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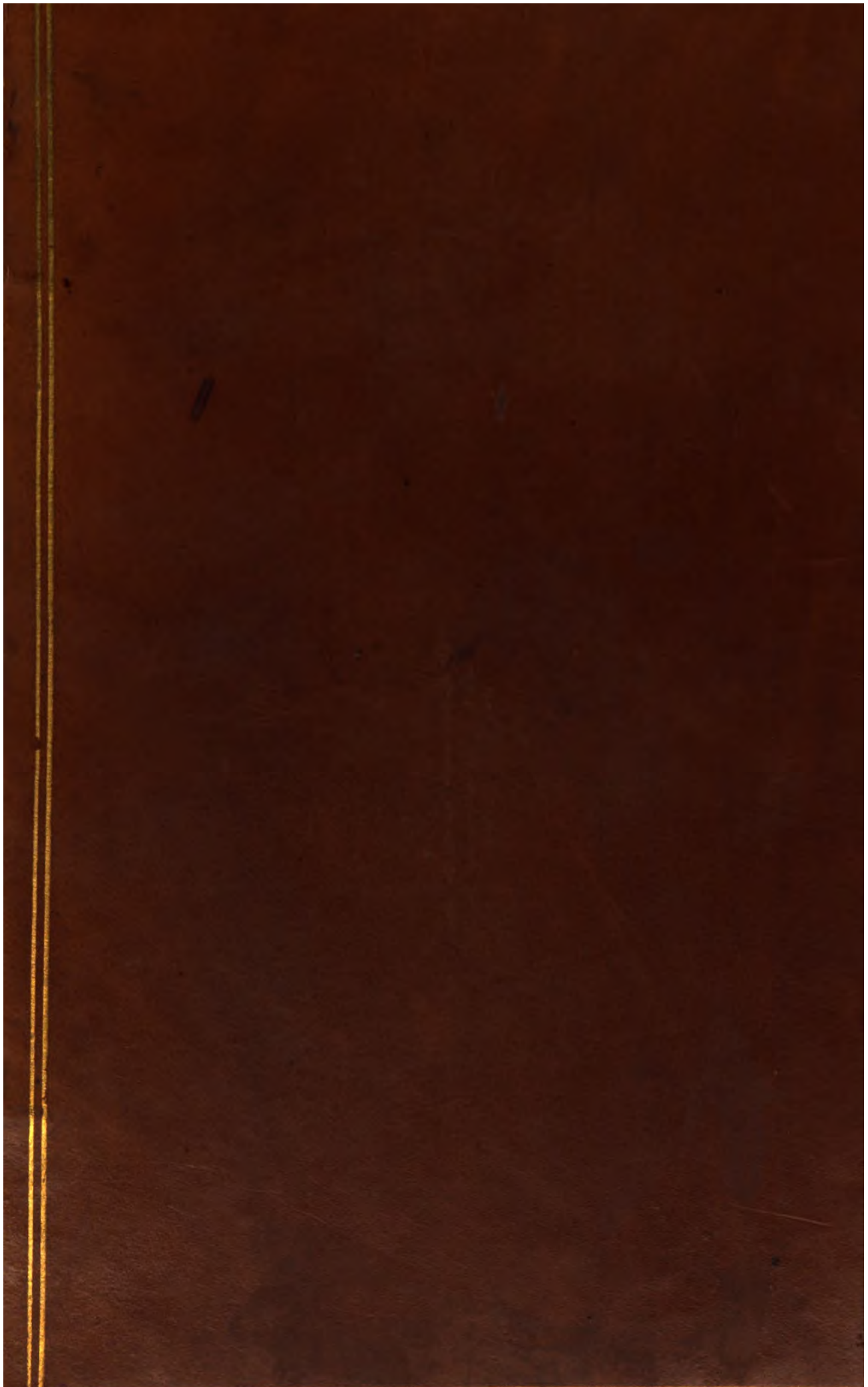
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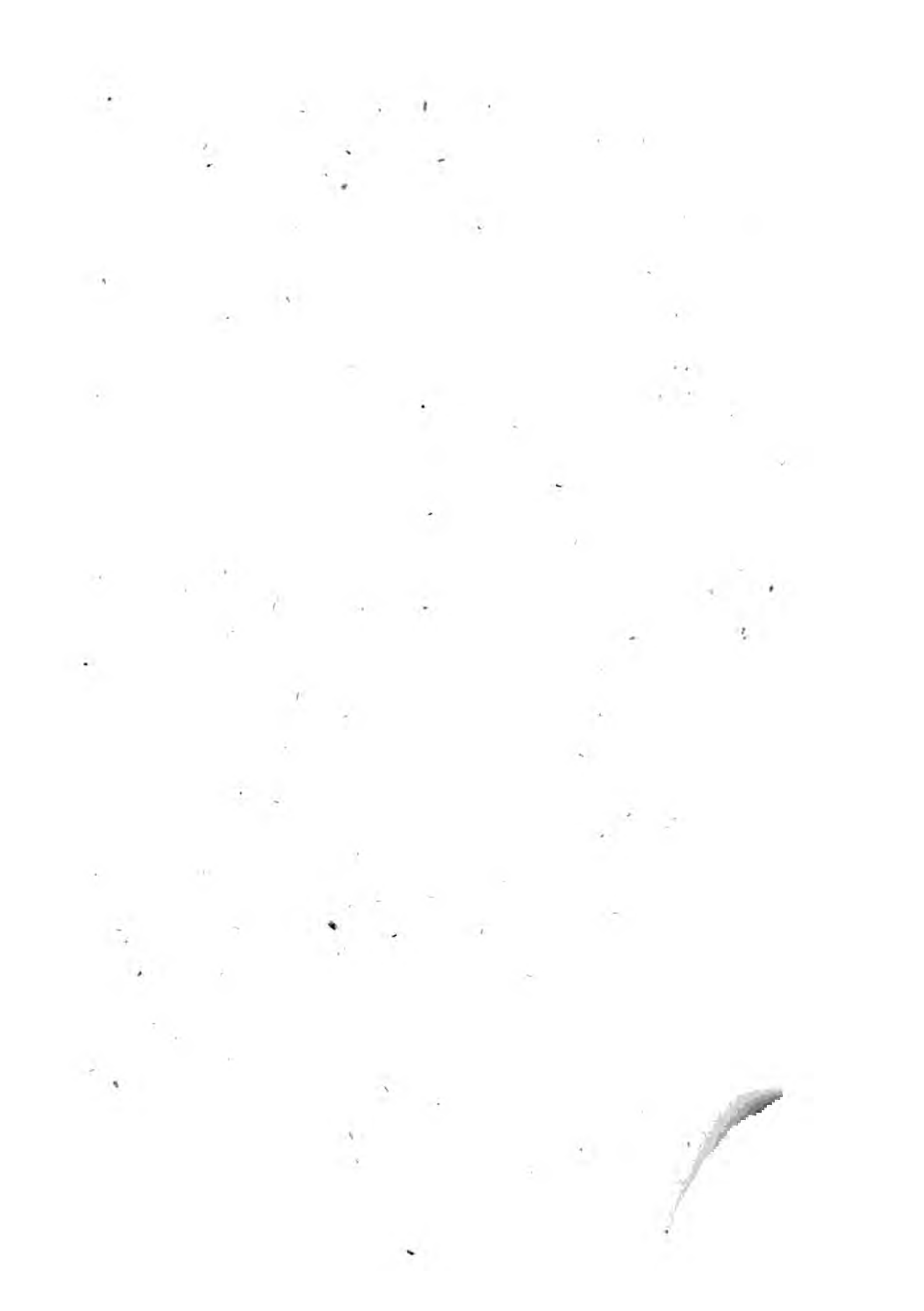


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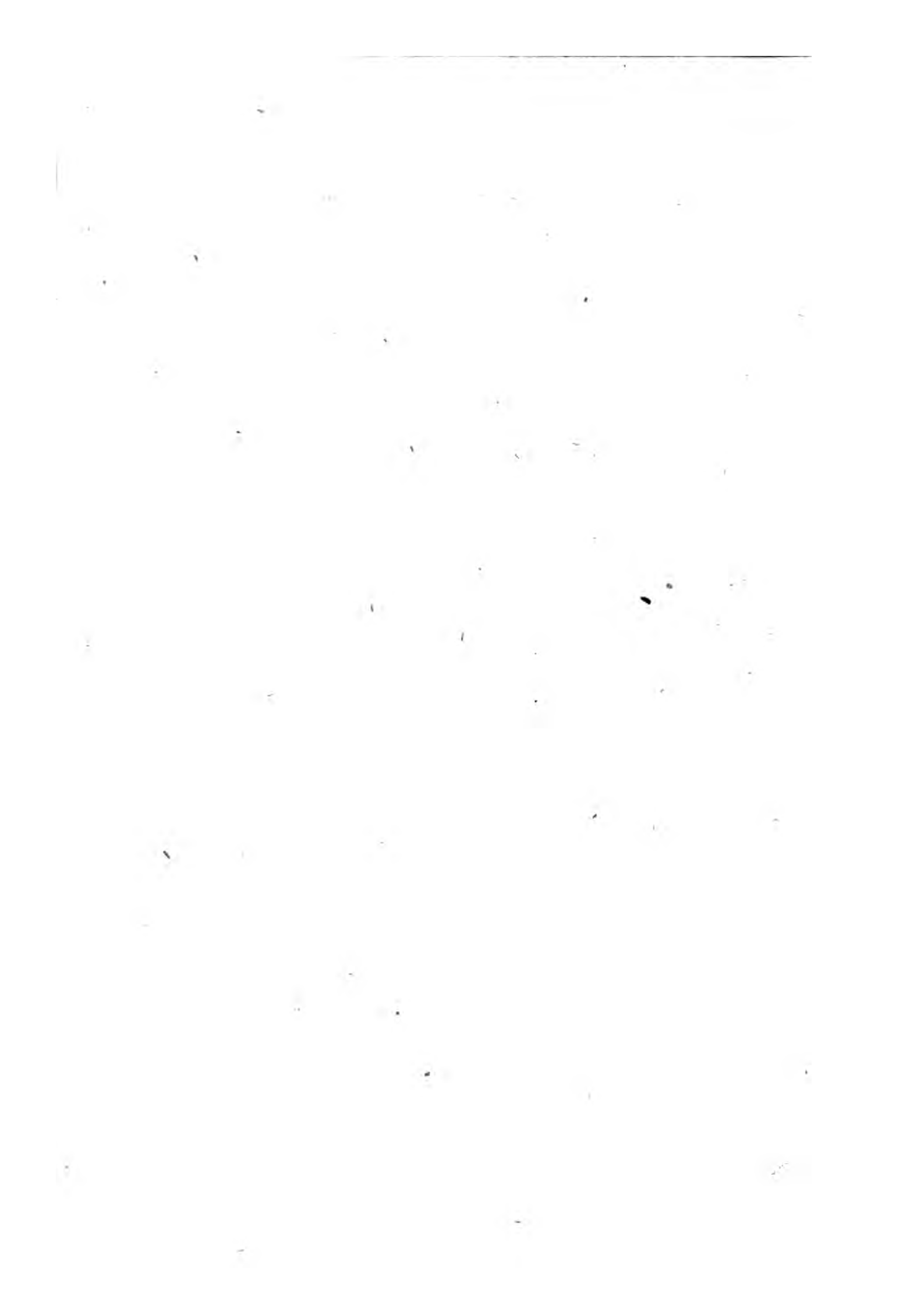
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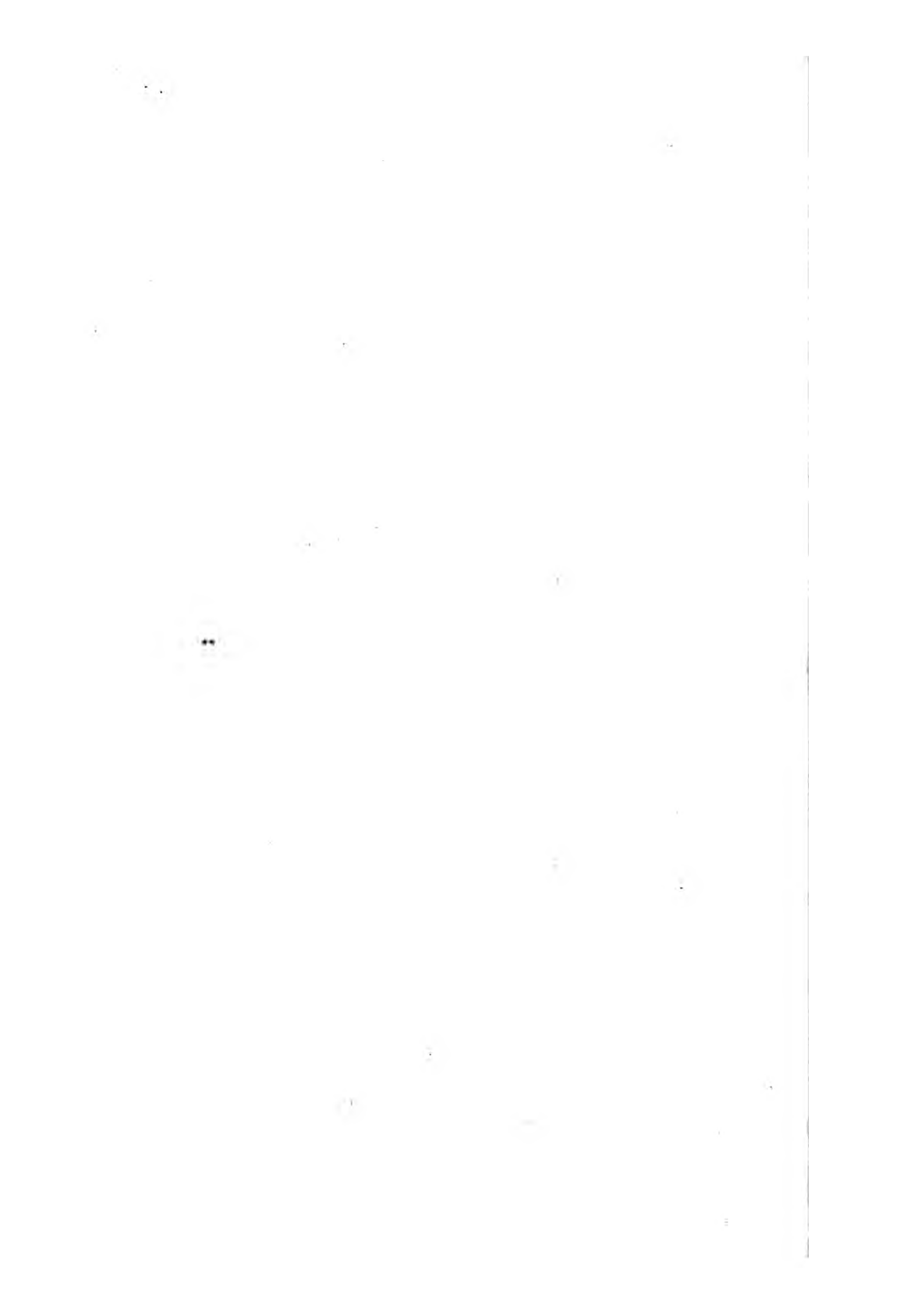








TALES.



TALES.

BY

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, LL. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

SIXTH EDITION.

==
VOL. I.

—•••••—
London:

PRINTED FOR J. HATCHARD,
BOOKSELLER TO THE QUEEN, 190, OPPOSITE ALBANY,
PICCADILLY.

==
1814.



**J. Brettell, Printer,
Rupert Street, Haymarket, London.**

Dedication.

TO

HER GRACE ISABELLA,

DUTCHESS DOWAGER OF RUTLAND.

MADAM,

THE Dedication of Works
of Literature to Persons of superior Worth
and Eminence, appears to have been a mea-

DEDICATION.

sure early adopted, and continued to the present time; so that, whatever objections have been made to the language of Dedicators, such Addresses must be considered as perfectly consistent with reason and propriety; in fact, superior Rank and elevated Situation in Life naturally and justly claim such respect; and it is the prerogative of Greatness to give countenance and favour to all who appear to merit and to need them: it is likewise the prerogative of every kind of Superiority and Celebrity, of Personal Merit when peculiar or extraordinary, of Dignity, Elegance, Wealth, and Beauty; certainly of superior Intellect and Intellectual Acquirements; every such kind of Eminence has its privilege, and being itself an object of distinguished approbation, it gains attention for whomsoever its possessor distinguishes and approves.

DEDICATION.

Yet the causes and motives for an Address of this kind rest not entirely with the merit of the Patron, the feelings of the Author himself having their weight and consideration in the choice he makes: he may have gratitude for benefits received, or pride not illaudable in aspiring to the favour of those whose notice confers honour; or he may entertain a secret but strong desire of seeing a Name in the entrance of his Work which he is accustomed to utter with peculiar satisfaction, and to hear mentioned with veneration and delight.

Such, Madam, are the various kinds of Eminence for which an Author on these occasions would probably seek, and they meet in **YOUR GRACE**; such too are the feelings by which he would be actuated, and they centre in me: Let me therefore entreat **YOUR GRACE**

DEDICATION.

to take this Book into your favour and protection, and to receive it as an offering of the utmost Respect and Duty, from,

May it please YOUR GRACE,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient,

Humble,

And devoted Servant,

GEORGE CRABBE.

Muston, July 31, 1812.

PREFACE.

THAT the appearance of the present Work before the Public is occasioned by a favourable reception of the former two, I hesitate not to acknowledge; because, while the confession may be regarded as some proof of gratitude, or at least of attention from an Author to his Readers, it ought not to be considered as an indication of vanity. It is unquestionably very pleasant to be assured that our labours are well received; but, nevertheless, this must not be taken for a just and full criterion of their merit: publications of great intrinsic value have been met with so much coolness, that a writer who succeeds in obtaining some degree of notice,

should look upon himself rather as one favoured than meritorious, as gaining a prize from Fortune, and not a recompense for desert; and, on the contrary, as it is well known that books of very inferior kind have been at once pushed into the strong current of popularity, and are there kept buoyant by the force of the stream, the writer who acquires not this adventitious help, may be reckoned rather as unfortunate than undeserving; and from these opposite considerations it follows, that a man may speak of his success without incurring justly the odium of conceit, and may likewise acknowledge a disappointment without an adequate cause for humiliation or self-reproach.

But were it true that something of the complacency of self-approbation would insinuate itself into an author's mind with the idea of success, the sensation would not be that of unalloyed pleasure; it would perhaps assist him to bear, but it would not enable him to escape, the mortification he must encounter from censures, which, though he may be unwilling to admit, yet he finds himself unable to confute; as well as from advice, which, at the same time that he cannot but approve, he is compelled to reject.

Reproof and advice, it is probable, every author

will receive, if we except those who merit so much of the former, that the latter is contemptuously denied them; now of these, reproof, though it may cause more temporary uneasiness, will in many cases create less difficulty, since errors may be corrected when opportunity occurs: but advice, I repeat, may be of such nature, that it will be painful to reject, and yet impossible to follow it; and in this predicament I conceive myself to be placed. There has been recommended to me, and from authority which neither inclination nor prudence leads me to resist, in any new work I might undertake, an unity of subject, and that arrangement of my materials which connects the whole and gives additional interest to every part; in fact, if not an Epic Poem, strictly so denominated, yet such composition as would possess a regular succession of events, and a catastrophe to which every incident should be subservient, and which every character, in a greater or less degree, should conspire to accomplish.

In a Poem of this nature, the principal and inferior characters in some degree resemble a General and his Army, where no one pursues his peculiar objects and adventures, or pursues them in unison with the movements and grand purposes

of the whole body; where there is a community of interests and a subordination of actors: and it was upon this view of the subject, and of the necessity for such distribution of persons and events, that I found myself obliged to relinquish an undertaking, for which the characters I could command, and the adventures I could describe, were altogether unfitted.

But if these characters which seemed to be at my disposal were not such as would coalesce into one body, nor were of a nature to be commanded by one mind, so neither on examination did they appear as an unconnected multitude, accidentally collected, to be suddenly dispersed; but rather beings of whom might be formed groups and smaller societies, the relations of whose adventures and pursuits might bear that kind of similitude to an Heroic Poem, which these minor associations of men (as pilgrims on the way to their saint, or parties in search of amusement, travellers excited by curiosity, or adventurers in pursuit of gain) have in points of connection and importance with a regular and disciplined Army.

Allowing this comparison, it is manifest that while much is lost for want of unity of subject and grandeur of design, something is gained by

greater variety of incident and more minute display of character, by accuracy of description and diversity of scene: in these narratives we pass from gay to grave, from lively to severe, not only without impropriety, but with manifest advantage. In one continued and connected Poem, the Reader is, in general, highly gratified or severely disappointed; by many independent narratives, he has the renovation of hope, although he has been dissatisfied, and a prospect of reiterated pleasure, should he find himself entertained.

I mean not, however, to compare these different modes of writing as if I were balancing their advantages and defects before I could give preference to either; with me the way I take is not a matter of choice, but of necessity: I present not my Tales to the Reader as if I had chosen the best method of ensuring his approbation, but as using the only means I possessed of engaging his attention.

It may probably be remarked that Tales, however dissimilar, might have been connected by some associating circumstance to which the whole number might bear equal affinity, and that examples of such union are to be found in *Chaucer*, in *Boccace*, and other collectors and inventors of Tales,

which, considered in themselves, are altogether independent; and to this idea I gave so much consideration as convinced me that I could not avail myself of the benefit of such artificial mode of affinity. To imitate the English Poet, characters must be found adapted to their several relations, and this is a point of great difficulty and hazard: much allowance seems to be required even for *Chaucer* himself, since it is difficult to conceive that on any occasion the devout and delicate *Prioress*, the courtly and valiant *Knight*, and “*the poure good Man the persone of a Towne,*” would be the voluntary companions of the drunken *Miller*, the licentious *Sompnour*, and “*the Wanton Wife of Bath,*” and enter into that colloquial and travelling intimacy which, if a common pilgrimage to the shrine of *St. Thomas* may be said to excuse, I know nothing beside (and certainly nothing in these times) that would produce such effect. *Boccace*, it is true, avoids all difficulty of this kind, by not assigning to the ten relators of his hundred Tales any marked or peculiar characters; nor though there are male and female in company, can the sex of the narrator be distinguished in the narration. To have followed the method of *Chaucer*, might have been of use, but could scarcely

be adopted, from its difficulty; and to have taken that of the Italian writer, would have been perfectly easy, but could be of no service: the attempt at union therefore has been relinquished, and these relations are submitted to the Public, connected by no other circumstance than their being the productions of the same Author, and devoted to the same purpose, the entertainment of his Readers.

It has been already acknowledged, that these compositions have no pretensions to be estimated with the more lofty and heroic kind of Poems, but I feel great reluctance in admitting that they have not a fair and legitimate claim to the poetic character; in vulgar estimation, indeed, all that is not prose, passes for poetry; but I have not ambition of so humble a kind as to be satisfied with a concession which requires nothing in the Poet, except his ability for counting syllables; and I trust something more of the poetic character will be allowed to the succeeding pages, than what the heroes of the *Dunciad* might share with the Author: nor was I aware that by describing, as faithfully as I could, men, manners, and things, I was forfeiting a just title to a name which has been freely granted to many whom to equal, and even to excel, is but very stunted commendation.

In this case it appears that the usual comparison between Poetry and Painting entirely fails: the artist who takes an accurate likeness of individuals, or a faithful representation of scenery, may not rank so high in the public estimation, as one who paints an historical event, or an heroic action; but he is nevertheless a painter, and his accuracy is so far from diminishing his reputation, that it procures for him in general both fame and emolument: nor is it perhaps with strict justice determined that the credit and reputation of those verses which strongly and faithfully delineate character and manners, should be lessened in the opinion of the Public by the very accuracy which gives value and distinction to the productions of the pencil.

Nevertheless, it must be granted that the pretensions of any composition to be regarded as Poetry, will depend upon that definition of the poetic character which he who undertakes to determine the question has considered as decisive; and it is confessed also that one of great authority may be adopted, by which the verses now before the Reader, and many others which have probably amused and delighted him, must be excluded: a definition like this will be found in the words which the greatest of Poets, not divinely

inspired, has given to the most noble and valiant Duke of Athens—

“ The Poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
“ Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to
“ Heaven ;
“ And as Imagination bodies forth
“ The forms of things unknown, the Poet’s pen
“ Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
“ A local habitation, and a name.” *

Hence we observe the Poet is one who, in the excursions of his fancy between heaven and earth, lights upon a kind of fairy-land in which he places a creation of his own, where he embodies shapes, and gives action and adventure to his ideal offspring ; taking captive the imagination of his readers, he elevates them above the grossness of actual being, into the soothing and pleasant atmosphere of supra-mundane existence: there he obtains for his visionary inhabitants the interest that engages a Reader’s attention without ruffling his feelings, and excites that moderate kind of sympathy which the realities of nature oftentimes fail to produce, either because they are so familiar and insignificant that they excite no determinate

* *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Act V. Scene 1.

emotion, or are so harsh and powerful that the feelings excited are grating and distasteful.

Be it then granted that (as *Duke Theseus* observes) '*such tricks hath strong Imagination,*' and that such Poets '*are of imagination all compact;*' let it be further conceded, that theirs is a higher and more dignified kind of composition, nay, the only kind that has pretensions to inspiration; still, that these poets should so entirely engross the title as to exclude those who address their productions to the plain sense and sober judgment of their Readers, rather than to their fancy and imagination, I must repeat that I am unwilling to admit—because I conceive that, by granting such right of exclusion, a vast deal of what has been hitherto received as genuine poetry would no longer be entitled to that appellation.

All that kind of satire wherein character is skilfully delineated, must (this criterion being allowed) no longer be esteemed as genuine Poetry; and for the same reason many affecting narratives which are founded on real events, and borrow no aid whatever from the imagination of the writer, must likewise be rejected: a considerable part of the Poems, as they have hitherto been denominated, of *Chaucer*, are of this naked and unveiled cha-

acter: and there are in his Tales many pages of coarse, accurate, and minute, but very striking description. Many small Poems in a subsequent age of most impressive kind are adapted and addressed to the common sense of the Reader, and prevail by the strong language of truth and nature: they amused our ancestors, and they continue to engage our interest, and excite our feelings, by the same powerful appeals to the heart and affections. In times less remote, *Dryden* has given us much of this Poetry, in which the force of expression and accuracy of description have neither needed nor obtained assistance from the fancy of the writer; the characters in his *Absalom* and *Ahitophel* are instances of this, and more especially those of *Doeg* and *Ogg* in the second part: these, with all their grossness, and almost offensive accuracy, are found to possess that strength and spirit which has preserved from utter annihilation the dead bodies of *Tate* to whom they were inhumanly bound, happily with a fate the reverse of that caused by the cruelty of *Mezentius*; for there the living perished in the putrefaction of the dead, and here the dead are preserved by the vitality of the living. And, to bring forward one other example, it will be found that Pope himself has no

small portion of this actuality of relation, this nudity of description, and poetry without an atmosphere; the lines beginning, ‘*In the worst inn’s worst room,*’ are an example, and many others may be seen in his Satires, Imitations, and above all in his Dunciad: the frequent absence of those ‘*Sports of Fancy,*’ and ‘*Tricks of strong Imagination,*’ have been so much observed, that some have ventured to question whether even this writer were a Poet; and though, as *Dr. Johnson* has remarked, it would be difficult to form a definition of one in which *Pope* should not be admitted, yet they who doubted his claim, had, it is likely, provided for his exclusion by forming that kind of character for their Poet, in which this elegant versifier, for so he must be then named, should not be comprehended.

These things considered, an Author will find comfort in his expulsion from the rank and society of Poets, by reflecting that men much his superiors were likewise shut out, and more especially when he finds also that men not much his superiors are entitled to admission.

But in whatever degree I may venture to differ from any others in my notions of the qualifications and character of the true Poet, I most cordially

assent to their opinion who assert that his principal exertions must be made to engage the attention of his Readers; and further, I must allow that the effect of Poetry should be to lift the mind from the painful realities of actual existence, from its every-day concerns, and its perpetually-occurring vexations, and to give it repose by substituting objects in their place which it may contemplate with some degree of interest and satisfaction: but what is there in all this, which may not be effected by a fair representation of existing character? nay, by a faithful delineation of those painful realities, those every-day concerns, and those perpetually-occurring vexations themselves, provided they be not (which is hardly to be supposed) the very concerns and distresses of the Reader? for when it is admitted that they have no particular relation to him, but are the troubles and anxieties of other men, they excite and interest his feelings as the imaginary exploits, adventures, and perils of romance;—they soothe his mind, and keep his curiosity pleasantly awake; they appear to have enough of reality to engage his sympathy, but possess not interest sufficient to create painful sensations. Fiction itself, we know, and every work of fancy, must for a time

have the effect of realities; nay, the very enchanters, spirits, and monsters of *Ariosto* and *Spencer* must be present in the mind of the Reader while he is engaged by their operations, or they would be as the objects and incidents of a Nursery Tale to a rational understanding, altogether despised and neglected: in truth, I can but consider this pleasant effect upon the mind of a Reader, as depending neither upon the events related (whether they be actual or imaginary), nor upon the characters introduced (whether taken from life or fancy), but upon the manner in which the Poem itself is conducted; let that be judiciously managed, and the occurrences actually copied from life will have the same happy effect as the inventions of a creative fancy;—while, on the other hand, the imaginary persons and incidents to which the Poet has given ‘*a local habitation, and a name,*’ will make upon the concurring feelings of the Reader, the same impressions with those taken from truth and nature, because they will appear to be derived from that source, and therefore of necessity will have a similar effect.

Having thus far presumed to claim for the ensuing pages the rank and title of Poetry, I attempt

no more, nor venture to class or compare them with any other kinds of poetical composition; their place will doubtless be found for them.

A principal view and wish of the Poet must be to engage the mind of his Readers, as, failing in that point, he will scarcely succeed in any other: I therefore willingly confess that much of my time and assiduity has been devoted to this purpose; but, to the ambition of pleasing, no other sacrifices have, I trust, been made, than of my own labour and care. Nothing will be found that militates against the rules of propriety and good manners, nothing that offends against the more important precepts of morality and religion; and with this negative kind of merit, I commit my Book to the judgment and taste of the Reader—not being willing to provoke his vigilance by professions of accuracy, nor to solicit his indulgence by apologies for mistakes.

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TALES.

VOL. I.

B

TALE I.

THE DUMB ORATORS;
OR,
THE BENEFIT OF SOCIETY.

With fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe—
Full of wise saws and modern instances.
As you Like it, Act II. Scene 7.

Deep shame hath struck me dumb.
King John, Act IV. Scene 2.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue,
Our ears are cudgell'd.
King John, Act II. Scene 2.

Let's kill all the lawyers;
Now show yourselves men: 'tis for liberty:
We will not leave one lord or gentleman.
2 Henry VI. Act II. Scene 7.

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Twelfth Night, Act V. Scene Last.



TALE I.

THE DUMB ORATORS.

THAT all Men would be cowards if they dare,
Some men we know have courage to declare;
And this the life of many an hero shows,
That like the tide, Man's courage ebbs and flows :
With friends and gay companions round them, then
Men boldly speak and have the hearts of Men ;
Who, with opponents seated, miss the aid
Of kind applauding looks, and grow afraid ;
Like timid trav'lers in the night, they fear
Th' assault of foes, when not a friend is near.

In contest mighty and of conquest proud,
Was *Justice Bolt*, impetuous, warm, and loud ;
His fame, his prowess all the country knew,
And disputants, with one so fierce, were few :

He was a younger son, for law design'd,
With dauntless look and persevering mind ;
While yet a clerk, for disputation fam'd,
No efforts tir'd him, and no conflicts tam'd.

Scarcely he bade his master's desk adieu,
When both his brothers from the world withdrew.
An ample fortune he from them possess'd,
And was with saving care and prudence bless'd.
Now would he go and to the country give
Example how an *English* 'Squire should live ;
How bounteous, yet how frugal man may be,
By a well-order'd hospitality ;
He would the rights of all so well maintain,
That none should idle be, and none complain.

All this and more he purpos'd—and what man
Could do, he did to realise his plan :
But time convinc'd him that we cannot keep
A breed of reasoners like a flock of sheep ;
For they, so far from following as we lead,
Make that a cause why they will not proceed.
Man will not follow where a rule is shown,
But loves to take a method of his own ;
Explain the way with all your care and skill,
This will he quit, if but to prove he will.—
Yet had our Justice honour—and the crowd,
Aw'd by his presence, their respect avow'd.

In later years he found his heart incline,
More than in youth, to gen'rous food and wine ;
But no indulgence check'd the powerful love
He felt to teach, to argue, and reprove.

Meetings, or public calls, he never miss'd—
To dictate often, always to assist.
Oft he the Clergy join'd, and not a cause
Pertain'd to them but he could quote the laws ;
He, upon tithes and residence display'd
A fund of knowledge for the hearer's aid ;
And could on glebe and farming, wool and grain,
A long discourse, without a pause, maintain.

To his experience and his native sense,
He join'd a bold imperious eloquence ;
The grave, stern look of men inform'd and wise,
A full command of feature, heart, and eyes,
An awe-compelling frown, and fear-inspiring size.
When at the table, not a guest was seen
With appetite so ling'ring, or so keen ;
But when the outer man no more requir'd,
The inner wak'd and he was man inspir'd.
His subjects then were those, a subject true
Presents in fairest form to public view ;
Of Church and State, of Law, with mighty strength
Of words he spoke, in speech of mighty length :
And now, into the vale of years declin'd,
He hides too little of the monarch-mind :

He kindles anger by untimely jokes,
And opposition by contempt provokes ;
Mirth he suppresses by his awful frown,
And humble spirits, by disdain, keeps down ;
Blam'd by the mild, approv'd by the severe,
The prudent fly him, and the valiant fear.

For overbearing is his proud discourse,
And overwhelming of his voice the force ;
And overpowering is he when he shows
What floats upon a mind that always overflows.

This ready Man at every meeting rose,
Something to hint, determine, or propose ;
And grew so fond of teaching, that he taught
Those who instruction needed not or sought :
Happy our Hero, when he could excite
Some thoughtless talker to the wordy fight :
Let him a subject at his pleasure choose,
Physic or Law, Religion or the Muse ;
On all such themes he was prepar'd to shine,
Physician, poet, lawyer, and divine.
Hemm'd in by some tough argument, borne down
By press of language and the awful frown,
In vain for mercy shall the culprit plead ;
His crime is past, and sentence must proceed ;
Ah ! suffering man, have patience, bear thy woes—
For lo ! the clock—at ten the Justice goes.

This powerful man, on business or to please
A curious taste, or weary grown of ease ;
On a long journey travell'd many a mile
Westward, and halted midway in our isle ;
Content to view a city large and fair,
Though none had notice—what a man was there !

Silent two days, he then began to long
Again to try a voice so loud and strong ;
To give his favourite topics some new grace,
And gain some glory in such distant place ;
To reap some present pleasure, and to sow
Seeds of fair fame, in after-time to grow :
Here will men say, “ We heard, at such an hour,
“ The best of speakers—wonderful his power.”

Inquiry made, he found that day would meet
A learned Club, and in the very street:
Knowledge to gain and give, was the design ;
To speak, to hearken, to debate, and dine :
This pleas'd our Traveller, for he felt his force
In either way, to eat or to discourse.

Nothing more easy than to gain access
To men like these, with his polite address :
So he succeeded, and first look'd around,
To view his objects and to take his ground ;
And therefore silent chose awhile to sit,
Then enter boldly by some lucky hit ;

Some observation keen or stroke severe,
To cause some wonder or excite some fear.

Now, dinner past, no longer he suppress
His strong dislike to be a silent guest ;
Subjects and words were now at his command—
When disappointment frown'd on all he plann'd ;
For, hark !—he heard amaz'd, on every side,
His Church insulted and her Priests belied ;
The Laws revil'd, the Ruling Power abus'd,
The Land derided, and its Foes excused :—
He heard and ponder'd.—What, to men so vile,
Should be his language ? For his threat'ning style
They were too many ;—if his speech were meek,
They would despise such poor attempts to speak :
At other times with every word at will,
He now sat lost, perplex'd, astonish'd, still.

Here were Socinians, Deists, and indeed
All who, as foes to England's Church, agreed ;
But still with creeds unlike, and some without a creed :
Here, too, fierce friends of Liberty he saw,
Who own'd no prince and who obey no law ;
There were Reformers of each different sort,
Foes to the Laws, the Priesthood, and the Court ;
Some on their favourite plans alone intent,
Some purely angry and malevolent :
The rash were proud to blame their Country's laws ;
The vain, to seem supporters of a cause ;

One call'd for change that he would dread to see ;
Another sigh'd for Gallic Liberty !
And numbers joining with the forward crew,
For no one reason—but that numbers do.

“ How,” said the Justice, “ can this trouble rise,
“ This shame and pain, from creatures I despise ?”
And conscience answer'd—‘ The prevailing cause
‘ Is thy delight in listening to applause ;
‘ Here, thou art seated with a tribe, who spurn
‘ Thy favourite themes, and into laughter turn
‘ Thy fears and wishes ; silent and obscure,
‘ Thyself, shalt thou the long harangue endure ;
‘ And learn, by feeling, what it is to force
‘ On thy unwilling friends the long discourse :
‘ What though thy thoughts be just, and these, it seems,
‘ Are traitors’ projects, idiots’ empty schemes ;
‘ Yet minds like bodies cramm’d, reject their food,
‘ Nor will be forc’d and tortur’d for their good !’

At length, a sharp, shrewd, sallow Man arose ;
And begg’d he briefly might his mind disclose ;
“ It was his duty, in these worst of times,
“ T’inform the govern’d of their Rulers’ crimes :”
This pleasant subject to attend, they each
Prepar’d to listen, and forbore to teach.

Then voluble and fierce the wordy Man
Through a long chain of favourite horrors ran :—

First, of the Church, from whose enslaving power
He was deliver'd, and he bless'd the hour ;
' Bishops and deans, and prebendaries all,'
He said, ' were cattle fatt'ning in the stall ;
' Slothful and pursy, insolent and mean,
' Were every bishop, prebendary, dean,
' And wealthy rector : curates, poorly paid,
' Were only dull ;—he would not them upbraid.'

From priests he turn'd to canons, creeds, and prayers,
Rubrics and rules, and all our Church affairs ;
Churches themselves, desk, pulpit, altar, all
The Justice reverenc'd—and pronounc'd their fall.

Then from Religion *Hammond* turn'd his view,
To give our Rulers the correction due ;
Not one wise action had these triflers plann'd ;
There was, it seem'd, no wisdom in the land ;
Save in this Patriot tribe, who meet at times
To show the statesman's errors and his crimes.

Now here was *Justice Bolt* compell'd to sit,
To hear the Deist's scorn, the Rebel's wit ;
The fact mis-stated, the envenom'd lie,
And staring, spell-bound, made not one reply.

Then were our Laws abus'd—and with the laws,
All who prepare, defend, or judge a cause :

“ We have no lawyer whom a man can trust,”
Proceeded *Hammond*—“ if the laws were just ;
“ But they are evil ; ’tis the savage state
“ Is only good, and ours sophisticate !
“ See ! the free creatures in their woods and plains,
“ Where without laws each happy monarch reigns,
“ King of himself—while we a number dread,
“ By slaves commanded and by dunces led ;
“ Oh, let the name with either state agree—
“ Savage our own we’ll name, and civil theirs shall be.”

The silent Justice still astonish’d sate,
And wonder’d much whom he was gazing at ;
Twice he essay’d to speak—but in a cough,
The faint, indignant, dying speech went off :
“ But who is this ?” thought he—“ a dæmon vile,
“ With wicked meaning and a vulgar style :
“ *Hammond* they call him ; they can give the name
“ Of man to devils.—Why am I so tame ?
“ Why crush I not the viper ?”—Fear reply’d,
“ Watch him awhile and let his strength be try’d ;
“ He will be foil’d, if man ; but if his aid
“ Be from beneath, ’tis well to be afraid.’

“ We are call’d free !” said *Hammond*—“doleful times
“ When Rulers add their insult to their crimes ;
“ For should our scorn expose each powerful vice,
“ It would be libel, and we pay the price.”

Thus with licentious words the man went on,
Proving that liberty of speech was gone ;
That all were slaves—nor had we better chance,
For better times than as allies to *France*.

Loud groan'd the Stranger—Why, he must relate ;
And own'd, “ In sorrow for his Country's fate ;”
' Nay, she were safe,' the ready Man reply'd,
' Might Patriots rule her, and could Reasoners guide ;
' When all to vote, to speak, to teach, are free,
' Whate'er their creeds or their opinions be ;
' When books of statutes are consum'd in flames,
' And courts and copyholds are empty names :
' Then will be times of joy—but ere they come,
' Havock, and war, and blood must be our doom.'

The Man here paus'd—then loudly for Reform
He call'd, and hail'd the prospect of the storm ;
The wholesome blast, the fertilizing flood—
Peace gain'd by tumult, plenty bought with blood :
Sharp means, he own'd ; but when the land's disease
Asks cure complete, no med^ocines are like these.

Our Justice now, more led by fear than rage,
Saw it in vain with madness to engage ;
With imps of darkness no man seeks to fight,
Knaves to instruct, or set deceivers right :
Then as the daring speech denounc'd these woes,
Sick at the soul, the grieving Guest arose ;

Quick on the board his ready cash he threw,
And from the dæmons to his closet flew :
There when secur'd, he pray'd with earnest zeal,
That all they wish'd, these patriot-souls might feel ;
“ Let them to *France*, their darling country, haste,
“ And all the comforts of a Frenchman taste ;
“ Let them his safety, freedom, pleasure know,
“ Feel all their rulers on the land bestow ;
“ And be at length dismiss'd by one unerring blow ;
“ Not hack'd and hew'd by one afraid to strike,
“ But shorn by that which shears all men alike ;
“ Nor, as in *Britain*, let them curse delay
“ Of law, but borne without a form away—
“ Suspected, tried, condemn'd, and carted in a day ;
“ Oh ! let them taste what they so much approve,
“ These strong fierce freedoms of the land they love.”*

Home came our Hero, to forget no more
The fear he felt and ever must deplore :

* The reader will perceive in these and the preceding verses, allusions to the state of France, as that country was circumstanced some years since, rather than as it appears to be in the present date ; several years elapsing between the alarm of the loyal Magistrate on the occasion now related, and a subsequent event that farther illustrates the remark with which the narrative commences.

For though he quickly join'd his friends again,
And could with decent force his themes maintain ;
Still it occur'd that, in a luckless time,
He fail'd to fight with Heresy and Crime ;
It was observ'd his words were not so strong,
His tones so powerful, his harangues so long,
As in old times—for he would often drop
The lofty look, and of a sudden stop ;
When Conscience whisper'd, that he once was still,
And let the wicked triumph at their will ;
And therefore now, when not a foe was near,
He had no right so valiant to appear.

Some years had pass'd, and he perceiv'd his fears
Yield to the spirit of his earlier years—
When at a meeting, with his friends beside,
He saw an object that awak'd his pride ;
His shame, wrath, vengeance, indignation—all
Man's harsher feelings did that sight recall.

For lo ! beneath him fix'd, our Man of Law,
That lawless man the Foe of Order, saw ;
Once fear'd, now scorn'd ; once dreaded, now abhorr'd ;
A wordy man, and evil every word ;
Again he gaz'd—"It is," said he, "the same ;"
"Caught and secure: his master owes him shame :"
So thought our Hero, who each instant found
His courage rising, from the numbers round.

As when a felon has escap'd and fled,
So long, that law conceives the culprit dead ;
And back recall'd her myrmidons, intent
On some new game, and with a stronger scent ;
Till she beholds him in a place, where none
Could have conceiv'd the culprit would have gone ;
There he sits upright in his seat, secure,
As one whose conscience is correct and pure ;
This rouses anger for the old offence,
And scorn for all such seeming and pretence ;
So on this *Hammond* look'd our Hero bold,
Rememb'ring well that vile offence of old ;
And now he saw the rebel dar'd t' intrude
Among the pure, the loyal, and the good ;
The crime provok'd his wrath, the folly stirr'd his blood :
Nor wonder was it, if so strange a sight
Caus'd joy with vengeance, terror with delight ;
Terror like this a tiger might create,
A joy like that to see his captive state,
At once to know his force and then decree his fate.

Hammond, much prais'd by numerous friends, was come
To read his lectures, so admir'd at home ;
Historic lectures, where he lov'd to mix
His free plain hints on modern politics :
Here, he had heard, that numbers had design,
Their business finish'd, to sit down and dine ;
This gave him pleasure, for he judg'd it right
To show by day, that he could speak at night.

Rash the design—for he perceiv'd, too late,
Not one approving friend beside him sate ;
The greater number, whom he trac'd around,
Were men in black, and he conceiv'd they frown'd.
“ I will not speak,” he thought ; “ no pearls of mine
“ Shall be presented to this herd of swine ;”
Not this avail'd him, when he cast his eye
On *Justice Bolt* ; he could not fight, nor fly :
He saw a man to whom he gave the pain,
Which now he felt must be return'd again ;
His conscience told him, with what keen delight
He, at that time, enjoy'd a stranger's fright ;
That stranger now befriended—he alone,
For all his insult, friendless, to atone ;
Now he could feel it cruel that a heart
Should be distress'd, and none to take its part ;
' Though one by one,' said Pride, ' I would defy
' Much greater men, yet meeting every eye,
' I do confess a fear—but he will pass me by.'

Vain hope ! the *Justice* saw the foe's distress,
With exultation he could not suppress ;
He felt the fish was hook'd—and so forbore,
In playful spite, to draw it to the shore.
Hammond look'd round again ; but none were near,
With friendly smile, to still his growing fear ;
But all above him seem'd a solemn row
Of priests and deacons, so they seem'd below ;

He wonder'd who his right-hand man might be—
Vicar of *Holt cum Uppingham*, was he ;
And who the man of that dark frown possess'd —
Rector of *Bradley* and of *Barton-west* ;
' A pluralist,' he growl'd—but check'd the word,
That warfare might not, by his zeal, be stirr'd.

But now began the man above, to show
Fierce looks and threat'nings to the man below ;
Who had some thoughts, his peace, by flight to seek—
But how then lecture, if he dar'd not speak !—

Now as the Justice for the war prepar'd,
He seem'd just then to question if he dar'd ;
“ He may resist, although his power be small,
“ And growing desperate may defy us all ;
“ One dog attack, and he prepares for flight—
“ Resist another, and he strives to bite ;
“ Nor can I say, if this rebellious cur
“ Will fly for safety, or will scorn to stir.”
Alarm'd by this, he lash'd his soul to rage,
Burn'd with strong shame and hurried to engage.

As a male turkey straggling on the green,
When by fierce harriers, terriers, mongrels seen,
He feels the insult of the noisy train,
And sculks aside, though mov'd by much disdain ;
But when that turkey, at his own barn-door,
Sees one poor straying puppy and no more ;

(A foolish puppy who had left the pack,
Thoughtless what foe was threat'ning at his back,)
He moves about, as ship prepar'd to sail,
He hoists his proud rotundity of tail,
The half-seal'd eyes and changeful neck he shows,
Where, in its quick'ning colours, vengeance glows;
From red to blue the pendant wattles turn,
Blue mix'd with red, as matches when they burn;
And thus th' intruding snarler to oppose,
Urg'd by enkindling wrath, he gobbling goes.

So look'd our Hero in his wrath, his cheeks
Flush'd with fresh fires and glow'd in tingling streaks;
His breath by passion's force awhile restrain'd,
Like a stopp'd current greater force regain'd;
So spoke, so look'd he, every eye and ear
Were fix'd to view him, or were turn'd to hear.

“ My friends, you know me, you can witness all,
“ How urg'd by passion, I restrain my gall;
“ And every motive to revenge withstand—
“ Save, when I hear abus'd my native land.

“ Is it not known, agreed, confirm'd, confess'd,
“ That of all people, we are govern'd best?
“ We have the force of Monarchies; are free,
“ As the most proud Republicans can be;
“ And have those prudent counsels that arise
“ In grave and cautious Aristocracies;

“ And live there those, in such all-glorious state,
“ Traitors protected in the land they hate?
“ Rebels, still warring with the laws that give
“ To them subsistence?—Yes, such wretches live.

“ Ours, is a Church reform'd, and now no more
“ Is aught for man to mend or to restore ;
“ 'Tis pure in doctrines, 'tis correct in creeds,
“ Has nought redundant, and it nothing needs ;
“ No evil is therein—no wrinkle, spot,
“ Stain, blame, or blemish :—I affirm there's not.

“ All this you know—now mark what once befell,
“ With grief I bore it, and with shame I tell ;
“ I was entrapp'd—yes, so it came to pass,
“ 'Mid heathen rebels, a tumultuous class ;
“ Each to his country bore a hellish mind,
“ Each like his neighbour was of cursed kind ;
“ The land that nurs'd them, they blasphem'd ; the laws,
“ Their Sovereign's glory, and their Country's cause ;
“ And who their mouth, their master-fiend, and who
“ Rebellion's Oracle ?—You, caitiff, you !”

He spoke, and standing stretch'd his mighty arm,
And fix'd the Man of Words, as by a charm.

“ How rav'd that Railer ! Sure some hellish power
“ Restrain'd my tongue in that delirious hour,

“ Or I had hurl’d the shame and vengeance due,
 “ On him the guide of that infuriate crew ;
 “ But to mine eyes, such dreadful looks appear’d,
 “ Such mingled yell of lying words I heard,
 “ That I conceiv’d around were dæmons all,
 “ And till I fled the house, I fear’d its fall.”

“ Oh ! could our Country from our coasts expel
 “ Such foes? to nourish those who wish her well :
 “ This her mild laws forbid, but we may still
 “ From us eject them by our sovereign will ;
 “ This let us do.”—He said, and then began
 A gentler feeling for the Silent Man ;
 Ev’n in our Hero’s mighty soul arose
 A touch of pity for experienc’d woes ;
 But this was transient, and with angry eye
 He sternly look’d, and paus’d for a reply.

’Twas then the Man of many Words would speak—
 But, in his trial, had them all to seek :
 To find a friend he look’d the circle round,
 But joy or scorn in every feature found ;
 He sipped his wine, but in those times of dread
 Wine only adds confusion to the head ;
 In doubt he reason’d with himself—‘ And how
 ‘ Harangue at night, if I be silent now ?’
 From pride and praise receiv’d, he sought to draw
 Courage to speak, but still remain’d the awe ;

One moment rose he with a forc'd disdain,
 And then abash'd, sunk sadly down again ;
 While in our Hero's glance he seem'd to read,
 " Slave and insurgent ! what hast thou to plead ?"—

By desperation urg'd he now began :
 ' I seek no favour—I—the Rights of Man !
 ' Claim ; and I—nay !—but give me leave—and I
 ' Insist—a man—that is—and in reply,
 ' I speak.'—Alas ! each new attempt was vain :
 Confus'd he stood, he sate, he rose again ;
 At length he growl'd defiance, sought the door,
 Curs'd the whole synod, and was seen no more.

" Laud we," said Justice *Bolt*, " the Powers above ;
 " Thus could our speech the sturdiest foe remove."
 Exulting now he gain'd new strength of fame,
 And lost all feelings of defeat and shame.

" He dar'd not strive, you witness'd—dar'd not lift
 " His voice, nor drive at his accursed drift :
 " So all shall tremble, wretches who oppose
 " Our Church or State—thus be it to our foes."

He spoke, and, seated with his former air,
 Look'd his full self, and fill'd his ample chair ;
 Took one full bumper to each favourite cause,
 And dwelt all night on politics and laws,
 With high applauding voice, that gain'd him high applause.



TALE II.

THE PARTING HOUR.

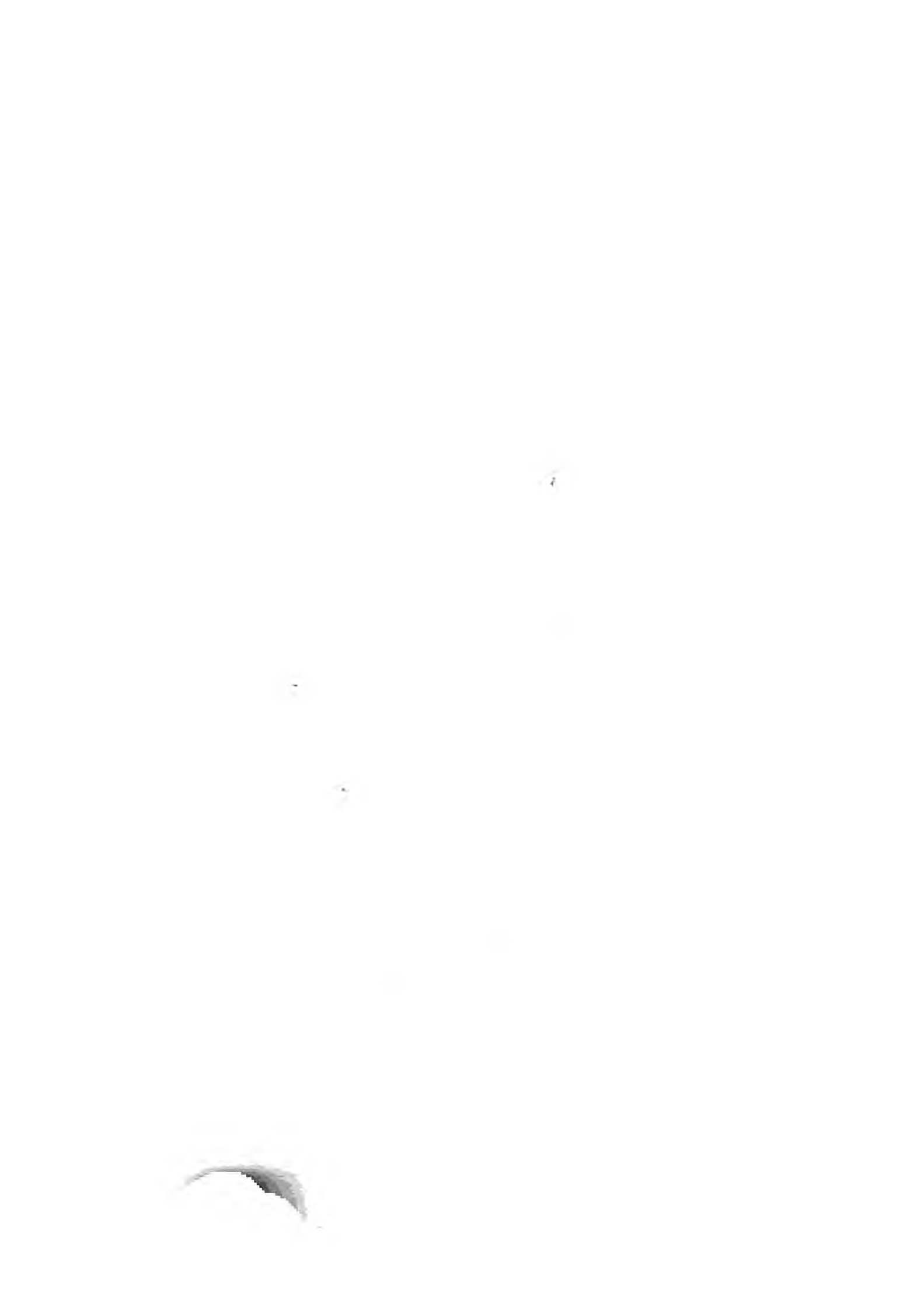
I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
How I would think of him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such ;—or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words—comes forth my father.—
Cymbeline, Act I. Scene 4.

Grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures o'er my face.
Comedy of Errors, Act V. Scene 1.

Oh! if thou be the same Egean, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia.
Comedy of Errors, Act V. Scene 5.

I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish years
To the very moment when she bad me tell it,
Wherein I spake of most disasterous chances,
Of moving accident by fire and flood,
Of being taken by th' insolent foe
And sold to slavery.
Othello, Act I. Scene 3.

An old man, broken with the storms of fate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among you ;
Give him a little earth for charity.
Henry VIII. Act IV. Scene 2.



TALE II.

THE PARTING HOUR.

MINUTELY trace man's life ; year after year,
Through all his days let all his deeds appear,
And then, though some may in that life be strange,
Yet there appears no vast nor sudden change :
The links that bind those various deeds are seen,
And no mysterious void is left between.

But let these binding links be all destroy'd,
All that through years he suffer'd or enjoy'd ;
Let that vast gap be made, and then behold—
This was the youth, and he is thus when old ;
Then we at once the work of Time survey,
And in an instant see a life's decay ;
Pain mixt with pity in our bosoms rise,
And sorrow takes new sadness from surprise.

Beneath yon tree, observe an ancient Pair—
A sleeping man ; a woman in her chair,
Watching his looks with kind and pensive air ;

No wife, nor sister she, nor is the name
Nor kindred of this friendly Pair the same ;
Yet so allied are they, that few can feel
Her constant, warm, unwearied, anxious zeal ;
Their years and woes, although they long have lov'd,
Keep their good name and conduct unprov'd ;
Thus life's small comforts they together share,
And while life lingers for the grave prepare.

No other subjects on their spirits press,
Nor gain such int'rest as the past distress ;
Grievous events that from the mem'ry drive
Life's common cares, and those alone survive,
Mix with each thought, in every action share,
Darken each dream, and blend with every prayer.

To *David Booth*, his fourth and last-born boy,
Allen his name, was more than common joy ;
And as the child grew up, there seem'd in him
A more than common life in every limb ;
A strong and handsome stripling he became,
And the gay spirit answer'd to the frame ;
A lighter, happier lad was never seen,
For ever easy, cheerful, or serene ;
His early love he fix'd upon a fair
And gentle Maid—they were a handsome pair

They at an infant-school together play'd,
Where the foundation of their love was laid ;

The boyish champion would his choice attend
In every sport, in every fray defend.
As prospects open'd and as life advanc'd,
They walk'd together, they together danc'd ;
On all occasions, from their early years,
They mix'd their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears ;
Each heart was anxious, till it could impart
Its daily feelings to its kindred heart ;
As years increas'd, unnumber'd petty wars
Broke out between them ; jealousies and jars ;
Causeless indeed, and follow'd by a peace,
That gave to love—growth, vigour, and increase.
Whilst yet a boy, when other minds are void,
Domestic thoughts young *Allen's* hours employ'd ;
Judith in gaining hearts had no concern,
Rather intent the Matron's part to learn ;
Thus early prudent and sedate they grew,
While lovers, thoughtful—and though children, true.
To either parents not a day appear'd,
When with this love they might have interfer'd :
Childish at first, they car'd not to restrain ;
And strong at last, they saw restriction vain ;
Nor knew they when that passion to reprove—
Now idle fondness, now resistless love.

So while the waters rise, the children tread
On the broad *Estuary's* sandy bed ;
But soon the channel fills, from side to side
Comes danger rolling with the deep'ning tide ;

Yet none who saw the rapid current flow,
Could the first instant of that danger know.

The Lovers waited till the time should come,
When they together could possess a home :
In either house were men and maids unwed,
Hopes to be sooth'd, and tempers to be led.
Then *Allen's* mother, of his favourite maid
Spoke from the feelings of a mind afraid :
“ Dress and amusements were her sole employ,”
She said—“ entangling her deluded boy ;”
And yet, in truth, a mother's jealous love
Had much imagin'd and could little prove ;
Judith had beauty—and if vain, was kind,
Discreet, and mild, and had a serious mind.

Dull was their prospect—when the Lovers met,
They said, we must not—dare not venture yet :
“ Oh! could I labour for thee,” *Allen* cried,
“ Why should our friends be thus dissatisfied ?
“ On my own arm I could depend, but they
“ Still urge obedience—must I yet obey ?”
Poor *Judith* felt the grief, but grieving begg'd delay.

At length a prospect came that seem'd to smile,
And faintly woo them, from a Western Isle ;
A kinsman there a widow's hand had gain'd,
‘ Was old, was rich, and childless yet remain'd,

‘ Would some young *Booth* to his affairs attend,
‘ And wait awhile, he might expect a friend.’
The elder brothers, who were not in love,
Fear’d the false seas, unwilling to remove ;
But the young *Allen*, an enamour’d boy,
Eager an independence to enjoy,
Would through all perils seek it,—by the sea,—
Through labour, danger, pain or slavery.
The faithful *Judith* his design approv’d,
For both were sanguine, they were young and lov’d.
The mother’s slow consent was then obtain’d ;
The time arriv’d, to part alone remain’d :
All things prepar’d, on the expected day
Was seen the vessel anchor’d in the bay.
From her would seamen in the evening come,
To take th’ adven’trous *Allen* from his home ;
With his own friends the final day he pass’d,
And every painful hour, except the last.
The grieving Father urg’d the cheerful glass,
To make the moments with less sorrow pass ?
Intent the Mother look’d upon her son,
And wish’d th’ assent withdrawn, the deed undone ;
The younger Sister, as he took his way,
Hung on his coat, and begg’d for more delay :
But his own *Judith* call’d him to the shore,
Whom he must meet, for they might meet no more ;—
And there he found her—faithful, mournful, true,
Weeping and waiting for a last adieu !

The ebbing tide had left the sand, and there
 Mov'd with slow steps the melancholy pair :
 Sweet were the painful moments—but how sweet,
 And without pain, when they again should meet !
 Now either spoke, as hope and fear impress'd
 Each their alternate triumph in the breast.

Distance alarm'd the Maid—she cried, ‘ ’Tis far !’
 And danger too—‘ it is a time of war :
 ‘ Then in those countries are diseases strange,
 ‘ And women gay, and men are prone to change,
 ‘ What then may happen in a year, when things
 ‘ Of vast importance every moment brings !
 ‘ But hark ! an oar !’ she cried, yet none appear’d—
 ‘Twas love’s mistake, who fancied what it fear’d ;
 And she continued—‘ Do, my *Allen*, keep
 ‘ Thy heart from evil, let thy passions sleep ;
 ‘ Believe it good, nay glorious, to prevail,
 ‘ And stand in safety where so many fail ;
 ‘ And do not, *Allen*, or for shame, or pride,
 ‘ Thy faith abjure, or thy profession hide ;
 ‘ Can I believe *his* love will lasting prove,
 ‘ Who has no rev’rence for the God I love ?
 ‘ I know thee well ! how good thou art and kind ;
 ‘ But strong the passions that invade thy mind.—
 ‘ Now, what to me hath *Allen* to commend ?’—
 “ Upon my Mother,” said the Youth, “ attend ;
 “ Forget her spleen, and in my place appear,
 “ Her love to me will make my *Judith* dear ;

“ Oft I shall think, (such comfort lovers seek),
“ Who speaks of me, and fancy what they speak ;
“ Then write on all occasions, always dwell
“ On Hope’s fair prospects, and be kind and well,
“ And ever choose the fondest, tenderest style.”
She answer’d, ‘ No,’ but answer’d with a smile.
“ And now, my *Judith*, at so sad a time,
“ Forgive my fear, and call it not my crime ;
“ When with our youthful neighbours ’tis thy chance
“ To meet in walks, the visit or the dance,
“ When every lad would on my lass attend,
“ Choose not a smooth designer for a friend ;
“ That fawning *Philip* !—nay, be not severe,
“ A rival’s hope must cause a lover’s fear.”

Displeas’d she felt, and might in her reply
Have mix’d some anger, but the boat was nigh,
Now truly heard !—it soon was full in sight ;—
Now the sad farewell, and the long good-night ;
For, see !—his friends come hast’ning to the beach,
And now the gunwale is within the reach :
‘ Adieu !—farewell !—remember !’—and what more
Affection taught, was utter’d from the shore !
But *Judith* left them with a heavy heart,
Took a last view, and went to weep apart !
And now his friends went slowly from the place,
Where she stood still, the dashing oar to trace,
Till all were silent !—for the Youth she pray’d,
And softly then return’d the weeping Maid.

They parted, thus by hope and fortune led,
And *Judith's* hours in pensive pleasure fled ;
But when return'd the Youth?—the Youth no more
Return'd exulting to his native shore ;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man with wither'd limbs and lame,
His mind oppress'd with woes, and bent with age his frame :
Yes ! old and griev'd, and trembling with decay,
Was *Allen* landing in his native bay,
Willing his breathless form should blend with kindred clay.
In an autumnal eve he left the beach,
In such an eve he chanc'd the port to reach :
He was alone ; he press'd the very place
Of the sad parting, of the last embrace :
There stood his parents, there retir'd the Maid,
So fond, so tender, and so much afraid ;
And on that spot, through many a year, his mind
Turn'd mournful back, half sinking, half resign'd.

No one was present ; of its crew bereft,
A single boat was in the billows left ;
Sent from some anchor'd vessel in the bay,
At the returning tide to sail away :
O'er the black stern the moon-light softly play'd,
The loosen'd foresail flapping in the shade :
All silent else on shore ; but from the town
A drowsy peal of distant bells came down :
From the tall houses here and there, a light
Serv'd some confus'd remembrance to excite :

“ There,” he observ’d, and new emotions felt,
“ Was my first home—and yonder *Judith* dwelt ;
“ Dead ! dead are all ! I long—I fear to know,”
He said, and walk’d impatient, and yet slow.

Sudden there broke upon his grief a noise
Of merry tumult and of vulgar joys :
Seamen returning to their ship, were come,
With idle numbers straying from their home ;
Allen among them mix’d, and in the old
Strove some familiar eatures to behold ;
While fancy aided memory :—“ Man ! what cheer ?”
A sailor cried ; “ Art thou at anchor here ?”
Faintly he answered, and then tried to trace
Some youthful features in some aged face :
A swarthy matron he beheld, and thought
She might unfold the very truths he sought :
Confus’d and trembling, he the dame address’d :
“ The *Booths* ! yet live they ?” pausing and oppress’d ;
Then spake again :—“ Is there no ancient man,
“ *David* his name ?—assist me, if you can.—
“ *Flemmings* there were—and *Judith*, doth she live ?”
The woman gaz’d, nor could an answer give ;
Yet wond’ring stood, and all were silent by,
Feeling a strange and solemn sympathy.
The woman musing, said : “ She knew full well
“ Where the old people came at last to dwell ;
“ They had a married daughter, and a son,
“ But they were dead, and now remain’d not one.”

“ Yes,” said an elder, who had paus’d intent
 On days long past, “ there was a sad event ;—
 “ One of these *Booths*—it was my mother’s tale—
 “ Here left his lass, I know not where to sail ;
 “ She saw their parting, and observ’d the pain ;
 “ But never came th’ unhappy man again ;”
 “ The ship was captur’d”—*Allen* meekly said,
 “ And what became of the forsaken Maid ?”
 The woman answer’d : “ I remember now,
 “ She us’d to tell the lasses of her vow,
 “ And of her lover’s loss, and I have seen
 “ The gayest hearts grow sad where she has been ;
 “ Yet in her grief she married, and was made
 “ Slave to a wretch, whom meekly she obey’d
 “ And early buried—but I know no more.
 “ And hark ! our friends are hast’ning to the shore.”

Allen soon found a lodging in the town,
 And walk’d a man unnotic’d up and down.
 This house, and this, he knew, and thought a face
 He sometimes could among a number trace :
 Of names remember’d there remain’d a few,
 But of no favourites, and the rest were new ;
 A merchant’s wealth, when *Allen* went to sea,
 Was reckon’d boundless.—Could he living be ?
 Or liv’d his son ? for one he had, the heir
 To a vast business, and a fortune fair.
 No ! but that heir’s poor widow, from her shed,
 With crutches went to take her dole of bread :

There was a friend whom he had left a boy,
With hope to sail the Master of a Hoy ;
Him, after many a stormy day, he found
With his great wish, his life's whole purpose, crown'd.
This Hoy's proud Captain look'd in *Allen's* face,—
“ Yours is, my friend,” said he, “ a woful case ;
“ We cannot all succeed ; I now command
“ The *Betsey* sloop, and am not much at land ;
“ But when we meet, you shall your story tell
“ Of foreign parts—I bid you now farewell !”

Allen so long had left his native shore,
He saw but few whom he had seen before ;
The older people, as they met him, cast
A pitying look, oft speaking as they pass'd—
“ The Man is *Allen Booth*, and it appears
“ He dwelt among us in his early years ;
“ We see the name engrav'd upon the stones,
“ Where this poor wanderer means to lay his bones.”
Thus where he liv'd and lov'd—unhappy change !—
He seems a stranger, and finds all are strange.

But now a Widow, in a village near,
Chanc'd of the melancholy man to hear ;
Old as she was, to *Judith's* bosom came
Some strong emotions at the well-known name ;
He was her much-lov'd *Allen*, she had stay'd
Ten troubled years, a sad afflicted maid ;
Then was she wedded, of his death assured,
And much of mis'ry in her lot endur'd ;

Her husband died ; her children sought their bread
In various places, and to her were dead.

The once-fond Lovers met ; not grief nor age,
Sickness or pain, their hearts could disengage :

Each had immediate confidence ; a friend
Both now beheld, on whom they might depend :

“ Now is there one to whom I can express

“ My nature’s weakness, and my soul’s distress.”

Allen look’d up, and with impatient heart—

“ Let me not lose thee—never let us part :

“ So Heaven this comfort to my sufferings give,

“ It is not all distress to think and live.”

Thus *Allen* spoke—for time had not remov’d

The charms attach’d to one so fondly lov’d :

Who with more health, the mistress of their cot,

Labours to soothe the evils of his lot.

To her, to her alone, his various fate,

At various times, ’tis comfort to relate ;

And yet his sorrow—she too loves to hear

What wrings her bosom, and compels the tear.

First he related how he left the shore,
Alarm’d with fears that they should meet no more :
Then, ere the ship had reach’d her purpos’d course,
They met and yielded to the Spanish force ;
Then ’cross th’ Atlantic seas they bore their prey,
Who grieving landed from their sultry bay ;
And marching many a burning league, he found
Himself a slave upon a minor’s ground :

There a good priest his native language spoke,
And gave some ease to his tormenting yoke ;
Kindly advanced him in his master's grace,
And he was station'd in an easier place :
There, hopeless ever to escape the land,
He to a Spanish maiden gave his hand ;
In cottage shelter'd from the blaze of day
He saw his happy infants round him play ;
Where summer shadows, made by lofty trees,
Wav'd o'er his seat, and sooth'd his reveries ;
E'en then he thought of *England*, nor could sigh,
But his fond *Isabel* demanded, ' Why ?'
Griev'd by the story, she the sigh repaid,
And wept in pity for the English Maid :
Thus twenty years were pass'd, and pass'd his views
Of further bliss, for he had wealth to lose :
His friend now dead, some foe had dar'd to paint
' His faith as tainted : he his spouse would taint ;
' Make all his children infidels, and found
' An *English* Heresy on Christian ground.'

“ Whilst I was poor,” said *Allen*, “ none would care
“ What my poor notions of religion were ;
“ None ask'd me whom I worshipp'd, how I pray'd,
“ If due obedience to the laws were paid :
“ My good adviser taught me to be still,
“ Nor to make converts had I power or will.
“ I preached no foreign doctrine to my wife,
“ And never mentioned *Luther* in my life ;

“ I, all they said, say what they would, allow’d,
“ And when the fathers bade me bow, I bow’d,
“ Their forms I follow’d, whether well or sick,
“ And was a most obedient Catholic.
“ But I had money, and these pastors found
“ My notions vague, heretical, unsound :
“ A wicked book they seiz’d ; the very Turk
“ Could not have read a more pernicious work ;
“ To me pernicious, who if it were good
“ Or evil questioned not, nor understood :
“ Oh ! had I little but the book possess’d,
“ I might have read it, and enjoy’d my rest.”

Alas ! poor *Allen*, through his wealth was seen
Crimes that by poverty conceal’d had been :
Faults that in dusty pictures rest unknown,
Are in an instant through the varnish shown.

He told their cruel mercy ; how at last,
In Christian kindness for the merits past,
They spar’d his forfeit life, but bade him fly,
Or for his crime and contumacy die ;
Fly from all scenes, all objects of delight :
His wife, his children, weeping in his sight,
All urging him to flee, he fled, and curs’d his flight.

He next related how he found a way,
Guideless and grieving to Campeachy Bay :

There in the woods he wrought, and there, among
Some lab'ring seamen, heard his native tongue :
The sound, one moment, broke upon his pain
With joyful force ; he longed to hear again :
Again he heard ; he seiz'd an offer'd hand,
“ And when beheld you last our native land ? ”
He cry'd, “ and in what county ? quickly say ” —
The seamen answer'd—strangers all were they ;
One only at his native port had been ;
He, landing once, the quay and church had seen,
For that esteem'd ; but nothing more he knew.
Still more to know, would *Allen* join the crew,
Sail where they sail'd, and, many a peril past,
They at his kinsman's isle their anchor cast ;
But him they found not, nor could one relate
Aught of his will, his wish, or his estate.
This griev'd not *Allen* ; then again he sail'd
For *England's* coast, again his fate prevail'd :
War rag'd, and he, an active man and strong,
Was soon impress'd, and serv'd his country long.
By various shores he pass'd, on various seas,
Never so happy as when void of ease.—
And then he told how in a calm distress'd,
Day after day his soul was sick of rest ;
When, as a log upon the deep they stood,
Then rov'd his spirit to the inland wood ;
Till, while awake, he dream'd, that on the seas
Were his lov'd home, the hill, the stream, the trees :

He gaz'd, he pointed to the scenes :—" There stand
" My wife, my children, 'tis my lovely land ;
" See ! there my dwelling—oh ! delicious scene
" Of my best life—unhand me—are ye men ?"

And thus the frenzy rul'd him, till the wind
Brush'd the fond pictures from the stagnant mind.

He told of bloody fights, and how at length
The rage of battle gave his spirits strength :
'Twas in the Indian seas his limb he lost,
And he was left half-dead upon the coast ;
But living gain'd, 'mid rich aspiring men,
A fair subsistence by his ready pen.
" Thus," he continued, " pass'd unvaried years,
" Without events producing hopes or fears."
Augmented pay procur'd him decent wealth,
But years advancing undermin'd his health ;
Then oft-times in delightful dream he flew
To *England's* shore, and scenes his childhood knew :
He saw his parents, saw his fav'rite Maid,
No feature wrinkled, not a charm decay'd ;
And thus excited, in his bosom rose
A wish so strong, it baffled his repose ;
Anxious he felt on *English* earth to lie ;
To view his native soil, and there to die.

He then described the gloom, the dread he found,
When first he landèd on the chosen ground,

Where undefin'd was all he hop'd and fear'd,
And how confus'd and troubled all appear'd ;
His thoughts in past and present scenes employ'd,
All views in future blighted and destroy'd :
His were a medley of bewild'ring themes,
Sad as realities, and wild as dreams.

Here his relation closes, but his mind
Flies back again some resting-place to find ;
Thus silent, musing through the day, he sees
His children sporting by those lofty trees,
Their mother singing in the shady scene,
Where the fresh springs burst o'er the lively green ;—
So strong his eager fancy, he affrights
The faithful widow by its pow'rful flights ;
For what disturbs him he aloud will tell,
And cry—" 'Tis she, my wife ! my *Isabel* !"
" Where are my children ?"—*Judith* grieves to hear
How the soul works in sorrows so severe ;—
Assiduous all his wishes to attend,
Depriv'd of much, he yet may boast a friend ;
Watch'd by her care, in sleep, his spirit takes
Its flight, and watchful finds her when he wakes.

'Tis now her office ; her attention see !
While her friend sleeps beneath that shading tree,
Careful, she guards him from the glowing heat,
And pensive muses at her *Allen's* feet.

And where is he? Ah! doubtless in those scenes
Of his best days, amid the vivid greens,
Fresh with unnumber'd rills, where ev'ry gale
Breathes the rich fragrance of the neighb'ring vale;
Smiles not his wife, and listens as there comes
The night-bird's music from the thick'ning glooms?
And as he sits with all these treasures nigh,
Blaze not with fairy light the phosphor-fly,
When like a sparkling gem it wheels illumin'd by?
This is the joy that now so plainly speaks
In the warm transient flushing of his cheeks;
For he is list'ning to the fancied noise
Of his own children, eager in their joys:
All this he feels, a dream's delusive bliss
Gives the expression, and the glow like this.
And now his *Judith* lays her knitting by,
These strong emotions in her friend to spy;
For she can fully of their nature deem—
But see! he breaks the long-protracted theme,
And wakes and cries—"My God! 'twas but a dream."

TALE III.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

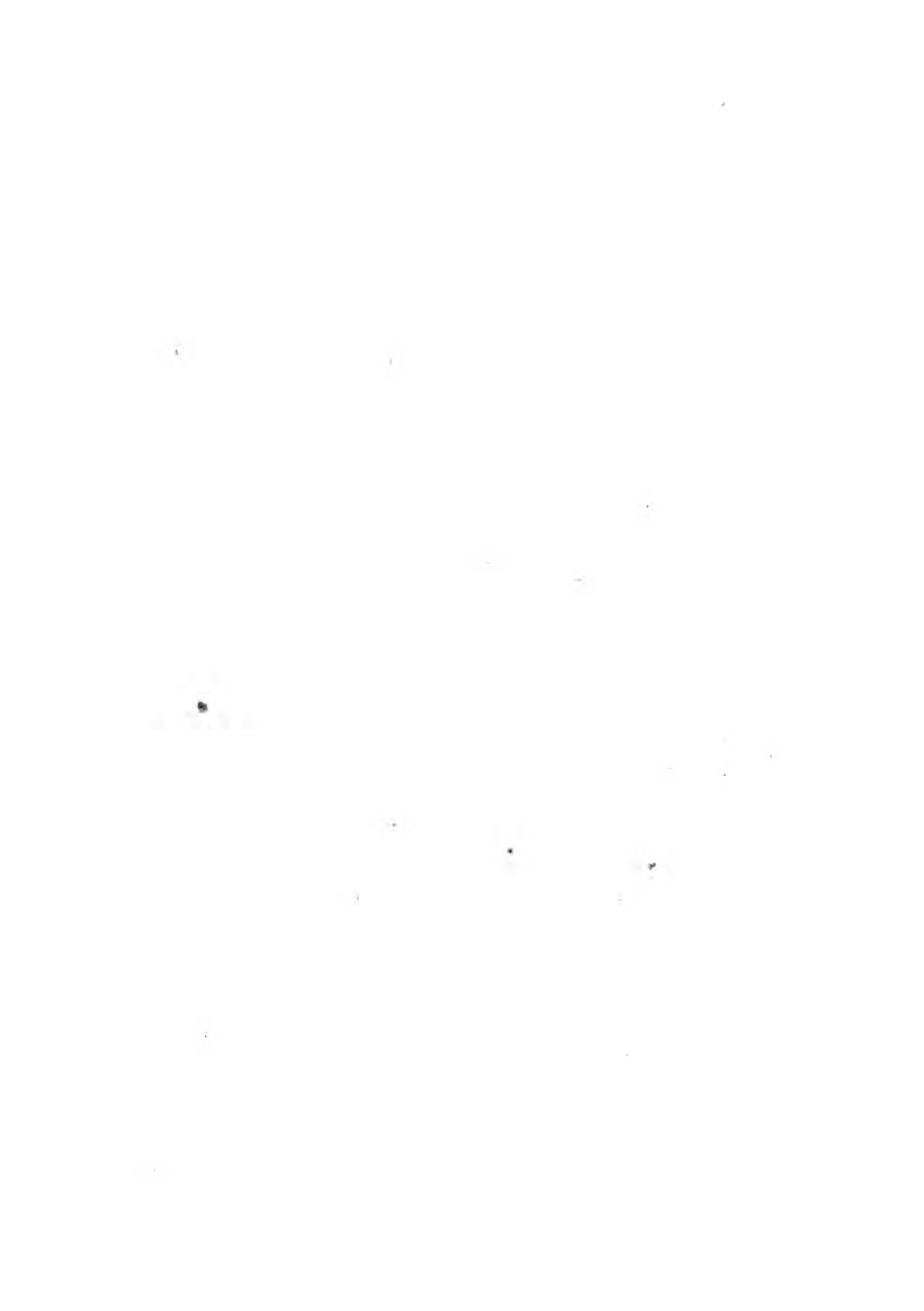
Pause then,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough.
Merchant of Venice, Act II. Scene 7.

Because I will not do them wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself
the right to trust none; and the fine is (for which I may go the finer), I
will live a bachelor.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act I. Scene 3.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Macbeth, Act V. Scene 3.

His promises are, as he then was, mighty;
And his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Henry Eighth, Act IV. Scene 2.



TALE III.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

GWYN was a Farmer, whom the farmers all,
Who dwelt around, the *Gentleman* would call ;
Whether in pure humility or pride,
They only knew, and they would not decide.

Far diff'rent he from that dull plodding tribe,
Whom it was his amusement to describe ;
Creatures no more enliven'd than a clod,
But treading still as their dull fathers trod ;
Who liv'd in times when not a man had seen
Corn sown by Drill, or thresh'd by a Machine :
He was of those whose skill assigns the prize
For creatures fed in Pens, and Stalls, and Sties ;
And who, in places where Improvers meet,
To fill the land with fatness, had a seat ;
Who in large mansions live like petty kings,
And speak of Farms but as amusing things ;

Who plans encourage, and who journals keep,
And talk with lords about a breed of sheep.

Two are the species in this genus known ;
One, who is rich in his profession grown,
Who yearly finds his ample stores increase,
From fortune's favours and a favouring lease ;
Who rides his hunter, who his house adorns ;
Who drinks his wine, and his disbursements scorns ;
Who freely lives, and loves to shew he can—
This is the Farmer made the Gentleman.

The second species from the world is sent,
Tir'd with its strife, or with his wealth content ;
In books and men beyond the former read,
To Farming solely by a passion led,
Or by a fashion ; curious in his land ;
Now planning much, now changing what he plann'd ;
Pleas'd by each trial, not by failures vex't,
And ever certain to succeed the next :
Quick to resolve, and easy to persuade—
This is the Gentleman, a Farmer made.

Gwyn was of these ; he from the world withdrew
Early in life, his reasons known to few ;
Some disappointment said, some pure good sense,
The love of land, the press of indolence ;
His fortune known, and coming to retire,
If not a Farmer, men had call'd him 'Squire.

Forty and five his years, no child or wife
Cross'd the still tenour of his chosen life ;
Much land he purchas'd, planted far around,
And let some portions of superfluous ground
'To farmers near him, not displeas'd to say,
" My tenants," nor ' our worthy landlord,' they.

Fix'd in his farm, he soon display'd his skill
In small-bon'd Lambs, the Horse-hoe, and the Drill ;
From these he rose to themes of nobler kind,
And show'd the riches of a fertile mind ;
To all around their visits he repaid,
And thus his mansion and himself display'd.
His rooms were stately, rather fine than neat,
And guests politely call'd his house a Seat ;
At much expense was each apartment grac'd,
His taste was gorgeous, but it still was taste ;
In full festoons the crimson curtains fell,
The sofas rose in bold elastic swell ;
Mirrors in gilded frames display'd the tints
Of glowing carpets and of colour'd prints ;
The weary eye saw every object shine,
And all was costly, fanciful, and fine.

As with his friends he pass'd the social hours,
His generous spirit scorn'd to hide its powers ;
Powers unexpected, for his eye and air
Gave no sure signs that eloquence was there ;

Oft he began with sudden fire and force,
 As loth to lose occasion for discourse;
 Some, 'tis observ'd, who feel a wish to speak,
 Will a due place for introduction seek;
 On to their purpose step by step they steal,
 And all their way, by certain signals, feel;
 Others plunge in at once, and never heed
 Whose turn they take, whose purpose they impede;
 Resolv'd to shine, they hasten to begin,
 Of ending thoughtless—and of these was *Gwyn*.
 And thus he spake——

———“ It grieves me to the soul,
 “ To see how Man submits to Man's controul;
 “ How overpower'd and shackled minds are led
 “ In vulgar tracks, and to submission bred;
 “ The coward never on himself relies,
 “ But to an equal for assistance flies;
 “ Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
 “ In all things rul'd—mind, body, and estate;
 “ In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
 “ To them we know not, and we know not why;
 “ But that the creature has some jargon read,
 “ And got some *Scotchman's* system in his head;
 “ Some grave impostor, who will health insure,
 “ Long as your patience or your wealth endure;
 “ But mark them well, the pale and sickly crew,
 “ They have not health, and can they give it you?
 “ These solemn cheats their various methods choose;
 “ A system fires them, as a bard his muse:

“ Hence wordy wars arise ; the learn’d divide,
“ And groaning patients curse each erring guide.

“ Next, our affairs are govern’d, buy or sell,
“ Upon the deed the Law must fix its spell ;
“ Whether we hire or let, we must have still
“ The dubious aid of an attorney’s skill ;
“ They take a part in every man’s affairs,
“ And in all business some concern is theirs ;
“ Because mankind in ways prescrib’d are found,
“ Like flocks that follow on a beaten ground,
“ Each abject nature in the way proceeds,
“ That now to shearing, now to slaughter leads.

“ Should you offend, though meaning no offence,
“ You have no safety in your innocence ;
“ The statute broken then is plac’d in view,
“ And men must pay for crimes they never knew :
“ Who would by law regain his plunder’d store,
“ Would pick up fallen merc’ry from the floor ;
“ If he pursue it, here and there it slides,
“ He would collect it, but it more divides ;
“ This part and this he stops, but still in vain,
“ It slips aside, and breaks in parts again ;
“ Till, after time and pains, and care and cost,
“ He finds his labour and his object lost.

“ But most it grieves me, (friends alone are round),
“ To see a man in priestly fetters bound ;

“ Guides to the Soul, these Friends of Heaven contrive,
 “ Long as man lives, to keep his fears alive ;
 “ Soon as an infant breathes, their rites begin ;
 “ Who knows not sinning, must be freed from sin ;
 “ Who needs no bond, must yet engage in vows ;
 “ Who has no judgment, must a creed espouse :
 “ Advanc’d in life, our boys are bound by rules,
 “ Are catechis’d in churches, cloisters, schools,
 “ And train’d in thralldom to be fit for tools :
 “ The youth grown up, he now a partner needs,
 “ And lo ! a Priest, as soon as he succeeds.
 “ What man of sense can marriage-rites approve ?
 “ What man of spirit can be bound to love ?
 “ Forc’d to be kind ! compell’d to be sincere !
 “ Do chains and fetters make companions dear ?
 “ Pris’ners indeed we bind ; but though the bond
 “ May keep them safe, it does not make them fond :
 “ The ring, the vow, the witness, licence, prayers,
 “ All parties known ! made public all affairs !
 “ Such forms men suffer, and from these they date
 “ A deed of love begun with all they hate :
 “ Absurd ! that none the beaten road should shun,
 “ But love to do what other dupes have done.

“ Well, now your Priest has made you one of twain,
 “ Look you for rest ? Alas ! you look in vain.
 “ If sick, he comes ; you cannot die in peace,
 “ Till he attends to witness your release ;

“ To vex your soul, and urge you to confess
“ The sins you feel, remember, or can guess :
“ Nay, when departed, to your grave he goes,
“ But there indeed he hurts not your repose.

“ Such are our burthens ; part we must sustain,
“ But need not link new grievance to the chain :
“ Yet men like idiots will their frames surround
“ With these vile shackles, nor confess they’re bound :
“ In all that most confines them they confide,
“ Their slavery boast, and make their bonds their pride ;
“ E’en as the pressure galls them, they declare,
“ (Good souls !) how happy and how free they are !
“ As madmen, pointing round their wretched cells,
“ Cry, ‘ Lo ! the palace where our honour dwells.’

“ Such is our state : but I resolve to live
“ By rules my reason and my feelings give ;
“ NÓ legal guards shall keep enthral’d my mind,
“ No slaves command me, and no teachers blind.

“ Tempted by sins, let me their strength defy,
“ But have no second in a surplice by ;
“ No bottle-holder, with officious aid,
“ To comfort conscience, weaken’d and afraid ;
“ Then if I yield, my frailty is not known ;
“ And, if I stand, the glory is my own.

“ When Truth and Reason are our friends, we seem
 “ Alive ! awake !—the superstitious dream.

“ Oh ! then, fair Truth, for thee alone I seek,
 “ Friend to the wise, supporter of the weak ;
 “ From thee we learn whate'er is right and just ;
 “ Forms to despise, professions to distrust ;
 “ Creeds to reject, pretensions to deride,
 “ And, following thee, to follow none beside.”

Such was the speech ; it struck upon the ear
 Like sudden thunder, none expect to hear.
 He saw men's wonder with a manly pride,
 And gravely smil'd at guest electrified ;
 ‘ A Farmer this !’ they said, ‘ Oh ! let him seek
 ‘ That place where he may for his country speak ;
 ‘ On some great question to harangue for hours,
 ‘ While speakers hearing, envy nobler powers ?’

Wisdom like this, as all things rich and rare,
 Must be acquir'd with pains, and kept with care ;
 In books he sought it, which his friends might view,
 When their kind host the guarding curtain drew.
 There were historic works for graver hours,
 And lighter verse, to spur the languid powers ;
 There metaphysics, logic there had place ;
 But of devotion not a single trace—
 Save what is taught in *Gibbon's* florid page,
 And other guides of this inquiring age ;

There *Hume* appear'd, and near, a splendid book
Compos'd by *Gay's* good Lord of *Bolingbroke* :
With these were mix'd the light, the free, the vain,
And from a corner peep'd the sage *Tom Paine* :
Here four neat volumes *Chesterfield* were nam'd,
For manners much and easy morals fan'd ;
With chaste *Memoirs of Females*, to be read
When deeper studies had confus'd the head.

Such his resources, treasures where he sought
For daily knowledge till his mind was fraught ?
Then when his friends were present, for their use
He would the riches he had stor'd, produce ;
He found his lamp burn clearer, when each day
He drew for all he purpos'd to display :
For these occasions, forth his knowledge sprung,
As mustard quickens on a bed of dung ;
All was prepar'd, and guests allow'd the praise,
For what they saw he could so quickly raise.

Such this new friend ; and when the year came round,
The same impressive, reasoning sage was found :
Then, too, was seen the pleasant mansion grac'd
With a fair Damsel—his no vulgar taste ;
The neat *Rebecca*—sly, observant, still ;
Watching his eye, and waiting on his will ;
Simple yet smart her dress, her manners meek,
Her smiles spoke for her, she would seldom speak :

But watch'd each look, each meaning to detect,
And (pleas'd with notice) felt for all neglect.

With her liv'd *Gwyn* a sweet harmonious life,
Who, forms excepted, was a charming wife ;
The wives indeed, so made by vulgar law,
Affected scorn, and censur'd what they saw ;
And what they saw not, fancied ; said 'twas sin,
And took no notice of the wife of *Gwyn* :
But he despis'd their rudeness, and would prove
Theirs was compulsion and distrust, not love ;
“ Fools as they were ! could they conceive that rings
“ And parsons' blessings were substantial things ? ”
They answer'd ‘ Yes ; ’ while he contemptuous spoke
Of the low notions held by simple folk ;
Yet, strange that anger in a man so wise,
Should from the notions of these fools arise ;
Can they so vex us, whom we so despise ?

Brave as he was, our hero felt a dread
Lest those who saw him kind, should think him led ;
If to his bosom fear a visit paid,
It was, lest he should be suppos'd afraid ;
Hence sprang his orders ; not that he desir'd
The things when done ; obedience he requir'd ;
And thus, to prove his absolute command,
Rul'd every heart, and mov'd each subject hand,
Assent he ask'd for every word and whim,
To prove that *he alone was king of him.*

The still *Rebecca*, who her station knew,
With ease resign'd the honours not her due ;
Well pleas'd, she saw that men her board would grace,
And wish'd not there to see a female face ;
When by her lover she his spouse was styl'd,
Polite she thought it and demurely smil'd !
But when he wanted wives and maidens round,
So to regard her, she grew grave and frown'd ;
And sometimes whisper'd—' Why should you respect
' These people's notions, yet their forms reject ?'

Gwyn, though from marriage bond and fetter free,
Still felt abridgment in his liberty ;
Something of hesitation he betray'd,
And in her presence thought of what he said.
Thus fair *Rebecca*, though she walk'd astray,
His creed rejecting, judg'd it right to pray ;
To be at church, to sit with serious looks,
To read her Bible and her Sunday-books :
She hated all those new and daring themes,
And call'd his free conjectures, ' Devil's Dreams ;'
She honour'd still the Priesthood in her fall,
And claim'd respect and reverence for them all ;
Call'd them ' Of sin's destructive power the foes,
' And not such blockheads as he might suppose.'
Gwyn to his friends would smile, and sometimes say,
" 'Tis a kind fool, why vex her in her way ?"
Her way she took, and still had more in view,
For she contriv'd that he should take it too.

The daring freedom of his soul, 'twas plain,
 In part was lost in a divided reign;
 A king and queen, who yet in prudence sway'd
 Their peaceful state, and were in turn obey'd.

Yet such our fate, that when we plan the best,
 Something arises to disturb our rest:
 For though in spirits high, in body strong,
Gwyn something felt—he knew not what—was wrong?
 He wish'd to know, for he believ'd the thing,
 If unremov'd, would other evil bring:
 “ She must perceive, of late he could not eat,
 “ And when he walk'd, he trembled on his feet:
 “ He had forebodings, and he seem'd as one
 “ Stopp'd on the road, or threaten'd by a dun;
 “ He could not live, and yet, should he apply
 “ To those physicians—he must sooner die.”

The mild *Rebecca* heard with some disdain,
 And some distress, her friend and lord complain;
 His death she fear'd not, but had painful doubt
 What his distemper'd nerves might bring about;
 With power like hers she dreaded an ally,
 And yet there was a person in her eye;—
 She thought, debated, fix'd—‘ Alas!’ she said,
 ‘ A case like yours must be no more delay'd:
 ‘ You hate these doctors: well! but were a Friend
 ‘ And Doctor one, your fears would have an end:

- ‘ My cousin *Mollet*—Scotland holds him now—
‘ Is above all men skilful, all allow ;
‘ Of late a Doctor, and within a while
‘ He means to settle in this favour’d isle ;
‘ Should he attend you, with his skill profound,
‘ You must be safe, and shortly would be sound.’

When men in health against Physicians rail,
They should consider that their nerves may fail ;
Who calls a Lawyer rogue, may find, too late,
On one of these depends his whole estate :
Nay, when the world can nothing more produce,
The Priest, th’ insulted Priest, may have his use ;
Ease, health, and comfort, lift a man so high,
These powers are dwarfs that he can scarcely spy ;
Pain, sickness, languor, keep a man so low,
That these neglected dwarfs to giants grow.
Happy is he who through the medium sees
Of clear good sense—but *Gwyn* was not of these.

He heard and he rejoic’d : “ Ah ! let him come,
“ And till he fixes, make my house his home.”
Home came the Doctor—he was much admir’d ;
He told the patient what his case requir’d ;
His hours for sleep, his time to eat and drink,
When he should ride, read, rest, compose, or think.
Thus join’d peculiar skill and art profound,
To make the fancy-sick no more than fancy-sound.

With such attention, who could long be ill ?
Returning health proclaim'd the Doctor's skill.
Presents and praises from a grateful heart,
Were freely offer'd on the patient's part ;
In high repute the Doctor seem'd to stand,
But still had got no footing in the land ;
And, as he saw the seat was rich and fair,
He felt dispos'd to fix his station there ;
To gain his purpose he perform'd the part
Of a good actor, and prepar'd to start ;
Not like a traveller in a day serene,
When the sun shone and when the roads were clean ;
Not like the pilgrim, when the morning grey,
The ruddy eve succeeding, sends his way ;
But in a season when the sharp East wind
Had all its influence on a nervous mind ;
When past the parlour's front it fiercely blew,
And *Gwyn* sat pitying every bird that flew,
This strange Physician said—' Adieu ! adieu !
' Farewell !—Heaven bless you !—if you should—but no,
' You need not fear—farewell ! 'tis time to go.'

The Doctor spoke ;—and as the Patient heard,
His old disorders (dreadful train !) appear'd ;
“ He felt the tingling tremor, and the stress
“ Upon his nerves that he could not express ;
“ Should his good friend forsake him, he perhaps
“ Might meet his death, and surely a relapse.”

So, as the Doctor seem'd intent to part,
He cried in terror—"Oh! be where thou art;
"Come, thou art young, and unengag'd; oh! come,
"Make me thy friend, give comfort to mine home;
"I have now symptoms that require thine aid,
"Do, Doctor, stay"—th' obliging Doctor stay'd.

Thus *Gwyn* was happy; he had now a friend,
And a meek spouse on whom he could depend:
But now possess'd of male and female guide,
Divided power he thus must subdivide:
In earlier days he rode, or sat at ease
Reclin'd, and having but himself to please;
Now if he would a fav'rite nag bestride,
He sought permission—"Doctor, may I ride?"
(*Rebecca's* eye her sovereign pleasure told)—
'I think you may, but guarded from the cold,
'Ride forty minutes.'—Free and happy soul!
He scorn'd submission, and a man's controul;
But where such friends in every care unite
All for his good, obedience is delight.

Now *Gwyn* a Sultan bade affairs adieu,
Led and assisted by the faithful two;
The favourite fair, *Rebecca*, near him sat,
And whisper'd whom to love, assist, or hate;
While the chief Vizier eas'd his lord of cares,
And bore himself the burden of affairs;

No dangers could from such alliance flow,
But from that law, that changes all below.

When wintry winds with leaves bestrew'd the ground,
And men were coughing all the village round ;
When public papers of invasion told,
Diseases, famines, perils new and old ;
When philosophic writers fail'd to clear
The mind of gloom, and lighter works to cheer ;
Then came fresh terrors on our Hero's mind—
Fears unforeseen, and feelings undefin'd.

“ In outward ills,” he cried, “ I rest assur'd
“ Of my friend's aid ; they will in time be cur'd ;
“ But can his art subdue, resist, controul
“ These inward griefs and troubles of the soul ?
“ Oh ! my *Rebecca* ! my disorder'd mind,
“ No help in study, none in thought can find ;
“ What must I do, *Rebecca* ?” She propos'd
The Parish-Guide ; but what could be disclos'd
To a proud Priest ?—“ No ! him have I defy'd,
“ Insulted, slighted—shall he be my guide ?
“ But one there is, and if report be just,
“ A wise good man, whom I may safely trust ;
“ Whó goes from house to house, from ear to ear,
“ To make his truths, his Gospel truths, appear ;
“ True if indeed they be, 'tis time that I should hear :
“ Send for that man ; and if report be just,
“ I, like *Cornelius*, will the teacher trust ;

“ But if deceiver, I the vile deceit
“ Shall soon discover, and discharge the cheat.”

To Doctor *Mollet* was the grief confess'd,
While *Gwyn*, the freedom of his mind express'd ;
Yet own'd it was to ills and errors prone,
And he for guilt and frailty must atone.
“ My books, perhaps,” the wav'ring mortal cry'd,
“ Like men deceive—I would be satisfy'd ;
“ And to my soul the pious man may bring
“ Comfort and light—do let me try the thing.”

The cousins met, what pass'd with *Gwyn* was told :
‘ Alas !’ the Doctor said, ‘ how hard to hold
‘ These easy minds, where all impressions made
‘ At first sink deeply, and then quickly fade ;
‘ For while so strong these new-born fancies reign,
‘ We must divert them, to oppose is vain ;
‘ You see him valiant now, he scorns to heed
‘ The bigot's threat'nings or the zealot's creed ;
‘ Shook by a dream, he next for truth receives
‘ What frenzy teaches, and what fear believes ;
‘ And this will place him in the power of one
‘ Whom we must seek, because we cannot shun.’

Wisp had been ostler at a busy inn,
Where he beheld and grew in dread of sin ;
Then to a Baptists' Meeting found his way,
Became a convert, and was taught to pray ;

Then preach'd ; and being earnest and sincere,
Brought other sinners to religious fear :
Together grew his influence and his fame,
Till our dejected Hero heard his name :
His little failings were a grain of pride,
Rais'd by the numbers he presum'd to guide :
A love of presents, and of lofty praise
For his meek spirit and his humble ways ;
But though this spirit would on flattery feed,
No praise could blind him and no arts mislead :—
To him the Doctor made the wishes known
Of his good Patron, but conceal'd his own ;
He of all teachers had distrust and doubt,
And was reserv'd in what he came about ;
Though on a plain and simple message sent,
He had a secret and a bold intent :
Their minds at first were deeply veil'd ; disguise
Form'd the slow speech, and op'd the eager eyes ;
Till by degrees sufficient light was thrown
On every view, and all the business shown.
Wisp, as a skilful guide who led the blind,
Had powers to rule and awe the vapourish mind ;
But not the changeful will, the wavering fear to bind :
And should his conscience give him leave to dwell
With *Gwyn*, and every rival power expel,
(A dubious point), yet he, with every care,
Might soon the lot of the rejected share ;
And other *Wisps* be found like him to reign,
And then be thrown upon the world again :

He thought it prudent then, and felt it just,
The present guides of his new Friend to trust ;
'True he conceiv'd, to touch the harder heart
Of the cool Doctor, was beyond his art ;
But mild *Rebecca*, he could surely sway,
While *Gwyn* would follow where she led the way :
So to do good, (and why a duty shun,
Because rewarded for the good when done ?)
He with his Friends would join in all they plann'd,
Save when his faith or feelings should withstand ;
There he must rest, sole judge of his affairs,
While they might rule exclusively in theirs.

When *Gwyn* his message to the Teacher sent,
He fear'd his Friends would show their discontent ;
And prudent seem'd it to th' attendant pair,
Not all at once to show an aspect fair :
On *Wisp* they seem'd to look with jealous eye,
And fair *Rebecca* was demure and shy ;
But by degrees the Teacher's worth they knew,
And were so kind, they seem'd converted too.

Wisp took occasion to the Nymph to say,
' You must be married : will you name the day ?'
She smil'd,—' 'Tis well ; but should he not comply,
' Is it quite safe th' experiment to try ?'—
' My child,' the Teacher said, ' Who feels remorse,
' (And feels not he ?) must wish relief of course ;

-
- ‘ And can he find it, while he fears the crime ?—
 ‘ You must be married ; will you name the time ?’

Glad was the Patron as a man could be,
 Yet marvell’d too, to find his guides agree ;
 “ But what the cause ?” he cried ; “ ’tis genuine love for
 me.”

Each found his part, and let one act describe
 The powers and honours of th’ accordant tribe :—
 A man for favour to the mansion speeds,
 And cons his threefold task as he proceeds ;
 To Teacher *Wisp*, he bows with humble air,
 And begs his interest for a barn’s repair ;
 Then for the Doctor he inquires, who loves
 To hear applause for what his skill improves,
 And gives for praise, assent,—and to the Fair,
 He brings of pullets a delicious pair ;
 Thus sees a peasant with discernment nice,
 A love of power, conceit, and avarice.

Lo ! now the change complete : the convert *Gwyn*
 Has sold his books, and has renounc’d his sin ;
Mollet his body orders, *Wisp* his soul ;
 And o’er his purse, the Lady takes controul ;
 No friends beside he needs, and none attend—
 Soul, Body, and Estate, has each a friend ;
 And fair *Rebecca* leads a virtuous life—
 She rules a Mistress, and she reigns a Wife.

TALE IV.

PROCRASTINATION.-

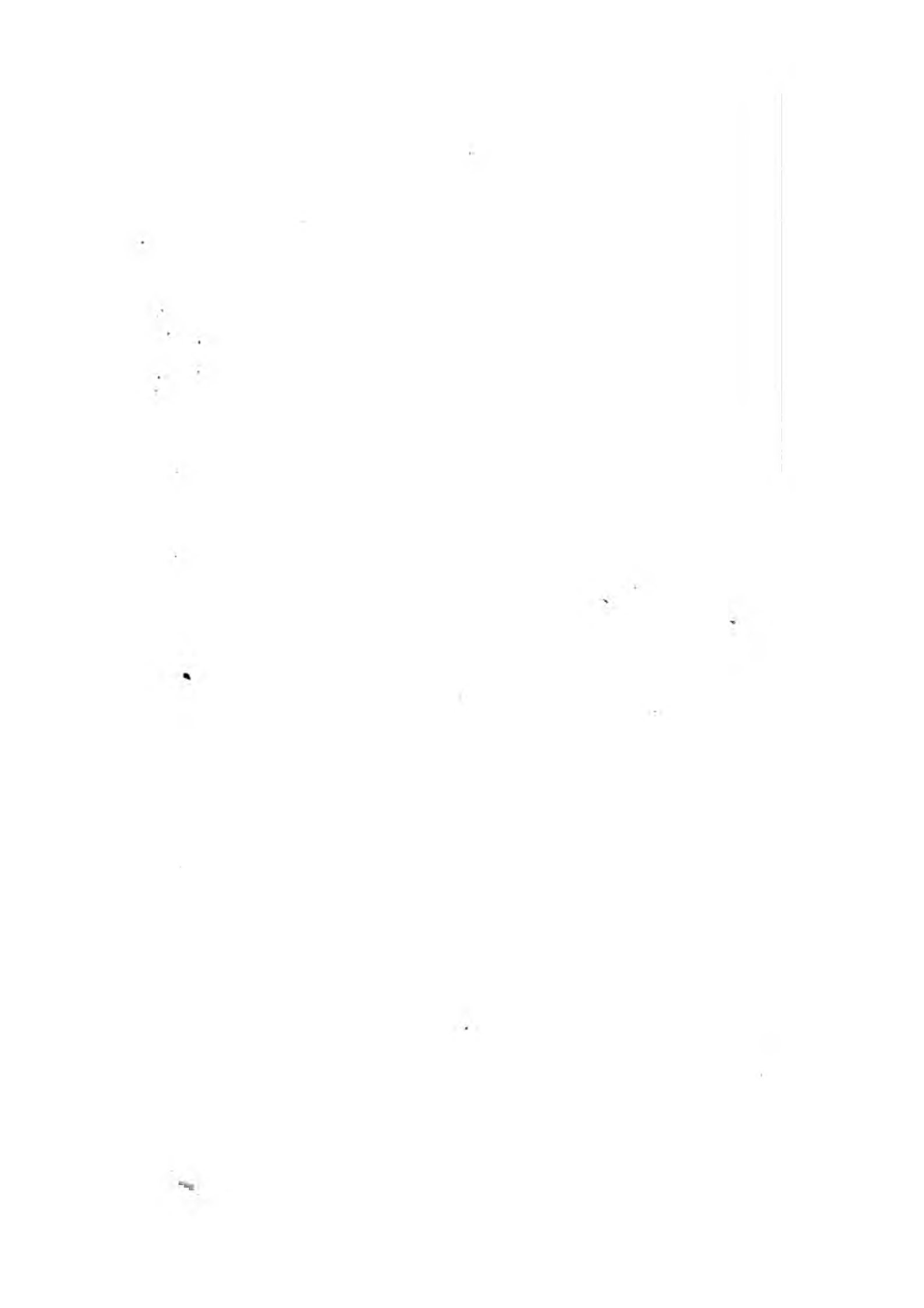
Heaven witness
I have been to you ever true and humble.
Henry VIII. Act II. Scene 4.

Gentle lady,
When first I did impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had.
Merchant of Venice, Act III. Scene 2.

The fatal time
Cuts off all ceremonies and vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell upon.
Richard III. Act V. Scene 3.

I know thee not, old Man, fall to thy prayers.
2 Henry IV. Act V. Scene 5.

Farewell,
Thou pure impiety, thou impious purity,
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act IV. Scene 2.



TALE IV.

PROCRASTINATION.

LOVE will expire, the gay, the happy dream
Will turn to scorn, indiff'rence, or esteem:
Some favour'd pairs, in this exchange, are blest,
Nor sigh for raptures in a state of rest;
Others, ill match'd, with minds unpair'd, repent
At once the deed, and know no more content;
From joy to anguish they, in haste, decline,
And with their fondness, their esteem resign:
More luckless still their fate, who are the prey
Of long-protracted hope and dull delay;
'Mid plans of bliss, the heavy hours pass on,
Till love is wither'd, and till joy is gone.

This gentle flame two youthful hearts possess'd,
The sweet disturber of unenvied rest:
The prudent *Dinah* was the maid belov'd,
And the kind *Rupert* was the swain approv'd:

A wealthy Aunt her gentle niece sustain'd,
 He, with a father, at his desk remain'd ;
 The youthful couple, to their vows sincere,
 Thus lov'd expectant! year succeeding year,
 With pleasant views and hopes, but not a prospect near.
Rupert some comfort in his station saw,
 But the poor Virgin liv'd in dread and awe ;
 Upon her anxious looks the Widow smil'd,
 And bade her wait, ' for she was yet a child.'
 She for her neighbour had a due respect,
 Nor would his son encourage or reject ;
 And thus the pair, with expectations vain,
 Beheld the seasons change and change again :
 Meantime the Nymph her tender tales perus'd,
 Where cruel aunts impatient girls refus'd ;
 While hers, though teasing, boasted to be kind,
 And she, resenting, to be all resign'd.

The Dame was sick, and when the Youth applied
 For her consent, she groan'd, and cough'd, and cried ;
 Talk'd of departing, and again her breath
 Drew hard, and cough'd, and talk'd again of death :
 ' Here you may live, my *Dinah!* here the boy
 ' And you together my estate enjoy ;'
 Thus to the Lovers was her mind exprest,
 Till they forbore to urge the fond request.

Servant, and nurse, and comforter, and friend,
Dinah had still some duty to attend ;

But yet their walk, when *Rupert's* evening call
Obtain'd an hour, made sweet amends for all ;
So long they now each other's thoughts had known,
That nothing seem'd exclusively their own ;
But with the common wish, the mutual fear,
They now had travell'd to their thirtieth year.

At length a prospect open'd—but, alas !
Long time must yet, before the union, pass ;
Rupert was call'd in other clime, t' increase,
Another's wealth and toil for future peace ;
Loth were the Lovers ; but the Aunt declar'd
'Twas fortune's call, and they must be prepar'd ;
' You now are young, and for this brief delay,
' And *Dinah's* care, what I bequeath will pay ;
' All will be yours ; nay, love, suppress that sigh,
' The kind must suffer, and the best must die :'
Then came the cough, and strong the signs it gave,
Of holding long contention with the grave.

The Lovers parted with a gloomy view,
And little comfort but that both were true ;
He for uncertain duties doom'd to steer,
While hers remain'd too certain and severe.

Letters arriv'd, and *Rupert* fairly told
" His cares were many, and his hopes were cold ;
" The view more clouded, that was never fair,
" And love alone preserv'd him from despair :"

In other letters brighter hopes he drew,
 " His friends were kind, and he believ'd them true."

When the sage Widow *Dinah's* grief descried,
 She wonder'd much why one so happy sigh'd;
 Then bade her see how her poor Aunt sustain'd
 The ills of life, nor murmur'd nor complain'd.
 To vary pleasures, from the Lady's chest
 Were drawn the pearly string and tabby-vest;
 Beads, jewels, laces, all their value shown,
 With the kind notice—' They will be your own.'

This hope, these comforts cherish'd day by day,
 To *Dinah's* bosom made a gradual way;
 Till love of treasure had as large a part,
 As love of *Rupert*, in the Virgin's heart. }
 Whether it be that tender passions fail,
 From their own nature, while the strong prevail;
 Or whether Av'rice, like the poison-tree,*
 Kills all beside it, and alone will be;
 Whatever cause prevail'd, the pleasure grew
 In *Dinah's* soul,—she lov'd the hoards to view;

* Allusion is here made, not to the well-known species of *Sumach*, called the Poison Oak, or *Toxicodendron*, but to the *Upas*, or Poison-tree of *Java*: whether it be real or imaginary, this is no proper place for inquiry.

With lively joy those comforts she survey'd,
And Love grew languid in the careful Maid.

Now the grave Niece partook the Widow's cares,
Look'd to the great and rul'd the small affairs;
Saw clean'd the plate, arrang'd the china show,
And felt her passion for a shilling grow;
Th' indulgent Aunt increas'd the Maid's delight,
By placing tokens of her wealth in sight;
She lov'd the value of her bonds to tell,
And spake of stocks, and how they rose and fell.

This passion grew, and gain'd at length such sway,
That other passions shrank to make it way;
Romantic notions now the heart forsook,
She read but seldom, and she chang'd her book;
And for the verses she was wont to send,
Short was her prose, and she was *Rupert's Friend*.
Seldom she wrote, and then the Widow's cough,
And constant call, excus'd her breaking off;
Who, now oppress'd, no longer took the air,
But sate and doz'd upon an easy chair.
The cautious Doctor saw the case was clear,
But judg'd it best to have companions near;
They came, they reason'd, they prescrib'd—at last,
Like honest men, they said their hopes were past;
Then came a priest—'tis comfort to reflect,
When all is over, there was no neglect;

And all was over—by her Husband's bones,
The widow rests beneath the sculptur'd stones ;
That yet record their fondness and their fame,
While all they left, the Virgin's care became ;
Stock, bonds, and buildings ;—it disturb'd her rest,
To think what load of troubles she possess'd :
Yet, if a trouble, she resolv'd to take
Th' important duty, for the donor's sake ;
She too was heiress to the Widow's taste,
Her love of hoarding, and her dread of waste.

Sometimes the past would on her mind intrude,
And then a conflict full of care ensued ;
The thoughts of *Rupert* on her mind would press,
His worth she knew, but doubted his success :
Of old she saw him heedless ; what the boy
Forbore to save, the man would not enjoy ;
Oft had he lost the chance that care would seize,
Willing to live, but more to live at ease :
Yet could she not a broken vow defend,
And Heav'n, perhaps, might yet enrich her friend.

Month after month was pass'd, and all were spent
In quiet comfort and in rich content :
Miseries there were, and woes the world around,
But these had not her pleasant dwelling found ;
She knew that mothers griev'd, and widows wept,
And she was sorry, said her prayers, and slept :

Thus pass'd the seasons, and to *Dinah's* board
Gave what the seasons to the rich afford ;
For she indulg'd, nor was her heart so small,
That one strong passion should engross it all.

A love of splendour now with av'rice strove,
And oft appear'd to be the stronger love :
A secret pleasure fill'd the Widow's breast,
When she reflected on the hoards possess'd ;
But livelier joy inspir'd th' ambitious Maid,
When she the purchase of those hoards display'd :
In small but splendid room she lov'd to see
That all was plac'd in view and harmony ;
There, as with eager glance she look'd around,
She much delight in every object found ;
While books devout were near her—to destroy,
Should it arise, an overflow of joy.

Within that fair apartment, guests might see
The comforts cull'd for wealth by vanity :
Around the room an Indian paper blaz'd,
With lively tint and figures boldly rais'd ;
Silky and soft upon the floor below,
Th' elastic carpet rose with crimson glow ;
All things around implied both cost and care,
What met the eye, was elegant or rare :
Some curious trifles round the room were laid,
By Hope presented to the wealthy Maid :

Within a costly case of varnish'd wood,
In level rows, her polish'd volumes stood ;
Shown as a favour to a chosen few,
To prove what beauty for a book could do :
A silver urn, with curious work was fraught ;
A silver lamp from Grecian pattern wrought :
Above her head, all gorgeous to behold,
A time-piece stood on feet of burnish'd gold ;
A stag's-head crest adorn'd the pictur'd case,
Through the pure crystal shone th' enamell'd face ;
And, while on brilliants mov'd the hands of steel,
It click'd from pray'r to pray'r, from meal to meal.

Here as the Lady sate, a friendly pair
Stept in t' admire the view, and took their chair :
They then related how the young and gay
Were thoughtless wandering in the broad highway ;
How tender damsels sail'd in tilted boats,
And laugh'd with wicked men in scarlet coats ;
And how we live in such degen'rate times,
That men conceal their wants, and show their crimes ;
While vicious deeds are screen'd by fashion's name,
And what was once our pride, is now our shame.

Dinah was musing, as her friends discours'd,
When these last words a sudden entrance forc'd
Upon her mind, and what was once her pride
And now her shame, some painful views supplied ;

Thoughts of the past within her bosom press'd,
And there a change was felt, and was confess'd :
While thus the virgin strove with secret pain,
Her mind was wandering o'er the troubled main ;
Still she was silent, nothing seem'd to see,
But sate and sigh'd in pensive reverie.

The friends prepar'd new subjects to begin,
When tall *Susannah*, maiden starch, stalk'd in ;
Not in her ancient mode, sedate and slow,
As when she came, the mind she knew, to know ;
Nor as, when list'ning half an hour before,
She twice or thrice tapp'd gently at the door ;
But, all decorum cast in wrath aside,
' I think the devil's in the man !' she cried ;
' A huge tall sailor, with his tawny cheek,
' And pitted face, will with my lady speak ;
' He grinn'd an ugly smile, and said he knew,
' Please you, my Lady, 'twould be joy to you ;
' What must I answer ?'—Trembling and distress'd
Sank the pale *Dinah* by her fears oppress'd ;
When thus alarm'd, and brooking no delay,
Swift to her room the stranger made his way.

“ Revive, my love !” said he, “ I've done thee harm,
“ Give me thy pardon,” and he look'd alarm :
Meantime the prudent *Dinah* had contriv'd,
Her soul to question, and she then reviv'd.

‘ See ! my good friend,’ and then she rais’d her head,
 ‘ The bloom of life, the strength of youth is fled ;
 ‘ Living we die ; to us the world is dead ;
 ‘ We parted blest with health, and I am now
 ‘ Age-struck and feeble, so I find art thou ;
 ‘ Thine eye is sunken, furrow’d is thy face,
 ‘ And downward look’st thou—so we run our race ;
 ‘ And happier they, whose race is nearly run,
 ‘ Their troubles over, and their duties done.’

“ True, Lady, true, we are not girl and boy ;
 “ But time has left us something to enjoy.”

‘ What ! thou hast learn’d my fortune ?—yes, I live
 ‘ To feel how poor the comforts wealth can give,
 ‘ Thou too perhaps art wealthy ; but our fate
 ‘ Still mocks our wishes, wealth is come too late.’

“ To me nor late nor early ; I am come
 “ Poor as I left thee to my native home :
 “ Nor yet,” said *Rupert*, “ will I grieve ; ’tis mine
 “ To share thy comforts, and the glory thine ;
 “ For thou wilt gladly take that generous part
 “ That both exalts and gratifies the heart ;
 “ While mine rejoices”—‘ Heavens!’ return’d the Maid,
 ‘ This talk to one so wither’d and decay’d ?
 ‘ No ! all my care is now to fit my mind
 ‘ For other spousal, and to die resign’d :

‘ As friend and neighbour, I shall hope to see
‘ These noble views, this pious love in thee ;
‘ That we together may the change await,
‘ Guides and spectators in each other’s fate ;
‘ When fellow-pilgrims, we shall daily crave
‘ The mutual prayer that arms us for the grave.’

Half angry, half in doubt, the Lover gaz’d
On the meek Maiden, by her speech amaz’d ;
“ *Dinah*,” said he, “ dost thou respect thy vows ?
“ What spousal mean’st thou ?—thou art *Rupert*’s spouse ;
“ The chance is mine to take and thine to give ;
“ But, trifling this, if we together live :
“ Can I believe, that, after all the past,
“ Our vows, our loves, thou wilt be false at last ?
“ Something thou hast—I know not what—in view ;
“ I find thee pious—let me find thee true.”

‘ Ah ! cruel this ; but do, my friend, depart ;
‘ And, to its feelings, leave my wounded heart.’

“ Nay, speak at once ; and *Dinah*, let me know,
“ Mean’st thou to take me, now I’m wreck’d, in tow ?
“ Be fair ; nor longer keep me in the dark ;
“ Am I forsaken for a trimmer spark ?
“ Heav’n’s spouse thou art not ; nor can I believe
“ That God accepts her who will Man deceive :
“ True I am shatter’d, I have service seen,
“ And service done, and have in trouble been ;

“ My cheek (it shames me not) has lost its red,
 “ And the brown buff is o’er my features spread ;
 “ Perchance my speech is rude ; for I among
 “ Th’ untam’d have been, in temper and in tongue ;
 “ Have been trepann’d, have liv’d in toil and care,
 “ And wrought for wealth I was not doom’d to share :
 “ It touched me deeply, for I felt a pride
 “ In gaining riches for my destin’d bride :
 “ Speak then my fate ; for these my sorrows past,
 “ Time lost, youth fled, hope wearied, and at last
 “ This doubt of thee—a childish thing to tell,
 “ But certain truth—my very throat they swell ;
 “ They stop the breath, and but for shame could I
 “ Give way to weakness, and with passion cry ;
 “ These are unmanly struggles, but I feel
 “ This hour must end them, and perhaps will heal.”—

Here *Dinah* sigh’d as if afraid to speak—
 And then repeated—‘ They were frail and weak ;
 ‘ His soul she lov’d, and hop’d he had the grace
 ‘ To fix his thoughts upon a better place.’

She ceas’d ;—with steady glance, as if to see
 The very root of this hypocrisy,—
 He her small fingers moulded in his hard
 And bronzed broad hand ; then told her his regard,
 His best respect were gone, but Love had still
 Hold in his heart, and govern’d yet the will—

Or he would curse her :—saying this, he threw
The hand in scorn away, and bade adieu
To every lingering hope, with every care in view.

Proud and indignant, suffering, sick, and poor,
He griev'd unseen ; and spoke of Love no more—
Till all he felt in Indignation died,
As hers had sunk in Avarice and Pride.

In health declining, as in mind distress'd,
To some in power his troubles he confess'd,
And shares a parish-gift ;—at prayers he sees
The pious *Dinah* dropp'd upon her knees ;
Thence as she walks the street with stately air,
As chance directs, oft meet the parted pair ;
When he, with thickset coat of Badge-man's blue,
Moves near her shaded silk of changeful hue ;
When his thin locks of grey approach her braid,
A costly purchase made in beauty's aid ;
When his frank air, and his unstudied pace,
Are seen with her soft manner, air, and grace,
And his plain artless look with her sharp meaning face ;
It might some wonder in a stranger move,
How these together could have talk'd of love.

Behold them now !—see there a Tradesman stands,
And humbly hearkens to some fresh commands ;
He moves to speak, she interrupts him—' Stay,'
Her air expresses—' Hark ! to what I say ;'

Ten paces off, poor *Rupert* on a seat
 Has taken refuge from the noon-day heat,
 His eyes on her intent, as if to find
 What were the movements of that subtle mind :
 How still !—how earnest is he !—it appears
 His thoughts are wand'ring through his earlier years ;
 Through years of fruitless labour, to the day
 When all his earthly prospects died away :
 “ Had I,” he thinks, “ been wealthier of the two,
 “ Would she have found me so unkind, untrue ?
 “ Or knows not man when poor, what man when rich
 will do ?
 “ Yes, yes ! I feel that I had faithful prov'd,
 “ And should have sooth'd and rais'd her, blest and lov'd.”

But *Dinah* moves—she had observ'd before,
 The pensive *Rupert* at an humble door :
 Some thoughts of pity rais'd by his distress,
 Some feeling touch of ancient tenderness ;
 Religion, duty urg'd the maid to speak,
 In terms of kindness to a man so weak :
 But pride forbad, and to return would prove
 She felt the shame of his neglected love ;
 Nor wrapp'd in silence could she pass, afraid
 Each eye should see her, and each heart upbraid ;
 One way remain'd—the way the Levite took,
 Who without mercy could on misery look ;
 (A way perceiv'd by craft, approv'd by pride),
 She cross'd and pass'd him on the other side.

TALE V.

THE PATRON.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright peculiar star,
And think to wed it; she is so much above me;
In her bright radiance and collateral heat,
Must I be comforted, not in her sphere.

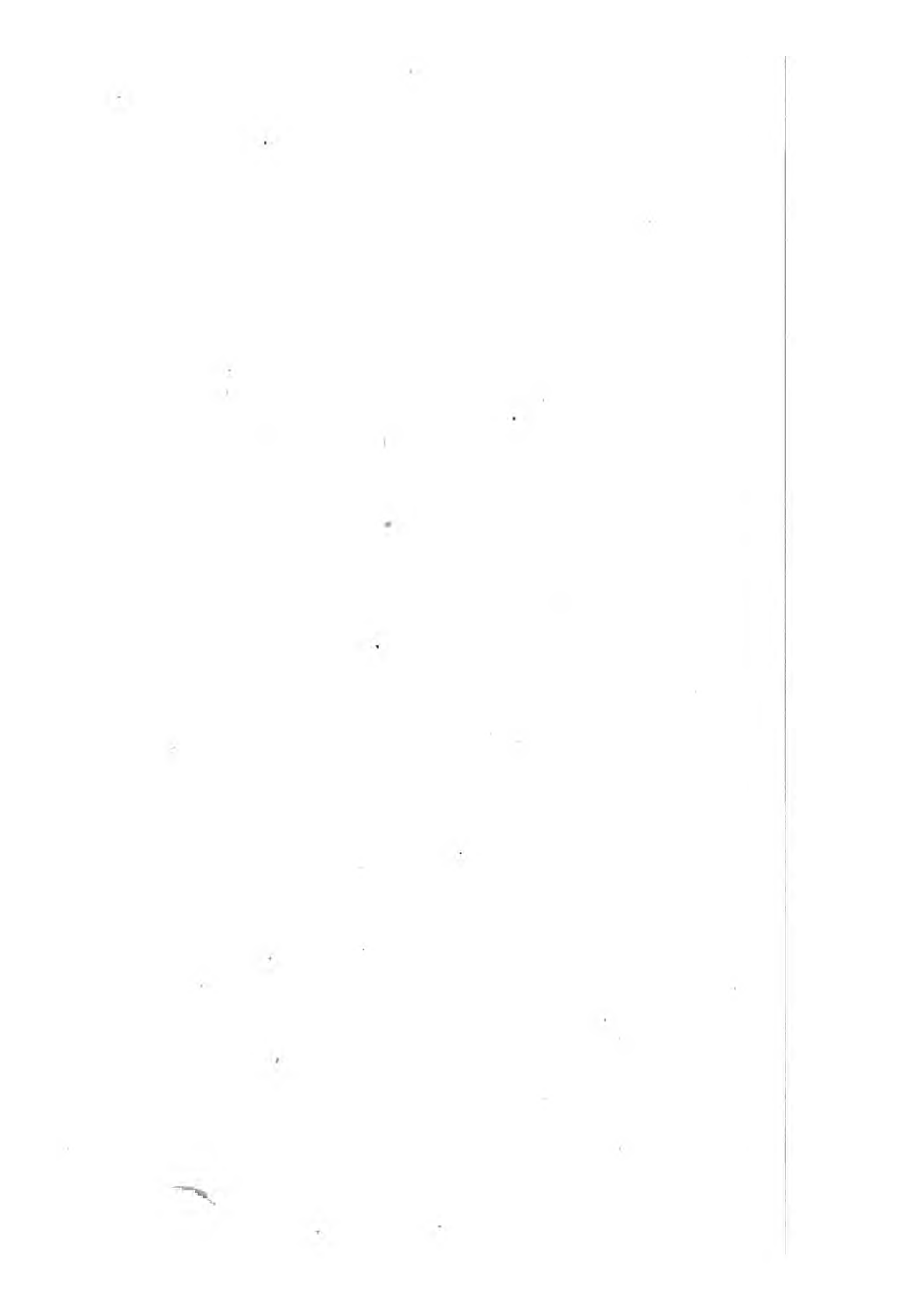
All's Well that Ends Well, Act I. Scene 1.

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favours, dream as I have done,—
Wake and find nothing.

Cymbeline, Act V. Scene 4.

And since——
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madness held me.

Tempest, Act V.



TALE V.

THE PATRON.

A BOROUGH-BAILIFF, who to law was train'd,
A wife and sons in decent state maintain'd ;
He had his way in life's rough ocean steer'd,
And many a rock and coast of danger clear'd ;
He saw where others fail'd, and care had he,
Others in him should not such failings see ;
His sons in various busy states were plac'd,
And all began the sweets of gain to taste ;
Save *John*, the younger ; *who*, of sprightly parts,
Felt not a love for money-making arts :
In childhood feeble, he, for country air,
Had long resided with a rustic pair ;
All round whose room were doleful ballads, songs,
Of lovers' sufferings and of ladies' wrongs ;
Of peevish ghosts who came at dark midnight,
For breach of promise, guilty men to fright ;
Love, marriage, murder, were the themes, with these,
All that on idle, ardent spirits seize ;

Robbers at land and pirates on the main,
 Enchanters foil'd, spells broken, giants slain ;
 Legends of love, with tales of halls and bowers,
 Choice of rare songs, and garlands of choice flowers,
 And all the hungry mind without a choice devours.

From Village-children kept apart by pride,
 With such enjoyments, and without a guide,
 Inspir'd by feelings all such works infus'd,
John snatch'd a pen, and wrote as he perus'd :
 With the like fancy he could make his knight
 Slay half an host and put the rest to flight ;
 With the like knowledge, he could make him ride
 From isle to isle at *Parthenissa's* side ;
 And with a heart yet free, no busy brain
 Form'd wilder notions of delight and pain,
 The raptures smiles create, the anguish of disdain.

Such were the fruits of *John's* poetic toil,
 Weeds, but still proofs of vigour in the soil :
 He nothing purpos'd but with vast delight,
 Let Fancy loose, and wonder'd at her flight :
 His notions of poetic worth were high,
 And of his own still-hoarded poetry ;—
 These to his father's house he bore with pride,
 A miser's treasure, in his room to hide ;
 Till spurr'd by glory, to a reading friend
 He kindly show'd the Sonnets he had penn'd :

With erring judgment, though with heart sincere,
That friend exclaim'd, ' These beauties must appear.'
In Magazines they claim'd their share of fame,
Though undistinguish'd by their Author's name;
And with delight the young Enthusiast found
The muse of *Marcus* with applauses crown'd.
This heard the Father, and with some alarm;
' The boy,' said he, ' will neither trade nor farm;
' He for both Law and Physic is unfit,
' Wit he may have, but cannot live on wit:
' Let him his talents then to learning give,
' Where verse is honour'd, and where poets live.'

John kept his terms at College unprov'd,
Took his degree, and left the life he lov'd;
Not yet ordain'd, his leisure he employ'd
In the light labours he so much enjoy'd;
His favourite notions and his daring views
Were cherish'd still, and he ador'd the Muse.

“ A little time, and he should burst to light,
“ And admiration of the world excite;
“ And every friend, now cool and apt to blame
“ His fond pursuit, would wonder at his fame.”
When led by fancy, and from view retir'd,
He call'd before him all his heart desir'd;
“ Fame shall be mine, then wealth shall I possess,
“ And beauty next an ardent lover bless;

“ For me the maid shall leave her nobler state,
“ Happy to raise and share her poet’s fate.”
He saw each day his Father’s frugal board,
With simple fare by cautious prudence stor’d;
Where each indulgence was foreweigh’d with care,
And the grand maxims were to save and spare :
Yet in his walks, his closet, and his bed,
All frugal cares and prudent counsels fled ;
And bounteous Fancy, for his glowing mind,
Wrought various scenes, and all of glorious kind ;
Slaves of the *ring* and *lump* ! what need of you,
When Fancy’s self such magic deeds can do ?

Thought rapt in visions of no vulgar kind,
To common subjects stoop’d our Poet’s mind ;
And oft, when wearied with more ardent flight,
He felt a spur satiric song to write ;
A rival burges his bold Muse attack’d,
And whipp’d severely for a well-known fact ;
For while he seem’d to all demure and shy,
Our Poet gaz’d at what was passing by ;
And ev’n his Father smil’d when playful wit,
From his young Bard, some haughty object hit.

From ancient times, the Borough where they dwelt
Had mighty contest at elections felt :
Sir Godfrey Ball, ’tis true, had held in pay
Electors many for the trying day ;

But in such golden chains to bind them all,
Requir'd too much for e'en *Sir Godfrey Ball*.
A member died, and to supply his place,
Two heroes enter'd for th' important race ;
Sir Godfrey's friend and *Earl Fitzdonnel's* son,
Lord Frederick Damer, both prepar'd to run ;
And partial numbers saw with vast delight
Their good young Lord oppose the proud old Knight.

Our poet's father, at a first request,
Gave the young Lord his vote and interest ;
And what he could our Poet, for he stung
The foe by verse satiric said and sung.
Lord Frederick heard of all this youthful zeal,
And felt as Lords upon a canvass feel ;
He read the satire, and he saw the use
That such cool insult, and such keen abuse,
Might on the wavering minds of voting men produce ;
Then too his praises were in contrast seen,
“ A Lord as noble as the Knight was mean.”

“ I much rejoice,” he cried, “ such worth to find,
“ To this the world must be no longer blind ;
“ His glory will descend from sire to son,
“ The *Burns* of English race, the happier *Chatterton*.”
Our Poet's mind, now hurried and elate,
Alarm'd the anxious Parent for his fate ;

Who saw with sorrow, should their Friend succeed,
That much discretion would the Poet need.

Their Friend succeeded, and repaid the zeal
The Poet felt, and made opposers feel,
By praise, (from Lords how soothing and how sweet !)
And invitation to his noble seat.
The Father ponder'd, doubtful if the brain
Of his proud Boy such honour could sustain ;
Pleas'd with the favours offer'd to a son,
But seeing dangers few so ardent shun.

Thus, when they parted, to the youthful breast
The Father's fears were by his love impress'd :
“ There will you find, my Son, the courteous ease
“ That must subdue the soul it means to please ;
“ That soft attention which ev'n beauty pays
“ To wake our passions, or provoke our praise ;
“ There all the eye beholds will give delight,
“ Where every sense is flatter'd like the sight :
“ This is your peril ; can you from such scene
“ Of splendour part and feel your mind serene,
“ And in the father's humble state resume
“ The frugal diet and the narrow room ?”
To this the Youth with cheerful heart reply'd,
Pleas'd with the trial, but as yet untry'd ;
And while professing patience, should he fail,
He suffer'd hope o'er reason to prevail.

Impatient, by the morning mail convey'd,
The happy guest his promis'd visit paid ;
And now arriving at the Hall, he try'd
For air compos'd, serene and satisfy'd ;
As he had practis'd in his room alone,
And there acquir'd a free and easy tone :
There he had said, " Whatever the degree
" A man obtains, what more than man is he ?"
And when arriv'd—" This room is but a room ;
" Can aught we see the steady soul o'ercome ?
" Let me in all a manly firmness show,
" Upheld by talents, and their value know."

This Reason urg'd ; but it surpass'd his skill
To be in act as manly as in will :
When he his Lordship and the Lady saw,
Brave as he was, he felt oppress'd with awe ;
And spite of verse, that so much praise had won,
The Poet found he was the Bailiff's son.

But dinner came, and the succeeding hours
Fix'd his weak nerves, and rais'd his failing powers ;
Prais'd and assur'd, he ventur'd once or twice
On some remark, and bravely broke the ice ;
So that at night, reflecting on his words,
He found, in time, he might converse with Lords.

Now was the Sister of his Patron seen—
A lovely creature, with majestic mien ;

Who, softly smiling while she look'd so fair,
 Prais'd the young Poet with such friendly air ;
 Such winning frankness in her looks express'd,
 And such attention to her Brother's guest,
 That so much beauty, join'd with speech so kind,
 Rais'd strong emotions in the Poet's mind ;
 Till reason fail'd his bosom to defend,
 From the sweet power of this enchanting Friend.—
 Rash boy ! what hope thy frantic mind invades ?
 What love confuses, and what pride persuades ?
 Awake to Truth ! should'st thou deluded feed
 On hopes so groundless—thou art mad indeed.

What say'st thou, wise-one ? “ that all-powerful Love
 “ Can Fortune's strong impediments remove ;
 “ Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
 “ The pride of Genius with the pride of Birth.”
 While thou art dreaming thus, the Beauty spies
 Love in thy tremor, passion in thine eyes ;
 And with th' amusement pleas'd, of conquest vain,
 She seeks her pleasure, careless of thy pain ;
 She gives thee praise to humble and confound,
 Smiles to ensnare and flatters thee to wound.

Why has she said that in the lowest state,
 The noble mind insures a noble fate ?
 And why thy daring mind to glory call ?
 That thou may'st dare and suffer, soar and fall.

Beauties are tyrants, and if they can reign,
They have no feeling for their subject's pain ;
Their victim's anguish gives their charms applause,
And their chief glory is the woe they cause :
Something of this was felt, in spite of love,
Which hope, in spite of reason, would remove.

Thus liv'd our Youth, with conversation, books,
And *Lady Emma's* soul-subduing looks ;
Lost in delight, astonish'd at his lot,
All prudence banish'd, all advice forgot—
Hopes, fears, and every thought, were fix'd upon the spot.

'Twas autumn yet, and many a day must frown
On *Brandon-Hall*, ere went my Lord to town ;
Meantime the Father, who had heard his boy
Liv'd in a round of luxury and joy ;
And justly thinking that the youth was one
Who, meeting danger, was unskill'd to shun ;
Knowing his temper, virtue, spirit, zeal,
How prone to hope and trust, believe and feel ;
These on the parent's soul their weight impress'd,
And thus he wrote the counsels of his breast.

' *John*, thou'rt a genius ; thou hast some pretence,
' I think, to wit, but hast thou sterling sense ?
' That which, like gold, may through the world go forth,
' And always pass for what 'tis truly worth ?

‘ Whereas this genius, like a bill, must take
‘ Only the value our opinions make.

‘ Men fam’d for wit, of dangerous talents vain,
‘ Treat those of common parts with proud disdain ;
‘ The powers that wisdom would, improving, hide,
‘ They blaze abroad with inconsiderate pride ;
‘ While yet but mere probationers for fame,
‘ They seize the honour they should then disclaim :
‘ Honour so hurried to the light must fade,
‘ The lasting laurels flourish in the shade.

‘ Genius is jealous ; I have heard of some
‘ Who, if unnotic’d, grew perversely dumb ;
‘ Nay, different talents would their envy raise,
‘ Poets have sicken’d at a dancer’s praise ;
‘ And one, the happiest writer of his time,
‘ Grew pale at hearing *Reynolds* was sublime ;
‘ That *Rutland’s Duchess* wore a heavenly smile—
‘ And I, said he, neglected all the while !

‘ A waspish tribe are these, on gilded wings,
‘ Humming their lays, and brandishing their stings ;
‘ And thus they move their friends and foes among,
‘ Prepar’d for soothing or satiric song.

‘ Hear me, my Boy, thou hast a virtuous mind—
‘ But be thy virtues of the sober kind ;

‘ Be not a *Quixote*, ever up in arms
‘ To give the guilty and the great alarms :
‘ If never heeded, thy attack is vain ;
‘ And if they heed thee, they ’ll attack again ;
‘ Then too in striking at that heedless rate,
‘ Thou in an instant may’st decide thy fate.

‘ Leave admonition—let the Vicar give
‘ Rules how the Nobles of his flock should live ;
‘ Nor take that simple fancy to thy brain,
‘ That thou canst cure the wicked and the vain.

‘ Our *Pope*, they say, once entertain’d the whim,
‘ Who fear’d not God should be afraid of him ;
‘ But grant they fear’d him, was it further said,
‘ That he reform’d the hearts he made afraid ?
‘ Did *Chartres* mend ? *Ward*, *Waters*, and a score
‘ Of flagrant felons, with his floggings sore ?
‘ Was *Cibber* silenc’d ? No ; with vigour blest,
‘ And brazen front, half earnest, half in jest,
‘ He dar’d the Bard to battle, and was seen
‘ In all his glory match’d with *Pope* and spleen ;
‘ Himself he stripp’d, the harder blow to hit,
‘ Then boldly match’d his ribaldry with wit ;
‘ The Poet’s conquest Truth and Time proclaim,
‘ But yet the battle hurt his peace and fame.

‘ Strive not too much for favour, seem at ease,
‘ And rather pleas’d thyself, than bent to please :

‘ Upon thy Lord with decent care attend,
‘ But not too near ; thou canst not be a friend ;
‘ And favourite be not, ’tis a dangerous post—
‘ Is gain’d by labour, and by fortune lost :
‘ Talents like thine may make a man approv’d,
‘ But other talents trusted and belov’d.
‘ Look round, my Son, and thou wilt early see
‘ The kind of man thou are not form’d to be.

‘ The real favourites of the Great are they,
‘ Who to their views and wants attention pay,
‘ And pay it ever ; who, with all their skill,
‘ Dive to the heart, and learn the secret Will ;
‘ If that be vicious, soon can they provide
‘ The favourite ill, and o’er the soul preside ;
‘ For vice is weakness, and the artful know
‘ Their power increases as the passions grow ;
‘ If indolent the pupil, hard their task ;
‘ Such minds will ever for amusement ask ;
‘ And great the labour ! for a man to choose
‘ Objects for one whom nothing can amuse ;
‘ For ere those objects can the soul delight,
‘ They must to joy the soul herself excite ;
‘ Therefore it is, this patient, watchful kind
‘ With gentle friction stir the drowsy mind :
‘ Fix’d on their end, with caution they proceed,
‘ And sometimes give, and sometimes take the lead ;
‘ Will now a hint convey, and then retire,
‘ And let the spark awake the lingering fire ;

‘ Or seek new joys and livelier pleasures bring,
‘ To give the jaded sense a quick’ning spring.

‘ These arts, indeed, my Son must not pursue ;
‘ Nor must he quarrel with the-tribe that do :
‘ It is not safe another’s crimes to know,
‘ Nor is it wise our proper worth to show :—
‘ “ My Lord,” you say, “ engag’d me for that worth ;”—
‘ True, and preserve it ready to come forth ;
‘ If question’d, fairly answer—and that done,
‘ Shrink back, be silent, and thy Father’s son ;
‘ For they who doubt thy talents scorn thy boast,
‘ But they who grant them will dislike thee most :
‘ Observe the Prudent ; they in silence sit,
‘ Display no learning and affect no wit ;
‘ They hazard nothing, nothing they assume,
‘ But know the useful art of *acting dumb*.
‘ Yet to their eyes each varying look appears,
‘ And every word finds entrance at their ears.

‘ Thou art Religion’s advocate—take heed,
‘ Hurt not the cause, thy pleasure ’tis to plead ;
‘ With wine before thee, and with wits beside,
‘ Do not in strength of reas’ning powers confide ;
‘ What seems to thee convincing, certain, plain,
‘ They will deny, and dare thee to maintain ;
‘ And thus will triumph o’er thy eager youth,
‘ While thou wilt grieve for so disgracing Truth.

‘ With pain I’ve seen, these wrangling wits among,
‘ Faith’s weak defenders, passionate and young;
‘ Weak thou art not, yet not enough on guard,
‘ Where Wit and Humour keep their watch and ward:
‘ Men gay and noisy will o’erwhelm thy sense,
‘ Then loudly laugh at Truth’s and thy expense;
‘ While the kind Ladies will do all they can
‘ To check their mirth, and cry, “*The good young man!*”

‘ Prudence, my Boy, forbids thee to commend
‘ The cause or party of thy Noble Friend;
‘ What are his praises worth, who must be known
‘ To take a Patron’s maxims for his own?
‘ When ladies sing, or in thy presence play,
‘ Do not, dear *John*, in rapture melt away;
‘ ’Tis not thy part, there will be list’ners round,
‘ To cry *Divine!* and doat upon the sound;
‘ Remember too, that though the poor have ears,
‘ They take not in the music of the spheres;
‘ They must not feel the warble and the thrill,
‘ Or be dissolv’d in extacy at will;
‘ Beside, ’tis freedom in a youth like thee,
‘ To drop his awe, and deal in extacy!

‘ In silent ease, at least in silence, dine,
‘ Nor one opinion start of food or wine:
‘ Thou know’st that all the science thou canst boast,
‘ Is of thy father’s simple boil’d and roast;

‘ Nor always these ; he sometimes sav’d his cash,
‘ By interlinear days of frugal hash :
‘ Wine hadst thou seldom ; wilt thou be so vain
‘ As to decide on claret or champagne ;
‘ Dost thou from me derive this taste sublime,
‘ Who order port the dozen at a time ?
‘ When (every glass held precious in our eyes)
‘ We judg’d the value by the bottle’s size :
‘ Then never merit for thy praise assume,
‘ Its worth well knows each servant in the room.

‘ Hard, Boy, thy task, to steer thy way among
‘ That servile, supple, shrewd, insidious throng ;
‘ Who look upon thee as of doubtful race,
‘ An interloper, one who wants a place :
‘ Freedom with these let thy free soul condemn,
‘ Nor with thy heart’s concerns associate them.

‘ Of all be cautious—but be most afraid
‘ Of the pale charms that grace My Lady’s Maid ;
‘ Of those sweet dimples, of that fraudulent eye,
‘ The frequent glance design’d for thee to spy ;
‘ The soft bewitching look, the fond bewailing sigh :
‘ Let others frown and envy ; she the while
‘ (Insidious syren !) will demurely smile ;
‘ And for her gentle purpose, every day
‘ Inquire thy wants, and meet thee in thy way ;
‘ She has her blandishments, and though so weak,
‘ Her person pleases, and her actions speak :

‘ At first her folly may her aim defeat ;
 ‘ But kindness shown, at length will kindness meet ;
 ‘ Have some offended ? them will she disdain,
 ‘ And, for thy sake, contempt and pity feign ;
 ‘ She hates the vulgar, she admires to look
 ‘ On woods and groves, and doats upon a book ;
 ‘ Let her once see thee on her features dwell,
 ‘ And hear one sigh, then liberty farewell.

‘ But, *John!* remember we cannot maintain
 ‘ A poor, proud girl, extravagant and vain.

‘ Doubt much of friendship : shouldst thou find a friend
 ‘ Pleas’d to advise thee, anxious to commend :
 ‘ Should he, the praises he has heard, report,
 ‘ And confidence (in thee confiding) court ;
 ‘ Much of neglectful Patrons should he say,
 ‘ And then exclaim—“ How long must merit stay !”
 ‘ Then show how high thy modest hopes may stretch,
 ‘ And point to stations far beyond thy reach ;
 ‘ Let such designer, by thy conduct, see
 ‘ (Civil and cool) he makes no dupe of thee ;
 ‘ And he will quit thee, as a man too wise
 ‘ For him to ruin first, and then despise.

‘ Such are thy dangers ;—yet, if thou canst steer
 ‘ Past all the perils, all the quicksands clear,
 ‘ Then may’st thou profit ; but if storms prevail,
 ‘ If foes beset thee, if thy spirits fail,—



‘ No more of winds or waters be the sport,
‘ But in thy Father’s mansion find a port.’

Our Poet read.—“ It is in truth,” said he,
“ Correct in part, but what is *this* to me ?
“ I love a foolish *Abigail* ! in base
“ And sordid office ! fear not such disgrace ;
“ Am I so blind ?” ‘ Or thou wouldst surely see
‘ That lady’s fall, if she should stoop to thee !’
“ The cases differ,” ‘ True ! for what surprise
‘ Could from thy marriage with the Maid arise ?
‘ But through the island would the shame be spread,
‘ Should the fair Mistress deign with thee to wed.’

John saw not this ; and many a week had pass’d,
While the vain Beauty held her victim fast ;
The Noble Friend still condescension show’d,
And, as before, with praises overflow’d ;
But his grave Lady took a silent view
Of all that pass’d, and smiling, pitied too.

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf ;
The dew dwelt ever on the herb ; the woods
Roar’d with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods :
All green was vanish’d, save of pine and yew,
That still display’d their melancholy hue ;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o’er the gravel spread.

To public views my Lord must soon attend;
 And soon the Ladies—would they leave their friend?
 The time was fix'd—approach'd—was near—was come;
 The trying time that fill'd his soul with gloom;
 Thoughtful our Poet in the morning rose,
 And cried, “ One hour my fortune will disclose;
 “ Terrific hour! from thee have I to date
 “ Life's loftier views, or my degraded state;
 “ For now to be what I have been before,
 “ Is so to fall, that I can rise no more.”

The morning meal was past; and all around
 The mansion rang with each discordant sound;
 Haste was in every foot, and every look
 The trav'ler's joy for London-journey spoke:
 Not so our Youth; whose feelings at the noise
 Of preparation, had no touch of joys;
 He pensive stood, and saw each carriage drawn,
 With lackeys mounted, ready on the lawn:
 The Ladies came; and *John* in terror threw
 One painful glance, and then his eyes withdrew;
 Not with such speed, but he in other eyes
 With anguish read—‘ I pity but despise—
 ‘ Unhappy boy! presumptuous scribbler!—you,
 ‘ To dream such dreams—be sober, and adieu!’

Then came the Noble Friend—“ And will my Lord
 “ Vouchsafe no comfort? drop no soothing word?”

“ Yes, he must speak :” he speaks, ‘ My good young friend,
‘ You know my views ; upon my care depend ;
‘ My hearty thanks to your good Father pay,
‘ And be a student.’—‘ *Harry*, drive away.’

Stillness reign’d all around ; of late so full
The busy scene, deserted now and dull :
Stern is his nature who forbears to feel
Gloom o’er his spirits on such trials steal ;
Most keenly felt our Poet as he went
From room to room without a fix’d intent ;
“ And here,” he thought, “ I was carress’d, admir’d
“ Were here my songs ; she smil’d, and I aspir’d ;
“ The change how grievous !” As he mus’d, a dame
Busy and peevish to her duties came ;
Aside the tables and the chairs she drew,
And sang and mutter’d in the Poet’s view ;
‘ This was her fortune ; here they leave the poor ;
‘ Enjoy themselves, and think of us no more ;
‘ I had a promise—’ here his pride and shame
Urg’d him to fly from this familiar dame ;
He gave one farewell look, and by a coach
Reach’d his own mansion at the night’s approach.

His Father met him with an anxious air,
Heard his sad tale, and check’d what seem’d despair ;
Hope was in him corrected, but alive ;
My Lord would something for a friend contrive ;

His word was pledg'd; our Hero's feverish mind
Admitted this, and half his grief resign'd;
But when three months had fled, and every day
Drew from the sickening hopes their strength away,
The Youth became abstracted, pensive, dull;
He utter'd nothing, though his heart was full;
Teaz'd by inquiring words, and anxious looks,
And all forgetful of his Muse and books;
Awake he mourn'd, but in his sleep perceiv'd
A lovely vision that his pain reliev'd:
His soul transported, hail'd the happy seat,
Where once his pleasure was so pure and sweet;
Where joys departed came in blissful view,
Till reason wak'd, and not a joy he knew.

Questions now vex'd his spirit, most from those
Who are called friends, because they are not foes;
'*John!*' they would say; he starting, turn'd around;
'*John!*' there was something shocking in the sound;
Ill brook'd he then the pert familiar phrase,
The untaught freedom, and th' inquiring gaze;
Much was his temper touch'd, his spleen provok'd,
When ask'd how Ladies talk'd, or walk'd, or look'd?
'What said my Lord of politics? how spent
'He there his time? and was he glad he went?'

At length a letter came, both cool and brief,
But still it gave the burthen'd heart relief:

Though not inspir'd by lofty hopes, the Youth
Plac'd much reliance on *Lord Frederick's* truth ;
Summon'd to town, he thought the visit one
Where something fair and friendly would be done ;
Although he judg'd not, as before his fall,
When all was love and promise at the Hall.

Arriv'd in town, he early sought to know
The fate such dubious friendship would bestow ;
At a tall building trembling he appear'd,
And his low rap was indistinctly heard ;
A well-known servant came—' A while,' said he,
' Be pleas'd to wait ; my Lord has company.'

Alone our Hero sate ; the news in hand,
Which though he read, he could not understand :
Cold was the day ; in days so cold as these
There needs a fire, where minds and bodies freeze ;
The vast and echoing room, the polish'd grate,
The crimson chairs, the sideboard with its plate ;
The splendid sofa, which, though made for rest,
He then had thought it freedom to have press'd ;
The shining tables, curiously inlaid,
Were all in comfortless proud style display'd ;
And to the troubled feelings terror gave,
That made the once-dear friend, the sick'ning slave.

" Was he forgotten ?" Thrice upon his ear
Struck the loud clock, yet no relief was near ;

Each rattling carriage, and each thundering stroke
On the loud door, the dream of Fancy broke ;
Oft as a servant chanc'd the way to come,
“ Brings he a message ? ” no ! he pass'd the room :
At length 'tis certain ; ‘ Sir, you will attend
‘ At twelve on Thursday ! ’ Thus the day had end.

Vex'd by these tedious hours of needless pain,
John left the noble mansion with disdain ;
For there was something in that still, cold place,
That seem'd to threaten and portend disgrace.

Punctual again the modest rap declar'd
The Youth attended ; then was all prepar'd :
For the same servant, by his Lord's command,
A paper offer'd to his trembling hand :
“ No more ! ” he cried, “ disdains he to afford
“ One kind expression, one consoling word ? ”

With troubled spirit he began to read
That ‘ In the Church my Lord could not succeed ;’
Who had ‘ to Peers of either kind applied,
‘ And was with dignity and grace denied ;
‘ While his own livings were by men possess'd,
‘ Not likely in their chancels yet to rest ;
‘ And therefore, all things weigh'd, (as he, my Lord,
‘ Had done maturely, and he pledg'd his word),
‘ Wisdom it seem'd for *John* to turn his view
‘ To busier scenes, and bid the Church adieu !’

Here griev'd the Youth ; he felt his father's pride
Must with his own be shock'd and mortified ;
But, when he found his future comforts plac'd,
Where he, alas ! conceiv'd himself disgrac'd—
In some appointment on the London Quays,
He bade farewell to honour and to ease ;
His spirit fell, and, from that hour assur'd
How vain his dreams, he suffer'd and was cur'd.

Our Poet hurried on, with wish to fly
From all mankind, to be conceal'd, and die.
Alas ! what hopes, what high romantic views
Did that one visit to the soul infuse,
Which cherish'd with such love, 'twas worse than death
to lose !
Still he would strive, though painful was the strife,
To walk in this appointed road of life ;
On these low duties, duteous he would wait,
And patient bear the anguish of his fate.
Thanks to the Patron, but of coldest kind,
Express'd the sadness of the Poet's mind ;
Whose heavy hours were pass'd with busy men,
In the dull practice of th' official pen ;
Who to Superiors must in time impart
(The custom this) his progress in their art :
But, so had grief on his perception wrought,
That all unheeded were the duties taught ;
No answers gave he when his trial came,
Silent he stood, but suffering without shame ;

And they observ'd that words severe or kind
Made no impression on his wounded mind ;
For all perceiv'd from whence his failure rose,
Some grief whose cause he deign'd not to disclose.
A soul averse from scenes and works so new,
Fear ever shrinking from the vulgar crew ;
Distaste for each mechanic law and rule,
Thoughts of past honour and a patron cool ;
A grieving parent, and a feeling mind,
Timid and ardent, tender and refin'd ;
These all with mighty force the Youth assail'd,
Till his soul fainted, and his reason fail'd :
When this was known, and some debate arose
How they who saw it should the fact disclose ;
He found their purpose, and in terror fled,
From unseen kindness, with mistaken dread.

Meantime the Parent was distress'd to find
His Son no longer for a Priest design'd ;
But still he gain'd some comfort by the news
Of *John's* promotion, though with humbler views :
For he conceiv'd that in no distant time
The Boy would learn to scramble and to climb ;
He little thought a Son, his hope and pride,
His favour'd Boy, was now a home denied :
Yes ! while the parent was intent to trace
How men in office climb from place to place ;

By day, by night, o'er moor and heath and hill,
Rov'd the sad Youth, with ever-changing will,
Of every aid bereft, expos'd to every ill.

Thus as he sate, absorb'd in all the care
And all the hope that anxious fathers share,
A Friend abruptly to his presence brought,
With trembling hand, the subject of his thought;
Whom he had found afflicted and subdued
By hunger, sorrow, cold, and solitude.

Silent he enter'd the forgotten room,
As ghostly forms may be conceiv'd to come;
With sorrow-shrunk face and hair upright,
He look'd dismay, neglect, despair, affright;
But, dead to comfort, and on misery thrown,
His Parent's loss he felt not, nor his own.

The good Man, struck with horror, cried aloud,
And drew around him an astonish'd crowd;
The sons and servants to the Father ran,
To share the feelings of the griev'd old man:

' Our Brother, speak!' they all exclaim'd; ' explain
' Thy grief, thy suffering:—but they ask'd in vain;
The Friend told all he knew; and all was known,
Save the sad causes whence the ills had grown:
But, if obscure the cause, they all agreed
From rest and kindness must the cure proceed:

And he was cur'd; for quiet, love, and care,
Strove with the gloom, and broke on the despair;
Yet slow their progress, and, as vapours move
Dense and reluctant from the wintry grove;
All is confusion till the morning light
Gives the dim scene obscurely to the sight;
More and yet more defin'd the trunks appear,
Till the wild prospect stands distinct and clear;—
So the dark mind of our young Poet grew
Clear and sedate; the dreadful mist withdrew;
And he resembled that bleak wintry scene,
Sad, though unclouded; dismal, though serene.

At times he utter'd, “ What a dream was mine !
“ And what a prospect ! glorious and divine !
“ Oh ! in that room, and on that night to see
“ These looks, that sweetness beaming all on me ;
“ That syren-flattery—and to send me then
“ Hope-rais'd and soften'd to those heartless men ;
“ That dark-brow'd stern Director, pleas'd to show
“ Knowledge of subjects, I disdain'd to know ;
“ Cold and controlling—but 'tis gone, 'tis past,
“ I had my trial, and have peace at last.”

Now grew the Youth resign'd ; he bade adieu
To all that Hope, to all that Fancy drew ;
His frame was languid, and the hectic heat
Flush'd on his pallid face, and countless beat

The quick'ning pulse, and faint the limbs that bore
The slender form that soon would breathe no more.

Then hope of holy kind the soul sustain'd,
And not a lingering thought of earth remain'd ;
Now Heaven had all, and he could smile at Love,
And the wild sallies of his youth reprove ;
Then could he dwell upon the tempting days,
The proud aspiring thought, the partial praise ;
Victorious now, his worldly views were clos'd,
And on the bed of death the Youth repos'd.

The Father griev'd—but as the Poet's heart
Was all unfitted for his earthly part ;
As, he conceiv'd, some other haughty Fair
Would, had he liv'd, have led him to despair ;
As, with this fear, the silent grave shut out
All feverish hope, and all tormenting doubt ;
While the strong faith the pious Youth possess'd,
His hope enlivening, gave his sorrows rest ;
Sooth'd by these thoughts, he felt a mournful joy
For his aspiring and devoted Boy.

Meantime the news through various channels spread,
The Youth, once favour'd with such praise, was dead ;
' *Emma,*' the Lady cried, ' my words attend,
' Your syren-smiles have kill'd your humble friend ;
' The hope you rais'd can now delude no more,
' Nor charms, that once inspir'd, can now restore.'

Faint was the flush of anger and of shame,
 That o'er the cheek of conscious beauty came ;
 ' You censure not, said she, the Sun's bright rays,
 ' When fools imprudent dare the dangerous gaze ;
 ' And should a stripling look till he were blind,
 ' You would not justly call the light unkind ;
 ' But is he dead ? and am I to suppose
 ' The power of poison in such looks as those ?'
 She spoke, and, pointing to the mirror, cast
 A pleas'd gay glance, and curtsy'd as she pass'd.

My Lord, to whom the Poet's fate was told
 Was much affected, for a man so cold ;
 ' Dead !' said his Lordship, ' run distracted, mad !
 ' Upon my soul I'm sorry for the lad ;
 ' And now, no doubt, th' obliging world will say,
 ' That my harsh usage help'd him on his way ;
 ' What ! I suppose, I should have nurs'd his muse,
 ' And with champagne have brighten'd up his views ;
 ' Then had he made me fam'd my whole life long,
 ' And stunn'd my ears with gratitude and song.
 ' Still should the Father hear that I regret
 ' Our joint misfortune—Yes ! I'll not forget.'—

Thus they :—The Father to his grave convey'd
 The Son he lov'd, and his last duties paid.

' There lies my Boy,' he cried, ' of care bereft,
 ' And, Heav'n be prais'd, I've not a genius left :

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-
- ‘ No one among ye, Sons ! is doom’d to live
‘ On high-rais’d hopes of what the great may give ;
‘ None, with exalted views and fortunes mean,
‘ To die in anguish, or to live in spleen :
‘ Your pious Brother soon escap’d the strife
‘ Of such contention, but it cost his life ;
‘ You then, my Sons, upon yourselves depend,
‘ And in your own exertions find the friend.’
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TALE VI.

THE FRANK COURTSHIP.

Yes, faith, it is my Cousin's duty to make a curtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you;" but for all that, Cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtesy and say, "Father, as it pleases me."

Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. Scene 1.

He cannot flatter, he!

An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth.

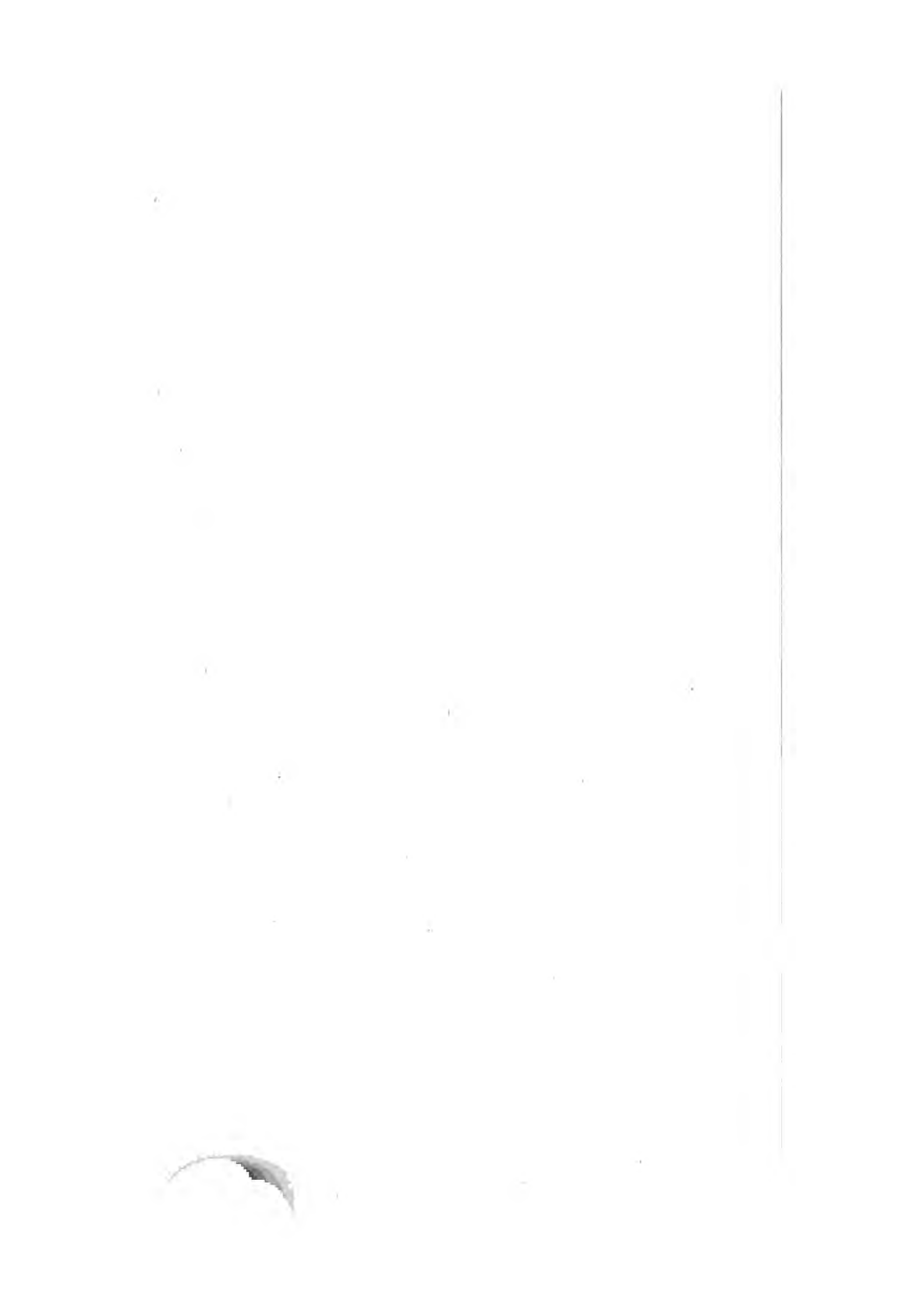
King Lear, Act II. Scene 2.

God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, you nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene 1.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true;
Am I contemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. Scene 1



TALE VI.

THE FRANK COURTSHIP.

GRAVE *Jonas Kindred*, *Sybil Kindred's* sire,
Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher ;
Erect, morose, determin'd, solemn, slow,
Who knew the man, could never cease to know ;
His faithful Spouse, when *Jonas* was not by,
Had a firm presence and a steady eye ;
But with her husband dropp'd her look and tone,
And *Jonas* rul'd unquestion'd and alone.

He read, and oft would quote the sacred words,
How pious husbands of their wives were lords ;
Sarah called *Abrabam* Lord ! and who could be,
So *Jonas* thought, a greater man than he ?

Himself he view'd with undisguis'd respect,
And never pardon'd freedom or neglect.

They had one daughter, and this favourite child
Had oft the father of his spleen beguil'd ;
Sooth'd by attention from her early years,
She gain'd all wishes by her smiles or tears :
But *Sybil* then was in that playful time,
When contradiction is not held a crime ;
When parents yield their children idle praise,
For faults corrected in their after days.

Peace in the sober house of *Jonas* dwelt,
Where each his duty and his station felt :
Yet not that peace some favour'd mortals find,
In equal views and harmony of mind ;
Not the soft peace that blesses those who love,
Where all with one consent in union move ;
But it was that which one superior will
Commands, by making all inferiors still ;
Who bids all murmurs, all objections cease,
And with imperious voice, announces—Peace !

They were, to wit, a remnant of that crew,
Who, as their foes maintain, their Sovereign slew,
An independent race, precise, correct,
Who ever married in the kindred sect ;
No son or daughter of their order wed,
A friend to *England's* King who lost his head ;

Cromwell was still their Saint, and when they met,
They mourn'd that Saints* were not our Rulers yet.

Fix'd were their habits; they arose betimes,
Then prey'd their hour, and sang their party-rhimes:
Their meals were plenteous, regular, and plain,
The trade of *Jonas* brought him constant gain;
Vender of Hops and Malt, of Coals and Corn—
And, like his father, he was Merchant born:
Neat was their house; each table, chair, and stool,
Stood in its place, or moving mov'd by rule;
No lively print or picture grac'd the room;
A plain brown paper lent its decent gloom;
But here the eye, in glancing round, survey'd
A small Recess that seem'd for china made;
Such pleasing pictures seem'd this pencill'd ware,
That few would search for nobler objects there—
Yet, turn'd by chosen friends, and there appear'd
His stern, strong features, whom they all rever'd;
For there in lofty air was seen to stand
The bold Protector of the conquer'd land;
Drawn in that look with which he wept and swore,
Turn'd out the Members and made fast the door,
Ridding the House of every knave and drone,
Forc'd, though it griev'd his soul, to rule alone.

* This appellation is here used not ironically nor with malignity; but it is taken merely to designate a morosely devout people, with peculiar austerity of manners.

The stern still smile each Friend approving gave,
Then turn'd the view, and all again were grave.

There stood a Clock, though small the owner's need,
For habit told when all things should proceed ;
Few their amusements, but when Friends appear'd,
They with the world's distress their spirits cheer'd ;
The nation's guilt, that would not long endure
The reign of men so modest and so pure :
Their town was large, and seldom pass'd a day
But some had fail'd, and others gone astray ;
Clerks had absconded, wives elop'd, girls flown
To Gretna-Green, or sons rebellious grown ;
Quarrels and fires arose ;—and it was plain
The times were bad ; the Saints had ceas'd to reign !
A few yet liv'd to languish and to mourn
For good old manners never to return.

Jonas had Sisters, and of these was one
Who lost a husband and an only son :
Twelve months her sables she in sorrow wore,
And mourn'd so long that she could mourn no more.
Distant from *Jonas*, and from all her race,
She now resided in a lively place ;
There, by the sect unseen, at Whist she play'd,
Nor was of Churchmen or their Church afraid :
If much of this the graver Brother heard,
He something censur'd, but he little fear'd ;

He knew her rich and frugal ; for the rest,
He felt no care, or, if he felt, suppress'd :
Nor for companion when she ask'd her Niece,
Had he suspicions that disturb'd his peace ;
Frugal and rich, these virtues as a charm
Preserv'd the thoughtful man from all alarm ;
An infant yet, she soon would home return,
Nor stay the manners of the world to learn ;
Meantime his Boys would all his care engross,
And be his comforts if he felt the loss.

The sprightly *Sybil*, pleas'd and unconfin'd,
Felt the pure pleasure of the op'ning mind :
All here was gay and cheerful—all at home
Unvaried quiet and unruffled gloom :
There were no changes, and amusements few ;
Here, all was varied, wonderful, and new ;
There were plain meals, plain dresses, and grave looks—
Here, gay companions and amusing books ;
And the young Beauty soon began to taste
The light vocations of the scene she grac'd.

A man of business feels it as a crime,
On calls domestic to consume his time ;
Yet this grave Man had not so cold a heart,
But with his Daughter he was griev'd to part :
And he demanded that in every year
The Aunt and Niece should at his house appear.

“ Yes! we must go, my Child, and by our dress
“ A grave conformity of mind express ;
“ Must sing at Meeting, and from cards refrain,
“ The more t’ enjoy when we return again.”

Thus spake the Aunt, and the discerning Child
Was pleas’d to learn how fathers are beguil’d.
Her artful part the young dissembler took,
And from the Matron caught th’ approving look :
When thrice the Friends had met, excuse was sent
For more delay, and *Jonas* was content ;
Till a tall maiden by her Sire was seen,
In all the bloom and beauty of sixteen ;
He gaz’d admiring ;—she, with visage prim,
Glanc’d an arch look of gravity on him ;
For she was gay at heart, but wore disguise,
And stood a Vestal in her Father’s eyes :
Pure, pensive, simple, sad ; the Damself’s heart,
When *Jonas* prais’d, reprov’d her for the part ;
For *Sybil*, fond of pleasure, gay and light,
Had still a secret bias to the right,
Vain as she was—and flattery made her vain—
Her simulation gave her bosom pain.

Again return’d, the Matron and the Niece
Found the late quiet gave their joy increase ;
The Aunt infirm, no more her visits paid,
But still with her sojourn’d the favourite Maid.

Letters were sent when franks could be procur'd,
And when they could not, silence was endur'd ;
All were in health, and if they older grew,
It seem'd a fact that none among them knew ;
The Aunt and Niece still led a pleasant life,
And quiet days had *Jonas* and his Wife.

Near him a Widow dwelt of worthy fame,
Like his her manners, and her creed the same ;
The wealth her husband left, her care retain'd
For one tall Youth, and widow she remain'd ;
His love respectful all her care repaid,
Her wishes watch'd, and her commands obey'd.

Sober he was and grave from early youth,
Mindful of forms, but more intent on truth ;
In a light drab he uniformly dress'd,
And look serene th' unruffled mind express'd ;
A hat with ample verge his brows o'erspread,
And his brown locks curl'd graceful on his head ;
Yet might observers in his speaking eye
Some observation, some acuteness spy ;
The friendly thought it keen, the treacherous deem'd it sly ;
Yet not a crime could foe or friend detect,
His actions all were, like his speech, correct ;
And they who jested on a mind so sound,
Upon his virtues must their laughter found ;
Chaste, sober, solemn, and devout they nam'd
Him who was thus, and not of *this* asham'd.

Such were the virtues *Jonas* found in one
In whom he warmly wish'd to find a Son :
Three years had pass'd since he had *Sybil* seen ;
But she was doubtless what she once had been,
Lovely and mild, obedient, and discreet ;
The pair must love whenever they should meet ;
Then ere the Widow or her Son should choose
Some happier Maid, he would explain his views :
Now she, like him, was politic and shrewd,
With strong desire of lawful gain embued ;
To all he said, she bow'd with much respect,
Pleas'd to comply, yet seeming to reject ;
Cool and yet eager, each admir'd the strength
Of the opponent, and agreed at length :
As a drawn battle shows to each a force,
Powerful as his, he honours it of course ;
So in these neighbours, each the power discern'd,
And gave the praise that was to each return'd.

Jonas now ask'd his daughter—and the Aunt,
Though loth to lose her, was obliged to grant ;—
But would not *Sybil* to the Matron cling,
And fear to leave the shelter of her wing ?
No ! in the young there lives a love of change,
And to the easy, they prefer the strange !
Then too the joys she once pursued with zeal,
From whist and visits sprung, she ceas'd to feel ;
When with the matrons *Sybil* first sat down,
To cut for partners and to stake her crown,

This to the youthful maid preferment seem'd,
Who thought what woman she was then esteem'd ;
But in few years, when she perceiv'd, indeed,
The real woman to the girl succeed,
No longer tricks and honours fill'd her mind,
But other feelings, not so well defin'd ;
She then reluctant grew, and thought it hard,
To sit and ponder o'er an ugly card ;
Rather the nut-tree shade the Nymph preferr'd,
Pleas'd with the pensive gloom and evening bird ;
Thither, from company retir'd, she took
The silent walk, or read the fav'rite book.

The Father's letter, sudden, short, and kind,
Awak'd her wonder, and disturb'd her mind ;
She found new dreams upon her fancy seize,
Wild roving thoughts and endless reveries :
The parting came ;—and when the Aunt perceiv'd
The tears of *Sybil*, and how much she griev'd—
To love for her that tender grief she laid,
That various, soft, contending passions made.

When *Sybil* rested in her Father's arms,
His pride exulted in a daughter's charms ;
A maid accomplish'd he was pleas'd to find,
Nor seem'd the form more lovely than the mind :
But when the fit of pride and fondness fled,
He saw his judgment by his hopes misled ;

High were the Lady's spirits, far more free
 Her mode of speaking than a maid's should be ;
 Too much as *Jonas* thought, she seem'd to know,
 And all her knowledge was dispos'd to show ;
 ' Too gay her dress, like theirs who idly doat
 ' On a young coxcomb, or a coxcomb's coat ;
 ' In foolish spirits when our friends appear,
 ' And vainly grave when not a man is near.'

Thus *Jonas* ! adding to his sorrow blame,
 And terms disdainful to his Sister's name :—
 ' The sinful wretch has by her arts defil'd
 ' The ductile spirit of my darling child.'

' The Maid is virtuous,' said the Dame—Quoth he,
 " Let her give proof, by acting virtuously :
 " Is it in gaping when the Elders pray ?
 " In reading nonsense half a summer's day ?
 " In those mock forms that she delights to trace,
 " Or her loud laughs in *Hezekiah's* face ;
 " She—O *Susannah* !—to the world belongs ;
 " She loves the follies of its idle throngs,
 " And reads soft tales of love, and sings love's softn'ing
 " songs.
 " But, as our friend is yet delay'd in town,
 " We must prepare her till the Youth comes down :
 " You shall advise the Maiden ; I will threat ;
 " Her fears and hopes may yield us comfort yet."

Now the grave Father took the Lass aside,
Demanding sternly, "Wilt thou be a bride?"
She answer'd, calling up an air sedate,
' I have not vow'd against the holy state.'

"No folly, *Sybil*," said the Parent, "know
"What to their parents virtuous maidens owe;
"A worthy, wealthy youth, whom I approve,
"Must thou prepare to honour and to love.
"Formal to thee his air and dress may seem,
"But the good youth is worthy of esteem;
"Shouldst thou with rudeness treat him; of disdain,
"Should he with justice or of slight complain,
"Or of one taunting speech give certain proof,
"Girl! I reject thee from my sober roof."

'My Aunt,' said *Sybil*, 'will with pride protect
'One whom a Father can for this reject;
'Nor shall a formal, rigid, soul-less boy
'My manners alter, or my views destroy!'

Jonas then lifted up his hands on high,
And, utt'ring something 'twixt a groan and sigh,
Left the determin'd Maid, her doubtful Mother by.

"Hear me," she said, "incline thy heart, my Child,
"And fix thy fancy on a man so mild;
"Thy father, *Sybil*, never could be mov'd
"By one who lov'd him, or by one he lov'd.

“ Union like ours is but a bargain made
 “ By slave and tyrant—he will be obey’d ;
 “ Then calls the quiet, comfort—but thy Youth
 “ Is mild by nature, and as frank as truth.”

‘ But will he love?’ said *Sybil*, ‘ I am told
 ‘ That these mild creatures are by nature cold.’

“ Alas!” the Matron answer’d, “ much I dread
 “ That dangerous love by which the young are led !
 “ That love is earthy ; you the creature prize,
 “ And trust your feelings and believe your eyes :
 “ Can eyes and feelings inward worth descry ?
 “ No ! my fair Daughter, on our choice rely !
 “ Your love, like that display’d upon the stage,
 “ Indulg’d is folly, and oppos’d is rage ;—
 “ More prudent love our sober couples show,
 “ All that to mortal beings, mortals owe ;
 “ All flesh is grass—before you give a heart,
 “ Remember, *Sybil*, that in death you part ;
 “ And should your husband die before your love,
 “ What needless anguish must a Widow prove !
 “ No ! my fair Child, let all such visions cease ;
 “ Yield but esteem, and only try for peace.”

‘ I must be lov’d,’ said *Sybil*, ‘ I must see
 ‘ The man in terrors who aspires to me ;
 ‘ At my forbidding frown, his heart must ache,
 ‘ His tongue must falter, and his frame must shake ;

‘ And if I grant him at my feet to kneel,
‘ What trembling, fearful pleasure must he feel;
‘ Nay, such the raptures that my smiles inspire,
‘ That Reason’s self must for a time retire.’

“ Alas! for good *Josiah*,” said the Dame,
“ These wicked thoughts would fill his soul with shame ;
“ He kneel and tremble at a thing of dust !
“ He cannot, Child :”—the Child replied, ‘ He must.’

They ceas’d : the Matron left her with a frown ;
So *Jonas* met her when the Youth came down ;
“ Behold,” said he, “ thy future Spouse attends,
“ Receive him, Daughter, as the best of friends ;
“ Observe, respect him—humble be each word,
“ That welcomes home thy Husband and thy Lord.”

Forewarn’d, thought *Sybil*, with a bitter smile,
I shall prepare my manner and my style.

Ere yet *Josiah* enter’d on his task,
The Father met him—“ Deign to wear a mask
“ A few dull days, *Josiah*—but a few—
“ It is our duty, and the sex’s due ;
“ I wore it once, and every grateful wife
“ Repays it with obedience through her life :
“ Have no regard to *Sybil*’s dress, have none
“ To her pert language, to her flippant tone :
“ Henceforward thou shalt rule unquestion’d and alone ;

“ And she thy pleasure in thy looks shall seek—
 “ How she shall dress, and whether she may speak.”

A sober smile return'd the Youth, and said,
 ‘ Can I cause fear, who am myself afraid ?’

Sybil, meantime, sat thoughtful in her room,
 And often wonder'd—“ Will the creature come ?
 “ Nothing shall tempt, shall force me to bestow
 “ My hand upon him—yet I wish to know.”

The door unclos'd, and she beheld her Sire
 Lead in the Youth, then hasten to retire ;
 “ Daughter, my Friend—my Daughter, Friend”—he cried,
 And gave a meaning look, and stepp'd aside ;
 That look contain'd a mingled threat and prayer,
 “ Do take him, Child—offend him, if you dare.”

The couple gaz'd—were silent, and the Maid
 Look'd in his face, to make the Man afraid ;
 The Man, unmov'd, upon the maiden cast
 A steady view—so salutation pass'd :
 But in this instant *Sybil's* eye had seen
 The tall fair person, and the still staid mien ;
 The glow that temp'rance o'er the cheek had spread,
 Where the soft down half veil'd the purest red ;
 And the serene deportment that proclaim'd
 A heart unspotted, and a life unblam'd :

BUT then with these she saw attire too plain,
The pale brown coat though worn without a stain ;
The formal air, and something of the pride
That indicates the wealth it seems to hide ;
And looks that were not, she conceiv'd, exempt
From a proud pity, or a sly contempt.

Josiah's eyes had their employment too,
Engag'd and soften'd by so bright a view ;
A fair and meaning face, an eye of fire,
That check'd the bold, and made the free retire :
But then with these he mark'd the studied dress
And lofty air, that scorn or pride express ;
With that insidious look, that seem'd to hide
In an affected smile the scorn and pride ;
And if his mind the Virgin's meaning caught,
He saw a foe with treacherous purpose fraught—
Captive the heart to take, and to reject it, caught.

Silent they sate—thought *Sybil*, that he seeks
Something, no doubt ; I wonder if he speaks ;
Scarcely she wonder'd, when these accents fell
Slow in her ear—“ Fair Maiden, art thou well ?”
‘ Art thou Physician ?’ she replied ; ‘ my hand,
‘ My pulse at least, shall be at thy command.’

She said—and saw, surpris'd, *Josiah* kneel,
And gave his lips the offer'd pulse to feel ;

The rosy colour rising in her cheek,
 Seem'd that surprise unmix'd with wrath to speak;
 Then sternness she assum'd, and—' Doctor, tell,
 ' Thy words cannot alarm me—am I well?'

“ Thou art,” said he; “ and yet thy dress so light,
 “ I do conceive, some danger must excite :”
 ‘ In whom?’ said *Sybil* with a look demure;
 “ In more,” said he, “ than I expect to cure.
 “ I, in thy light luxuriant robe, behold
 “ Want and excess, abounding and yet cold!
 “ Here needed, there display'd, in many a wanton fold,
 “ Both health and beauty, learned authors show,
 “ From a just medium in our clothing flow.”

‘ Proceed, good Doctor; if so great my need,
 ‘ What is thy fee? Good Doctor! pray proceed.’

“ Large is my fee, fair Lady, but I take
 “ None till some progress in my cure I make :
 “ Thou hast disease, fair Maiden; thou art vain;
 “ Within that face, sit insult and disdain;
 “ Thou art enamour'd of thyself; my art
 “ Can see the naughty malice of thy heart:
 “ With a strong pleasure would thy bosom move,
 “ Were I to own thy power, and ask thy love;
 “ And such thy beauty, Damsel, that I might,
 “ But for thy pride, feel danger in thy sight,
 “ And lose my present peace in dreams of vain delight.”

‘ And can thy patients,’ said the Nymph, ‘ endure
‘ Physic like this? and will it work a cure?’

“ Such is my hope, fair Damsel ; thou, I find,
“ Hast the true tokens of a noble mind ;
“ But the world wins thee, *Sybil*, and thy joys
“ Are plac’d in trifles, fashions, follies, toys ;
“ Thou hast sought pleasure in the world around,
“ That in thine own pure bosom should be found :
“ Did all that world admire thee, praise and love,
“ Could it the least of Nature’s pains remove?
“ Could it for errors, follies, sins atone,
“ Or give thee comfort, thoughtful and alone ?
“ It has, believe me, Maid, no power to charm
“ Thy soul from sorrow, or thy flesh from harm :
“ Turn then, fair creature, from a world of sin,
“ And seek the jewel happiness within.”

‘ Speak’st thou at Meeting?’ said the Nymph ; ‘ thy
‘ speech
‘ Is that of mortal very prone to teach ;
‘ But wouldst thou, Doctor, from the Patient learn
‘ Thine own disease?—The cure is thy concern.’

“ Yea, with good will.”—‘ Then know, ’tis thy com-
‘ plaint,
‘ That for a sinner, thou’rt too much a saint ;
‘ Hast too much show of the sedate and pure,
‘ And without cause art formal and demure ;

‘ This makes a man unsocial, unpolite ;
 ‘ Odious when wrong, and insolent if right.
 ‘ Thou may’st be good, but why should goodness be
 ‘ Wrapt in a garb of such formality ?
 ‘ Thy person well might please a damsel’s eye,
 ‘ In decent habit with a scarlet dye,
 ‘ But, jest a-part—what virtue canst thou trace
 ‘ In that broad brim that hides thy sober face ?
 ‘ Does that long-skirted drab, that over-nice
 ‘ And formal clothing prove a scorn of vice ?
 ‘ Then for thine accent—what in sound can be
 ‘ So void of grace as dull monotony ?
 ‘ Love has a thousand varied notes to move
 ‘ The human heart ;—thou may’st not speak of love,
 ‘ Till thou hast cast thy formal ways aside,
 ‘ And those becoming youth and nature tried ;
 ‘ Not till exterior freedom, spirit, ease,
 ‘ Prove it thy study and delight to please ;
 ‘ Not till these follies meet thy just disdain,
 ‘ While yet thy virtues and thy worth remain.’

“ This is severe!—Oh! Maiden, wilt not thou
 “ Something for habits, manners, modes, allow ?”—
 ‘ Yes ! but allowing much, I much require,
 ‘ In my behalf, for manners, modes, attire !’

“ True, lovely *Sybil*; and, this point agreed,
 “ Let me to those of greater weight proceed ;

“ Thy Father!”—‘ Nay,’ she quickly interpos’d,
‘ Good Doctor, here our conference is clos’d !’

Then left the Youth, who, lost in his retreat,
Pass’d the good Matron on her garden-seat ;
His looks were troubled, and his air, once mild
And calm, was hurried:—“ My audacious child !”
Exclaim’d the Dame, “ I read what she has done
“ In thy displeasure—Ah ! the thoughtless one ;
“ But yet, *Josiah*, to my stern good man
“ Speak of the Maid as mildly as you can ;
“ Can you not seem to woo a little while
“ The Daughter’s will, the Father to beguile ?
“ So that his wrath in time may wear away ;
“ Will you preserve our peace, *Josiah* ? say.”

‘ Yes ! my good neighbour,’ said the gentle Youth,
‘ Rely securely on my care and truth ;
‘ And should thy comfort with my efforts cease,
‘ And only then—perpetual is thy peace.’

The Dame had doubts: she well his virtues knew,
His deeds were friendly, and his words were true ;
“ But to address this vixen, is a task
“ He is asham’d to take, and I to ask.”
Soon as the Father from *Josiah* learn’d
What pass’d with *Sybil*, he the truth discern’d.
“ He loves,” the man exclaim’d, “ He loves, ’tis plain,
“ The thoughtless girl, and shall he love in vain ?

“ She may be stubborn, but she shall be tried,
“ Born as she is of wilfulness and pride.”

With anger fraught, but willing to persuade,
The wrathful Father met the smiling Maid :
“ *Sybil*,” said he, “ I long, and yet I dread
“ To know thy conduct,—hath *Josiah* fled ?
“ And, griev’d and fretted by thy scornful air,
“ For his lost peace, betaken him to prayer ?
“ Couldst thou his pure and modest mind distress,
“ By vile remarks upon his speech, address,
“ Attire, and voice ?”—‘ All this I must confess’—
“ Unhappy Child ! what labour will it cost
“ To win him back !”—‘ I do not think him lost.’—
“ Courts he then (trifler !) insult and disdain ?”—
“ No: but from these he courts me to refrain.’—
“ Then hear me, *Sybil*—should *Josiah* leave
“ Thy Father’s house ?”—‘ My father’s Child would
 ‘ grieve ;’
“ That is of grace, and if he come again
“ To speak of love ?”—‘ I might from grief refrain.’—
“ Then wilt thou, Daughter, our design embrace ?”—
“ Can I resist it, if it be of grace ?—
“ Dear Child ! in three plain words thy mind express—
“ Wilt thou have this good Youth ?”— ‘ Dear Father ! yes.’

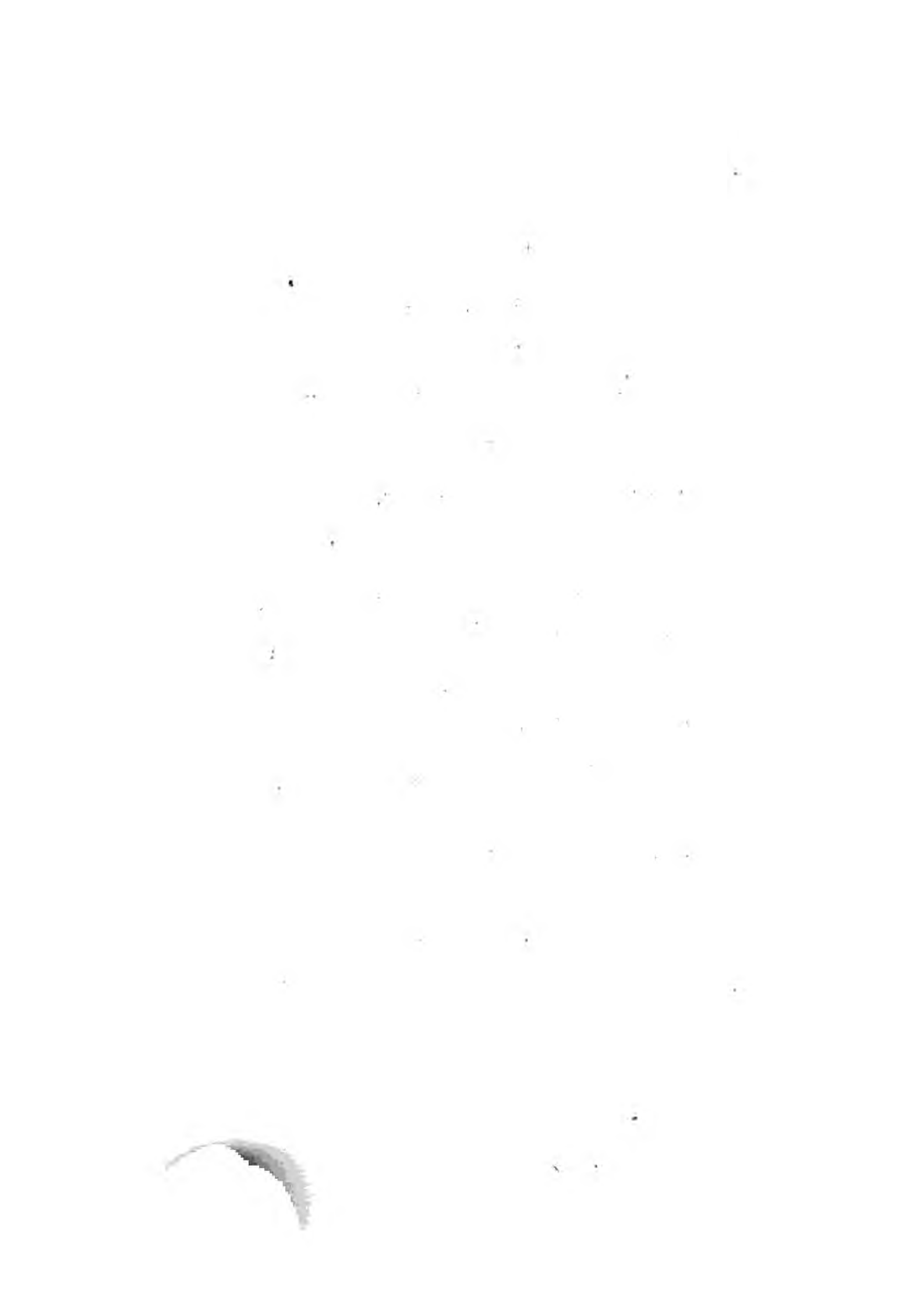
TALE VII.

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Or ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true Love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted in respect of years,
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I. Scene 1.

Oh! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily,
If thou rememberest not the slightest folly
That ever Love did make thee run into.
As You Like It, Act II. Scene 4.

Cry the man mercy; love him, take his offer.
As You Like It, Act III. Scene 5.



TALE VII.

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

To Farmer *Moss* in Langar Vale, came down
His only Daughter, from her school in town ;
A tender, timid maid ! who knew not how
To pass a pig-sty, or to face a cow :
Smiling she came, with petty talents grac'd,
A fair complexion, and a slender waist.

Us'd to spare meals, dispos'd in manner pure,
Her father's kitchen she could ill endure ;
Where by the steaming beef he hungry sat,
And laid at once a pound upon his plate ;
Hot from the field, her eager brother seiz'd
An equal part, and hunger's rage appeas'd ;
The air surcharg'd with moisture, flagg'd around,
And the offended Damsel sigh'd and frown'd ;
The swelling fat in lumps conglomerate laid,
And fancy's sickness seiz'd the loathing Maid :

But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook ;
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls of farinaceous food ;
With bacon, mass saline, where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen ;
When from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new ;
When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,
Soil'd by rude hinds who cut and came again—
She could not breathe ; but, with a heavy sigh,
Rein'd the fair neck, and shut th' offended eye ;
She minc'd the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And wonder'd much to see the creatures dine :
When she resolv'd her Father's heart to move,
If hearts of farmers were alive to love.

She now entreated, by herself to sit
In the small parlour, if papa thought fit,
And there to dine, to read, to work alone—
' No !' said the Farmer, in an angry tone ;
' These are your school-taught airs ; your mother's pride
' Would send you there ; but I am now your guide.—
' Arise betimes, our early meal prepare,
' And this dispatch'd, let business be your care ;
' Look to the lasses, let there not be one
' Who lacks attention, till her tasks be done ;
' In every household work your portion take,
' And what you make not, see that others make ?

‘ At leisure times attend the wheel, and see
‘ The whit’ning web be sprinkled on the Lea;
‘ When thus employ’d, should our young neighbour
‘ view
‘ An useful lass—you may have more to do.’

Dreadful were these commands ; but worse than these
The parting hint—a Farmer could not please :
’Tis true she had without abhorrence seen
Young *Harry Carr*, when he was smart and clean ;
But to be married—be a Farmer’s wife—
A slave ! a drudge!—she could not, for her life.

With swimming eyes the fretful nymph withdrew,
And, deeply sighing, to her chamber flew ;
There on her knees, to Heav’n she grieving pray’d
For change of prospect to a tortur’d maid.

Harry, a youth whose late-departed Sire
Had left him all industrious men require,
Saw the pale Beauty—and her shape and air
Engag’d him much, and yet he must forbear ;
‘ For my small farm, what can the Damsel do?’
He said—then stopp’d to take another view :
‘ Pity so sweet a lass will nothing learn
‘ Of household cares, for what can beauty earn
‘ By those small arts which they at school attain,
‘ That keep them useless, and yet make them vain?’

This luckless Damsel look'd the village round,
To find a friend, and one was quickly found ;
A pensive Widow—whose mild air and dress
Pleas'd the sad nymph, who wish'd her soul's distress,
To one so seeming kind, confiding, to confess:—

“ What Lady that ? ” the anxious Lass inquir'd,
Who then beheld the one she most admir'd ;
' Here, ' said the Brother, ' are no Ladies seen—
' That is a widow dwelling on the green ;
' A dainty Dame, who can but barely live
' On her poor pittance, yet contrives to give ;
' She happier days has known, but seems at ease,
' And you may call her Lady, if you please.
' But if you wish, good sister, to improve,
' You shall see twenty better worth your love.'

These *Nancy* met ; but, spite of all they taught,
This useless Widow was the one she sought :
The Father growl'd ; but said he knew no harm
In such connexion that could give alarm ;
' And if we thwart the Trifler in her course,
' 'Tis odds against us, she will take a worse.'

Then met the friends ; the Widow heard the sigh
That ask'd at once compassion and reply :—
“ Would you, my Child, converse with one so poor,
“ Yours were the kindness—yonder is my door :

“ And, save the time that we in public pray,
“ From that poor cottage I but rarely stray.”

There went the Nymph, and made her strong complaints,
Painting her wo as injur'd feeling paints.

‘ Oh, dearest friend! do think how one must feel,
‘ Shock'd all day long and sicken'd every meal;
‘ Could you behold our kitchen, (and to you
‘ A scene so shocking must indeed be new),
‘ A mind like yours, with true refinement grac'd,
‘ Would let no vulgar scenes pollute your taste;
‘ And yet, in truth, from such a polish'd mind
‘ All base ideas must resistance find,
‘ And sordid pictures from the fancy pass,
‘ As the breath startles from the polish'd glass.

‘ Here you enjoy a sweet romantic scene,
‘ Without so pleasant, and within so clean;
‘ These twining jess'mines, what delicious gloom
‘ And soothing fragrance yield they to the room!
‘ What lovely garden! there you oft retire,
‘ And tales of wo and tenderness admire:
‘ In that neat case your books, in order plac'd,
‘ Soothe the full soul and charm the cultur'd taste;
‘ And thus, while all about you wears a charm,
‘ How must you scorn the Farmer and the Farm!

The Widow smil'd, and "Know you not," said she,
"How much these farmers scorn or pity me ;
"Who see what you admire and laugh at all they see ?
"True, their opinion alters not my fate,
"By falsely judging of an humble state :
"This garden, you with such delight behold,
"Tempt not a feeble dame who dreads the cold ;
"These plants, which please so well your livelier sense,
"To mine but little of their sweets dispense ;
"Books soon are painful to my failing sight,
"And oftener read from duty than delight ;
"(Yet let me own, that I can sometimes find
"Both joy and duty in the act combin'd ;)
"But view me rightly, you will see no more
"Than a poor female, willing to be poor ;
"Happy indeed, but not in books nor flowers,
"Not in fair dreams, indulg'd in earlier hours,
"Of never-tasted joys ;—such visions shun,
"My youthful Friend, nor scorn the Farmer's Son."

'Nay,' said the Damsel, nothing pleas'd to see
A Friend's advice could like a Father's be ;
'Blest in your cottage, you must surely smile
'At those who live in our detested style :
'To my *Lucinda's* sympathizing heart,
'Could I my prospects and my griefs impart,
'She would console me ; but I dare not show
'Ills that would wound her tender soul to know :

‘ And I confess, it shocks my pride to tell
‘ The secrets of the prison where I dwell ;
‘ For that dear Maiden would be shock’d to feel
‘ The secrets I should shudder to reveal ;
‘ When told her friend was by a parent ask’d,
‘ Fed you the swine?—Good heav’n! how I am task’d !
‘ What ! can you smile? Ah ! smile not at the grief
‘ That woos your pity and demands relief.’

“ Trifles, my love ; you take a false alarm ;
“ Think, I beseech you, better of the Farm :
“ Duties in every state demand your care,
“ And light are those that will require it there :
“ Fix on the Youth a favouring eye, and these,
“ To him pertaining, or as his, will please.”

‘ What words,’ the Lass replied, ‘ offend my ear!
‘ Try you my patience? Can you be sincere?
‘ And am I told, a willing hand to give
‘ To a rude Farmer, and with rustics live ?
‘ Far other fate was yours :—some gentle youth
‘ Admir’d your beauty, and avow’d his truth ;
‘ The power of love prevail’d, and freely both
‘ Gave the fond heart, and pledg’d the binding oath ;
‘ And then the rivals’ plot, the parent’s power,
‘ And jealous fears, drew on the happy hour :
‘ Ah ! let not memory lose the blissful view,
‘ But fairly show what Love has done for you.’

" Agreed, my daughter; what my heart has known
 " Of Love's strange power, shall be with frankness shown ;
 " But let me warn you, that Experience finds
 " Few of the scenes that lively Hope designs."—

' Mysterious all,' said *Nancy* ; ' you, I know,
 ' Have suffer'd much; now deign the grief to show ;—
 ' I am your friend, and so prepare my heart,
 ' In all your sorrows to receive a part !'

The Widow answer'd : " I had once, like you,
 " Such thoughts of Love ; no dream is more untrue :
 " You judge it fated and decreed to dwell
 " In youthful hearts, which nothing can expel,
 " A passion doom'd to reign, and irresistible.
 " The struggling mind when once subdued, in vain
 " Rejects the fury or defies the pain,
 " The strongest reason fails the flame t' allay,
 " And resolution droops and faints away :
 " Hence, when the destin'd lovers meet, they prove
 " At once the force of this all-powerful love ;
 " Each from that period feels the mutual smart,
 " Nor seeks to cure it—Heart is chang'd for Heart ;
 " Nor is there peace till they delighted stand,
 " And, at the Altar—Hand is join'd to hand.

" Alas! my Child, there are who, dreaming so,
 " Waste their fresh youth, and waking feel the wo ;

“ There is no spirit sent the heart to move
“ With such prevailing and alarming love ;
“ Passion to Reason will submit—or why
“ Should wealthy maids the poorest swains deny ?
“ Or how could classes and degrees create
“ The slightest bar to such resistless fate ?
“ Yet high and low, you see, forbear to mix ;
“ No Beggars’ eyes the heart of Kings transfix ;
“ And who but am’rous Peers or Nobles sigh,
“ When titled beauties pass triumphant by ?
“ For Reason wakes, proud wishes to reprove ;
“ You cannot hope, and therefore dare not love :
“ All would be safe, did we at first require—
“ ‘ Does Reason sanction what our hearts desire ?’
“ But quitting precept, let example show
“ What joys from Love uncheck’d by Prudence flow.

“ A Youth, my Father in his office plac’d,
“ Of humble fortune, but with sense and taste ;
“ But he was thin and pale, had downcast looks ;
“ He studied much, and por’d upon his books !
“ Confus’d he was when seen, and when he saw
“ Me or my sisters, would in haste withdraw ;
“ And had this Youth departed with the year,
“ His loss had cost us neither sigh nor tear.

“ But with my Father still the youth remain’d,
“ And more reward and kinder notice gain’d :

“ He often, reading, to the garden stray’d,
“ Where I by books or musing was delay’d ;
“ This to discourse in summer evenings led,
“ Of these same evenings, or of what we read ;
“ On such occasions we were much alone :
“ But, save the look, the manner, and the tone,
“ (These might have meaning), all that we discuss’d
“ We could with pleasure to a parent trust.

“ At length ’twas friendship—and my friend and I
“ Said we were happy, and began to sigh :
“ My Sisters first, and then my Father found,
“ That we were wandering o’er enchanted ground ;
“ But he had troubles in his own affairs,
“ And would not bear addition to his cares :
“ With pity mov’d, yet angry, ‘ Child,’ said he,
“ ‘ Will you embrace contempt and beggary ?
“ ‘ Can you endure to see each other curs’d
“ ‘ By want, of every human wo the worst ?
“ ‘ Warring for ever with distress, in dread
“ ‘ Either of begging or of wanting bread ;
“ ‘ While poverty, with unrelenting force,
“ ‘ Will your own offspring from your love divorce ;
“ ‘ They, through your folly, must be doom’d to pine,
“ ‘ And you deplore your passion, or resign ;
“ ‘ For if it die, what good will then remain ?
“ ‘ And if it live, it doubles every pain.’ ”

‘ But you were true,’ exclaim’d the Lass, ‘ and fled
‘ The tyrant’s power who fill’d your soul with dread?’
“ But,” said the smiling Friend, “ he fill’d my mouth
“ with bread :

“ And in what other place that bread to gain,
“ We long consider’d, and we sought in vain :
“ This was my twentieth year—at thirty-five
“ Our hope was fainter, yet our love alive ;
“ So many years in anxious doubt had pass’d.”
‘ Then,’ said the Damsel, ‘ you were blest at last?’
A smile again adorn’d the Widow’s face,
But soon a starting tear usurp’d its place.

“ Slow pass’d the heavy years, and each had more
“ Pains and vexations than the years before.
“ My Father fail’d ; his family was rent,
“ And to new states his grieving Daughters sent ;
“ Each to more thriving *Kindred* found a way,
“ Guests without welcome—servants without pay ;
“ Our parting hour was grievous ; still I feel
“ The sad, sweet converse at our final meal ;
“ Our Father then revealed his former fears,
“ Cause of his sternness, and then join’d our tears ;
“ Kindly he strove our feelings to repress,
“ But died, and left us heirs to his distress.
“ The Rich, as humble friends, my Sisters chose,
“ I with a wealthy widow sought repose ;
“ Who with a chilling frown her friend receiv’d,
“ Bade me rejoice, and wonder’d that I griev’d :

“ In vain my anxious Lover tried his skill
“ To rise in life, he was dependent still ;
“ We met in grief, nor can I paint the fears
“ Of these unhappy, troubled, trying years :
“ Our dying hopes and stronger fears between,
“ We felt no season peaceful or serene ;
“ Our fleeting joys, like meteors in the night,
“ Shone on our gloom with inauspicious light ;
“ And then domestic sorrows, till the mind,
“ Worn with distresses, to despair inclin'd ;
“ Add too the ill that from the passion flows,
“ When its contemptuous frown the world bestows,
“ The peevish spirit caus'd by long delay,
“ When being gloomy we contemn the gay,
“ When, being wretched, we incline to hate
“ And censure others in a happier state ;
“ Yet loving still, and still compell'd to move
“ In the sad labyrinth of ling'ring love :
“ While you, exempt from want, despair, alarm,
“ May wed—oh ! take the Farmer and the Farm.”

‘ Nay,’ said the Nymph, ‘ Joy smil'd on you at last ?’
“ Smil'd for a moment,” she replied, “ and pass'd :
“ My Lover still the same dull means pursued,
“ Assistant call'd, but kept in servitude ;
“ His spirits wearied in the prime of life,
“ By fears and wishes in eternal strife ;
“ At length he urg'd impatient—‘ Now consent ;
“ ‘ With thee united, Fortune may relent.’

“ I paus’d, consenting ; but a Friend arose,
“ Pleas’d a fair view, though distant, to disclose ;
“ From the rough Ocean we beheld a gleam
“ Of joy, as transient as the joys we dream ;
“ By lying hopes deceiv’d, my Friend retir’d,
“ And sail’d—was wounded—reach’d us—and expir’d !
“ You shall behold his grave, and when I die,
“ There !—but ’tis folly—I request to lie.”

‘ Thus,’ said the Lass, ‘ to joy you bade adieu !
‘ But how a widow ?—that cannot be true :
‘ Or was it force, in some unhappy hour,
‘ That plac’d you, grieving, in a tyrant’s power ?’

“ Force, my young friend, when forty years are fled,
“ Is what a woman seldom has to dread ;
“ She needs no brazen locks nor guarding walls,
“ And seldom comes a lover though she calls :
“ Yet mov’d by fancy, one approv’d my face,
“ Though time and tears had wrought it much disgrace.

“ The man I married was sedate and meek,
“ And spoke of love as men in earnest speak ;
“ Poor as I was, he ceaseless sought, for years,
“ A heart in sorrow and a face in tears :
“ That heart I gave not : and ’twas long before
“ I gave attention, and then nothing more ;
“ But in my breast some grateful feeling rose
“ For one whose love so sad a subject chose ;

“ Till long delaying, fearing to repent,
“ But grateful still, I gave a cold assent.

“ Thus we were wed ; no fault had I to find,
“ And he but one ; my heart could not be kind ;
“ Alas ! of every early hope bereft,
“ There was no fondness in my bosom left ;
“ So had I told him, but had told in vain,
“ He liv'd but to indulge me and complain ;
“ His was this cottage, he inclos'd this ground,
“ And planted all these blooming shrubs around ;
“ He to my room these curious trifles brought,
“ And with assiduous love my pleasure sought ;
“ He liv'd to please me, and I ofttimes strove,
“ Smiling, to thank his unrequited love :
“ ‘ Teach me,’ he cried, ‘ that pensive mind to ease,
“ ‘ For all my pleasure is the hope to please.’

“ Serene, though heavy, were the days we spent,
“ Yet kind each word and gen'rous each intent ;
“ But his dejection lessen'd every day,
“ And to a placid kindness died away ;
“ In tranquil ease we pass'd our latter years,
“ By griefs untroubled, unassail'd by fears.

“ Let not romantic views your bosom sway,
“ Yield to your duties and their call obey :
“ Fly not a Youth, frank, honest, and sincere ;
“ Observe his merits and his passion hear !

“ 'Tis true, no hero, but a Farmer sues—
“ Slow in his speech, but worthy in his views ;
“ With him you cannot that affliction prove,
“ That rends the bosom of the poor in love :
“ Health, comfort, competence, and cheerful days,
“ Your Friends' approval, and your Father's praise,
“ Will crown the deed, and you escape *their* fate
“ Who plan so wildly and are wise too late.”

The Damsel heard ; at first th' advice was strange,
Yet wrought a happy, nay a speedy change :
‘ I have no care,’ she said, when next they met,
‘ But one may wonder he is silent yet ;
‘ He looks around him with his usual stare,
‘ And utters nothing—not that I shall care.’

This pettish humour pleas'd th' experienc'd friend—
None need despair, whose silence can offend ;
‘ Should I,’ resum'd the thoughtful Lass, ‘ consent
‘ To hear the Man, the Man may now repent :
‘ Think you my sighs shall call him from the plough,
‘ Or give one hint, that “ You may woo me now ?”

“ Persist, my love,” replied the Friend, “ and gain
“ A Parent's praise, *that* cannot be in vain.”

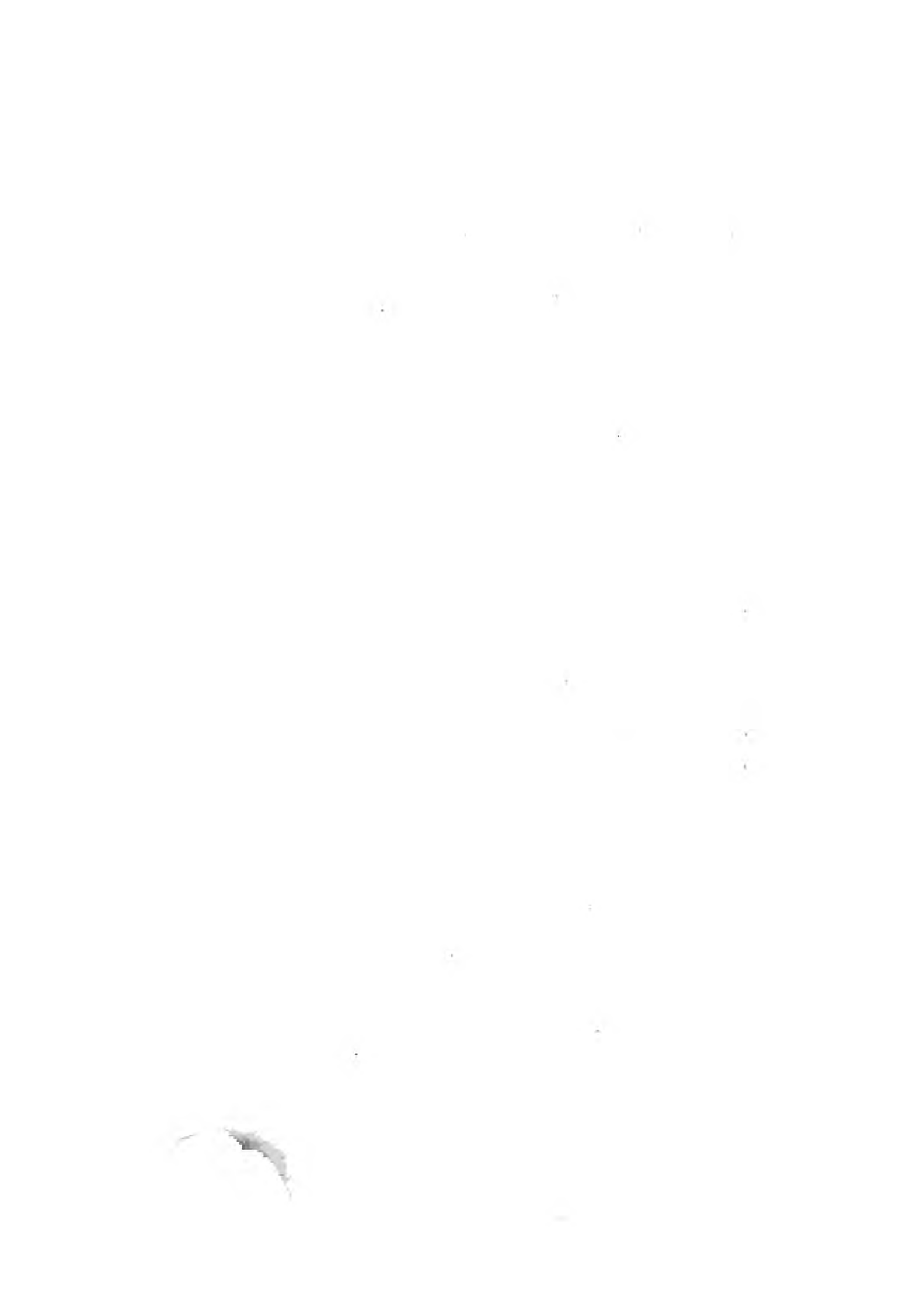
The Father saw the change, but not the cause,
And gave the alter'd Maid his fond applause :

The coarser manners she in part remov'd,
In part endur'd, improving and improv'd ;
She spoke of household works, she rose betimes,
And said neglect and indolence were crimes ;
The various duties of their life she weigh'd,
And strict attention to her dairy paid ;
The names of servants now familiar grew,
And fair *Lucinda's* from her mind withdrew :
As prudent travellers for their ease assume
Their modes and language to whose lands they come :
So to the Farmer this fair Lass inclin'd,
Gave to the business of the Farm her mind ;
To useful arts she turn'd her hand and eye ;
And by her manners told him—' You may try.'

Th' observing Lover more attention paid,
With growing pleasure, to the alter'd Maid ;
He fear'd to lose her, and began to see
That a slim beauty might a helpmate be :
'Twixt hope and fear he now the Lass address'd,
And in his Sunday robe his love expressed :
She felt no chilling dread, no thrilling joy,
Nor was too quickly kind, too slowly coy ;
But still she lent an unreluctant ear
To all the rural business of the year ;
Till Love's strong hopes endur'd no more delay,
And *Harry* ask'd, and *Nancy* nam'd the day.

‘ A happy change! my Boy,’ the Father cried:
‘ How lost your Sister all her school-day pride?
The Youth replied, “ It is the Widow’s deed ;
“ The cure is perfect, and was wrought with speed”—
‘ And comes there, Boy, this benefit of books,
‘ Of that smart dress, and of those dainty looks?
‘ We must be kind—some offerings from the Farm
‘ To the White Cot will speak our feelings warm ;
‘ Will show that people, when they know the fact,
‘ Where they have judg’d severely, can retract.
‘ Oft have I smil’d, when I beheld her pass
‘ With cautious step, as if she hurt the grass ;
‘ Where if a Snail’s retreat she chanc’d to storm,
‘ She look’d as begging pardon of the Worm ;
‘ And what, said I, still laughing at the view,
‘ Have these weak creatures in the world to do ?
‘ But some are made for action, some to speak,
‘ And, while she looks so pitiful and meek,
‘ Her words are weighty, though her nerves are weak.’

Soon told the village-bells the rite was done,
That join’d the school-bred Miss and Farmer’s Son ;
Her former habits some slight scandal rais’d,
But real worth was soon perceiv’d and prais’d ;
She, her neat taste imparted to the Farm,
And he, th’ improving skill and vigorous arm.



TALE VIII.

THE MOTHER.

What though you have beauty,
Must you be therefore proud and pityless?
As You Like It, Act IV. Scene 4.

'I would not marry her, though she were endow'd with all that *Adam*
had left him before he transgress'd.

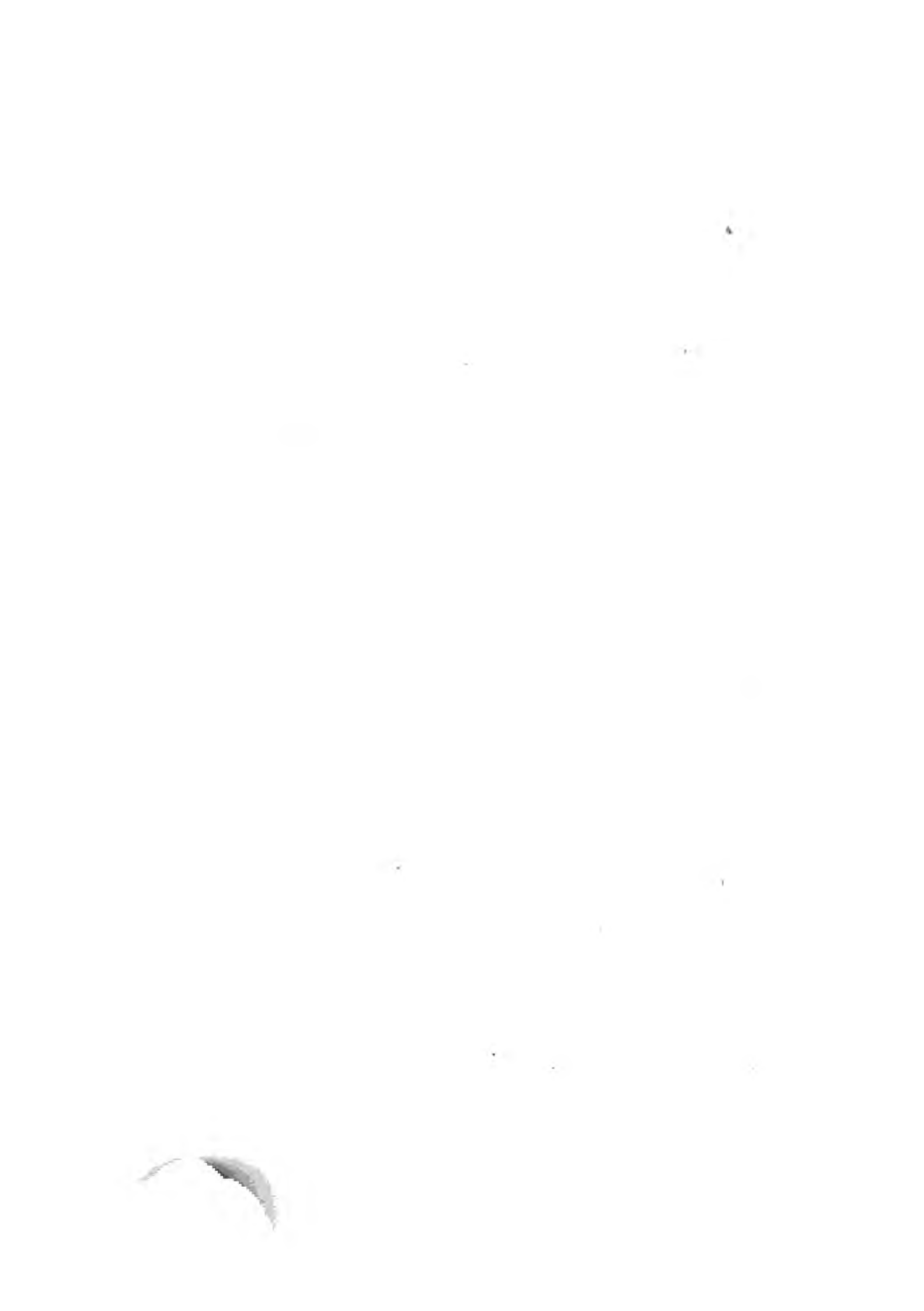
As You Like It.

Wilt thou love such a woman? What! to make thee an instrument
and play false strains upon thee!—Not to be endured.

As You Like It.

Your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation hence.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act IV. Scene 3.

Be this sweet *Helen's* knell;
He left a wife whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfections hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd Mistress
All's Well that Ends Well, Act V. Scene 3



TALE VIII.

THE MOTHER.

THERE was a worthy, but a simple Pair,
Who nurs'd a Daughter, fairest of the fair :
Sons they had lost, and she alone remain'd,
Heir to the kindness they had all obtain'd ;
Heir to the fortune they design'd for all,
Nor had th' allotted portion then been small ;
But now, by Fate enrich'd with beauty rare,
They watch'd their treasure with peculiar care :
The fairest features they could early trace,
And, blind with love, saw merit in her face—
Saw virtue, wisdom, dignity, and grace ;
And *Dorothea*, from her infant years,
Gain'd all her wishes from their pride or fears :
She wrote a Billet, and a Novel read,
And with her fame her vanity was fed ;
Each word, each look, each action was a cause
For flattering wonder, and for fond applause ;

She rode or danc'd, and ever glanc'd around,
Seeking for praise, and smiling when she found.
The yielding Pair to her petitions gave
An humble friend to be a civil slave;
Who for a poor support herself resign'd
To the base toil of a dependent mind :
By nature cold, our Heiress stoop'd to art,
To gain the credit of a tender heart.
Hence at her door, must suppliant paupers stand,
To bless the bounty of her beauteous hand :
And now, her education all complete,
She talk'd of virtuous love and union sweet ;
She was indeed by no soft passion mov'd,
But wish'd, with all her soul, to be belov'd.
Here, on the favour'd beauty, Fortune smil'd,
Her chosen Husband was a man so mild,
So humbly temper'd, so intent to please,
It quite distress'd her to remain at ease,
Without a cause to sigh, without pretence to teaze :
She tried his patience in a thousand modes,
And tir'd it not upon the roughest roads.
Pleasure she sought, and, disappointed, sigh'd
For joys, she said, " to her alone denied ;"
And she was " sure her Parents, if alive,
" Would many comforts for their Child contrive :"
The gentle Husband bade her name him one ;
" No—that," she answer'd, " should for her be done ;
" How could she say what pleasures were around ?
" But she was certain many might be found :"—

‘ Would she some Sea-port, *Weymouth, Scarborough,*
 ‘ grace?’—
 “ He knew she hated every watering-place :”—
 ‘ The Town?’—“ What! now’twas empty, joyless, dull?’
 —‘ In winter?’—“ No! she lik’d it worse when full.”
 She talk’d of building—‘ Would she plan a room!’—
 “ No! she could live, as he desir’d, in gloom:”
 ‘ Call then our friends and neighbours:’—“ He might call,
 “ And they might come and fill his ugly hall;
 “ A noisy vulgar set, he knew she scorn’d them all:”—
 ‘ Then might their two dear girls the time employ,
 ‘ And their improvement yield a solid joy;’—
 “ Solid indeed! and heavy—oh! the bliss
 “ Of teaching letters to a lispng Miss!”—
 ‘ My dear, my gentle *Dorothea*, say,
 ‘ Can I oblige you?’—“ You may go away.”

Twelve heavy years this patient soul sustain’d
 This wasp’s attacks, and then her praise obtain’d,
 Grav’d on a marble tomb, where he at peace remain’d.

Two daughters wept their loss; the one a child
 With a plain face, strong sense, and temper mild;
 Who keenly felt the Mother’s angry taunt,
 “ Thou art the image of thy pious Aunt:”
 Long time had *Lucy* wept her slighted face,
 And then began to smile at her disgrace.
 Her Father’s Sister, who the world had seen
 Near sixty years when *Lucy* saw sixteen,

Begg'd the plain girl: the gracious Mother smil'd,
 And freely gave her griev'd but passive child;
 And with her elder-born, the beauty blest,
 This Parent rested, if such minds can rest:
 No Miss her waxen babe could so admire,
 Nurse with such care, or with such pride attire;
 They were companions meet, with equal mind,
 Bless'd with one love, and to one point inclin'd;
 Beauty to keep, adorn, increase, and guard,
 Was their sole care, and had its full reward:
 In rising splendour with the one it reign'd,
 And in the other was by care sustain'd,
 The Daughter's charms increas'd, the Parent's yet re-
 main'd.

Leave we these ladies to their daily care,
 To see how meekness and discretion fare:—
 A Village maid unvex'd by want or love,
 Could not with more delight than *Lucy* move;
 The village-lark, high mounted in the spring,
 Could not with purer joy than *Lucy* sing;
 Her cares all light, her pleasures all sincere,
 Her duty joy, and her companion dear;
 In tender friendship and in true respect,
 Liv'd Aunt and Niece, no flattery, no neglect—
 They read, walk'd, visited—together pray'd,
 Together slept the Matron and the Maid:
 There was such goodness, such pure nature seen
 In *Lucy's* looks, a manner so serene;

Such harmony in motion, speech, and air,
That without fairness she was more than fair :
Had more than beauty in each speaking grace,
That lent their cloudless glory to the face ;
Where mild good sense in placid looks were shown,
And felt in every bosom but her own.
The one presiding feature in her mind,
Was the pure meekness of a will resign'd ;
A tender spirit, freed from all pretence
Of wit, and pleas'd in mild benevolence ;
Blest in protecting fondness she repos'd,
With every wish indulg'd though undisclos'd ;
But Love, like Zephyr on the limpid lake,
Was now the bosom of the Maid to shake,
And in that gentle mind a gentle strife to make.

Among their chosen friends, a favour'd few,
The Aunt and Niece a youthful Rector knew ;
Who, though a younger Brother, might address
A younger Sister, fearless of success :
His friends, a lofty race, their native pride
At first display'd, and their assent denied ;
But, pleas'd such virtues and such love to trace,
They own'd she would adorn the loftiest race.
The Aunt, a Mother's caution to supply,
Had watch'd the youthful Priest with jealous eye ;
And, anxious for her charge, had view'd unseen
The cautious life that keeps the conscience clean :

In all she found him all she wish'd to find,
With slight exception of a lofty mind :
A certain manner that express'd desire,
To be receiv'd as brother to the 'Squire.
Lucy's meek eye had beam'd with many a tear,
Lucy's soft heart had beat with many a fear,
Before he told (although his looks, she thought,
Had oft confess'd) that he her favour sought :
But when he kneel'd, (she wish'd him not to kneel)
And spoke the fears and hopes that lovers feel :
When too the prudent Aunt herself confess'd,
Her wishes on the gentle Youth would rest ;
The Maiden's eye with tender passion beam'd,
She dwelt with fondness on the life she schem'd ;
The household cares, the soft and lasting ties
Of Love, with all his binding charities ;
Their Village taught, consol'd, assisted, fed,
Till the young Zealot, tears of pleasure shed.

But would her Mother? Ah! she fear'd it wrong
To have indulg'd these forward hopes so long ;
Her mother lov'd, but was not us'd to grant
Favours so freely as her gentle Aunt.—
Her gentle Aunt, with smiles that angels wear,
Dispell'd her *Lucy's* apprehensive tear :
Her prudent foresight the request had made
To one whom none could govern, few persuade ;
She doubted much if one in earnest woo'd
A girl with not a single charm endued ;

The Sister's nobler views she then declar'd,
And what small sum for *Lucy* could be spar'd;
" If more than this the foolish Priest requires,
" Tell him," she wrote, " to check his vain desires."
At length, with many a cold expression mix'd,
With many a sneer on girls so fondly fix'd,
There came a promise—should they not repent,
But take with grateful minds the portion meant,
And wait the Sister's day—the Mother might consent.

And here might pitying Hope o'er Truth prevail,
Or Love o'er Fortune, we would end our Tale;
For, who more blest than youthful pair remov'd
From fear of want—by mutual friends approv'd—
Short time to wait, and in that time to live,
With all the pleasures Hope and Fancy give;
Their equal passion rais'd on just esteem,
When Reason sanctions all that Love can dream?

Yes! Reason sanctions what stern Fate denies:
The early prospect in the glory dies,
As the soft smiles on dying infants play
In their mild features, and then pass away.

The *Beauty* died, ere she could yield her hand
In the high marriage by the *Mother* plann'd;
Who griev'd indeed, but found a vast relief
In a cold heart, that ever warr'd with grief.

Lucy was present when her sister died,
 Heiress to duties that she ill supplied :
 There were no mutual feelings, sister arts,
 No kindred taste, nor intercourse of hearts ;
 When in the mirror play'd the Matron's smile,
 The Maiden's thoughts were trav'ling all the while ;
 And when desir'd to speak, she sigh'd to find
 Her pause offended ; " Envy made her blind :
 " Tasteless she was, nor had a claim in life
 " Above the station of a Rector's Wife ;
 " Yet as an heiress, she must shun disgrace,
 " Although no heiress to her mother's face :
 " It is your duty," said th' imperious Dame,
 (Advanc'd your fortune) to advance your name,
 And with superior rank, superior offers claim ;
 " Your Sister's Lover, when his sorrows die,
 " May look upon you and for favour sigh ?
 " Nor can you offer a reluctant hand,
 " His birth is noble and his seat is grand."

Alarm'd was *Lucy*, was in tears—" A fool !
 " Was she a Child in Love ?—a Miss at School ?
 " Doubts any mortal, if a change of state
 " Dissolves all claims and ties of earlier date ?"

The Rector doubted, for he came to mourn
 A Sister dead, and with a Wife return :
Lucy with heart unchang'd receiv'd the Youth,
 True in herself, confiding in his truth :

But own'd her Mother's change ; the haughty Dame
Pour'd strong contempt upon the youthful flame ;
She firmly vow'd her purpose to pursue,
Judg'd her own cause and bade the Youth adieu !
The lover begg'd, insisted, urg'd his pain,
His brother wrote to threaten and complain,
Her sister reasoning prov'd the promise made,
Lucy appealing to a parent pray'd ;
But all oppos'd th' event that she design'd,
And all in vain—she never chang'd her mind ;
But coldly answer'd in her wonted way,
That she “ would rule, and *Lucy* must obey.”

With peevish fear, she saw her health decline,
And cried, “ Oh ! monstrous, for a man to pine ;
“ But if your foolish heart must yield to love,
“ Let him possess it whom I now approve ;
“ 'This is my pleasure :’—Still the Rector came
With larger offers and with bolder claim ;
But the stern Lady would attend no more—
She frown'd, and rudely pointed to the door ;
Whate'er he wrote, he saw unread return'd,
And he, indignant, the dishonour spurn'd ;
Nay, fix'd suspicion where he might confide,
And sacrific'd his passion to his pride.

Lucy, meantime, though threaten'd and distress'd,
Against her marriage made a strong protest :

All was domestic war ; the Aunt rebell'd
 Against the sovereign will, and was expell'd ;
 And every power was tried and every art,
 To bend to falsehood one determin'd heart ;
 Assail'd, in patience it receiv'd the shock,
 Soft as the wave, unshaken as the rock :
 But while th' unconquer'd soul endures the storm
 Of angry Fate, it preys upon the form ;
 With conscious virtue she resisted still,
 And conscious love gave vigour to her will :
 But *Lucy's* trial was at hand ; with joy
 The Mother cried—" Behold your constant Boy—
 " Thursday—was married:—take the Paper, sweet,
 " And read the conduct of your Reverend cheat ;
 " See with what pomp of coaches, in what crowd
 " The creature married—of his falsehood proud !
 " False did I say?—at least no whining fool ;
 " And thus will hopeless passions ever cool :
 " But shall his Bride your single state reproach ?
 " No ! give him crowd for crowd, and coach for coach.
 " Oh ! you retire ; reflect then, gentle Miss,
 " And gain some spirit in a cause like this."

Some spirit *Lucy* gain'd ; a steady soul,
 Defying all persuasion, all controul :
 In vain reproach, derision, threats were tried ;
 The constant mind all outward force defied,
 By vengeance vainly urg'd, in vain assail'd by pride :

Fix'd in her purpose, perfect in her part,
She felt the courage of a wounded heart;
The world receded from her rising view,
When Heaven approach'd as earthly things withdrew;
Not strange before, for in the days of love,
Joy, hope, and pleasure, she had thoughts above;
Pious when most of worldly prospects fond,
When they best pleas'd her she could look beyond:
Had the young Priest a faithful lover died,
Something had been her bosom to divide;
Now Heaven had all, for in her holiest views
She saw the Matron whom she fear'd to lose;
While from her Parent, the dejected Maid
Forc'd the unpleasant thought, or thinking pray'd.

Surpris'd, the Mother saw the languid frame,
And felt indignant, yet forbore to blame:
Once with a frown she cried, "And do you mean
"To die of Love—the folly of fifteen?"
But as her anger met with no reply,
She let the gentle girl in quiet die;
And to her Sister wrote, impell'd by pain,
"Come quickly, *Martha*, or you come in vain."
Lucy meantime profess'd with joy sincere,
That nothing held, employ'd, engag'd her here.

' I am an humble actor, doom'd to play
' A part obscure, and then to glide away;

‘ Incurious how the great or happy shine,
‘ Or who have parts obscure and sad as mine ;
‘ In its best prospect I but wish’d, for life,
‘ To be th’ assiduous, gentle, useful wife ;
‘ That lost, with wearied mind, and spirit poor,
‘ I drop my efforts, and can act no more ;
‘ With growing joy I feel my spirits tend
‘ To that last scene where all my duties end.’

Hope, ease, delight, the thoughts of dying gave,
Till *Lucy* spoke with fondness of the grave,
She smil’d with wasted form, but spirit firm,
And said, ‘ She left but little for the worm :’
As toll’d the bell, ‘ There’s one,’ she said, ‘ hath press’d
‘ Awhile before me to the bed of rest ;’
And she beside her with attention spread
The decorations of the Maiden dead.

While quickly thus the mortal part declin’d,
The happiest visions fill’d the active mind ;
A soft, religious melancholy gain’d
Entire possession, and for ever reign’d :
On Holy Writ her mind reposing dwelt,
She saw the wonders, she the mercies felt ;
Till in a blest and glorious reverie,
She seem’d the Saviour as on earth to see,
And, fill’d with Love Divine, th’ attending friend to be ;
Or she who trembling, yet confiding, stole
Near to the garment, touch’d it, and was whole ;

When, such th' intenseness of the working thought,
On her it seem'd the very deed was wrought ;
She the glad patient's fear and rapture found,
The holy transport, and the healing wound ;
This was so fix'd, so grafted in the heart,
That she adopted, nay became the part :
But one chief scene was present to her sight,
Her Saviour resting in the Tomb by night ;
Her fever rose, and still her wedded mind
Was to that scene, that hallow'd cave, confin'd—
Where in the shade of death the body laid,
There watch'd the spirit of the wandering Maid ;
Her looks were fix'd, entranc'd, illum'd, serene,
In the still glory of the midnight scene :
There at her Saviour's feet, in visions blest,
Th' enraptur'd Maid a sacred joy possess'd ;
In patience waiting for the first-born ray
Of that all-glorious and triumphant day :
To this idea all her soul she gave,
Her mind reposing by the sacred grave ;
Then sleep would seal the eye, the vision close,
And steep the solemn thoughts in brief repose.

Then grew the soul serene, and all its powers
Again restor'd illum'd the dying hours ;
But Reason dwelt where F'ancy stray'd before,
And the mind wander'd from its views no more ;
Till Death approach'd, when every look express'd
A sense of bliss, till every sense had rest.

The Mother lives, and has enough to buy
Th' attentive ear and the submissive eye
Of abject natures—these are daily told,
How triumph'd beauty in the days of old ;
How, by her window seated, crowds have cast
Admiring glances, wondering as they pass'd ;
How from her carriage as she stepp'd to pray,
Divided ranks would humbly make her way ;
And how each voice in the astonish'd throng
Pronounc'd her peerless as she mov'd along.

Her picture then the greedy Dame displays ;
Touch'd by no shame, she now demands its praise ;
In her tall mirror then she shows her face,
Still coldly fair with unassuming grace ;
These she compares, “ It has the form,” she cries,
“ But wants the air, the spirit, and the eyes ;
“ This, as a likeness, is correct and true,
“ But there alone the living grace we view.”
This said, th' applauding voice the Daine requir'd,
And, gazing, slowly from the glass retir'd.

TALE IX.

A R A B E L L A.

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood—
But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I. Scene I.

I sometimes do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage whom I dearly love.
Measure for Measure, Act II. Scene 4.

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
Measure for Measure, Act II. Scene 4.



TALE IX.

A R A B E L L A.

OF a fair town where Doctor *Rack* was guide,
His only daughter was the boast and pride ;
Wise *Arabella*, yet not wise alone,
She like a bright and polish'd brilliant shone ;
Her father own'd her for his prop and stay,
Able to guide, yet willing to obey ;
Pleas'd with her learning while discourse could please,
And with her love in languor and disease :
To every mother were her virtues known,
And to their daughters as a pattern shown ;
Who in her youth had all that age requires,
And with her prudence, all that youth admires :
These odious praises made the damsels try
Not to obtain such merits, but deny ;
For, whatsoever wise mammas might say,
To guide a daughter, this was not the way ;
From such applause disdain and anger rise,
And envy lives where emulation dies.

In all his strength, contends the noble Horse,
With one who just precedes him on the course ;
But when the rival flies too far before,
His spirit fails, and he attempts no more.

This reasoning Maid, above her sex's dread,
Had dar'd to read, and dar'd to say she read ;
Not the last novel, not the new-born play ;
Not the mere trash and scandal of the day ;
But (though her young companions felt the shock)
She studied *Berkley, Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke* :
Her mind within the maze of History dwelt,
And of the Moral Muse the beauty felt ;
The merits of the Roman page she knew,
And could converse with *Moore* and *Montague* :
Thus she became the wonder of the town,
From that she reap'd, to that she gave renown,
And strangers coming, all were taught t' admire
The learned Lady, and the lofty Spire.

Thus Fame in public fix'd the Maid, where all
Might throw their darts, and see the idol fall ;
A hundred arrows came with vengeance keen,
From tongues envenom'd, and from arms unseen ;
A thousand eyes were fix'd upon the place,
That, if she fell, she might not fly disgrace :
But Malice vainly throws the poison'd dart,
Unless our frailty shows the peccant part ;

And *Arabella* still preserv'd her name
Untouch'd, and shone with undisputed fame;
Her very notice some respect would cause,
And her esteem was honour and applause.

Men she avoided ; not in childish fear,
As if she thought some savage foe was near ;
Not as a prude, who hides that Man should seek,
Or who by silence hints that they should speak ;
But with discretion all the sex she view'd,
Ere yet engag'd pursuing or pursued ;
Ere Love had made her to his vices blind,
Or hid the favourite's failings from her mind.

Thus was the picture of the man pourtray'd,
By merit destin'd for so rare a maid ;
At whose request she might exchange her state,
Or still be happy in a virgin's fate.

He must be one with manners like her own,
His life unquestion'd, his opinions known ;
His stainless virtue must all tests endure,
His honour spotless, and his bosom pure ;
She no allowance made for sex or times,
Of lax opinion—crimes were ever crimes ;
No wretch forsaken must his frailty curse,
No spurious offspring drain his private purse :
He at all times his passions must command,
And yet possess—or be refus'd her hand.

All this without reserve the Maiden told,
 And some began to weigh the Rector's gold ;
 To ask what sum a prudent man might gain,
 Who had such store of virtues to maintain ?

A Doctor *Campbell*, north of *Tweed*, came forth,
 Declar'd his passion, and proclaim'd his worth ;
 Not un approv'd, for he had much to say
 On every cause, and in a pleasant way ;
 Not all his trust was in a pliant tongue,
 His form was good, and ruddy he, and young :
 But though the Doctor was a man of parts,
 He read not deeply male or female hearts ;
 But judg'd that all whom he esteem'd as wise,
 Must think alike, though some assum'd disguise ;
 That every reasoning *Bramin, Christian, Jew*,
 Of all religions took their liberal view ;
 And of her own, no doubt, this learned Maid
 Denied the substance, and the forms obey'd ;
 And thus persuaded, he his thoughts express'd
 Of her opinions, and his own profess'd :

‘ All states demand this aid, the vulgar need
 ‘ Their priests and pray'rs, their sermons and their creed ;
 ‘ And those of stronger minds should never speak
 ‘ (In his opinion) what might hurt the weak ?
 ‘ A man may smile, but still he should attend
 ‘ His hour at Church, and be the Church's friend,
 ‘ What there he thinks conceal, and what he hears com-
 ‘ mend.’

Frank was the speech, but heard with high disdain,
Nor had the Doctor leave to speak again ;
A man who own'd, nay gloried in deceit,
“ He might despise her, but he should not cheat.”

The Vicar *Holmes* appear'd ; he heard it said
That ancient men best pleas'd the prudent Maid ;
And, true it was her ancient friends she lov'd,
Servants when old she favour'd and approv'd,
Age in her pious Parent she rever'd,
And neighbours were by length of days endear'd ;
But, if her husband too must ancient be,
The good old Vicar found it was not he.

On Captain *Bligh* her mind in balance hung—
Though valiant, modest ; and reserv'd, though young :
Against these merits must defects be set—
Though poor, imprudent ; and though proud, in debt :
In vain the Captain close attention paid,
She found him wanting, whom she fairly weigh'd.

Then came a youth, and all their friends agreed,
That *Edward Huntly* was the man indeed ;
Respectful duty he had paid awhile,
Then ask'd her hand, and had a gracious smile ;
A lover now declar'd, he led the Fair
To woods and fields, to visits and to pray'r ;
Then whisper'd softly—“ Will you name the day ?”
She softly whisper'd—“ If you love me, stay :”

Oh! try me not beyond my strength,' he cried ;
" Oh! be not weak ;" the prudent Maid replied ;
" But by some trial your affection prove,
" Respect and not impatience argues love :
" And love no more is by impatience known,
" Than Ocean's depth is by its tempests shown :
" He, whom a weak and fond impatience sways,
" But for himself with all his fervour prays,
" And not the maid he woos, but his own will obeys ;
" And will she love the being who prefers,
" With so much ardour, his desire to hers ?"

Young *Edward* griev'd, but let not grief be seen ;
He knew obedience pleas'd his fancy's queen,
Awhile he waited, and then cried—' Behold !
' The year advancing, be no longer cold !'
For she had promis'd—" Let the flowers appear,
" And I will pass with thee the smiling year :"
Then pressing grew the Youth ; the more he press'd,
The less inclin'd the Maid to his request :
" Let *June* arrive."—Alas ! when *April* came,
It brought a stranger, and the stranger, shame ;
Nor could the Lover from his house persuade
A stubborn lass whom he had mournful made ;
Angry and weak, by thoughtless vengeance mov'd,
She told her story to the Fair belov'd ;
In strongest words th' unwelcome truth was shown,
To blight his prospects, careless of her own.

Our Heroine griev'd, but had too firm a heart
For him to soften, when she swore to part ;
In vain his seeming penitence and pray'r,
His vows, his tears ; she left him in despair ;
His mother fondly laid her grief aside,
And to the reason of the Nymph applied—

‘ It well becomes thee, Lady, to appear,
‘ But not to be, in very truth severe ;
‘ Although the crime be odious in thy sight,
‘ That daring sex is taught such things to slight ;
‘ His heart is thine, although it once was frail ;
‘ Think of his grief, and let his love prevail !—’

“ Plead thou no more,” the lofty Lass return’d,
“ Forgiving woman is deceiv’d and spurn’d ;
“ Say that the crime is common—shall I take
“ A common man my wedded lord to make ?
“ See ! a weak woman by his arts betray’d,
“ An infant born his father to upbraid ;
“ Shall I forgive his vileness, take his name,
“ Sanction his error, and partake his shame ?
“ No ! this assent would kindred frailty prove,
“ A love for him would be a vicious love ;
“ Can a chaste maiden secret counsel hold
“ With one whose crime by every mouth is told ?
“ Forbid it spirit, prudence, virtuous pride ;
“ He must despise me, were he not denied ;

“ The way from Vice the erring mind to win,
“ Is with presuming sinners to begin,
“ And show, by scorning them, a just contempt for Sin.”

The Youth repuls'd, to one more mild convey'd
His heart, and smil'd on the remorseless Maid ;
The Maid, remorseless in her pride, the while
Despis'd the insult, and return'd the smile.

First to admire, to praise her, and defend,
Was (now in years advanc'd) a Virgin-Friend :
Much she preferr'd, she cried, the single state,
' It was her choice'—it surely was her fate ;
And, much it pleas'd her in the train to view
A maiden-vot'ress wise and lovely too.

Time to the yielding mind his change imparts,
He varies notions, and he alters hearts ;
'Tis right, 'tis just to feel contempt for Vice,
But he that shows it may be over-nice ;
There are who feel, when young, the false sublime,
And proudly love to show disdain for Crime ;
To whom the future will new thoughts supply,
The pride will soften, and the scorn will die ;
Nay, where they still the vice itself condemn,
They bear the vicious and consort with them :
Young Captain *Grove*, when one had chang'd his side,
Despis'd the venal turn-coat, and defied ;

Old Colonel *Grove* now shakes him by the hand,
Though he who bribes may still his vote command :
Why would not *Ellen* to *Belinda* speak,
When she had flown to *London* for a week ;
And then return'd, to every friend's surprise,
With twice the spirit, and with half the size ;
She spoke not then—but after years had flown,
A better friend had *Ellen* never known ;
Was it the lady her mistake had seen ?
Or had she also such a journey been ?
No : 'twas the gradual change in human hearts,
That time, in commerce with the world, imparts ;
That on the roughest temper throws disguise,
And steals from Virtue her asperities.
The young and ardent, who with glowing zeal
Felt wrath for trifles, and were proud to feel,
Now find those trifles all the mind engage,
To soothe dull hours, and cheat the cares of age ;
As young *Zelinda*, in her quaker-dress,
Disdain'd each varying fashion's vile excess,
And now her friends on old *Zelinda* gaze,
Pleas'd in rich silks and orient gems to blaze ;
Changes like these 'tis folly to condemn,
So Virtue yields not, nor is chang'd with them.

Let us proceed :—Twelve brilliant years were past,
Yet each with less of glory than the last ;
Whether these years to this fair Virgin gave
A softer mind—effect they often have ;

Whether the Virgin-state was not so bless'd
 As that good Maiden in her zeal profess'd ;
 Or whether lovers falling from her train,
 Gave greater price to those she could retain,
 Is all unknown ;—but *Arabella* now
 Was kindly listening to a Merchant's vow ;
 Who offer'd terms so fair, against his love
 To strive was folly, so she never strove.—
 Man in his earlier days we often find
 With a too easy and unguarded mind ;
 But by increasing years and prudence taught,
 He grows reserv'd, and locks up every thought :
 Not thus the Maiden, for in blooming youth,
 She hides her thought, and guards the tender truth :
 This, when no longer young, no more she hides,
 But frankly in the favour'd swain confides :
 Man, stubborn Man, is like the growing tree,
 That longer standing, still will harder be :
 And like its fruit, the Virgin, first austere,
 Then kindly softening with the ripening year.

Now was the Lover urgent, and the kind
 And yielding Lady to his suit inclin'd ;
 “ A little time, my friend, is just, is right ;
 “ We must be decent in our neighbour's sight :”
 Still she allow'd him of his hopes to speak,
 And in compassion took off week by week ;
 Till few remain'd, when, wearied with delay,
 She kindly meant to take off day by day.

That female Friend who gave our Virgin praise
For flying man and all his treacherous ways,
Now heard with mingled anger, shame and fear,
Of one accepted, and a wedding near;
But she resolv'd again with friendly zeal
To make the Maid her scorn of wedlock feel;
For she was griev'd to find her work undone,
And like a Sister mourn'd the failing Nun.

Why are these gentle Maidens prone to make
Their sister-doves the tempting world forsake!
Why all their triumph when a maid disdains
The tyrant-sex and scorns to wear its chains?
Is it pure joy to see a Sister flown
From the false pleasures they themselves have known?
Or do they, as the call-birds in the cage,
Try, in pure envy, others to engage?
And therefore paint their native woods and groves,
As scenes of dangerous joys and naughty loves?

Strong was the maiden's hope; her Friend was proud,
And had her notions to the world avow'd;
And, could she find the Merchant weak and frail,
With power to prove it, then she must prevail;
For she aloud would publish his disgrace,
And save his victim from a man so base.

When all inquiries had been duly made,
Came the kind Friend her burthen to unlade—

‘ Alas! my dear! not all our care and art
 ‘ Can tread the maze of Man’s deceitful heart;
 ‘ Look not surprise—nor let resentment swell
 ‘ Those lovely features, all will yet be well;
 ‘ And thou, from Love’s and Man’s deceptions free,
 ‘ Wilt dwell in virgin-state, and walk to Heav’n with
 ‘ me.’

The Maiden frown’d, and then conceiv’d “that wives
 “ Could walk as well, and lead as holy lives
 “ As angry prudes who scorn’d the marriage-chain,
 “ Or luckless maids who sought it still in vain.”

The Friend was vex’d—she paus’d, at length she cried:
 ‘ Know your own danger, then your lot decide;
 ‘ That traitor *Beswell*, while he seeks your hand,
 ‘ Has, I affirm, a wanton at command;
 ‘ A slave, a creature from a foreign place,
 ‘ The nurse and mother of a spurious race;
 ‘ Brown, ugly bastards—(Heaven the word forgive,
 ‘ And the deed punish!)—in his cottage live;
 ‘ To town if business calls him, there he stays
 ‘ In sinful pleasures wasting countless days;
 ‘ Nor doubt the facts, for I can witness call
 ‘ For every crime, and prove them one and all.’

Here ceas’d th’ informer; *Arabella’s* look
 Was like a school-boy’s puzzled by his book;

Intent she cast her eyes upon the floor,
Paus'd—then replied—

—“ I wish to know no more :

“ I question not your motive, zeal, or love,
“ But must decline such dubious points to prove—
“ All is not true, I judge, for who can guess
“ Those deeds of darkness men with care suppress ?
“ He brought a slave perhaps to England's coast,
“ And made her free ; it is our country's boast !
“ And she perchance too grateful—good and ill
“ Were sown at first, and grow together still ;
“ The colour'd infants on the village-green,
“ What are they more than we have often seen ?
“ Children half-cloth'd who round their village stray,
“ In sun or rain, now starv'd, now beaten, they
“ Will the dark colour of their fate betray ;
“ Let us in Christian love for all account,
“ And then behold to what such tales amount.”

‘ His heart is evil,’ said th' impatient Friend ;
“ My duty bids me try that heart to mend,”
Replied the Virgin—“ We may be too nice,
“ And lose a soul in our contempt of Vice ;
“ If false the charge, I then shall show regard
“ For a good man, and be his just reward :
“ And what for Virtue can I better do,
“ Than to reclaim him, if the charge be true?”

She spoke ; nor more her holy work delay'd,
'Twas time to lend an erring mortal aid ;
“ The noblest way,” she judg'd, “ a soul to win,
“ Was with an act of kindness to begin,
“ To make the sinner sure, and then t' attack the sin.”*

* As the Author's purpose in this Tale may be mistaken, he wishes to observe, that conduct like that of the Lady's here described must be meritorious or censurable just as the motives to it are pure or selfish; that these motives may in a great measure be concealed from the mind of the agent; and that we often take credit to our virtue, for actions which spring originally from our tempers, inclinations, or our indifference. It cannot therefore be improper, much less immoral, to give an instance of such self-deception.

TALE X.

THE LOVER'S JOURNEY.

The Sun is in the heavens, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton.

King John, Act III. Scene 3.

The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Oh! how this spring of Love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all her beauty to the Sun,
And by and by a cloud bears all away.

And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss.

Taming of the Shrew, Act V. Scene 1.

TALE X.

THE LOVER'S JOURNEY.

It is the Soul that sees ; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries :
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indiff'rence rise :
When minds are joyful, then we look around,
And what is seen is all on fairy ground ;
Again they sicken, and on every view
Cast their own dull and melancholy hue ;
Or, if absorb'd by their peculiar cares,
The vacant eye on viewless matter glares ;
Our feelings still upon our views attend,
And their own natures to the objects lend ;
Sorrow and joy are in their influence sure,
Long as the passion reigns th' effects endure :
But love in minds his various changes makes,
And clothes each object with the change he takes ;
His light and shade on every view he throws,
And on each object, what he feels, bestows.

Fair was the morning, and the month was June,
When rose a Lover ; Love awakens soon ;
Brief his repose, yet much he dreamt the while
Of that day's meeting, and his *Laura's* smile ;
Fancy and Love that name assign'd to her,
Call'd *Susan* in the parish-register ;
And he no more was *John*—his *Laura* gave
The name *Orlando* to her faithful slave.

Bright shone the glory of the rising day,
When the fond traveller took his favourite way ;
He mounted gaily, felt his bosom light,
And all he saw was pleasing in his sight.

“ Ye hours of expectation, quickly fly,
“ And bring on hours of blest reality ;
“ When I shall *Laura* see, beside her stand,
“ Hear her sweet voice, and press her yielded hand.”

First o'er a barren heath beside the coast
Orlando rode, and joy began to boast.

“ This neat low gorse,” said he, “ with golden bloom,
“ Delights each sense, is beauty, is perfume ;
“ And this gay ling, with all its purple flowers,
“ A man at leisure might admire for hours ;
“ This green-fring'd cup-moss has a scarlet tip,
“ That yields to nothing but my *Laura's* lip ;

“ And then how fine this herbage? men may say
“ A heath is barren, nothing is so gay ;
“ Barren or bare to call such charming scene,
“ Argues a mind possess'd by care and spleen.”

Onward he went and fiercer grew the heat,
Dust rose in clouds before the horse's feet ;
For now he pass'd through lanes of burning sand,
Bounds to thin crops or yet uncultur'd land ;
Where the dark poppy flourished on the dry
And sterile soil, and mock'd the thin-set rye.

“ How lovely this !” the rapt *Orlando* said,
“ With what delight is labouring man repaid !
“ The very lane has sweets that all admire,
“ The rambling suckling and the vigorous brier ;
“ See ! wholesome wormwood grows beside the way,
“ Where dew-press'd yet the dog-rose bends the spray ;
“ Fresh herbs the fields, fair shrubs the banks adorn,
“ And snow-white bloom falls flaky from the thorn ;
“ No fostering hand they need, no sheltering wall,
“ They spring uncultur'd and they bloom for all.”

The Lover rode as hasty lovers ride,
And reach'd a common pasture wild and wide ;
Small black-legg'd sheep devour with hunger keen
The meagre herbage, fleshless, lank and lean ;
Such o'er thy level turf, *Newmarket* ! stray,
And there, with other *Black-legs*, find their prey ;

He saw some scatter'd hovels ; turf was pil'd
In square brown stacks ; a prospect bleak and wild !
A mill, indeed, was in the centre found,
With short sear herbage withering all around ;
A smith's black shed oppos'd a wright's long shop,
And join'd an inn where humble travellers stop.

“ Aye, this is Nature,” said the gentle 'Squire ;
“ This ease, peace, pleasure—who would not admire ?
“ With what delight these sturdy children play,
“ And joyful rustics at the close of day,
“ Sport follows labour, on this even space
“ Will soon commence the wrestling and the race ;
“ Then will the Village-Maidens leave their home,
“ And to the dance with buoyant spirits come ;
“ No affectation in their looks is seen,
“ Nor know they what disguise or flattery mean ;
“ Nor aught to move an envious pang they see,
“ Easy their service, and their love is free ;
“ Hence early springs that love, it long endures,
“ And life's first comfort, while they live, ensures :
“ They the low roof and rustic comforts prize,
“ Nor cast on prouder mansions envying eyes :
“ Sometimes the news at yonder town they hear,
“ And learn what busier mortals feel and fear,
“ Secure themselves, although by tales amaz'd,
“ Of towns bombard'd and of cities raz'd ;
“ As if they doubted, in their still retreat,
“ The very news that makes their quiet sweet,

“ And their days happy—happier only knows
“ He on whom *Laura* her regard bestows.”

On rode *Orlando*, counting all the while
The miles he pass'd and every coming mile ;
Like all attracted things, he quicker flies,
The place approaching where th' attraction lies ;
When next appear'd a *dam*—so call the place—
Where lies a road confin'd in narrow space ;
A work of labour, for on either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by Ocean's self supplied :
Far on the right, the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between ;
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straiten'd flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud ;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to th' opposing side ;
The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowrets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow :
Here a grave * *Flora* scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume ;

* The ditches of a Fen so near the Ocean are lined with irregular patches of a coarse and stained lava ; a muddy sediment rests on the Horse-tail and other perennial herbs, which in part conceal the shallowness of the stream ; a fat-leaved pale-flowering Scurvy-grass appears early in the year,

The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed ;
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume ;
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh ;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound ;
No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun,
Birds, save a wat'ry tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.

and the razor-edged Bull-rush in the summer and autumn. The Fen itself has a dark and saline herbage ; there are Rushes and *Arrow-head*, and in a few patches the flakes of the Cotton-grass are seen, but more commonly the *Sea-aster*, the dullest of that numerous and hardy genus ; a *Thrift*, blue in flower, but withering and remaining withered till the winter scatters it ; the *Saltwort*, both simple and shrubby ; a few kinds of grass changed by their soil and atmosphere, and low plants of two or three denominations undistinguished in a general view of the scenery ;—such is the vegetation of the Fen when it is at a small distance from the Ocean ; and in this case there arise from it effluvia strong and peculiar, half-saline, half-putrid, which would be considered by most people as offensive, and by some as dangerous ; but there are others to whom singularity of taste or association of ideas has rendered it agreeable and pleasant.

“ Various as beauteous, Nature, is thy face,”
Exclaim'd *Orlando* : “ all that grows has grace ;
“ All are appropriate—bog, and marsh, and fen,
“ Are only poor to undiscerning men ;
“ Here may the nice and curious eye explore,
“ How Nature's hand adorns the rushy moor ;
“ Here the rare moss in secret shade is found,
“ Here the sweet myrtle of the shaking ground ;
“ Beauties are these that from the view retire,
“ But well repay th' attention they require ;
“ For these, my *Laura* will her home forsake,
“ And all the pleasures they afford partake.”

Again the country was enclos'd, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side ;
Where lo ! a hollow on the left appear'd,
And there a Gipsy-tribe their tent had rear'd ;
'Twas open spread, to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown Boys just left their grassy seat,
The early Trav'ler with their pray'rs to greet :
While yet *Orlando* held his pence in hand,
He saw their Sister on her duty stand ;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepar'd the force of early powers to try ;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feign'd apprehension in her eyes ;
Train'd but yet savage, in her speaking face
He mark'd the features of her vagrant race ;

When a light laugh and roguish leer express'd
The vice implanted in her youthful breast :
Forth from the tent her elder Brother came,
Who seem'd offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the Trav'lers face :
Within, the Father, who from fences nigh
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by :
On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
Reclin'd the Wife, an infant at her breast ;
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,
Of vigour palsied and of beauty stain'd ;
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid—her Mother there
With Gipsy-state engross'd the only chair ;
Solemn and dull her look ; with such she stands,
And reads the Milk-maid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life ; assum'd through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears ;
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood ;
Last in the group, the worn-out Grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits ;
Useless, depis'd, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious Son,

Who half supports him ; he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance ;
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years :
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractis'd cheat ;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—
Ere they like him approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend !

But this *Orlando* felt not ; “ Rogues,” said he,
“ Doubtless they are, but merry rogues they be ;
“ They wander round the land, and be it true,
“ They break the laws—then let the laws pursue
“ The wanton idlers ; for the life they live,
“ Acquit I cannot, but I can forgive.”
This said, a portion from his purse was thrown,
And every heart seem'd happy like his own.

He hurried forth, for now the town was nigh—
“ The happiest man of mortal men am I.”
Thou art ! but change in every state is near,
(So while the wretched hope, the blest may fear) ;
“ Say, where is *Laura* ?” — ‘ That her words must show,’
A lass replied ; ‘ read this and thou shalt know !’

“ What, gone !” — her friend insisted — forc'd to go :—
“ Is vex'd, was teaz'd, could not refuse her !—No ?”

‘ But you can follow ;’ “ Yes ;” ‘ The miles are few,
 ‘ The way is pleasant ; will you come ?—Adieu !
 ‘ Thy *Laura* !’ “ No ! I feel I must resign
 “ The pleasing hope, thou hadst been here, if mine :
 “ A lady was it ?—Was no brother there ?
 “ But why should I afflict me if there were ?”
 ‘ The way is pleasant :’ “ What to me the way ?
 “ I cannot reach her till the close of day.
 “ My dumb companion ! is it thus we speed ?
 “ Not I from grief nor thou from toil are freed ;
 “ Still art thou doom’d to travel and to pine,
 “ For my vexation—What a fate is mine !”

“ Gone to a friend, she tells me ; I commend
 “ Her purpose ; means she to a female friend ?
 “ By Heaven, I wish she suffer’d half the pain :
 “ Of hope protracted through the day in vain :
 “ Shall I persist to see th’ ungrateful Maid ?
 “ Yes, I will see her, slight her and upbraid ?
 “ What ! in the very hour ? She knew the time,
 “ And doubtless chose it to increase her crime.”

Forth rode *Orlando* by a river’s side,
 Inland and winding, smooth, and full and wide,
 That roll’d majestic on, in one soft-flowing tide ;
 The bottom gravel, flow’ry were the banks,
 Tall willows, waving in their broken ranks,
 The road, now near, now distant, winding led
 By lovely meadows which the waters fed ;



He pass'd the way-side inn, the village spire,
Nor stopp'd to gaze, to question, or admire;
On either side the rural mansions stood,
With hedge-row trees, and hills high-crown'd with wood,
And many a devious stream that reach'd the nobler flood.

“ I hate these scenes,” *Orlando* angry cried,
“ And these proud farmers ! yes, I hate their pride :
“ See ! that sleek fellow, how he strides along,
“ Strong as an ox, and ignorant as strong ;
“ Can yon close crops a single eye detain,
“ But his who counts the profits of the grain ?
“ And these vile beans with deleterious smell,
“ Where is their beauty ? can a mortal tell ?
“ These deep fat meadows I detest ; it shocks
“ One's feelings there to see the grazing ox ;—
“ For slaughter fatted, as a lady's smile
“ Rejoices man and means his death the while.
“ Lo ! now the sons of labour ! every day
“ Employ'd in toil, and vex'd in every way ;
“ Theirs is but mirth assum'd, and they conceal,
“ In their affected joys, the ills they feel :
“ I hate these long green lanes ; there's nothing seen
“ In this vile country but eternal green ;
“ Woods ! waters ! meadows ! Will they never end ?
“ 'Tis a vile prospect :—Gone to see a friend !” —

Still on he rode ! a mansion fair and tall
Rose on his view—the pride of *Loddon-Hall* :

Spread o'er the park he saw the grazing steer,
 The full-fed steed, and herds of bounding deer :
 On a clear stream the vivid sun-beams play'd,
 Through noble elms, and on the surface made
 That moving picture, checker'd light and shade ;
 Th' attended children, there indulg'd to stray,
 Enjoy'd and gave new beauty to the day ;
 Whose happy parents from their room were seen
 Pleas'd with the sportive idlers on the green.

“ Well !” said *Orlando*, “ and for one so blest,
 “ A thousand reasoning wretches are distress'd ;
 “ Nay, these so seeming glad, are grieving like the rest :
 “ Man is a cheat—and all but strive to hide
 “ Their inward misery by their outward pride.
 “ What do yon lofty gates and walls contain,
 “ But fruitless means to soothe unconquer'd pain ?
 “ The parents read each infant daughter's smile,
 “ Form'd to seduce, encourag'd to beguile ;
 “ They view the boys unconscious of their fate,
 “ Sure to be tempted, sure to take the bait ;
 “ These will be *Laura's*, sad *Orlando's* these—
 “ There's guilt and grief in all one hears and sees.”

Our Trav'ler, lab'ring up a hill, look'd down
 Upon a lively, busy, pleasant town ;
 All he beheld were there alert, alive,
 The busiest bees that ever stock'd a hive :

A pair were married, and the bells aloud
Proclaim'd their joy, and joyful seem'd the crowd;
And now proceeding on his way, he spied,
Bound by strong ties, the Bridegroom and the Bride;
Each by some friends attended, near they drew,
And Spleen beheld them with prophetic view.

“ Married! nay, mad!” *Orlando* cried in scorn;
“ Another wretch on this unlucky morn;
“ What are this foolish mirth, these idle joys?
“ Attempts to stifle doubt and fear by noise:
“ To me these robes, expressive of delight,
“ Foreshow distress, and only grief excite;
“ And for these cheerful friends, will they behold
“ Their wailing brood in sickness, want, and cold;
“ And his proud look, and her soft languid air
“ Will—but I spare you—go, unhappy pair!”

And now approaching to the journey's end,
His anger fails, his thoughts to kindness tend,
He less offended feels! and rather fears t' offend:
Now gently rising, Hope contends with Doubt,
And casts a sun-shine on the views without;
And still reviving Joy and lingering Gloom,
Alternate empire o'er his soul assume;
Till, long perplex'd, he now began to find
The softer thoughts engross the settling mind:
He saw the mansion, and should quickly see
His *Laura's* self—and angry could he be?

No! the resentment melted all away—
 “ For this my grief a single smile will pay,”
 Our Trav’ler cried;—“ And why should it offend,
 “ That one so good should have a pressing friend ?
 “ Grieve not, my heart ! to find a favourite guest
 “ Thy pride and boast—ye selfish sorrows, rest ;
 “ She will be kind, and I again be blest.”

While gentler passions thus his bosom sway’d;
 He reach’d the mansion, and he saw the Maid ;
 “ My *Laura* !” — ‘ My *Orlando* !—this is kind ;
 ‘ In truth I came persuaded, not inclin’d ;
 ‘ Our friends’ amusement let us now pursue,
 ‘ And I to-morrow will return with you.’

Like man entranc’d, the happy Lover stood—
 “ As *Laura* wills, for she is kind and good ;
 “ Ever the truest, gentlest, fairest, best—
 “ As *Laura* wills, I see her and am blest.”

Home went the Lovers through that busy place,
 By *Loddon-Hall*, the country’s pride and grace ;
 By the rich meadows where the oxen fed,
 Through the green vale that form’d the river’s bed ;
 And by unnumber’d cottages and farms,
 That have for musing minds unnumber’d charms ;
 And how affected by the view of these
 Was then *Orlando*—did they pain or please ?

Nor pain nor pleasure could they yield—and why?
The mind was fill'd, was happy, and the eye
Rov'd o'er the fleeting views, that but appear'd to die.

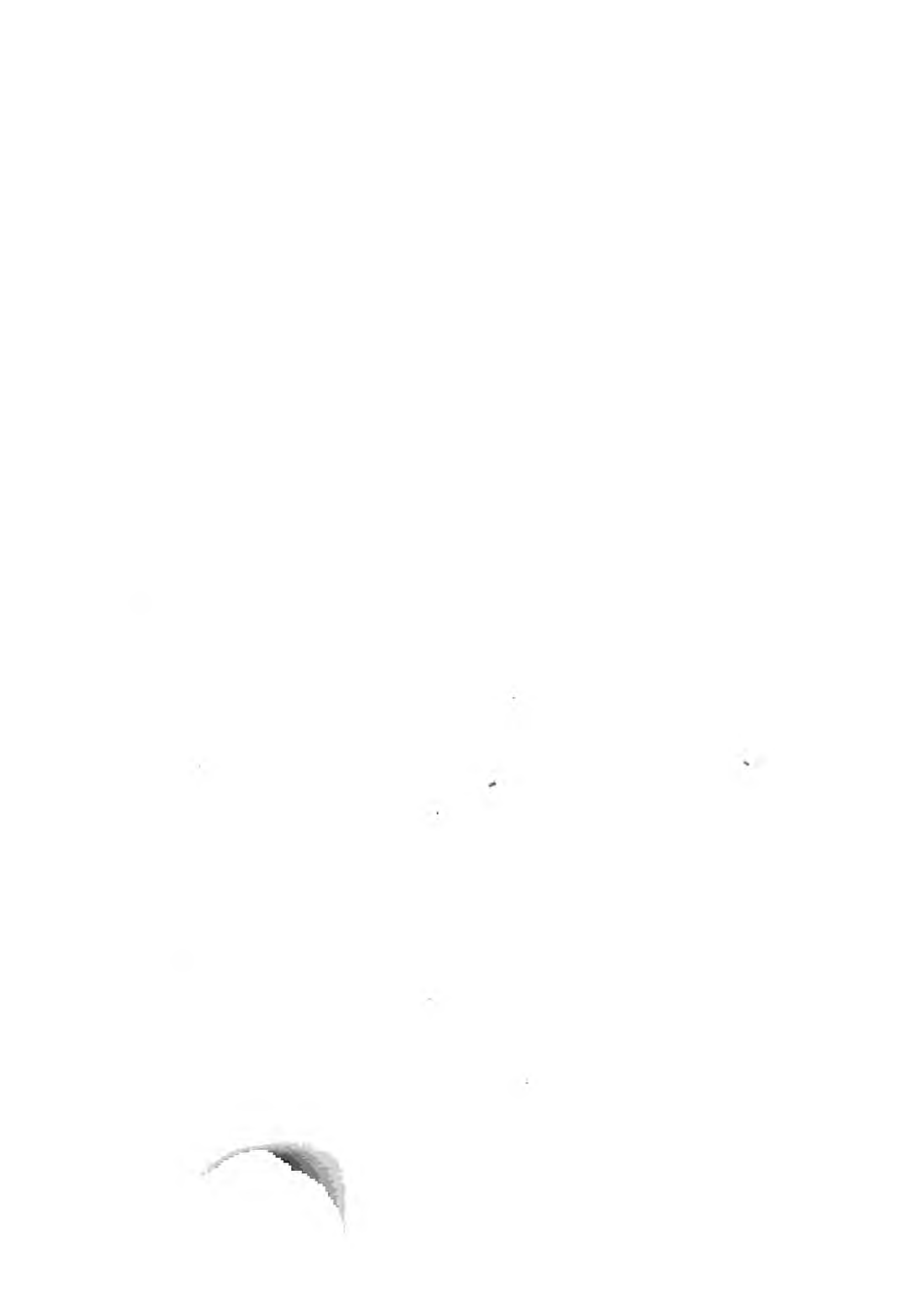
Alone *Orlando* on the morrow pac'd
The well-known road; the Gipsy-tent he trac'd;
The dam high-rais'd, the reedy dikes between,
The scatter'd hovels on the barren green,
The burning sand, the fields of thin-set rye,
Mock'd by the useless *Flora*, blooming by;
And last the heath with all its various bloom,
And the close lanes that led the Trav'ler home.

Then could these scenes the former joys renew?
Or was there now dejection in the view?—
Nor one or other would they yield—and why?
The mind was absent, and the vacant eye
Wander'd o'er viewless scenes, that but appear'd to die.

END OF VOL. I.

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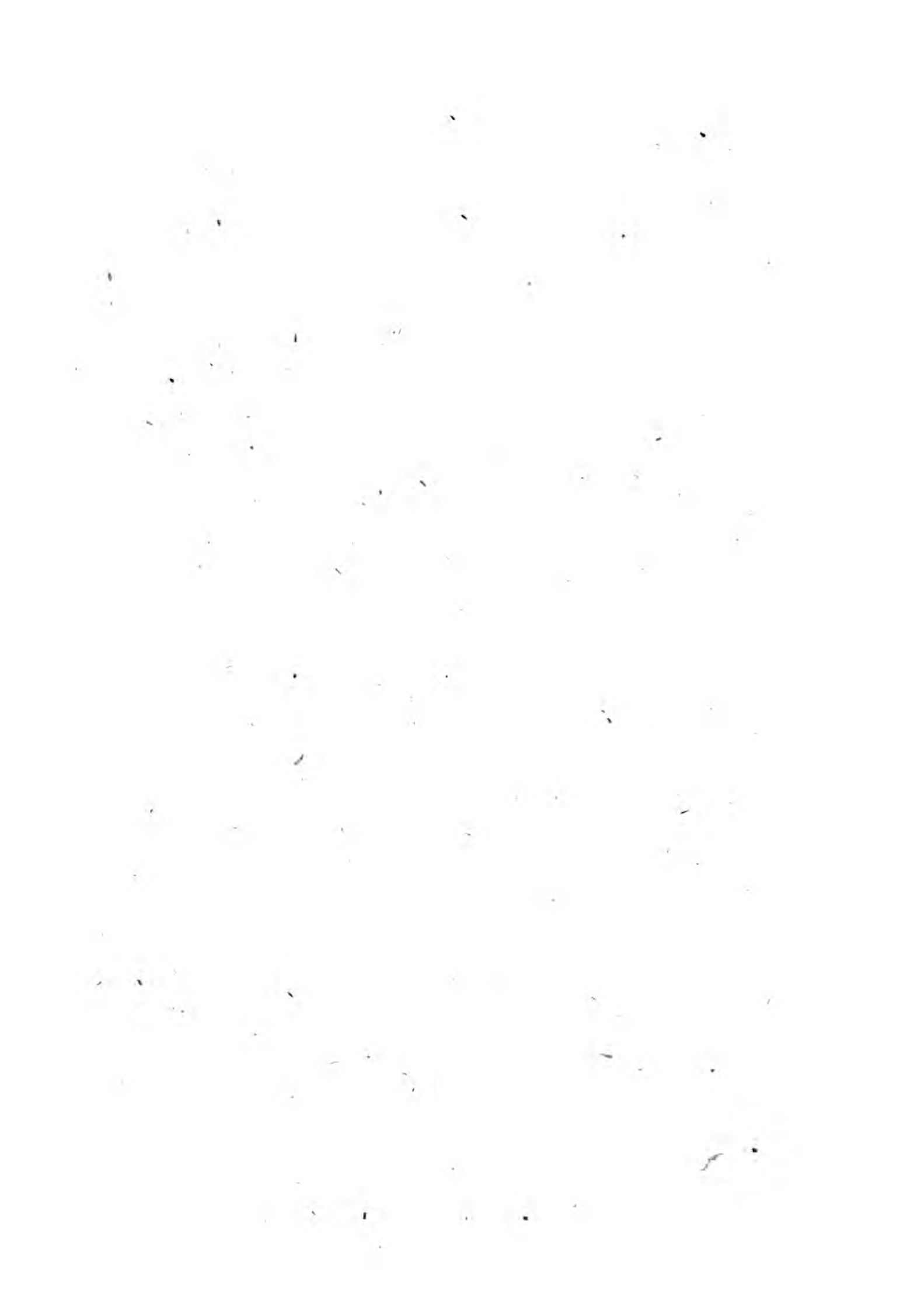
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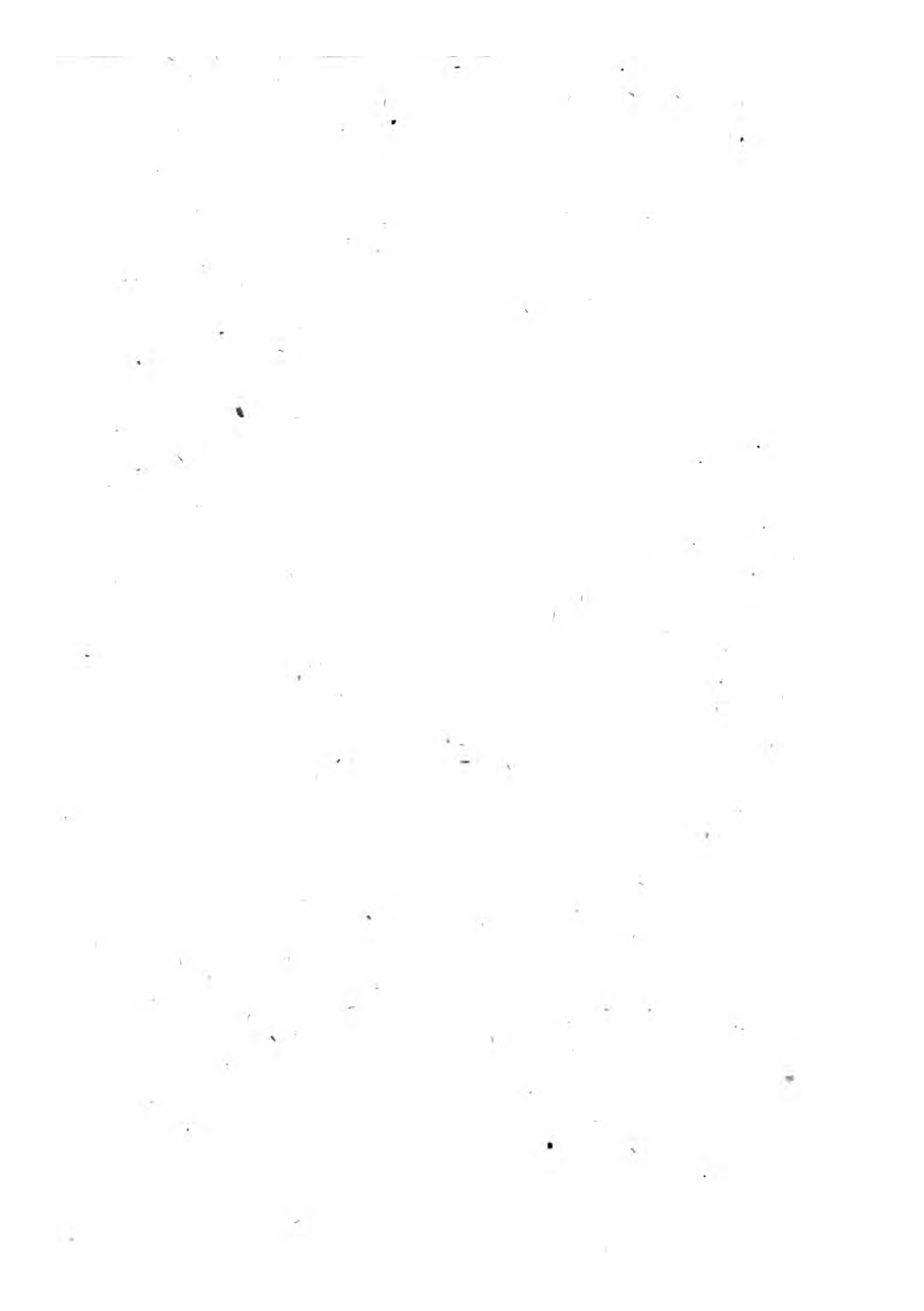
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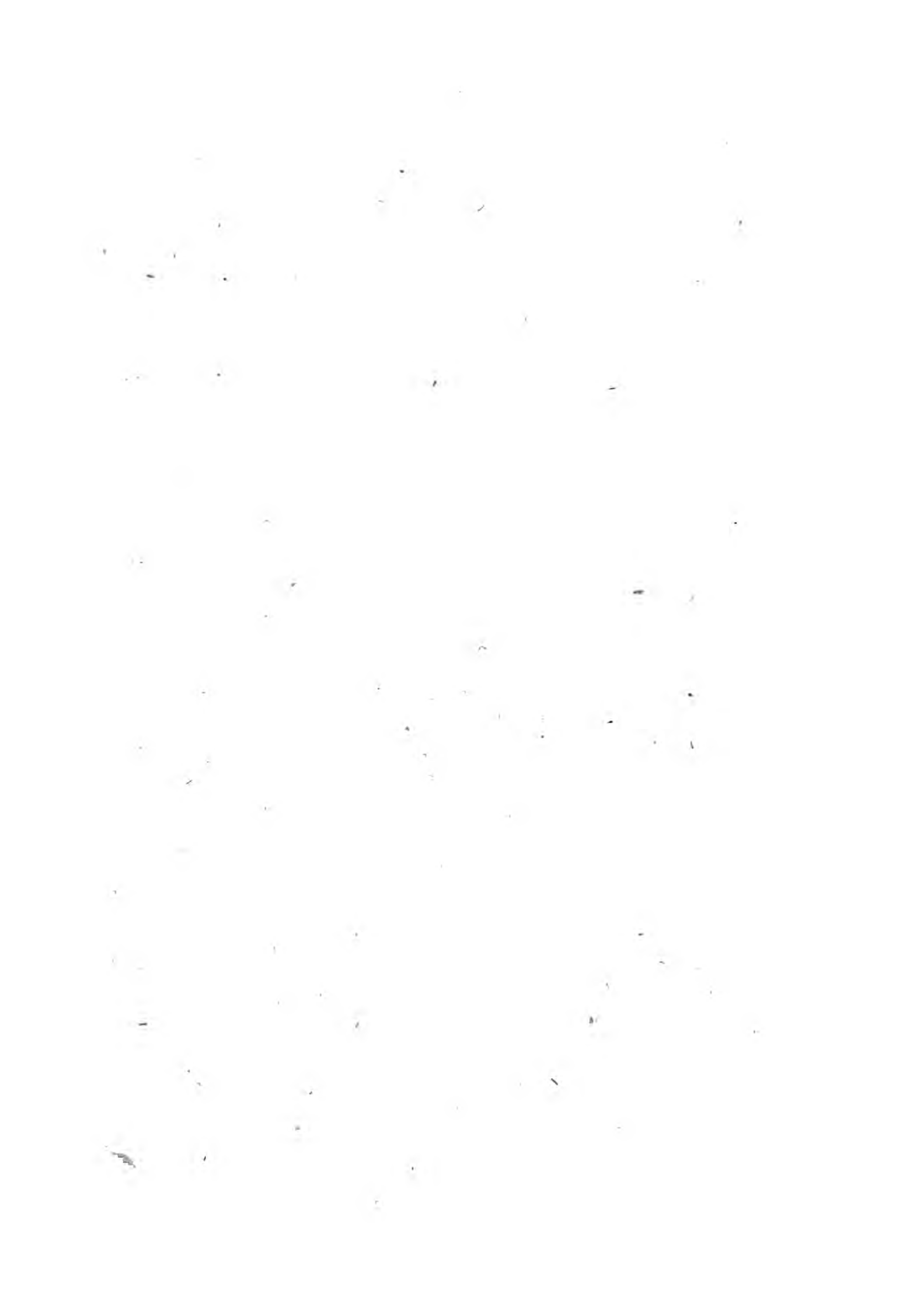
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