessons laughter's hour endow.

SWIFT I will gladly praise
Thy skill in easy lays,
Thy humourous prose, perspicuous, pure, and terse;
Yet whilst my candid mind
Some honour owes mankind,
From thy malignant page it turns averse.

No—be yon volume sought,
With golden wisdom fraught,

An Attick vest where English genius wears,
Where harmless humour plays,
Soft as the Solar rays,
And beautifies the flowers that Virtue bears.

Be this thy praise alone,
Immortal ADDISON,
That whilst the Graces o'er thy works preside,
There in their forms divine,
Religion, Virtue, shine,
And point thy writings where thy actions guide.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

London—1731—1795.

Bishop, was Master of Merchant Taylor's school; and imagination need not be put upon the stretch, to form an idea of his life. It is pleasant, however, to see one of his profession tying up the birch twigs with ribbon *couleur de rose,* and gathering the flowers of Parnassus as he drove his flock along the road.

TO THE

REV. GEORGE STEPNEY TOWNLEY,

On the Birth of his daughter, September 18, 1779.

WHAT, shall the father hope, the mother pray,
When their girl's eyes first open to the day?

That ductile Spirit, simple Truth,
  And pregnant Sensibility,
May lead up infancy to youth!—
  And every prank of playful glee
Still seem to say, 'This babe was born,
'A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!'

That year by year, new female grace
  To manlier judgment may be join'd!
Her genius animate her face!
  Her manner indicate her mind!
A face, a mind, that show her born,
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her full form, and perfect powers,
  The worthy and the wise may strike;
And Love, to bless her married hours,
  Conduct and match her to her like!
One, who shall know, and boast her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her capricious heart may take
  Grateful, the share of good decreed!
And comfortable candour make
  All she enjoys, be joy indeed! —
Joy, whose pure glow may prove her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That never insults, loss, or pain,
  May work an heavier weight of care,
Than conscious honour can disdain,
  Or provident discretion bear!
While meek complacence, speaks her born!
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That age insensibly may creep!
  And her last look may see survive
An offspring of her own, to keep
  Her likeness, and her name alive!
Then may she die, as she was born,
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

THE BRAMBLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some shrubs intestine hatred cherish,
And plac'd too near each other, perish;
Bramble indulges no such whim;
All neighbours are alike to him;
No stump so scrubby, but he'll grace it;
No crab so sour but he'll embrace it.

Such, and so various negative merits,
The Bramble from it's birth inherits:—

Take we its positive virtues next!
For so at first we split our text.

The more Resentment tugs and kicks,
The closer still the Bramble sticks;
Yet gently handled, quits its hold;
Like heroes of true British mould:
Nothing so touchy, when they're teased,—
No touchiness so soon appeased.

Full in your view, and next your hand,
The Bramble's homely berries stand:
Eat as you list,—none calls you glutton;
Forbear,—it matters not a button.
And is not, pray, this very quality
The essence of true Hospitality?
When frank simplicity and sense
Make no parade, take no offence;
Such as it is, set forth their best,
And let the welcome—add the rest.

The Bramble's shoot, though Fortune lay
Point-blank obstructions in it's way,
For no obstructions will give out;
Climbs up, creeps under, winds about;

Like valour, that can suffer, die,
Do any thing,—but yield, or fly.
While Brambles hints like these can start,
Am I to blame to take their part?
No, let who will affect to scorn 'em,
My Muse shall glory to adorn 'em;
For as Rhyme did, in my Preamble,
So Reason now cries, 'Bravo! Bramble!'

JAMES FORDYCE.

1721. — 1796.

A Dissenting Minister, whose Sermons to young women, should be marked in the Index Expurgatorius of Morality. He published a volume of Poems, in 1786.

TO COURTESEY:

AN ODE.

HAIL! Courtesy, thou gracious power,
Of Heaven-born Chastity the child;
Remote from all that's rude and sour,
Akin to all that's soft and mild!
Earth-bred Politeness is thy feeble ape;
Without thy soul she only wears the shape.

For selfish ends her tricks she plays;
  She bows and smiles, devoid of heart:
To impose she tries a thousand ways;
  The practised eye perceives her art.
Mean-while, that art thy real worth proclaims;
Since to partake thy honours thus, she aims.

Let polish'd Falsehood dazzle youth;
  Let Flatt'ry speak the style of courts:
Give me Benevolence, and Truth,
  Far from dark Treachery's resorts.
Clear as the sky that lights a sunshine eve,
Thy style sweet Courtesy can ne'er deceive.

Prompted by love of human race,
  From generous motives bent to please:
Thy feelings answer to thy face;
  Thy manners still are stampt with ease.
Each social being, in thy presence blest,
With ardour clasps thee to his grateful breast.

The rich sometimes may succour want:
  For ever to oblige is thine.
The great external gifts may grant,
  To charm the soul, but few incline.
Sincere delight, would you each hour impart,
Make haste to learn the breeding of the Heart.

THOMAS COLE.

1796.

Rector of Dalverton, in Somersetshire; two or three of his pieces are in Dodsley's Collection. The Specimens he.e given, are taken from a volume of his poems, published in 1795.

This author published a volume of Sermons, and two poems. 1, The Arbour, or the Rural Philosopher, 1756; re-printed in Dodsley's Collection. 2, The Life of Hubert, A Narrative, Descriptive, and Didactic Poem. Book I, 1796.

THE BEECH TREE,

AN ALLEGORICAL ODE.

SERENE and calm, the morning ray
Had pour'd a cheerful gloom of day

Through Philo's inmost grove,
When Damon there in private sought
With some kind Muse to shun each thought
Of inauspicious love.

But nature's walks in vain he views,
In vain arts winding paths pursues,
Though worthy both of song;
For here the amorous boughs embrace
And all the charms he there can trace
To love alone belong.

The lofty vista's ample bent,
The rising prospect's vast extent,
Aspiring thoughts suggest;
And though the streams and zephyrs meet
To cool the arbour's close retreat,
It but inflames his breast!

At length, beneath a Beech's shade,
Each slighter object to evade,
In pensive mood he came;
But there, alas! some kindred swain
Had on the bark inscribed his pain
With lovely Celia's name!

Cupid at this, who all the while
Had watched his steps with secret guile,
  Presents himself to sight;
And thinking now his conquest won,
The indignant tyrant thus begun
  With insolent delight:

Attempt no more, thou rebel slave,
A weak and tender heart to save
  From mine and Celia's sway;
For whilst to me that charming maid
Consents to lend her powerful aid,
  Thou shalt my will obey.

Cease then thy contest, and agree
To pay due homage still to me
  At beauty's sacred shrine;
Nor ever from this time presume
Thy wonted commerce to resume
  With any of the Nine.

Half yielding up dear Freedom's cause
To this usurper's rigid laws,
  He hesitates assent;
And caught with hope's delusive prize,
Was half inclined to sacrifice
  The enjoyment of content.

When hark! a soft harmonious sound
Through all the grove diffused around,
With wondering joy he hears:
And, lo! Urania, quick as thought,
In a rich garb, by Iris wrought,
Before him now appears.

Nor mild nor rigorous her mien.
But such as spoke intent benign,
Though purposed to upbraid;
And thus, inclined at once to excite
Regret, attemper'd with delight,
Severely kind, she said:

In Contemplation's bower reclined,
Have I so often calm'd thy mind
With soothing lays in vain;
My lyre, in vain, so often strung,
And with each favourite poet sung
To thee his choicest strain?

Let not this sly, insidious cheat,
With all his wiles, thy heart defeat,
But vindicate thy choice:
With courage own thy truest friend,
Nor fear to show thou darest attend
To mine and Reason's voice.

Reflect on thy past happy state,
And call to mind, er'e 'tis too late,
  How well you once was taught
To bid defiance to those cares,
Which now you feel, and shun those snares,
  In which you now are caught.

From Passion's meteor turn thy sight,
And let calm Reason's steady light,
  Thy footsteps always guide:
That only raves through Folly's chace,
But this leads Wisdom to the place
  Where Truth and Peace reside.

At this Urania paused to try
If Cupid chose to make reply
  To aught she had express'd:
But ere suspense left either free,
The Hamadriad of the tree
  Each party thus address'd:

" The nymph indeed, whose name I bear
" May well deserve your rival care,
  " But' tis as mutual friends:
" Your several gifts for her combine,
" Nor ere, in such a cause, decline
  " To serve each other's ends.

" Let her whose charms at once can raise
" The lover's sigh, the poet's praise,
" Your gentle favour find:
" No more each other's votaries scorn,
" While perfect grace and worth adorn
" Her person, and her mind!

" And though you must not yet declare
" To whom the fates reserve the fair,
" This gentle youth direct,
" If to his mind he can't be blest,
" From envy to secure his breast,
" And bear with cool neglect.

" That face which jealousy can love,
" That conduct censure must approve,
" Permit him to admire:
" But, oh! with strength possess his soul
" Each anxious passion to controul,
" And check each fond desire.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

Ruthven, Inverness—1738—1796.

It was beyond a doubt that Macpherson was the author of Ossian, not the translator. Malcolm Laing has *hounded* him with the indefatigable and unrelenting sagacity of a Bow-street Magistrate; this accusation on the one side, and the lame evidence set up in his defence by the Highland Society on the other; have convinced all, who are capable of conviction.—There are many who are not persuaded; 'neither would they though one should rise from the dead.'

Let us have the songs of the Highlands, as faithfully as we have those of the Scottish Border. What is of modern fabrication will be easily distinguishable, by its trickery and tinsel.

The rhythm of Ossian is a curious subject of investigation, for any one who studies metre. All the other ingredients, will be found in the following of Macpherson's acknowledged poems.

THE CAVE.

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The wind is up, the field is bare;
Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
With bless'd Content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock: beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hills arise.

The grey-cloak'd herd drives on the cow;
The slow-paced follower walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curve o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his axe on high,
The hills re-echo to the stroke:
I see, I see the shivers fly.

Some rural maid with apron full,
  Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
  And through the chinky hut the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
  Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Three panting dogs beside repose;
  One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake, at distance, spreads to sight,
  Skirted with shady forests round,
In midst an island's rocky height
  Sustains a ruin once renown'd.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls,
  Two broad-wing'd eagles hover nigh,
By intervals a fragment falls,
  As blows the blast along the sky.

Two rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide,
  With labouring oars along the flood;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
  Hangs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
  On grassy banks two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
  And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;
  They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
  Again they smile, again they meet,

But see! the grey mist from the lake
  Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
  Rain beats,—resound a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
  I see it smoking o'er the plain:
When storms are past,—and fair the sky,
I'll often seek my Cave again.

GEORGE KEATE.

About 1730—1797.

Keate resided some years at Geneva, and published an Account of its History, Government, and Laws; which Voltaire, who was his friend and correspondent, once designed to translate. He is best known by his entertaining account of the Pelew Islands. His collected poems were published in two small 4to vols. 1781; he afterwards printed an Epistle to Angelica Kauffman, and the Distressed Poet, a Serio-Comic Poem in three Cantos.

THE TWO FLIES.

A FABLE.

Written in 1757.

'Twas at an ancient rural seat,
A country gentleman's retreat,

The usual hour when dinner ends,
And people toast their absent friends.
In a large hall of antique state
The family assembled sat,
Round which was seen on ev'ry side,
Of Birth and Heraldry the pride;
Old ancestors in order hung,
And coats of arms between them strung,
With branching horns from space to space,
The spoils of many a weary chace.
The cloth was mov'd, the grace was said
And on the old oak table spread
Such fruits as Summer-months produce,
With sweet-meats both for show and use:
Or, to describe, in terms of art,
Was cover'd with a nice dessert:
While all in chat the time beguile,
The 'Squire roars, the Ladies smile,
The joke goes round, the glasses ring
To Liberty, and Church, and King.

Two Flies extravagantly gay,
The idle beings of a day,
A false philosophy pursu'd,
That pleasure was the sov'reign Good,

A doctrine which in days of yore
A certain Greek had taught before.
Each hour their scene of life they changed,
Now gardens, fields, and meadows ranged,
Of every flower enjoy'd the bloom,
And wanton'd in the rich perfume.
Luxurious oft they would repose
On the soft foliage of the rose,
Or in the morn the dew-drops sup
From the sweet lily's silver cup;
Nay, dared the fragrant odour seek
Of Stella's lip, or Stella's cheek:
Nor would one single wish restrain
Their *summum bonum* to attain.
Fortune, or Fate decreed, this way
Our young adventurers should stray;
Who marking such delicious cheer,
Resolved to fix their quarters here;
Down on the table they alight,
Indulge their taste, and feast their sight;
With hasty step they walk about
The scented melon's rugged coat,
Each glass they sipp'd, each plate they try'd,
Then pierced the peach's velvet side;
Nor cherry, fig, or juicy grape
Could their insatiate touch escape.

At length upon a little jar
Of floating sweetmeats, from afar
Their eyes they threw, and round the rim
In many a circling eddy skim:
Now bolder on the border dance,
And spite of danger still advance:
'The occasion was not to be lost,'
The foremost cry'd, 'whate'er it cost;'
And letting every passion loose,
He plunged into the tempting juice.—
The mortal Muse must tell the rest,
The tempting juice received its guest
With glew'd embraces—such as prove
The force of falshood—not of love!—
There is a time when all things cloy!
There's e'en satiety in joy!—
Now fully gorged with his repast,
He found his feet were fetter'd fast,
He strove the margin to regain,
But every wish and hope was vain;
With new collected strength he springs—
The clammy matter binds his wings,
Till suffocated, clogg'd, and prest,
His wanton friend he thus addrest:
'Withdraw, my brother, e'er too late,
'And happier thou, remark my fate;

'Doom'd here my errour to deplore,
'And from this lake to rise no more.
'Sorrow shall travel at his side,
'Who makes not Temperance his guide!
'Struck with my crime, I here abjure
'The system false of Epicure;
'Go, preach it down, and render wise
'The antient Common-wealth of Flies.'

He said;—The syrup choak'd the rest;
Then swelling with a sigh his breast,
He mutter'd somewhat of a prayer,
But all was buzz, and lost in air;
And sinking, sought those shades below
Where Flies and other Insects go.—

So he who rolls on Pleasure's bed,
And with her garland crowns his head,
Slave to her fascinating power,
Still shuns Reflection's sober hour.

Who roams about new joys to meet,
And greedy tastes of ev'ry sweet,
Past as a dream his life shall find,
Leaving no virtuous trace behind,
And like our dissipated Fly,
The victim of his folly — die!—

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

1796.

Jackson of Exeter, a man whose various talents made all who knew him remember him with regret, designed to re-publish the little collection of Bampfylde's Sonnets, with what few of his pieces were still unedited, and to prefix to them an account of the authour, who was truly a man of genius. From him I heard an interesting and melancholy history, all of which he would not have communicated to the publick—what he thought allowable to publish, may, perhaps, exist among his papers. Those poems which are here first printed were transcribed from the originals in his possession.

Bampfylde published his Sonnets at a very early age; they are some of the most original in our language. He died in a private mad-house, after twenty years confinement.

SONNET,

TO THE EVENING.

What numerous votaries 'neath thy shadowy wing,
O mild and modest Evening, find delight!
First, to the grove his lingering fair to bring,
The warm and youthful lover, hating light,
Sighs oft for thee — And next the boisterous string
Of school-imps, freed from Dame's all dreaded sight,

Round Village-Cross, in many a wanton ring,
  Wishes thy stay—Then too with vasty might,
From steeple's side to urge the bounding ball,
The lusty hinds await thy fragrant call;
I, friend to all by turns, am join'd with all,
Lover, and Elfin gay, and harmless Hind;
Nor heed the proud to real wisdom blind,
So as my heart be pure, and free my mind.

SONNET,

ON A WET SUMMER.

All ye who far from town, in rural hall,
Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
Enjoying all the sunny-day did yield,
  With me the change lament, in irksome thrall,
By rains incessant held; for now no call
  From early swain invites my hand to wield
  The scythe; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
And mark the lessening sand from hour glass fall;
  Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
  Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful plain,
    Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
    And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
Counting the frequent drop from reeded eaves.

(The two following poems have never been printed.)

TO THE RIVER TEIGN.

Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas Senectæ ducere liberas,
Tutumque, vulgari tumultu,
Surripias, hominumque curis.

GRAY.

O THOU, the guardian of each flowret pale
That decks thy lonely brim, whether thy car
Hoarse murmuring from afar
Foams down the dark and solitary vale,
Or through yon meads in peaceful channel roves,
Where, 'neath the pendant umbrage pleased to stray,
Thou shun'st the noon-tide ray,
That gilds the encircling majesty of groves;
Hail hoary Sire! whilst keen remorse corrodes
Sicken'd with pleasure's draught this aking heart,
Thy freshening streams impart,
And take, Oh take me to thy blest abodes!
But if, led on by Heaven's decree to explore
The depths, and shoals of Fortune, once again
I trust the faithless main,

Torn from thy desart caves and solemn roar:
Give me at length from storms secure, and woes,
Of latest age to lose the silent hours,
And 'midst thy awful bowers
Enshroud me far from men in deep repose.

SONNET.

Cold is the senseless heart that never strove,
With the mild tumult of a real flame;
Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,
Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love
The pathless vale, the long-forsaken grove,
The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name,
With ivy mantled o'er—For empty fame,
Let him amidst the rabble toil, or rove
In search of plunder far to western clime.
Give me to waste the hours in amorous play
With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme
Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,
And all that prodigality of charms
Form'd to enslave my heart and grace my lay.

HORACE WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

1797.

Was the youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. His talents were various and elegant, and, directing them to such objects as writers by profession have neither the means nor the leisure to investigate, he did honour and service to the cause of Literature as a volunteer, at a time when others of his rank were engaged in the transitory politicks of the day.

His poems were of course either written for amusement, or as baits for praise, very pleasing to the palates for which they were designed : and his object, which was to be paid in kind, was seldom missed. The scarcity of the copies made them valuable to Collectors : Doctor Johnson's remark upon Lord Chesterfield, however, did not hold good in respect to Lord Orford ; but when a man prints at a private press, and distributes his works among friends, he cannot be said to measure his strength fairly with his con-

temporaries. Pride, or modesty, which are so alike, that they are often mistaken for each other, would have ever prevented this noble authour from such competition.—When Chatterton addressed him with the indignation of slighted genius, and the ignorance of rustick youth, he fancied the sacred character of his rank was injured, and he treated the boy with silent contempt. Chatterton's feelings on the subject were those of anger and resentment, not of despair; but to this treatment the world most unjustly imputed the remote cause of Chatterton's death.

Lord Orford made a considerable collection of antiquities and curiosities, at his Villa near London; and, differing from most connoisseurs (so called seemingly a *non cognosendo*) he knew the value, the merit, and the history of all the various articles in his collection, and they served as notes to illustrate his conversation, which was at once lively and instructive.

From an Epistle from Florence to Thomas Ashton, Esq. Tutor to the Earl of Plymouth.

* * * * * * *

But when your early care shall have design'd
To plan the soul and mould the waxen mind;

When you shall pour upon his tender breast
Ideas, that must stand an age's test,
Oh there imprint with strongest deepest dye
The lovely form of Goddess Liberty !
For her in senates be he taught to plead,
For her in battles be he taught to bleed.
Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff resounds
With dashing seas, fair Freedom's honest bounds ;
Point to yon azure car bedropt with gold,
Whose weight the necks of Gallia's sons uphold;
Where proudly sits an iron scepter'd Queen
And fondly triumphs o'er the prostrate scene,
Cry, ' That is Empire ! —shun her baleful path,
' Her words are slavery, her touch is death !
' Through wounds and blood the Fury drives her way,
' And murders half, to make the rest her prey.'

Thus spoke each Spartan Matron, as she drest
With the bright cuirass her young soldiers breast
On the new Warriour's tender sinew'd thigh,
Girt Fear of Shame, and love of Liberty.

Steel'd with such precepts, for a cause so good,
What scanty bands the Persian host withstood !

Before the sons of Greece let Asia tell
How fled her monarch, how her millions fell!
When arm'd for Liberty, a few how brave!
How weak a multitude, where each a slave!
No welcome faulchion fill'd their fainting hand,
No voice inspired of favourite command;
No Peasant fought for wealthy lands possess'd,
No fond remembrance warm'd the Parent's breast:
They saw their lands for royal riot groan,
And toil'd in vain for banquets, not their own;
They saw their infant race to bondage rise
And frequent heard the ravish'd virgin's cries,
Dishonour'd but to cool a transient gust
Of some luxurious Satrap's barbarous lust!

* * * * * * * * * *

THE ENTAIL.

A FABLE.

In a fair summer's radiant morn,
A Butterfly divinely born,
Whose lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,

Long hovering round a perfumed lawn,
By various gusts of odours drawn,
At last establish'd his repose
On the rich bosom of a Rose.

The palace pleased the lordly guest;
What insect own'd a prouder nest?
The dewy leaves luxurious shed
Their balmy odours o'er his head,
And with their silken tap'stry fold
His limbs enthroned on central gold,
He thinks the thorns embattled round
To guard his lovely castle's mound,
And all the bush's wide domain
Subservient to his fancied reign.

Such ample blessings swell'd the Fly.
Yet in his mind's capacious eye,
He roll'd the change of mortal things;
The common fate of Flies and Kings.
With grief he saw how lands and honours
Are apt to slide to various owners;
Where Mowbrays dwelt, now Grocers dwell,
And how Cits buy what Barons sell.
'Great Phebus, Patriarch of my line,
'Avert such shame from sons of thine!

'To them confirm these roofs' — he said;
And then he swore an oath so dread,
The stoutest Wasp that wears a sword,
Had trembled to have heard the word!
'If Law can rivet down Entails,
'These manours ne'er shall pass to snails,
'I swear'—And then he smote his ermine—
'These towers were never built for vermine.'

A Caterpillar grovell'd near,
A subtile slow conveyancer,
Who summon'd, waddles with his quill
To draw the haughty Insect's will.
None but his heirs must own the spot,
Begotten, or to be begot:
Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
To eggs of eggs of Butterflies.

When lo! how Fortune loves to teaze
Those who would dictate her decrees!
A wanton boy was passing by;
The wanton child beheld the Fly,
And eager ran to seize the prey—
But too impetuous in his play,
Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour,
And swept away the Mansion-flower.

The Printing-press at Strawberry-Hill, to the Earl of Chesterfield.

FEW paces hence, beneath yon grotto'd road,
From dying Pope the last sad accents flow'd;
O Twickenham, would the friend of Pope but bless
With some immortal page thy favour'd press,
The happier emblem would with truth depose,
That where one Phenix died, another rose.

Verses to Lady Craven.

GENIUS, howe'er sublime, pathetick, free,
Trusts to the Press for immortality.
To types would Craven her sweet lays transfer,
The press would owe immortal fame to her:
While she, too careless of so fair a face,
Would breathe eternal youth on every grace;
Ages unborn computing with surprize
From her own wit, the brightness of her eyes.

ROBERT MERRY.

1755. — 1798.

The career of Della Crusca will form a curious chapter in literary history. We have seen other writers obtain as sudden reputations, by gratifying the common itch for calumny; or by addressing themselves to the vilest and basest passions of our nature; but never, perhaps, did one who wrote to the ear, and to the ear only, obtain such rapid and such extensive success. Lady-Poets, and Gentlemen-Poets out of number became his imitators, and ranted and languished in publick correspondence with him. The news-paper in which these effusions appeared, extolled them in a style as new as their own, and even more extraordinary; every-body read them, because they were published in this form, and they were afterwards collected into volumes of more beautiful typography, than the publick had then been accustomed to see.

One satire swept away the whole brood; seasonable it was, but it was too acrimonious, and lavished upon folly that indignation, which is due only to guilt. The publick

were as easily excited to contempt as they had been to wonder, and Della Crusca's sky-rocket reputation fell, and was extinguished as rapidly as it had risen, and burst into light.

Poor Merry's was an unhappy life, and might prove an instructive one, if it were written with a sound judgment and a fair mind—few men have been gifted with such advantages of person, accomplishments, and manners; and those colloquial talents which are of every-day use. His poems present the same sort of brilliance as the colour of the prism. Not one of them is good for anything, and yet amid the disgust which they excite, they still leave a feeling, that he who produced them could have been no ordinary man.

THE SLAVES.

AN ELEGY.

If late I paused upon the twilight plain
Of Fontenoy, to weep the Free-born Brave;
Sure fancy now may cross the Western main,
And melt in sadder pity for the Slave.

Lo! where to yon Plantation drooping goes,
  The sable herd of human kind, while near
Stalks a pale despot, and around him throws
  The scourge that wakes — that punishes the tear.

O'er the far beach the mournful murmurer strays,
  And joins the rude yell of the tumbling tide,
As faint they labour in the solar blaze,
  To feed the luxury of British pride!

E'en at this moment, on the burning gale
  Floats the weak wailing of the female tongue:
And can that sex's softness nought avail —
  Must naked Woman shriek amid the throng?

O cease to think, my soul! what thousands die
  By suicide, and toils extreme despair:
Thousands, who never rais'd to Heaven the eye,
  Thousands, who fear'd no punishment, but there,

Are drops of blood the horrible manure
  That fills with luscious juice the teeming cane?
And must our fellow-creatures thus endure,
  For traffick vile, the indignity of pain?

Yes, their keen sorrows are the sweets we blend
With the green beverage of our morning meal,
The while to love meek mercy we pretend,
Or for fictitious ills affect to feel.

Yes, 'tis their anguish mantles in the bowl,
Their sighs excite the Briton's drunken joy;
Those ignorant suff'rers know not of a soul,
That we enlighten'd may its hopes destroy.

And there are men, who leaning on the laws,
What they have purchased claim a right to hold—
Cursed be the tenure, cursed its cruel cause —
Freedom's a dearer property than gold!

And there are men, with shameless front have said,
'That Nature form'd the Negroes for disgrace;
'That on their limbs subjection is display'd—
'The doom of slavery stampt upon their face.'

Send your stern gaze from Lapland to the Line,
And every region's natives fairly scan,
Their forms, their force, their faculties combine,
And own the vast variety of Man!

Then why suppose yourselves the chosen few,
  To deal oppression's poison'd arrows round,
To gall with iron bonds the weaker crew,
  Enforce the labour, and inflict the wound?

'Tis sordid Interest guides you; bent on gain,
  In profit only can ye reason find;
And pleasure too: — but urge no more in vain,
  The selfish subject to the social mind.

Ah! how can He, whose daily lot is grief,
  Whose mind is vilified beneath the rod,
Suppose his Maker has for him relief?
  Can he believe the tongue that speaks of God?

For when he sees the female of his heart,
  And his loved daughters torn by lust away,
His sons, the poor inheritors of smart—
  —Had he Religion, think ye he could pray?

Alas! He steals him from the loathsome shed,
  What time moist midnight blows her venom'd
    breath,
And musing, how he long has toil'd and bled,
  Drinks the dire Balsam of consoling Death!

Haste, haste, ye winds, on swiftest pinions fly,
  Ere from this world of misery he go,
Tell him his wrongs bedew a Nation's eye,
  Tell him, Britannia blushes for his woe!

Say that in future, Negroes shall be blest,
  Rank'd e'en as Men, and Men's just rights enjoy;
Be neither sold, nor purchased, nor oppress'd,
  No grief shall wither, and no stripes destroy.

Say that fair Freedom bends her holy flight
  To cheer the infant, and console the sire;
So shall He wondering prove at last delight,
  And in a throb of extacy expire.

Then shall proud Albion's crown, where laurels twine,
  Torn from the bosom of the raging sea,
Boast 'midst the glorious leaves, a gem divine,
  The radiant gem of pure Humanity!

MONODY,

ADDRESS'D TO MR. TICKELL.

If ever for fictitious grief
My soul a transient sorrow knew;
If sometimes I have heaved a sigh,
But to behold the virgin leaf
Of the lost Lily withering die;
Sure tenderest sympathy is due
To Thee, from whom each cherish'd bliss is fled,
Who mourn'st by day and night, thy own Maria
dead!
O Tickell! in the murmuring gale,
Oft have I found thy plaintive voice prevail;
When the wet fingers of the morn,
Shook the cold pearl-drops from the bending
thorn;
Or when, at close of day,
To the lone vale I took my way,
The sad vibration of faint Echo's breath,
Brought to my heart the dirge of Death.
Then all dejected, have I paus'd to hear,
And felt a kindred pang sincere;

Sincere as erst thy Father's Parent proved,
When for the * Friend he loved,
He wove a cypress wreath, and pour'd the verse,
That soothed the Poet's shade, and hung upon
his herse.
Ah! let me take my simple reed,
And seek the moonlight mead;
Or where 'mongst rocks the headlong stream,
Flashes the lucid beam;
Woo calm Reflection in her sober bower,
As pondering at the midnight hour,
She flings her solace on each passing wind,
That wafts the heavenly balm to heal the wounded
mind.
So may her mighty spell,
Thy desolating anguish quell,
So may'st thou quit at length the Forest's gloom;
Nor thus for ever dwell upon the sainted Tomb.
O think, when wandering on the shore,
Thou mark'st with musing eye,
O'er the rude cliffs the tempest fly,
And rouse to sudden rage the howling main.
Think, She thou lovest, has left a world,
Where jarring elements are hurl'd,

* Addison.

And where contending atoms roar,
To join, 'midst endless joy, the adoring Seraph's
strain!
Yes, she was mild and lovely as the star,
That in the Western hemisphere afar,
Lifts its pure lamp above the mountain's head,
To light meek Evening to her dewy bed;
And as the waning Moon displays,
With mirror clear, Morn's rising rays,
She, in decay, shew'd Virtues Orb refined,
Reflected fairer from her angel mind;
'Till at the last, too fierce a blaze was given,
And then she sunk from sight, and faded into
Heaven.
Yet do not mourn, be grief away,
For see how swift the dark clouds go;
Soon silence drinks the Linnet's lay,
And yonder sapphire waves shall cease to flow,
Scared by the hissing brand,
Of thirsty Summer's sultry hand.
From the lorn wood the leaves descend,
And all of Nature, as of Art must end.
Sad Consolation, true! yet why,
If soon must close the languid eye,
Since a short moment but remains,
For all our fears, and all our pains,

Why should we fondly brood on care,
Ah! why devote us to despair!
But Time assiduous loves to urge
Our footsteps to his utmost verge,
Because that there a rapturous scene appears,
Where Anguish never throbs, nor Sorrow sinks in tears.
Mean-while, forbear not to disclose,
The Scions of that beauteous Stem;
And though the Parent Rose,
Was prematurely lost,
By a remorseless frost;
O view the opening Buds, and smile at least for them!

DELLA CRUSCA.

THOMAS BROWNE.

Yorkshire — 1771 — 1798.

The poems of this promising young man, were printed after his death for the benefit of his family. Of the then selected pieces, the first has been chosen as one of his latest and best productions; the second for the singular circumstances which occasioned it, and the last as a specimen of the Yorkshire Dialect.

THE BEGGAR.

THROUGH the fields, as I stray'd, when the skies were serene,
When the corn's pendant ears wildly waved in the breeze;
When bustling at work the gay reapers were seen,
And Pomona's rich bounties hung ripe on the trees;

A poor Beggar I saw, as he sat on the ground;
And I heard him oft sigh, and thus plaintively speak,
Whilst his eye sad survey'd the gay prospect around,
And pensive dejection sat pale on his cheek:

'Amidst the gay scenes now unfolded to sight,
'It is almost a crime to be heard to complain;
'But, alas! can the bosom partake of delight,
'That struggles with want, and is tortured with pain?

'From the door, where I craved but a morsel of bread,
'When spurn'd with rude taunts, I'm compell'd to depart;
'When houseless I rove, even unblest with a shed,
'How can pleasure admittance obtain to my heart?

'From Nature's great Parent the bounties that flow,
'One would think, should awaken the kindness of man,
'Like him out of plenty a part to bestow,
'And give to the wretched the pittance he can.

'There was once, when the blessings of fortune were mine,
'When hope bade me count certain bliss as my lot;
'When the soul of the wanderer could not repine,
'Who entreated an alms at the door of my cot.

'But, alas! stern misfortune's rude hand has now torn
'From my heart, every joy made it pleasure to live;
'And hopeless, abandon'd, I wander forlorn,
'To request the relief I exulted to give.'

Ah me! and I heard him thus pensively wail,
And I past, as it seem'd quite regardlessly by,
As the Beggar repeated his sorrowful tale,
Yes a tear—a soft tear gently stole from my eye.

From thy look, from the language of looks I believe,
Thou didst think I was hard, and unfeeling, I know;
But my heart—yes, my heart deeply sigh'd to relieve—
What I had not, poor Beggar, I could not bestow.

The Lovers to their favourite Tree.

ARGUMENT.

In the Hospital, endowed by an ancestor of Sir Charles Turner, Bart., at Kirkleatham, amongst other natural and artificial curiosities, is a very singular Tree. It had been cut down, and divided into lengths, for the purpose of converting it into firewood, but upon its being split by the woodman's wedge, the heart of the tree turned out round and entire; the outward part, which enclosed it, being about the thickness of four inches. Round the inner hole or heart, which is about a foot in diameter, are several letters, carved in a rude and seemingly irregular manner; but upon a closer observation are found to wind round the wood in a spiral form, and the following couplet is plainly legible.

This tree long time witness bear,
Two true-lovers did walk here.

There are likewise other letters, which seem to be the initials of the Lovers' names, who appear to have frequented the solitary spot where the tree has grown, to vent the effusions of their mutual passion, and to enjoy the pleasure of each others' conversation, sequestered and unobserved.

Long the wintry tempest braving,
  Still this short inscription keep;
Still preserve this rude engraving,
  On thy bark imprinted deep:
'This tree, long time witness bear,
  'Two true-lovers did walk here.'

By the softest ties united,
  Love has bound our souls in one;
And, by mutual promise plighted,
  Waits the nuptial rite alone—
Thou, a faithful witness bear,
Of our plighted promise here.

Tho' our sires would gladly sever
  Those firm ties they disallow,
Yet they cannot part us ever—
  We will keep our faithful vow,
And in spite of threats severe,
  Still will meet each other here.

While the dusky shade concealing,
  Veils the faultless fraud of love,
We from sleepless pillows stealing,
  Nightly seek the silent grove;
And escaped from eyes severe,
Dare to meet each other here.

Wealth and titles disregarding
(Idols of their sordid mind,)
Calm content true love rewarding,
In the bliss we wish to find.—
Thou Tree, long time witness bear,
Two such Lovers did walk here.

To our faithful love consenting
(Love unchanged by time or tide,)
Should our haughty sires relenting,
Give the sanction yet deny'd;
'Midst the scenes to memory dear,
Still we oft will wander here.

Then our every wish compleated,
Crown'd by kinder fates at last,
All beneath thy shadow seated,
We will talk of seasons past;
When by night, in silent fear,
We did meet each other here.

On thy yielding bark, engraving
Now in short our tender tale,
Long, time's roughest tempest braving,
Spread thy branches to the gale;
And, for ages, witness bear,
Two True-lovers did walk here.

AWD DAISY,

AN ECLOGUE.

GOORGY AND ROBERT.

GOORGY.

WEEL met, good Robert! saw ye my awd meer?
I've bated her, an hour, i' t' loonin here,
But howsumivver, spite of all my care,
I cannot spy her, nowther heead nor hair,

ROBERT.

Whaw Goorgy, I've to teyl ye dowly news,
Syke as I's varra seer will mak ye muse;
I just this minnit left your poor awd tyke,
Dead as a steean, i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.

GOORGY.

Whoor! what's that Robert? tell us owr ageean,
You're joking—or you're mebby been misteean;

ROBERT.

Nay, marry, Goorge, I's seer I can't be wrang,
You kno' I've keyn'd aw'd Daisy now se lang.
Her bread-ratch'd feeace, and twa white hinder legs,
Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs is eggs.

GOORGY.

Poor thing!—what deead then—had she laid there
lang?
Whor abouts is she?—Robert will ye gang?

ROBERT.

I car nut, Goorgy, I hant mich to dea,
A good hour's labour, or may-happen twea;
Bud as I nivver like to hing behynd,
When I can dea a kaundness tir a frynd;
An I can help ye, wi my hand or teeam,
I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heeam,

GOORGY.

Thank ye, good Robert?—I can't think, belike,
How't poor awd creature's tummled inte t' dike,

ROBERT.

Ye maund, shee'd fun her sen just gaun te dee,
An' see laid down by t'side (as seems to me,)
An' when she felt the pains o' death within,
She'd sick'd, an' struggled, an' se towpled in.

GOORGY.

Meast lickly,—bud—what was she deed outreet,
When ye furst gat up; when ye gat t' furst seet?

ROBERT.

Youse hear—As I was gaun down't looan I spy'd,
A scoore or mair o' Crows by t' gutter side,
All se thrang, hoppin in, an' hoppin out,
I wonder'd what i' th' warld they were about.
I leuks, and then I sees an awd yode laid,
Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost dead;
An' as they pick'd it's een, an' pick'd ageean,
It just cud lift it's leg, and give a greean,
But when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,
I wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd 'em all away.
Poor Dais!—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly out,
She's lang been quite hard sett te trail about.—
But yonder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoer she's laid,
An' twea 'r three Nanpies chatt'rin' owre her head.

GOORGY.

Aye marry! this I nivver wish'd te see,
She's been se good—se true a frynd to me,—
An' is thou cum te this, my poor awd meer?
Thou's been a trusty servant monny a year,
An' better treatment thou's desarv'd fra me,
Than, thus neglected in a dike te dee.—

Monny a days-wark, we ha' wrought together,
An' bidden monny a blast o' wind and weather;
Monny a lang dree maule, owre moss, an' moor,
An' monny a hill, an' deeal we've travell'd owre;
Bud now—waes me!—thou'll niver trot ne mair,
Te nowther kirk, nor market, spoort, not fair;
And now, fort' future, thoff I's awd and leam,
I mun be foorc'd te walk, or stay at heam.—
Ne mair, thou'l bring me cooals fra' Brakay bron,
Or sticks fra' t'wood, or turves fra' heaf how con.

My poor awd Dais! afoor I dig thy greeave,
Thy weel-worn shoon I will for keep-seekes seeave;
Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,
'Twill mak' a cover to my awd airm chair;
An' pairt, an appron for my wife te weear,
When cardin' woul, or weshin' t' parlour fleer.
Deep i't 'cawd yearth I will thy carcass please,
'At thy poor beeans may lig, and rist i' peeace;
Deep i't'cawd yearth, 'at dogs may'nt scrat' thee out,
And rave thy flesh, an' trail thy beeans about.
Thou's been se faithfull for se long to me,
Thou sannut at thy death neglected be.
Seyldom a Christian 'at yan now can fynd,
Wad be mair trusty, or mair true a frynd.

JOSEPH WARTON.

Basingstoke, 1722.—1800.

The Poems of Joseph Warton should be collected, for the Wartons have deserved well of literature; he published, 1. The Enthusiast, or Love of Nature, 1745; which, with Fashion and Satire, is preserved in Dodsley's Collection. 2. Odes on various Subjects, 1746.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

O Goddess, on whose steps attend
Pleasure, and laughter-loving health,
White mantled Peace with olive-wand,
Young Joy, and diamond-scepter'd Wealth,
Blithe Plenty, with her loaded horn,
With Science bright-eyed as the morn,

In Britain, which for ages past
Has been thy choicest darling care,
Who madest her wise, and strong, and fair,
May thy best blessings ever last.

For thee, the pining prisoner mourns,
Deprived of food, of mirth, of light;
For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
That ply tough oars from morn to night;
Thee the proud Sultan's beauteous train,
By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
Tearing the roses from their locks;
And Guinea's captive kings lament,
By Christian lords to labour sent,
Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspired by thee, deaf to fond Nature's cries,
Stern Brutus, when Rome's genius loudly spoke,
Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
Nor turn'd, nor trembled at the deathful stroke!
And he of later age, but equal fame,
Dared stab the tyrant, though he loved the friend.
How burnt the *Spartan with warm patriot flame,
In thy great cause his valorous life to end!

* Leonidas.

How burst Gustavus from the Swedish mine!
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

When heaven to all thy joys bestows,
And graves upon our hearts—be free—
Shall coward man those joys resign,
And dare reverse this great decree?
Submit him to some idol-king,
Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd,
Around whose throne stands trembling doubt,
Whose jealous eyes still roll about,
And murder with his reeking sword?

Where trampling Tyranny with Fate
And black Revenge gigantick goes:
Hark, how the dying infants shriek!
How hopeless age is sunk in woes!
Fly, mortals, from that fated land,
Though birds in shades of Cassia sing,
Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
No storms disturb the smiling skies,
And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

Britannia, watch!—remember peerless Rome,
Her high-tower'd head dash'd meanly to the ground;

Remember, Freedom's guardian, Grecia's doom,
Whom weeping the despotick Turk has bound:
May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and
downs,
(Fame, Virtue, Courage, Poverty, forgot)
Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot;
On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled
land.

ODE TO CONTENT.

Welcome Content! from roofs of fretted gold,
From Persian sofas, and the gems of Ind,
From courts, and camps, and crowds,
Fled to my cottage mean.

Meek Virgin, wilt thou deign with me to sit
In pensive pleasure by my glimmering fire,
And with calm smile despise
The loud world's distant din?

As from the piny mountain's topmost cliff
Some wandering hermit sage hears unconcern'd,
Far in the vale below,
The thundering torrent burst!

Teach me, good Heaven, the gilded chains of vice
To break, to study independent ease,
Pride, pomp, and power to shun,
Those fatal Syrens fair,

That, robed like Eastern queens, sit on high thrones,
And, beckoning every thirsty traveller,
Their baleful cups present
With pleasing poisons fraught.

O let me dwell in life's low valley, blest
With the dear Nymph I love, true, heart-felt joy,
With chosen friends to turn
The polish'd Attick page.

Nor seldom, if nor Fortune damp my wings,
Nor dire Disease, to soar to Pindus' hill,
My hours, my soul devote,
To Poesy and Love!

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731.—1800.

It is impossible to read the life of Cowper, and not to feel towards him the affection of intimacy; while the misfortunes and the powers of his mind claim at once our compassion and our admiration.

The Melancholy which so frequently embittered his life, being unmixed with the usual petulance of disease, which frequently renders the patient the least sufferer, preyed only on himself, but did not affect the exquisite sweetness of his temper. In the hours of his severest misery, the native goodness of his disposition never deserted him, and this character, whatever be the subject or the manner, is pre-eminent in his works.

The Task, with what faults it has, will remain a monument of more than his genius.—When he paints domestick scenes, it is with the hand of a master who knows how to throw a grace of his own into the most ordinary subjects—there is nothing overdrawn, nothing out of place, no foreign ornament; yet we wonder that any thing so homely and so familiar should be so beautiful and so new.

His lighter pieces are written with the most lively playfulness, and in a strain so much superiour to the common-placed diction of what is called Poetry, that they preserve a character of their own, and carry the reader beyond the mere subject on which they are founded. —The heart of the authour is in all his productions; and they teach us, while we admire his talents and his genius, to esteem him and to love him as a man.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED;

OR, HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
' Good mussulman, abstain from pork;
' There is a part in every swine
' No friend or follower of mine
' May taste, whate'er his inclination,
' On 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 every clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.

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 chase.
Reviled and loved, renounced 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.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE

NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

THE Lady thus addressed her spouse —
'What a mere dungeon is this house!
'By no means large enough; and was it,
'Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
'Those hangings with their worn-out graces,
'Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
'Are such an antiquated scene,
'They overwhelm me with the spleen.'
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark:
'No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
'Engaged myself to be at home,
'And shall expect him at the door,
'Precisely when the clock strikes four.'

'You are so deaf,' the lady cried,
(And raised her voice, and frown'd beside)

'You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
'What shall I do to make you hear?'

'Dismiss poor Harry!' he replies;
'Some people are more nice than wise,
'For one slight trespass all this stir?
'What if he did ride whip and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your favourite 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 strife,
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 every trivial provocation?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;

And something, every 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 spared,
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,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired 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.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK.

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

Oh 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 smiles I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced 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
(Blest 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 bid'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 learned 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 gavest me, though unseen, 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 nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By disappointment every day beguiled,
(Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child,)
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,

I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener 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 capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced:
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st 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 breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;

All this still legible in memory'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 scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked 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 hours 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 desired, perhaps I might. —
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, 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 weathered and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-havened 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 loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh 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 enthroned, 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 to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed 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 mimic shew of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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