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POEMS

11. 1829.

AND

ESSAYS.

BY JOHN BENNETT,

Author of "Short-Hand Explained," &c.

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HYMN.

1.

How shall I frame this falt'ring tongue
To reach a Throne where seraphs throng?—
Can worms ascend the radiant sky
Of Heaven's resplendent Majesty?

2.

Yet I will lift my suppliant hands,
For God alone can loose my bands :
Yes ! God alone can set me free
From sin, and shame, and misery.

3.

Raise, Oh ! raise my thoughts to thee,
Far from this earth I fain would flee ;
Upwards would my spirit move,
Source of Life, and Light, and Love.

B

2

4.

Save, Oh ! save me from the snares
Which Satan and the world prepares
To draw my devious steps aside
From Thee—my Father and my Guide.

5.

Keep, Oh ! keep me by thy Grace
From evils which befall the race
Of heedless mortals who contemn
Thy precepts and thy Holy Name.

6.

Make, Oh ! make me, Lord, to see
Thy Justice, Truth, and Purity ;
And prize them more than pearl's fair mould,
Or costly gems, or Indian gold.

7.

Bend, Oh ! bend this froward will
Thy mandates meekly to fulfil ;
Chasten, correct, refine, controul
The secret workings of my soul.

3

8.

Curb, Oh ! curb this restless rage
For vanities, which ne'er assuage
The thirst which thence continual springs
For sordid, empty, worthless things.

9.

Oh ! teach me to subdue within
This treacherous heart the power of sin ;
So shall my days serenely glide
Like zephyrs bland o'er silver tide.

10.

May I on virtue be intent
Of youth the brightest ornament ;
Humble and pious may I be,
And meek as melting charity.

11.

Hear, Oh ! hear my humble prayer ;
Take, Oh ! take me to thy care ;
And, when my spirit's strife is past,
Receive, receive my soul at last.

12.

I crave thy mercy, **Sovereign Lord** ;
I crave the solace of thy word ;
I crave thy pardon ; and **I** crave
A peaceful refuge in the grave.

NO NEAR'.

1.

The port's in view, but adverse gales
 Forbid the wished-for point to steer;
 Our vessel snug, well reef'd the sails,
 The skilful pilot cries "No near'."

2.

Thus let me through life's ocean move,
 And every devious wandering fear;
 Nor shiver in the breeze, nor rove,
 Content to say "Thus, thus; no near'."

3.

Adversity's fell reef to shun,
 Or penury's shoals to weather clear,
 Undaunted still each tack I'll run,
 And cheerly call "Thus, thus; no near'."

6

4.

And if bright wealth should gild the way,
And flattery's elves their tribute bear,
Unbiassed thence, I still would say
"No near', boy ; thus, thus ; no near'."

5.

Would Celia, lovely maid, be mine,
To share my pleasures—sooth my care,
In vain might wanton Lydia twine,
Faithful I'd ever cry "No near'."

IN YOUTH.

1.

In Youth the martial hero shares
 The wreck of war ; nor danger fears :
 Not so his love's soft sorrow bears,
 Yielding quick to beauty's tears

In Youth.

2.

In Youth the tender maiden sighs ;
 Her joys are fled, her color flies ;
 In vain tyrannic power tries
 To bend her will, for love denies

In Youth.

3.

In Youth, dear charmer, seal my doom ;
 Let none to tempt the Fates presume :—
 To Hymen's hallowed temple come,
 And bless thy love in beauty's bloom—

In Youth.

SWEET FLOWER.

1.

**Sweet Flower, how lovely is thy hue !
What pity that thy tints so gay
Should mock the sight and fade away
Like morning dew !**

Sweet Flower.

2.

**Sweet Flower, how fragrant is thy breath !
Alas ! that such a rich perfume
Should speed away with vernal bloom,
And end in death !**

Sweet Flower.

3.

**Sweet Flower, how delicate thy folds !
They seem to form the blest retreat
Where Loves and Graces happy meet,
But lose their holds.**

Sweet Flower.

4.

Sweet Flower, how beautiful thy shape!
I sigh to think a summer's morn
Should see thy glories from thee shorn—
Thy charms escape.

Sweet Flower.

5.

Yet I will press thee to my heart:
I'll cherish thee by night—by day,
E'en when thy freshness meets decay,
'Till death do part.

Sweet Flower.

LOVELY CLORY.

1.

Lovely Clory,
I adore thee,
Have pity on my pain ;
See my anguish
As I languish
Thy beauteous self to gain :
Other charms in vain invite me,
Thou alone canst best delight me ;
Dearest Clory,
I implore thee,
Let me not sigh in vain.

2.

Dearest Clory,
 Hear my story,
 My passion deign to see ;
 If you favor
 My endeavour
 But one we twain shall be :
 I prize thee more than saint his duty,
 I love the shadow of thy shoe-tye ;
 Lovely Clory,
 I adore thee ;
 I live—I die for thee.

3.

Time shall never,
 No no, never,
 My heart from thee divide ;
 But for ever, aye for ever,
 With thee it will abide :
 What language could my bliss discover—
 What fancy paint the happy lover,
 Dearest Clory,
 Here before thee,
 If thou would'st be my bride.

4.

On knee and leg, thus,
Behold! I beg, thus,
A suppliant at thy feet;
I bow before thee,
Sweetest Clory,
With smiles thy captive greet:
Oh! how shall I withstand that sigh now,
How win the heaven of that eye now;
No man, my Clory,
In love can more be,
My life—my all that's sweet.

A PORTRAIT.

Come, ladies fair, sit close to me,
 And I will speak quite frank and free.
 Heavy I'm grown and old, 'tis true,
 Though once as light and young as you ;
 Yet still I live a life of ease,
 I've none to vex and few to please :
 Serene I sit the live-long day,
 And banish toil and care away.
 I talk and scheme and hear the news,
 And seldom what is good refuse :
 My feet upon a stool recline,
 My hands at rest, 'cept when I dine,
 When custards sweet and savory pies
 Revive my soul with extacies.
 At four I take my evening's nap,
 Regardless of the street-door rap :—

I dream of visions far from hence,
And hopes and joys concealed from sense :
Waking, I watch the light and clocks,
While memory rich her stores unlocks :—
I think of flatteries long since past,
And those delights that ne'er can last,
When beaux and sweethearts were as thick
As nuts upon a hazel-stick.
At sixteen with my eyes of blue,
I seem'd a painted yacht to view ;
But now, I've seen so many suns,
I'm like a ship of Ninety Guns.
Live long enough and you will see
You'll find your bearings, just like me :
I tell you, girls, in words a few,
You'll be like me, not I like you.

FROM THE SPANISH.*

1.

Ardent I burn with fierce desire,
 I weep away my years ;
 No tears can quench my latent fire,
 No fire consume my tears.

2.

Sweet maid, this conflict is for you,
 Oh ! end this fearful strife ;
 Thou canst both tears and fire subdue,
 When we are man and wife.



* "Ardo y Lloro sin sosiego,
 Llorando y Ardiente tanto,
 Che ne el Llanto apaga el Fuego,
 Ne el Fuego consuma el Llanto."

Fernandes.

THE CHRISTMAS INVITATION
DEFERRED TO MAY.

Accept a joke instead of sense,
The tribute of the day ;
To this old Christmas gives pretence,
So distant far from May.



1.

The circling year had told its round,
Chill was the icy breeze,
And hardened was the snow-clad ground,
And naked were the trees ;

2.

And shrouded in th' imperious haze,
And torpid was the sun :—
Nature proclaimed, in wild amaze,
Her annual race was run.

3.

But see—with mirthful jest and song,
And merry-making train,
Leading the jocund hours along,
Christmas resumes his reign.

4.

Each rural charm attends his call,
Which swains to beauties owe ;—
The pendent bough adorns the hall,
The sprightly mistletoe.

5.

The wintry blast no more assails,
Expelled by joy and glee ;
The blazing hearth o'er all prevails,
Good cheer and revelry.

6.

Now the blithe dance and games I see ;
Now hear the laugh, the roar, the squall ;
The squeak, the struggling maid, when she
Cries “ John—I vow you never shall.”

7.

Briskly the buxom maiden warms
Her swain's soft wishes into bliss :—
Ye Gods ! defend from rustic harms,
For John imprints the welcome kiss.

8.

Now ladies fair have gallants all,
Comely, and young, and spruce, and gay ;
For sure, such things may well befall,
When January turns to May.

ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

1.

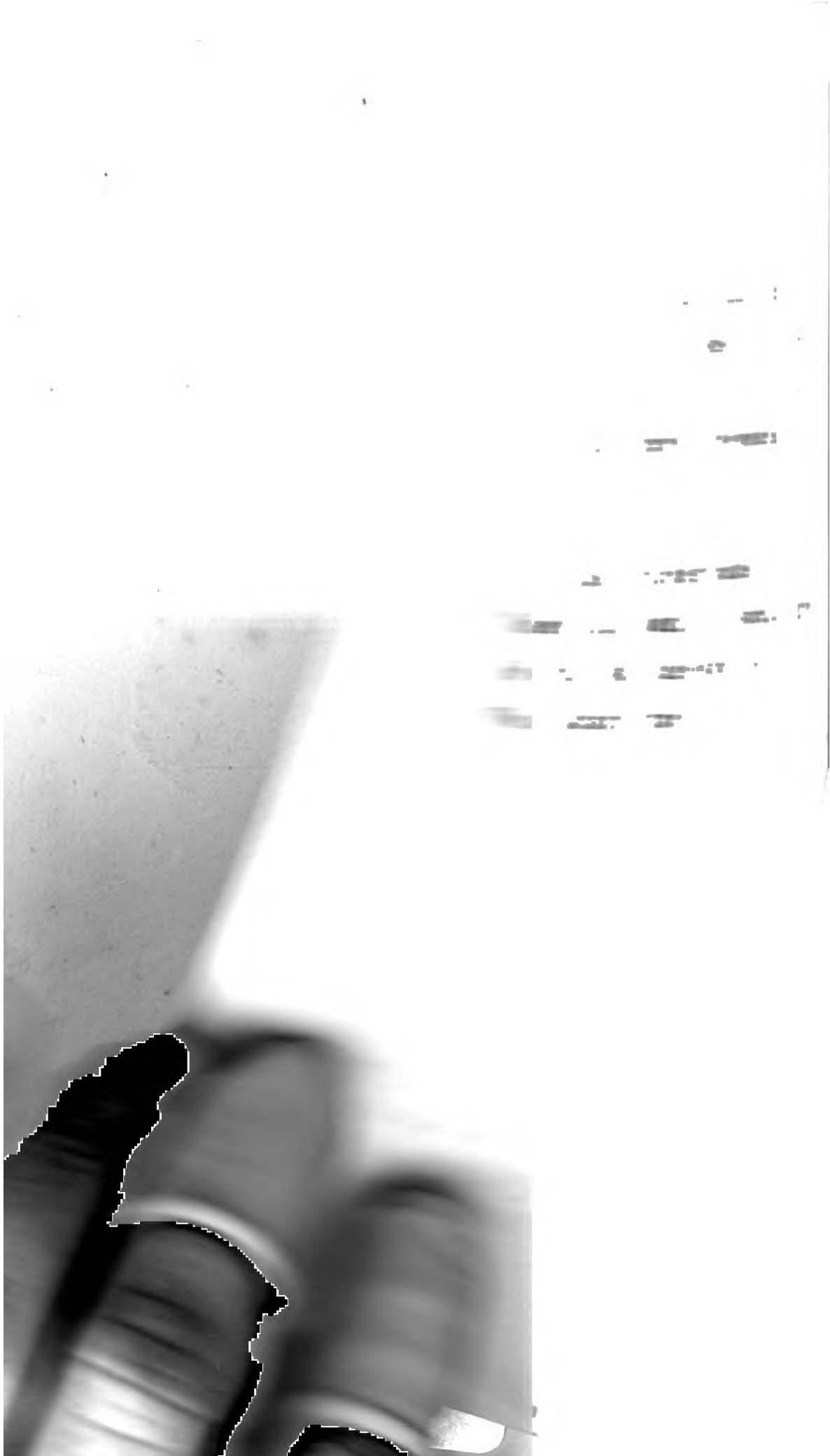
Rest, peaceful babe, released by fate
From troubles in this nether state :—
Scarcely hadst thou received thy breath
Ere thou obtain'dst the boon of death.

2.

Hushed into peace, thou ne'er hast known
The mother's anguish—widow's moan ;
Nor briny tears by sadness fed—
Tears such as now for thee are shed.

3.

Thou'st 'scaped the world's delusive snares—
This pit of strife—this gulf of cares ;
Nor jealousies nor fears didst know,
Nor sin which points the barb of woe.



ELEGY

THE DEATH OF A CHILD

I

peaceful shade, bereaved by late
 troubles in this better state —
 Oly hasten thou, rest not, but
 thou obtain'st not the boon of death.

2

lest my peace should be of long duration
 : mother's anguish — & thy e'ne
 r heavy tears of sadness fall —
 ears such as now thy face are met

3

Thou'rt stager the world's to come state —
 This pit of strife — the gul' of care
 Nor jealousies nor fears shall hurt
 Nor an which wounds the heart of care.

4.

Blest infant ! thou hast sped thy flight
To realms of pure, unmixed delight ;
Where innocence for ever reigns,
Exempt from sorrow, free from pains.

5.

Cease then the loud lament, the sigh,
The grief that trickles in the eye :
Comfort ye, parents ; weep no more ;
Or if ye weep, give praises and adore.

CONSTANCY.

1.

Fair as the flow'rets in the spring,
Sweet as music's magic power,
Soft as the air which zephyrs bring,
Such is the angel I adore.

2.

Inconstant as the waning moon,
False as the fleeting clouds above,
Shapeless as dew-drops are at noon,
Thus shifting changeful woman's love.

3.

Firm as the solid sea-girt rock,
Sure as the circling sun to view,
Enduring as the knotted oak,
Thus steadfast is my heart, and true.

4.

Yes! now her coldness chills my soul ;
Yes! all endearments now are past ;
Yet still I bend to Love's controul,
Yet love I must while life may last.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION.

Good Sir, will you some questions solve
 Which things of moment may involve?
 Your queries let me understand,
 And I'll resolve them if I can.
 What then is that strange creature—man,
 A being which no mind can scan?
 And what his helpmate—woman, too,
 Who was the first that evil knew?
 They are the beings of a day,
 And each by each is led astray.
 Pray what is giant-sized dominion!
 A dangerous thing, in my opinion.
 And what's insatiate ambition?
 A ceaseless evil, in addition.
 What is supreme and sovereign rule?
 A Will-o'th-wisp t'entice a fool.
 What's religion? Oft a mask—
 A sun where worldlings love to bask.

Now tell me what is orthodox?
 The treasure that requires no locks.
 What's fame? A reputation
 That puts to great expense a nation.
 What's dearest friendship? 'Tis a name
 That serves a knave, as sportsmen game.
 What is beauty? 'Tis a snare
 Of which fair maidens should beware.
 What's virtue? An endeavour
 To mend and alter one's behaviour.
 And—its great counterpart: What's vice?
 An idol worshipped, though not nice.
 What's honor? 'Tis a bubble
 That gives a man a deal of trouble;—
 A pointed blade that aims at strife—
 Your wife will taint, or take your life.
 What's honesty, so much in vogue?
 A mere pretence t' enrich a rogue.
 Respectability? A screen
 That crimes and justice stands between.
 What's clearly right and bright as rockets?
 By any means to fill your pockets.

What's pleasure, horse-racing, and gaming?
 They are a sort of pigeon-taming.
 Good dinners, kickshaws, plays, and routs?
 An equipage for aches and gouts.
 A lawyer's or a doctor's bill?
 A salutary draught or pill.*
 Now answer me, and tell me true:
 Who will believe such things? Why few.
 No more I'll ask. No more I'll say;
 Therefore, between us both, Good day.

* "Like him who took the doctor's bill,
 And swallowed it instead o' the pill."

Butler.

ODE TO IMAGINATION.

I.

Busy, faithless, treacherous sprite—
 Imagination, light as air,
 Where art thou flown ?
 I'm left alone :
 Whence hast thou sped with visions bright ?
 I would pursue, but wist not where.—
 How false, vain semblance, thou, and yet how
 fair !

II.

Fain would I woo thy quick return ;
 Celestial being, pity my distress ;
 I sigh for thee :
 Nay, do not flee :—
 Oh hear my deep lament ; I mourn
 Thee gone, but yet thy votary bless ;
 In hopes of gaining thee my suit I press.

III.

With fairy lures and sportive wiles
 Thou shed'st delight and joy around :
 In magic guise,
 With piercing eyes,
 Like spells upon enchanted ground,
 Thou gain'st all hearts within thy toils :—
 Oh ! sweet deceiver, how I love thy smiles !

IV.

Yet I would have thee innocent
 As Eden graced with early dew :
 Pure be thy tread
 As snowy bed—
 As erst thou wert from Heaven sent,
 When all was lovely, just, and true,
 Yet cheerful, jocund, gay, and blithe as you.

V.

As Adam thought, would thou could'st speak,
 When he beheld his lovely bride,
 Blooming as Youth,
 And fair as Truth ;

Heaven in her eye, and beauty on her cheek :—
 What joy extatic * * *, when he eyed
 Such heavenly charms, himself to heaven
 allied !

VI.

But when man fell from bliss so great,
 Thy form became degenerate too :
 Ah ! grief-worn tale !
 How I bewail
 Thus retrogradè thy high estate ;
 Thou placest phantoms in our view,
 But wretchedness, alas ! thou paintest true.

VII.

Yet I will take thee as thou art :
 Yes ! I wish thee ever nigh :
 Though not sublime
 As infant time,
 Thou still hast power to win the heart ;
 Thou still canst smile—repress the sigh :—
 With thee Oh ! let me live, without thee die.

EPIGRAM.

An infidel close-pressed this arg'ment drew :
Could Sampson slay a thousand Philistines ?
Not only slay, but with a jaw-bone too ?
Perhaps, said Tom, their heads were soft as
thine's.

EXPRESSION.

Expression, dear Urania, 'tis I prize :
Expression !
Nay, startle not, you have it in those eyes :
Yes! more than rhetoric they make impression.
For language labours vainly to pourtray
The secret windings of the heart ;
And they it is that oft betray
What language dares not to impart :
Nature on these alone relies.—
To guide the sea-tossed sailor home
Like stars in heaven's arch they brilliant shine,
No more the vasty deep to roam ;
In roseate bowers with beauty to recline,
Blest with her guileless charms and form
divine.

THE WEDDING-RING.

1.

Magic circle—potent spell,
Sweet token of the love I bear ;
On her heart for ever dwell
For I would implant thee there.

2.

What though narrow is thy bound,
Though thy substance is but slight,
Happiness with thee is found ;
Deprived of thee there's no delight.

3.

Bright thy surface is, though plain ;
Real is thy native worth ;
Thus fair the joys thou dost contain ;
Thus true the pleasures thou bring'st forth.

4.

As I view thee all around,
Beginning nor an end I see ;
So my affection will be found
Alike to all eternity.

5.

Dignity supreme and taste
On thy circlet ever rest :
What so beautiful and chaste !
What gem so precious and caressed !

6.

Thy polish and refulgence too
Add to the hand a winning grace :
These happiness and joy renew ;
These ever wear a smiling face.

7.

Thou art of faith the genuine mould ;
Thy weight admits of no alloy :
Thus, love that's true as sterling gold
Nor time nor change can e'er destroy.

8.

In every clime thou'rt still the same ;
Thy form on Earth's serene and even ;
For God and man secure thy frame—
The stamp of kings, th' impress of heaven.

USE OF THE VEIL.

With various powers we different beauties find,
This wins the sense and that enchants the
mind ;

Here a fair Helen, there a Hebe reigns,
Subdues the heart, and holds the soul in chains :
Some ply with curious art the toilet's care,
T' enhance delight and make the fair more fair ;
Use all their skill, try every glittering toy
To gain the ardent, smiling, shivering boy.
Thus, Syren-like, they all their charms display,
T' attract fond man, and with their eyes to slay ;
But, lest thy *killing graces* should assail,
In mercy *thou* conceal'st them in a veil.

THE MIRROR.

1.

Cherished Mirror, bright and clear,
The fairest forms to thee appear ;
But when my Celia comes to thee
Thou hast a winning charm for me.

2.

Flattering mirror, strange delight
Thou fashionest to Beauty's sight ;
But when sweet Celia thou canst trace,
Thou shew'st a real—matchless Grace.

3.

Oh ! should she deign to smile on thee—
On thy bosom pictured be,
My suit to the fair virgin prove,
And speak to her in notes of love.

4.

Tell her that those lovely eyes
That claim the azure of the skies,
Ne'er beamed, within their radiant view,
On one more constant, kind, and true.

5.

Say, though she's fair—divinely fair,
Moulded and graced as angels are ;
There's none on whom her beauties shine
Have hearts to feel and love like mine.

6.

Whisper this moral to her mind :—
Oh ! loveliest of womankind,
With face and feature formed to please,
Trust not too much to charms like these.

7.

The cheek that now with ardor glows
Must shed its blush of blooming rose ;
Time o'er that brow soon cast a shade,
The lustre of that eye soon fade.

8.

Ah ! when thy smiles no more entrance,
When flown the splendors of thy glance,
When lips and teeth entice no more,
And all thy charms have lost their power,

9.

Know there's a swain who still would prize
The spirit that informs those eyes ;
In faith no change he'd undergo,
But love thee even then as now.

EPIGRAM.

Said Dick, look where I will, I see no use in
riches.

Not in another's hands, quoth Ned, for there
it hitches.



EPIGRAM.

A *Monument* of wisdom Will's, quoth Jack :
Aye, but, said Ned, th' *Inscription's* on his
back.



EPIGRAM.

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?
Should Nurse be mute, the Undertaker, He.

HOMeward BOUND.

1.

Long was the voyage, hard the fare,
Ceaseless the watch's dreary round ;
But Jack has braved both wear and tear,
And now the sailor's homeward bound.

2.

Strong were the gales, and rough the sea,
On lee yard-arm he oft was found ;
Promptly the ear-ring pass would he,
But toil seems sweet when homeward bound.

3.

Our gallant ship, by tempests borne,
Midst breakers smoked, and struck the ground ;
The keel and rudder both were torn,
But now she's off, and homeward bound.

4.

Dismasted, on the strand she lay,
'Gainst surf her strong-built sides the mound ;
But 'twas not there our fate to stay,
So we're afloat, and homeward bound.

5.

And oft the enemy drew near,
And oft we fought, 'midst cannon's sound ;
But now of foes and bullets clear,
We jovial sing while homeward bound.

6.

And dire disease attacked us too,
Some tars were shot, and some were drowned ;
But still we have a noble crew,
Fearless of death, and homeward bound.

7.

Sometimes oppressed with tropic heat,
Sometimes with arctic ice surround ;
Each change of clime we cheerful meet,
And greet the gale when homeward bound.

8.

But now our native land's in view,
Its fields with golden harvest crowned ;
To briny waves we bid adieu,
Blest is the port when homeward bound.

THE LINNET.

1.

See'st thou yon Linnet in his cage ?
How sad he sits, or seems to sit !
No flight can now his wings engage,
No other linnet near him flit.

2.

Oh ! let me loose him from restraint,
I long to set the prisoner free :
What would'st thou give, O hapless bird,
Once to regain thy liberty ?

3.

Yet patiently thy durance bear,
Like others thou art doomed to toils ;
And strive to please thy mistress fair ;
All captives are on whom she smiles.

THE DEAD DOG.

1.

What! art thou gone, my Lion! art thou dead!
Could not thy virtues save thy honest head!
No! death's fell power will no denial take,
Or for the slave's or for the master's sake.

2.

Yes! thou art gone, but 'tis the lot of all,
For time sweeps off the mighty and the small:
Thy native worth might some affection claim,
But who laments or wealth, or power, or fame.

3.

Yet, Lion, I regret thy noble front,
Thy pliant feet, thy teeth, which stood the
brunt
Of many a fleshless bone's intestine jar,
And fiercely would expel the dogs of war.

4.

How many times thy princely coat and tail
 Were torn by foes, or met with worse assail !
 Still patiently thou braved'st the vile assault,
 And if thou slew'st them not 'twas not thy
 fault.

5.

A course of twenty years with thee I ran,
 I but a stripling when thy race began :
 How playful then thy feats, with eager frame
 To seize the ball, or spring the flying game.

6.

My close companion thou when life was new ;
 None were more trusty, and more useful few :
 Together oft we ranged the woods and fields,
 And tasted joys such as pure nature yields.

7.

Thou wast indeed a favorite, it's true ;
 But thou requited'st not as fav'rites do :—
 Thou crossed'st not my cares with ceaseless
 strife,
 Nor stung the breast which warmed thee into
 life.

8.

No! thou wast grateful, generous, kind;
 E'en when I spurned thee, to my follies blind:
 Thy courage and thy strength lay at my feet,
 Though thy bold heart would deadliest con-
 flicts meet.

9.

The far-famed wolf which reared the boys*
 with pains,
 And gave them food drawn from her lusty veins,
 Beheld not her young charge with tenderer
 brow
 Thy master, who regarded thee, than thou.

10.

This then, my dog, be th' Ep'taph on thy grave:
 "Here Lion lies—the Faithful and the Brave."
 I, who best knew him, must this tribute lend:
 He was my Dog, my Servant, and my Friend.

* Romulus and Remus.

THE REPULSE.

1.

Amyntor loved fair Celia, and loved true :
Long time he sighed, but was afraid to woo :
Though secretly he groaned beneath his chain,
He durst not speak because he feared disdain.

2.

Well might the piteous youth foresee her scorn,
For he was poor, and she was nobly born :
So fair her form and dignified her mien,
She seemed to reign below like beauty's queen.

3.

True she had charms that frigid age might
 move,
And those affections sweet that fixed his love ;
But could a simple swain e'er make pretence
To beauty such as hers and excellence.

4.

Oft he would strive to utter his complaint,
 To deprecate her spleen—his woes to paint;
 But no just sentence he could ever draw,
 Such dread possessed his soul and sacred awe.

5.

Till worn with doubts, distracts, and anxious
 care,
 He half-resolved t' approach th' illustrious fair;
 Trembling, his feeble suit at length essayed,
 And faintly thus addressed the listening maid.

6.

“Fair Lady, may thy humble suppliant dare
 Accost thy highness with a tender prayer?
 Do not my bold presumption now disown;
 Oh! make me not quite wretched with a frown.”

7.

“’Tis full seven years since first my eyes were
 blessed
 With thy soft image; thus, I'm bereaved of rest:
 Yet peace I'd sacrifice and seven years more
 To gain the pity of so bright a power.”

8.

Go, sad Amyntor, I thy fears deride ;
 No pity can I grant, the maid replied ;
 Go to some flirting fair and doleful be,
 But never hope encouragement from me.

9.

Oh ! hadst thou seen Amyntor, seen his look !
 Downwards he sank ;—the rose his cheek
 forsook :
 Death then's my portion (so he said)—the end
 Of all my toils ; the wretch's last, best friend !

10.

But, Celia, I accuse not : 'tis the fruit—
 “ Thy person I reject not, but thy suit : ”
 So spake th' angelic maid : him she beheld
 With tenderest eye, and all his fears dispelled.

11.

“ The fondest passion loves not much, dear
 youth,
 “ So meek a test of constancy and truth :
 “ Be resolute, be just, and, as you find,
 “ We pretty maidens are not long unkind.”

THE HARD HAND.

Give me thy hand, my honest friend : I prize
The substance of its rugged coat, that gives
A promise of the radiant gem within ;
Like diamond crust or pearly shell, which shew
As dingy foils to treasures hid beneath.
Would there were many such as thine, as in
The olden time ; when industry and zeal,
With prudent circumspection, raised our sons,
And made them independent and deserving.
Then the rough hand and generous heart
 spread wide
The ample board ; whilst health and joy
Beamed on their feasts, and made the viands
 sweet :
The aged and infirm were fed and clothed,
Not by a sorry rate and lying tale,

But just œconomy and kindred care.

The tender heart would then rejoice to help

The indigent and sad, not through rank crimes

And vice, but dire mishap and fate borne down :

The streets were smiling, and each aspect wore

The marks of cheerful plenty and content.

But now a sickly pride and gaunt ambition,

Mixed with a thirst for gold and empty shew,

Usurp the place of righteous principles.

Hence all is wild confusion and dismay :

The common herd would tread upon the heels

Of their superiors and their rulers too,

And gape for wealth, and fame, and power,

and place ;

As if the fair pre-eminence of rank

Could tally with the base ignoble crew.

They fain would form them as the rich and

great ;

And if they fail of this, as fail they must,

Spite of their cunning sleight and antick wiles,

(Just as the fabled frog outvied the ox),

They prey, like locusts, on society,

And curse the land with villany and woe.
Corruption saps of health the very core,
Cabals and clubs discordant reign around,
Morality becomes a butt for scoff,
And Holy Writ a subterfuge for gain.

I KNOW NOT.

ON READING CERTAIN PLAINTIVE VERSES
ADDRESSED BY A LADY TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

Mysterious Lines ! I know not why 'tis,
 But they with cares have filled my breast ;
 Yet this I know, in vain to try 'tis
 To give my anxious spirit rest.

I know thy Muse doth much aggrieve thee,
 For thou art generous, kind, and true ;
 And Hope, I trust, will ne'er deceive thee,
 But live thy life to cheer thee through.

I feel most sad, I know not wherefore,
 That precious tears should fall from thee ;
 Those gems celestial prithee spare, for
 All well is, was, and still shall be.

Faith is the soul's securest stay : then
Let All, sweet maid, be thy delight ;
To all that is or was say Amen,
And all the future will be right.*

* "Whatever is is right."

Pope.

THE TRIUMPH.

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE SOMETHING.

1.

Can I refuse
To sing or write ?
The stars invite ;
Urania is my Muse.

2.

Well ! I'll begin ;
How happy I
My skill to try,
Could I her smiles but win !

3.

E'en should she frown ;
Should stars and all
Decree my fall ;
Her voice she'll ne'er disown.

4.

One foe I see :
 Alas ! I fear
 Some rival near :
 'Tis peering Jealousy.

5.

Bowstring the sprite ;
 No mercy shew,
 Draw tight the bow ;*
 I can't endure his sight.

6.

The feat is done : †
 With laureate bine
 My brows entwine
 The glorious prize I've won.

7.

I say 'tis done :
 Let trump of Fame
 Resound my name
 Until your ears it stun.

* It is presumable that the Muse (being then in a playful mood) may have prompted the word *beau* instead of *bow* : if so, the character thus signalized must have undergone a metamorphosis in the inkhorn.

† Exegi monumentum.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

1.

I do not think these flaming courtships last :

 They speak too much :

Ah ! no ; th' evaporation soon is past.

 I like not such :

I want no words with passion strong ;

So, love me little, love me long.

2.

What though the amorous spark should pros-

 The welkin ring [trate be—

With vows most sacred on his bended knee ;

 Hear no such thing :

No vapourings to truth belong,

But Love, though *little*, still lives long.

3.

And, should'st thou then defer the promised

How ardent he ; [bliss,

But, if thou deign'st to grant a special kiss,

Away he'll flee :

Thus dire vexations on thee throng ;

Then, love a little, and love long.

4.

I own that some will worship to excess :

What follows then ?

They quickly loathe thine innocent caress ;

(Thus 'tis with men) ;

Now they're not right, and now they're wrong :

Little they cannot love, nor long.

5.

But swains who eye their nymphs with

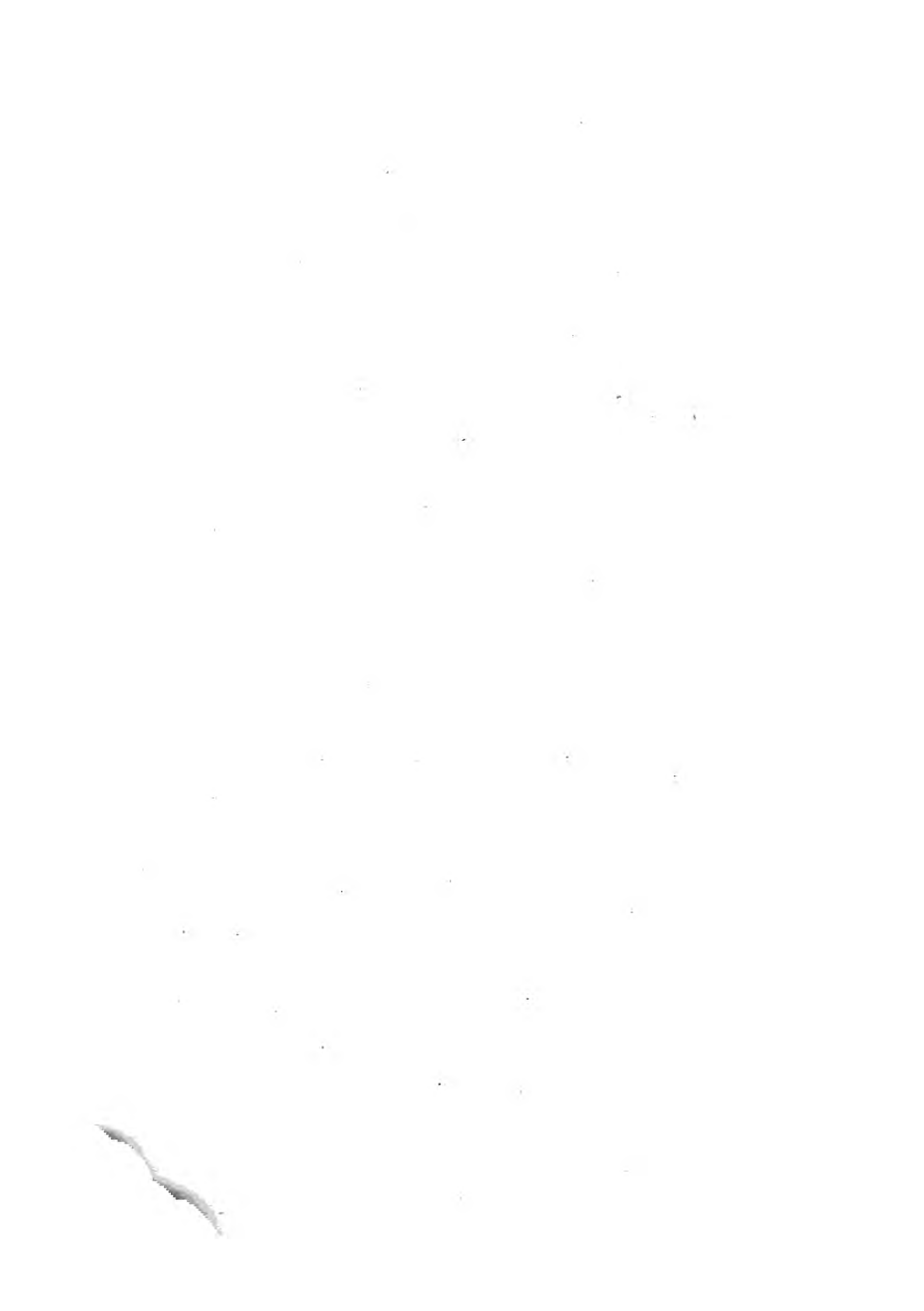
Are wiser far : [temp'rate joy

No freaks will goad them, nor possession cloy,

Your peace to mar.

With these, delights are ever young ;

For, loving little, they love long.



ESSAY
ON THE PRINCIPLES OF EVIDENCE,
AS RELATING TO SCIENCE,
WITH REMARKS ON THE
EXTENSIVE USES OF ARITHMETIC.

Next to the duties of religion and the exercise of virtue, it must be admitted that the search after truth and the acquisition of knowledge is of the utmost importance and advantage to mankind.

Knowledge is derived from the exercise of those faculties with which we are endowed by nature, combined with observation, experience, and research : thus, every man may be said to possess knowledge, diversified as his pursuits, and proportioned to his talents, application, and means of improvement ; but in a rude

and uncultivated state this knowledge is very limited and imperfect.

Science may be defined—"The spring and perfection of knowledge, as far as it has been attainable:" it holds out, as credentials, specific maxims or original incontrovertible principles, the tests of its validity and excellence; and, by its means, nations have arisen to the heights of moral power and wisdom, as well as of physical and political strength.

But in considering the Sciences as respects their approximation to abstract truth, it is necessary to examine and compare the nature of those evidences on which they are severally founded, and from which their maxims and conclusions are deducible.

Evidence or Proof is of three kinds, quite distinct from each other:—it is either Constructive, Palpable, or Demonstrative.

Constructive or conclusive Evidence rests entirely on the faculties and powers of reasoning: it applies to those sciences which are purely metaphysical; such as Theology, Ethics, Jurisprudence, &c. Reason, however, is discovered to be weak and fallible; for, although it must be acknowledged to be our best, and indeed only guide, in resolving

questions of vital importance to our welfare and happiness, yet it is liable to be warped by prejudice, or biassed by passion and interest ; so that (*miserere mei*) the conclusions drawn from certain data, by means of a chain of argument, are often fallacious, and incompatible with other reasonings, which, drawn from other sources, have, more or less, on the same ground, a claim to our admission and regard. Besides, if a single link be defective, the connexion and validity of the whole is endangered or destroyed. Hence the variety of speculative tenets in matters of religious faith and doctrine, and of civil policy and government : that side is presumed to be the true, on which there appears to rest a *preponderance* of evidence ; although it is plain that genuine, abstract Truth cannot act in opposition to itself, and be found in contrary sides of the balances which are held by Religion and Justice. Thus, if it were demanded—Whether a state of war or a state of peace, were most destructive of human happiness and productive of human misery?—Whether powerful armies and arbitrary sway were indicative of national prosperity or otherwise ? and, Whether or no conformity in church-worship and discipline

were advantageous to true religion?—these questions can only be solved, rationally, by means of propositions and syllogisms: the strength of the arguments may indeed differ in degree, and, consequently, be more or less forcible and satisfactory; but they each require to be established by means of regular inferences and logical deductions, drawn from previous maxims and hypotheses, and, at last, amount only to opinion: and, as it should seem, by the records of history, the answers which, in the present day, would generally be given to the above questions, as well as to many others intimately connected with the regulation of conduct, would (if a judgment of opinion may be founded on actions) be in contradiction to the collective wisdom of nations in past ages.

Palpable Proof is applicable to **Physics** only, and embraces those sciences which are accessible to our senses: **Natural Philosophy** wholly depends upon its testimony; and it, in part, upholds the numerous sciences that come under the general appellations of **Experimental Philosophy**, and the **Mixed Mathematics**. This kind of proof is much more ready, plain, and satisfactory than the former,

inasmuch as it is tangible, and illustrated by the evidence of our eyes, ears, and other faculties; nevertheless, it is not absolutely sure, being liable to illusion, and limited to the extent of our experience:—the infant is intent to catch the “queen of night,” the child to chase the glories of the rainbow; the adult traveller is sometimes beguiled by the promise of a luminous exhalation; and the untutored Indian, judging only of objects as they are presented to his view, is easily persuaded that the sun nightly reposes behind the hills, and believes the Earth to be a flat surface, and that all its inhabitants are of a sable complexion.

Demonstrative Proof, however, which appertains solely to the Pure Mathematics, or Science of Quantity, is perfect and satisfactory in every respect: it is equally free from the difficulties and embarrassments of ratiocination and from the delusions of sense, whilst it combines the advantages of each, being both mental and sensible. The evidence of demonstration is of the most convincing description. It is effected through the instrumentality of lines and angles, by means of inspection only; it being in accordance with

the senses, as far as this kind of testimony may reach; but, in regard to first principles, it passes this narrow bound into the regions of intellect:—thus, a Point or a line may be very accurately exhibited to the eye in the ordinary way, and a corresponding notion be immediately formed of either; but, if mathematically true and perfect, they must be rendered imaginary, and they may then be more correctly defined and clearly understood than they could possibly be by means of the finest implement.

The First Principles of the Mathematics and their Demonstration are coexistent and coessential: their definitions are self-evident and immediately discernible. The Principle and the Proof are in contact, and admit not the intervention either of argument or materiality; although they reject not the company of either: for instance:—Descriptions and drawings, as far as they go, may be perfectly compatible with the true idea of Parallel Lines; but the *definition* far outstrips them: this alone is complete, and conveys a perfect representation of their properties.

This it is that forms the peculiar excellence of the Mathematics: its Axioms, its Theorems,

and its Problems are all demonstrative: if understood at all, they are comprehended wholly and at once, and admit not the least admixture of doubt and indecision; for they subsist on evidence, the essentials of which are clearness and precision, which no sophistry can either establish or destroy; whilst the subtilty of reason is bewildered in the wiles and mazes of its own creating, and the most refined and accredited systems of Philosophy are perpetually liable to innovation and abandonment. The Theologian and the Philosopher, it is true, move in a more elevated sphere, and their views are more enchanting; but the Mathematician, though engaged in a less promising pursuit, is not without his satisfactions: his way, indeed, is often rugged and difficult; but he is constantly cheered by the presence of Truth, whose brightness reanimates his spirits, and enables him to surmount every obstacle. The former may be compared to an æronaut, or to a charioteer, whose career is rapid and delightful, but uncertain, and fraught with danger; the latter to a pedestrian, whose situation, though less aspiring, is more sure, and susceptible of more substantial enjoyment: *he* steadily pursues his way

amidst the richness of the valley, bearing, like Atlas, the sphere upon his shoulder ; while Phaëton is hurled from his giddy height, and the thunders of Jupiter alight on the heads of the presumptuous Cyclops.

Arithmetic, or the Science of Numbers, is generally considered as a branch of the Mathematics ; but I think it may more properly be esteemed, in regard to the practical part, *the root* ; for it is not only impossible to make any progress in Spherics, but even to advance a single step in the calculations of Geometry and Trigonometry without the aid of its primary rules, decimal as well as integral.

The uses of Arithmetic are very extensive ; though, from its early attainment, in common with the rudiments of other learning, and its continual recurrence, we are apt to regard it as an inferior science : it is not only essential to the whole of the Mixed as well as Pure Mathematics, but it is connected with almost every mechanical art ; and it is, in some shape or other, in alliance with most of the common avocations of life, and is indispensable to Commerce, Civilization, and the several official departments of the State. Let us take an instance or two of this :—Arithmetic affords one

of the means by which the hands of a watch perform their rotatory movement in due proportion of time, and by which we are enabled to rate our progress on a journey; without Numbers we should be incapable not only of building ships and bridges as at present constructed, but even of ascertaining their dimensions, or making a carpenter's rule; it is almost every thing in the collection of the revenue, and the very aliment of the financier.

But, besides the obvious uses of Arithmetic in a civil, commercial, and political sense, it has some advantages of a moral tendency, which have a beneficial influence on the heart and conduct. By adjusting with precision the private claims of individuals, it puts an end to discord and distrust, and promotes peace and good-fellowship; and, in the pursuits of commerce, by fostering an intercourse between nations, and confronting the natives of different countries with each other, not for purposes of destruction and rapine, but for those of mutual benefit and advantage, it has a powerful effect in allaying national animosities and prejudices, and becomes, in some respects, an antidote to the evils of War. The powers of Numbers, also, when employed

in the investigation of the minutiae of matter; or, on the other hand, by the aid of astronomy, in exploring the magnitude and distance of the solar orb, and the vast extent of the several concentric and excentric spheres dependent on its influence, while, at the same time, it is perceived that the laws of innumerable celestial Systems remain utterly unknown to us from their inconceivable remoteness; I say the powers of Numbers, thus directed, are calculated to raise our conceptions, and exalt our admiration of the *immensity* of that Incomprehensible Being who has spread the boundless expanse, and who sustains the mighty universe—the work of his creation; and thus they become incentives to humble adoration, and subservient to the purposes of true Religion.

ON THE BIAS OF SELF-LOVE**IN THE****ESTIMATE OF CHARACTER.**

A man can no more be known by character and appearances, as to principles and feelings, motives and satisfactions, than a Substance by its Shadow : sometimes, indeed, it is a pretty accurate representation of its object ; at others, according to the obliquity of the superficies of its reception, it is a caricature, is tortured into a chimerical semblance, or becomes wholly destitute of analogy ; is seemingly agitated when its prototype remains at rest, and appears quiescent although the body from whence it emanates is impetuous. Hence deceitful impressions are imbibed in all associations of men in respect to other communities and individuals.—The bigoted clown entertains a consummate contempt for the general attainments of science and the progress of civiliza-

tion, although he may pique himself highly on his own knowledge in that particular art in which he is conversant, and which, from experience, he finds to be conducive to his gains: in the circles of gaiety and fashion, persons without fortune and deficient in the arts of polished life, are, for the most part, (tacitly at least) denounced as base and insignificant—as possessing no elevation and energy of mind:—an humble sphere of action attracts ridicule on motives however excellent, while the greatest and best deeds are branded with unworthy impulses. And those persons whose reasoning faculties are most slow and obscure, are the most active and determined in passing sentence of condemnation on those of whom they may be envious or mistrustful: Reason reluctantly assumes the judgment-seat, which is without hesitation usurped by Ignorance, blinded by Folly and seduced by Passion.

In the several professions and avocations of life some standard of excellence is set up best suited generally to the capacities, and the particular views and advantages of the members attached to their separate class or body; and, by these tests of superiority, other classes, societies, and individuals, are tried and mea-

sured. And, speaking generally, those qualities and circumstances which admit of a due share of pride and self-complacency, or which self-interest represents as desirable, are, each in their sphere, the objects of admiration and attraction to thousands; such as honor, bravery, spirit, generosity, politeness, talents, genius, prosperity, youth, beauty, fame, fortune, family, rank, power, and influence; but we seldom find, unless negatively, that the genuine virtues of patience, meekness, gratitude, fidelity, &c., as practically applied to the scenes before us, are much extolled in conversation, which is the source from whence character is derived: the reason is, that these humble dispositions are generally unconnected with any present purpose; they have no admixture of policy; and cannot, by any means, be rendered subservient to our immediate desires.

The prepossessions thus derived from particular associations; which, as it were, set limits to the understanding, are not wholly confined to the ignorant and the vain; they obtain in some degree even with the virtuous and the wise: the learned are apt to think too meanly of those engaged in business and the active

pursuits of life ; and the religious world condemn the supposed errors of those who conscientiously dissent from the received creed of their particular sect : a spirit of rivalry will sometimes excite jealousy, and stimulate this aversion into animosity ; but self-complacency is *ever* ready to suggest the most unfavorable constructions in regard to the character and conduct of its opponents. Hence, of all mankind, those most subject to unfavorable animadversion and vituperation, are they who dare to deviate from the current of public prejudice in manners and opinions : against such the whole artillery of private scandal is directed ; and the common self-love of mankind unites in driving them from the pale of self-constituted reputation.

F I N I S.

ERRATUM.—Page 26, line 6, for *wist* read *wis*.

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