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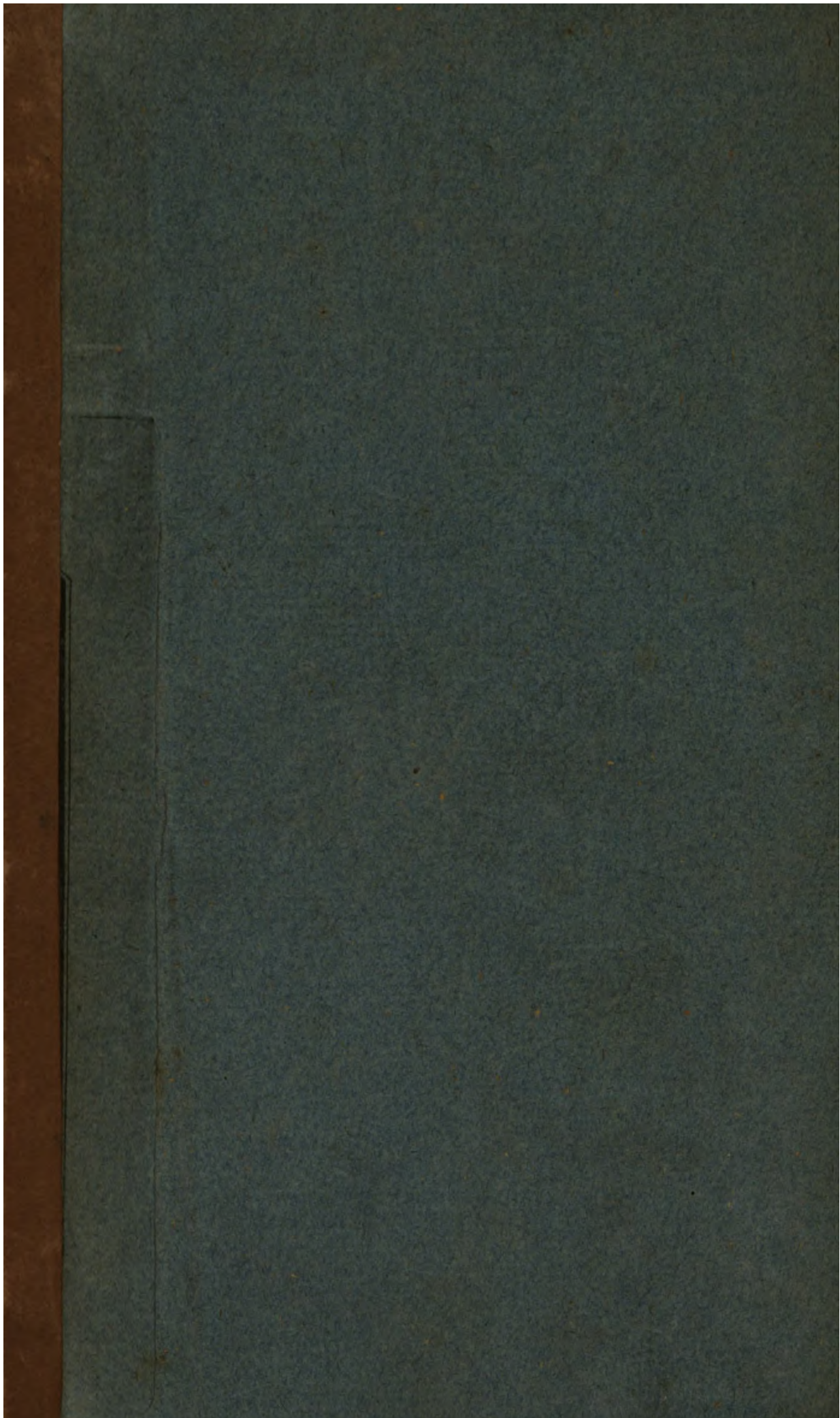
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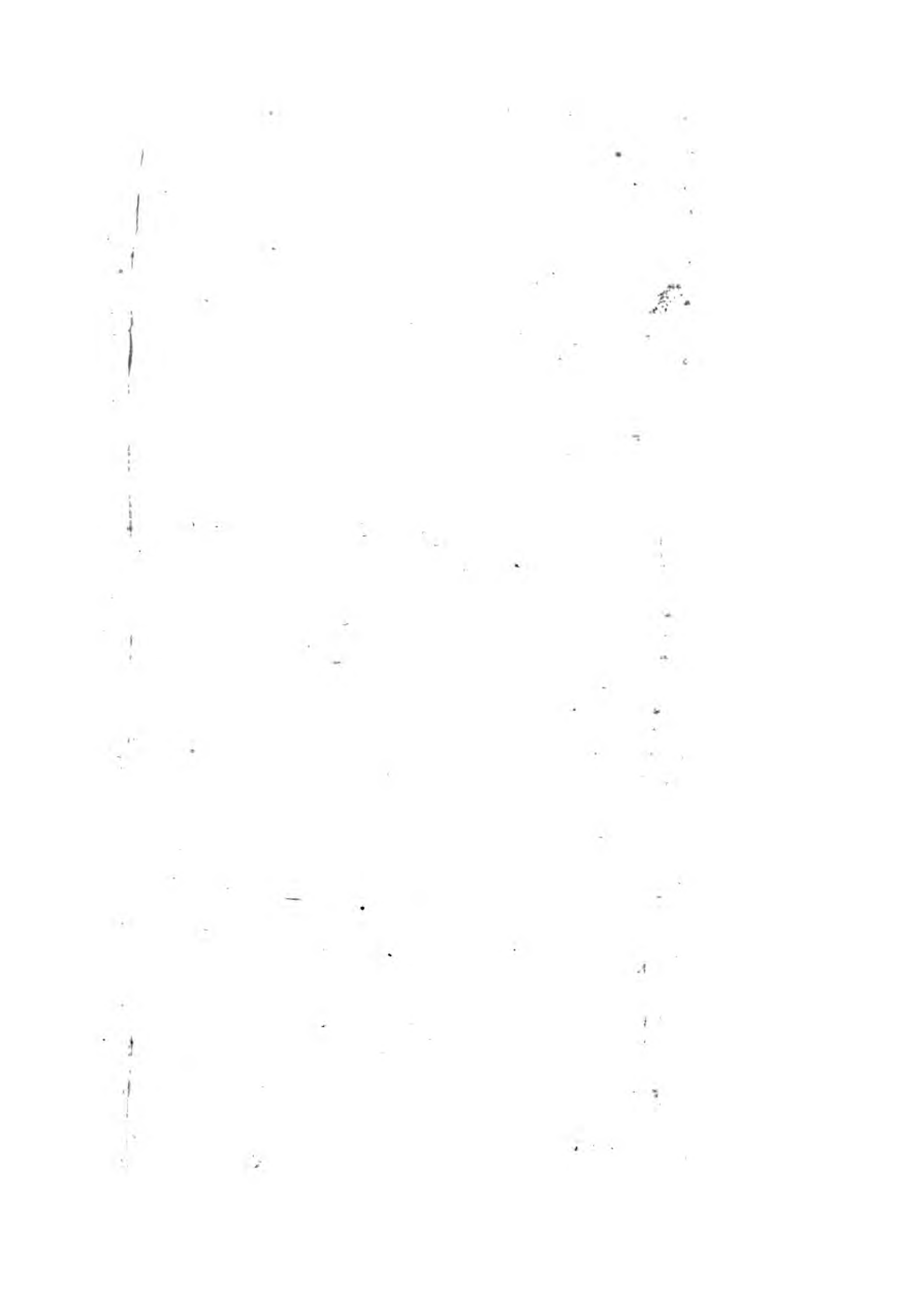
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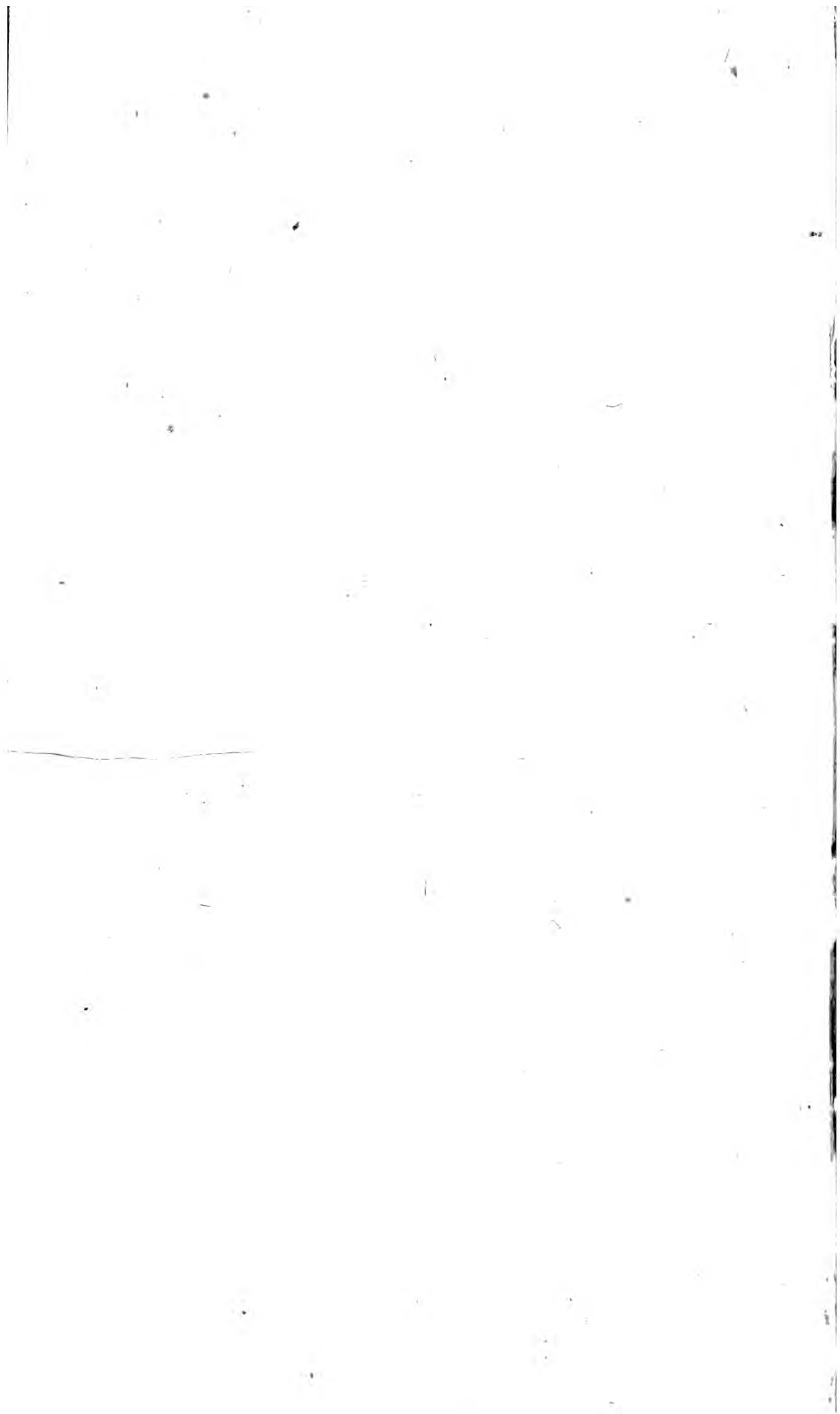


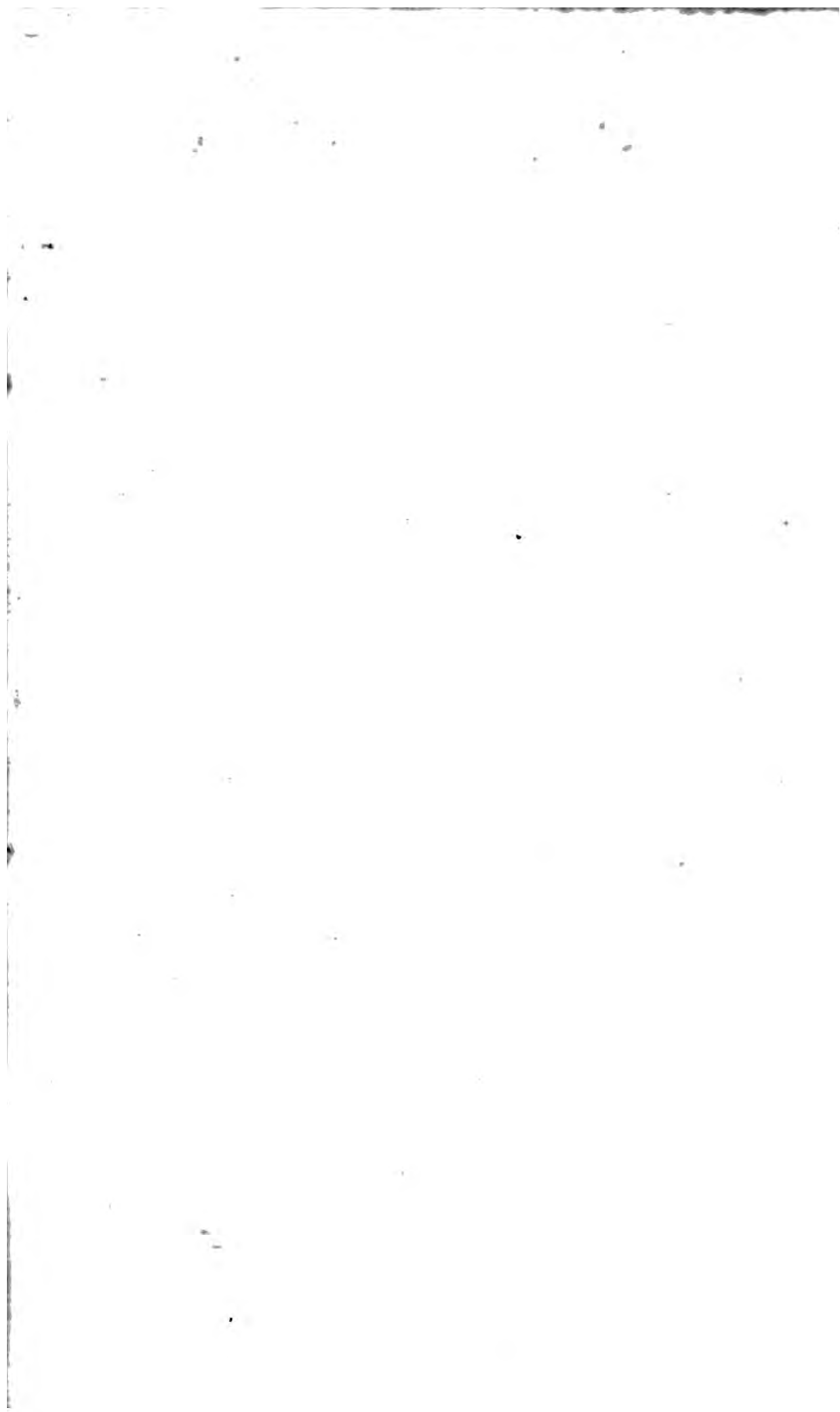
RT Kyle Fletcher

2005

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Charles James.

Ætatis Suae 49.

*Let Pride, let Envy, Wit or Vice condemn,
Truths said in Rhyme, and sometimes said of them;
While Candour hears, and Honesty commends,
Who cares if Envy, Pride and Vice be Friends?*

THINGS AS THEY ARE.

Page 115.

POEMS,

BY

CHARLES JAMES,

AUTHOR OF THE MILITARY DICTIONARY, REGIMENTAL
COMPANION, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

SI QUA MEIS FUERINT, UT ERUNT, VITIOSA LIBELLIS,
EXCUSATA SUO TEMPORE, LECTOR, HABE.

Ovidius.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by C. Roworth, Bell Yard, Temple Bar,

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BOND STREET; AND J. RICHARDSON,
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1817.



THE NEW EDITION

OF

THESE POEMS

IS,

BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.



TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
GEORGE
PRINCE OF WALES.

MDCXCII.

ILLE POTENS SUI,
LÆTUSQUE DEGET, CUI LICET IN DIEM
DIXISSE, VIXI—

Horace.

IF all that elevates, or charms in song,
To matchless ease and dignity belong;
When nobly realiz'd the virtues dart
The native radiance of a gen'rous heart,
And ev'ry feature, herald of the breast,
By artless truth and sentiment's imprest;
What muse can picture, tho' conviction move,
Their bright existence in the Prince we love?
What lyre—where ev'ry principle combin'd
At once to rule and to adorn mankind,

Breathes

DEDICATION.

Breathes in each act—shall from its yielding strings
Return the praises which a nation sings ;

Whilst on the giddy whirlwind of the day
Kingdoms are tost, and sceptres torn away ;
While native grandeur is obscurely thrown
On foreign soil, and exil'd from its own ;*
Safe on her sea-girt coast, BRITANNIA rears
Her awful front, and thro' the storm appears
Serene and calm, majestically great,
In all the splendour of untroubled state.
Safe in the glorious charter of the land,
By truth exacted and by wisdom plann'd,
The dauntless Briton on his King relies,
And loves the law that tyranny defies.
Both feel the rights which government defend,
And sanction'd empire with subjection blend.

O'er BRUNSWICK's race the Genius of the isle
Exulting shines, and bids each blessing smile ;
Beholds the present shielded like the past,
And expectation answer'd to the last :
Sees ev'ry reign a cloudless tenour run,
Thro' prospects bright'ning in a wider sun.

Ah! ever thus may Royalty be known
To pour a native radiance on the throne ;

* This passage alludes to the impolitic emigration of the French Princes in 1792 ; at which period the Dedication was written, and peace subsisted between England and France.

Shew

DEDICATION.

Shew Honour, Truth, and Majesty the same,
And rank, at best, a secondary name:
Not wildly scatter'd on illusion's ray,
The gilded wonder of a fleeting day!
By *mere* distinction from the crowd be rais'd,
For titles honour'd, and for titles prais'd!
Baseless pre-eminence, which proves at most
How frail the tenure of our only boast.

Be thine—of youthful Majesty serene,
O GEORGE, illustrious in each princely scene—
Be thine the praise, humanity to shield,
To act from nature, and to nature yield;
Unmov'd by prejudice be thine to hear
The tale of candour, with impartial ear;
Rejecting malice, howsoever drest,
By rank supported, or by wit express'd.
Though first in dignity, still last to move
Beyond what truth and liberty approve;
Be thine the praise, pre-eminent in birth,
To make pre-eminence the seat of worth;
And when reflection shall thy feelings scan,
Still shew the PRINCE inferiour to the MAN.



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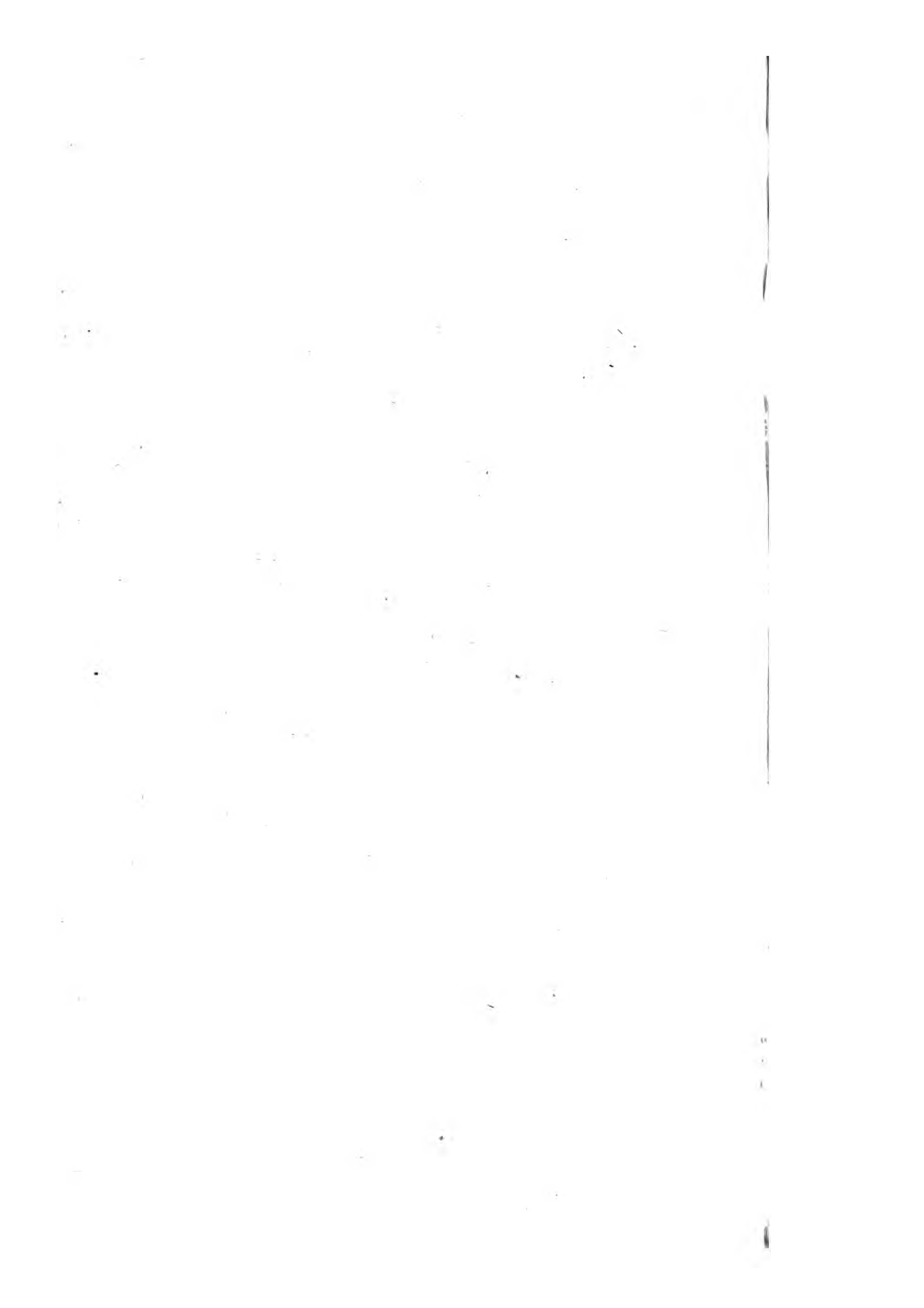
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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is not from any vanity of my own, but from the kind suggestions of partial friendship, that I offer these Poems to the Public, in their present state of embellishment and decoration. Several of them have been already published, and on them correction has not been spared—whether it proceeded from my own more mature experience, or the ameliorating aid of candid criticism. Others, which now appear for the first time, have been reviewed with all the judgment I possess, and all the care I could bestow. The friends, who have called forth these volumes, will, I doubt not, peruse the subjects of them, *for the sake of the author*; and it will be no small gratification to his feelings, if it should appear hereafter, that there were any who had perused them *for their own*.

PREFACE.

PREFIXED TO THE EDITION PUBLISHED IN 1792.

IT would be as ridiculous in an author, on his first appearing at the tribunal of public opinion to affect indifference, as in a young courtier, when introduced to his sovereign, to seem perfectly composed. A total apathy to outward form and ceremony, as it generally indicates ignorance or pride, is almost always followed by laughter or disgust. Consciousness of merit, indeed, will very often raise the mind into confidence; but as every impulse of the sort, whether real or fictitious, must in some degree trespass upon the deference which is due to others, we cannot wonder if the efforts of such a mind be tried by the strictest ordeal.

Impressed with this idea, I felt it necessary to introduce my last edition to the candid part of mankind,

b 2

by

by a declaration of sentiments which did not entirely correspond with the notions of some established critics. *Their* opinion, I had much reason to believe, must have some influence, although their right to infallibility could not easily be ascertained. Custom had given force to principles which the generality of mankind acknowledged, because the investigation of them was either too intricate for the superficial to analyse, or too laborious for the indolent to trace. A species of tribunal became necessary to literature from the diversified appearance of knowledge, which could never be justly settled, while, like the prism, modern philosophy conveyed it to us. “Speculative opinions,” Hume justly remarks, “are in continual flux and revolution. The son embraces a different system from the father. Nay, there scarcely is any man, who can boast of great constancy and uniformity in this particular. Whatever speculative errors may be found in the polite writings of any age or country, they detract but little from the value of those compositions. There needs but a certain turn of thought or imagination
“ to

“ to make us enter into all the opinions which then
“ prevailed, and relish the sentiments or conclusions
“ derived from them. But a very violent effort is
“ requisite to change our judgment of manners, and
“ excite sentiments of approbation or blame, love
“ or hatred, different from those to which the mind,
“ from long custom, has been familiarized. And
“ where a man is confident of the rectitude of that
“ moral standard by which he judges, he is justly
“ jealous of it, and will not pervert the sentiments
“ of his heart for a moment, in complaisance to any
“ writer whatsoever. The general principles of
“ taste are uniform in human nature : where men
“ vary in their judgments, some defect or perversion
“ in the faculties may commonly be remarked ; pro-
“ ceeding either from prejudice, from want of prac-
“ tice, or want of delicacy ; and there is just reason
“ for approving one taste, and condemning another.”

In matters of science, however, in technical acquisitions, and in efforts of art, there can be little diversity of judgment, where the knowledge of the critic

is adequate to the subject he would scrutinize. The mathematician can never be wrong in his decision, because every demonstration must be simple, uniform and just. Yet, as the same sensible author observes, “ though, in speculation, we may readily
“ avow a certain criterion in science, and deny it in
“ sentiment, the matter is found in practice to be
“ much more hard to ascertain in the former case
“ than in the latter. Theories of abstract philo-
“ sophy, systems of profound theology, have pre-
“ vailed during one age; in a successive period these
“ have been universally exploded; their absurdity
“ has been detected; other theories and systems
“ have supplied their place, which again gave place
“ to their successors; and nothing has been ex-
“ perience more liable to the revolutions of chance
“ and fashion than these pretended decisions of sci-
“ ence. The case is not the same with the beauties
“ of eloquence and poetry. Just expressions of
“ passion and nature are sure, after a little time, to
“ gain public applause, which they maintain for
“ ever. Aristotle, and Plato, and Epicurus, and
“ Descartes

“ Descartes may successively yield to each other ;
 “ but Terence and Virgil maintain an universal, un-
 “ disputed empire over the minds of men. The
 “ abstract philosophy of Cicero has lost its credit,
 “ the vehemence of his orations is still the object
 “ of our admiration.”*

If

* Should the observations maintained in this preface attract the notice of the unprejudiced, it may not be thought presumptuous to add, that the above extracts are brought forward to shew, I was not singular in my assertion respecting an uniformity in nature, as far as concerns the operation of the senses. But I am far from attempting to infer, that the avenues to originality are universally closed upon the present age, or that no writer can expect to get beyond a certain line of imitation. I simply maintain that where sentiment is the prominent feature of a work, the complexion of it will be less novel, because the principles, being natural, must be common to all mankind. Originality of manner, however, may unquestionably be attained ; and where that is found, some degree of merit should be allowed. Our great error in judgment seems to proceed more from a settled determination to decide upon every new production, according to the recollection we may have of what has been written by others, than from a candid survey of the various lights which are probably thrown upon the dictate of mere invention. The allusion to a clock and watch respecting judgment was certainly the same idea. But no man will pretend to declare, that because Fontenelle made use of the thought, Pope has no merit in his application of it; or that mere invention must supersede improvement? Even our immortal Shakespeare would experience a considerable drawback from his

If the standard of taste is as difficult to be discovered as a concurrence of opinion amidst the fluctuations of prejudice and passion, every author may reasonably suppose that of the many decisions which are loosely scattered by hurry and conjecture, some might be erroneous; especially (as in the following poems) when the object of praise or censure must be almost wholly the growth of sentiment. Hume judiciously observes, “ there is a species of philosophy which cuts off all hopes of success in such an attempt, and represents the impossibility of ever attaining any standard of taste. The difference, it is said, is very wide between judgment and sentiment. All sentiment is right, because sentiment has a reference to nothing beyond itself, and is always real, wherever a man is conscious of it. But all determinations of the understanding are not right; because they have a reference to something beyond themselves, to wit, real matter of fact; and are not always conformable

uncommon claim to originality, were critics to visit the Italian and Spanish novel writers; particularly Cynthio; in whose works many of his plots may be found.

“ to

“ to that standard. Among a thousand different
“ opinions which different men may entertain of
“ the same subject, there is one, and but one, that is
“ just and true ; and the only difficulty is to fix and
“ ascertain it. On the contrary, a thousand differ
“ ent sentiments, excited by the same object, are
“ all right; because no sentiment represents what
“ is really in the object. It only marks a certain
“ conformity, or relation, between the object and
“ the organs or faculties of the mind; and if that
“ conformity did not really exist, the sentiment
“ could never possibly have being. Beauty is no
“ quality in things themselves: it exists merely
“ in the mind which contemplates them; and each
“ mind perceives a different beauty. One person
“ may even perceive deformity where another is
“ sensible of beauty. And every individual ought
“ to acquiesce in his own sentiments, without pre-
“ tending to regulate those of others. To seek
“ the real beauty, or real deformity, is as fruitless
“ an enquiry as to pretend to ascertain the real
“ sweet or real bitter. According to the dispo-
“ sition of the organs, the same object may be both

“ sweet and bitter, and the proverb has justly de-
“ termined it to be fruitless to dispute concerning
“ tastes. It is very natural, and even quite neces-
“ sary, to extend this axiom to mental as well as
“ bodily taste: and thus common sense, which is
“ often at variance with philosophy, especially with
“ the sceptical kind, is found in one instance at
“ least to agree in pronouncing the same decision.”

I have submitted this sensible passage to my candid reader as a sort of introduction to some observations, which, drawn from the same principles, more immediately concern the following poems. He will easily perceive that my adherence to a former opinion is neither the dictate of obstinate presumption, nor the effect of ignorant affectation. As I have not attempted to appear original at the expence of reason and propriety, by deviating from the object to grasp at possible sublimity, nor dwelt upon each image, so as to analyze the description into trifling novelty, the only merit to which I can aspire must be derived from a natural display of sentiment. In fact, I have attempted, like the painter
from

from real life, to arrange my ideas in such a manner, that what I have wished to express may appear without quaintness of manner, or strained peculiarity of phrase.

The learned have an established and an undoubted right to sit in judgment on every production; it is their peculiar province to investigate every claim to public esteem. By their decision the greater part of mankind is generally influenced; and fortunate must that author be, whose labours have no severer trial to undergo than the examination of those, who, from experience and delicacy of taste, are adequate to judge, and would rather praise than hastily condemn.*

To a court of that sort the malevolent have no access: tortured construction is superseded by impartial judgment; nor are the writings of a man

* Many objections, observes Aristotle, may be answered in the words of Glauco, who says, "That some men taking up an opinion hastily, and then reasoning from prejudice in favour of that opinion, will blame any thing that is contrary to what they have presupposed."—See *Pye's Aristotle*.

valued or under-rated from the situation of himself or friends. True merit and real genius, whether Whig or Tory, Papist, Protestant, or of no sect, or party, whatsoever; whether moving in the broad zenith of fashionable life, or sitting in the peaceful bosom of retirement, are equally welcome to the man of candour.

It were to be wished, in the present age, when the arts and sciences seem to have exhausted nature by their luxuriant growth, that more attention could be given to the familiar concerns of life. There are some writers, as Johnson judiciously remarks, “ who never enquire what on any occasion “ they should say or do, but write rather as beholders than partakers of human nature ; as beings “ looking upon good and evil, impassive and at “ leisure; as Epicurean deities, making remarks “ on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of “ life, without interest or emotion. Their wish is “ only to say what they hope has never been said “ before.

“ It

“ It is with great propriety,” continues the same author, “ that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. *Those writers who live on the watch for novelty, can have little hopes of greatness, for great things cannot have escaped former observation: their attempts are always analytic; they break every image into fragments; and can no more represent by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sun-beam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.”

If we compare the relics of antiquity in sculpture, painting and poetry, and, perhaps with as much pro-

* Since persons acting are the objects of poetical imitation, and those persons must necessarily be either good or bad (for the manners almost constantly arise from the circumstances alone, it being by virtue or vice that all mankind differ from each other as to their manners); the persons imitated must either be represented as better than those of the present time or worse, or as they actually are, ἢ καὶ τσιουτος.—ARISTOTLE.

priety,

priety, its perfection in music, we shall be inclined to think, that the sister arts have almost reached the utmost limits of inventive genius. Little more remains for the modern than a happier mode of expressing, or a more lively way of colouring what has been slightly touched before. Thus, for instance as far back as the reign of Augustus we see Virgil not only adopting the pastoral ideas of Hesiod and Theocritus, but in some places affording a literal version. Yet he executes the task with so much ingenuity and taste, that, captivated by the delicacy of his turn and language, we entirely lose sight of the rough original from which he borrowed. To render this observation more intimate, it may not be unpleasant to compare the efforts of our predecessors with those of enlightened Rome. The days of Queen Anne have been very deservedly marked in the annals of Great Britain as her golden age of literature. This pre-eminence was rather the result of elegant improvement (for there was little originality) than the gift of novelty. Like the Augustan æra, that epoch was more distinguished for taste and judgment than for mere invention.

Mere

Mere invention is little better than fortunate accident. A jewel of unequalled size and water may become the property of a man who will cause it to be undervalued from a total ignorance of disposition and arrangement; whilst on the other hand, by a judicious assemblage of assisting lights, a stone of inferiour richness will be rendered doubly conspicuous. *The same necessity and good sense which induced Virgil to imitate the Grecian, made Pope and Dryden the faithful followers of both. Pope, (whose judgment was unquestionable, and who, in my humble conception, has been denied the superiority of genius for no other reason, but because he would not wantonly abuse it,) soon felt, from his intimacy with the ancients, the necessity of adopting them for models of imitation.† Yet the
 most

* In all the nobler productions of genius there is a mutual relation and correspondence of parts. Besides, every kind of composition, even the most poetical, is nothing but a chain of propositions and reasonings.—HUME.

† Les premiers écrivains travaillaient sans modèle, et n'empruntaient rien que d'eux-mêmes; ce qui fait qu'ils sont inégaux, et mêlés
 de

most captious must allow, that in his greatest liberties there was always some elegant turn and softness of expression which amply excused the want of originality. The *non antea trita via* (excepting in the descriptions of sentiment and passion) he well knew could no more be found; and although it were possible to attempt the wonderful and sublime by yielding to allegory and fiction, he was aware, that since the hour of Revelation, Imagination had been clipped of half its wings, and Fancy almost wholly limited to actual life. The doctrine of only one God and of one Saviour, of angels and of infernal spirits, so different in their attributes from a Jupiter and many Gods (who, with all their supposed immortality, were subject to every frailty of human nature,) he well knew could not afford that latitude of thought, and freedom of description, which objects more remote and varied might supply. The allow-

de mille endroits foibles avec un genie tout divin. Ceux qui ont réussi après eux ont puisé dans leurs inventions, et par là sont plus soutenus; nul ne trouve tout dans son propre fond.

Œuvres de VAUVENARGUES, Maxime 331.

ance

ance which every man of learning and reflection will readily make for the peculiarities of ancient manners, he well knew, would be denied the modern: and although the absurdities of the Pagan system might be overlooked by the candid critic, those of the Christian must have all the obstacles of timorous faith and superstition to contend with. *
“ The same good sense that directs men in the
“ ordinary occurrences of life, is not hearkened to
“ in religious matters, which are supposed to be
“ placed altogether above the cognizance of human
“ reason.” This perversion of the understanding and bigotry of principle have entirely deprived the modern of the most essential requisites to unite grandeur and surprise. The *Deus intersit*, so necessary to the greatest effort of human genius (an epic composition,) is almost wholly useless; because to adore what we do not understand, and to believe without daring to scrutinize, is the accepted principle of Revelation. Experience had already shewn, that of the many attempts to imitate the ancients in their

* Vide Hume's Essays.

allegories

allegories and fictions by the adoption of supernatural characters one only had succeeded. Yet even Milton has not escaped the censure of some people. Time, however, which gradually weans us from the prejudices of sects and parties, and which ultimately conveys neglected merit through all the caprices of fashion, and all the mistakes of ignorance and envy, has proved, that when the efforts of imagination are conformable to truth and nature, nothing can subdue their influence. “ The same “ Homer” (and posterity will add the same Milton that delights us now) “ who pleased at Athens and “ Rome two thousand years ago, is still admired at “ Paris and at London. All the changes of climate, “ government, religion, and language have not been “ able to obscure his glory.” But as Homer first went beyond the boundaries of simple nature, and made heaven and earth, as it were, subservient to his imagination; no successor has ever attempted to tread the same path, because the same Gods would be necessary, and little hopes be entertained of originality.

He

He is in fact the father of ancient poetry; the great source from whence all that is grand and beautiful, tender and sentimental, has been derived.* Virgil, although unrivalled in the power of elegant composition, must, in point of originality, be contented to rank subordinate to this inimitable model. All that could be effected by machinery and the intervention of supernatural beings, seems to have been done by Homer. The heathen mythology had, in a manner, been exhausted by him : and the same doc-

* “ Authority or prejudice may give a temporary vogue to a bad poet or orator ; but his reputation will never be durable or general. When his compositions are examined by posterity, or by foreigners, the enchantment is dissipated, and his faults appear in their true colours. On the contrary, a real genius, the longer his works endure, and the more wide they are spread, the more sincere is the admiration he meets with. Envy and jealousy have too much place in a narrow circle ; and even familiar acquaintance with his person may diminish the applause due to his performances ; but when these obstructions are removed, the beauties which are naturally fitted to excite agreeable sentiments, immediately display their energy ; and while the world endures they maintain their authority over the minds of men.”—HUME.

The splendid editions of Shakespeare and Milton, which have been published, sufficiently corroborate these observations.

trines

trines existing when the *Æneid* was first imagined by the refined flatterer of Augustus, the same imagery was indispensably used. Antiquity must unquestionably have produced innumerable writers, whose productions, like many of the present age, were perhaps the objects of partial and temporary admiration, but soon yielded to the uninfluenced test of time.

A species of uniform destiny seems to be the inseparable concomitant of poetical genius. Poverty, slight and disappointment, acting in collision with uncommon quickness of thought and sentiment, have produced the brightest efforts of the mind; while, on the other hand, success and ease have softened the sharper particles, and gradually worn off what might have given invention the clearest polish of improvement.—But this is digressive. To return to my observation respecting originality, I maintain that, in the higher walks of poetry, we have only two instances, one ancient, and the other modern, of undisputed invention; both of which are indebted to divine interference; and until Christianity and Paganism shall have yielded to a system of belief totally
different

different from either of these, Milton and Homer must divide the empire of poetical genius; whilst Virgil and Fenelon will rank below them, from no other cause, perhaps, than because Mythology had already been exhausted by the predecessors of the one, and Christian belief by those of the other. Lucan, Tasso, Camoes and Ariosto unquestionably please; yet as the ingenious author to whom I am so much indebted sensibly says, “Ariosto pleases;”
“but not by his monstrous and improbable fictions,
“by his bizarre mixture of the serious and comic
“styles, by the want of coherence in his stories, or
“by the continual interruptions of his narration.
“He charms by the force and clearness of his ex-
“pression, by the readiness and variety of his inven-
“tions, and by the natural pictures of the passions,
“especially those of the gay and amorous kind.”
In another place he critically remarks, “that the
“excess of refinement is now more to be guarded
“against than ever; because it is the extreme which
“men are most apt to fall into, after learning has
“made some progress, and after eminent writers
“have

“ have appeared in every species of composition.
“ The endeavour to please by novelty leads men
“ wide of simplicity and nature, and fills their writ-
“ ings with affectation and conceit. It was thus
“ the Asiatic eloquence degenerated so much from
“ the Attic. It was thus the age of Claudius and
“ Nero became so much inferiour to that of Augus-
“ tus in taste and genius; and perhaps there are at
“ present some symptoms of a like degeneracy of
“ taste in France as well as in England.”

Such is the opinion of a writer, whose abilities are acknowledged to have been as various as his judgment has been found correct; and whose prophecy is perhaps the more to be lamented in these days, because the same taste and perspicuity, the same determined opposition to error and absurdity, may not appear again.

Pope, however, without having had the advantage of so much undisputed taste and learning to second and support him, not only broke down the
fence

fence that a sort of critical avarice had thrown before the beauties of composition, but liberally selected from others whatever images might suit his purpose; nor did he scruple to insert among his own compositions the identical line and thought of his predecessors and contemporaries. In *Eloisa to Abelard*, the line,

“ And truths divine came *mended* from that tongue,”

is evidently copied from Dryden’s compliment to Sir Godfrey Kneller, where he beautifully says,

“ The fair themselves went *mended* from that hand.”

Thus (if small authorities may be quoted with great) in the *Ode to Indifference*, written by Mrs. Greville, we find its most beautiful thought, though varied in the expression, completely Cowley’s:

“ The needle trembles so, and turns about,
“ Till it the northern point find out,
“ But constant then and fix’d does prove.”

And in a very old translation of the *Cento to Ausonius*, the following verse occurs:

————— “ and my life!
“ And *ev’ry tender name in one—my wife!*”

How

How far Mr. Pope was indebted to this production not only for a very beautiful sentiment, but an expressive term, two lines from his *Eloisa to Abelard* will sufficiently shew :

“ Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
“ And *all those tender names in one*—thy love!”

It has often been remarked (with what propriety or truth I must leave the judicious to determine) that the same idea, without even a variation of words, may, through accident, occur to different writers. In the opening of *Windsor Forest*, the second line is literally what appeared in a very indifferent collection of poetry, long before the publication of that work;* nor can I so far sacrifice my

OWN

* See a Poem, entitled the *History of Love*, by Charles Hopkins:

“ Ye woods and wilds, serene and blest *retreats*,
“ *At once the lover's and the Muse's seats.*”

POPE.

“ Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green *retreats*,
“ *At once the monarch's and the Muses' seats.*”

There are other writers, indeed, from whose works passages might
be

own individual opinion, as to agree with the admirers of this inimitable master of elegant versification, in allowing him unbounded credit for the happy adoption of the thoughts of others, without at the same time believing that he did it more from necessity than choice. Yet what critic will refuse to acknowledge the superiority he has gained over others? or will not readily feel that the farther his works advance into posterity, the more sincere will be the praise they gather? Nature, when she has been properly depicted, gains upon the just observer; and however changed she may appear under the influ-

be extracted to prove the truth of these observations. Who, for instance, when he reads Dr. Goldsmith's opening of the Traveller, does not immediately recollect Milton's lines in Paradise Lost; particularly the word *slow*; which not only conveys an idea of tardiness, but more especially marks a pensive melancholy train of thought.

MILTON.

"They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and *slow*,
"Thro' Eden take their solitary way."

GOLDSMITH.

"Remote, unfriended, solitary, *slow*,
"Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wand'ring Po.

ence of climate, government and religion, she is sure to have the ascendancy at last wherever sentiment is concerned. The same propensities to lust, avarice, and resentment, the same principles of chastity, benevolence and humanity, which adorned or disgraced mankind three thousand years back, adorn or disgrace them now. "I have sometimes been inclined to think," observes the author of the fourteenth *Essay on the Rise of Arts and Sciences*, "that interruptions in the periods of learning, were they not attended with such a destruction of ancient books, and the records of history, would be rather favourable to the arts and sciences, by breaking the progress of authority, and dethroning the tyrannical usurpers over human reason. In this particular, they have the same influence as interruptions in political governments and societies."

It is not uncommon in these days to hear of first attempts being so wonderfully successful, that, without stopping at any one obstacle to fame and reputation, their progress into notice has been as easy and

as rapid as that of the most *celebrated writers is known to have been troublesome and slow; but it would be difficult to adduce one instance, ancient or modern, in which the rapidity of such an early elevation has been followed by permanent security. *The Essay on Criticism*, to draw the observation nearer home, remained upon the shelf, at a time when trifles, now forgotten, were the current objects of applause. Yet time has proved that the first was to become a constellation in our literary hemisphere, while the last were transient lights that only shot across it. In the opening of this Preface it has been asserted, in a quotation from Hume's *Standard of*

* It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that Pope's celebrated *Essay on Criticism* was originally sold to Lewis, the Catholic bookseller, for twenty pounds. The publication was so far from answering, that at the expiration of the twelvemonth the author's enquiry after its success was received by one of those significant shrugs, which speak so strongly to the feelings of an unsuccessful author. The independence of the writer, and his early thirst for literary fame, rendered those means necessary to push it into notice, which solitary genius seldom can command. Several copies were industriously spread among his friends and acquaintance; and the sale of the work was not only increased, but the reputation of the author became universally established.

Taste, “ That there is a species of philosophy which
“ represents the impossibility of ever attaining any
“ positive standard of taste, or rule, by which the
“ various sentiments of men may be reconciled; at
“ least a decision afforded confirming one sentiment,
“ and condemning another.” His illustration of this
remark from Sancho’s noted story of the hogshead of
wine, is apposite and entertaining; and clearly proves,
that if poets will sometimes err, and be guilty of
transgressions of rule or order, critics may be mis-
taken in their endeavours to analyse too minutely
what never can submit to geometrical exactness.
When, in process of time, a production is discovered
to have passed through the innumerable obstacles
that must occur to the noblest effort of imagination,
it is natural for the man of real taste and judgment to
inquire by what means it overcame them: and he is
not a little surprised to find himself obliged to ac-
knowledge that, “ as many of the beauties of poetry,
“ and even of eloquence, are founded on falsehood
“ and fiction, and an abuse or perversion of terms
“ from

“ from their natural meaning, no rules of criticism
“ can be laid down to which the feelings of men
“ will be conformable. Those finer emotions of
“ the mind are of a very tender and delicate nature,
“ and require the concurrence of many favourable
“ circumstances to make them play with facility and
“ exactness, according to their general and established
“ principles. The least exterior hindrance to such
“ small springs, or the least internal disorder, dis-
“ turbs their motion, and confounds the operation
“ of the whole machine. In short, to continue the
“ same observation, whatever in poetry is found to
“ please cannot be faulty; let the pleasure, which
“ the several passages produce, be ever so unex-
“ pected and unaccountable.”

Notwithstanding the justness of these remarks,
(which, in a less able writer than Mr. Hume, would
eventually produce the strongest authority, from be-
ing strictly true to nature and experience,) through
what an ordeal of abuse, both critical and personal,

was not the present *model of English versification obliged to pass? But however undeserved the censure upon his writings might have been on one side, and however pitiful the insinuations against himself and friends on the other, posterity has reason to thank the first at least, for having perhaps occasioned the brightest efforts of refined expression. What necessity and want sometimes draw from the fine feelings of insulted genius, malice and opposition drew from him. Having, with the talent to arrange, ease and judgment to correct, he sedulously devoted himself to those principles in writing from which the gratification of an elegant mind is principally derived. Thus water, by the perpetual agitation of opposing elements, is cleared from its grosser particles, and gradually runs into the purest transparency; whilst, on the contrary, if allowed to stag-

* Mr. Pope—who (fortunately for himself and his country) enjoyed what Ovid says is indispensably necessary to the cultivation of the Muses, and the privation of which he has so beautifully expressed with regard to himself—

Carmina secessum scribentis et otia poscunt;
Me mare, me venti, me fera jactat hyems.

nate,

nate, it not only ceases to be limpid, but soon becomes obnoxious and disgusting. Or (to render the simile intimately just), as more labour is required to make a diamond of the first water afford the brilliancy it possesses perfectly conspicuous, than to polish an inferior stone; in the like manner, when real genius and understanding, in which I include good sense, first commence a public career, the difficulties thrown before them by the rivalry of some, and the prejudice of others, awaken a conscious superiority to both, which gradually forces its way through all obstacles, and at last obtains a permanent lustre. It would not perhaps be easy to produce an example of uncommon force either in eloquence or poetry, without, at the same time, acknowledging that some jarring principle, slight, envy or disappointment, had given all the energy that sentiment could dictate, or words express. This may account for the very rare instances of affluent genius. The mind which could suggest the Iliad and Odyssey, had it not been driven through the different principalities of Greece in wretchedness

and want, might, in a tranquil scene of life, have been totally supine, or perhaps merely moved by principles of indolent gratification.* As Pope justly observes, an after-fame in the breath of others is the only consolation a writer can receive for the many vexations he is forced to endure. This naturally produces emulation, which Hume justly calls the greatest encourager of the noble arts; and when we seriously weigh, in the scales of reason and experience, the most precious of our actual pleasures, it is no small comfort to the man of solitary thought and study, to discover that anticipation is better than possession. The one has innumerable ecstasies in store, the other is hourly hazarding the very few it has obtained. With regard to morality and public good (which I much suspect may be called negative qualities, from the impulse seldom rising beyond self-gratification), I may affirm that, although, for the sake of dignified humanity, we must allow them some portion, their influence is limited to very few.

* This passage shews, that Ovid's observation is not a rule without exception.

This,

This, however, among other manifestations of an Omniscient Being, whose principles of action nothing human can develop, powerfully proves, that whatever may be the cause, selfish or moral, the effect is eventually beneficial.

After what I have already advanced, and indeed from what has already reached me respecting a former edition, I must naturally expect that the following collection of little more than juvenile poems, will produce some criticism; nor has my experience in life been so limited, or my knowledge of the political walk of literature (if I may be allowed the expression) so trivial, as not to foresee the principal objections which will be started against them; to the whole of which I shall only reply, that I have written as I thought, or felt, on the several occasions; and am not conscious of having wilfully borrowed from any of my predecessors. From my earliest years I have been a faithful follower of Pope and Dryden, and I shall continue to my latest hour to be a warm admirer of those inimitable standards of

English versification. If I have been diffuse in my observations respecting the first of these admirable models, it was rather to vindicate my own compositions from the general criticism* which has appeared against them, than by implication to suggest that he had erred in his. The instances I have produced (of what, in a writer of inferior merit, would be justly styled barefaced plagiarism) go no farther than to shew, that there are certain limits within which a writer of the present age may be allowed to range without incurring the just censure of candour and good sense.

* In the New Annual Register, for the year 1789, appeared the following critique on a very indifferent edition of my poems in two volumes :

“ These poems discover the author to be possessed of considerable abilities; and abound in many beautiful and striking thoughts, which are delivered in elegant language and harmonious versification. It were to be wished, however, that he had not so frequently availed himself of the labours of his predecessors, particularly of Mr. Pope. With the talents that he evidently possesses, he might have thought more freely for himself, and produced poems not unworthy the public attention.”

Hume remarks, that “ No criticism can be instructive which descends not to particulars, and is not full of examples and illustrations.”

Milton,

Milton, Doctor Johnson remarks, "did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of others, although he did not seek them." If it be impossible, according to the same author, for a writer of our age to describe the various pleasures of a rural life, without transmitting the same images, almost in the same combination, from one to another, we may, with equal certainty, conclude that it is equally so to trace man through all the intricacies of character and sentiment, without touching at some point where others have been before.* Elegant adaptation, and a peculiar felicity of expression, when ingeniously interwoven with sentiments of truth and nature, although they may not indicate the strongest proof of genius and originality, will always be acceptable to taste and judgment; and however coldly the mere transcript of the heart may be received by those persons who think it impossible to write poetry without hazarding plain sense, it will, I trust, be allowed by the advocates for unaffected feeling, that some gratification may be derived from the honest representations of sympathy and passion. Where description

* *Judicis officium est, ut res, ita tempora rerum quærere.*

is so loaded by elaborate language, that the understanding is entirely taken up in the unravelling of ideas, the mind is soon fatigued, and judgment rises from the task with all the languor of disgust; whilst the heart, which should be principally engaged, is either totally insensible, or, if roused by some congenial impulse, is suddenly obliged to leave it, through a confused assemblage of heterogeneous thoughts and fanciful expressions.

It cannot be expected that, ransacked as every part has been, a writer of the present age, whose aim is more to interest than surprise, should be so peculiarly fortunate as never to express the same sentiments, on the same occasions, without some similitude to the thoughts of others.*

From

* The poet being an imitator equally with a portrait painter, or any other artist who forms likenesses, it is evident he must choose out of these modes of imitation. He must either draw things as they were, or are, or as they ought to be; and he must form these imitations either by plain language, or by foreign words and metaphors.—*Pye's Aristotle.*

In answer to this note, it has been said, that the similitude cannot hold,

From this sameness of animal nature, or rather from her exhausted state (when considered in a comparative light with the bounded intellects of man), and from the general influence of similar hopes and fears, the almost only praise to which we can aspire must be found in fortunate adaptation and felicity of terms. I cannot, on this occasion, forbear remarking, that modern criticism too frequently departs from the true standard of taste, and, as Hume justly decides, “ must of consequence lose all credit and “ authority.” Were the greater part of contemporary writers visited with impartiality, and their opinions scrupulously searched into, it would be found

hold, because it tends to a total subversion of all the means which constitute originality; that it damps the ardour of emulation, and entirely precludes invention. These objections have already been obviated, with respect to epic poetry, in the foregoing part of this preface, by shewing that, as the two great posts of honour had been occupied by Homer and Milton, strict originality could not be expected from their successors. Nevertheless there were, and there still remain, many paths to reputation. Virgil, Fenelon and Tasso, from having adopted the same machinery, are, rigourously speaking, mere imitators. Yet who will exclude the first from the merit of having afforded to posterity the most correct and elegant poem that ever adorned the efforts of human intellect; deny the second the just assimilation of Christian sentiments to ancient allegory; or take from the third his brilliancy of thought and illustration?

that

that pique, interest, party, or religion had chequered their observations. “ When a work is executed for “ the public, they scarcely ever sufficiently enlarge “ their comprehension, or forget their interest as “ friends or enemies, as rivals or commentators.”

Without pointing out the *real* defects of an author, or allowing him the POSSIBLE merit of having thrown upon the thoughts of his predecessors* some new light; without affording him any credit for having arranged his ideas in a more pleasing manner, or expressed them better, it seems the peculiar habit of the times to analyse every trivial fault; indicating rather an inclination to obstruct genius than a generous solicitude to foster and encourage it. Where palpable mistakes in language or sentiment cannot be pointed out, it is not uncommon to see productions condemned in the arbitrary sentence of determined opposition, and, without examples or illustrations, collectively deprived of the intrinsic value they might otherwise display.

* Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper. HOR.

Criticism, in this advanced state of literature, is, of all tasks, the most delicate and arduous. It is a species of land-mark to the young adventurer, the point by which his compass is directed, and his progress to reputation guarded from the shoals of prejudice, self-conceit and fashion. But the great error, to which the generality of mankind are subject, too frequently rises from a mistaken situation. Instead of being the dispassionate and calm examiners of truth and learning, many, without the ability to write, will affect to judge, and wishing rather to satisfy their own ambition than to secure the reputation of others (to whose labours perhaps they must owe whatever fame they get), appear scrupulously minute, surreptitiously steal upon the natural indolence of most readers, and slide into a sort of indefinite reputation.*

It

* Without submitting an instance of the most extraordinary contradiction in opinion (conveyed into public through two established vehicles of criticism) respecting a particular poem in the following collection, I shall transcribe a very just and sensible passage in corroboration of my remarks.

“ A question arises, whether it be really worth while to trace to its
“ origin

It is not sufficient to judge a modern by the rules of ancient knowledge only, or to discover the obligations

“ origin every minute, real or supposed, imitation? We honestly
 “ conceive it to be only wasting time to diminish our pleasure; be-
 “ cause, where an imitation is so close as to obtrude itself on our
 “ notice, the poet sinks in our esteem: but when he avails himself
 “ of the turns of thought, or of the happy expressions of others, so
 “ artfully as to acquire an undisputed property in them, the annota-
 “ tor, by too rigid a scrutiny, appears to strip his author of credit
 “ merely to transfer it to his own *acumen*. Mr. D. has shewn where
 “ Philips has copied Virgil and Milton in a variety of instances; but
 “ *cui bono?* No one has a right to censure Philips on this ground
 “ whose reading does not qualify him for the task; and those who
 “ turn critics on Mr. D's foundation, will do it with a very ill grace.
 “ Has not the annotator pursued his researches to an extreme, when
 “ the mere occurrence of a single word is deemed sufficient for a
 “ charge of imitation? Philips, describing the fall of ripe apples,
 “ says,

“ Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.

B. i. l. 286.

“ A note is made to this line, to inform us that Spencer describes
 “ the forest wildings,

“ Whose sides impurpled were with smiling red.

Fairie Queen, b. iii. c. 7, 8, 16,

“ Are we hence to infer, that a poet gains an exclusive property in
 “ an epithet by having used it? If so, no man now dares term the
 “ sky blue, nor the sea green.

“ Such

gations he owes; since very few could pass through an ordeal of that nature. If, in delivering his opinion on a portrait drawn by Sir Joshua Reynolds, or by any other contemporary master, a connoisseur were to be so infatuated and full of Raphael's unrivalled excellence, as not to allow the former his share of merit, because he did not possess the matchless pencil of the latter, would not candour pity the confined idea? or would it not be most ungenerous to condemn an acknowledged superiority of touch in the traits of beauty, because the drapery was less perfect? In every art and science there is not only a peculiar felicity of thought and execution, but likewise a favourite, a darling habit, like the object of indulged affection, on which the painter and poet are prodigal of toil. The business of both is to copy nature; and if in the great original there are imper-

“ Such notes might be written on any thing without end; and it
 “ will be difficult to screen them from the censure of styling them
 “ critical trifling.

Monthly Review, Jan. 1792.

Vauvenargues justly says, “ On tourne une pensée comme un
 “ habit pour s'en servir plusieurs fois.”—*Maxime* 491.

fections

fections to be found, or rather parts less pleasing than others, what can be expected from our best endeavours to imitate, or what success can be obtained, when art will judge and prejudice decide?

“ Where with their judgments, as their watches, none
“ Go just alike, yet each believes his own.”

Of the following trifles I shall only say, that they have been written under all the disadvantages of per-

* If petty criticism were to be attended to, who would hesitate to blame Mr. Pope for the awkwardness of some of his rhimes. Thus, in *Eloisa to Abelard*—

“ Ah wretch, believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
“ Confest within a slave to love and *man*.

And again in one of the editions of the *Essay on Mau*—

“ A cheat! a whore! who starts not at the name
“ In all the inns of court, or *Drury Lane*?”

Ep. 11, p. 73, 1st edit.

Or in the following stanza—

“ Thus oft by mariners are shewn
“ (Unless the men of Kent are liars)
“ Earl Godwin's castles *overflown*,
“ And palace-roofs, and steeple spires.”

SWIFT. *South Sea*, 1721.

petual

petual avocations, and vicissitudes of mind and body; nor is there a single production, the Abelard and translations excepted, which does not owe its origin to some real incident in life; consequently,

“ Si qua meis fuerint, ut erunt, vitiosa libellis,

“ Excusata suo tempore, lector, habe.”*

And if the youth of an author can palliate the errors of composition, I am free to assert there are very few in this collection that were not written during the interval of sixteen and twenty-seven. I have followed the example of some of our most eminent writers in mentioning this circumstance, not so much to conciliate favour with the gay and lively, as to shelter the irregular dictates of inexperience from the severer aim of veteran precision. To the critics of this description, however, and to the graver part of mankind, it may not be impertinent nor unpleasant to add, that this collection con-

* What Cicero says in his work *De optimo genere Oratorum*, relative to his own translation of Eschines and Demosthenes, I must apply to Acontius and Cydippe.

Non verbum pro verbo necesse habui reddere, sed genus omnium verborum vimque servavi.

stitutes a very small part of what I have either totally destroyed, or prudently withdrawn. The Vanity of Fame requires some apology for its close similitude to Pope's didactic essays; the best I can offer is, that the greatest part was written at school, and being literally my first attempt in English poetry, I was unavoidably influenced by an assiduous application to the productions of that writer.

To the candid, therefore, and to those especially who would rather encourage the laudable efforts of their contemporaries, than repress their emulation, I submit, with all the deference I owe to them, the dictates of a mind, which, in the course of very few years, has experienced the various conflicts of inconstant manhood; which has patiently endeavoured to please, because it would not wantonly offend; but which has neither visited the paths of flowery panegyric to flatter rank, nor gathered the thorns of satire and ill-nature to gain the applause of others, or to gratify its own caprice; which, in the midst of prejudice and misconception, has calmly directed its pursuits to-

wards

wards the acquirement of useful knowledge, and collected such materials as might hereafter enable it to appear something more than a cypher in community; to afford real virtue, honour and good sense, the lustre they deserve, as far as ability could reach; and to strip vice and hypocrisy, however guarded by wealth, title and adulation, of those embellishments which ignorance mistakes for greatness, and wisdom too often sanctifies by tame forbearance.

The present collection contains little more than a selection of such productions as the young may read, and the more experienced will perhaps excuse, when they are informed that several incorrect and mutilated copies have been frequently published without the aid of correction, or the polish of improvement. To say that I am indifferent about the reception they may obtain among the candid and informed, would be as ridiculous and false, as it would be ungrateful to the illustrious patronage with which they are most graciously honoured: but to expect celebrity from little more than the cultivated scions of youthful acquisition,

sition, exceeds even the hopes of youthful ambition. If the transcript of sentiment and observation should chance to please in an age, where novelty, however monstrously yoked to apparent sense, too frequently takes the lead, I am convinced that my success will be more owing to the close attention I have given to life, than to any fortunate image of roving fancy. To those, who will not condescend to find out the aptitude of thought and language, but wantonly affix to the representations of unvarnished nature the hackneyed terms of *trite* and *common-place*, I must reply with Dryden, “ That when a painter copies “ from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to “ alter features and lineaments, under pretence that “ his picture will look better; perhaps the face “ which he has drawn would be more exact if the “ eyes or nose were altered, but it is his business to “ make it resemble the original. In two cases only “ there may a *seeming* difficulty arise, that is, if the “ thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest; but the “ same answer will serve for both—that then they “ ought not to be written.”—DRYDEN’S Pref. to Ovid.

I shall

I shall feel perfectly satisfied if the following Poems, or rather occasional relaxations from business of a more serious nature, should come within the conception of what has been so sensibly said in the Edinburgh Review for January 1808. It is there observed, " that the mere rhyming of the final
" syllable, even when accompanied by the presence
" of a certain number of feet, is not the whole of
" poetry; that a certain portion of liveliness, some-
" what of fancy is necessary to constitute a poem;
" and that a poem, in the present day, to be read,
" must contain, at least, one thought, either in a
" little degree different from the ideas of former
" writers, or differently expressed." Page 286.
Lord Byron's Poems. I hope the following collection will, in some degree, correspond with their expectation; and that the candid and unbiassed critic will find,

like a friend,
Though much to blame, yet something to commend.



VANITY OF FAME.



Car. James inv.

C. R. Riley del.

W. Skelton sculp.

*Just broke from School as when a stripling strays,
Along the murm'ring coast, in health and ease;
Anxious to cull what in his thought excels,
Careful he wanders o'er a thousand Shells;
Will tir'd with those he finds, yet wishing more,
He drops them, one by one, & leaves the Shore.*

VANITY OF FAME,

ADDRESSED TO

SIR CARNABY HAGGERSTON, BART.*

“ Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende camænâ.”

HORATII EPISTOLE.

FAME's sacred heat, how wide it spreads, how small
The faithless pleasure it affords to all:
The mad ambition of its fruitless aim,
To catch the wand'ring echo of a name,
I sing.—O HAGGERSTON! the verse inspire!
Breathe on each line thy elegance and fire;
Teach me this maze of error to pervade,
And call neglected Reason from her shade.

Science to thee has spread her sacred stores,
And crown'd thy labours with her choicest flow'rs;
Thy breast the Critic and the Bard inform,
With truth to judge us, and with fire to warm;

* The Author's friend and schoolfellow.

Nor is thy heart unequal to thy mind;
There glows each passion of the purer kind;
Kind to the last where'er thy friendship moves,
And more than gen'rous where thy reason loves.

Come then, my friend, with candour lead me forth,
My bright example, and my guide to worth!
Pilot my little bark, and with the gale
That sped thy vessel, speed my rising sail!
But if, unequal to the dang'rous theme,
*Advent'rous youth should miss its arduous aim,
Point to that path which humbler bards attend,
And be the Muse's patron and her friend.

How shall we gain what vanity would have,
What soon or late must perish in the grave?
How shall we catch this shadow of renown,
Which, meteor-like, is seen, and quickly gone!
Say, shall we sail as wand'ring fancy guides,
In search of honour, thro' the furthest tides?
Columbus-like another world explore,
In other suns, where other oceans roar?

* The greatest part of this poem was written at a very early age, when the author was neither in the practice, nor had the opportunity of seeing men and manners. Much therefore should be allowed to the solitary dictates of pure imagination; and not a little to the original design of the undertaking, which was literally a school-boy's self-enjoined task for the cultivation of his native language in a foreign country.

Through

Through savage nature meditate the prize,
And catch the shadow while it tempts our eyes?

How dear, alas! the tribute which we pay,
For what so soon is destin'd to decay!
Our warmest wish can honour's breath acquire,
When in the tomb that honour must expire?
There heroes, kings, and poets humbly lie,
Without a passion, and without a sigh:
There titled wickedness, and injur'd worth,
Contented occupy their speck of earth:
And THERE, thou giddy coxcomb of an hour,
Insulting mimic of the man in pow'r!
Slave to the dazzling nonsense of the times!
Thy dust shall mingle with the man of rhymes:
And if remembrance should hereafter trace,
In some sad daub, that ignominious face,
Still shall contempt attend thy hated name,
And ages spare thee to be damn'd by fame!

Why then, ye vain! thus ever on the stretch,
Why blindly grasp at what you cannot reach?
Is it in man his humblest wish to gain,
Or, if once gain'd, uninjur'd to maintain?
Scarce round the brows of Ammon's warlike son,
The laurel circles which his courage won,
Drunk with his conquests, triumphs, and his pow'r,
When Fate commands, and Ammon's Son's no more!
Now what avail the terrours of his name,
His Persian laurels, or his Indian fame?

Lost! or at best unnotic'd, see they pass,
 And millions know not Alexander was.
 What heroes fall! what honours disappear,
 Nor fame itself can tell us that they were!
 To-day all triumph! scarce to-morrow's come,
 When ev'ry laurel withers in the tomb;
 The storied arch, adorn'd with many a rhyme,
 Betrays its charge, and owns the touch of Time.
 So sink the Great, so Tully's hope was vain;
 Which HYDE has lost, and CHATHAM scarce could gain.

Go madly then, in reason's spite aspire,
 Where fancy points, and vanity can fire;
 Shine forth in arms, the bloody combat guide,
 Bid nations bleed, and ruin swell the tide;
 Supremely vain, the giddy height explore
 Of sov'reign pride, and risen—be no more!
 Or vainly great in science, shew the plan
 Creation form'd, and fathom into man;
 Sound all his turns, his passions, and his end,
 Point how to one fair common whole they tend;
 Look nature through with study's choicest ray,
 Pervade this whole, and all its parts display;
 Spring from our earth, this little spot despise!
 Frame worlds on worlds, and range along the skies;
 Bid planets roll, bid suns and moons appear
 At stated hours, and tell us how they steer:
 Yet, spite of all, this bitter truth adore,
 "Fate drops the veil, and Science is no more."

Fate

Fate drops the veil!—Ambition, take thy sting,
 And wisely curb the mad advent'ring wing;
 What millions look for, think not solely thine!
 'Tis A——d's!* Elliott's!† Palliser's,‡ and mine;
 'Tis the vile wretch's, in whose trait'rous breast
 Lurks ev'ry vice by which the world's opprest.

Weak, foolish man! is thirst of fame confin'd
 Within the partial limits of thy mind;
 Look round our world, each little being see,
 And say, vain wretch, is fame alone for thee?
 All nature feels, nor can her breath inspire
 One single atom with unequal fire;
 The smallest part, though in an humbler space,
 Roams as we roam, and eyes the flying chace:
 The courser foams, and measures o'er the plain,
 Champs the stiff bit, and tosses in the rein;
 Burns while his rider rushes on the foe,
 And points his bosom to receive the blow;
 Triumphant spurns the relics of the slain,
 And beats with wanton hoof the hollow-sounding plain:
 'Tis not the spur that makes his eye-ball roll
 With dauntless fire, and calls forth all his soul,
 Resistless drives him where the battle glows,
 Through seas of blood, and heaps of dying foes.

* The gentleman who betrayed his country.

† Lord Heathfield, commonly called the Cock of the Rock.

‡ Sir H. Palliser, who was tried for permitting the French and Spanish Fleets to escape.

The feather'd bards that chaunt in ev'ry grove,
 And tune their voices to the sound of love,
 Announce the spring, and with soft music hail
 The bright'ning beauties of the flow'ry vale;
 Say, does not fame their little souls inspire,
 And honour's breath the little concert fire?
 If chance a linnet, on the glitt'ring thorn,
 Warbling salute the rising of the morn,
 The lark attends; it listens to the note,
 And pours forth all the music of its throat;
 With envy swells, and stretches out the lay,
 Till the poor vanquish'd linnet quits the spray.
 The packs that echo thro' the sounding wood,
 Start ev'ry game, and riot in its blood,
 With all the rage of emulation bear,
 Through thorns and thickets, on the sylvan war:
 The love-sick bull whose jealous eyes survey
 A beauteous heifer with his rival stray,
 Provokes the fight with butting horns, and pours
 Resounding echoes through the distant bow'rs;
 Undaunted spreads his terrours round the field,
 Attacks his foe, and, living, scorns to yield:
 Rapine and love act but a second part,
 'Tis thirst of fame that vibrates to the heart.

With different names, though in effect the same,
 Our ruling passion is but thirst of fame:
 Lust, pride, and gain, have all one common end,
 And hundreds would expire, did none commend.
 There are, 'tis true—but such we seldom find—
 Whose wishes seem to wander from mankind:

Dull

Dull, sullen souls! whose great and only sigh,
 Is just to breathe! be sparing, and to die!
 A grov'ling, mean, self-interested sect!
 Neglected, yet unconscious of neglect!
 With not a beam of social worth adorn'd,
 By wit unnotic'd, and by folly scorn'd;
 Whose very faults are foreign to the wise,
 Whose very virtues wisdom must despise!
 Whose narrow feelings narrow prospects bound,
 And whose sad life is one unalter'd, sick'ning round!
 Yet if—by some strange miracle—you catch,
 Lur'd from his cell, the solitary wretch;
 If from her cage the fetter'd soul should spring,
 And keep to nature with a trembling wing;
 Pride will awake the momentary sigh,
 And bid its wishes into public fly.
 Thus does this sov'reign inmate of the soul
 Act on mankind with more, or less, controul:
 Urge them to deeds which Heav'n and virtue love,
 Or bid their bosoms with each meanness move.

FARMER*!—whose name's a monument of worth!
 Whose death ennobles both thy race and birth!
 When fate was usher'd in each breath of wind,
 And every element appear'd unkind,

* Captain George Farmer of His Majesty's ship Quebec, of 32 guns, engaged a French frigate of superior force on the 6th of October, 1779. His ship took fire during the action, and he perished on board when she blew up with her colours flying.

Did aught, besides what glory could supply,
 Disturb one thought, or wake one human sigh?
 No! not thy DEARER SELF could steal between,
 Or bribe one pang from such an awful scene;
 Resign'd thou stood'st, more like a god than man,
 And gave to Britain all a Briton can;
 Leaning on HOPE, thy fellow-warriour by,
 Till all that could was sav'd, thou wouldst not die;
 Then, hero-like, the fatal mandate giv'n,
 Amid the burst of war, thy spirit sprung to Heav'n.
 Bold Curtius, rise! say, was it for the sake
 Of Rome alone, thy courage scorn'd the lake?
 Or thou, brave youth! * whose wither'd hand confess'd
 The dauntless vigour of a Roman's breast;
 When vengeance took expiring freedom's part,
 And aim'd its poignard at the tyrant's heart,
 Did not a something whisper at that hour,
 "To this shall future times their homage pour!"
 Why wept a Cæsar in the wilds of Spain,
 Big with each triumph that e'er thought could gain?
 Did not a something urge those tears to flow?
 Did not a something, Brutus! prompt thy blow?
 And yet how vain the transitory dream,
 To you a nothing! and to us a name!
 Fearless the virtuous Porcia met her doom,
 And fled with freedom from expiring Rome!
 Her name was echo'd thro' the Latian shore,
 She died, was honour'd, and the scene was o'er!

* Scævola.

Nor did her mould'ring relics catch the breath
Which fancy warbled to the ear of death.

Here let the Muse—and sure each British soul
Will, for the youth, with ev'ry Muse condole—
To thee, brave MANNERS! * pour the votive strain,
And waft her tribute o'er the Western Main.
RUTLAND, a race so honour'd by mankind,
For acts of valour, and a godlike mind,
Now doubly glorious brightens in thy fate,
And adds one peerless laurel to the state ;
In thy warm breast was felt that gen'rous fire,
Which Heav'n and virtue could alone inspire :
Unaw'd by death, though wounded to despair,
Fair Albion's glory was thy only care !
All else expir'd: e'en fame itself forgot,
At that bright hour, to wake one private thought.
Oh, while beyond the ken of fancy's ray,
Thy spotless soul is lost in endless day,
Wand'ring with Granby through your native skies,
Beyond a brother's, and a nation's sighs!
Long may the Muse, to pious rapture fir'd,
Repeat the strain which dauntless worth inspir'd :
Long may remembrance, with a sigh sincere,
Point to the deep, and shed the grateful tear ;
Britannia's sons shall catch the godlike flame,
And scorn each private view for public fame,

* Captain Lord Robert Manners, brother to the late Duke of Rutland.

Just broke from school, as when a stripling strays
 Along the murm'ring shore, in health and ease,
 Anxious to cull what in his thought excels,
 Careful he wanders o'er a thousand shells;
 And still, as on he moves, new charms arise,
 Something more pleasing, or in shape, or dyes;
 Till tir'd with those he finds, yet wishing more,
 He drops them, one by one, and leaves the shore :
 So man, whom ev'ry gust of flatt'ry fires,
 Who knows no pleasure but what fame inspires,
 With endless toil pursues the dazzling scheme,
 And grasps, deluded, at an empty dream.
 And sure, if aught can touch an Heav'nly mind,
 Amid the feeble efforts of mankind ;
 If aught that's human can approach divine,
 Or lend perfection to a great design ;
 'Tis that bold soul which int'rest cannot spoil,
 Ambition win, or flattery beguile ;
 Which owns no frailties but what nature bears,
 And, if she errs, through human weakness errs.
 Fain would the Muse, on vent'rous pinion, scale
 Yon glorious rock, and catch the wondrous tale
 Of vet'ran worth ; the grateful theme inspires
 My youthful voice, and all my bosom fires.
 Amidst the clash of war methinks I rise,
 And dauntless flutter in Hesperian skies,
 While on his rock brave ELIOTT nobly glows
 With patriot valour, and repels our foes—
 Scenes yet unsung the trembling deep deform,
 And angry Mars in horreur mounts the storm ;

Pours

Pours from his cave the fiery bolts of ire,
 And wraps the floating armament in fire;
 Carnage and death appear on ev'ry side,
 And Spain's choice youth lie welt'ring in the tide;
 While Britain's genius, conscious of his might,
 Breathes on his sons, and prompts them to the fight;
 Darts the bright ray of valour, nobly great,
 And mingles pity with a foe's defeat.
 Alas! how fruitless! *Where* is Heathfield now?
 Or what was Heathfield when he ceas'd to glow
 With reason's spark? A driveller at most,
 In childish whims and contradiction lost.

As when some comet, long foretold to rise,
 Bursts on mankind, and streams along the skies,
 In silent wonder, and with inward awe,
 We see it trespassing on nature's law;
 The glorious blaze, majestically bright,
 Effulgent scatters unaccustom'd light;
 Shorn of their beams the stars diminish'd lie,
 And faintly glimmer in the glowing sky:
 At length, worn out, the dazzling wonder's o'er,
 And Heav'n's whole aspect glitters as before.
 Long does remembrance view the wondrous blaze,
 And fancy basks, unfearful, in its rays,
 Till, in revolving years, the splendour's laid,
 A new one rises, and the old's decay'd.
 So CHATHAM, pouring with unbounded soul,
 Forc'd all the tides of eloquence to roll;

On ev'ry stream resistless lustre threw,
 At once our wonder and our guardian too!
 Through Britain's Isle, and thence on all mankind,
 He beam'd the various splendours of his mind;
 To Britain's foes, intolerable flame!
 To Britain's friends, her conquest, and her fame.
 Thus to the virtuous—philosophic eye,
 The comet shines* benignant from the sky,
 While guilt beholds it with a secret dread,
 And moves in anguish till the terrour's fled.

Thee, CHATHAM, long, by patriot fondness led,
 The muse has visited among the dead;
 Where kings and statemen, never to return,
 Slumb'ring aside, are honour'd by thy urn.
 May he, whose eminence more justly springs
 From thee, than from the prejudice of kings,
 With dauntless worth and honest views imprest,
 Still hold the bright example to his breast;
 True to his king, his country, and his friend,
 And acting nobly for the noblest end,
 Like thee, resist whate'er with cancr'ous ill
 Can taint the path of freedom's sacred will;
 Thy son's renown shall mingle with thy fame,
 Nor yet eclips'd, nor yet beyond thy name!
 Alas, how trifling is the breath we give,
 To thee a nothing, though the triumph live!

* Benigno numine is the motto of the Chatham family.

To him how little! who in early hour,
 In spite of prejudice, is rais'd to pow'r.
 Though malice foams, and restless envy wakes
 Her half-exhausted, still envenom'd snakes;
 Yet PITT shall be what CHATHAM was before,
 Like CHATHAM pass away, and BE no more.*

Presumptuous man! why then attempt a toy,
 Which all men covet, and which none enjoy?
 A something, which is ever in our view,
 Yet ever flies as giddy minds pursue:
 An empty bubble, which a breath devours,
 Which still is promising, yet never ours.
 In ev'ry age some follies we enjoy,
 The child its rattle, and his game the boy;
 The man with books or pleasure must agree,
 And tott'ring age is mimic of the three.
 Yet love of fame the various scene inspires,
 The old man WISHES, and the young DESIRES.
 Ask yonder musing, melancholy sage,
 That seeks the lonely walk, and shuns the age,
 Why from the bustle of the world he flies,
 And seems to value what the rest despise?
 Why, cynic-like, within himself confin'd,
 He lives a niggard of his cultur'd mind?
 Is it because he knows, what few men know,
 That all is trifling vanity below?

* These Lines were added in a new Edition of the Poem, when
 Mr. Pitt was a warm advocate for Reform in Parliament.

Ah,

Ah, no!—his soul the gen'ral passion feels,
 And warmly covets what his heart conceals.
 Deep in philosophy the sage who dives,
 Whose breast enlarges as his fancy thrives;
 For whom glad science opens all to light,
 Does virtue only, or does fame excite?

Thus in our breasts do diff'rent passions move,
 Some with a social, some a selfish love.
 Whether in public, or in private life,
 In peaceful solitude, or noisy strife;
 Whether a king, or e'en a king's own knave,
 A fawning courtier, or a galley-slave;
 A smooth-tongued merchant, or a blust'ring tar,
 The quiet student, or the son of war;
 This various passion mingles with the whole,
 And sways mankind with more or less controul.

The greedy wretch, whom thousand fears command,
 Whene'er the pence must quit his trembling hand,
 Who sees a cheat in honesty itself,
 And thinks e'en virtue meditates his pelf;
 The frugal crone, whose maxim is, to live
 Beneath the means that heav'n and nature give,
 Who dreads her ruin in each crumb that drops,
 And just subsists on dirty crusts and sops,
 Preserves the leavings of a stale repast,
 And ne'er—but when she visits—breaks her fast;
 The greedy wretch, and partner of his care,
 The frugal crone, both undistinguish'd bear

The

The living mark ; would feel an inward sore,
 Should babbling echo whisper—they were poor !
 Venture a momentary flash of pride,
 And turn out GEN'ROUS, once before they died.

E'en Singularity,—that foolish elf,
 Whose dearest impulse centres in itself,
 For partial notice will absurdly move,
 Ingenious hero of a *string* or *glove* !
 “ Fie,” cries Sir Harry, vanity's best fool !
 “ Write like a school-boy that has learnt by rule !
 “ Shall GREAT MEN imitate the merchant's clerk ?
 “ Ah, rather let them blunder round a mark,
 “ Than for the STUPID, clear indited line,
 “ Renounce, O Fashion, such a scrawl as thine !
 “ Let dear confusion gather at each word—
 “ Scribbling's the surest index of a Lord.”
 Why should Sir Harry, fashionably vain,
 What others wish for, think of with disdain ?
 Why should Narcissus, lamentably gay,
 Despise the writer, yet admire the play ?
 Why should Clorinda run an author down,
 And from mere wantonness delude the town ?
 John weds for victuals, Harry for parade,
 And both are wretched differently made ;
 The one has luxuries he can't digest ;
 The other rank, that robs him of his rest.
 'Tis rare distinction bids the folly rise,
 For *that* they love you, hate you, or despise.
 And yet how faintly beams the scatter'd fire !
 The whole shall vanish when the whims expire.

Yet

Yet harmless these! and innocent, though mean,
 The gen'ral passions through the varying scene:
 Curse to themselves alone, the public weal
 Receives no wound from their ambitious steel:
 Nor is the country, for a private end,
 Shook to her vitals by a treach'rous friend;
 But soon or late the fetter'd streams return
 Within their channel, from the secret urn.
 See yonder visionary, thoughtless fool,*
 Whose great ambition is a mob to rule!
 Bid rage insensate seize an harmless prey,
 And flash destruction on the blushing day:
 In blind delusion's transitory pride,
 Dragg'd by fanatic error, see him ride;
 Blaze like the dreaded meteor in the sky,
 And pour, like that, confusion from his eye;
 Clothe in religious zeal ambitious ends,
 Abuse his sov'reign, and mislead his friends.
 Behold him madden round the good man's wall,
 And meanly triumph in the fabric's fall:
 Deaf to the voice of injur'd nature grown,
 The mother's shrieks, and soft-ey'd virgin's moan.
 Bid him be all that modest worth can dread,
 Call forth his pride, and erring thirst to lead:
 Bid him be all that can afflict mankind,
 Then search the ruling passion of his mind:
 Break but the tickling straw that works his brain
 To all this rage, and ev'ry prospect's vain:

* Lord George Gordon.

Then

Then Nero drops to what he was before,
And all his vast ambition is no more;
Then—though redeem'd by int'rest from the fate
Which Heav'n and justice ow'd an injur'd state—
His base intention wanders into nought,
A madman's vision, and an empty thought!
Thus did Ambition's wild devouring lust
Lay the fair dome of Ephesus in dust;
The Grecian* own'd the tyrant in his breast,
And gave to fame what wisdom must detest.
And thus our Nero, borne on wings of fire,
Shall blaze through ages, till the world expire
In one wide waste; while horreur stamps his name
With burning letters on the front of fame.

And yet, ambitious of a short renown,
What mortals perish, and what nations groan!
Much pitied Rome! the terrour and the jest
Of those whom once thy matchless arm opprest;
Say, where are now those honors of thy name,
Their laurels wither'd, and extinct their fame?
One heap of ruin loads our aching eye,
And scarce a stone can tell us where they lie;
Of moulder'd monuments few marks remain,
The structure vanish'd, and a desert plain!

* Erastratus, an ancient madman, who set fire to the beautiful Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, with a view of transmitting his name down to posterity; and which he has effectually accomplished, by securing to his memory the detestation of every honest man.

Yet

Yet once, the glorious mistress of our earth,
 Rome gave a Cato and a Cæsar birth;
 Surrounding nations trembled at her word,
 Receiv'd her laws, and yielded to her sword:
 And once she thought a never-ending fame
 Would deck her triumphs, and attend her name:
 Her heroes caught the madd'ning flame, and bore
 The conqu'ring eagle to the furthest shore:
 How fruitless all! since envious fate was there,
 To twine their laurels with the thorns of care.

Happy the man, some dazzled fool will cry,
 Who owns no limits but the distant sky;
 To whom a thousand homages are paid,
 As hero flatter'd, and as god obey'd!
 Poor empty slave, of freedom the disgrace!
 Go then, and pay thy tribute of amaze.
 To rule unaw'd, have nations at the nod,
 To reign a Monarch, and be thought a God,
 Attracts, 'tis true, and, dazzling man's weak eye,
 Allows the soul but narrow bounds to fly:
 Yet, in a crown—poor ornament of pride!
 What vipers gather, and what worms abide!
 Haste then, ye Monarchs of the East, to raise
 The column-bust of monumental praise;
 Bid the gay pyramid, ascending, shew
 What folly, pride, and weakness lie below.

Range through the tombs, and, with a pitying eye,
 Turn to where kings and sons of kings must lie:

Where

Where peaceful urns are trusted with the clay,
 That, unambitious, hastens to decay;
 Where *Royal innocence—oh early lost!
 A CHARLOTTE'S treasure, and a GEORGE'S boast—
 With vet'ran heroes mixes, in his prime,
 And stands recorded guiltless of a crime;
 And when thou seest the various flatt'ring theme,
 Their worth *remember'd*, and their *deathless* name;
 When poets, statesmen, kings, and chiefs, are brought
 Before the serious vision of thy thought;
 Tell me, thou sage observer, whose desires
 The same frail passion, like the rest, inspires;
 Whose reason mourns the weakness of mankind,
 Yet owns the tyrant lurking in thy mind;
 What do their boasted honours now avail,
 The name unnotic'd, and forgot the tale?
 Oblivion's wing, by wasting ages spread,
 Wraps in its shade the solitary dead,
 Clouds the gay beams which gild the name of pride,
 And bids the momentary flash subside.

Painting in vain her flatt'ring touch applies,
 To sooth the great, the foolish, or the wise,
 With mimic life deceives the living eye:
 She saves a hero as she saves a fly.
 Behold yon sketch, where valiant Marlborough glows,
 And darts confusion on his routed foes:
 See Gallia's boastful sons retire with shame,
 And plunge precipitate in Danube's stream;

* Prince Alfred.

Britannia's colours float along the sky.
 And all her triumphs gather on the eye;
 While low in dust the vanquish'd *Lily* lies,
 And flaps indignant, as its hero flies!
 Though captive Tallard add to Marlborough's fame,
 And humbled France exalt Britannia's name,
 Yet, as at last the sketch must wear away,
 Victor and vanquish'd both alike decay.
 The faithful Muse, the record, and the plate
 May save, awhile, ambition from its fate;
 Yet soon or late the baseless work must fall,
 And dark oblivion gather round it all.
 The bloody *Cross*, triumphant now so long,
 Which, like the *Lily*, 's trusted to a song,
 And Marlborough's name with Tallard must resign,
 When Heav'n or time shall waste the Muse's line.

Unequall'd *CLODIA*! fairest of the fair!
 The pride of Leic'ster, and the Muse's care!
 E'en thou, at last, shalt yield to nature's lot,
 Thy beauty vanish'd, and thy name forgot!
 The rose and lily, which so sweetly grace
 The bright'ning features of that youthful face,
 Those eyes, that dart a conquest in each glance,
 Those feet, that shame the Graces in the dance,
 Must soon or late submit to nature's lot,
 Their *OWNER* vanish'd, and her name forgot!
 Resistless magic shall no longer roll
 From those bright eyes, and fix the captive soul:

No

No more, as gaily thro' the dance you move,
 Delight shall steal the rapt admirer's love,
 Or rob some hapless virgin of her swain,
 While am'rous Cupids flutter in thy train:
 Some other maid, when thou shalt bloom no more,
 Will shine the little goddess of the hour;
 With half thy charms be flatter'd to the tomb,
 And bear, with half thy sense, her transient bloom;
 Some other bard, in strains outlasting mine,
 May sing of charms that ne'er can equal thine;
 Confide, like me, the fond deluding sigh
 To some frail verse, which soon or late must die.

Yet thirst of fame mortality inspires,
 Warms palsied age, and lights his dying fires;
 Attends expiring greatness to the tomb,
 And leads the soul through centuries to come.
 Why toils the sleepless patriot in a state
 And shields an empire from impending fate?
 Why, curs'd with ev'ry foible of mankind,
 The meanest bosom and the basest mind,
 With sense perverted to the blackest ends,
 Faithless alike to enemies and friends,
 Did * * * spend the moments he could spare
 From vice and pleasure, in his country's care?
 Was it because he saw her glory stain'd,
 Her laurels with'ring, and her name disdain'd?
 Shook from her base and wav'ring in each plan,
 Which still beginning as the last began,

Was

Was fruitless still? No: trust me, all that hoard
 Of wealth ill-gotten, which has dubb'd him LORD!
 Snatch'd from the ruin of his country's name,
 Trust me, that hoard's a sacrifice to Fame.
 Oh, when will Britons, starting from their trance,
 With British spirit scorn the tricks of France?
 When will our ancient fire, absorb'd so long
 By Gallic nonsense, and Italian song,
 Burst from its cloud resistless on the main,
 And light our sons to conquest once again?
 What though her ties America disclaim,
 And basely stab the womb from whence she came;
 What though with deeper perfidy be found,
 The faithless friend that gives the secret wound;
 Shall Britain, conscious of unrivall'd fame,
 Forget her triumphs, or neglect her name?
 No: while as yet one spark exists below
 Of that bright flame which made a MANNERS glow?
 While patriot valour, with untainted fires,
 Breathes on her youth, and vet'ran worth inspires;
 Britain shall rise, and, from her envied shore,
 Teach boastful Gallia to be vain no more;
 FREEDOM, no longer subject to controul,
 Assert her rights, and animate the whole.
 And sure, if aught that's gen'rous, good, or great,
 Can stretch mortality beyond its date;
 If hungry Time e'er spar'd a fav'rite name,
 And lent his pinion to the voice of fame;
 'Twas when the soul, disdainng servile art,
 Stepp'd boldly forth, and took her country's part:

'Twas

'Twas when—the dauntless guardian of our laws—
 A CHATHAM, vindicated freedom's cause.
 Thus shall the name of RODNEY bloom alone,
 When mould'ring monarchs are no longer known;
 The glorious title which his valour gain'd,
 No PARTY purchas'd, and no BRIBE obtain'd,
 Shall last; when they, whose blood has STRICTLY run
 From titled father down to titled son,
 Sunk in oblivion's universal cloud,
 Unnotic'd waste, and vanish with the crowd.
 And yet how vain, illustrious chief! must be
 The breath of fame, so justly due to thee;
 Since, soon or late, how long soe'er it last,
 Remorseless Time will fling it to the past.

Man, mortal born, so mortal is his lot,
 One moment wept, prais'd, honour'd, and forgot;
 Or if he live, 'tis only with a few,
 Whose praise may fall alike on me or you.
 Look into pride, see mad Ambition frame
 His airy schemes, and flutter at a name:
 Blown up with hopes unlimited, behold
 The little soul her mighty views unfold!
 And say, O you, whom vanity conveys
 In search of fame, yet never catch the blaze;
 Whose life's a feather on the tossing wind,
 Eager for praise, yet seldom of a mind;
 What toil, what trouble, and what cares attend
 The shifting scene that never has an end!

Fame,

Fame, trust me, Fame and titles cannot give
 That only blessing—happily to live!
 A sudden blaze from sudden joy may start,
 Play for a while, and gild the dazzled heart;
 But one unstain'd, one unrepenting hour
 Nor fame can give, ambition, wealth, nor pow'r;
 Such as my friend, my Pylades enjoys,
 Whom virtue charms, and innocence employs;
 High up in life who never strove to fly,
 Nor courted favour from a statesman's eye;
 But, blest and satisfied with what is giv'n,
 Secure who lives, and leans on none but Heav'n.

In Scythia's snows, what heroes have excell'd,
 Wise in the state, and valiant in the field!
 Yet Europe knows not what, or when, or where
 Those heroes fought, not even—that they WERE!
 While meaner souls, though but a day they shine,
 Live for a time in record, or design.
 What have they lost? Can honour from decay
 Bid merit spring and brighten into day?
 Or snatch from murder'd innocence the shame
 That malice planted on its spotless name?
 DEATH—blest beginning of a better state!—
 Sweeps off the stage the little and the great:
 Unmatch'd Achilles met his final doom,
 And wisdom yielded Tully to the tomb;
 Crush'd as a moth, when vanity least thought
 Each hero sunk, and vanish'd into nought.

The

The vain, the transitory scenes of life,
 Alas! what are they but a world of strife?
 Where, from the straw-built cottage to the throne,
 Nothing securely can be call'd our own:
 For care, unaw'd, unlimited will range,
 And treach'rous Fortune bid her fav'rites change.
 If such our fate, if nothing long can last,
 But still the PRESENT must absorb the PAST;
 If ev'ry wish has still its end to gain,
 Yet ev'ry art to gain it turn out vain;
 Why not to something durable aspire,
 Something beyond this QUICKSAND of DESIRE?

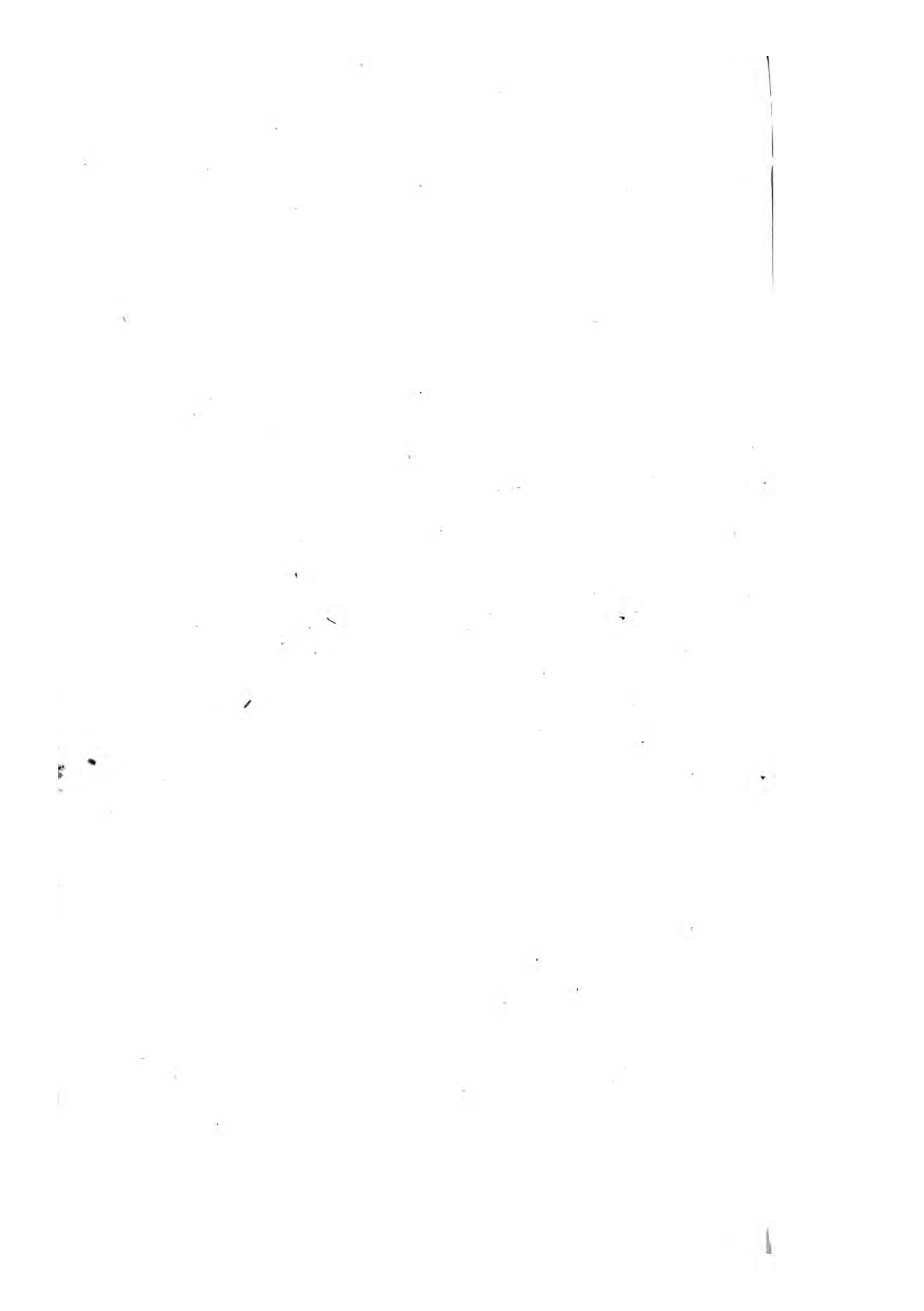
Ye blest, whose souls sublimer ends pursue,
 Wisely the false to sever from the true;
 Whose only wish is happiness uncloy'd,
 By pride untainted, and of vice devoid;
 Who from among your spotless train shall stand,
 As first in virtue, pattern to the land?
 Come thou, my friend,* whose bosom can disdain
 A thing so brittle, and a toy so vain;
 In whom each grace with innocence is join'd,
 The sweetest temper, and the purest mind;
 Whose every step is measur'd out by truth,
 To age a comfort, and a charm to youth;
 Come thou, and prove, whatever be our aim,
 "Virtue alone is never ending fame!"

* The Honourable Charles Clifford, now Lord Clifford, Baron of Chudleigh in Devonshire; the author's friend and schoolfellow.

Shew but thyself; bid giddy youth attend,
And learn of thee, the brother, son, and friend;
Learn to despise this bubble of renown,
And, great in virtue, care not to be known.*

* This respectable and amiable nobleman resides at his seat in Devonshire, and devotes the whole of his time to rural comforts.

PETRARCH TO LAURA.



THE

AUTHOR TO THE READER.

AS I am prepared to meet various opinions respecting the morality of this Epistle, which, from the hurry it was written in, and the unequal abilities of its author, must be liable to many errors—the only answer I shall make, will be, that in consulting human nature I conceive it possible to love as PETRARCH did. Far be it from me, however, to encourage a weakness, (to give it no other name) which every man in his senses must condemn, and which proved so fatal to that celebrated Poet. For, as the elegant translator of his life observes,*

‘ whatever palliations may be drawn in excuse for PETRARCH, who lived in a dark age, under the clouds of superstition, which at that time covered the world, no apology can be made, with justice, at present, for those, whose characters resemble his in this unhappy point of view, since the light both of sacred and moral truth, now clearly conveyed to all, rejects all sophistry in respect to the internal disposition, as well as the outward conduct, and condemns as certainly the inward encouragement of the passion, as the outward commission of the crime.’

* Vide Mrs. Dobson's Translation of the Life of PETRARCH.

I cannot quit this agreeable and elegant author, without acknowledging, that I am greatly indebted to the perusal of PETRARCH's Life for one or two descriptions, and for some thoughts attempted in the poem. At the same time, I must express my surprize, that among so many productions which have appeared of late, none should be seen upon a subject, where so very ample a field is opened for descriptive genius to range in. That pen, which in the brightest glow of imagination, could paint the feelings of LOUISA's* soul, would have found little difficulty in doing justice to the real anguish of PETRARCH's heart. For my part, who have in one uninterrupted succession of ideas completed this poetical trifle, I will candidly confess, that I found it more arduous to curb my heated fancy on this occasion, than I have at others to pick out images for the most barren subject. The unbounded attachment which PETRARCH, a man of the quickest sensibility, and naturally impetuous in his pursuits, felt for the beautiful LAURA, and which neither absence, time, nor a consciousness of error could diminish, affords the thinking mind such an exuberance of inward warfare, between a darling foible and a virtuous breast, that, like the eye in a crowded parterre of beautiful flowers, we no sooner stop at one feeling, than we are attracted by the gathering importance of another. I shall conclude this observation with an extract from the Life of PETRARCH,

* A Poem so called, written by Miss Seward.

which

which will justify the warmth expressed in one part of the Poem. Writing to a friend at Avignon, he gives the following account of his agitated mind.

‘ I have not time to inform you of my sufferings in
 ‘ the city you are in; perceiving that the only means
 ‘ of recovering my health was to leave it, I took this
 ‘ step, notwithstanding all the efforts of my friends to
 ‘ retain me. Alas! their friendship serves only to my
 ‘ destruction. I came into this solitude (Vaucluse) to
 ‘ seek a shelter from the tempest; and to live a little
 ‘ for myself, before I was called to die. I was near the
 ‘ mark I aimed at; I felt, with extreme joy, my mind
 ‘ was more at ease; the life which I led seemed to ap-
 ‘ proach to that of the blessed in Heaven. But behold
 ‘ the force of habit and passion! I return often, though
 ‘ led by no business, into that odious city. I cast my-
 ‘ self into the nets in which I was before ensnared. I
 ‘ know not what wind drives me from the port into that
 ‘ stormy sea, where I have been so often shipwrecked.
 ‘ I am no sooner there, than I feel I am in a vessel
 ‘ tossed on every side. I see the firmament on fire, the
 ‘ sea rage, and rocks ready to dash me in pieces.
 ‘ Death presents itself to my eyes; and, what is worse
 ‘ than death, I am weary of my present life, and dread
 ‘ that which is to come.’

The following additional extract from Mrs. Dobson’s Life of PETRARCH may not be uninteresting to the reader.

‘ In the year 1348, about the month of January,
‘ a dreadful plague broke out at Avignon, which shewed
‘ itself by a continual fever, with spitting of blood ; and
‘ those whom it seized died generally on, or at the end
‘ of the third day. It was most violent in Lent ; so that
‘ in the three days which preceded the fourth Sunday
‘ in Lent, there died at Avignon fourteen hundred per-
‘ sons ; and if we may believe an historian of that time,
‘ this calamity carried off in that city only, in the space
‘ of three months, a hundred and twenty-thousand souls.
‘ LAURA felt the first attacks of it, the 3d of April : she
‘ had the fever, with spitting of blood. As she was per-
‘ suaded she could not live above the third day, she
‘ took the methods her piety and reason suggested to be
‘ immediately necessary. LAURA, seated on her bed,
‘ appeared quite tranquil ; no hideous and threatening
‘ phantoms had power over her divine soul. Her com-
‘ panions, who stood round her, wept and sobbed aloud.
‘ It is a singular circumstance,’ observes the writer of
‘ these Memoirs, ‘ that so beautiful a person should be so
‘ beloved by her own sex. Nothing can be a higher
‘ eulogy on her character.—Her soul departed gently,
‘ without a struggle. She had the air of a weary per-
‘ son who slumbers, and death had penetrated through
‘ all her veins without disturbing the serenity of her
‘ countenance. She died about six in the morning, on
‘ the 6th of April, 1348. The body of LAURA was
‘ found in the chapel de la Croix, with an Italian son-
‘ net of PETRARCH’s in the year 1533 ; and it was then
‘ proved that the LAURA of PETRARCH, which some took
‘ it

‘ it into their heads to doubt, was the same with Laura
 ‘ de Noves, wife of Hugues de Sade. PETRARCH adds,
 “ Laura, illustrated by her own virtues, and long cele-
 “ brated in my verses, appeared to my eyes for the first
 “ time on the 6th of April, 1327, at Avignon, in the
 “ church of St. Clair, at the first hour of the day: I was
 “ then in my youth. In the same city, on the same day,
 “ and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary
 “ disappeared from our world. I was then at Verona,
 “ ignorant of my wretched situation.”

It should not, however, be forgotten, that, before
 PETRARCH’S acquaintance with LAURA, he had been
 particularly attached to another woman; the issue of
 which connexion was a son, who afterwards proved to
 our unfortunate lover a source of affliction. In this he
 shared the fate of his beloved LAURA, who was doomed
 to see the tenderest care thrown away upon a dissolute
 son and daughter.

‘ With respect to PETRARCH, after having led the life
 ‘ of a wanderer, to whom the sweets of a kind and
 ‘ cheerful home are unknown and un hoped for, to al-
 ‘ leviate the toils of life, and the distresses of humanity,
 ‘ he finally departed this life at Venice. He had long
 ‘ been afflicted by a fever, which undermined him very
 ‘ sensibly; and languished through a tedious disorder,
 ‘ expiring by inches. He was found dead in his library,
 ‘ July 18, 1374, with one arm leaning on a book. His
 ‘ tender and ardent passion for LAURA had entirely

‘ unsettled him for twenty years, and produced a rest-
‘ lessness in his mind (not formed perhaps by nature in
‘ the calmest mould) through every succeeding period
‘ of life. From youth to manhood, he was a prey to
‘ the keenest sensibility: from manhood to old age, he
‘ was struggling to recover a calm and virtuous state of
‘ soul.’*

* See Dobson's *Life of Petrarch*.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

PETRARCH and *LAURA* were both descended from noble families, who held the first employments in their respective countries. Family misfortunes, and the translation of the Apostolic See to Avignon by a Pope of French extraction, first brought Petrarch from Italy into France. Having at Avignon acquired the accomplishments requisite for a young man who had his fortune to make in the higher stations of life, he fixed his residence in that city, the seat of literature and of arts. It was there he accidentally met the celebrated Laura, at the entrance of a monastery dedicated to St. Claire. This happened in the twenty-third year of his age. He was, according to the memoirs published of his life, ‘so distinguished in his figure, as to attract universal admiration. He appears in his portraits,’ continues the same author, ‘with large and manly features, eyes full of fire, a blooming complexion, and a countenance that bespoke all the genius and fancy which shone forth in his works. He possessed an understanding active and penetrating; a brilliant wit, and a fine imagination. His heart was candid and benevolent, susceptible of the most lively affections, and inspired with the noblest sentiments of liberality.’

Such was Petrarch, till his unfortunate attachment to an improper object threw a cloud over the brightest

ornament of the fourteenth century. In his retirement at Vacluse, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, he frequently endeavoured to get rid of his illicit passion, to which he as frequently returned, with redoubled violence. In the following epistle, the author has endeavoured to express the various conflicts of an agitated heart, struggling between an alluring passion and triumphant virtue.

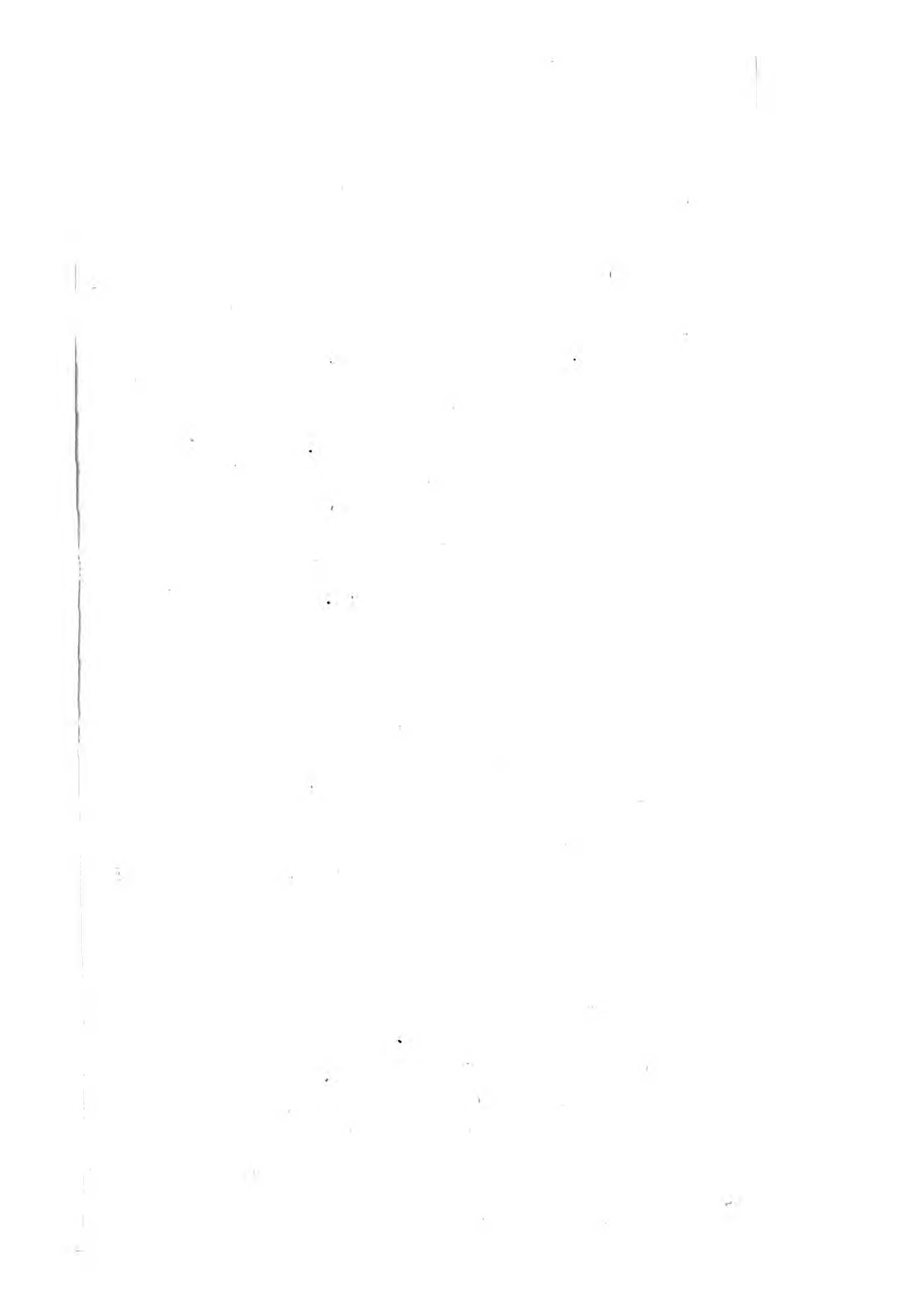
Nor will it be supposed he has exceeded the bounds of probability, when it shall be remembered, according to the account given of him in his memoirs, 'That his temper was, 'on some occasions, violent, and his passions headstrong 'and unruly. A warmth of constitution hurried him into 'irregularities, which were followed by repentance and 'remorse.'

With respect to Laura, it is incontestably proved, that at the time Petrarch first saw her, she was a married woman, whose husband, Hugues de Sade, held the first offices at Avignon; and not, as some have been pleased to conjecture, a mistress which the Poet kept at Vacluse. The following account of her person will not, I trust, be deemed superfluous by the courteous reader; for which I must once more have recourse to the ingenious Translator.

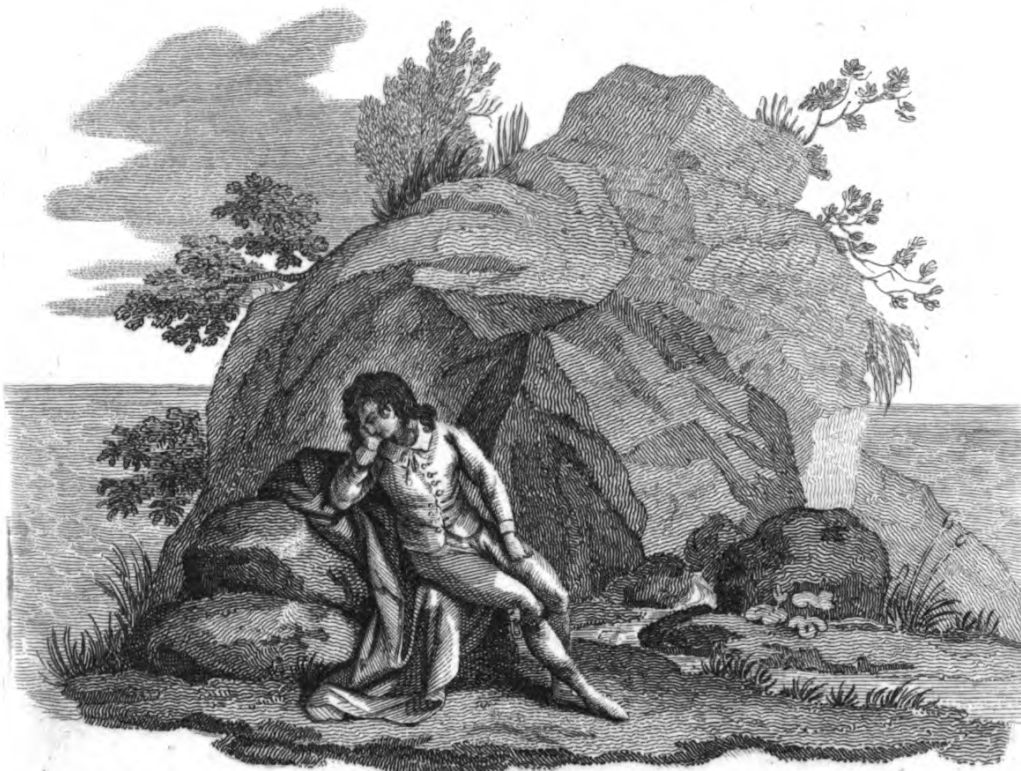
'At the time she first met Petrarch, she was dressed in 'green, and her gown embroidered with violets. Her face, 'her air, her gait, were something more than mortal. Her 'person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her 'eye-brows black as ebony. Golden locks,' (which, as I have

have frequently seen in the southern parts of France, were, I presume, of a bright auburn colour) 'waved over her shoulders whiter than snow; and the ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was well formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art vainly attempts to imitate. When she opened her mouth, you perceived the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of roses. She was full of graces. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of quiety and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue; for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn. Such, says Petrarch, was the amiable Laura.'

Her attachment to Petrarch, whose unbounded tenderness and love afforded a poignant contrast to the cool indifference of her husband, was as lively as it is possible for sympathy to be, under the influence of the chastest virtue.



*Beyond the reach of tumult's bustling crew,
By rocks o'erhung, and perilous to view;
Dark as my soul, the dismal hollow lies,
Disjoyn'd from earth, and stranger to the skies;
For not a ray can pierce the gloomy round:
There echo rests, nor wakes to human sound.*



Car. James inv.

C.R. Ryley delin.

W. Skelton Sculp.

PETRARCH.

PETRARCH TO LAURA:*

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.

FAR from the dear delusion of those eyes,
—Whose soft'ning magic melts me into sighs,—
While reason, trembling at resistless charms,
Steals to my heart, and guards it from alarms;
Say, shall thy friend—that name at least is mine,
And heav'n may sure allow it to be thine!—
Say, shall thy friend, thy PETRARCH, dare to prove
A kindred impulse of untainted love?
From those dear lips the stern injunction came,
And Love must yield to Friendship's purer name.

Stretch'd on the bier, round which, with many a sigh,
Distress has mus'd, and fix'd her streaming eye;
When some lost wretch, by keen remembrance torn,
To death's cold mansion sees her lover borne,
Indulgent pity, with officious art,
Waits on her grief, and sooths her bleeding heart.

* This Poem was first published in 1786, in quarto.

And

And shall my LAURA, gentlest of her kind!
 My life's sole pride, and mistress of my mind!
 Whose blest idea's all the rest I know,
 My only care and happiness below!
 Shall she from others wipe the tear of grief,
 And PETRARCH only be deny'd relief?
 She, at whose glance each gath'ring sorrow flies,
 Hope blooms afresh, and blank affliction dies!
 Ah, no! that breast, for softness fram'd alone,
 Heaves with misfortune pity makes her own.

Smooth as thy bosom, tho' not half so fair!
 Serenely bright, and like thy virtue clear;
 Without one noxious particle of heat,
 Health's purest spring, and every muse's seat,
 (For there Boccacé tunes his am'rous lay,*
 And azure nymphs to murm'ring echoes play);
 Close to my walls, in artless beauty, flows
 A silver stream, and courts me to repose.
 Soft are its banks, adorn'd with many a flow'r,
 And thickly shaded by the leafy bow'r.
 Emblem of sorrow's melancholy train,
 And far sequester'd from the noisy plain,
 My fav'rite willow waves above the tide
 His pendent boughs, in solitary pride:

* John de Certaldo, or John Boccacé, the celebrated author of the *Decameron*, &c. was Petrarch's particular friend.—They had each the same tastes, and the same aversions; the same ardent desire of knowledge, frankness, truth of mind, and tenderness of heart.'

Peaceful

Peaceful he hangs, and silently reproves
The boist'rous tumults of the man who loves.
There, too, thy Laurel* stands the wintry storms,
And, full of thee, my raptur'd fancy warms.
Fix'd in this tranquil solitude at last,
My wand'rings over, and my troubles past!
Here let me learn to form each rising thought
By those chaste principles thy virtue taught :
Sooth'd by thy looks, and innocently free,
With calm delight to join thy Lord and thee.

And yet, what means this more than friendship's heat?
Why starts my reason at the dear deceit?
Shall then no gentle palliative be found,
No kind delusion to assuage my wound?
For ever then, with inward fire oppress'd,
Must PETRARCH nurse the poison in his breast?
In secret wander to the bow'r of bliss,
And long for charms that never must be his?
For ever then must fruitless pity prove
The joyless substitute of mutual love?
How lost, how foreign are its sounds to me,
Whose only comfort is to gaze on thee!
Still to those looks, dissatisfied, unblest,
My wishes wander, and I sigh for rest.
Like the benighted mariner, whose eye,
Lost in the gloom of a tempestuous sky,

* PETRARCH consecrated a favourite laurel tree in his garden at
Vaucluse to the memory of LAURA, and called it by her name.

Looks for a guiding star, and sadly steers,
 With doubtful anguish and oppressive fears ;
 My troubled soul, toss'd on the surge of life,
 With keen impatience views the giddy strife
 Of things below ; turns from ambition's plan,
 And, sick'ning, owns the wretchedness of man.

Ill-fated they ! whose souls, congenial born,
 Are sway'd by int'rest, prejudice, or scorn ;
 In passive servitude whose moments glide
 Through all the formal miseries of pride :
 How curs'd in sick'ning apathy to prove
 The wild excess of ill-requited love !
 Where shall that spotless happiness be won,
 Which makes our reason and our senses one ?
 Bids peace be more than momentary rest,
 And gives unclouded sunshine to the breast ?
 Turns from the dazzling magic that decays
 In pride's meridian, and in folly's rays,
 To calm reflection and innate desire,
 Raptures that charm, and joys that never tire ?
 Yet thou, my LAURA—for to charms like thine
 All nature bends, and sighs at virtue's shrine—
 Ne'er from ungrateful *Sade*, whom heav'n has blest
 With all that's beauteous, and with all that's best—
 Can thy pure bosom be condemn'd to know
 The pangs, the wretchedness of wedded woe.
 Still in domestic happiness approv'd,
 By all who know thee, honour'd and belov'd ?
 Live to those tender ties, that sage decree
 Which Heav'n has made, nor lose one thought on me ;
Far

Far from thee sped, let all remembrance cease,
And leave me wretched, to secure thy peace.

Heav'ns! with what quick transition do I move
From friendship's limits to unbounded love!
Soon from my heart the curtain drops away,
And every feeling rushes into day.
O state of inward misery complete,
Where fruitless wishes and repentance meet!
When heav'n just op'ning to my soul appears,
And soft forgiveness glimmers thro' my tears;
When kind contrition wears out ev'ry crime,
And MERCY marks me on the leaf of time;
From rapt'rous ecstasy thy beauties tear
Each soaring thought, and burst on every pray'r;
That lov'd idea ev'ry scene dispels,
And all my bosom into tumult swells;
Earth and my LAURA more inviting seem
Than heav'n, tho' pictur'd by the bigot's dream.
What are its mansions of eternal light,
Seraphic sounds, or raptures of delight!
What is the boasted plenitude of joy,
Pleasures for ever new, that cannot cloy!
If in the bright immeasurable round
I sigh for joys where only *thou* art found?
How vain! how joyless is that heav'n to me,
Whose only pleasure is to gaze on thee!
One look of kindness, such as those soft eyes
With pity shed on sorrow's mournful sighs—
One tender sound, that shames the list'ning spheres,
And which thy PETRARCH still in absence hears!—

To

To this sad bosom more divinely feels,
Than all the raptures PIETY reveals.

How oft, attemp'ring by discretion's frown
The smiles of peace I fondly thought my own,
Hast thou, when sick'ning with my pain I sigh'd,
By one kind look the stream of sorrow dry'd?
Pierc'd to my inmost sense, and made me know
The wide extremes of happiness and woe!
For, ah! no sooner was the gentle fire
Of slumb'ring passion waken'd by desire;
Scarce had my heart the gleam of comfort caught
That slowly brighten'd thro' the gloom of thought,
Than you, no stranger to the human breast,
With stern severity my looks repress.
Was then thy glove* too much for years of pain?
Was virtue kept more spotless by disdain?
Back to my wonted wretchedness I move,
And pity those whom heav'n has doom'd to love;
Pensive from thee to melancholy turn,
While anguish murmurs as I inly mourn:
' Sit in severest judgment on my fate—
' Thy blame may reach me, but thou canst not hate.'

How often, visited by gleams of peace,
When study sooth'd me with imperfect ease,
Lost in some learned bus'ness of the brain,
Has fancy led me from my bosom's pain;

* LAURA happening to drop her glove at a public assembly,
PETRARCH wished to keep it, but was harshly repulsed.

Kindly

Kindly delusive charm'd me to repose,
 And lull'd to rest the tumult of my woes!
 Big with each little plan ambition frames,
 The glare of titles, and the noise of names,
 I've trod the slipp'ry paths of gay renown,
 And fame has call'd me to the laurell'd crown.
 Heav'n knows how careless of each honour paid,
 My bosom sicken'd at the gay parade;
 When princes crowded in my envy'd train,
 And monarchs yielded to the Muse's reign.
 Still on each scene thy lov'd idea stole—
 Still did I feel thee wanting to the whole.
 In vain the laurel, with encircling bough,
 Twines its triumphant honours round my brow,
 Or Rome re-echoes to my boasted name:*

If LAURA's absent what is PETRARCH's fame?
 How lost—how fruitless are its charms to me,
 Whose only comfort is to gaze on thee!

Call me whatever soothes my LAURA's breast;
 Thy Lord's acquaintance and his studious guest:
 Call me thy bard, instructor, or thy friend;
 All in one softer character must end.
 Thus for a time the boist'rous tempests cease,
 And leave the skies in momentary peace;
 A death-like stillness to the storm succeeds,
 And scarce a murmur's whisper'd thro' the reeds;
 'Till with redoubled violence it shakes
 The bending pines, and all its fury wakes.

* PETRARCH was publicly crowned in the Capitol at Rome.

Aw'd by no ties, and stranger to controul,
 I feel the tyrant trespass on my soul ;
 Soon does each kind illusion melt away,
 And every feeling's conscious of his sway.
 Rapt into scenes, that never must be mine,
 Heart-piercing thought! and never can be thine!
 I yield unbounded to my sleepless ill,
 And add to passion all the pow'r of will.
 ' Is there no law'—exhausted with its woe,
 Exclaims my heart, while streams of sorrow flow,
 And bounteous nature from my wither'd brain
 Lends a kind drop to cool its burning pain—
 ' Is there no law, which pitying heav'n allows
 ' To lovers, conscious of each others vows?
 ' In wedded bondage must the bosom pine,
 ' And *Custom* keep what nature would resign?'

O curs'd seduction of each virtuous sense,
 When fancy flatter'd by the dear offence,
 Dwells on each charm, in spite of every tie,
 Till fiction gives what heav'n and you deny!
 Sooth'd into rest, my heavy eye-lids close,
 And fancy'd joys succeed to real woes.
 Then do I clasp thee, trembling, in my arms,
 Shook by tumultuous raptures and alarms ;
 Yielding to bliss, my beauteous LAURA lies,
 With beating bosom and expiring eyes.
 Love on all sides his purple pinion shakes,
 Fans the soft flame, and every feeling wakes ;
 While urg'd by all that fancy can be blest,
 With keen delight I snatch thee to my breast :

A thrilling

A thrilling transport shoots in every vein,
 And madd'ning passion throws the willing rein.
 Inspir'd by raptures that can never cloy,
 And lost in mutual agonies of joy,
 Trembling I wander o'er thy angel frame,
 And hear, and see thee, look and sigh the same.
 In gath'ring tumult fresh endearments rise,
 Float on each word, and languish in our eyes ;
 Lip seal'd to lip, and murm'ring breath to breath,*
 Entranc'd we sink in momentary death :
 Till wasted nature, vanquish'd by the strife,
 Throbs in each vein, and grasps returning life ;
 Then from the dear ecstatic pleasure springs,
 " And sighs, and looks unutterable things !"†

Ah! tell me, LAURA—long inur'd to weep,
 When captive grief has lost its tears in sleep,
 Springs not the soul on fancy's airy plume,
 Beyond the narrow precincts of the tomb?
 While peace invites her to that bourn at last,
 Where joy commences, and each sorrow's past.
 Ah, tell me too, when, conscious of the cheat,
 Awaken'd reason startles at deceit,

* PETRARCH's passion, which was certainly somewhat stronger than *mere* Platonic affection, frequently led him into the wildest excesses; but his secession from virtue was never of long duration.

† Although this line is to be found in Thomson's Seasons, I must in justice to myself declare, that, when I wrote the above passage I had not read that pleasing production.

Is not the wretch to more than madness fir'd,
 Each pain redoubled, and each bliss desir'd?
 Too well this heart the bitter truth avows,
 When conscience tears me from its guilty vows;
 And heav'n, or chance, the treacherous dream destroys,
 While virtue shudders at illicit joys?
 Wretch that I am, to taint thy spotless ear
 With guilty sounds which honour should not hear:
 More wretched still, to bid thy breast afford
 One rebel wish, that tears thee from thy lord!
 Is this the vaunted purity I draw
 From beauty, led by virtue's purest law?
 Are these the precepts so divinely taught
 By those chaste eyes, and innocence of thought?

Sad fatal morn!* on which devotion drew
 My early steps, and heav'n invited you;
 When echoing matins fill'd the sacred dome,
 And rapture mingled with a world to come.
 O time for ever dear, tho' mark'd by woe,
 Afflictive source of all the griefs I know!
Then, void of care, on active wing I sprung,
 Lov'd by the old, and honour'd by the young;
 Warm'd by those hopes, which gay ambition feeds,
 And spurr'd by nature to the noblest deeds;
 While partial Phœbus touch'd my chosen lyre
 With more than common elegance of fire;

* On the 6th day of April, 1327, at Avignon, in the church of St. Clair, PETRARCH first saw LAURA.

Thy PETRARCH *then*—how lost! how wretched now!—
 Stepp'd into life with pleasure's cheerful brow:
 Smooth and unsullied every moment ran,
 And reason mingled in the joys of Man.
 Without one care, or sorrow, to destroy
 The flatt'ring tenour of unfading joy,
 New pleasures rose, at every step I took:
 What comfort vanish'd in one fatal look!

From one soft glance of those seducing eyes,
 What hopes have yielded to continu'd sighs!
 Mark'd is that brow, where once no trace was known,
 My looks are languid, and my vigour's gone;
 On ev'ry feature sad affliction's seen,
 And melancholy shades my pensive mien.
 In vain to books and solitude I fly,
 Or search thro' nature with enquiring eye;
 In ev'ry flow'r, that heav'nly bloom I see,
 At ev'ry line, my wishes spring to thee.
 Read what I please, remembrance still, I find,
 Breathes in each page, and holds thee to my mind.
 Oh why—too gentle for the tyrant's part—
 Since heav'n has made thee mistress of my heart,
 Why shouldst thou wave the rod of hard controul,
 And raise such tumults in my vanquish'd soul?
 Let kindness cheer me, and I'll hug my chains,
 Nor wish for liberty while LAURA reigns;
 In ev'ry pulse thy soft dominion own,
 Each sense thy subject, and my heart thy throne.
 Vain hopes! whose falsehoods ev'ry prospect shade,
 For LAURA slights the conquest she has made.

Close to Vauclose,* and neighb'ring on my cot,
Romantic nature spreads a friendly grot.
Beyond the reach of tumult's bustling crew,
By rocks o'erhung, and perilous to view;
Dark as my soul, the dismal hollow lies,
Disjoined from earth, and stranger to the skies;
For not a ray can pierce the gloomy round:
There echo rests, nor wakes to human sound.
The whistling winds, that tear the skirted sky,
Here lose their rage, and into murmurs die;
While Sorgia's rills in trickling horror creep,
And kindly prompt my aching eyes to weep.
Down my wan cheek the tear of anguish flows,
And lends a mournful respite to my woes.
There mayst thou view what havoc charms, like thine,
Incessant make, and add one sigh to mine:
Nor couldst thou, callous to the tend'rest flame,
See pain and sickness waste a lover's frame,
And not relieve the tortures of despair
By one kind look—perhaps by one soft tear.
There, in successive agonies, I prove
Reflection's horrors, and the pangs of love.
Vain is each hope, foreboding reason cries;
Vain are thy tears and more than human sighs.

* Vauclose is a delightful romantic spot, situate in the neighbourhood of Avignon, and facing the Mediterranean. It is surrounded on all sides by a stupendous chain of rocks in the form of a horse-shoe. At the foot of one of those enormous cliffs, you behold a prodigious cavern hollowed by the hand of nature. A fountain rises in the middle, and forms the river Sorgia.

Rous'd

Rous'd by distress, I soar to op'ning heav'n,
 Plead for each crime, and find each crime forgiv'n:
 Conviction beams, and, arm'd in ev'ry part,
 I rise to tear thee from my struggling heart.
 Deluded wretch! no sooner am I spread,
 Worn down by thought, on mournful sorrow's bed;
 Scarce are my senses lull'd to broken rest,
 And thy lov'd image wav'ring from my breast,
 Than, with resistless magic, o'er the whole
 Thy beauty streams, and fascinates my soul.
 In that kind hour—when all, save PETRARCH, know
 A calm suspense from wretchedness and woe,—
 Thrice have I known thee pierce the night's still reign;
 Thrice have I heard thee claim thy slave again.
 A conscious tremour every sense disarms;
 I hear! I see thee burst in all thy charms.
 Rob'd as thou wert on that ill-fated day,
 When ev'ry wish was yielded to thy sway,
 With stedfast look and dignity divine,
 On ev'ry side I feel, I see thee shine.
 ' Turn'—didst thou say—' ungrateful wretch! and see
 ' The slighted friend, whose cares are all for thee.
 ' Ingrate! unkind! thy LAURA to disown,
 ' Because her breast is purer than thy own.
 ' Is there no realm, beyond this mortal spot,*
 ' Where lovers meet, and where each pain's forgot?'
Heav'ns!

* I have extracted this note from the Memoirs to which I am so much indebted. ' PETRARCH retired to this delightful spot, to

Heav'ns! with what inward anguish did I start,
 What searching chilness shook my troubled heart,
 Till, cold as marble, or the ling'ring breath
 That feebly flutters on the lip of death,
 Congeal'd I lay, tumultuous terrour o'er,
 Gaz'd on thy face, and throbb'd at ev'ry pore.
 Guilt stalks around, and stings my tortur'd ear,
 While conscience adds to every sound I hear.
 Led by despair, and heedless of my doom,
 Restless I rise, and pierce the midnight gloom;
 Up the steep rock with madd'ning anguish fly,
 Wrapp'd in the thickest horrors of the sky;

'cure himself of his passion, and indulge his taste for letters, but in
 'vain.' (The author means Vacluse.)

'I may hide myself,' says he, 'among the rocks and in the
 'woods; but there are no places so wild or solitary whither the
 'torments of love do not pursue me.

'Thrice in that dark and lonely hour when nought but ghastly
 'shades is seen or heard, LAURA, with stedfast look, approached my
 'bed and claimed her slave. My limbs were frozen with fear; my
 'blood fled from my veins, and rushed upon my heart. Trembling
 'I rose ere morn, and left a house where all I saw alarmed me. I
 'climbed the rocks; I ran into the woods; watching with fearful
 'eyes this dreadful vision: I may not be believed, but still it follow-
 'ed;—here I perceived it starting from a tree—there rising from a
 'fountain—now it descended from the rocks, or floated on the
 'clouds. Surrounded thus, I stood transfixed with horror!'

This description alone is sufficient to vindicate my opinion of
 PETRARCH'S passion.

Along

Along the ridge, aghast and sad, I move,
Or try to shun thee in the deepest grove.

How vain each struggling effort of my breast!
On ev'ry scene thy image stands imprest;
I hear! I see thee, spite of rocks and trees,
Float on the cloud, and whisper in the breeze;
Beam from the brownest shadows of the wood,
Shake in each branch, and murmur in each flood.

Unkind delusion! where shall reason find
The peaceful tenour of a virtuous mind?
Why seeks the soul imaginary rest,
Or courts possession to the troubled breast?
Ah me! in punishment, should heav'n bestow
The secret wish that makes my bosom glow,
To what eternal agonies of pain
Must PETRARCH turn, and where he turns remain!
The sea would sooner with the scorching ray
Of sultry Sirius float along the day;
In calm connexion to the Line retire,
And roll his current thro' a flood of fire;
There undiminish'd mingle with the light,
And all its cooling particles unite,
Than—into scenes of recollection thrown—
My God should tear me from the joys I'd known.
For still remembrance, to reflection prest,
Would sigh for raptures which I once possest;
Back to those scenes my giddy soul would move;
And even piety give way to love.

Lost in some awful solitary shade,
A thousand fears oppress the timid maid.
On ev'ry wind some gliding spectre moves,
Or ruffian issues from the neighb'ring groves;
Trembling she treads, and starts at ev'ry sound,
When gath'ring darkness veils the meadows round.
Forward each look's solicitously cast,
Nor dares reflection venture on the past.
Transfix'd, she stops at ev'ry lane to come,
Then darts, in scar'd precipitancy, home.
There end her fears, contentment beams anew,
And gladness springs from all the fears she knew.
Not so thy PETRARCH; torn on ev'ry side,
By fruitless hopes of comfort still deny'd;
At ev'ry step surrounding sorrows flow,
Recal the past, and wake some future woe.
Pensive I move to all I left behind,
With aching bosom and a wasted mind.
Complaints succeed to melancholy grief,
I call thee *barb'rous*, and I feel relief.
Alas! how weak! how transient does it prove!
One thought subdues me to the gentlest love.
For ah!—though rapid as the ray that flies
In awful tumult o'er the darken'd skies—
Delusion brightens on my clouded heart,
And flatt'ring sighs—'Thy LAURA shares a part!
Back on my soul each giddy transport turns,
I think thee *gentle*, and my bosom burns.
Again I view thee in thy blaze of charms,
My senses madden, and my soul's in arms.

'Tis

'Tis then—for fiction ne'er can paint it so—
 Our wishes meet, and both united glow.
 Say! does remembrance wake the tender sigh,
 Spring from thy breast, and prompt thy gazing eye,
 If, in that hour, when sorrow loves to muse,
 A soft idea wander to Vaocluse?
 Does one kind wish, congenial to my own,
 Steal from the sick'ning grandeur of the town,
 And sweetly beam on this deserted spot,
 While all, but love and PETRARCH, is forgot;
 Ah dost thou, LAURA, echoing sighs to mine,
 Feel in each sense that PETRARCH *should* be thine?
 Recal thy vows, in wish'd-for freedom move,
 And mix with marriage all the sweets of love?
 Seducing dream! once more to madness wrought,
 My hungry senses snatch the pleasing thought:
 Once more I leave my solitary bow'rs,
 And see thee beckon from Avignon's tow'rs:
 With hasty step and keen aspiring eye,
 Quick to those fatal well-known walls I fly;
 Talk to each gale, and in each murmur hear
 A sigh, that calls me to thy partial ear.
 So the deserted bird, whose mates are flown,
 Floats in the void of elements unknown;
 While angry waves in tumult roar below,
 And boist'rous winds from ev'ry quarter blow;
 At last he sees a friendly sail appear,
 And drops, unconscious of a danger there.*

How

* The following account which PETRARCH gives of himself, and of LAURA'S behaviour, will easily prove the agitated state of his mind.

How beats my heart, what varying passions rise,
 That fondly cheat me into future sighs,
 When, near the spot where all my wishes rest,
 With flutt'ring pulse, quick step, and throbbing breast,
 Madd'ning I tread, till all united meet,
 And transport throws me trembling at thy feet!
 Chain'd to those knees, in vain you cry—Forbear!—
 Dim are my eyes, and deaf my love-sick ear;
 With quiv'ring lip, from hand to hand I rove,
 And sighs proclaim how much—how well I love.
 O precious interval, when silence shows
 The mutual tenderness that inly glows!
 Touch'd by those sighs, my anguish and my tears,
 Compassion melts to ev'ry sound she hears:
 Nor canst thou burst from PETRARCH'S longing arms
 Till spotless virtue fills thee with alarms.
 Still on my ear the pious accents dwell,
 Which heav'n inspir'd, and eloquently fell
 From those dear lips, when, to thyself restor'd,
 Discretion spoke, and PETRARCH bless'd each word.
 ' I am not,' saidst thou, tremulously faint,
 ' The wretch you think me, and your passions paint.

mind.—' As soon as I appear, you turn your eyes away; you recline
 ' your head; and your countenance is troubled. *Alas! I perceive*
 ' *you suffer.* O LAURA, why these cruel manners? Could you tear
 ' yourself from a heart where you have taken such deep root, I
 ' should commend your severity; in a barren and uncultivated soil,
 ' the plant that languishes requires a kinder sun; but you must for
 ' ever live in my heart. Since then it is your destiny, render your
 ' situation less disagreeable.'

' If

' If PETRARCH love, ah! let his flame aspire
 ' Beyond low-thoughted passion and desire:
 ' Free from each earth-born particle of clay,
 ' The virtuous love in Heav'n's eternal day.
 ' In humble hope, then let us jointly rise
 ' From lawless wishes, and repentant sighs.
 ' Yet, O forbear to make this bosom feel
 ' One wish, that innocence dares not reveal.'
 Abash'd I rise, and, startling at the view
 Of conscious guilt, just catch a last adieu;
 Back to Vaucluse my wretched footsteps bear,
 And turn, alternately, to love and pray'r.
 Fix'd on the dear resemblance of that face*—
 Those eyes, sweet mansions of each softning grace!
 Lips that can shame the rose-bud in its prime,
 And forehead, whiter than the lock of Time!
 Convuls'd I stand—till, touch'd by heav'n and you,
 Each sense is quell'd, and virtue blooms anew.

Embow'ring shades! ye rocks and murm'ring floods,
 Sequester'd vales, and solitary woods!
 Scenes where my soul, subdu'd by love and grief,
 In ev'ry black idea found relief:

* PETRARCH had a small picture of LAURA, which was drawn by one Simon Martin, a pupil of Giotto, who was patronized by Benedict XII. ' She appears, according to a copy yet at Avignon (say the Memoirs), dressed in red, holding a flower in her hand, with a sweet and modest countenance, rather inclined to tenderness.'

And thou, sad cave, receptacle of sighs,
Whose mournful echoes oft have borne my cries!
To ev'ry shade its stillness I restore,
And lose in piety the woes I bore.

Yet thou my guardian, advocate, and friend!
Still on my steps with gentlest care attend;
Lead to those realms, where, free from earth's alarms,
New-born and spotless, in celestial charms—
We both may rise, still loving and belov'd,
From all the miseries each other prov'd.
And if—for heav'n, all conscious of thy worth,
Will cease to lend thee to ungrateful earth—
If thou, my LAURA—spotless as thou art,
An angel's figure, and an angel's heart!
By virtue wafted, shouldst in triumph rise,
And leave thy PETRARCH exil'd to his sighs,
Let, in thy gen'rous pleading for us all,
On *me* one look of separate pity fall:
And, oh remember! that it once was thine
To raise my wishes, and my thoughts refine;
To point where saints in trembling hope have trod,
And trust, like thee, my SAVIOUR and my GOD.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.



Car James inv.

C. R. Riley delin.

W. Skelton Sculp.

*How neat, an apple to my charmer's feet —
Ingenious messenger of dear deceit! —
The plighted union of our souls convey'd,
While Delia listen'd in her sacred shade.
In vain to shun me diffidence is driv'n:
What law can tear thee from myself and heav'n?*

ACONTIUS

TO

CYDIPPÉ.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPÉ.

ARGUMENT.

ACONTIUS happening to visit the Temple of Diana, which is situated on the Island of Delos, in the Ægean Sea, and is the most celebrated of the Cyclades, became violently enamoured with Cydippé, a young lady of illustrious descent; who, together with a number of other virgins, was at the customary performance of Dianæ's rites. Not daring to pay his addresses openly, on account of their disparity of birth and rank, he conceived a new species of amorous fraud, and wrote on the rind of a beautiful apple the two following lines:

Juro tibi sanè per mystica sacra Dianæ,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram.

By Delia's worship, and at Delia's shrine,
To thee my heart I willingly resign;
In all the changes of uncertain life,
Thy fond companion, and thy tender wife!

This apple he artfully threw at Cydippé's feet; which having been imprudently taken up by her, she became instantly

stantly engaged to Acontius: for it was an established law among the ancients, that whatever words were uttered or read in the Temple of the Delian Diana, should be binding. Accordingly, when her father, who was ignorant of what had passed between his daughter and Acontius, some little time after promised her in marriage to another, she fell suddenly ill of a violent fever. Acontius, in this Epistle, very artfully endeavours to persuade Cydippé, that it was a punishment inflicted by Diana, for neglecting the vows she had made at her shrine.

ACONTIUS CYDIPPÆ.

Accipe, Cydippé, despecti nomen Aconti,
Illius in pomo qui tibi verba dedit.

PONE metum: nihil hîc iterum jurabis amanti:

Promissam satis est te semel esse mihi.

Perlege: discedat sic corpore languor ab isto;

Qui meus est, ullâ parte dolente, dolor.

Quid pudor ora subit? nam, sicut in æde Dianæ,

Suspikor ingenuas erubuisse genas.

Conjugium pactamque fidem, non crimina, posco:

Debitus ut conjux, non ut adulter, amo.

Verba

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPÉ.

Of him, whose sentiments an apple bore,
Of scorn'd Acontius! see the name once more.

THINK not, Cydippé, plighted as thou art,
Fresh vows are wanted to secure thy heart.
Read; and may health its op'ning lustre throw
On ev'ry charm, and sooth a lover's woe.
Yet why in blushing diffidence withdraw,
Averse to Hymen, and his dearest law;
*Touch'd! as when kindly witnessing my flame,
Diana fill'd thee with ingenuous shame?
I come not, madd'ning with adult'rous fires,
Unlawful wishes, or corrupt desires:
That right which heav'n to nuptial truth allows.
I claim, in holy consciousness of vows.

* Alluding to the natural confusion into which Cydippé was thrown when she first perused what was written upon the apple; and by which, as our ingenious author artfully insinuates, she was irrevocably engaged to Acontius.

Those

Verba licet repetas, quæ demptus ab arbore fœtus
Pertulit ad castas, me jaciente, manus.
Invenies illic id te spondere, quod opto,
Ni tibi cum verbis excidit illa fides.
Id metui, ut divæ diffusa est ira, decebat
Te potius, Virgo, quam meminisse Deam.
Nunc quoque idem timeo: sed idem tamen acrius illud
Assumpsit vires; auctaque flamma morâ est.
Quique fuit nunquam parvus, nunc, tempore longo,
Et spe, quam dederas tu mihi, crescit amor.
Spem mihi tu dederas: meus hic tibi credidit ardor,
Non potes hoc factum teste negare Deâ.
“ Me tibi nupturam,” felix ait omen, “ Aconti,
“ Juro, quam colimus, numina magna Deæ.”
Adfuit; et præsens, ut erat, tua verba notavit,
Et visa est motâ dicta tulisse comâ.

Deceptam dicas nostrâ te fraude licebit:
Dum fraudis nostræ causa feratur amor.
Fraus mea quid petiit, nisi uti tibi jungerer uni?
Id me, quod quereris, conciliare potest.
Non ego naturâ, nec sum tam callidus usu:
Solertem tu me, crede, puella, facis.
Te mihi compositis, si quid tamen egimus, à me
Adstrinxit verbis ingeniosus amor.

Dictatis

Those sacred terms the faithful apple bore,
 By me directed, meditate once more.
 You, there, will find the promise that I claim;
 Unless all faith should perish with the same.
 Consent had better from your yielding mind
 In softness murmur, eloquently kind,
 Than angry Delia should avenge her cause,
 Or truth remind you of its slighted laws.
 I dread the last, but more the former woe,
 Suspect your faith, and into madness grow.
 Love, strong in hope, with time new vigour gains,
 And, once scarce limited, unbounded reigns.
You gave that hope, on *that* my passion grew;
 What Delia witness'd must be own'd by you.
 "By *her* I worship, I'll become the bride
 "Of lov'd Acontius!" the kind omen cried.
 Each word recording, with propitious air
 The Goddess heard, and shook her flowing hair.

Say that your heart too easily was caught
 By prosp'rous fraud; yet love inspir'd the thought.
 'Tis *he* must answer for the snare you blame,
 Since *you* were all its object and its aim.
 By nature frank, and ready to believe,
 'Twas you, my charmer! taught me to deceive.
 Ingenious arts those sparkling eyes inspir'd:
 I only coveted what love desir'd.
 If aught were wanting to secure my claim,
 The lines you read can ratify the same;

As

Dictatis ab eo feci sponsalia verbis:

Consultoque fui juris amore vafer.

Sit fraus huic nomen facto; dicarque dolosus,

(Si tamen est, quod ames velle tenere, dolus):

En iterum scribo, mittoque rogantia verba;

Altera fraus hæc est: quodque queraris habes.

Si noceo quòd amo, fateor sine fine nocebo;

Teque petam: caveas tu licet ipsa peti.

Per gladios alii placitas rapuère puellas:

Scripta mihi cautè litera crimen erit?

Dî faciant, possim plures imponere nodos!

Ut tua sit nullâ libera parte fides.

Mille doli restant: clivo sudamus in imo:

Ardor inexpertum nîl sinet esset meus.

Sit dubium, possisne capi; captabere certè;

Exitus in Dîs est: sed capière tamen:

Ut partem effugias, non omnia retia falles:

Quæ tibi, quàm credis, plura tetendit amor.

Si non proficient artes, veniemus ad arma;

Inque tui cupido rapta forère sinu.

Non

*As Love directed, I the contract drest,
 His humble slave, and copier at best.
 This may be fraud, and I deceitful too—
 (If that's deceit which keeps our bliss in view,
 As nature dictates innocently moves,
 And fondly meditates the prize it loves):
 Once more I press you in a suppliant strain,
 And this new fraud may give offence again.
 If sighs distress you, you'll for ever prove
 The keen pursuit of unremitting love.
 For still I'll follow, though your care may be
 (Alas how fruitless!) to escape from me.
 Some gain the fair amid the clash of swords:
 Is it a crime to try persuasive words?
 May Heav'n so bind you with its sacred chain,
 That not a wish in liberty remain!
 Still in reserve a thousand arts I find,
 And none too arduous for my daring mind.
 Though doubt and strange vicissitude attend
 The dear attempt—for heav'n must mark its end—
 Yet in my snares you soon or late must fall:
 Tho' some should fail, you cannot shun them all:
 And more, believe me, are the well-laid schemes
 Of artful Cupid, than Cydippé dreams.
 If cunning fail, to violence I'll move,
 And bear thee, trembling, on the breast of love.

* Acontius insinuates that he had only obeyed the dictates of the Goddess, who, through the medium of Cupid, had instructed him what to write.

No

Non sum qui solem Paridis reprehendere factum :

Nec quenquam, qui, vir possit ut esse, fuit.

Nos quoque : sed taceo. Mors hujus pœna rapinæ,

Ut sit, erit, quàm te non habuisse, minor.

Aut esses formosa minùs, peterere modestè :

Audaces facie cogimur esse tuâ.

Tu facis hoc, oculique tui ; quibus ignea cedunt

Sydera ; qui flammæ causa fuère meæ.

Hoc flavi faciunt crines, et eburnea cervix ;

Quæque precor veniant in mea colla manus :

Et decor et vultus sinè rusticitate pudentes :

Et

No more, as formerly, that deed I blame,
 Which Paris ventur'd for the Grecian dame.
 Nor him, nor others, who like him have strove,
 Can Honour chide, while Nature pleads for love.
 *E'en I——discretion cannot speak the rest—
 'Tis death to ravish—but to die were best,
 Than *thus* to live!—Be less to Venus dear,
 And modest sighs shall murmur on your ear.
 For while such charms enraptur'd I behold,
 Their very beauties force me to be bold.
 This to yourself I owe, and those dear eyes,
 Than stars more bright, and cause of all my sighs.
 This to that neck, as polish'd iv'ry fair;
 Those wish'd-for circling arms, and auburn hair;
 This to that kind insinuating grace,
 And chaste politeness bright'ning on your face;

* The reader will easily perceive that the drift of Acontius, through the whole of this charming epistle, went to establish in Cydippe's mind an entire conviction that their union was predestined, and fixed upon by the Gods; and that, if his approaches alarmed her innocence, she must attribute them not only to *their* inspiration, but likewise to her own personal charms; artfully intimating, by these means, the irresistible necessity which ruled him through impulse and attraction. Ovid, by this masterly passage, has afforded a lively instance of the foible by which the generality of women are actuated. He makes Acontius, in acknowledging the power of the Goddess, pay the most flattering compliment to the personal beauties of Cydippe.

This

Et Thetida quales vix rear esse pedes.
Cætera si possem laudare, beatior essem;
Nec dubito, totum quin sibi par sit opus.

Hâc ego compulsus, non est mirabile, formâ,
Si pignus volui vocis habere tuæ.
Denique, dum captam tu te cogare fateri,
Insidiis esto capta puella meis.
Invidiam patiar: passo sua præmia dentur.
Cur suus a tanto crimine fructus abest?
Hesionen Telamon, Briseïda cepit Achilles:
Utraque victorem victa secuta suum.

Quamlibet accuses, et sis irata licebit;
Iratâ liceat dum mihi posse frui:
Iidem, qui facimus, factam tenuabimus iram:
Copia placandi sit modo parva tui.
Ante tuos flentem liceat consistere vultus;
Et liceat lacrymis addere verba meis.
Utque solent famuli, cùm verbera sæva verentur,
Tendere submissas ad tua crura manus.

Ignoras

This to your snowy feet, which scarce can be
By *Thetis equall'd in her native sea.
Ah, happier much! and more than doubly blest,
Where all is perfect—could I praise the rest.

Urg'd by that form, no wonder if I strove
To gain your promise, and secure my love.
Equal to me (provided you allow
The dear success), if cunning stole the vow.
Your rage I'll bear, but with it sweetly take
The joys that make me passive for their sake.
Ah, why—the hazard and the crime so great!—
Should *you* refuse me what your charms create?
Undaunted Telamon soft Hesio won,
And fair Briseis turn'd to Peleus' son.
Cheerful they yielded to the youths who dar'd
Each danger conquer, and their conquests shar'd.

Accuse, condemn me for this rash design—
I'll court your anger, if it makes you mine.
Yield but the tender liberty to plead,
Your rage to soften, and explain the deed.
Let me, at least, in tears before you lie,
And with my tears the pow'r of language try!
Let me, like slaves, whose backs the lash have born,
Hold up my hands, and as a suppliant mourn.

* Among the allegorical beauties allotted to the different Gods and Goddesses in the Heathen mythology, Thetis, the mother of Achilles, was distinguished by the smallness of her feet, as Juno was by the largeness of her eyes.

Ignoras tua jura, voca: cur arguor absens?

Jamdudum dominæ more venire jube.

Ipsa meos scindas licèt imperiosa capillos,

Oraque sint digitis livida facta tuis.

Omnia perpetiar: tantum fortasse timebo,

Corpore lædatur ne manus ista meo.

Sed neque compedibus, nec me compesce catenis:

Servabor firmo vinctus amore tui.

Cùm benè se, quantumque volet, satiaverit ira;

Ipsa tibi dices, *Quam patienter amat!*

Ipsa tibi dices, cùm videris omnia ferre,

Tam benè qui servit, serviat iste mihi.

Cur reus infelix absens agor? et mea, cùm sit

Optima, non ullo, causa, tuente perit?

Hoc quod amor jussit, scriptum, est injuria nostra,

Quod de me solo nempè queraris, habes.

Non meruit falli mecum quoque Delia: si non

Vis mihi promissum reddere, redde Deæ.

Adfuit, et vidit cùm tu decepta rubebas:

Et vocem memori condidit aure tuam.

Assert your pow'r, command me to appear,
 And sit in judgment with a sovereign's ear.
 Enjoin'd by you, each punishment I'll bear,
 Struck be my face, and torn my scatter'd hair!
 Your very blows in tenderness I'll take,
 And only tremble for the giver's sake.*

Bound by desire, and rivetted to love,
 What pow'r Cydippé, can your slave remove?
 No force is wanting where the soul remains;
 Captive I stand, and court my willing chains.
 Yet when your soul her last resentment proves,
 Say to yourself—*How patiently he loves!*
 Say, when the pensive criminal you see,
A slave so faithful, shall be slave to me!
 Ah, wretch! in painful absence to behold
 My cause neglected, and my tale untold.
 Let me, the conscious messenger of love,
 Thy bosom's anger and its vengeance prove;
 Of me alone thou justly canst complain,
 Cause of each tear, and source of ev'ry pain!
 Yet give Diana what's denied to me;
 The goddess should not be deceiv'd by thee.
 She saw you redden at the dear deceit,
 She heard your lips the sacred words repeat.

* The following lines may perhaps be preferred as forming a more literal translation :

All, all I'd bear : and only feel alarm'd,
 Lest by my body that soft hand be harm'd.

D

May

Omina re careant; nihil est violentius illâ,
Cùm sua, quod nolim, numina læsa videt.
(Testis erit Calydonis aper: nam scimus ut illa
Sit magis in natum sæva reperta parens.)
Testis et Actæon, quondam fera creditus illis.
Ipse dedit letho cum quibus antè feras.
Quæque superba parens, saxo per corpore oborto,
Nunc quoque Mygdoniâ flebilis adstat humo.

Hei mihi, Cydippé! timeo tibi dicere verum;
Ne videar causâ falsa monere meâ.
Dicendum tamen est: hoc est, mihi crede, quòd ægra
Ipso nubendi tempore sæpe jaces.
Consulit ipsa tibi; neu sis perjura laborat:
Et salvam salvâ te cupit esse fide.
Inde fit, ut, quoties existere perfida tentas,
Peccatum toties corrigit illa tuum.
Parce movere feros animosæ virginis arcus,
Mitis adhuc fieri, si patiare, potest.
Parce, precor, teneros corrumpere febribus artus:
Servetur facies ista fruenda mihi.
Serventur vultus ad nostra incendia nati:
Quique subest niveo lætus in ore rubor.

Hostibus

May Heaven secure thee from the vengeful ire
 That omens mark, and perjuries inspire!
 The murder'd offspring and its savage dame,*
 Actæon, chang'd in nature and in name,†
 And haughty Niobé, whose form remains
 A senseless column on the Lydian plains,
 The sad remembrance of her vengeance show,
 And bid thee shun similitude of woe.

The truth, Cydippé, to pronounce I fear,
 Lest you prove guilty by the words you hear.
 Yet hence the sorrows which oppress your mind,
 Whene'er you fly, and Heav'n would make you kind.
 Diana warns you, and with anxious fear
 Strives with your health to keep your honour clear.
 For this, when careless of her laws you move,
 Her arrows threaten, and your guilt reprove.
 Ah! cease to wake them; I conjure you cease!
 Prevent her vengeance, and the maid appease.
 Ah! let not sickness those soft limbs annoy,
 Since Heav'n has form'd them for my dearest joy.
 Preserve those cheeks, that charm'd my ravish'd sight,
 And lips, surrounded by the purest white.

* Althæa, the mother of Meleager, who was the cause of his death, in consequence of Diana's rites having been slighted by her.

† Actæon, for having imprudently glanced at Diana whilst she was bathing, was suddenly metamorphosed into a stag, and being pursued by his own dogs, was torn to pieces.

Hostibus è si quis, ne fias nostra, laborat,

Sic sit, ut invalidâ te solet esse mihi.

Torqueor ex æquo, vel te nubente vel ægrâ;

Dicere nec possum, quòd minus ipse velim.

Maceror interdum, quòd sim tibi causa dolendi:

Teque meâ lædi calliditate puto.

In caput hæc nostrum dominæ perjuriam, quæso,

Eveniant: pœnâ tuta sit illa meâ.

Ne tamen ignorem quid agas; ad limina crebrò

Anxius huc illuc dissimulanter eo.

Subsequor ancillam furtim famulumve, requirens

Profuerint somni quid tibi, quidve cibi.

Me miserum! quòd non medicorum jussa ministro,

Astringoque manus, insideoque toro!

Et rursus miserum! quòd, me procul inde remoto,

Quem minimè vellem, forsitan alter adest.

Ille manus istas et fingit, et assidet ægræ,

Invisus superis, cum superisque mihi.

Dumque suo tentat salientem pollice venam,

Candida per causam brachia sæpe tenet:

If there be one—the bitt'rest of my foes—
Whose hate would injure, or my wish oppose,
May such experience what Acontius feels,
When through your limbs the fev'rous poison steals.
With doubtful agonies of wild despair
My bosom heaves, and throbs with anxious care ;
Nor can I tell you which the most alarms,
To see you grieve, or bless another's arms.
Cause of that grief, in solitude I pine,
Suspect you wrong'd, and make each sorrow mine.
May all your perjuries—as source of all!—
To ease that bosom, on Acontius fall.

Oft round your gates, solicitously led,
With watchful eyes and anxious soul I tread ;
In sage discretion to your servants creep,
And learn what food you take, and how you sleep.
Ah, wretch! to covet what the gods deny,
Each want to feel, and not a want supply ;
Nor hold your hands, nor round your couch to wake,
Nor give the med'cines you're ordain'd to take.
Ah, doubly wretched! with a keen distress,
Absent to feel that others round you press.
Above the rest, averse to Heav'n and me,
I view my rival insolently free.
Fix'd on your face the daring monster stands,
Observes your eyes, and holds your lily hands ;
With fond pretext to press that arm, he feels
The bounding pulse, and o'er each beauty steals ;
Hangs on that neck—and oh! too high the price
Of boasted skill—perhaps some freedom tries ;

Contrectatque sinus; et forsitan oscula jungit:

Officio merces plenior ista suo est.

“ Quis tibi permisat nostras præcidere messes !

“ Ad sepem alterius quis tibi fecit iter ?

“ Iste sinus meus est : mea turpiter oscula sumis :

“ A mihi promisso corpore tolle manus.

“ Improbe, tolle manus; quam tangis nostra futura est.

“ Postmodo si facias istud, adulter eris.

“ Elige de vacuis, quam non sibi vindicet alter.

“ Si nescis, dominum res habet ista suum.

“ Nec mihi credideris, recitetur formula pacti :

“ Neu falsam dicas esse; fac ipsa legat.

“ Alterius thalamo, tibi nos, tibi dicimus, exi.

“ Quid facis hîc? exi, non vacat iste torus.

“ Nam quod habes et tu humani verba altera pacti,

“ Non erit idcirco par tua causa meæ.

“ Hæc mihi se pepigit: pater hanc tibi, primus ab illâ :

“ Sed propior certè, quàm pater, ipsa sibi est.

“ Promisit pater hanc: hæc adjuravit amanti ;

“ Ille homines, hæc est testificata Dea.

“ Hic

Yields to the struggling impulse of his breast,
Grows to your lips, and sighs you into rest.

“ Who gave thee leave to mow that rip’ning grain,
“ Or led thy footsteps to another’s plain?
“ That bosom’s mine! and, barefac’d as thou art,
“ Those kisses too—forbear! nor touch a part
“ Of what is plighted to my longing heart:
“ Take off those hands—’tis mine that angel frame;
“ Such acts, hereafter, with adult’rous shame
“ Would mark thy days: chuse where the maids are free;
“ Those charms, I tell thee, have been pledg’d to me.
“ Shouldst thou mistrust me, let the claim be clear,
“ And from her lips the binding contract hear.
“ Begone!—too heedless of the lines she read—
“ Nor meanly trespass on another’s bed!
“ Wretch that thou art! what would thy frenzy dare?
“ Begone! I tell thee; thou’st no bus’ness there.
“ Thy claim, at best, is form’d on human ties,
“ But mine has all the sanction of the skies.
“ *I* gain’d the daughter, *you* the father won—
“ Whose right is first—the father’s, or her own?
“ My vows herself, while your’s the sire preferr’d;
“ Men witness’d these, and those the Goddess heard.*

He

* Acontius was well convinced, that so long as he could prevent the intrusion of that sort of idea which gradually weans us from the fear of a superior being, he must eventually get the better of her natural timidity. The necessity, which he so repeatedly urges, being strengthened

“ Hic metuit mendax, timet hæc perjura vocari :

“ Num dubites, hic sit major, an ille metus ?

“ Denique, ut amborum conferre pericula possis,

“ Respice ad eventus : hæc cubat ; ille valet.

“ Nos quoque dissimili certamina mente subimus,

“ Nec spes par nobis, nec timor æquus adest,

“ Tu petis ex tuto : gravior mihi morte repulsa est ;

“ Idque ego jam, quod tu forsam amabis, amo.

“ Si tibi justitiæ, si recti causa fuisset,

“ Cedere debueras ignibus ipse meis.”

Nunc quoniam ferus hic pro causâ pugnat iniquâ :

Ad quid, Cydippé, litera nostra redit ?

Hic

" *He* shuns a falsehold, *she* Diana's arm :
 " And can you question *which* should most alarm ?
 " If, spite of truth, each argument be lost,
 " Judge from effects, and say—who suffers most ?
 " Whilst health is bright'ning in the father's eyes,
 " Stretch'd on her couch the sick'ning daughter lies.
 " Our bosoms too unequal sorrow tears ;
 " Nor such your hopes, nor such your anxious fears.
 " You sue in peace ; but death to me has charms,
 " Compar'd with aught that tears me from her arms.
 " Unvex'd by keen solicitude you move,
 " Whilst I adore what you perhaps may love !
 " If truth or justice could assert their claim,
 " Your soul, long since, had yielded to my flame."

Again Cydippé ! my fond cause I press,
 Again I plead, and struggle for success ;

ened by the consciousness she felt from having read the words that were written upon the apple, stood in need of nothing more to complete his wishes, than to be familiarized with the object of her fears. He therefore, with the same ingenuity that marks the whole, expresses the keenest solicitude about her health ; artfully insinuates a wish to have access to the house, deprecates the wrath of the gods from her upon himself, as the cause of her uneasiness and fever ; and, to put the sincerity of his passion beyond suspicion, abruptly breaks out into all the ravings of a jealous lover. The apostrophe to his rival is inimitably fine and natural : it at once conveys the most flattering ideas to the object beloved, and undermines, by inference, whatever ascendancy parental authority might have gained in favour of the other suitor.

Hic facit ut jaceas, et sis suspecta Dianæ :

Hunc tu, si sapias, limen adire vetes.

Hoc faciente subis tam sæva pericula vitæ :

Atque utinam prō te, qui movet illa, cadat !

Quem si repuleris, nec quem Dea damnat, amârîs ;

Et tu continuò, certè ego salvus ero.

Siste metum, virgo ; stabili potiere saluti ;

Fac modò polliciti conscia templa colas.

Nec bove mactato cœlestia numina gaudent ;

Sed, quæ præstanda est et sine teste, fide.

Ut valeant aliæ, ferrum patiuntur et ignes :

Fert aliis tristem succus amarus opem.

Nil

Yet still, though vengeance all his vows pursue,
 My rival triumphs, and is heard by you.
 Lawless he pleads, whilst you the traitor hear,
 And mingle falsehood with affliction's tear.
 Hence all the pains my lov'd Cydippé knows,
 Diana's anger, and its sleepless woes.
 Far from your gates the bold intruder send,
 Each joy recover, and the contest end.
 So may each sorrow from your heart remove ;
 And he who caus'd it all its anguish prove !
 No more this object of her wrath allow,
 And health will brighten on our cheerful brow.

Haste, firm in hope, to where the Goddess heard
 Your plighted promise, and my vows preferr'd.
 The victim, led to sacrifice and death,
 Charms not the gods so much as gen'rous faith.
 Some for repose submit to fire and steel,*
 With bitter roots while others hope to heal :

No

* The circumstance of Cydippé's actual indisposition at the time Acontius was pressing her to comply, rendered every thing he advanced, relative to the interference of Diana, powerfully convincing. He accordingly dwells upon her displeasure, and suggests that all the art of medicine must prove abortive, so long as she continues reluctant and unkind. To this argument, (which, by the doctrine of that age, was unanswerable,) he adds another; which, by awakening the most serious apprehensions that a woman is capable of receiving, makes the success of every suit, but his own, the inevitable cause of a fatal delivery. Diana, under the appellation of Lucina, presides at the birth of every child, and being incensed at the disobedience

Nil opus est istis, tantum perjuria vita ;

Teque simul serva, meque, datamque fidem.

Præteritæ veniam dabit ignorantia culpæ :

Exciderint animo fœdera lecta tuo.

Admonita es modò voce meâ, modò casibus istis ;

Quos quoties tentas fallere, ferre soles.

His quoque vitatis, in partu nempe rogabis,

Ut tibi luciferas afferat illa manus.

Audiet ; et, repetens quæ sint audita, requiret

Ipsa, tibi de quo conjuge partus eat.

Promittes votum ; sit te promittere falsò :

Jurabis : scit te fallere posse Deos.

Non agitur de me : curâ majore laboro ;

Anxia sunt vitæ pectora nostra tuæ.

No need have you such trials to endure;
 Observe your vows, and ev'ry joy's secure.
 For past omissions ignorance may plead:
 Your mind forgot what those dear eyes could read!
 Warn'd by disease, whene'er you would deceive,
 And urg'd by me the goddess to believe,
 Say, what should force you from your vows to fly,
 Each pain to covet, and each joy deny?
 E'en this neglected, still a time may be,
 When kind Lucina must be call'd to thee.
 She'll hear, and, mindful of her vot'ry's claim,
 Ask from whose loins the struggling infant came.
 Vows will be made and oaths for safety giv'n;
 How fruitless all from one who laughs at heav'n!

Careless of mine, far other griefs I bear,
 And anxious tremble for a life so dear.
 Unkind! in death-like agony to feel
 Severest anguish, yet the cause conceal;

of Cydippé in not marrying Acontius, would, so far from alleviating, increase the pains of labour. In fact, the whole of this heroic is one of those numberless instances of refinement, which distinguished the reign of Augustus from every other. Horace and Ovid are of themselves sufficient to prove, that neither the frippery of France, the solid magnificence of Britain, nor the heavy grandeur of Germany, have been able to produce half the polish of Antiquity. If the modern poet, from the earliest dawn of knowledge, be taught to repeat, in the consciousness of antient superiority, "Si placeo tuum est!" the man of the world, the courtier, patron, and dependant may with equal justice say, on every occasion, political or domestic, "Sequimur non passibus æquis."

To

Cur modò te dubiam pavidì flevere parentes,

Ignaros culpæ quos facis esse tuæ?

Et cur ignorent? matri licet omnia narres:

Nil tua, Cydippé, facta ruboris habent.

Ordine fac referas, ut sis mihi cognita primùm,

Sacra pharetratæ dum facis ipsa Deæ.

Ut, te conspectâ, subito (si fortè notasti)

Restiterim fixis in tua membra genis.

Ut te dum nimium miror (nota certa furoris)

Deciderint humero pallia lapsa mea.

Postmodo nescio quâ venisse volubile malum,

Verba ferens doctis insidiosa notis.

Quod, quia sit lectum sanctâ præsente Dianâ,

Esse tuam vinctam, numine teste, fidem.

Ne tamen ignoret quo sit sententia scripta;

Lecta tibi quondam nunc quoque verba refèr.

“Nube, precor,” dicet, “cui te bona numina jungunt:

“Quem fore jurâsti, sit gener ille mihi.

“Quisquis is est, placeat; quoniam placet ante Dianæ;”

Talis erit mater; si modò mater erit.

Sed

To see thy nearest relatives in grief,
And by thy silence to deny relief.
If none, Cydippé, can obtain regard,
The womb that bore thee should at least be spar'd.
No cause has she the suitor to despise,
No cause hast thou to redden at his sighs.
The earliest impulse of my heart explain,
How first I saw thee in Diana's fane ;
How, touch'd by Venus and her soft alarms,
My eyes were fetter'd to those winning charms ;
Whilst you, perhaps no stranger to them all,
Observ'd my looks, and saw my garment fall ;
From ev'ry motion my disorder guess'd,
And felt the triumph of your eyes confest :
How next, an apple to my charmer's feet—
Ingenious messenger of dear deceit !—
The plighted union of our souls convey'd,
While Delia listen'd in her sacred shade.
In vain to shun me diffidence is driv'n :
What law can tear thee from myself and heav'n ?
But lest, too heedless of the weighty strain,
Thy mother rest, ah ! read it once again.
“ Take,” will she say, “ whom heav'n has bid thee chuse ;
“ The vows thou gavest him, I dare not refuse :
“ Who pleases Delia, should be lov'd by thee,
“ Whate'er his name, or parentage may be.”
Thus, in maternal fondness, will she prove
The tend'rest impulse of a mother's love.
From thee, to fond solicitude be known
The blood I boast of, and the name I own.

In

Sed tamen inquirat, qui sim qualisque, jubeto :

Inveniet vobis consuluisse Deam.

Insula Coryciis quondam celeberrima nymphis

Cingitur Ægæo nomine Cea mari.

Illa mihi patria est : nec si generosa probaris

Nomina, despectis arguor ortus avis.

Sunt et opes nobis : sunt et sine crimine mores ;

Amplius utque nihil, me tibi jungit amor.

Appeteres talem vel non jurata maritum :

Juratae vel non talis habendus erat.

Hæc tibi me in somnis jaculatrix scribere Phœbe ;

Hæc tibi me vigilans scribere jussit amor.

Et quibus alterius mihi jam nocuere sagittæ :

Alterius noceant ne tibi tela, cave.

Juncta salus nostra est ; miserere meique tuique.

Quid dubitas unam ferre duobus opem ?

Quod si contigerit, cum jam data signa sonabunt,

Tinctaque votivo sanguine Delos erit,

Aurea ponetur mali felicis imago,

Causaque versiculis scripta duobus erit :

“ Effigie pomi testatur Acontius hujus,

“ Quæ fuerint in eo scripta, fuisse rata.”

Longior infirmum ne lasset epistola corpus,

Clausaque consueto sit sibi fine, vale.

In each the dearest of thy friends will find
 Diana careful of thy virgin-mind.
 Ceòs, an isle which once the Muses chose,
 And where the circling deep Ægæan flows,
 My country's nam'd: nor yet so humbly born,
 (If birth's an object) to deserve your scorn.
 My spotless honour and my wealth agree;
 But love has join'd me, more than all, to thee.
 A youth so gifted, tho' no vows were made,
 Might gain thy wishes and thy breast persuade.

This in my dreams the quiver'd Huntress told:
 Love bade me write, and to thy heart unfold.
 As Cupid's arrows have been felt by me,
 Beware lest Phœbe's should be aim'd at thee.
 Link'd are our fates: then, why should two be griev'd,
 Since, *one* consenting, *both* might be reliev'd?
 But when—so heav'n permit—the signals sound,
 And bleeding victims stain the sacred ground:
 A golden image of the fruit be seen,
 With these two verses to the quiver'd Queen:
 “ By this resemblance of an apple's prov'd
 “ Cydippé's kindness to the man she lov'd.”
 Shook by disease, and languid as thou art,
 No more I'll press the bus'ness of my heart?
 But, fondly silent, ev'ry wish renew,
 And end, as usual, with a dear adieu.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING acquitted myself of an accidental promise made to my friends some years back, I shall acquaint the indulgent Reader, that the chief motive which induced me to publish this translation, was a conviction that it may be possible to render every sentiment of the original, and not deviate from its ease and familiarity of phrase.—Without arrogating to myself any superior knowledge of the classics, or presuming to do better than those who have gone before me, I may truly say, that no ancient has been more unworthily handled than OVID. The present Epistle has already appeared in English; but, whether from ignorance, or precipitancy in the composition, there is little more to be found than a literal version of the Author, without elegance of phrase, or harmony of numbers. The Sappho to Phaon, by Pope, is an exception to this remark, so far as it relates to poetical beauty; yet even here some inaccuracies occur.—The following lines, for instance, are not entirely devoid of meaning in the original, yet it will be difficult to find them in the translation:

Vilis Amythone, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis;
 Atque aliæ centum, quas hic *sine crimine* amavi.

For

For the whole of this very significant passage two lines are substituted, one of which is unquestionably the reverse of what OVID meant, viz.

No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my *guilty* love.

Quas hic sine crimine amavi, conveys a very different idea of Sappho's amours; in whose age a connection with the same sex was probably less stigmatized than in the present.

In another place we are obliged to be satisfied with a couplet, which is general and collective, for six verses that are perfectly descriptive of the painful anxiety a well-wisher feels, when the nearest relative becomes a prey to licentious love. The passage is:

Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cærulea remo:
Quasque male amisit, nunc male quærit opes.
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.

My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame.

Invidious as the task of criticism must certainly be to a fellow adventurer, I cannot close these observations without adding, that no translator is justified in giving a single sentiment which the original does not contain. The whole of this beautiful Heroic in the Latin is plaintive, but not reproachful. How far Mr. Pope was right in
tacking

tacking the following lines to what was purely expostulatory, the judicious will decide.

Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu
(At least to feign was never hard to you);
 Farewell my Lesbian love, you might have said,
 Or coldly thus,—Farewell, oh Lesbian Maid!

Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses,
 Et modo dixisses: Lesbi puella, vale!

I am now to apologize to the patient reader, and to the admirers of an English Poet, whose works I peruse with pleasure and instruction, for the liberty I have taken. The only excuse I can offer in the consciousness of my own imperfections is the natural wish which every man must feel to vindicate himself by the precedent of others. If I have been diffuse in rendering any part of Acontius to Cydippé, it was because I wished to be clear: and if, on the other hand, I have injured its harmony by being too confined, it was because I would not fatigue. But I may safely assert, there is not a single sentiment or idea introduced which the original does not fully justify. I shall conclude with an observation of Mr. Pope's, that perfectly suits the whole of my productions, but more especially this Epistle, which, when very young, I undertook to translate merely for improvement.

' All that is left us is to recommend our productions
 ' by the imitations of the ancients. And it will be found
 ' true, that in every age, the highest character for sense
 ' and learning has been obtained by those who have been
 ' most

‘ most indebted to them. For to say truth, whatever is
‘ very good sense, must have been common sense in all
‘ times; and what we call learning is but the knowledge
‘ of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore, they who
‘ say our thoughts are not our own, because they resem-
‘ ble the ancients, may as well say our faces are not our
‘ own, because they are like our fathers; and indeed it
‘ is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to
‘ be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.’

To conclude, I shall simply observe, that general criti-
cism, without pointing out particular defects, only proves,
in the opinion of the wise and candid, an inclination to
depreciate without having the means to do so; verifying
in the strongest manner Pope’s admirable remark in his
Essay on Criticism—

Each burns alike who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival’s, or an eunuch’s spite;

and as Horace justly says:

Non quivis vidit immodulata poemata iudex.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPÉ.

BY MR. R. DUKE.

The following Translation of ACONTIUS to CYDIPPÉ, appeared many years back, and, to the best of my knowledge, is the only version extant. How far the candid Reader may be inclined to condemn me for having attempted a second, I will not pretend to determine; I can only say, that although this production may afford some more able Writer a fair occasion to extend the observation made in my Postscript, the success of a Rival will by no means distress me; nor shall I feel hurt by the ingenuous remarks of classical truth and knowledge.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPÉ.

BY Mr. R. DUKE.

READ boldly this; here you shall swear no more,
For that's enough which you have sworn before.
Read it; so may that violent disease,
Which thy dear body, but my soul doth seize,
Forget its too-long practic'd cruelty,
And health to you restore, and you to me.
Why do you blush? for blush you do, I fear,
As when you first did in the Temple swear.
Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim:
And truth can never be the cause of shame.
Shame lives with guilt, but you your virtue prove
In fav'ring mine, for mine's a husband's love.
Ah! to yourself, those binding words repeat,
That once your wishing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' Apple brought 'em dancing to your feet. }
There you will find the solemn vow you made,
Which, if your health, or mine, can aught persuade,
You to perform should rather mindful be,
Than great *Diana* to revenge on thee.

E

My

My fears for you encrease with my desire,
And hope blows that already raging fire.
For hope you gave; nor can you this deny,
For the great goddess of the fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd shrine
A sudden, kind auspicious light did shine;
Her statue seem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad consent to what you said.
Now, if you please, accuse my prosp'rous cheat,
Yet still confess 'twas love that taught me it.
In that deceit what did I else design,
But with your own consent to make you mine?
What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my sole offence.
Nor nature gave me, nor has practice taught
The nets with which young Virgins hearts are caught,
You, my accuser, taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his assistance give;
For Love stood by, and smiling, bad me write
The cunning words he did himself indite.
Again, you see I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand:
Again, such kind, such loving words I send,
As makes me fear that I again offend.
Yet if my love's my crime, I must confess
Great is my guilt, but never shall be less;
Oh that I thus may ever guilty prove!
In finding out new paths to reach thy love.
A thousand ways to that steep mountain lead,
Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.

All

All these will I find out, and break through all,
 For which, my flame compar'd, the danger's small.
 The gods alone know what the end will be;
 Yet if we mortals any things foresee,
 One way or other you must yield to me.
 If all my arts should fail, to arms I'll fly,
 And snatch by force what you my pray'rs deny:
 I all those heroes mighty acts applaud,
 Who first have led me this illustrious road.
 I too—but hold, death the reward will be;
 Death be it then———
 For to lose you, is more than death to me.
 Were you less fair, I'd use the vulgar way
 Of tedious courtship, and of dull delay:
 But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
 And something wond'rous, as itself, inspires;
 Those eyes that all the heav'nly lights outshine,
 (Which, Oh! may'st thou behold, and love in mine)
 Those snowy arms, which on my neck should fall,
 If you the vows you made, regard at all;
 That modest sweetness, and becoming grace,
 That paints with living red your blushing face;
 Those feet, with which they only can compare
 That through the silver flood bright *Thetis* bear;
 Do all conspire my madness to excite,
 With all the rest that is deny'd to sight.
 Which could I praise alike, I then were blest,
 And all the storms of my vex'd soul at rest.
 No wonder then, if with such beauty fir'd,
 I of your love the sacred pledge desir'd.

Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
 Your very frowns all other smiles excel;
 But give me leave, that anger to appease
 By my submission, that my love did raise.
 Your pardon prostrate at your feet I'll crave,
 The humble posture of your guilty slave.
 With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,
 And lay the rising tempest of your soul.
 Why in my absence are you thus severe?
 Summon'd at your tribunal to appear
 For all my crimes, I'd gladly suffer there,
 With pride whatever you inflict receive,
 And love the wounds those hands vouchsafe to give.
 Your fetters too—but they alas are vain,
 For love has bound me, and I hug my chain,
 Your hardest laws with patience I'll obey,
 'Till you yourself at last relent, and say,
 When all my suff'rings you with pity see,
He that can love so well, is worthy me.
 But if all this should unsuccessful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.

O may my fears be false! yet she delights
 In just revenge of her abused rites.
 I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,
 Lest you should think, that for myself I plead.
 Yet out it must,—'Tis this, 'tis surely this,
 That is the fuel to your hot disease;
 When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
 Her fatal messenger the Goddess sends;

And

And when you would to his kind call consent,
 This fever does your perjury prevent.
 Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her rage,
 Which you so easily may yet assuage.
 Forbear to make that lovely charming face
 The prey to ev'ry envious disease:
 Preserve those looks to be enjoy'd by me,
 Which none should ever but with wonder see:
 Let that fresh colour to your cheeks return,
 Whose blooming flame did all beholders burn.
 But let on him, th' unhappy cause of all
 The ills that from Diana's anger fall,
 No greater torments light, than those I feel,
 When you my dearest, tend'rest part, are ill.
 For oh! with what dire tortures am I rackt,
 Whom diff'rent griefs successively distract!
 Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,
 To think that I have caus'd so much to you:
 Then great *Diana's* witness, how I pray
 That all our crimes on me alone she'd lay.
 Sometimes to your lov'd doors disguis'd I'd come,
 And all around 'em up and down I roam:
 'Till I your woman coming from you spy,
 With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
 With silent steps, like some sad ghost, I steal
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal
 More than new questions suffer her to tell:
 How you had slept? what diet you had us'd?
 And oft the vain Physician's art accus'd.
 He ev'ry hour, Oh! were I blest as he!
 Does all the turns of your distemper see;

}

Why sit not I by your bedside all day,
 My mournful head in your warm bosom lay
 'Till with my tears the inward fires decay?
 Why press not I your melting hand in mine,
 And from your pulse of my own health divine?
 But oh! these wishes all are vain; and he
 Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,
 Forgetful as thou art of heav'n and me.
 He that lov'd hand does press, and oft does feign
 Some new excuse to feel thy beating vein.
 Then his bold hand up to your arm does slide,
 And in your panting breast itself does hide;
 Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,
 For his officious care too great a fee.
 Robber, who gave thee leave to taste that lip,
 And the ripe harvest of my kisses reap?
 For they are mine, so is that bosom too,
 Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you.
 Take, take away those adult'rous hands,
 For know, another Lord that breast commands.
 'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,
 But heav'n and she first gave herself to me;
 And you in justice therefore should decline
 Your claim to that which is already mine.
 This is the man, CYDIPPE, that excites
 Diana's rage to vindicate her rites.
 Command him then not to approach thy door,
 This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
 For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
 Which great Diana heard, and did allow;

And

And she who took it, will thy health restore,
 And be propitious as she was before.
 " 'Tis not the stream of a slain heifer's blood,
 " That can allay the anger of a God.
 " 'Tis truth, and justice to your vows, appease
 " Their angry Deities; and, without these,
 " No slaughter'd beast their fury can divert,
 " For that's a sacrifice without a heart."
 Some, bitter potions patiently endure,
 And kiss the wounding lance that works their cure.
 You have no need these cruel cures to feel,
 Shun being perjur'd only,—and be well.

Why let you still your pious parents weep,
 Whom you in ign'rance of your promise keep!
 Oh! to your mother all our story tell,
 And the whole progress of our love reveal;
 Tell her how first at great Diana's shrine
 I fixt my eyes, my wond'ring eyes, on thine;
 How like the statues there I stood amaz'd,
 Whilst on thy face intemp'rately I gaz'd.
 She will herself, when you my tale repeat,
 Smile, and approve the amorous deceit,
 " Marry," she'll say, " whom heav'n commends to thee;
 " He who has pleas'd Diana, pleases me."
 But should she ask from what descent I came,
 My country, and my parents, and my name; }
 Tell her that none of these deserve my shame.
 Had you not sworn, you such a one might chuse;
 But were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.

This in my dreams Diana bid me write,
And when I wak'd, sent Cupid to indite:
Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity see,
She too will soon relent that wounded thee.
Then to our joys with eager haste we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love.
To the great temple we'll in triumph go,
And with our off'rings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I'll consecrate
Of the false apple's innocent deceit,
And write below the happy verse, that came
The messenger of my successful flame.
" Let all the world this from ACONTIUS know,
" CYDIPPE has been faithful to her vow."
More I would write, but since thy illness reigns,
And wracks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains,
My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.

THINGS

THINGS AS THEY ARE,
AS THEY HAVE BEEN,
AND EVER WILL BE.

*Ma Muse tudesque et bizarre,
Jargonnant un Français barbare,
Dit les choses comme elle peut ;
Et du compas parfait bravant la symétrie,
Le purisme gênant et la pédanterie,
Exprime au moins ce qu'elle veut.*

K. of Prussia's Pref. to his Poet. Works.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written, some time back, for no other purpose than to shew, that, however virulent the generality of pseudo-critics are, it ought to be the office of the man of real knowledge coolly to investigate the merits of a writer, without peremptorily condemning what, perhaps, he little understands, or does not choose to examine; and, on the other hand, to excite those who may have poetical abilities, to adhere closely to the dictates of Nature, and not to be disheartened by the transient puff of affectation, or the spite of malice.

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence;
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRIT.

THINGS

THINGS AS THEY ARE,

Ec. Ec. Ec.

AS when with murm'ring tumult to the shore
Autumnal tides in quick succession roar,
Loud and more loud the frequent surges rise,
Wave treads on Wave, and, like its rival, dies:
So with the wild uncertain tide of things,
Revolving fate rolls ministers and kings;
Through ev'ry age the various current pours,
And sweeps ambition from its sinking tow'rs;
Whilst Genius decks the solitary cell,
Reserv'd to triumph where ambition fell.
As one drops off, another starts to view,
Sinks like the last, and yields to something new;
While num'rous tribes on int'rest's subtle wing,
That wall between a people and a king!*

* The reader will readily perceive, by the opening of the poem, that the author's original intention was very different from the one he subsequently adopted. Politics, he well knew, bore honest conviction more forcibly through the medium of prose, than through the channel of ornamented Reason.

As party dictates, or as whim inspires,
 Change with their lords, and burn with varying fires.
 PELHAM the great, the gen'rous and the good,
 Rul'd for a time, and stemm'd corruption's flood:
 B—TE, at whose presence Liberty turns pale,
 And Slav'ry rises on a northern gale;
 CHATHAM, the boast and saviour of our isle,
 Whose mem'ry bids fair Freedom wear a smile!
 Fix'd at her helm, the bark of Britain sped,
 To various ends, by various motives led;
 Then fell to faction, or to nature's stroke,
 The boast of virtue, or the Muse's joke.

While scenes like these the dazzled earth delude,
 Support the bad, and basely strip the good,
 Wilt thou, my friend, indulgent as thou art,
 Of purest morals, and of soundest heart;
 Blest in thy youth with all that's wish'd for *here*,
 Just to mankind, and to thyself sincere;
 With ev'ry hope and prospect to be great;
 Say, with the Muse, wilt thou, my friend, retreat?
 Steal from the bustling nonsense of the town,
 To this still spot, which study calls her own?
 Here shalt thou see, by nature taught to sing,
 The Muse ascend to statesmen and their king;
 Unaw'd by pow'r, thro' grandeur dare to pierce,
 And yield a sacrifice to truth, in verse.

Lamented CHURCHILL! in whose chequer'd fate
 Each tint was blended of esteem and hate,

Who,

Who, true to virtue, struck at ev'ry crime;
Of spotless tenets in each nervous rhyme:
At thy fair tomb admiring let me bend,
And tune my numbers for a virtuous end.
What were thy faults, avails not now to tell;
May pitying candour on thy writings dwell:
And if remembrance tresspass on the mind,
Wak'd by the partial censures of mankind,
To thy pure sheets in justice let me turn,
Admire thy genius, but thy failings mourn.
Teach me, regardless of the villain's hate,
The frown of int'rest, or the sneer of state,
The dirty sycophant's ensnaring smile,
Whose treach'rous kindness sooths me, to beguile;
Teach me to dart, with justice on my side,
The Muse's weapon thro' the breast of pride—
Expose foul vice, and, careless of each groan,
Probe ev'ry part, till all its filth be known.
Teach me, in spite of MANSFIELD and the law,
—If truth acquit me, not a judge can awe—
Teach me—nor let one selfish view mislead
A Muse unpractis'd, or direct her reed
To pour one sound that's foreign to the breast,
Or lull the splendid villain into rest—
Teach me to visit, in his serious hour,
The slave of grandeur, and the tool of pow'r;
Display the secret closet of his soul,
Where flatt'ring meanness cringes to controul;
And hold the gilded torture up in air,
Ambition's rack, and wheel of anxious care.

Teach

Teach me, like thee, to scorn the tinsel trim
 Of modern bards, pert, impudent, and prim;
 Who move like coxcombs in a dancing school,
 Write ere they think, or learn to think by rule.

The sons of method may be taught to move
 By such degrees as order must approve:
 But let not genius, touch'd with nature's flame,
 Drop from his height, in dread of *Crito's* blame;
 Nor in a stupid, uniform career,
 *Crawl thro' a birth-day ode up to great GEORGE's ear.
 WH—T—D may rock the monarch to repose,
 And sing the *conquer'd conqu'ror* of his foes:
 WH—T—D may spread the lullaby around,
 But let not genius catch the paltry sound.

Dauntless and firm, unaw'd and uncontroul'd,
 By virtue prompted, and thro' virtue bold,
 Satire shall rise with lightning on her wing,
 Beyond the boasted splendours of a king.

* When poetry becomes the enjoined task of adulation, it is not surprising to see fulsome praise and dull monotony together. The arts and sciences should undoubtedly be fostered and supported. But the price of patronage is great, when the efforts of talents and education are fettered by time, place, and custom. It is natural on such occasions to see truth perverted, and, under the glare of fiction, reality concealed. If genius be worth the notice of Majesty, consistency should be worth its own.

E'en

E'en he, the first and kindest of my friends,
 Who blames with judgment, and with taste commends,
 Whose godlike spirit, with impartial views,
 Allows a gen'rous freedom to my Muse—
 E'en he!—though gratitude and friendship start
 At ev'ry line, and bleed thro' every part—
 Should vice delude him to the paths of pride,
 From sacred virtue's fair and spotless side—
 Foe to myself, e'en *He* should see me rise,
 Condemn his weakness, and his frown despise.
 Nor thou—the dazzling wonder of us all,
 Ambition's slave, and fortune's restless ball,
 Cloth'd as thou art in all the power of speech,
 Above thy country's and thy sov'reign's reach—
 Nor thou, deluded, think the Muse below
 Thy splendid orb's imaginary show:
 Satire shall search thee with resistless blaze,
 And strip the spotted planet of its rays.
 Hold! cries Palæmon—hacknied in the ways
 Of courting favour, and of vending praise—
 Why, stung to madness, impotently wrong,
 Transgress the limits of an harmless song?
 And shall the firmness of the poet then
 Skulk from the spite, or arrogance, of men!
 Shall *that*—while virtue decks the British throne—
 Forbid the Muse to make such virtue known;
 Or hide—when truth the flagrant picture draws—
 The wretch that tramples on affection's laws?
 Shall *that* a safeguard to Corruption yield,
 And leave her, basking in her guilt, conceal'd:

Give

Give scarlet Vice the virgin's lily grace,
 And clothe Adult'ry in a spotless face?
 Shall *that* to Grosv'nor lend Lucretia's fame,
 Or render vice and innocence the same?
 No! while the tide of Liberty remains,
 And rolls her current thro' a Briton's veins,
 Justice and candour shall be seen at large,
 Give horns to cuckolds, and maintain the charge.

So sung the Muse, regardless of her foes,
 Anxious, the traitor's bosom to expose
 Bare to the slighted land; anxious to shoot
 Her searching arrow at corruption's root;
 When Caution—clad in *Tuto's* rev'rend form,
 Her heart-strings throbbing at a monthly storm,
 Appear'd half-palsied—for the hour was come
 When critics beat the literary drum,
 And wits impress'd, in regular array,
 Before their gen'ral's widen into day.
 Fearless I view'd the field, where many a name,
 Damp'd in its infant struggle up to fame,
 Extinguish'd lay; where Dulness, in her prime,
 Reign'd o'er the wide extended regions of—a rhyme!
 Wond'ring I gaz'd, for wond'rous was the plan,
 And with a smile beheld the tricks of man;
 Saw Nature vanquish'd by the worst deceit,
 And prostrate Genius bound at Folly's feet:
 While gilded Fashion's mercenary train
 O'er the wide realm of Letters held their reign;
 In ev'ry province would at once preside,
 And wav'd the rod of insolence and pride.

With

With more than common knowledge in his look,
And not a word unauthoris'd by book,
Precise, slow, solemn, PUNCTUOSO speaks;
Dull, sullen method settled on his cheeks:
Exact each word; so critically just,
That ev'ry sentence has unbounded trust;
While tortur'd Genius, pitifully scann'd,
Is closely fetter'd by Precision's hand.

SIDDONS herself, though on her angel face
Each look of nature shone with matchless grace,
Unnotic'd for a time, neglected play'd,
Beneath the weight of int'rest's heavy shade.
SIDDONS could look the savage into love,
Subdue the tigress, and her pity move;
Wring from each breast involuntary sighs,
When Bath beheld her—yet forbad to rise!
Nor can she *now*—for nature could no more—
Awake one passion stronger than before.
Critics in vain would teach those eyes to roll,
Or guide the boundless tumult of her soul:
Critics in vain would teach that breast to heave
With throbs of anguish, or in silence grieve;
SIDDONS and Nature will forget their rules,
And leave instruction to the pride of schools.
GARRICK himself, when in his full career
He trod the walks of Hatred, Love, and Fear;
When every passion seem'd to be his own,
With SIDDONS gladly would have shar'd the crown.

Yet

Yet—strange to think!—all-perfect as she is,
Malice can find there's *something* still amiss.*

Ere honest Truth o'er Prejudice prevail,
And Nature triumph when her dictates fail,
Papists shall print what Protestants believe,
And ***** cease to flatter and deceive:
Statesmen shall be the characters they feign,
***** polite, and *delicately* plain.
In vain shall Genius trust to Judgment's skill,
When Int'rest holds the prostituted quill.
Through that false light perfection cannot please,
Pope has no charms, and Dryden's void of ease.
Behold—the sacred compass in his hand,
To mark each acre of poetic land,
To grant the bold aspirer to renown,
A juster claim and title for his own—
Behold yon sage!—does justice only draw
The stern conclusion, and distribute law?
Does justice hold up Ignorance to shame,
If meanly circled with another's fame?
Does justice only, with delight restore
To Merit's brow the bay that Dulness wore?
Does justice urge him from himself to start,
And range beyond the limits of his art?
Believe it not:—'tis prejudice that guides
The mad award, and o'er each act presides.

* These lines were added when this inimitable actress appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, and, very justly, became the admiration of all England.

*Tyrants there are, detested and abhorr'd,
Yet freedom sees them courted and ador'd;
The slaves that hate them venerate their pow'r,
Till nature starts, and vengeance marks their hour.
Not so with these more arbitrary lords,
Tyrants whose malice feeds on harmless words;
Whom one false spelling tortures into rage,
And not ten thousand beauties can assuage.
Struck by their frown, the bold advent'rer drops,
To prompt the sneer of literary fops;
While sov'reign Dulness guards her fav'rite throne,
And Pride and Ignorance the sceptre own.

Let men, supported by the poet's brain,
Deep-veil'd in darkness, ridicule his strain;
With lawless rancour rail at gen'rous truth,
And strive to crush him in his op'ning youth.
Let Pride, let Envy,† Wit, or Vice condemn,
Truths said in rhyme, and sometimes said of them;

* The reader will easily discover that, although, in the opening of the poem, I professed to have relinquished my first intention of meddling with politics, the subject of the whole is treated upon similar principles. But if he is acquainted, as he unquestionably must be, with the intrigues of modern literature, this adoption will not appear extraordinary. The same arts to rise are made use of by the candidates for fame, as mark the characters of government dependants; and the same insolence when risen, as portrays the behaviour of those in power; with this difference, that the conduct of the one is secretly mean, selfish and contradictory; the pursuits of the other equally base and little, but splendidly disguised.

† *i. e.* False Wit.

While

While Candour hears, and Honesty commends,
 Who cares if Envy, Pride and Vice be friends?
 The wretch, whose int'rest holds me up to-day
 To public laughter, and condemns my lay,
 For that *same int'rest* would to-morrow raise
 A paltry monument of *monthly* praise.

Gods! how I laugh, when, tuneless to the soul,
 A coxcomb judges how my numbers roll;
 Swears that they move insufferably rough,
 Then calls for chocolate—and “damn such stuff!”
 Yet, how I laugh, when, *wond'rously* severe,
 Sir Fopling's wit commands the female ear!
 Sent from the hand of some rich titled fool,
 How feebly drops the shaft of ridicule!
 Weakness of brain the Muse with pity sees,
 Nor cares to answer whom she scorns to please:
 But when, from downright insolence and pride,
 A mind well cultur'd ventures to decide
 On ev'ry talent, as its gift alone,
 Rouz'd into rage, she strikes the tyrant down;
 Indignant spreads him to the searching beam
 Of truth's strong light, and breaks the gilded dream.
 Yet, how I laugh, when vet'rans in the trade
 Bend at the shrine which Indolence has made;
 With rev'rence listen to the victim's crime,
 And help to sacrifice an harmless rhyme!
 Yet, how I laugh, when cramm'd up to the throat,
 On each oblation Pride and Dulness glote;
 Like hungry priests, by superstition fed,
 Destroy the living, *and new slay the dead*;

While

While Crito, trembling at the venal frown,
Admires *their* wisdom, and forgets his own!

Nurs'd from his birth at sacred Method's shrine,
By fools supported, and of right divine ;
Where slumb'ring Folly takes her solemn nap,
And deeply meditates in Bibo's cap ;
Behold *Punctilio*, prose-man from his heart ;
Stung into rage, if Poetry should start
Beyond the point where judgment, cloth'd in prose,
Decides through spectacles on Bibo's nose.
Thus have I seen the gen'rous courser fly
With quiv'ring nostrils snorting to the sky,
Skim o'er the grass, precipitately gay,
And not a vestige mark his pathless way ;
The sluggish Ass surveys him in his flight,
Brays to the wind, and looks with envious spite ;
Turns to the mumbling of his thistle food,
And *scorns* such wild extravagance of blood.

Some, by the blaze of dazzling fiction caught,
Strain to the last extremities of thought.
With loosen'd rein imagination runs,
And dips her pencil in a thousand suns :
On every side a strong effulgence flows,
And reason's exil'd to the realms of Prose.
And laughs not Nature, when she calmly views
The garish progress of the gaudy Muse ;
Beholds each trifling circumstance appear
In all the various colours of the year?

Eat,

Eat, drink, or sleep—be joyous, or be sad,
 Still is each act in *heav'nly splendour* clad.
 If breakfast's call'd for—in celestial style
 Angels descend to make the *kettle boil*:
 Some guardian spirit pours the *Nectar* out,
 And simp'ring Cupids *hand the toast about* :
 Nature, with ease, judiciously display'd,
 Rich in herself, *requires no foreign aid* ;
 Shewn as she is, though e'er so void of care,
 She's always proper, and she's always fair.

Yet what is Nature, if oppos'd by thee,
 Almighty modern **Possibility* !
 Are letters sent—then aid them, all ye gales;
 For all are requisite to love-wrote tales:
 The soft complaint let zephyr gently sigh,
 And catch—*if possible*—the fond reply.
 For, ah! sweet *Possibility* can prove
 The best restorer of deserted love!
 For, ah! sweet *Possibility* can wrest
The faithless scriptures from a virgin's breast.
Pride, virgin-pride, will quench the subtle fire,
 And cold reserve succeed to warm desire.
 If not—in anger let the shrill East break,
 And Eurus thunder—for a lover's sake!

* See a Poetic Epistle lately published, in four cantos. When poetry, or rather fictions in verse, so far exceed probability, that the extravagance of novels is outdone, little more can be expected than strained conceits, distorted into a thousand possible shapes and situations.

Loud,

Loud, and yet louder, shall the tempest roar,
 Proclaim his pain, and mutter round the shore;
 Till, like a summer's sea, the tumult cease,
 And all is lull'd—at pleasure—into peace.
 When villains trespass on the social law,
 And fear alone the mad intent can awe,
 The *rattling hoof* may, *possibly*, resound
 An hundred miles, and spread a terrour round:
 The *rattling hoof*, with echo's friendly aid,
Perhaps, may rescue an insulted maid.

This and much more that's wond'rous strange below,
 To thee, sweet Possibility! we owe;
 From thee, the ruling passion of the day
 Receives a stamp, and bears it to the Play.*
 The tinsel flash that gilds the bawdy line,
 By music aided—as it may be thine—
 On dazzled weakness throws the specious hue,
 And robs neglected genius of its due.
 If judgment startle at a wild conceit,
 To thee poor mortals readily retreat;
 From thy broad look the puzzled mind receives
 Augmented faith, and what *may be* believes.
 And yet how oft, deluded by thy ray,
 Does wanton wit irregularly stray!
 Beneath thy wing what monsters of the mind
 Are fondly nurs'd and sent among mankind!
 From thence what rank absurdities are brought,
 Children of nonsense in the garb of thought!

* Vide the plots of our modern operas.

For,

For, after all, rehearse it and rehearse!
 Say, what is poetry but prose in verse;
 But simple truths, in pleasing numbers giv'n,
 In words that suit, and harmonize with Heav'n?

How strangely various are the practis'd ways
 To force thro' reason, and to pilfer praise!
 A well-paid paragraph, a borrow'd name,
 Will rank a blockhead on the list of fame.
 EDWIN, *well touch'd*, will strike from dulness fire,
 And trash run current, if O'KEEFE'S the sire.
 And must true humour, in itself too weak,
 Like foreign mountebanks, thro' puppets speak;
 Must it, without them, flutter and go down,
 Damn'd to neglect, or sneer'd at by the Town?
 Who shall condemn—a foe to nature's charms—
 The baby trembling in his father's arms?
 A father, long since favour'd by the Nine,
 And far beyond the reach of Satire's line,
 On *his own* theatre, with *his own* tribes,
 Through love paternal ev'ry father bribes;
 With *his own* prologue, pleads for *his own* son,
 And *Two to One* is puff'd by *Two to One!**

Actors

* These lines were written at a time, when, for few or no pretensions, extravagant praise was lavishly bestowed. Pushed into a species of temporary applause by interest and dependance, the production alluded to must have been poor indeed, had it not lived its day; and, like a butterfly, fluttered about till the expiration of summer consigned it to oblivion. It must not however be inferred

Actors themselves, in this prolific age,
 And what's more prais'd or censur'd than the stage?
 For there Ambition, from the gay Green-room,
 Steps into light, and spreads his gaudy plume;
 For there the wretched offspring of distress,
 Who, once oppress'd, will in his turn oppress,
 Imbibes the subtle poison of conceit;
 And there the worst of insolence we meet.
 Yet there—let Candour in her turn be heard—
 Merit sometimes with judgment is preferr'd;
 Actors themselves, whose highest boast should be,
 To mimic justly what in life they see,
 Lur'd by the flatt'ring plaudits of the Town,
 Try learning's path—and wander from their own.
 Should real knowledge or invention fail,
 Industrious fancy flies to some old tale;
 Oblivion yields the captive to her hands,
 And in scour'd garb the *Maid of Honour** stands.

To judge of painting, painters have a right:
 Poets should criticise what poets write.

inferred from this observation, that the author wishes to detract from the *real* merit of either. The public has long been indebted to the father for much entertainment; and the son did bid fair, in following his foot-steps, to partake the profit and the praise; but no man has a right to anticipate success and voluntary contribution, on the ground of partial favour. When once a species of hereditary tenure is acknowledged in the realms of Literature, the honest effort of adventuring minds will experience as many obstacles to rise, as there are easy avenues to promotion for mercenary pride and folly.

* An old Play so called.

The wretch that's hackney'd thro' the live-long year
 In filling parchments, or in copying clear
 The lawyer's deed, may sometimes hint a fault:
 But then he does it as a copier ought.
 Rais'd into public by the cringing art,
 Which springs congenial with oppression's heart,
 The *partial* wretch, in low submission led,
 With humble toil first gains his weekly bread;
 Till by degrees, to slander useful grown,
 He trims his wing, and hums about the town.
 From ev'ry flow'r—how kind soe'er it blow—
 This wasp, to literature the deadliest foe!
 With hungry malice rifles ev'ry sweet,
 New-whets his sting, and loads his dirty feet:
 Till with his blasting touch he kills the whole,
 Then steals, in buzzing triumph to his hole.

Better from books to turn with cold disdain,
 Stroll thro' the streets, or plod along the plain,
 By trifles caught, to trifle time away,
 And bask with ignorance in fashion's ray;
 Better to fly from study's calm retreat,
 To thoughtless fashion, and its gay deceit;
 From mild simplicity to specious art,
 Better to warp each feeling of the heart;
 Better—if nature, with resistless force,
Must bear the mind from reason's steady course—
 Pleas'd with the fashionable tinsel taste,
 Our store of knowledge on *acrostics* waste;
 Breathe thro' initials love's enrapt'ring strain,
 And make poor sense the play-thing of the brain;
 Than

Than sit in anxious dread of every word,
To gaze at envy's visionary sword.

Sacred and safe is ev'ry tradesman's name,
Whose honest labours are his dearest fame:
Whate'er he proffers, wholesale or retail,
To private chapmen, or to public sale,
The candid purchaser, if led to buy,
Blames or approves—but scorns the partial lie.
Nor will malicious jealousy—that sees
With jaundic'd eyes, and is its own disease—
Dare to defame, for Mansfield's voice can awe
The worthless villain trembling at the law.
Science alone—hard lot for him, whose stars
Severely force him to the worst of wars,
Where ev'ry foe's in secret ambush laid,
And friends with coolness see their friends betray'd—
Science alone is doom'd by partial fate
To bear a rival's, or a dunce's hate:
With endless toil to grasp at envied praise,
And scale the mound that Spite and Folly raise.

To turn to ridicule the noblest strain
Requires no vast exertion of the brain.
One fault suffices—if ill-nature choose
To pick each op'ning laurel of the Muse—
One careless fault, by malice seen, may spoil
The brightest effort of the poet's toil.
E'en Shakespeare's genius cannot stand the test,
Though ALL is godlike, and though ALL is best!*

* *Pars sumitur pro toto.*

Drawn thro' the various comments of mankind,
 His sterling lines are variously refin'd:
 While each adopts the sense he most admires,
 And fashion praises as the whim inspires.

Some from Religion on each work decide;
 And ne'er had Literature a blinder guide.
 Seen thro' the glass of prejudice and spite,
 The Muse is tarnish'd by discolour'd light.
 When in her cell sad Eloisa lies,
 And breathes to Abelard repentant sighs:
 When heav'n and earth divide her tortur'd soul,
 And each, by turns, is flatter'd with the whole;
 How nature listens to the tender moan!
 How soon we make the soft complaint our own!
 How soon we feel each tumult of the breast,
 With equal force in ev'ry line exprest!
There passion speaks a language yet untaught
 By flow'ry fiction, or unmeaning thought.
 No glaring metaphor, with turgid sound,
 Destroys the charm by which our fancy's bound;
 No forc'd idea starts up to the view:
 But all is soft, and eloquently true.
 Still on each line with rapt'rous bliss we dwell,
 And learn to love from what is told so well.
 Yet even Eloise—should wit depart
 From reason's pale, and prostitute its art—
 May look disfigur'd, like a British face,
 Which Heav'n makes perfect, and which paints disgrace.

How

How long shall truth be subject to such elves,
Or when will critics criticise themselves?
With inward malice, and a specious smile,
The fond believing Briton to beguile;
With partial knowledge, boundless fame to gain;
With artful cunning to support his reign;
With seeming candour secretly to wound
The rising bard, and pull him to the ground;
With seeming justice, but with real spite,
To plunge the bold advent'rer into night;
On ruin'd genius to erect his throne,
And judge of talents, tho' possess of none:
These are the tricks by which oppression reigns
O'er British faith, and leads that faith in chains;
These are the tricks, which bounteously supply
The dirty fount of many a dirty lie;
These are the tricks, which, in apparent zeal
For sterling wit, the needy dunce conceal.

Shew me the man, that rare, that wondrous elf,
Who does, with justice, scrutinize himself;
Reviews each action with impartial eye,
Nor, like a lover, gives his sense the lie.
Shew me the man, who kindly does peruse
The blameless efforts of a sister Muse;
Reads with delight what charms another's ear,
And scorns to be, from jealousy, severe.
Too soon, alas! is treach'rous envy rais'd;
E'en Milo's peevish when an author's prais'd.
FORDYCE—this humble tribute let me pay
To genius blazing in the frame's decay—

*FORDYCE will trim the poet's youthful wings,
 Direct his fire, and listen while he sings:
 Yet, warp'd to niceties, he curbs the Muse,
 Confines her aim, or timidly pursues.
 O skill'd to search the bosom's inmost part,
 To wake the mildest feelings of the heart,
 Whose words, pure echoes of the sense, combine
 At once to charm, to polish, and refine
 Britannia's youth—O doubly skill'd to please
 With social eloquence, and friendly ease;
 In thee the best affections of the soul,
 As virtue prompts them, innocently roll;
 Spring to thy speaking eye, and strongly tell
 What sense and goodness in their owner dwell.

†JOHNSON will snarl, but then with candour's wand
 He'll bid the blemish drop, the beauty stand;
 Not from pure malice run a tilt at all,
 With Gothic fury, till the structure fall.
 O blest with all the virtues of the mind,
 Of matchless judgment, and of taste refin'd!
 While ev'ry science is familiar grown,
 And boundless wisdom marks thee for her own;
 Say, shall an infant warbler dare to sing
 Beneath the friendly covert of thy wing;

* Rev. Dr. James Fordyce; with whom the Author had the good fortune to be acquainted; and whose brother, the late Sir William Fordyce, first encouraged him to publish a collection of his juvenile productions.

† Doctor Johnson.

Catch

Catch the least beam that sparkles on thy plume,
And snatch one deathless laurel from the tomb?

Yet, what avails it, that in early youth,
Unaw'd by prejudice, and sworn to truth,
Pale Study leads us thro' the peaceful walks,
Where sacred wisdom with creation talks?
Ah, what avails it, that with nicest skill
We try to fathom man's mysterious will,
Disperse the cloud of ignorance and show,
And, studying others, learn *ourselves to know*?
A pedant's anger shall with ease destroy
Whole years of toil, and feast with greedy joy;
Like smooth-tongu'd Atticus each part dissect,
And basely smile our labours to neglect.

Through what vicissitudes must genius steer,
Aspiring hope and joy-consuming fear,
Ere time and truth have plac'd him in his right,
Beyond the reach of pride and envious spite!
From yonder monument let candour tell
How Otway perish'd, and how Dryden fell!*

* It has been, and ever will be the fate of genius to be the living object of neglect, the departed instance of admiration. Whilst the dictates of pride, lust, and sensuality are indulged beyond the limits of prudence, honour, and discretion, the impulse which may grow from the consciousness of merit, will seldom exceed the selfish bounds of fear, fashion, or ambition. Otway literally died of hunger; and Dryden was some time confined in prison.

Rochefoucault justly says, Nature gives merit, and Fortune sets it to work.—MAXIMS.

That tongue, whose accents on our senses, now,
 Affection's impulse, and its rapture throw,
 With ev'ry pang of penury distress,
 Was parch'd by hunger, and by want suppress.
 Who that, to matchless harmony resign'd,
 E'er own'd Cecilia* mistress of his mind,
 But looks indignant at the monstrous tale,
 Which points reflection to the loathsome jail?
 Of what importance is unrivall'd praise,
 To gild affliction's solitary days,
 If anguish mingles with its latest breath,
 And fame's the cold acknowledgment of death?

In days of old, when honest truth had room,
 And trembling guilt was scouted to the tomb,
 If Folly threaten'd, and in anger rose
 To question Satire at the bar it chose,
 The only answer fearless honour gave,
 Was—*Heav'n desert me when I spare a knave!*
 And shall the spirit of the free-born muse
 Yield to neglect, or tremble at abuse?
 Shall proud Drawcansirs lord it thro' our isle,
 And Genius court the mercenary smile?
 Who gave these bold excisemen of the mind
 Such wondrous pow'rs, or made them so refin'd?
 Unseen from darkness issues forth their gall,
 Spreads thro' the public, and envenoms all;

* The matchless Ode written by Dryden, and feebly imitated by Pope.

With

With secret filth infects the servile fool,
 And turns his jaundic'd judgment into rule.
 As when distemper rages in the vein,
 Disorder'd appetites their food disdain;
 The sweetest luxury's beneath our wish,
 And sickning nature droops at ev'ry dish;
 Subject to all the changes of disease,
 We hate to-day what yesterday could please;
 But when the strange disorder is no more,
 Resume our taste, nor think of what we bore:
 Not so with wit:—that toy of ev'ry fool,
 The dunce's rattle, or the great man's tool—
 Stamp'd like *receipts*, must quit the sacred spot
 Where Folly's own'd, and Wisdom is forgot.

Who but must laugh, when, bursting from their shade,
 *They dig up genius with an hungry spade;
 Strike at its root, and, with voracious eye,
 Bid the torn plant before the public lie;
 Mangle each part in true barbarian spite,
 And live by cens'ring what they cannot write?
 Yet, let them rail in pity to their wants;
 Candour forgives when half-starv'd Malice rants:
 Yes, let them rail, and make each dunce a friend,
 Blame by command, and by command commend.

Who but must laugh, when seated in his box—
 While Dulness perks it from his powder'd locks,

* Pseudo critics.

And fond conceit, with consequence of face,
 Reads the Review, and credits what it says—
 Who but must laugh, when Clodio's youthful mind,
 By dear mamma and folly so refin'd!
 Which dreams of literature, and thinks as well
 As any lordling, when he learns to spell—
 Who but must laugh, when such a mind is caught
 By critic-nets, and trammell'd into thought?
 While passive fops submissively receive
 The sov'reign mandate—*read us, and believe!*
 Who but must laugh, when ladies—oddly kind,
 To make the *person* answer for the mind—
 With wondrous knowledge search thro' ev'ry part,
 And treat a wit as Grosv'nor treats a heart?

*Clodio, supremely clever in conceit,
 To ev'ry circle a poetic treat,
 In all that's tasty has a just pretence;
 For who like Clodio warbles without sense?
 Not like the mean pretenders to renown,
 Who pilfer others to secure their own,
 Moves *his rare pen*; this more than human bard,
 To compass novelty, can sense discard.
 Soft as the down that clothes his tender chin,
 Gentle as Delia when she yields to sin,

* In this *enlightened* age, to use the current phrase of modern refiners, half the success of a writer depends upon the good or bad account which is given of him in *fashionable* conversation.

His

His jingling numbers fashionably flow ;
 Sure to delight—the Bard is such a beau !
 Critics themselves forget their wonted rage,
 And spare the beauteous, *dear unmeaning page*.
 The name of plagiarist belongs to none,
 But that poor wretch whom nature will not own ;
 Who yokes, by violence the most absurd,
 Thought after thought, and tortures ev'ry word ;
 Toils for a rhyme, from penury of brain,
 And ransacks others to supply the strain.
 But when fair fancy treads, with native ease,
 The flow'ry walks where others us'd to please,
 *A word, an epithet, which Pope may claim,
 Shall not obstruct the young advent'rer's fame.

Of all the follies which infect mankind,
 The greatest, sure, is *ignorance refin'd*.
 Let flagrant Nonsense be the Muse's sire,
 No wisdom lead him and no genius fire ;
 A rhyme the utmost limit of his range,
 A brain too barren such a rhyme to change :
 Let contradiction start at ev'ry clause,
 And want of fancy make an hideous pause ;

* The principles of modern criticism are so different from those established by the ancients, that the generality of productions, especially poetical, are scarcely ever honoured beyond a partial extract, to which is tacked a laconic sentence. Should there be a similitude to any former writer, some of our literary judges, without examining whether it proceed from imitation, barefaced plagiarism, or accidental occurrence of idea, will peremptorily pronounce the whole to be a languid copy propped upon the toil of others.

Borne on the wing of ease, a Lord shall rise,
 With nice cravat, and fond-inspiring eyes;
 Perch on my Lady's furbelow or cap,
 And, scorning wisdom, wait for Folly's clap;
 While admiration sinks in am'rous trance,
 To hear his sing-song on the modes of France.
 If once a scribbler with his rhymes can claim
 Great wealth and titles to procure them fame,
 " Ah!" cries the fair one, snatch'd on golden wings,
 Ambition fluttering with each verse he sings;
 " Who can resist such eloquence and fire,
 " Or curb the pleasing tumults of desire!
 " Language so smoothly flowing into rhyme,
 " And every cadence faithful to the time!
 " Ah, sure the softest melody combines
 " To form the peerless sweetness of your lines.
 " The Muses rock'd the cradle as you lay,
 " With infant music warbling to the day:
 " Nor could harsh cries invade that tender tongue,
 " So form'd to charm in converse and in song."
 Pleas'd with the tickling of a female's word,
 And scarce more flatter'd by the term—My Lord!
 His teeming fancy breaks upon the town,
 To scatter laurels on a *cap*, or *gown*.
 Astonish'd grandeur catches at the bit,
 And rich stupidity proclaims it wit.
 *Bufo, more pleas'd when some dull peer indites
 His golden numbers, than when Genius writes,

Receives

* It may appear ridiculous (but it is not less true) that a work should be acceptable in our days, not so much from the probability of

Receives the precious bantling from its sire,
 Adorns the whole, and bids the world admire.
 Foremost in rank the gaudy thing behold,
 Morocco-bound, and edg'd with purest gold;
 Blazing conspicuous to the dazzled eye,
 And proudly summoning mankind to buy.
 Long ere the *first* edition is run through,
 Behold a *second* starts to public view,
 In type most elegant, and cuts most rare;
 Who would not buy when dulness looks so fair?
 The maids of honour, and the white-wand beaux,
 Whose judgment centres in an author's clothes,
 All in one breath subscribe to Clodio's book,
 All with one eye had seen his courteous look.
 Thus kind subscription smooths his easy way,
 And imp'd by friends, he flutters into day;
 There lives his moment, till the whim is o'er,
 Then drops unnotic'd, and is heard no more.

Who shall dispute the merit of my Lord,
 When plenty's scatter'd on his splendid board?

of real sense and utility becoming a lasting recommendation, as from a certainty of sale being produced by the peculiar situation and name of the writer. In fact, as a shrewd veteran of the trade once observed, it is of little consequence to a bookseller whether there be *real* merit in the work or not, so the matter be *new* and *current*. Had this principle been invariably attended to among our forefathers, the *Paradise Lost* might probably never have placed the poetical character of this island on a par with Greece and Rome—*Risum teneatis, amici!*

Who

Who shall dispute the gay Parthenia's taste,
 By wealth exalted, and in grandeur plac'd?
 Though from obscurest solitude she came,
 And sprung from weeds that scarcely bore a name!
 Till, meanly spread to gilded folly's eyes,
 At once his charm, and mercenary prize,
 The *Thing* was grafted on a fool of state,
 To bud, and strangely blossom with the Great.
 And yet Parthenia, arrogantly proud,
 Deems wit ignoble, if it deck the crowd;*
 To birth alone pre-eminence allows,
 And owns no laurel but on titled brows:
 Nor once remembers, for the time is flown,
 What filth and meanness gather'd at her own.†

But should—a stranger to the dang'rous road—
 Some wretch unknown presume to step abroad,
 With nature only for his artless guide,
 And not one friend among the sons of Pride:

* The man that feels himself ridiculous because he is poor, deserves all the taunts and insolence of pride. Rousseau justly observes: "L'homme d'esprit qui est né fier se roidit contre la fortune, et ne perd rien de sa fierté par la pauvreté; au contraire, si quelque chose peut l'amollir, c'est un peu de prospérité." I quote this passage entirely from memory, and without the least ability of reference to page or section.

† Those persons who allow themselves the most unbounded freedom of comment and animadversion respecting the birth and situation of others, are generally of low descent themselves, or have low relatives and connexions. Men of *real* family are just the reverse.

If

If such appear, in this unthankful time,
And dare to publish what he thinks, in rhyme;
How quickly brandish'd is the critic's quill!
How glotes the wretch on what he longs to kill!
Pierc'd thro' each part the poor advent'rer lies,
And even Candour's deaf to Merit's cries.
Yet soon or late, the boist'rous tumult o'er,
Justice will guide his little bark to shore;
While puff'd-off dulness, like the gilded thing
Of some rich fool, or bauble of a king,
Shall spread its banners for a month, a year,
Nor live to flutter round its owner's Bier.
As Heights, of inaccessible ascent,
Are only measur'd by the shadows lent,
So round true Wit, when Envy's shadows fall,
And creeping Dulness gives no shade at all;
Knaves, fools and blockheads, peeresses and peers,
Decide, like Midas, with his ass's ears.
How Reason smiles to hear their judgment giv'n
On thoughts that burn, and emanate from Heav'n!

Subject to public censure or applause,
To public candour I submit my cause;
Think for myself, tho' hundreds round me rail,
Nor shift my tenets with the shifting gale;
Or own, like Atticus, with slavish awe,
The vast importance of the critic law.
Wild as the flow'r that scents the desert air,
Wild as the note which nature loves to hear,
With careless ease, unconscious of controul,
I catch the genuine impulse of my soul.

Still

Still let me gild the transitory day
With glowing fancy's unaffected ray;
Still let me smile, in life's sequester'd vale,
At envy's censure, and ill-nature's tale;
With rapture meditate how reason acts,
Consult my feelings, and decide from facts.
With conscience for me, can reflection fear
The villain's whisper, or the coxcomb's sneer?
Secure within, I reckon not how without,
The bad may censure, and the good may doubt:
Nor doubt, nor censure can a crime impart;
If virtue shield me, what is envy's dart?

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

SIXTEENTH ODE OF HORACE.

ODE XVI.

Ἵποθετική.

AD GROSPHUM.

Omnes expetunt animi tranquillitatem, quæ neque divitiis, neque honoribus potest acquiri, sed cupiditates tantum coërcendo.

OTIUM Divos rogat in patienti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condedit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis.

Otium bello furiosa Thrace:
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
Grospe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ, ve-
nale, nec auro.

Non

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

SIXTEENTH ODE OF HORACE.

ADDRESSED TO THE

HON. CHARLES CLIFFORD, NOW LORD CLIFFORD.

Peace of mind is the universal object of mankind; but it is neither at the disposal of wealth, nor within the reach of honour and ambition: a sage restraint upon our wishes is the only sure way to gain it.

TOSS'D on the deep, when not a star appears,
And not a ray the shatter'd canvas bears:
The clouded moon when sudden tempests break;
Ease from the gods the trembling sailors seek.
*Ease fires the Mede, the quiver'd Indian fires,
The dart envenoms, and the deed inspires.
Nor costly stones, nor titles can obtain,
CLIFFORD! this first and dearest of all gain.
Nor Persia's luxuries, nor India's pelf,
Can sooth the soul at variance with herself.

* *i. e.* The love of ease.

Though

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum;
Nec leves somnos timor, aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?*

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

* The whole of this beautiful Ode is written in conformity to the precepts of Epicurus.

Though from your gates the vulgar of mankind
 Respect may banish, and each god be kind;
 Yet care unaw'd, unlimited will roam
 The vaulted palace, and the fretted dome:
 The couch of grandeur is a couch of thorns,
 Where Pride unpitied, or Ambition mourns.

Happy the man who studies to be neat,
 Whose frugal board, tho' little, shames the great;
 Who, blest in honour, and of soul unmov'd,
 Of malice reckless, and by worth approv'd,
 With cloudless feature, and undazzled eyes,
 Can look on gold, and yet that gold despise:
 Obedient slumbers on his hours attend,
 And virtue crowns him as her noblest friend.*

Born to exist one moment, and to die,
 Why seeks the soul a wider space to fly?
 In other suns why would she madly roam?
 Abroad unhappy, and unblest at home!
 Say, from itself—though from its country borne—
 Can wounded pride, or misery be torn?
 Insatiate care the bounding vessel scales,
 Sits on the prow, and flutters in the sails;
 Mounts the swift steed, and, swifter than the gale,
 That fiercely ravages the naked vale;

* If the Reader should be desirous of seeing an illustration of this passage in real life, let him obtain access to the social board of the Author's respectable friend, William Bosville, Esq.

Than

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
 Oderit curare, et amara læto
 Temperet risu. Nihil * est ab omni
 Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
 Longa Tithonum minuit senectus;
 Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
 Porriget hora.

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
 Mugiunt vaccæ: tibi tollit hinnitum
 Aptæ quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
 †Murice tinctæ.

* Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις παντ' ἀνθρ̄ εὐδαιμονεῖ. ERASM.

† In Davidson's edition of Horace's Ode there is the following note.

Bis afro murice tinctæ. Murex was a kind of oyster that we know nothing of now. It had in its shell a certain juice or blood, of which they made the finest purples that were valuable. As this was very dear, those who had a mind to distinguish themselves, had their wool or cloth *twice* dipped in it, as Horace observes here.

Vestiunt

Than Eurus fleeter, fleeter than the tide,
 Flies as we fly, and murmurs at our side.
 If such our fate, if nothing long can please,
 A moment's pleasure, and a moment's ease!
 Why should we soil *that* moment with a tear?
 Why not forget the pangs we suffer here?
 Come then, illusive raptures of the brain,
 Ye joys of music, and ye festive train!
 Close the sad scene, nor let reflection know
 The shifting clouds that chequer all below.

Brave MANNERS perish'd in his brightest day,
 And slow old age makes MANSFIELD wear away.
 Thus partial Fate, with lavish hand, to me
 May lend the moments it refuses thee.
 Blest, as thou art, with all that wealth can give,
 And more than rich in knowing how to live;
 Blest in thyself, and, dearer than the whole,
 Blest in the faultless partner of thy soul,*
 Through life's still vale thy days serenely glide,
 Each want prevented, and each wish supplied.
 A thousand kine thy meadows can display,
 A thousand fleeces whiten on the day;
 Neighing thy mares incessant ask the rein:
 Thy garments glitter with the richest stain.
 To me the comfort of a mind at ease
 Kind Heav'n has lent, with studies which can please.
 Peaceful I meditate the tuneful art,
 Improve my talent, and amend my heart.

* Lady Clifford, daughter of Lord Arundle of Wardour.

Blest

Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, et
Spiritus Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

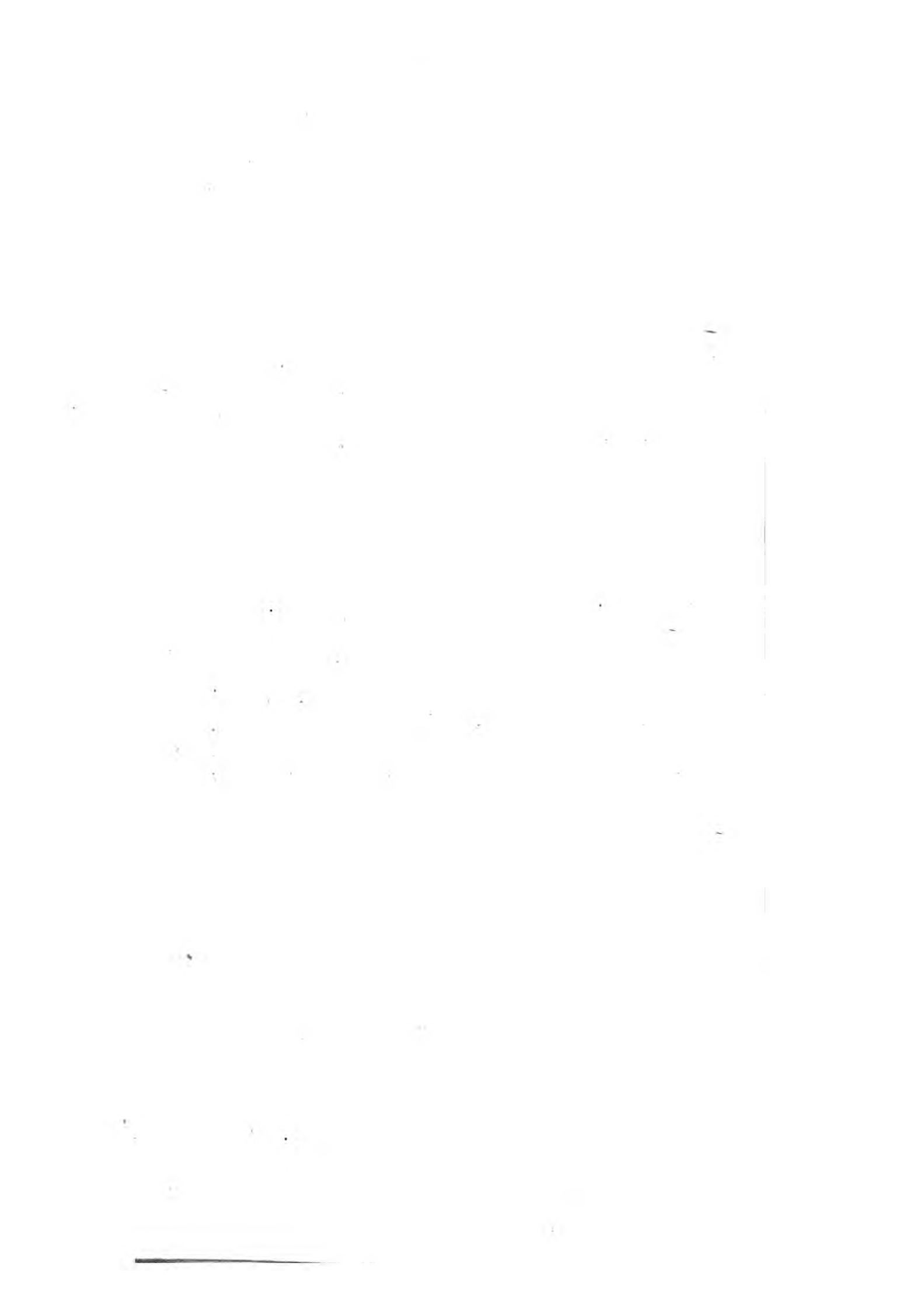
Proud, thus in friendship with the good to live,
 And blest, if mended by the truths they give;
 Proud, in the lap of competence unseen,
 To smile at grandeur, and its ruffled scene:
 Blest in the walks of solitude to lose
 Each galling care, and wander with the Muse;
 To form the British on the Roman lyre,
 And sing as Nature and her charms inspire:
 Careless of fashion, but in virtue proud,
 And far beyond the malice of the crowd.

* HORACE, in another of his beautiful odes, has the following moral reflexion.

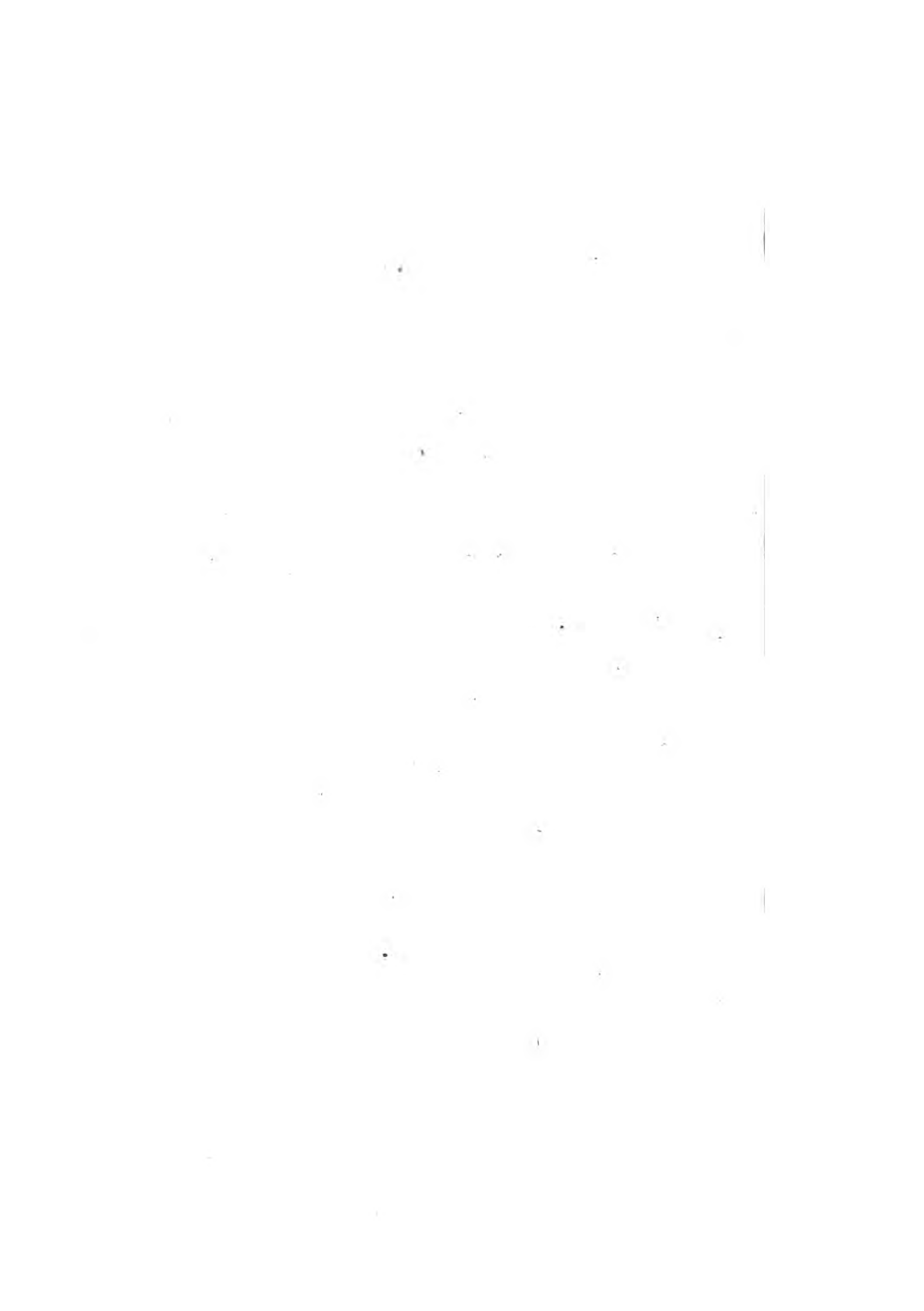
Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
 Nec sumit aut ponit secures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.

ODE II. BOOK III.

This excellent advice ought to be followed by such public men as are conscious of doing every thing for the best; and who should not, consequently resign places of trust, because a popular clamour may be excited against them by what are generally, and sometimes ridiculously, called the King's friends, or the friends of the People; while perhaps, they are not the real friends of either!



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MISS M 1777.

O THOU! whose tongue with melody can pour
The varied note, and cheat the live-long hour;
With sounds of triumph can the senses cheer,
Or draw from savages compassion's tear : :
Whilst strains unequal'd sweetly roll along,
In all the various excellence of song;
Receive this verse—nor from an infant muse
The warmest homage of my heart refuse.

Now milder zephyrs summer's heat allay'd,
And shepherds fled to meadows from the shade;
Autumnal breezes curl'd the glassy flood,
And shriller notes were echo'd from the wood;
A keener sense by nature was inspir'd,
And ev'ry bosom into rapture fir'd :
But LAURA chief—sad LAURA felt the lot
Of beauty flatter'd, and of vows forgot.
Long o'er the plains, with ev'ry art to please,
The youthful MILO reign'd in rural ease;
His bloom expanding, as the vernal rose
At morn unfolds, and into crimson blows,
When orient blushes ev'ry leaf adorn,
And od'rous dews hang glitt'ring on each thorn.

No crime he knew, unless a crime we name
 To shun for freedom a destructive flame.
 Such was the youth, when on a certain day,
 What time the swains their sacred honours pay,
 When bliss, to fashion and its pride unknown,
 On ev'ry feature of the face is shewn,
 Gay MILO join'd the pleasures of the band,
 And, crown'd with flow'rs, to DELIA gave his hand.
 Stung to despair, the jealous nymph retir'd,
 Her fate bewailing as her love inspir'd:

“ Ye weeping nymphs, whose willows bear my sigh,
 Whither, alas! say, whither must I fly?
 Despis'd, unpitied by the man I love,
 Where can I grieve, or whither can I rove?
 If to the vale my trembling limbs I bear,
 And breathe my sorrow to the vacant air;
 Or, lock'd in pensive agony of thought,
 Muse till I grow familiar with my lot;
 The dear idea bursts upon my mind,
 Flows with the stream, and whispers in the wind:
 Remembrance haunts the covert of yon wood,
 The waving oziers and the gurgling flood.
 Still on those banks, where many a cowslip grows,
 Its cooling shades the whisp'ring willow throws;
 Still on that stream the murm'ring zephyrs play,
 And distant echoes faintly die away:
 No more they waken to the sounds I love,
 No more in unison the waters move;
 For, ah! no more—where oft we jointly threw
 The gilded poison for the finny crew,

While

While, fondly raptur'd with each other's tale,
It idly floated to the playful gale—
For, ah! no more the silv'ry surface brings
Reflected beauties when affection sings;
Or smiles of transport in its mirrour shine,
And paint the joys I fondly thought were mine.
And canst thou, cruel! to thy vows forsworn,
Of ev'ry rapture see the blossom torn?
Too well thou know'st the sacred pledge I keep,
And canst thou leave me o'er that pledge to weep?
Too well thou know'st how much thy presence charms,
Oh why, through absence, kill me with alarms?
To yonder field, where peaceful zephyr roves
O'er many a flow'r, and scents the neighb'ring groves,
My restless fancy must in anguish move;
For there we met, and promis'd mutual love—
There fondly vow'd no sorrow should destroy
The pleasing tenour of unfading joy.
Though seasons chang'd, and, destin'd to decay,
Full many a blossom wither'd on the day;
O'er us unheeded ev'ry season flew:
Each wish was answer'd, for each heart was true.

Such are not scenes for LAURA now to boast,
Her beauty slighted, and her lover lost.
But where yon cave just glimmers thro' the trees,
And mournful sounds for ever load the breeze;
Pale ivy creeps along the darksome round,
And sable streams fall dashing to the ground;
Where loathsome toads in pois'nous horror lie,
And silence feeds the melancholy sigh;

There let me grieve, unpitied, unbeliev'd,
 And tell the winds how LAURA was deceiv'd.
 The pitying winds—though faithless MILO flies—
 Will hear me grieve, and bear away my sighs.
 Bear them, ye winds!—and on his list'ning ear
 Breathe all that's plaintive, eloquent and dear.

Ye rural scenes, ye meadows, and ye groves,
 Say, what's so foolish as the maid who loves?
 If lov'd, she's flatter'd—if not lov'd, contemn'd;
 Her virtue wounded, and her heart condemn'd.
 In vain, alas! to meadow, stream, and grove,
 In vain I tell my sorrow and my love;
 The mournful meadow, stream and grove repeat,
 Hence, wretched maid, a victim to deceit!
 Ah cruel youth! too cruel in thy scorn!
 Then must I grieve, unpitied and forlorn?
 Must these fond eyes, whose looks so oft have prov'd
 How much, how foolishly thy LAURA lov'd!
 No longer sparkle, or, to softness wrought,
 Betray the conscious, dear-consenting thought;
 These fading cheeks, which you so lately swore
 No rose could equal—must they bloom no more?
 These locks, whose grace e'en rivalry might own
 No hair can match, unless it be thy own;
 These lips—this bosom, where thy features dwell—
 Say, shall they fade for loving thee too well?
 Ah cruel youth! too cruel in thy scorn,
 Then must I pine, unpitied and forlorn?"

Thus.

Thus mourn'd the maid, in whose believing heart
 Delusion play'd, and Cupid fix'd his dart;
 Whilst MILO led the busy dance around,
 And smil'd on others, spite of LAURA's wound.

ON A VERY AMIABLE LADY,

Who had every Requisite to make Life happy, but was not handsome—being a Contrast to a MODERN COQUET, who possessed some Beauty, but was otherwise miserably defective.

SHALL I—whom fortune never yet compell'd
 To change one tenet that my feelings held—
 With fops and fools adore each thoughtless air,
 Because CHLORINDA's number'd with the fair?
 Shall I—because mad Fashion, flatt'ring elf!
 The folly feeds, turn flatterer myself;
 And, foe to virtue, prostitute my lays,
 Whilst Reason blushes at the venal praise?

Stiff in brocade, and loose in Cyprian trim,
 As fashion guides, or inclination's whim,
 Along the Mall see ROSALINDA strut,
 With all her equipage a perfect slut!
 What if she lead, of half-bred fops, a crowd,
 That laugh and prate impertinently loud;
 What if the simp'ring clergyman be there,
 A holy coxcomb with a dubious air!

Wit on his tongue, and passion in his eye,
Though all that wit's a *pun*, and *lust* his sigh!
What if the smooth-tongu'd student of the Bar,
The blust'ring soldier, or the frantic tar,
The gather'd poison of seduction's spring
In various guises to their object bring;
Shall I—a traitor to the sex I love—
Within the circle of their falsehood move?
Or, dead to nature in her simple charms,
In foolish madness barter for alarms?
No.—Let the fairest object of desire,
A form of elegance, an eye of fire;—
Lips—that would draw the Cynic from his cell,
And on their crimson bid his wishes dwell:
Cheeks—that would shame whate'er the garden blows,
The milk white lily, and the blushing rose;
A neck—where apathy, to frenzy wrought,
Might curse philosophy's unmeaning thought;
Where cloister'd sorrow would to rapture rise,
And keep from Heav'n his penitence and sighs;
A voice—whose echo to the list'ning ear
Of tuneful Philomel the winds might bear:
Let charms like these—and all these charms are thine,
Ador'd BELINDA!—in their zenith shine;
Still—should the glare of vanity delude
The dazzled heart, and make it spurn the good;
Prefer a coxcomb, to the youth whose breast
With sterling sense and honour is imprest:
Should conscious beauty teach it to be vain,
To scorn a lover, yet indulge his pain;

Heedless

Heedless to roll the magic of her eye,
 Enjoy no passion, yet affect its sigh;
 Untouch'd the gilded folly would I see,
 And turn, my fair, to innocence and thee.

Nurs'd in the lap of elegance and ease,
 And blest with temper which must always please,
 Above your sex's vanity you move,
 And, tho' no beauty, charm us into love.
 But what's a face, a feature, or an eye?
 Uncertain objects of a transient sigh.
 Compare the laurel with the beauteous rose;
That humbly green, whilst *this* in crimson glows:
 At first, deluded by the fragrant pow'r,
 We quit the lasting for the fading flow'r;
 Admire its leaves, nor think, the season past,
 That all those dazzling leaves must fade at last.
 But when the genial zephyrs disappear,
 And chilling tempests waste the blooming year,
 The beauteous rose shall yield its gaudy vest,
 No longer cherish'd, and no more carest;
 While, spite of time, the laurel's nobler bough
 Unalter'd lives, and shades the poet's brow.
 So shall the thoughtless nymph, whose giddy brain
 Is warp'd to vanity's illusive train;
 Whose smiles are foreign to the soul that feels
 Affection's rapture, and its bliss reveals;
 Awhile be gaz'd at, flatter'd and admir'd,
 Till Venus leaves her, and the fops are tir'd:
 By virtue pitied in her brightest hour!
 A gilded trifle, and a barren flow'r!

But you,—whom sense and reason's steady beam
Turn from delusion's momentary dream,—
Who to the safer compass of the breast
Look for repose, and more than fleeting rest—
Through life's short space with spotless fame shall tread,
Esteem'd while living, and deplor'd when dead.

TO THE

RIVER COLNE.

FLOW, gentle Colne! and, as thou flow'st, repeat
A name whose echo's sweetest of the sweet;
And should thy murmurs to my heart reply,
Waft on each wave a more than common sigh.
If babbling gales the beauteous object tell,
Still on thy surface let her image dwell:
For *here* she gaz'd, and here my bosom caught
The soul's infection, and the lover's thought.
O'er no rough pebbles may thy waters roll,
For soft as zephyr is my charmer's soul;
Pure as the purest crystal of thy tide,
Unstain'd by folly, prejudice, or pride.

LINES

L I N E S

Written with a Pencil on a Lady's Picture.

1778.

*T*HAT Delia was, this little sketch may tell,
What Delia was, it never can explain;
 For in her heart so many virtues dwell,
 That painters paint, and poets sing in vain.
 Pleas'd Nature smil'd, and with her pencil drew
 At once a woman, and an angel too;
 From VENUS pilfer'd all that love can give,
 And bade the Graces in her features live;
 While PALLAS, careful of her dearest prize,
 Bids Sense direct the magic of her eyes.



ON ACTING A LOVER'S PART, AT SCHOOL,
 BEFORE MISS S****.

1777.

*O*H, whilst I feign the lover's tender part,
 And make a mournful mimic of my heart;
 In ev'ry look his restless anguish shew,
 Alternate pleasure, and alternate woe;

Why

Why from those eyes, arresting ev'ry thought,
 Is subtlest poison by my senses caught?
 Too soon I find a living wound imprest,
 Thrill to my soul, and rankle in my breast.
 Too soon I find this throbbing heart retreat,
 At ev'ry word my falt'ring lips repeat.
 One thoughtless glance has ruin'd all my peace;
 I gaz'd, and felt the sudden flame increase;
 Approving smiles from DELIA fondly came,
 And bade *reality* succeed the *name*.
 For DELIA then for ever must I burn,
 For ever languish, and for ever mourn?
 Vain are my sighs, and fruitless ev'ry tear;
 Vain ev'ry hope, if fortune disappear.
 Gold, only gold, that syren of mankind,
 Can fix the wav'ring feather of her mind.

*The following Lines were written at the Request of a
 YOUNG LADY, whose Friend had taken the Veil.*

LIEGE, 1776.

TO you—whose downcast modest looks denote
 A peaceful tenour of unspotted thought,
 Where pious rapture, eager to be blest,
 Springs from its earthly tenement to rest—
 To you this verse—

With

With ev'ry charm that can attract, or please,
Of gentlest manners, elegance and ease ;
With ev'ry hope and prospect to be great,
The blaze of riches, and the pomp of state ;
Lov'd and admir'd—say, could not *these* delay
Thy youthful soul, or flatter thee to stay ?
Could not the soft enticements to delight,
The world's whole pleasure, or the world invite ?
Could not the dearer eloquence of love,
A father's wishes, or a mother's, move ?
No.—Nor the fond entreaties of a sire,
Nor mother's tears, nor lover's, could inspire
One thought that differ'd from thy virgin word,
Or bribe thy soul, one moment, from her LORD.

In vain gay Fashion courts thee to her arms,
Displays new pleasures, and unfolds new charms ;
Enhances every scene, tips every dye
With dazzling magic, to delude your eye ;
In vain mad Fortune, with superfluous hand,
Scatters the labour'd riches of a land ;
Adorn'd with half the produce of the East,
Shines at a ball, or blazes at a feast ;
Ascends the phaeton, or brings from far
The hard-earn'd laurels of insatiate war ;
In vain the momentary beams of birth,
Distinguish'd marks of *undistinguish'd* earth !
Attempt to catch one wand'ring of your eye,
Or boast of one involuntary sigh.

Happy

Happy the maid, some dazzled wretch will say,
Whose pleasures vary with the varying day!
Ah! slave to vanity's delusive blaze,
Turn for awhile, and view the *Thing* you praise;
Catch, if thou canst, the giddy toy at rest,
Retire unnotic'd, and inspect her breast.
Behold her sleepless, tossing out the night
In endless care, and wishing for the light;
Behold her sick'ning at the morning beam,
Fatigu'd with indolence—behold the same
Dragg'd o'er each scene by fashion, to destroy
Reflection—enemy to fancy'd joy!
Then, if thou canst, despise that still abode
Where raptur'd piety communes with GOD:
Then, if thou canst, above the world's controul,
Hear candid reason whisper to thy soul;
See things divested of each specious show,
And ask if happiness be found below.
Then, if thou canst, the calmer scene review
Of peace unfading, and for ever new;
Where restless passion stops her giddy rounds,
And fondly centres in a SAVIOUR'S wounds.
Where you, chaste virgin, from the world's alarms
Securely rest, and sink in rapture's arms;
Or, wak'd from ecstasy to tuneful pray'r,
Perform each office with religious care;
And fondly gild the solitary night
In beams that glimmer with eternal light;
While, still importunate to be forgiv'n,
You feed on sighs, and sighing long for heav'n.

In

In those lone cells, where spotless peace and rest
 With heav'nly comfort cheer the virgin's breast,
 Where social angels in each concert join,
 And raise terrestrial music to divine ;
 With steady eye you keep your heav'n in view ;
There rest your hopes, and only *those* pursue ;
 A GOD! the peerless object of your flame,
 And ENDLESS HAPPINESS your noble aim!

Lines, written on a blank Leaf,

TO LADY EARDLEY.*

WHERE beauty, worth, and sentiment refin'd,
 Unite to charm and captivate mankind ;
 Where ev'ry feeling from affection flows,
 And gentlest nature in each feeling glows ;
There shall the Muse her purest homage pay,
 And courteous EARDLEY decorate the lay.
 On wealth alone let others build their fame,
 And admiration be their dearest aim ;
 Nor wealth nor titles can that heart delude,
 Whose *pride's* the luxury of doing GOOD.

* Formerly Miss Wilmot.

ON A

*PRIVATE CONCERT,**at Berlin, 1783.*

HOW nobler thus the fleeter hours to spend
 In social pleasure, for a social end;
 To feel that inward rapture of the soul,
 Which, undistinguish'd, animates the whole;
 Than, lur'd by fashion, or its cank'ring guile,
 To watch the sunshine of a monarch's smile!
 What are the proud?—Dull lumps of gilded clay,
 The dazzling wonder of the weak and gay!
 Is there, in all their pompous round of art,
 Where int'rest warps each feeling of the heart,
 One genuine ray that glitters like the blaze
 Which steadier reason to the soul conveys?
There treach'ry, falsehood, dark suspicion guide
 The wild ambition of superfluous pride:
Here, candour, truth and innocence supply
 Those heart-felt joys which grandeur cannot buy.

Melodious sounds the circling notes convey
 To bosoms harmoniz'd and soft as they;
 On ev'ry face contentment sits at ease,
 And each is happy—for they all can please.
 Guiltless of art the lovely maid attends,
 And looks with harmless fondness on her friends;

To

To softness melts, and innocently feels
The thrilling rapture which her tongue reveals:
Whilst at her side, too careless of his heart,
The thoughtless youth imbibes a secret smart,
And little dreams, that, absent from her eyes,
The dear idea and the charm will rise;
And sure those charms resistless must be found,
When music teaches ev'ry look to wound.

Yet *here* cool reason, whisp'ring to the breast,
Each passion guides, or soothes it into rest.
Wond'ring we sit, and hear the beauteous dame,
—With eyes to look a Stoic into flame,—
Indulgent pour the rapt'rous note around,
And add to beauty all the pow'r of sound.
How sweetly true the warbling sticks are prest,
While more than music's in her eyes exprest;
Bold is the man who oft can sit and hear
Sounds that might charm an angel from his sphere:
And bolder he, whose bosom thus retains
The tuneful object of his humbler strains.
As when the lark, enticing as she flies
Her tender young, floats midway on the skies,
At first in awe the little warblers rove,
And feebly flutter from their native grove;
Till, urg'd by nature to a bolder flight,
Dauntless they soar and meditate her height:
Thus Delia, sweetly rising from her fears,
With bolder notes enchants our list'ning ears;
At last triumphant, wanders through the whole,
And looks the faultless music of her soul!

To

To you, the mild Directress of the night,
Whose easy manners and whose heart delight ;
Whom music charms, and who so justly know
To teach the softest melody to flow—
To you the Muse her artless homage pays,
And pours, in honest verse, untainted praise.
Blest with that ease which Heav'n and fortune give,
In friendship's bosom you delighted live :
Blest with contentment, honour, and repose,
In him your kindness and your reason chose,
You move, with rapture, in the spotless bands
That Hymen form'd, and Virtue still commands.

Oh! if the Muse's dearest wish be heard,
In that fond pray'r, by ev'ry friend preferr'd,
May some resemblance, innocently sweet,
Your virtues crown, and all your views complete !
May heav'n and nature to its breast impart
The mother's temper, and the father's heart !



THE DREAM.

The following Lines were written in consequence of the Author being asked which to him appeared the most eligible Way of passing Life; in the gay and fashionable Scenes of a Town, with all their Train of Vicissitudes, or in the calmer Retreat of rural Comfort and domestic Ease? They are addressed to a LADY who is not less remarkable for an uncommon Share of poetical Merit, than distinguished from the Generality of her Sex by the noblest Dictates of Truth and Feeling.

AH say, melodious songstress of the grove,
 Whose strains are gentle as the gentlest love!
 Awhile from reason and its calm delight
 Shall friendship draw thee, and the muse invite?
 Canst thou from peaceful solitude retreat,
 The captive lover, and his sighs to meet?
 The gath'ring anguish of his heart to cheer
 In hope that darkens with the gloom of fear?

Blest, as thou art, with sympathy to feel
 Affection's int'rest, and its tale conceal;
 With soothing care the secret wish to hide,
 And save its blushes from the sneer of pride:
 To whom, so tender of the bosom's sigh,
 Should hope aspire, or disappointment fly?

Thy

Thy tear of pity can each pain beguile,
 And gay success is livelier in thy smile.
 From scenes, where pride and thoughtless folly reign,
 And reas'ning man is laugh'd at by the vain;
 From falsehood smiling with a canker'd heart,
 The fools of fashion, and the dupes of art,
 Fatigu'd I turn—regardless of mankind,
 Congenial nature, and her joys to find;
 Though charm'd by beauty, from its follies free,
 I turn, MELISSA, to repose and thee.

As thus I mus'd, and in illusion drew
 Imagin'd raptures to reflection's view,
 My heavy eye-lid clos'd upon the day,
 And lost in sleep each earthly sorrow lay.
 So some poor wretch in pensive habit moves,
 And lends his soul the liberty she loves;
 Sighs to the gale in solitary mood,
 Or pours his anguish to the murm'ring flood;
 Nor care, nor sick'ning prejudice destroy
 The gilded blossoms of imagin'd joy.

Scarce had the world and all its train of woes
 Sunk in the peaceful bosom of repose,
 When fancy, grown impatient of the strife
 Which reason combats in the noise of life,
 With scenes of pleasure that no griefs controul,
 Broke, in delightful visions, on my soul.
 Then did I see thee, dear MELISSA, move,
 Untouch'd by int'rest to the shrine of love;

Then

Then did I feel the mutual transport rise,
Spring to the cheek, and languish into sighs.
One instant paid me for an age of pain,
One smile express'd what millions could not feign.
Unequall'd joy! when souls congenial meet,
And nature triumphs in the world's defeat!

If dreams a rapture to the soul can give,
And bid the fondest of our wishes live,
Ah sure its charm reality may tear
From fiction, bright'ning on the bed of care!
Else why—scarce waken'd by the gath'ring sound
Of rattling hoofs,* that flung their echoes round—
Full on my sight did lov'd MELISSA beam,
And look the peerless image of my dream?
On COLNE's soft border as I fondly spread
My wearied limbs, and press'd its mossy bed,
In meek simplicity my charmer pass'd,
And o'er the shade resistless magic cast.
Yet why so transient were the rays of joy?
Just seen, and vanish'd from my gazing eye!
So when the glowing firmament along
A star runs streaming thro' the sparkling throng,
Attention's fetter'd by the lengthen'd blaze,
Till, lost in air, it suddenly decays.

Yet still I gaz'd, unconscious of the dart
Which love had pointed for my yielding heart,

* Alluding to the first time the author had seen MELISSA, namely, on horseback.

Till, sunk in distance and the circling trees,
The fleeting hoof just echoed on the breeze.

To ev'ry whisper of the gale I lent

My list'ning ear and murmur'd as it went :

“ Oh if, prophetic of a future bliss,

“ A lasting image may be form'd in *this* ;

“ Still let me paint each visionary grace,

“ And court contentment from that angel face.

“ Yet charms must wither in the waste of time,

“ And pale disease may trespass on our prime ;

“ But *sense*, triumphant in the blaze of truth,

“ Shall hold its honours with unfading youth,

“ On ev'ry change an op'ning blossom throw,

“ In age have vigour, and in sickness blow :

“ Till gently warn'd, calm resignation feels

“ The parting call, and from its mansion steals ;

“ Glides unperceiv'd to realms of endless rest,

“ Where *hope* is answer'd, and each wish is blest.”



*On being asked by a celebrated Beauty, what Advantage
could be derived from an Intimacy with the Muses?*

WHEN death consigns thee to the mould'ring sod,
No more the beauteous image of thy God,
Those features vanish'd, and that bloom decay'd!
The Muse can snatch thee from oblivion's shade;
Can into life expiring beauty call,
Preserve her smiles, and deify them all;
With heav'nly light those peerless eyes inspire,
And make them beam the magic of desire;
On mem'ry's tablet will preserve thy name,
And, spite of death, restore it to its fame,
Bid after-ages ev'ry boast resign,
And yield their triumphs when compar'd with thine.
Vain will the conquests of CHLORINDA prove,
Disown'd by reason, and despis'd by Love;*
Whilst thine, MELISSA, tho' the time be past,
Display'd by Truth, shall flourish to the last.

* ————— Carent

Quia vate sacro.

HORACE.

*Ill-placed Friendship generally repaid by the blackest
Ingratitude.*

I'VE stray'd from prudence and its peaceful side,
To shelter vice, ingratitude and pride ;
From wit to dulness, and to folly turn'd,
To witness sentiments my reason spurn'd.
Yet such the fate of carelessness and ease,
When judgment leaves us, and illusions please !
For who with truth and principle inspir'd,
E'er join'd with meanness, or its smile desir'd ?
Or who from reason and its dearest rule
Would swerve, to rescue such a wretch as***** ?
If like his face* his soul should spotted be,
How well his feelings and his looks agree !
So breathes the toad, with leprous horror full,
Foul in each limb, and impotently dull :
By malice bloated, and a wish to wound,
Abhor'd he lives, and spits his venom round ;

* It is the height of illiberality to affix any stigma to the mere defects of nature; but when they proceed from vice and dissipation, it is equally unjust to let them remain unnoticed. The object of this epigram, though beneath the lash of honest satire in many respects, is sufficiently base in others to have him exposed as one of the many instances in life, where a selfishness, even in the vicious impulses of depraved humanity, is wretchedly predominant. ——— *Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto!*

Till

Till spent, in rank obscurity he lies,
Wastes into filth, and unlamented dies.
And thus, thou mean assassin of repose!
Thou foe to all that spotless honour knows!
Shall nature force thee ev'ry look to shun,
To fly mankind, and sicken at the sun;
That sun shall scorn to shed his golden ray,
Or gild one atom of thy paltry clay.
Alive neglected, and when dead not miss'd!
E'en time shall tear thee from Creation's list.

*Written on a blank Leaf of JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY,
which I presented to a very particular Friend.*

IN faint acknowledgment of what I owe,
And what I feel, this store of language take;
The force of learning it may serve to shew,
But ne'er could picture what my feelings wake.
Courtiers will yield to eloquence of words;
And more than eloquence *this* book affords!
But truth, all conscious, sinks beneath her weight,
And feels what language never can repeat.
Then let, in candour to the grateful breast,
Expressive silence meditate the rest;
For silence only can that sense impart,
Whose spring's the noblest impulse of the heart.

*On reading a modern Advertisement to some fashionable
Poetry. 1790.*

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

IF polish'd paper, and if types can give
Aspiring wit a privilege to live,
The fond ambition may be cherish'd here,
Where all is silken, and where all is clear:
But when beneath reflection's sober eye,
Stripp'd of their dazzling hues, the volumes lie,
How nature startles at the wild conceit,
The *poet's* folly, and the *man's* deceit!
How reason scorns the mercenary views!
True genius pities and bewails the muse;
Turns from the scene where madd'ning folly runs,
Pleas'd with a "*blazing wilderness of suns!*"*
While judgment laughs to see the *blossoms burn!*
And *scorching* sun-beams into *verdure* turn.

* Expressions used in the fashionable Poetry.

On

*On a Lady offering me her Fan when incommoded by the
Fire.*

KEEP, keep those arms! O never be they mine,
 While so much worth, such killing charms are thine!
 Let it suffice thy wit and sense to hear,
 Hang on thy tongue, and feast my ravish'd ear:
 Let it suffice with secret joy to find,
 In ev'ry glance, some impulse of thy mind;
 With fondness cherish, yet with art conceal
 The melting sympathy those eyes reveal.
 When Phœbus, bursting with too fierce a ray,
 Pours on the fields intolerable day,
 The flow'rs hang heavy on the arid plain,
 Till Eve restores them to their bloom again.
 So when unveil'd I meet those beauteous eyes,
 A thousand raptures ev'ry sense surprise;
 Heedless I catch the lightning as it plays,
 Till all my feelings sicken at the blaze.
 But not to me does ev'ning bring repose;
 The flame in absence more intensely glows.
 Then keep those arms; oh never be they mine,
 Whilst so much worth, such killing charms are thine.
 A thousand tortures are in ambush kept,
 A thousand lovers for thy charms have wept.
 Cupid as well his quiver might bestow,
 —The friend affecting to become the foe,—

As you relinquish what so much commands,
 What's more than human in those angel hands.
 Trifling the pain which for a time I feel,
 But great the wound that absence cannot heal ;
 Whilst to my heart one tender sigh is giv'n,
 Still let me hope, and meditate its heav'n.

*On a Courtier whose whole System of Morality is limited
 to fine Manners.*

Decipimur specie recti. HOR.

PEACEFUL and calm as summer's ev'ning beams,
 Pity that face is not the face it seems !
 Lo, simp'ring Midas* with a cloudless mien,
 Politely bows, and brightens ev'ry scene.
 If gentle manners, if a specious show
 Of all that's courteous, if a smile, a bow,
 Could soften penury's corroding care,
 Or stop the bleeding anguish of despair ;
 If all that store of fashion's plenteous art,
 Could boast one likeness in its owner's heart,
 The muse, believe me, had not whisper'd here,
 With all thy manners, Midas! be SINCERE.

* A gentleman, remarkable for his folly, and on that account
 pourtrayed with ass's ears.

On a new-made Lord, who was anxious to conceal the original Station of his Father.—From a MS. entitled Fashionable Honour.*

AND shall adopted Insolence assume,
 When drawn by fortune from its native gloom,
 The sneer of grandeur, or the tone of birth,
 In all the littleness of gilded earth?
 If gold can purchase what the good should have,
 And meanly raise a sycophant or knave,
 As well may kings and ministers invert
 Half nature's laws, and prostitute desert;
 For selfish ends bid public virtue wait
 The whim of fashion at oppression's gate;
 While *recent* nothings, bubbling into life—
 On fortune's surface, or a titled wife,
 O'er-leap the fence our sage fore-fathers made,
 And grasp at honours as they grasp'd at trade.
 When wisdom, sense, and probity combin'd,
 By Heav'n directed to improve mankind,
 Rise from the dust, and into notice soar,
 Truth loves the flight, and intimates to more.
 Nor basely passive—howsoever rais'd,
 By statesmen flatter'd, and by monarchs prais'd—

* Vauvenargues has very justly said: "L'Ingratitude la plus odieuse, mais la plus commune et la plus ancienne, est celle des enfans envers leurs pères." M. 174.

Will titled worth its principle resign,
 To lavish incense at ambition's shrine.
 Proud to be great, but prouder still to own
 That more is due to virtue than the throne,
 The calm defender of his country treads
 The maze of state, and spotless knowledge sheds.
 Firm to his trust, and heedless of each taunt,
 That points remembrance to the child of want,
 And meanly spreads, in impotence of rage,
 The cares he suffer'd at maturer age ;
 When all that fortune niggardly bestow'd,
 Was spent to fix him where his wishes glow'd,
 And many a sweet—(domestic feeling knows)—
 As op'ning manhood more expensive rose,
 Was gladly sacrificed by those he lov'd,
 His toil commended, and his views approv'd :
 Firm to his trust, and steadily serene,
 But not unmindful of that humble scene,
 The man of worth, unshaken to the last,
 Sees things to come, and recollects the past.

O curs'd invasion of each honest tie,
 Each sense that lifts us nearer to the sky !
 When, deaf to nature, Vanity breaks down
 Affection's mound, and tears us from our own.
 If that be honour which a sister spurns,
 Or false to friendship for its partner burns,
 And with unusual impudence of face
 Affects to triumph in the worst disgrace—
 At deeds like these though satire wield the pen,
 Half India's knaves are honourable men.

Heav'n

Heav'n blast the wretch, apostacy's worst knave,*
 Who meanly reddens at a parent's grave;
 Turns from the sod that humbly lifts its head,
 And marks the narrow limits of the dead;
 Turns from the sod where ev'ry blade of grass,
 That meekly trembles as the zephyrs pass,
 To pensive thought the recollection calls
 Of life's gay tumult, and its native walls;
 Where fortune, giving all she had to give,
 Still fondly whisper'd—*I am still to live*;
 Still kindly scatter'd, with a magic hand,
 Each joy that pride and vanity demand.
 But doubly blast him, if in wealth's career
 He blush to bathe it with a filial tear,
 Or, false to truth's involuntary sigh,
 Deny the ground where half his kindred lie.
 The good old man, that in the close of life
 Smil'd to have pass'd its tumult and its strife,
 And in the peaceful bosom of his son
 Repos'd the treasures of the race he'd run;

* There cannot be a greater instance of innate depravity than, in the consciousness of humble parentage, to avoid every circumstance that leads us to a recognition of it. Among our late created noblemen, it is not impossible to discover more anxiety to hide the meanness of ancestry than a noble solicitude to adorn it by just and honourable actions.

A whimsical diffusion of wealth may seem the effect of benevolence to the ignorant and interested part of mankind; but it proves the dictate of ostentation in the eyes of judicious men.

Scarce from the world is calmly drawn away,
And clos'd the circle of his earthly day,
Than, shame to tell! the darling of his care,
The plant selected all his hopes to bear,
Shrinks from the tree round which it long had twin'd,
And turns apostate, to amuse* mankind.

PASTORAL,

Written at School in 1776.

SCARCE had the blushing harbinger of day,
Aurora, brighten'd on the silv'ry spray;
The larks as yet lay silent in the field,
And scarce a charm of nature was reveal'd,
When, wak'd by love, two youthful shepherds drove
Their fleecy care, and wander'd to the grove.

Say thou, in whom each science of the mind
To manly temper's eloquently join'd;
Whose breast the critic and the bard inform,
With truth to judge us, and with taste to warm;
Say, shall the muse, unfledg'd her tender wings,
Salute thee patron of the verse she sings?

* It is not uncommon, especially among upstart Noblemen, to hear a father, or a mother, made the object of a jest.

In bolder numbers she'll rehearse thy praise,
Her pinion strengthen'd, and adorn'd her lays.

Wide o'er the fields the sun had cast his heat,
When thus, as love had taught them to repeat,
The tuneful swains alternate numbers prov'd,
And sung the praises of the maids they lov'd.

DAMON.

Strephon! behold the shadows melt away,
Fair looks the morn, the zephyrs gently play;
A broader beam is shot across the skies,
The vallies open, and the mountains rise;
The waying trees their honours shake in air;
Arcadia's nymphs and Pan himself are here;
And shall remembrance in our souls expire,
When beauty charms, and all the groves inspire?

STREPHON.

If thou a Sylvia like my Delia find,
At once so lovely, and at once so kind,
Aside this river let her charms be sung;
The nymphs will listen to the lover's tongue.

DAMON.

If thou a Delia like my Sylvia sing,
As autumn mild, and cheerful as the spring,
The beauteous object shall the contest yield,
And Delia triumph o'er the wond'ring field.

ÆGON.

No sweeter music could enchant the plains :
Begin ; this bowl may animate your strains.

DAMON.

Nor unrewarded shall my Strephon play,
If Ægon listen, and approve the lay :
I stake this lamb, the fairest of my breed, .
The matchless beauty of the sylvan mead.

ÆGON.

Sing then, my swains ! and as your fancies glow,
In rhymes alternate let your numbers flow :
And who his rival can in song subdue,
His be the prize, and his the laurel too.

STREPHON.

Descend, soft maids and virgins of the grove,
Where sighs are cherish'd with the breath of love
Descend, and teach me to repeat the name
Of gentle Delia with unrivall'd fame !
Nine wreaths of laurel and a crown of flow'rs,
If Strephon conquer, shall adorn your bow'rs.

DAMON.

O Love ! propitious to my song attend !
Ye smiling Graces, and ye Nymphs, descend !

The

The tend'rest dictate of my bosom fire,
And touch my reed with what her eyes inspire :
Four milk-white doves shall flutter round your shrine,
In Sylvia's honour, if the prize be mine.

STREPHON.

Me Delia loves, and, hast'ning o'er the plain,
Flies to the groves, and echoes to my strain :
Surpris'd, and list'ning to the sound, I rise,
Trace ev'ry step, and sighing meet her sighs.

DAMON.

Me Sylvia follows when I tune the lay,
And on the borders of Avona play.
What heav'nly raptures must that shepherd share,
Whose strains are answer'd, and whose nymph's so fair !

STREPHON.

Beneath the trees as on Avona's side,
Last cooling eve I listen'd to the tide,
A beauteous image mov'd upon the wave ;
My Delia redder'd at the kiss I gave.

DAMON.

As at the rising of the purple dawn
I led my sheep along the dewy lawn,
My sprightly nymph came smiling o'er the mead,
And kiss'd the garland that adorn'd my reed.

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

Late in the depth of waving woods I stray'd—
 My flock reposing in yon beechen shade—
 With active force the bloomy boughs I press'd,
 And gather'd hawthorns for my Sylvia's breast.

DAMON.

A tuneful linnet in the groves I found,
 Just fledg'd, and flutt'ring on the flow'ry ground;
 I caught the infant warbler of the grove,
 And made him subject to my gentle love.

STREPHON.

In Denham's numbers let majestic Thame
 Swell with each tide, and gather endless fame;
 On Avon's banks the tragic muse appears
 In solemn anguish, and majestic tears.

DAMON.

Let Windsor triumph in thy polish'd strains,
 Harmonious Pope! and deck his subject plains;
 Fair Esham's* matchless in her flow'ry vales,
 Her early blossoms, and her fragrant gales.

* The vale of Evesham (commonly pronounced Esham) in Worcestershire, remarkable for the beauty and fertility of its fields and meadows.

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

Ye clouds, descend! ye meadows, fade away!
Mute be the birds, and wither'd ev'ry spray,
When Sylvia ceases on our hills to bloom,
And Strepthon sorrows in affliction's gloom.

DAMON.

Ye nymphs, be gay! still flow, ye murm'ring floods!
Ye meadows, flourish! and be green ye woods!
Be gay! let nature in her best appear,
And all things brighten when my Sylvia's here.

EGON.

The lark that warbles to the dawning day,
The silv'ry dew that quivers on the spray,
Have often charm'd me from my lowly cot;
No cares to tease, and ev'ry pain forgot:
Nor lark, nor dew-drop on the sparkling thorn,
Nor meadows gilded by the glowing morn,
Are half so charming as the strains that flow
From friendship warbling to the maids we know:
For each a flow'ry chaplet let me weave,
Each from her swain the present to receive;
And as the contest for their charms is ev'n,
In grateful record be the chaplets giv'n.

ON A CELEBRATED BEAU, AT SPA,
IN 1783.

I.

HOW blest is dulness! vanity's first born!
Nurs'd in the lap of grandeur and of pow'r,
Adorn'd with titles that are wisdom's scorn,
The *thing's* receiv'd where merit's shewn the door.

II.

To tie the cambrick nicely round his throat,
Produce the frill, and give the ruffle room,
Display the fav'rite dear deluding coat,
The boast of Paris, or the pride of Rome :

III.

To trim the marshall'd features of his face,
Compose his eye-brows, or his teeth renew,
Give ev'ry limb its elegance and grace,
Adorn his knees, and richly load his shoe :

IV.

To twist the string that dangles from his cane,
Or plant his hat triumphant on his eye ;
To guard the scented outside of a brain,
Whose inward knowledge fashion must supply :

To

V.

To twirl the rattling cluster of his seals,
—Those dear supplies for emptiness of skull!—
To smooth his fingers and observe his nails,
And, studying wit, be sovereignly dull:

VI.

To bow, to smile, to chatter and decide
On ev'ry subject, whether right or wrong ;
With all the matchless impudence of pride,
Commence a critic, and dissect a song!

VII.

To shake the rattling box, the card to turn,
And waste the produce of his native lands ;
Whilst, heav'n-directed, half the spoils return
To injur'd Poverty's industrious hands:

VIII.

To boast of conquests which he never won,
And trust his falsehoods to the babbling gale ;
To leave dishonour'd, slighted and undone,
The *real* victim of his flatt'ring tale :

IX.

These are the glorious functions of the man
Whom fashion owns, and half the world admires ;
His ruling passion and his only plan,
To move through life as pride, or lust, inspires.

While

X.

While slighted merit, humbly seeking truth,
 Through many a fold of wisdom's sacred page,
 Unnotic'd wastes a solitary youth,
 To gather learned miseries for age.



*Lines, originally intended as a Dedication to Him by whom
 I have been most obliged through Life.*

WHEN from unblushing gratitude the strain
 Spontaneous flows, and feeling wakes the lyre,
 The beaten track of dedication's vain,
 The glare of fiction, and its tints expire.

The blight that Envy would on Friendship throw,
 The wound that Malice meditates to give,
 Make Truth and Sympathy more closely grow,
 And in the consciousness of honour live.

Take then, my friend, the wreath thy kindness made,
 Take what has long been foster'd by thy care;
 Time may secure it from oblivion's shade,
 Mature the root, and bid the scion bear.

Rais'd by thy mild indulgence into life,
 The tender buds few chilling blasts have known;
 Still in the storms of literary strife
 May candour shield them from ill-nature's frown.
 Whate'er

Whate'er their fate, if doom'd to fall or rise,
 Be *this* at least my comfort and my fame;
 From school-day habits to the nobler ties
 Of reas'ning manhood *thou* art still the same.



THE
UNCERTAINTY of LIFE.

TO THE
 HONOURABLE CHARLES CLIFFORD,
 NOW
LORD CLIFFORD.—1785.

Carpe Diem. HOR.

AH! why, since life's the trifle of a day,
 The painted rainbow of an April sky!
 A trace that's trusted to the sandy way,
 A gaudy sketch whose colours quickly fly!—

Why should we waste, in fruitless hopes of rest,
 Revolving time that wisdom cannot save?
 Each joy desiring, and each wish unblest,
 We grasp at peace that blooms beyond the grave.

To-day, believe me, can alone bestow
 The beam of comfort thro' recurring strife;
 To-morrow, pregnant with the seeds of woe,
 Breaks on the certain wretchedness of life.

If

If beauty charm thee, view yon mould'ring sod,
That swells the peaceful bosom of the grove,
Where boughs of cypress melancholy nod,
And drooping myrtles shade the tomb of love.

There rests what once could win the gazing throng!
Her eye was heav'n that brighten'd on mankind;
Celestial echoes answer'd to her tongue,
And angels spoke the language of her mind:

There rests what once in peerless virtue shone,
Ador'd! belov'd! and like EUDOSIA gay;
In ev'ry scene to innocence alone
Her wishes turn'd, tho' breath'd in fashion's ray.

Yet now no more with eloquence of eyes,
She looks the virtuous impulse of her soul;
Yet now no more she melts us into sighs,
For death and darkness gather round the whole.

In vain the much-lov'd partner of her breast
With sighs recalls her to his widow'd arms:
In sullen apathy her feelings rest,
And dissolution withers all her charms.

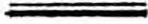
Ah! what is birth?—a momentary ray!
Ambition's offspring, or the fruit of lust;
Prospects that rise, to melt like shades away;
Moths of an hour, that flutter into dust.

And

And what is wealth but wretchedness in state?
 The gilded triumph of our hopes below!
 The price of title for the dazzled great!
 A star on anguish, and a garter'd woe!

View then, my friend—and thou hast all that earth,
 Or lavish Nature, in her fondest hour,
 Can for the use of more than common worth,
 With Heav'n's own sanction, on thy wishes pour—

View then, my friend, the meteor as it plays,
 And, spite of reason, snatch the pleasing gleam:
 Reflection clouds the brightest of our days,
 While pleasure centres in delusion's dream.



WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A LETTER.

SCROLL! that art trifling in the common eye,
 Of little import to the world at large!
 With thee the dearest of my wishes fly;
 Of ev'ry hope thou bears't the precious charge.
 Go, if thou canst, and plead my humble cause,
 Go to where Nature and the Graces move;
 And, spite of fashion, or its tyrant laws,
 Bid DELIA read *one* tale of artless love.

PARA-

P A R A P H R A S E

TO

YOUNG'S CELEBRATED LINE,

“ Procrastination is the Thief of Time.”

PROCRASTINATION, like the beauteous rose,
Attracts our fancy with its gay deceit:
Eager we snatch the blossom ere it blows,
Then shrink with horror at the thorn we meet.

The school-boy thus, by restless fancy led,
Explores each beauty of the scented heath,
Nor once remembers, that, in sweetness fed,
The wasp may point its pois'nous tube beneath.

And canst thou trust to-morrow with thy peace?
To-morrow, faithless promise of to-day!
The mind's infection, and the soul's disease,
Unreal substance, and illusive ray!

The youthful LYCIDAS to Heav'n preferr'd
A wish for wealth, by modesty sustain'd:
The pray'r of meek humility was heard;
He ask'd for little, and that little gain'd.

BELINDA

BELINDA next was made his tend'rest care ;
She felt the sigh, and bade him hope for ease :
Endearing sympathy subdu'd the fair,
And both were happy, for they both could please.

Not on to-morrow were their prospects laid,
No hopes were built on *possible* event :
Calm resignation into age convey'd
Health crown'd by time, and bright'ning in content.

Ambitious CLODIO—imitate who will,
The dazzling meteor's momentary blaze !
By fashion cheated into splendid ill,
Resign'd each comfort for alluring praise.

By fortune gifted with each earthly pow'r
To glut the craving appetite of youth,
He fondly trusted to some future hour,
Preferring falsehood to ingenuous truth.

Around him swarm'd of parasites a train,
Till blank misfortune at his gates appear'd :
For soothing gratitude he met disdain,
And found presumption where he once was fear'd.

The peaceful mansion in whose bosom spread
The mould'ring relics of his fathers lay,
Is lorded o'er by strangers to the dead,
And lifts a front inhospitably gay.

And

And canst thou trust to-morrow with thy peace?
Unfaithful guardian of to-day's repose!
The joys it promises too quickly cease;
The magic fades, and leaves us to our woes.

TO MISS HAGGERSTON,

THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF SIR CARNABY HAGGERSTON, BART.

NOW LADY STANLEY.—1786.

ENDEARING innocence! thou lovely child!
Attractive promise of each op'ning grace,
Ah, thus in infancy thy mother smil'd,
And gave assurance of an angel's face.

Oh! mayst thou imitate the steps she took,
Serenely mild, and innocently gay!
May virtue smile imprinted on each look,
And calm simplicity mark out thy way!

To lure the weak let thoughtless folly try.
With ev'ry wish in vanity to shine;
Soon must the meteor in its falsehood die,
Whilst reason triumphs, and each virtue's thine.

So

So shalt thou *be* what many falsely *seem*,
The beauteous image of angelic worth:
Secure to charm in rivetted esteem,
Till heav'n shall tear thee from admiring earth.

Such is my wish: and when maturer age
Shall gently loose the fetters of thy tongue,
May that same mother turn this humble page,
And bid thee read the pleasing truth I sung!

TO A FRIEND,
WHO EXPRESSED HIS SURPRISE AT SEEING
ME MUCH FROM HOME.

=====

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

=====

I.

YOU ask me how I've time to write,
Or put my thoughts on paper?
Since you behold me, day and night,
Absorb'd in London vapour.

II.

Of rural scenes all poets sing,
From plough-boy to a banker;
And after the Pierian spring
E'en kings, like school boys, hanker.

III.

Not so with me; in ev'ry street,
And ev'ry fellow creature,
In whatsoever place we meet,
I study human nature.

IV.

If with the great—and those I see
As seldom as I'm able—
I look, sweet Gratitude! for thee,
And find an empty fable.

If

V.

If with the little—sometimes great,
For merit has no station—
I wonder at the gifts of fate,
Or heav'nly dispensation.

VI.

In truth and independence proud
How many I behold!
Whose worth is buried in the crowd,
Like hidden pearls, or gold ;

VII.

In vain they think, as sages thought,
In freedom's godlike hour,
When tyranny, to trial brought,
Was crush'd for ill-us'd pow'r.

VIII.

Though some are said to come from God,
They're seldom what they seem ;
Oppression lifts his iron rod,
And liberty's a dream.

LINES MADE DURING THE PROCESSION TO ST. PAUL'S,
FOR THE INTERMENT OF LORD
NELSON'S REMAINS.

WHAT are funereal honours and decrees?
Yon Stoick cries, whom nothing great can please.
Alas! how little does he comprehend
A bright example, or a glorious end.
The dead—though callous in themselves—supply
The noblest lessons how to live and die.
In ev'ry age their merits issue forth,
To rouse the living into deeds of worth.
Though few, like NELSON, can that summit reach,
Whence godlike beings wond'ring mortals teach
To rise superiour to the world they tread;
By NELSON's glory all alike are led.
Like him, each seaman pants for honest fame,
To guard his country, and to raise her name;
In ev'ry breeze he hears some Genius call:
" Come! fight like NELSON, and like NELSON fall!
" In Vict'ry's arms resign your honour'd breath,
" And shew the living how to conquer Death.
" In frame though mortal, of immortal mind,
" Like him transmit a record to mankind.
" Children unborn shall lisp each wond'rous deed,
" And thirst to imitate the things they read."

THE

THE BEE.

For the VOICE and PIANO-FORTE

Voice

Dear busy Bee thro' na_ture fly-ing

Piano
Forte

Should'st thou behold the Maid I love, Steal to her

breast and fondly sighing, Taste, what I dare not,

must not prove; Catch in the flutt'ring of thy

pinion. Sighs, which are breath'd for her a-lone:

Say, that prefer-ring her do-minion, Love on my

heart has fix'd his throne, Love on my heart has

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics "heart has fix'd his throne, Love on my heart has" are written below the vocal staff. The music is in a common time signature and consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

fix'd his throne.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "fix'd his throne." are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment includes some sixteenth-note passages in the bass line.

The third system shows the vocal line with a whole rest, indicating the end of the vocal part. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.



2

Should she, too careless of her lover,
Smile on the flatt'ring circle round,
And by her eyes a joy discover
When in her ear their praises sound;
Rise on thy wing, in pity to me,
Hum round the dear deluded Maid;
Break by thy noise what might undo me,
Stifle each sentence falshood made.

3

Still if ensnar'd by giddy fashion,
Spite of thy care and buzzing wing,
Strangers encroach upon my passion,
Perch on her lip and whet thy sting!
Guard, if thou can'st the balmy treasure,
Which to those lips the Loves impart;
Punish each wretch with vengeful pleasure,
Teach him to trespass on my heart.

THE TWO NEIGHBOURING HOUSE-
KEEPERS.

HERE lives a man, as good as ever liv'd,
And there a wretch, who never once reliev'd
The wants of others: ignorant and proud,
In publick silent, and in private loud;
By all deserted, who've a taste for good,
And only courted for his wine and food!
This, takes his rounds of pleasurable ease,
Without one object, but himself, to please;
That, visits want, captivity, distress,
And more than half his blessing* is to bless;
Esteem'd by friends, and having none for foes,
But such as satire glories to expose,
The peaceful tenour of his life is run
In serving many, and in hurting none.
If candour seek an honourable name,
Say! which stands fairest on the list of fame?

* Blessing, according to Dr. Johnson, signifies means of happiness.

TO THE MUSES.

LINES WRITTEN IN 1789, WHEN THE AUTHOR WENT
TO PARIS.

YE tuneful Syrens of the mind, adieu!
Adieu, illusive scenes of soft delight;
Raptures that charm imagination's view,
And gild the soul with visionary light.

Farewell each sound that lull'd me to repose;
Fictitious comfort glanc'd on real pain,
When youthful nature into visions rose,
And Fancy pictur'd what it lov'd in vain.

And farewell too—I feel it must be so—
Farewell thou soft enchantress of my breast;
DELIA, farewell; no more my senses glow
For charms in DELIA honour'd and caress'd.

The magic's o'er—to scenes of noisy life,
Howe'er reluctant, unabash'd I move;
Of jarring politics the giddy strife,
The force of habit, and of man to prove.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY T. B—G—D, Esq.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE annexed poems are the production of the late T. B. Esq. with whom the author had been educated abroad, and of whose talents he entertained the highest opinion. During his pursuit of legal knowledge, he was suddenly deprived of life. The insertion of these poems grows out of a sincere esteem for the writer, and will, doubtless, be gratifying to many other friends, who regret his loss.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

THE LATE T. B———G———D, ESQ.

OF THE

INNER TEMPLE.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PORTER.

YOU! to whose care I've now consign'd
My house's entrance, caution use,
While you discharge your trust, and mind
Whom you admit, and whom refuse.

Let no fierce Passions enter here,
Passions the raging breast that storm,
Nor scornful *Pride*, nor servile *Fear*,
Nor *Hate*, nor *Envy's* pallid form.

Should *Avarice* call—you'll let her know,
Of heap'd up riches, I've no store;
And that she has no right to go
Where *PLUTUS* has not been before.

Lo! on a visit hither bent
High plum'd *Ambition* stalks about;
But should he enter, sweet *Content*
Will give me warning—shut him out.

Perhaps, the *Muse* may pass this way;
And tho' full oft I've bent the knee,
And long invok'd her magic sway,
Smit with the love of harmony;

Alone tho' she might please, yet still
I know she'll with *Ambition* come;
With lust of fame my heart she'll fill,
She'll break my rest—I'm not at home.

There is a rascal old and hideous,
Who oft (and sometimes not in vain)
Close at my gate has watch'd assiduous,
In hopes he might admittance gain;

His name is *Care*—if he should call,
Quick out of doors with vigour throw him;
And tell the miscreant, once for all,
I know him not, I ne'er will know him.

Perhaps then *BACCHUS*, foe to *Care*,
May think *he'll* sure my favour win,
His promises of joy are fair,
But false—you must not let him in.

But

But welcome that sweet pow'r! on whom
 The young *desires* attendant move;
 Still flush'd with beauty's vernal bloom,
 Parent of bliss, the *Queen of Love*.

O! you will know her, she has stole
 The lustre of my DELIA's eye,
 Admit her, hail her—for my soul
 Breathes double life when she is nigh.

If then, stern *Wisdom* at my gate
 Should knock with all her formal train,
 Tell her I'm busy—she may wait,
 Or if she chooses—call again.

OLD AGE THE SEASON OF FRIENDSHIP,
 AND NOT OF LOVE.

AN IMITATION FROM VOLTAIRE.

Si vous voulez que j'aime encore, &c.

IF in this bosom, love you'd raise,
 Love's long lost season back invite,
 And in the twilight of my days,
 To youthful joys again excite;

From

From scenes where BACCHUS takes his stand,
And VENUS fires the youthful heart;
Time seizing on my wither'd hand
And frowning, warns me to depart.

Against the terrors of his rage
My drooping soul let reason steel;
Who wants the spirit of his age,
Must all his age's evil feel.

Let *youth* enjoy the smiles of fate,
The yielding fair, the sparkling glass;
Two moments form our mortal date,
Let *one* to wisdom sacred pass.

But fly ye, to return no more,
Illusions, follies, love and joy,
Celestial gifts of genial power,
Life's sharpest sorrows to destroy.

Twice do we die, so fate decrees;
To cease to love, and to be lov'd,
Is death, and worse than death; to cease
To live is what I'll bear unmov'd.

Thus, troubled with awaken'd fire,
The loss of youthful joys I mourn'd,
And to the paths of fond desire,
My wand'ring soul again return'd.

When

When lo! to sooth my troubled mind,
 Friendship descended from above,
As sweet, as tender, and as kind,
 But charm'd—but ravish'd less than *Love*.

Pleas'd with her beauties as she stept,
 Struck with her splendour as she shone,
Friendship I follow'd—but I wept,
 Now forc'd to follow her alone.

AN INVOCATION.

CELESTIAL harmony descend,
The wrinkled brow of care unbend,
Thy chearful voice let sorrow hear,
And cease to drop the pensive tear;
But joy, exstatic joy impart
Its pleasing influence to the heart;
Descend celestial harmony!
Joy owes its sweetest charm to thee.

When love the bosom fills, 'tis thine
His power to heighten and refine,
Thy thrilling warblings, soft and slow,
Attun'd to melting passion flow;

And

TO THE SAME.

UPON* my soul when I advis'd
 One of you four to copy VENUS,
 Sweet B—y! faith I ne'er surmis'd,
 You'd form this misconstruction heinous.

Was there, alas! no other way,
 You could the Goddess imitate;
 Than in what most her folly lay,
 Her choice prepost'rous of a mate!

But since 'tis past, I'll still rejoice,
 If you the copy will pursue;
 Resembling VENUS in her choice
 And treatment of her chosen too.

In decking heads much time you've spent,
 'Tis well, that bus'ness follow now;
 And don't forget what ornament,
 Your VENUS plac'd on VULCAN'S brow.

* Miss B—H— married a gentleman engaged in the Iron-
 Works, at S—.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS F. H's LOVER.

THE youth of Peleus' verdant plain,
To fate resigns his struggling breath;
Each friend in pity's bitter strain,
Laments th' untimely stroke of death.

But, oh! his FANNY's tender heart,
Feels the keen pang that's felt by few;
For wounded by a double dart,
She weeps her friend and lover too.

Sorrowing she mourns his early doom,
His truth, his wondrous worth recalls!
And o'er fair merit's hallow'd tomb,
The lovely tear of beauty falls.

The tear of beauty falls—yet still
Not e'en that tear shall aught supply,
It cannot thaw death's icy chill,
Or wake the object of its sigh.

Still pensive mourner let it flow,
Spread sorrow's languour o'er thy face;
Thy charms thus soften'd, sweeter glow,
And from affliction borrow grace.

Lamented

Lamented shade! tho' pleasure's hour
 To thee, yet scarce begun, was o'er;
 Tho' on thy cheek youth's vernal flower
 Just bloom'd—and bloom'd to close no more—

Still does thy fate my envy move,
 Thy fortune friendly still appears,
 Alive, blest with thy FANNY'S love,
 And dead, lamented with her tears.

TO MRS. C——,

ON HER DESIRING TO SEE SOME OF MY VERSES.

URGE, urge no more the vain request,
 Resolv'd to shun the alarming test;
 I'll prudent to thy sight refuse
 The weak productions of my Muse;
 Soon would thy penetrating eye
 Defects unnumber'd there descry,
 No beauties note; my feeble lays
 Would claim thy pity, not thy praise.

For should'st thou see that there I aim
 To catch imagination's flame;
 Triumphantly to move along,
 With all the pomp of lofty song;

Alas!

Alas! with such superior sway,
Thy happier genius wings its way ;
So bright thy fancy's giv'n to shine,
Thou 'lt pity sure a Muse like mine.

Or humbler should I strive to gain
Applause from humour's sportive strain,
In playful style attempt to please,
And aim at elegance and ease ;
Alas! what can I thus submit?
Such vigour points thy livelier wit ;
Such native graces still refine,
Thou'lt pity sure a wit like mine.

But should my pensive lays disclose
Some mournful lover's hidden woes :
The troubled mind, the bleeding heart,
Transfix'd with passion's keenest dart ;
While curst, he views his fair one's charms,
With rapture crown another's arms,
Alas! with hopeless grief he'd pine,
Thou wouldst not pity woes like mine.

THE RELAPSE.

A SLAVE to CELIA'S charms, I saw
My fond affection fruitless prove;
No more shall VENUS give me law,
No more, O CUPID! will I love.

Yet I was born to feel thy dart,
But now the dear delusion's o'er;
Thy reign is gone, my foolish heart
Would love too much—*I'll love no more.*

The Godhead cried, "what servile fear!
"Weak mortal, see thy soul to move,
"Three Graces join'd in one appear."
—Child 'tis in vain—*I will not love.*

When lo! my SYLVIA'S radiant form
Sudden my dazzled eyes explore;
She comes with beauty's every charm,
But comes too late—*I'll love no more.*

Yes, *there* resides each power to please,
There graces o'er each feature rove,
There wit and temper, sense and ease;
But all are vain—*I will not love.*

What!

What! shall my rivals own their fire,
 And prostrate at her feet adore,
 Whilst I—why still I'll but *admire*,
 I'll surely, surely—*love no more*.

When CUPID thus his purpose prest,
 “ Thy sense and reas'ning I approve;
 “ *Admire* then, and in safety rest;
 “ For admiration—*is not love*.

“ What tho' ten thousand graces glow,
 “ Such as ne'er met thy eyes before,
 “ Tho' beauty, sense—all these you know
 “ Are nothing, when—*one loves no more*.

“ Then see the nymph, devoid of fear,
 “ Myself all danger will remove;
 “ Each moment whisp'ring in your ear,
 “ *At least remember not to love.*”

How could I trust such hidden guile,
 Would CUPID lessen CUPID's power?
 Malicious imp! I saw him smile,
 Whene'er I said—*I'll love no more*.

E'en from that day to danger blind,
 Heedless to meet my fate I move,
 I see the charmer, but I find
 To see thee is—*alas! to love*.

ADDRESSED

ADDRESSED TO MR. G. PICKERING.

TO me when life's alluring scenes were new,
And Hope her magic glass upheld to youth ;
The sweet perspective ! how it charm'd my view,
It promis'd bliss in love—in friendship, truth.

To each fond scheme it promis'd sure success,
Health to pursue, and patience to attain ;
I deem'd each hour beyond the last would bless,
And Pleasure still extend her smiling reign.

Experience soon was nigh ;—th' illusion's o'er,
And all my darling aims abortive prove :
Early my heart is destin'd to deplore,
Friendship betray'd, and unrequited love.

My wearied spirits sink, and pallid Care
Has fix'd his residence upon my cheek ;
Calling on Comfort, answer'd by Despair,
Thro' life's drear wilderness my way I seek.

I've seen a flower, which, at AURORA's call,
Burst into bloom and gaily rear'd its head ;
Its rise all nature seem'd to hail, and all
The youthful grace of spring around was spread.

But

But soon came on the sultry hour of day,
 Blasting whate'er was promis'd by the morn ;
Th' unhappy plant soon felt the parching ray,
 And lost its early bloom, and droop'd forlorn.

When lo! their genial succour to impart,
 I saw the doors of night propitious come ;
Thus far'd it with the flow'r ; my drooping heart
 Pants for the night eternal of the tomb.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



