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Beattie
—
Goldsmith

The image shows a highly decorative book cover. The background is a dark, textured material, possibly black leather or cloth. A wide, intricate border in gold tooling surrounds the central text. This border consists of multiple layers: an innermost line of small dots, followed by a series of interlocking geometric shapes like diamonds and squares, and an outermost line of larger, more complex shapes. The central text is printed in a gold, calligraphic font. The name 'Beattie' is on the top line, followed by a horizontal line, and 'Goldsmith' is on the bottom line. A small, decorative flourish is positioned below the name 'Goldsmith'.



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THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES BEATTIE,
AND
THE POEMS AND PLAYS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Printed by
Ballantyne and Company,
Edinburgh.

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Beattie

THE POETICAL WORKS

JAMES BEATTIE,

THE POEMS AND PLAYS

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE.



EDINBURGH :

W. P. NIMMO, 28 ST JAMES'S SQUARE

~~250. 9. 77~~
270. 9. 189.



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LIFE OF JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

By J. S. GIBB.

JAMES BEATTIE, the author of "The Minstrel," was baptized at Laurencekirk, November 25, 1735, ten years before the thunder-cloud of war swept across Scotland, to dissolve in blood on the desolate heath of Culloden. His father, also bearing the name of James, had a small retail shop in Laurencekirk—at that time, and for thirty years after, merely a clachan or kirktown of six or seven houses. In addition to the shop, he rented Boroughmuir Hills, a small farm to the south-east of the village. By the united aid of these he strove to rear his family of six children, of whom James was the youngest, in that system of healthful domestic training, to which, in Scotland, the youth of a former age owed so much. In these efforts he was ably seconded by his wife, Jane Watson, who is said to have been a woman of informed and cultivated mind beyond the common. Indeed Beattie was fortunate in both his parents. "His father," says the writer of the article "Beattie" in the "Biographie Universelle," "was a simple farmer, but that did not hinder him from indulging a natural taste which he felt for poesy : they preserve yet in his family some pieces of verse of his composition." This was written in 1811. In the life of Alexander Ross, schoolmaster of Lochlee in

Forfarshire, prefixed to the edition of his "Helenore ; or, The Fortunate Shepherdess," published in 1812, his biographer, the Rev. Alexander Thomson of Lintrathen, remarks : "Mr Ross has often said that Mr Beattie only wanted education to have made him as much distinguished in the literary world as his son. He was a man of great natural acuteness, of clear and distinct conception, and employed much of his time in reading. He knew something of natural philosophy, and particularly of astronomy, and used to amuse himself in calculating eclipses ; and our author has observed that, as he was self-taught, without the advantage of any man's instruction, his knowledge was truly surprising. He was likewise a poetical genius, and shewed our author some rhymes of considerable merit. In fact it would appear that his mind wanted nothing but cultivation to have raised him to a level with some philosophers and poets, whose merit must always be acknowledged by those who are proper judges of it."

Such is Ross's testimony concerning the elder Beattie ; and he was well qualified to give it, from the intercourse he had enjoyed with him, having for some time previous to 1726 been master of the parish school of Laurencekirk, only a hundred yards or so from Boroughmuir Hills, where the subject of the present memoir was born. And here, in passing, we cannot help remarking that Laurencekirk has been more favoured as the birthplace or residence of men who have won themselves a name by their intellectual acquirements, than many localities far more imposing in appearance. There is its founder, Lord Gardenstone, of whom the burgh may justly be proud. The celebrated Thomas Ruddiman, in February 1695, left his tutorship at Aldbar to become her parish schoolmaster. As we have seen, in 1726 the author of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," filled the same situation. Dr Beattie was born here in 1735. Dr George Cook, author of a "History of the Church of Scotland," was her minister from 1795 to 1828. And here, five years before this latter date,

—that is, in 1823,—George Menzies drove the shuttle and nursed those thoughts which he afterwards embodied in sounding verse, or brought to bear on the successful prosecution of his duties as editor of a Canadian newspaper.

But to return to our more immediate subject. Of the early boyhood of Beattie we know little except what he has told us himself in his works. He was shy, retiring, fond of nature and solitude, given to reading, and even while at school known by the name of the POET. The rudiments of his education he obtained at the parish school, then taught by James Milne, who had deservedly attained considerable reputation as an educator. Beattie lost his father when only seven years of age; but this loss was, as far as it could be, made up by the increased assiduity and care of his mother, and of his elder brother David, who did everything that affection could do to enable the young student to gratify to the full his love of learning and knowledge,—a kindness Beattie did not forget in after-years, when it was in his power to repay it, as far as such self-sacrificing affection could be repaid.

In 1749, James, then fourteen years of age, was escorted to Aberdeen by his brother David. There were no railways nor even stage-coaches then, and the two brothers set out from home with only one steed between them, and so behaved to walk by turns or ride double. The journey was performed in safety, and James was entered a student of Marischal College, which at that time could boast the name of Dr Blackwell as one of her professors. At the termination of his first session as a student, Beattie proved his powers and diligence, by gaining, as the result of a public competition, the first or highest class bursary attached to his college. This, of course, was a considerable relief to the home funds, as the amount of the bursary would at least suffice for his most pressing wants during the college session. The recess he would spend at home, where the burden of his sustenance would not be severely felt. Beattie continued at

college with much credit the usual period of four sessions, when he took his degree of A.M., and then returned to Laurencekirk to endeavour to turn his acquirements to some practical account.

His original destination was the Church. With the view of entering it, he had attended the theological classes, and, before leaving Aberdeen, had delivered in the hall a trial lecture, which one of his hearers declared was "poetry in prose." The same thing, by the way, was remarked of the trial discourse of Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," whose original destination too was the Church; and there is this further coincidence in the history of the two poets, so similar in the beauty of their imagery, and their pastoral descriptive power, that, from some reason or other, both gave up all thoughts of the pulpit as a vocation.

Young Beattie did not long remain at home. He returned from Aberdeen about the beginning of April 1753; and on the 1st of August the same year, he was appointed parochial schoolmaster and session-clerk of Fordoun, a hamlet about five miles to the north of Laurencekirk. The duties of these offices he discharged, with painstaking diligence, for five years. There was but small opportunity for enjoying the pleasures of refined intercourse in a retired country parish, such as Fordoun was then; what there was, Beattie's approved talent and unassuming deportment soon placed at his command. He quickly secured the favourable notice of Mr Garden, afterwards the famous Lord Gardenstone. He was also honoured with the acquaintanceship of the celebrated Lord Monboddo, whose beautiful family mansion is only about a mile from the scene of Beattie's daily labours.

It was not so much, however, for the influence of his social position in forming his taste, that Beattie's residence at Fordoun is worthy of so marked a place in his history. It was the close intercourse he here enjoyed with nature in all her moods that laid the foundation of his fame as a poet. It was, indeed, a fitting nursery for a minstrel. To use the

vivid words of George Menzies, at one time a pupil in the parish school of Fordoun, and subsequently a gardener at Drumtochty, in the very centre of the romantic scenery he describes, all round we find—

“The shadowy glen, the sweeping strath,
The deep ravine, the rugged path ;
By dizzy crag and waterfall,
Untrod and unapproach'd by all,
Save him, whose heart may seldom quail
In peril's hour, the hardy Gael.
The Grampians dimly shadow'd forth,
Like guardian spirits of the north,
Enthroning their majestic forms
Amid the gloom of boreal storms.”

Beattie's tastes were still much the same as when the shy, solitude-loving schoolboy at Laurencekirk. He was fond of wandering alone in the fields. In early morning he might be seen ascending the steep brow of Strathfinella, to watch the sun emerge from the German Ocean ; or, late at night, he would be found wandering among the romantic glades of Drumtochty, observing the stars as they silently came forth in their brightness ; or listing the melancholy wail of the owl awakening the hollow echoes, and peopling the wooded crags with those graceful denizens of the woods—fays and fairies—that owe their existence to the warmth and power of a poetic imagination.

It was during his residence at Fordoun that Beattie first came before the public as an author, by writing several poetical pieces for the *Scots Magazine*. He was only twenty-one years of age when he sent the first of these contributions, yet it is far from devoid of merit.

In 1758, Beattie was appointed one of the masters of the Grammar School, Aberdeen. This opened up to him a wide field of social and congenial intercourse. There was a noble cluster of learned and eminent men connected with Aberdeen at this period—Reid, Gregory, Campbell, and Gerard—men whose works are their best monument, of whom Scotland is

justly proud. Into this elevated circle Beattie soon obtained a hearty welcome, from his character as a man and his reputation as a scholar.

Two years after Beattie's departure from Fordoun, and seven after his leaving Marischal College, one of the professorships in his *alma mater* fell vacant. By the interest of his friends, though very unexpectedly to himself, Beattie received the appointment. Behold him now, no longer as a parish schoolmaster, or a grammar-school teacher, but as a professor, filling the chair of logic and moral philosophy. Not more than twenty-five years of age, with comparatively limited experience in tuition, there was sufficient to suggest grave doubts of his fitness for such an exalted and onerous position. If these doubts ever did arise in the breasts of any, they were quickly dissipated. The young professor immediately set to work ; and, by hard study, and unremitting attention to his students individually, he quickly gained a reputation as a man of letters and a successful instructor, which he retained undiminished to the close of his life.

He had now much more leisure and opportunity for following the bent of his mind, which had always been toward literature. In this year (1760) he published a volume of minor poems, which had so much smoothness and sweetness of diction, and in several parts shewed such descriptive power, as justified his friends in hoping for yet greater things. This work passed through various editions, each having improvements in the shape of alterations, omissions, or additions ; so assiduously did Beattie labour to render his work worthy of the approbation of the public. Indeed, this is a marked characteristic of Beattie as an author, his painstaking diligence in correcting in his works everything that did not satisfy his own exquisite, almost fastidious, taste. Not only so, he invited the severest and most searching criticism of his friends. He was almost as grateful to him who discovered a blemish, as commonly men are to those who discover some hidden worth, some beauty not patent to

the public. Let authors—proverbially the *genus irritabile*—learn from this the path to true excellence.

In 1767 our author was joined in matrimony to Miss Mary Dun, daughter of Dr Dun, rector of the grammar school in which formerly Beattie had been master. At first every happiness flowed from this union; but by and by little eccentricities of behaviour on Mrs Beattie's part began to shew themselves, and these eventually took the shape of confirmed insanity, and compelled at last her removal to an asylum at Musselburgh. This terrible calamity crushed at once and for ever the domestic happiness of the husband and father. How deeply the iron had entered into his soul, is evident from his pathetic exclamation after the burial of the last of his two sons: "How could I have borne to have seen their elegant minds mangled with madness?" But at the time of which we write (1767) the dark cloud was still beneath the horizon. Beattie, happy in his domestic relations, happy in his work and in his friends, was free to occupy his mind with whatever subject might be most congenial to his taste.

At this period the cold destructive scepticism of Hume reigned paramount in literary circles in Scotland. The friends of truth saw with concern that there was no champion gone forth to meet the boastful challenge of this mental Goliath; for what opposition there was, proved of such a character as but increased the arrogance of the foe. This was frequently the subject of correspondence and conversation between Beattie and his friends, and at last he resolved to take up the gauntlet. The result was the "Essay on Truth"—a work which would have kept its author from being forgotten, although he had written nothing else. The Essay was on the unfashionable side of the question, and the Edinburgh publisher to whom it was offered was so doubtful of its success that he would not publish it at his own risk. Sir William Forbes, convinced of the value of the work, without informing Beattie, guaranteed the bookseller against loss, at

the same time remitting fifty guineas to the author as the price of the copyright.

Sir William's opinion proved to be well founded. The book was a triumphant success. It was read everywhere, especially in England, and ran through a number of editions in a short time. It procured for its author two separate and comparatively lengthened interviews with royalty itself, followed by something more tangible still—a royal pension of £200 a year. He had his portrait first painted, and then presented to him, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which he is represented sitting in philosophic composure, clad in his doctor's robes, while the Angel of Truth, a most graceful and beautiful figure, is seen in the background driving error and sophistry down to the shades below. The University of Oxford bestowed upon him, unsolicited, the honorary title of LL.D. Besides, the "Essay on Truth" procured for its author the friendship of many eminent persons in England; among others Dr Samuel Johnson, Beilby Porteus, bishop of London, Lord Lyttelton, Mrs Montague, &c. He was offered preferment in the Church of England, if he would enter her pale. This he declined, from motives that do him honour.

But though he refused to leave his chosen sphere of labour, he availed himself of the friendships thus formed, by frequently visiting England to reinvigorate his bodily frame by its softer and more genial climate, and to soothe and tranquillise his mind by experiencing the delights and pleasures of friendly intercourse. These relaxations were now become doubly necessary, from the cankerworm that had blighted and destroyed his domestic happiness; thus increasing, if not causing, a tenderness of constitution, which frequently rendered the least exertion painful and distressing in an extreme degree. This constitutional weakness took the shape of vertigo, or giddiness, from which he was seldom free during the rest of his life. Knowing this, it is amazing what an amount of work he accomplished. He kept up a voluminous correspondence with friends on personal and

literary subjects ; he joined readily in any movement affecting the community of which he was a member ; he was at the service of any friend who required his aid, literary or otherwise ; he was most assiduously and minutely attentive to his work as a professor ; he carefully superintended the education and training of his children ; and yet, amid all these conflicting calls upon his attention, with a constant burden of domestic care hanging over him and weighing him to the earth, and with a frame weakened by chronic disease, he could yet find time and inclination for the composition of works that the world will not willingly let die.

In 1771 appeared the first part of "The Minstrel ; or, The Progress of Genius," and in 1774 the second—a production that, by its delicacy of imagination, by the quiet beauty of its pastoral scenes, and by the exquisite melody of its language, at once gave its author an honourable place among the poets of Great Britain—a position which, most deservedly, he still retains.

Dr Beattie had two sons, James and Montague. To their mental and moral training he devoted himself with all the earnest solicitude of a Christian parent. Nor had his pains been fruitless. The eldest was a young man of wondrous promise—so much so, that, at the request of the Senatus of the College, the Crown in 1787 appointed him colleague and successor to his father, while yet but in the nineteenth year of his age. The father's heart was bound up in his son, who returned his love with the eagerness and uniformity of deep filial affection. But, alas ! the rarest plants are oftenest the first to droop before the cold breath of the pale horseman. James Hay Beattie died in 1790 ; and deep was the sorrow of the bereaved father. In one of his letters of this period, alluding to a monument erected to his dead son, he says : "I often dream of the grave that is under it ; I saw with some satisfaction on a late occasion that it is very deep, and capable of holding my coffin laid on that which is already in it."

He had still one son left, and round him his affections gathered with increased earnestness. Though without the extra capabilities of his elder brother, the talents of Montague Beattie were more than respectable ; while his loving heart and lively disposition made up for the want of dazzling accomplishments. He was a universal favourite. Cheered by his watchful assiduity, Dr Beattie laboured on at his accustomed work. In 1790 appeared the first volume of his "Elements of Moral Science;" and in 1793 the second. These, with "Essays on Poetry and Music, Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, and the Use of the Classics," "Dissertations, Moral and Critical," and "Evidences of the Christian Religion," comprised the substance of his lectures to his students. For them, too, he drew up a small *brochure* on Scotticisms, which contains some shrewd verbal criticism. The only other works with which the name of Beattie is connected are one or two papers in *The Lounger*, a letter to Dr Blair on a proposed revisal of the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms, and an account of the life and character of his son, James Hay Beattie.

This testimony of his paternal love was Beattie's last literary exertion. It was finished January 18, 1791. Five years afterwards Montague Beattie died. This stroke was more than his father's mind could bear. His intellect even was touched. He lost all memory of his son's death ; would search through the house for him ; and, not finding him, would say to his niece and housekeeper, Mrs Glennie, "You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is." He could only be brought to recollection by a recital of the sufferings of Montague's deathbed. When he looked for the last time upon the dead body, he said, "Now I have done with the world." And so it was in truth. He gave up all study, all recreation, and all correspondence with friends. The following year he became quite a cripple with rheumatism ; and in 1799 he had a stroke of palsy, from which he never entirely recovered ; and, finally, on the

18th of August 1803, he was released from his sufferings by the kindly hand of death.

Dr Beattie's intercourse with the world was marked by the courtesy and forbearance of a Christian gentleman ; or, if in aught, during the heat of controversy, he overstepped the bounds of propriety, the love he bore to virtue was in fault. In temper he was naturally gentle and placable ; but from his close and long-continued study of polemics, it was noticed that, towards the close of his public life, he was in the smallest possible degree inclined to acerbity and sharpness. In his last years all this dross was purified ; the original metal alone remained, gentle, radiant, and without alloy.

In his character as a husband and father, Beattie manifested the same sterling qualities, though in a much higher and more attractive degree. Gentle and affectionate, ruling by love rather than fear, he had yet that clear-sighted firmness which kept him from injuring by over-indulgence. Sorely tried as he was by the melancholy fate of his wife, he never murmured nor complained. Even when the fondest hopes of his heart were buried in the grave of his sons, he bowed in silent submission to the decrees of an all-wise Providence. Though the stroke was hard to bear, there was no loud, rebellious grief. He calmly waited for the time when he would rejoin his lost ones, never more to leave them. Were we to sum up in a single word his character as a man, we could not better express it than the poet himself has done, in a stanza of an epitaph, written while in Fordoun :—

“ Forget my frailties, thou art also frail ;
 Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayest fall ;
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale :
 I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all ! ”

As an author, Beattie is distinguished in his prose compositions for the smooth flow of his language and the easy gracefulness of his thoughts. In controversy he sometimes,

though rarely, expresses himself more sharply than would be deemed necessary in the present day; but we only require to realise the times in which he lived, the ominous mutterings of wreck and revolution that were already filling the air, fully to exonerate him from the charge of unnecessary harshness. But it is as a poet that Beattie will be longest and most fondly remembered. As a metaphysician his labours may be, so far as their main purpose is concerned, superseded by more recent investigators, who, thanks to his aid and that of his contemporaries, have been enabled to penetrate further into the regions of speculation; but while the English language lasts, so long will the quiet beauty of the word-pictures in "The Minstrel" charm every student of nature, and that in proportion to his loving familiarity with her gentle and more peaceful scenes.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
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JAMES BEATTIE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

January, 1777.

HAVING lately seen in print some poems ascribed to me which I never wrote, and some of my own inaccurately copied, I thought it would not be improper to publish, in this little volume, all the verses of which I am willing to be considered as the author. Many others I did indeed write in the early part of my life; but they were in general so incorrect, that I would not rescue them from oblivion, even if a wish could do it.

Some of the few now offered to the public would perhaps have been suppressed, if in making this collection I had implicitly followed my own judgment. But in so small a matter, who would refuse to submit his opinion to that of a friend?

It is of no consequence to the reader to know the date of any of these little poems. But, some private reasons determined the author to add, that most of them were written many years ago, and that the greatest part of the *MINSTREL*, which is his latest attempt in this way, was composed in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight.

PREFACE TO THE MINSTREL.

THE design was to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel, that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician;—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate Spenser in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked, of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the poetry is faulty in other respects.

THE MINSTREL;
OR,
THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BOOK I.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant. VIRG.

I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet the languor of inglorious days,
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.

There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
 Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
 Supremely bless'd, if to their portion fall
 Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
 Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
 Nor need I here describe, in learnèd lay,
 How forth the minstrel fared in days of yore,
 Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
 His waving locks and beard all hoary gray:
 While from his bending shoulder decent hung
 His harp, the sole companion of his way,
 Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
 And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
 That a poor villager inspires my strain;
 With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
 The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
 Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
 Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms:
 They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
 The parasite their influence never warms,
 Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
 Yet horrow screams from his discordant throat.
 Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
 While warbling larks on russet pinions float;
 Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
 Where the gray linnets carol from the hill:
 Oh, let them ne'er, with artificial note,

To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they
will !

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below :
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet, and the rich attire :
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined ?
No ; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene.)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

IX.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
 Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
 And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
 Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
 The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
 Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

XI.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
 A shepherd swain, a man of low degree ;
 Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie ;
 A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms ;
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;

The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
An honest heart was almost all his stock :
His drink the living water from the rock ;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
they went.

XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment springs :
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er cast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
Each season look'd delightful, as it pass'd,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd : secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair :
His birth no oracle or seer foretold ;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,

Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;
 And one long summer day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy :
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the
 lad :
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
 him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled ;
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing,
 By trap, or net ; by arrow, or by sling ;

These he detested ; those he scorn'd to wield :
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field :
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo ! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :
 While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
 Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
 And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn :
 Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.
 But, lo ! the Sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean,
 smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd !

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :
Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
The southern Sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul :
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

“O ye wild groves, oh, where is now your bloom !”
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought,)
“Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?
Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ?
For now the storm howls mournful through the
brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

“Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd !
Ah ! see, th' unsightly slime and sluggish pool
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd ;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray :
And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV.

"Yet such the destiny of all on Earth :
 So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
 Oh, smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span !
 Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn ;
 But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
 Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
 Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed ?
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
 And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
 No : Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant
 reign."

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
 In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.

No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
 "Let man's own sphere," said he "confine his view,
 Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
 By pleasure unsexed, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

"And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
 Oh, never, never turn away thine ear!
 Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
 To others do (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine
 own."

XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
 The visionary boy from shelter fly;
 For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
 And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
 And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
 The rainbow brightens to the setting Sun!
 Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
 How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
 'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
 When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
 This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
 And disappointment of her sting disarm.

But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire ;
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire :
Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale ;
And ghosts that to the charnel dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting Moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep ;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entrancèd sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves unfold ;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire ;
And here and there, right venerably old,

The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance ;
To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along : with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer ! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
Oh, to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear ;
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear !

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow !
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
 Oh for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due!
 Bless'd be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence! ye who snare and stupefy the mind,
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!

Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
 First gave you form ! Hence ! lest the Muse should deign
 (Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
 Oh, let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
 For well I know wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

XLIII.

Ah me ! neglected on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legend when the Beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;
 Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms display'd ;
 Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
 And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid ;
 The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;

Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
 'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
 Oh, cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
 Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,*
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die:
 Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie;
 Nor friend nor stranger hears their dying cry;
 "For from the town the man returns no more."
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
 This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
 When death lays waste thy house, and flames consume
 thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
 Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
 "But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
 And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
 O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
 Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
 Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;

* See the fine old ballad, called "The Children in the Wood."

But let us hope ; to doubt is to rebel ;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

XLIX.

Shall he whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend !
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without
end !

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little art incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
Oh, then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies !
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
And much they grope for Truth, but never hit.
For why? Their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders
wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient Dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth ;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue :
Where, midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,

Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
 Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
 When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day,
 Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
 Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
 What time the lightning's fierce career began,
 And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
 In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
 Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
 From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
 Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
 Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
 To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined !
 Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
 When with the charm compared of heavenly melan-
 choly !

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
 Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn ;
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
 Of solitude and melancholy born ?
 He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
 The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or mourn,
 And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
 swine.

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.

His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute :
 Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
 For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
 At last, though long by penury controll'd,
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
 And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;
 From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
 Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd ;
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
 But on this verse if Montagu should smile,
 New strains ere long shall animate thy frame.
 And her applause to me is more than fame ;
 For still with truth accords her taste refined.
 At lucre or renown let others aim,

I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human
kind.

BOOK II.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.* HORAT.

I.

OF chance or change, oh, let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail :
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale ;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continent's have
bloom'd.

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine !

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,

And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy :
But now and then the shades of life explore ;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks ! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,

It was his chance to wander far abroad,
 And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
 Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
 A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
 For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
 Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
 Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
 Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
 Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made :
 And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
 Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
 Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold
 array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
 And, here and there, a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
 Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
 Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;
 And from the summit of that craggy mound
 The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
 Or on resounding wings, to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
 Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
 Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
 And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
 Soothed by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
 Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
 He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,



Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents fall :

X.

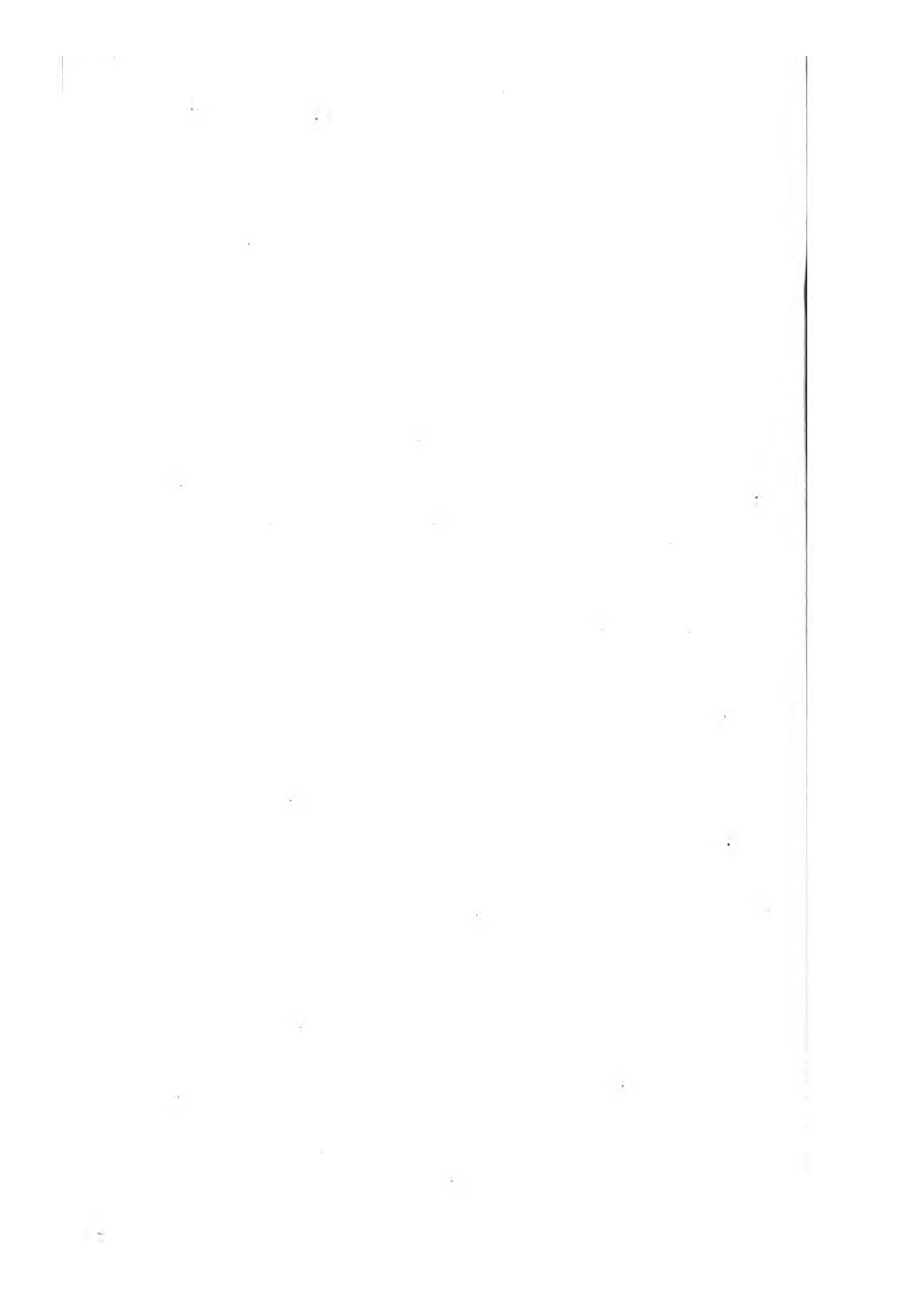
“Hail, awful scenes, that calm the tempest's roar,
And woo the weary to profound repose
Can passion's wildest uproar lay
And whisper comfort to the man of war
Here Innocence may wander, calm and free,
And Contemplation soar in ecstasy
O Solitude ! the man who seeks thy springs
When lucre lures him, or ambition's fire
Shall never know the sweetest waters
That flow from thy springs.”

XI.

“Vain man ! in grandeur's path thy way is wide,
Then let the unworldly say what they would
To friends, attendants, and the vulgar crew
It is thy weakness that thy power is
To princes wild and to the people
They fear the great and the lowly
To hunt through thicket and the forest
Behind the velvet curtain
Behind, what secret is thy power ?

XII.

“True dignity is in the heart,
Virtue has raised above the vulgar
Whom every tongue and every eye
Surrounds and follows ;
This crown is not of gold or silver
It shines in truth
And from the heart
Gyants cannot take
And men, ambitious, will not take it.”



Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole :

X.

“Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose !
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude ! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

XI.

“Vain man ! is grandeur given to gay attire ?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid :
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid ?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform !

XII.

“True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below ;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.”
This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew,
 (While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood ;))
 "Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
 Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !
 Ye only can engage the servile brood
 Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
 Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd
 And hugg'd the chain that, glittering on their gaze,
 Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

XIV.

" Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
 I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;
 And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
 Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
 So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file :
 But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
 Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
 Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue !
 Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view !

XV.

" The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
 And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
 Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
 This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
 And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
 And if no future age shall hear my name,
 I lurk the more secure from Fortune's blast,
 And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
 Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

XVI.

" The end and the reward of toil is rest.
 Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.

Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease !
Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

XVII.

“ Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and 'scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where Night and Desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

XVIII.

“ And thither let the village swain repair ;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevell'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe ;
And when mild Evening comes in mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
No ghost, nor spell, my long, my last abode shall know.

XIX.

“ For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.

O man ! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
 Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
 Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
 And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defiled ?

XX.

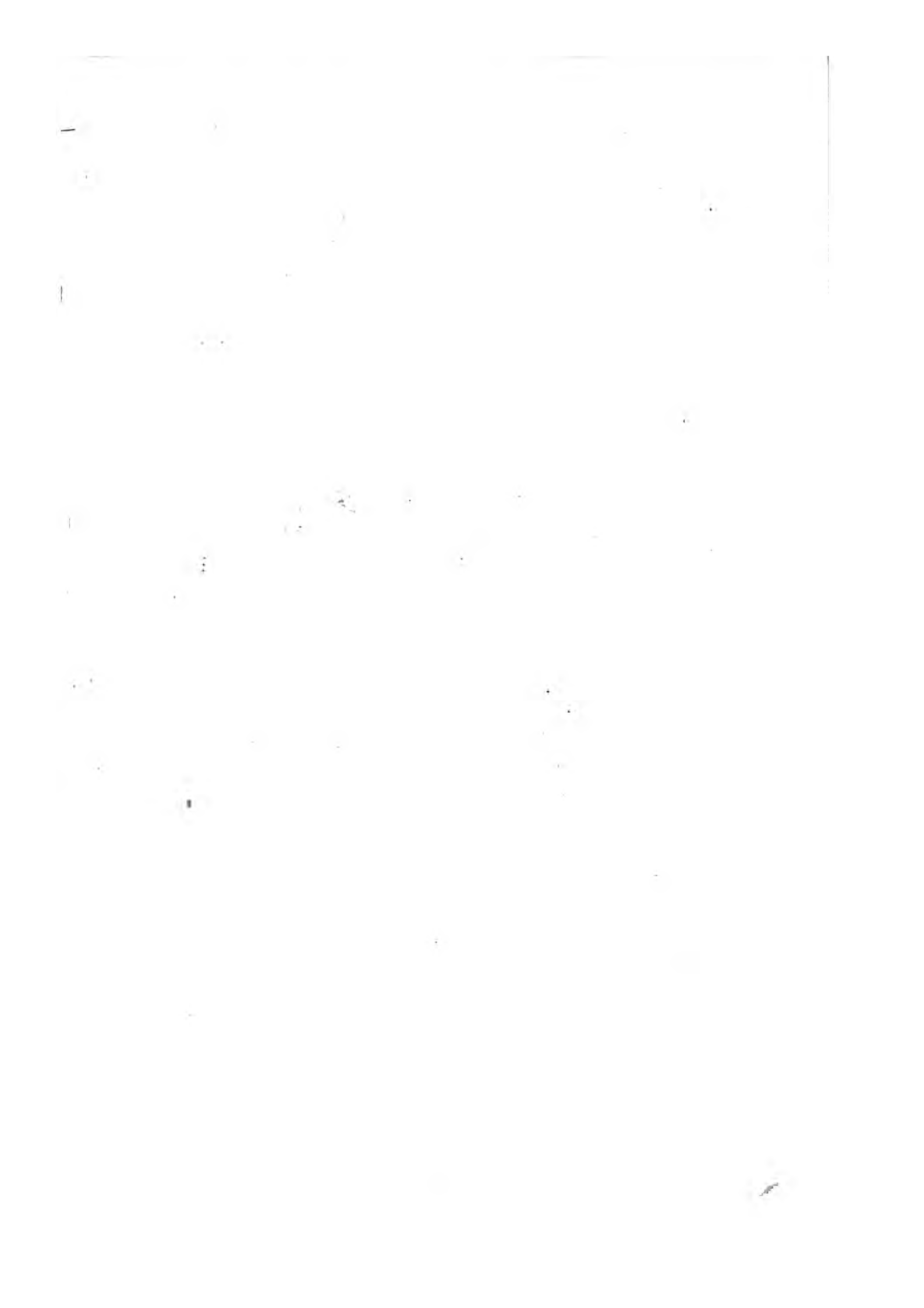
“ Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
 What majesty attends Night's lovely queen !
 Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams ;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
 And all conspire to beautify the scene.
 But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !
 What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
 Oh, when shall that eternal morn appear,
 These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear !

XXI.

“ O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
 In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
 Rose from th' abyss ; when dark Confusion, driven
 Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
 Fled, where he ever flies Thy piercing sight !
 Oh, glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
 To blast the fury of oppressive might,
 Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
 And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way !”

XXII.

Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes
 In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
 “ And is it thus in courtly life,” he cries,
 “ That man to man acts a betrayer's part ?
 And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
 Each social instinct, and sublime desire ?
 Hail Poverty, if honour, wealth, and art,
 If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
 Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire !”





XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away ; nor did the sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd :
For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue ;
For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear ;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
" Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell !
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the hermit's cell ;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

XXV.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild ; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man : his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching : innocence

Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
 Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
 "Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?
 Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale?"
 "A shepherd-boy," the youth replied, "far hence
 My habitation; hear my artless tale;
 Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
 I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
 And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
 Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound;
 (For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)
 You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
 And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
 Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
 Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

XXVIII.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
 Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?
 Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
 Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
 Is glory there achieved by arts, as foul
 As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
 Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
 Love is the godlike attribute of man.
 Oh, teach a simple youth this mystery to scan!

XXIX.

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
 And give me back the calm, contented mind;
 Which, late exulting, view'd in Nature's frame
 Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
 Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.

Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
 Well pleased with all, but most with humankind ;
 When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will,
 Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

XXX.

"Wouldst thou," the sage replied, "in peace return
 To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
 Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
 From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :
 For if my desultory strain with ruth
 And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
 Alas ! what comfort could thy anguish soothe,
 Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.
 Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

XXXI.

"But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;
 Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
 For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
 The voice of the Eternal said, Be free :
 And this divine prerogative to thee
 Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
 For virtue is the child of liberty,
 And happiness of virtue ; nor can they
 Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
 Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;
 And in thy converse I shall find relief ;
 When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;
 For solitude has many a dreary hour,
 Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain :
 Come often then ; for, haply, in my bower,
 Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain :
 If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
 The Muse of history unrolls her page.
 But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,
 To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
 Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
 And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn :
 Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
 But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
 And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd urn !

XXXIV.

"Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
 Where ruin's gulf unfathom'd yawns beneath ?
 Shall life, shall liberty be lost," he said,
 "For the vain toys that pomp and power bequeath ?
 The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
 Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave :
 No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
 To alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
 Or check the headlong haste of time's o'erwhelming wave.

XXXV.

"Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs
 That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !
 Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
 Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with steel !
 To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
 Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern.
 Could History man's secret heart reveal,
 And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
 Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn !

XXXVI.

"This praise, O Cheronean sage, is thine !
 (Why should this praise to thee alone belong ?)

All else from Nature's moral path decline,
 Lured by the toys that captivate the throng ;
 To herd in cabinets and camps, among
 Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride ;
 Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
 How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
 Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVII.

" Oh, who of man the story will unfold,
 Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
 In that Elysian age, (misnamed of gold,)
 The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
 When all were great and free ! man's sole employ
 To deck the bosom of his parent earth ;
 Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
 To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
 And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

XXXVIII.

" Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves !
 Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
 Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
 His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
 Then, hand in hand, health, sport, and labour went.
 Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
 None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.
 To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave :
 No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXIX.

" But ah ! th' historic Muse has never dared
 To pierce those hallow'd bowers : 'tis Fancy's beam
 Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptured bard,
 That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
 Then hail sweet Fancy's ray ! and hail the dream

That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe !
 Careless what others of my choice may deem;
 I long, where Love and Fancy lead, to go,
 And meditate on Heaven ; enough of Earth I know."

XL.

"I cannot blame thy choice," the sage replied,
 "For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
 And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
 The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays
 In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
 That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined ?

XLI.

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
 And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
 And often, where no real ills affright,
 Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
 Assail with equal or superior might,
 And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
 And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal
 pain.

XLII.

"And yet, alas ! the real ills of life
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
 Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
 We fare on Earth as other men have fared.
 Were they successful ? Let not us despair.
 Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?

Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to
bear.

XLIII.

“What charms th’ historic Muse adorn, from spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils,
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !
Sees yonder Sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than virtue thus enshrined
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined ?

XLIV.

“Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear’d !
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by law restrain’d !
Without you what were man ? A grovelling herd,
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain’d.
Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign’d
In arts unrivall’d : oh, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofaned
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the sage’s lore, and fire the poet’s lays !

XLV.

“But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination’s lawless rage,
And from within the cherish’d heart to brace,
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solicitude, give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLVI.

"Then waken from long lethargy to life
 The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought ;
 Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
 A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
 Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
 As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

XLVII.

" And Reason now through number, time, and space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
 Such glory bear !—for lo, the shadows fly
 From Nature's face ; confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears.

XLVIII.

" In the deep windings of the grove, no more
 The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell ;
 Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell ;
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring Moon,
 Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLIX.

" Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
 Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,

Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day ;
But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away !

L.

“ And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane.
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

LI.

“ 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled !
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale :
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

LII.

“ What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire !
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire

Awhile, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LIII.

“Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
 Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of Truth breathed from the lips of
 Love.

LIV.

“What cannot Art and Industry perform,
 When Science plans the progress of their toil!
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
 When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 Deep-versed in man the philosophic sage
 Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

LV.

“'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explored, a nation's various powers can bind,
 And various orders, in one form sublime
 Of polity, that, 'midst the wrecks of time,
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,

While public faith, and public love sincere,
And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

LVI.

Enraptured by the hermit's strain, the youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanded to the beams of truth,
New energies and charms unknown before
His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
The flame of industry and genius fan,
And emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
 Through ardour to adorn ; but Nature now
 To his experienced eye a modest grace
 Presents, where ornament the second place
 Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace
 Tempers his rage ; he owns her charm divine,
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy
 line.

LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
 When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
 His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :
 Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his soul,
 How the red current throbb'd his veins along,
 When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
 Without art graceful, without effort strong,
 Homer raised high to Heaven the loud, th' impetuous
 song.

LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
 Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,
 Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing :—but ah ! I strive in vain.
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death
 resound.

* Virgil.

LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !
He sleeps in dust.* Ah, how shall I pursue
My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu !

LXIII.

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled !
And am I left to unavailing woe !
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow !
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go !
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers :
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh, my
tears.

* This excellent person died suddenly on the 10th of February 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

RETIREMENT.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays ;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth of placid mien
Indulged this tender theme :

“Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale ;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale :
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep :

“To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

“How shall I woo thee, matchless fair !
Thy heavenly smile how win !
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.



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Oh, wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing!

“Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays ;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm’d,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm’d.

“’Twas then, O Solitude ! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy !—
Oh, take the wanderer home.

“Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme ;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o’er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

“Oh, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The Zephyr breathes along ;

Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
 Oh, guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore ;
 For he of joys divine shall tell
 That wean from earthly woe,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell
 That chains this heart below.

"For me, no more the path invites
 Ambition loves to tread :
 No more I climb those toilsome heights
 By guileful Hope misled ;
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
 To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,
 And all the past is vain."

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream ?
 Till at some stroke of Fate the vision flies,
 And sad realities in prospect rise ;
 And, from Elysian slumbers rudely torn,
 The startled soul awakes, to think, and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery plains in endless pomp survey,
Glittering in beams of visionary day ;
Oh yet, while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow ;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill ;
Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, beauteous, good ! oh, every grace combined,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind !
Fresh, as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn !
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves !
Mild, as the melodies at close of day,
That, heard remote, along the vale decay !
Yet, why with these compared ? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine ?
Why roam abroad, since recollection true
Restores the lovely form to fancy's view ?
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile ;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight ;
That brow, where wisdom sits enthroned serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien :
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, O Virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue :

Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
 Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
 But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
 Resistless on the view the glory streams ;
 Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
 And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah, whither fled ! ye dear illusions, stay !
 Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
 How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
 Which late the purple light of youth display'd !
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd ;
 With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
 Fair was the blossom, soft the vernal sky ;
 Elate with hope, we deem'd no tempest nigh :
 When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

Cold the soft hand, that soothed Woe's weary head !
 And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed !
 And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
 Infusing balm into the rankled soul !
 O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
 And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower !
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven !
 Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven !
 But peace, bold thought ! be still, my bursting heart !
 We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.

Escaped the dungeon, does the slave complain,
 Nor bless the friendly hand that broke the chain ?
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn ?
 Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw ;
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,

Black billowy deeps in storms perpetual toss'd,
 And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost ?
 O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,
 Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
 And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
 Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought ! here let me wipe away
 The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
 But ah ! the swimming eye o'erflows anew ;
 Nor check the sacred drops to pity due ;
 Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
 O'er her loved dust, the parent, brother, friend !
 How vain the hope of man ! but cease thy strain,
 Nor sorrow's dread solemnity profane ;
 Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, on her bier
 In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

ODE TO HOPE.

I.—I.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
 More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
 Left all night long to mourn
 Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl ;
 And shrieks of woe, as intermits the storm,
 Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
 And 'cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
 And many a fire-eyed visage glares around ;
 Oh, come, and be once more my guest !
 Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
 And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
 And soothed him into rest.

I.—2.

Smit by the rapture-beaming eye
 Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
 The sable bands combined,
 Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
 Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
 Nor dares the obliquely-gleaming eyeball raise ;
 Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
 Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
 Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
 With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
 And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
 And sullen glides away :

I.—3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
 Dissolve.—Above the sparkling flood
 When Phœbus rears his awful brow,
 From lengthening lawn and valley low
 The troops of fen-born mists retire.
 Along the plain
 The joyous swain
 Eyes the gay villages again,
 And gold-illumined spire ;
 While on the billowy ether borne
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure ;
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,
 Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
 To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
 Or westward, with impetuous flight,
 Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial night.

II.—1.

When first on childhood's eager gaze
 Life's varied landscape, stretch'd immense around,

Starts out of night profound,
 Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.
 Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
 His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
 And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
 With beating heart the upland path pursues :
 The path that leads where, hung sublime,
 And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
 In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
 His wingy nerves to climb.

II.—2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
 Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
 While melting airs are heard,
 And soft-eyed cherub-forms around thee play :
 Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
 Prattling amusive in his accent meek ;
 And Modesty, half turning as afraid,
 The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek !
 Content and Leisure, hand in hand
 With Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing ;
 And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
 Frisks o'er the flowery land.

II.—3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below !
 To-day though gales propitious blow,
 And Peace, soft gliding down the sky,
 Lead Love along and Harmony,
 To-morrow the gay scene deforms :
 Then all around
 The thunder's sound
 Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
 And down rush all the storms.
 Ye days, that balmy influence shed,

When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
 In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
 Whither, ah, whither are ye fled ?
 Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
 Oh, leave him not 'midst tumult and dismay ;
 For now youth's eminence he gains :
 But what a weary length of lingering toil remains !

III.—1.

They shrink, they vanish into air.
 Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale ;
 And mingling cries assail,
 The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
 Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
 Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance ;
 Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
 Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance ;
 Behold, amidst the dire array,
 Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
 And lo, his iron hand prepares
 To grasp its feeble prey.

III.—2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
 Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage ?
 Such war can Virtue wage,
 Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth ?
 Alas ! full oft on Guilt's victorious car,
 The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne ;
 While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
 In long obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
 Resigns to tears her angel form.
 Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly ?
 No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
 And onward rolls the storm.

III.—3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along ?
 Why shrink aghast the hostile throng ?
 Lo, from amidst affliction's night
 Hope bursts all radiant on the sight :
 Her words the troubled bosom soothe.
 "Why thus dismay'd ?
 Though foes invade,
 Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
 Who tread the path of truth.
 'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way,
 I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
 And with glad visions of to-morrow
 Repair the weary soul's decay.
 When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart,
 Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
 Till the freed spirit springs on high
 In rapture too severe for weak mortality."

ODE ON LORD HAY'S BIRTHDAY.

A MUSE, unskill'd in venal praise,
 Unstain'd with flattery's art ;
 Who loves simplicity of lays
 Breathed ardent from the heart ;
 While gratitude and joy inspire,
 Resumes the long-unpractised lyre,
 To hail, O HAY, thy natal morn :
 No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
 But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
 Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
 Thine ancestors reclined,

Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,
And snatch from fate a sinking land ;
Trample th' invader's lofty crest,
And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
And desolating brand :

'Twas this that raised th' illustrious line
To match the first in fame !
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame ;
Have seen thy mighty sires appear
Foremost in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave :
Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from ambition's wild desire,
They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
The vale of peace along ;
There to its lord the village gay
Renews the grateful song.
Yon castle's glittering towers contain
No pit of woe, nor clanking chain,
Nor to the suppliant's wail resound ;
The open doors the needy bless,
Th' unfriended hail their calm recess,
And gladness smiles around.

There to the sympathetic heart
Life's best delights belong,
To mitigate the mourner's smart,
To guard the weak from wrong.

Ye sons of luxury, be wise :
Know, happiness for ever flies
The cold and solitary breast ;
Then let the social instinct glow,
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be blest.

Oh yet, ere Pleasure plant her snare
For unsuspecting youth ;
Ere Flattery her song prepare
To check the voice of Truth ;
Oh, may his country's guardian power
Attend the slumbering infant's bower,
And bright, inspiring dreams impart ;
To rouse th' hereditary fire,
To kindle each sublime desire,
Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown ;
When in his finish'd form and face
Admiring multitudes shall trace
Each patrimonial charm combined,
The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slander there shall wound thy fame,
No ruffian take his deadly aim,

No rival weave the secret snare :
 For Innocence with angel smile,
 Simplicity that knows no guile,
 And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
 And lay its glories waste,
 Content may slumber in the vale,
 Unconscious of the blast.
 Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
 The heart, alas ! is ne'er at home,
 It hopes in time to roam no more ;
 The mariner, not vainly brave,
 Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
 To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
 How vain your mask of state !
 The good alone have joy sincere,
 The good alone are great :
 Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
 They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
 And hear the voice of artless praise ;
 As when along the trophied plain
 Sublime they lead the victor train,
 While shouting nations gaze

THE BATTLE OF THE PIGMIES AND CRANES.

FROM THE PYGMÆO-GERANO-MACHIA OF ADDISON.

THE pigmy-people, and the feather'd train,
 Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
 I sing. Ye Muses, favour my designs,
 Lead on my squadrons, and arrange the lines ;

The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray ;
Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes,
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd woes.

The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
Have oft resounded in Pierian song.
Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece ?
Of Thebes' fell brethren, Theseus stern of face,
And Peleus' son, unrivall'd in the race ;
Æneas, founder of the Roman line,
And William, glorious on the banks of Boyne ?
Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
And over Blackmore's epic page to doze ?
'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains ;
The small shrill trump, and chiefs of little size,
And armies rushing down the darken'd skies.

Where India reddens to the early dawn,
Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn :
Bosom'd in groves the lowly region lies,
And rocky mountains round the border rise.
Here, till the doom of fate its fall decreed,
The empire flourish'd of the pigmy-breed ;
Here Industry perform'd, and Genius plann'd,
And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way
He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
Its godlings mouldering on th' abandon'd hearth ;
And starts, where small white bones are spread around,
" Or little footsteps lightly print the ground ;"
While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
Chattering amid the desolated fields.

But different fates befell her hostile rage,
While reign'd, invincible through many an age,

The dreaded pigmy : roused by war's alarms,
 Forth rush'd the madding manikin to arms.
 Fierce to the field of death the hero flies ;
 The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies ;
 And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load !)
 With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road.
 And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
 And often made the callow young his prey ;
 With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and smiled,
 To avenge the parent's trespass on the child.
 Oft, where his feather'd foe had rear'd her nest,
 And laid her eggs and household gods to rest,
 Burning for blood, in terrible array,
 The eighteen-inch militia burst their way :
 All went to wreck ; the infant foeman fell,
 When scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.

Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms arose,
 And the fell rancour of encountering foes ;
 Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havoc whelms,
 And Death's grim visage scares the pigmy-realms.
 Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
 Of mice, high theme of the Meonian lyre ;
 When bold to battle march'd the accoutred frogs,
 And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs.
 Pierced by the javelin bulrush on the shore,
 Here agonising roll'd the mouse in gore ;
 And there the frog, (a scene full sad to see !)
 Shorn of one leg, slow sprawl'd along on three :
 He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
 But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.

And now the day of woe drew on apace,
 A day of woe to all the pigmy-race,
 When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
 To rue each broken egg, and chicken slain.
 For, roused to vengeance by repeated wrong,
 From distant climes the long-bill'd legions throng :

From Strymon's lake, Cäyster's plashy meads,
And fens of Scythia, green with rustling reeds,
From where the Danube winds through many a land,
And Mareotis laves th' Egyptian strand,
To rendezvous they waft on eager wing,
And wait assembled the returning spring.
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flight,
Whet their keen beaks and twisting claws for fight ;
Each crane the pigmy power in thought o'erturns,
And every bosom for the battle burns.

When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind :
Far in the sky they form their long array,
And land and ocean stretch'd immense survey
Deep, deep beneath ; and, triumphing in pride,
With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerable ride ;
'Tis wild obstreperous clangour all, and heaven
Whirls, in tempestuous undulation driven.

Nor less th' alarm that shook the world below,
Where march'd in pomp of war th' embattled foe :
Where manikins with haughty step advance,
And grasp the shield, and couch the quivering lance :
To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
And rank'd in deep array await the storm.

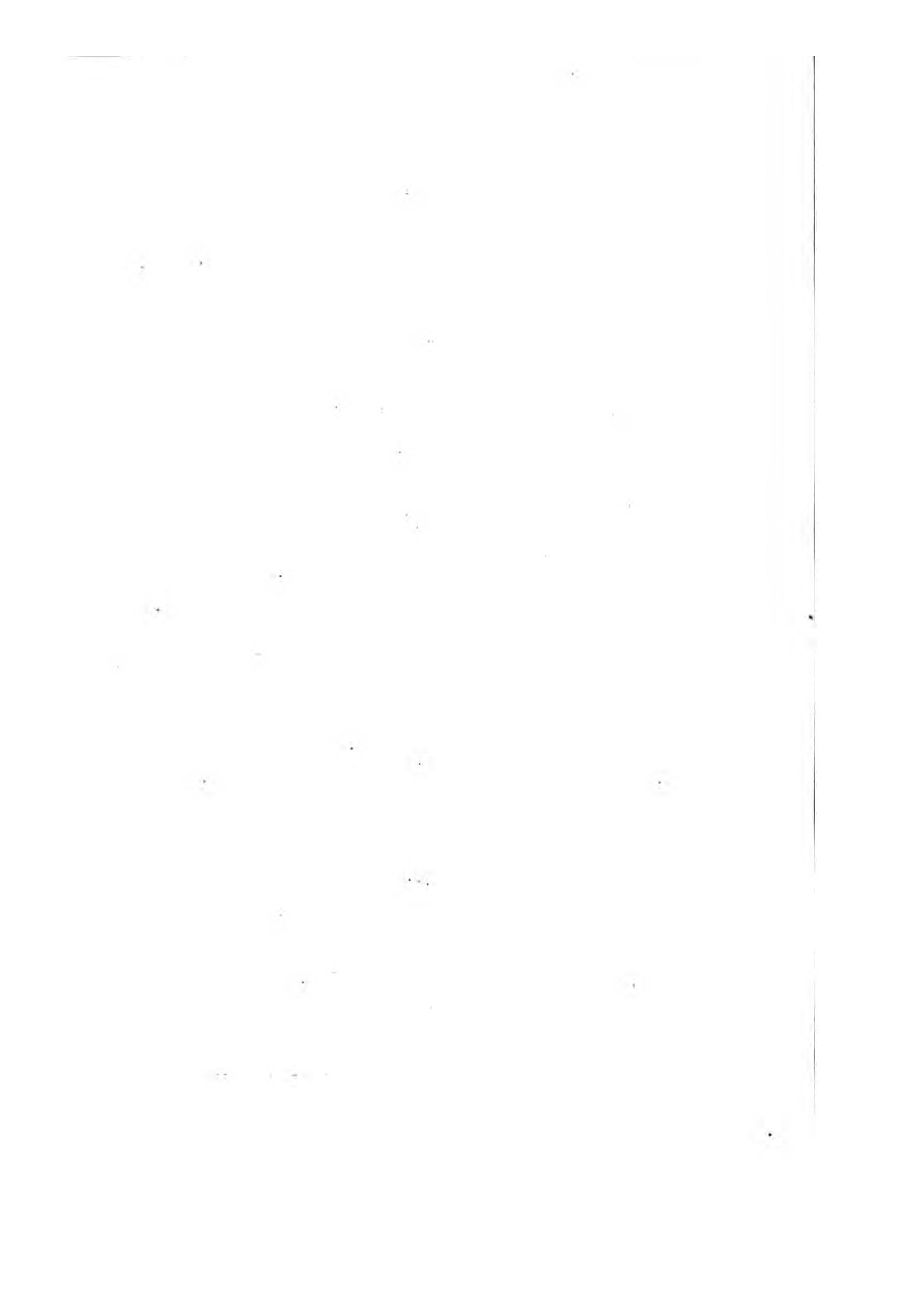
High in the midst the chieftain-dwarf was seen,
Of giant stature, and imperial mien :
Full twenty inches tall, he strode along,
And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng ;
And while with many a scar his visage frown'd,
Bared his broad bosom, rough with many a wound
Of beaks and claws, disclosing to their sight
The glorious meed of high heroic might :
For with insatiate vengeance, he pursued,
And never-ending hate, the feathery brood.
Unhappy they, confiding in the length
Of horny beak, or talon's crooked strength,



Who durst abide his rage ; the blade descends,
And from the panting trunk the pinion rends :
Laid low in dust the pinion waves no more,
The trunk disfigured stiffens in its gore.
What hosts of heroes fell beneath his force !
What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his course !
How oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
Did wailing Echo waft the funeral song !

And now from far the mingling clamours rise,
Loud and more loud rebounding through the skies.
From skirt to skirt of heaven, with stormy sway,
A cloud rolls on, and darkens all the day.
Near and more near descends the dreadful shade ;
And now in battailous array display'd,
On sounding wings, and screaming in their ire,
The cranes rush onward, and the fight require.

The pigmy warriors eye with fearless glare
The host thick swarming o'er the burden'd air ;
Thick swarming now, but to their native land
Doom'd to return a scanty straggling band.—
When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
Fierce on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven,
The kindling frenzy every bosom warms,
The region echoes to the crash of arms :
Loose feathers from th' encountering armies fly,
And in careering whirlwinds mount the sky.
To breathe from toil upsprings the panting crane,
Then with fresh vigour downward darts again.
Success in equal balance hovering hangs.
Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls ;
There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
With little feet the pigmy beats the ground ;
Deep from his breast the short, short sob he draws,
And dying curses the keen-pointed claws.





Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
With falchions, mangled wings, and streaming gore,
And pigmy arms, and beaks of ample size,
And here a claw, and there a finger lies.

Encompass'd round with heaps of slaughter'd foes,
All grim in blood the pigmy champion glows,
And on th' assailing host impetuous springs,
Careless of nibbling bills, and flapping wings ;
And 'midst the tumult, wheresoe'er he turns,
The battle with redoubled fury burns.

From every side th' avenging cranes amain
Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain :
When suddenly (for such the will of Jove)
A fowl enormous, sousing from above,
The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, soaring high,
(Sad chance of battle !) bore him up the sky.
The cranes pursue, and, clustering in a ring,
Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
But ah ! what pangs each pigmy bosom wrung,
When, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
High in the clouds they saw their helpless lord,
His wriggling form still lessening as he soar'd.

Lo ! yet again, with unabated rage,
In mortal strife the mingling hosts engage.
The crane with darted bill assaults the foe,
Hovering ; then wheels aloft to 'scape the blow :
The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound ;
But whirls in empty air the falchion round.

Such was the scene, when midst the loud alarms
Sublime th' eternal Thunderer rose in arms :
When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
Heaved Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at heaven.
Jove roll'd redoubling thunders from on high,
Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the sky ;
Till one stupendous ruin whelm'd the crew,
Their vast limbs weltering wide in brimstone blue.

But now at length the pigmy legions yield,
 And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.
 They raise a weak and melancholy wail,
 All in distraction scattering o'er the vale.
 Prone on their routed rear the cranes descend ;
 Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend :
 With unrelenting ire they urge the chase,
 Sworn to exterminate the hated race.
 'Twas thus the pigmy name, once great in war,
 For spoils of conquer'd cranes renown'd afar,
 Perish'd. For, by the dread decree of Heaven,
 Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
 And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
 Where fate has fix'd the everlasting bound.
 Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian power,
 And Persia's proud dominion is no more ;
 Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
 Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.

And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time
 The pigmy heroes roam th' Elysian clime.
 Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
 Full oft, in the belated shepherd's view,
 Their frisking forms, in gentle green array'd,
 Gambol secure amid the moonlight glade.
 Secure, for no alarming cranes molest,
 And all their woes in long oblivion rest :
 Down the deep dale, and narrow winding way,
 They foot it featly, ranged in ringlets gay :
 'Tis joy and frolic all, where'er they rove,
 And Fairy-people is the name they love.

THE HARES.

A FABLE.

YES, yes, I grant the sons of Earth
 Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.

We all of sorrow have our share ;
But say, is yours without compare ?
Look round the world ; perhaps you'll find
Each individual of our kind
Press'd with an equal load of ill,
Equal at least. Look further still,
And own your lamentable case
Is little short of happiness.

In yonder hut that stands alone
Attend to Famine's feeble moan ;
Or view the couch where Sickness lies,
Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
His frame by strong convulsion torn,
His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs ;
Whistles the wind ; he starts, he stares,
Nor Slumber's balmy blessing shares ;
Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
Their tempests on his harass'd soul.

But here perhaps it may avail
To enforce our reasoning with a tale.

Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene ;
The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
And Fancy oft the game descries
Through the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.

Just then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set ; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appear'd.
"Our harmless race shall every savage,
Both quadruped and biped, ravage ?

Shall horses, hounds, and hunters still
Unite their wits to work us ill ?
The youth, his parent's sole delight,
Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
Whose limbs leap light the vales along,
May yet ere noontide meet his death,
And lie dismember'd on the heath.
For youth, alas, nor cautious age,
Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.
In every field we meet the foe,
Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe ;
The morning but awakes our fears,
The evening sees us bathed in tears.
But must we ever idly grieve,
Nor strive our fortunes to relieve ?
Small is each individual's force :
To stratagem be our recourse ;
And then, from all our tribes combined,
The murderer to his cost may find
No foes are weak, whom Justice arms,
Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.
Be roused ; or liberty acquire,
Or in the great attempt expire.”
He said no more, for in his breast
Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd :
The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
From his swollen eyeballs' yellow gleam.
And now the tumults of the war,
Mingling confusedly from afar,
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Distinct of hounds and men arise.
Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,
And, every straining nerve on wing,
Away precipitately spring.

The hunting band, a signal given,
Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven ;
O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
And river broad, impetuous bound ;
Now plunge amid the forest shades,
Glance through the openings of the glades ;
Now o'er the level valley sweep,
Now with short steps strain up the steep ;
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landscape like a torrent flies.
At last an ancient wood they gain'd,
By pruner's axe yet unprofaned.
High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
The oak's majestic boughs appear'd ;
Beneath, a copse of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew.
No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
The hazel's stubborn stem entwined,
And bramble twigs were wreathed around,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here sheltering, from the sons of murder,
The hares drag their tired limbs no further.

But lo, the western wind ere long
Was loud, and roar'd the woods among ;
From rustling leaves, and crashing boughs
The sound of woe and war arose.
The hares distracted scour the grove,
As terror and amazement drove ;
But danger, wheresoe'er they fled,
Still seem'd impending o'er their head.
Now crowded in a grotto's gloom,
All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the silence, till at length,
Even from despair deriving strength,

With bloody eye and furious look,
A daring youth arose and spoke.

“O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
Whom ills of every sort await !
Oh, cursed with keenest sense to feel
The sharpest sting of every ill !
Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
Of liberty and vengeance dream,
What now remains ? To what recess
Shall we our weary steps address,
Since Fate is evermore pursuing
All ways and means to work our ruin ?
Are we alone, of all beneath,
Condemn'd to misery worse than death ?
Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
In misery worse than death to live ?
No. Be the smaller ill our choice :
So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
Death's pang will in a moment cease ;
And then, "All hail, eternal peace !"
Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.

A distant lake in prospect lay,
That, glittering in the solar ray,
Gleam'd through the dusky trees, and shot
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hissing in his ears.
Fast by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
A linnet sate, whose careless lay
Amused the solitary day.
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd ;

When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet traversing the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes ;
No foe appear'd, his fears were vain ;
Pleased he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.

"Is there on Earth a wretch," they said,
"Whom our approach can strike with dread?"

An instantaneous change of thought
To tumult every bosom wrought.
So fares the system-building sage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At last on some foundation-dream
Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,
And proved his predecessors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules ;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When injured Truth exerts her power,
Some new phenomenon to raise,
Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound.

"Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
Who oft had known th' extremes of fate,

"In slight events the docile mind
May hints of good instruction find.
That our condition is the worst,
And we with such misfortunes curst
As all comparison defy,
Was late the universal cry ;
When lo, an accident so slight
As yonder little linnet's flight
Has made your stubborn heart confess
(So your amazement bids me guess)

That all our load of woes and fears
Is but a part of what he bears.
Where can he rest secure from harms,
Whom even a helpless hare alarms ?
Yet he repines not at his lot ;
When past, the danger is forgot :
On yonder bough he trims his wings,
And with unusual rapture sings :
While we, less wretched, sink beneath
Our lighter ills, and rush to death.
No more of this unmeaning rage,
But hear, my friends, the words of age.

“ When by the winds of autumn driven
The scatter'd clouds fly cross the heaven,
Oft have we, from some mountain's head
Beheld th' alternate light and shade
Sweep the long vale. Here, hovering, lowers
The shadowy cloud ; there downward pours,
Streaming direct, a flood of day,
Which from the view flies swift away ;
It flies, while other shades advance,
And other streaks of sunshine glance.
Thus chequer'd is the life below
With gleams of joy and clouds of woe.
Then hope not, while we journey on,
Still to be basking in the sun :
Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
That sunshine will no more return.
If, by your terrors overcome,
Ye fly before th' approaching gloom,
The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
And darkness still o'ercasts your view.
Who longs to reach the radiant plain
Must onward urge his course amain ;
For doubly swift the shadow flies,
When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.

At least be firm, and undismay'd
 Maintain your ground ; the fleeting shade
 Ere long spontaneous glides away,
 And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
 Lo, while I speak, our danger past !
 No more the shrill horn's angry blast
 Howls in our ear ; the savage roar
 Of war and murder is no more.
 Then snatch the moment fate allows,
 Nor think of past or future woes."
 He spoke ; and hope revives ; the lake
 That instant one and all forsake,
 In sweet amusement to employ
 The present sprightly hour of joy.

Now from the western mountain's brow,
 Compass'd with clouds of various glow,
 The Sun a broader orb displays,
 And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
 The lawn assumes a fresher green,
 And dewdrops spangle all the scene ;
 The balmy zephyr breathes along,
 The shepherd sings his tender song,
 With all their lays the groves resound,
 And falling waters murmur round.
 Discord and care were put to flight,
 And all was peace, and calm delight.

 EPITAPH :

BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION DESIGNED FOR
 A MONUMENT ERECTED BY A GENTLEMAN
 TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LADY.

FAREWELL ! my best-beloved ; whose heavenly mind
 Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd ;

Devotion, undebased by pride or art,
 With meek simplicity, and joy of heart ;
 Though sprightly, gentle ; though polite, sincere ;
 And only of thyself a judge severe ;
 Unblamed, unequall'd in each sphere of life,
 The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife.
 In thee their patroness th' afflicted lost ;
 Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast ;
 And I—but ah, can words my loss declare,
 Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair !
 O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
 My guide, my friend, my best-beloved, farewell !

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove :
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

“ Ah ! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn
 Oh, soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again :
But man's faded glory what change shall renew !
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew :
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save :
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
Oh, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ! ”

“ 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
' Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
' Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee ;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.'

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

PIECES REJECTED BY THE AUTHOR

FROM THE

LATER EDITIONS OF HIS POEMS.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

FAR in the depth of Ida's inmost grove,
A scene for love and solitude design'd,
Where flowery woodbines wild by Nature wove
Form'd the lone bower, the Royal Swain reclined.

All up the craggy cliffs, that tower'd to heaven,
Green waved the murmuring pines on every side ;
Save where, fair opening to the beam of even,
A dale sloped gradual to the valley wide.

Echo'd the vale with many a cheerful note ;
The lowing of the herds resounding long,
The shrilling pipe, and mellow horn remote,
And social clamours of the festive throng.

For now, low hovering o'er the western main,
Where amber clouds begirt his dazzling throne,
The sun with ruddier verdure deck'd the plain,
And lakes, and streams, and spires triumphal shone.

And many a band of ardent youths were seen ;
Some into rapture fired by glory's charms,
Or hurl'd the thundering car along the green,
Or march'd embattled on in glittering arms.

Others more mild, in happy leisure gay,
The darkening forest's lonely gloom explore,
Or by Scamander's flowery margin stray,
Or the blue Hellespont's resounding shore.

But chief the eye to Iliion's glories turn'd,
That gleam'd along th' extended champaign far,
And bulwarks, in terrific pomp adorn'd,
Where Peace sat smiling at the frowns of War.

Rich in the spoils of many a subject-clime,
In pride luxurious blazed th' imperial dome ;
Tower'd 'mid th' encircling grove the fane sublime,
And dread memorials mark'd the hero's tomb,

Who from the black and bloody cavern led
The savage stern, and soothed his boisterous breast ;
Who spoke, and Science rear'd her radiant head,
And brighten'd o'er the long benighted waste ;

Or, greatly daring in his country's cause,
Whose heaven-taught soul the awful plan design'd,
Whence Power stood trembling at the voice of laws,
Whence soar'd on Freedom's wing th' ethereal mind.

But not the pomp that royalty displays,
Nor all the imperial pride of lofty Troy,
Nor Virtue's triumph of immortal praise,
Could rouse the languor of the lingering boy.

Abandon'd all to soft Enone's charms,
He to oblivion doom'd the listless day ;
Inglorious lull'd in Love's dissolving arms,
While flutes lascivious breathed th' enfeebling lay.

To trim the ringlets of his scented hair,
To aim, insidious, Love's bewitching glance,
Or cull fresh garlands for the gaudy fair,
Or wanton loose in the voluptuous dance ;

These were his arts ; these won Enone's love,
Nor sought his fetter'd soul a nobler aim.
Ah, why should beauty's smile those arts approve,
Which taint with infamy the lover's flame ?

Now laid at large beside a murmuring spring,
Melting he listen'd to the vernal song,
And Echo listening waved her airy wing,
While the deep winding dales the lays prolong.

When slowly floating down the azure skies
A crimson cloud flash'd on his startled sight ;
Whose skirts gay-sparkling with unnumber'd dyes
Launch'd the long billowy trails of flickering light.

That instant, hush'd was all the vocal grove,
Hush'd was the gale, and every ruder sound,
And strains aërial, warbling far above,
Rung in the ear a magic peal profound.

Near, and more near, the swimming radiance roll'd ;
Along the mountains stream the lingering fires,
Sublime the groves of Ida blaze with gold,
And all the heaven resounds with louder lyres.

The trumpet breathed a note : and all in air
The glories vanish'd from the dazzled eye ;
And three ethereal forms, divinely fair,
Down the steep glade were seen advancing nigh.

The flowering glade fell level where they moved,
O'erarching high the clustering roses hung,
And gales from heaven on balmy pinion roved,
And hill and dale with gratulation rung.

The first with slow and stately step drew near,
Fix'd was her lofty eye, erect her mien :
Sublime in grace, in majesty severe,
She look'd and moved a goddess and a queen.

Her robe along the gale profusely stream'd,
Light lean'd the sceptre on her bending arm ;
And round her brow a starry circlet gleam'd,
Heightening the pride of each commanding charm.

Milder the next came on with artless grace,
And on a javelin's quivering length reclined ;
T' exalt her mien she bade no splendour blaze,
Nor pomp of vesture fluctuate on the wind.

Serene, though awful, on her brow the light
Of heavenly wisdom shone ; nor roved her eyes,
Save to the shadowy cliff's majestic height,
Or the blue concave of th' involving skies.

Keen were her eyes to search the inmost soul ;
Yet Virtue triumph'd in their beams benign,
And impious Pride oft felt their dread control,
When in fierce lightning flash'd the wrath divine.

With awe and wonder gazed th' adoring swain ;
 His kindling cheek great Virtue's power confess'd ;
 But soon 'twas o'er ; for Virtue prompts in vain,
 When Pleasure's influence numbs the nerveless breast.

And now advanced the queen of melting joy,
 Smiling supreme in unresisted charms.
 Ah then, what transports fired the trembling boy !
 How throb'd his sickening frame with fierce alarms !

Her eyes in liquid light luxurious swim,
 And languish with unutterable love :
 Heaven's warm bloom glows along each brightening limb,
 Where fluttering bland the veil's thin mantlings rove.

Quick, blushing as abash'd, she half withdrew :
 One hand a bough of flowering myrtle waved,
 One graceful spread, where, scarce conceal'd from view,
 Soft through the parting robe her bosom heaved.

" Offspring of Jove supreme ! beloved of Heaven !
 Attend." Thus spoke the empress of the skies.
 " For know, to thee, high-fated prince, 'tis given
 Through the bright realms of Fame sublime to rise,

" Beyond man's boldest hope ; if nor the wiles
 Of Pallas triumph o'er th' ennobling thought ;
 Nor Pleasure lure with artificial smiles
 To quaff the poison of her luscious draught.

" When Juno's charms the prize of beauty claim,
 Shall aught on Earth, shall aught in Heaven contend ?
 Whom Juno calls to high triumphant fame,
 Shall he to meaner sway inglorious bend ?

“ Yet lingering comfortless in lonesome wild,
Where Echo sleeps 'mid cavern'd vales profound,
The pride of Troy, Dominion's darling child,
Pines while the slow hour stalks its sullen round.

“ Hear thou, of Heaven unconscious! From the blaze
Of glory, stream'd from Jove's eternal throne,
Thy soul, O mortal, caught th' inspiring rays
That to a god exalt earth's raptured son.

“ Hence the bold wish, on boundless pinion borne,
That fires, alarms, impels the maddening soul;
The hero's eye, hence, kindling into scorn,
Blasts the proud menace, and defies control.

“ But, unimproved, Heaven's noblest boons are vain:
No sun with plenty crowns th' uncultured vale;
Where green lakes languish on the silent plain,
Death rides the billows of the western gale.

“ Deep in yon mountain's womb, where the dark cave
Howls to the torrent's everlasting roar,
Does the rich gem its flashy radiance wave?
Or flames with steady ray th' imperial ore?

“ Toil deck'd with glittering domes yon champaign wide,
And wakes yon grove-embosom'd lawns to joy,
And rends the rough ore from the mountain's side,
Spangling with starry pomp the thrones of Troy.

“ Fly these soft scenes. Even now, with playful art,
Love wreathes thy flowery ways with fatal snare.
And nurse th' ethereal fire that warms thy heart,
That fire ethereal lives but by thy care.

“Lo, hovering near on dark and dampy wing,
Sloth with stern patience waits the hour assign'd,
From her chill plume the deadly dews to fling,
That quench Heaven's beam, and freeze the cheerless
mind.

“Vain, then, th' enlivening sound of Fame's alarms,
For Hope's exulting impulse prompts no more ;
Vain even the joys that lure to Pleasure's arms,
The throb of transport is for ever o'er.

“Oh, who shall then to Fancy's darkening eyes
Recall th' Elysian dreams of joy and light ?
Dim through the gloom the formless visions rise,
Snatch'd instantaneous down the gulf of night.

“Thou, who securely lull'd in youth's warm ray,
Mark'st not the desolations wrought by Time,
Be roused or perish. Ardent for its prey
Speeds the fell hour that ravages thy prime.

“And, midst the horrors shrined of midnight storm,
The fiend Oblivion eyes thee from afar,
Black with intolerable frowns her form,
Beckoning th' embattled whirlwinds into war.

“Fanes, bulwarks, mountains, worlds, their tempest
whelms :
Yet Glory braves unmoved th' impetuous sweep.
Fly then, ere hurl'd from life's delightful realms,
Thou sink t' Oblivion's dark and boundless deep.

“Fly then, where Glory points the path sublime :
See her crown dazzling with eternal light !
'Tis Juno prompts thy daring steps to climb,
And girds thy bounding heart with matchless might.

“ Warm in the raptures of divine desire,
Burst the soft chain that curbs th’ aspiring mind ;
And fly, where Victory, borne on wings of fire,
Waves her red banner to the rattling wind.

“ Ascend the car. Indulge the pride of arms,
Where clarions roll their kindling strains on high,
Where the eye maddens to the dread alarms,
And the long shout tumultuous rends the sky.

“ Plunged in the uproar of the thundering field
I see thy lofty arm the tempest guide ;
Fate scatters lightning from thy meteor-shield,
And Ruin spreads around the sanguine tide.

“ Go, urge the terrors of thy headlong car
On prostrate Pride, and Grandeur’s spoils o’erthrown,
While all amazed even heroes shrink afar,
And hosts embattled vanish at thy frown.

“ When glory crowns thy godlike toils, and all
The triumph’s lengthening pomp exalts thy soul,
When lowly at thy feet the mighty fall,
And tyrants tremble at thy stern control ;

“ When conquering millions hail thy sovereign might,
And tribes unknown dread acclamation join ;
How wilt thou spurn the forms of low delight !
For all the ecstacies of heaven are thine :

“ For thine the joys, that fear no length of days,
Whose wide effulgence scorns all mortal bound :
Fame’s trump in thunder shall announce thy praise,
Nor bursting worlds her clarion’s blast confound.”

The goddess ceased, not dubious of the prize :
Elate she mark'd his wild and rolling eye,
Mark'd his lip quiver, and his bosom rise,
And his warm cheek suffused with crimson dye.

But Pallas now drew near. Sublime, serene
In conscious dignity, she view'd the swain ;
Then, love and pity softening all her mien,
Thus breathed with accents mild the solemn strain.

“ Let those, whose arts to fatal paths betray,
The soul with passion's gloom tempestuous blind,
And snatch from Reason's ken th' auspicious ray
Truth darts from Heaven to guide th' exploring mind.

“ But Wisdom loves the calm and serious hour,
When Heaven's pure emanation beams confess'd :
Rage, ecstasy, alike disclaim her power,
She woos each gentler impulse of the breast.

“ Sincere th' unalter'd bliss her charms impart,
Sedate th' enlivening ardours they inspire :
She bids no transient rapture thrill the heart,
She wakes no feverish gust of fierce desire.

“ Unwise, who, tossing on the watery way,
All to the storm th' unfetter'd sail devolve :
Man more unwise resigns the mental sway,
Borne headlong on by passion's keen resolve.

“ While storms remote but murmur on thine ear,
Nor waves in ruinous uproar round thee roll,
Yet, yet a moment check thy prone career,
And curb the keen resolve that prompts thy soul.

“Explore thy heart, that, roused by Glory’s name,
Pants all enraptured with the mighty charm—
And, does Ambition quench each milder flame?
And is it conquest that alone can warm?”

“To indulge fell Rapine’s desolating lust,
To drench the balmy lawn in streaming gore,
To spurn the hero’s cold and silent dust—
Are these thy joys? Nor throbs thy heart for more?”

“Pleased canst thou listen to the patriot’s groan,
And the wild wail of Innocence forlorn?
And hear th’ abandon’d maid’s last frantic moan,
Her love for ever from her bosom torn?”

“Nor wilt thou shrink, when Virtue’s fainting breath
Pours the dread curse of vengeance on thy head?
Nor when the pale ghost bursts the cave of death,
To glare distraction on thy midnight bed?”

“Was it for this, though born to regal power,
Kind Heaven to thee did nobler gifts consign,
Bade Fancy’s influence gild thy natal hour,
And bade Philanthropy’s applause be thine?”

“Theirs be the dreadful glory to destroy,
And theirs the pride of pomp, and praise suborn’d,
Whose eye ne’er lighten’d at the smile of Joy,
Whose cheek the tear of Pity ne’er adorn’d;

“Whose soul, each finer sense instinctive quell’d,
The lyre’s mellifluous ravishment defies;
Nor marks where Beauty roves the flowery field,
Or Grandeur’s pinion sweeps th’ unbounded skies.

"Hail to sweet Fancy's unexpressive charm!
Hail to the pure delights of social love!
Hail, pleasures mild, that fire not while ye warm,
Nor rack th' exulting frame, but gently move!

"But Fancy soothes no more, if stern Remorse
With iron grasp the tortured bosom wring.
Ah then, even Fancy speeds the venom's course,
Even Fancy points with rage the maddening sting!

"Her wrath a thousand gnashing fiends attend,
And roll the snakes, and toss the brands of hell:
The beam of Beauty blasts; dark Heavens impend
Tottering; and Music thrills with startling yell.

"What then avails, that with exhaustless store
Obsequious Luxury loads thy glittering shrine?
What then avails, that prostrate slaves adore,
And Fame proclaims thee matchless and divine?

"What though bland Flattery all her arts apply?
Will these avail to calm the infuriate brain?
Or will the roaring surge, when heaved on high,
Headlong hang, hush'd, to hear the piping swain?

"In health how fair, how ghastly in decay
Man's lofty form! how heavenly fair the mind
Sublimed by Virtue's sweet enlivening sway!
But ah! to guilt's outrageous rule resign'd,

"How hideous and forlorn! when ruthless Care
With cankering tooth corrodes the seeds of life,
And deaf with passion's storms when pines Despair,
And howling furies rouse th' eternal strife.

“ Oh, by thy hopes of joy that restless glow,
Pledges of Heaven! be taught by Wisdom's lore :
With anxious haste each doubtful path forego,
And life's wild ways with cautious fear explore.

“ Straight be thy course ; nor tempt the maze that leads
Where fell Remorse his shapeless strength conceals :
And oft Ambition's dizzy cliff he treads,
And slumbers oft in Pleasure's flowery vales.

“ Nor linger unresolved : Heaven prompts the choice ;
Save when Presumption shuts the ear of Pride :
With grateful awe attend to Nature's voice,
The voice of Nature Heaven ordain'd thy guide.

“ Warn'd by her voice the arduous path pursue,
That leads to Virtue's fane a hardy band.
What, though no gaudy scenes decoy their view,
Nor clouds of fragrance roll along the land ;

“ What, though rude mountains heave the flinty way,
Yet there the soul drinks light and life divine,
And pure aërial gales of gladness play,
Brace every nerve, and every sense refine.

“ Go, prince, be virtuous and be blest. The throne
Rears not its state to swell the couch of Lust ;
Nor dignify Corruption's daring son,
T' o'erwhelm his humbler brethren of the dust.

“ But yield an ampler scene to Bounty's eye,
And ampler range to Mercy's ear expand ;
And 'midst admiring nations, set on high
Virtue's fair model, framed by Wisdom's hand.

“Go then : the moan of Woe demands thine aid ;
Pride's licensed outrage claims thy slumbering ire ;
Pale Genius roams the bleak neglected shade,
And battening Avarice mocks his tuneless lyre.

“Even Nature pines by vilest chains oppress'd ;
Th' astonish'd kingdoms crouch to Fashion's nod.
O ye pure inmates of the gentle breast,
Truth, Freedom, Love, oh, where is your abode ?

“Oh, yet once more shall Peace from heaven return,
And young Simplicity with mortals dwell !
Nor Innocence th' august pavilion scorn,
Nor meek Contentment fly the humble cell !

“Wilt thou, my prince, the beauteous train implore,
'Midst earth's forsaken scenes once more to bide ?
Then shall the shepherd sing in every bower,
And Love with garlands wreath the domes of Pride.

“The bright tear starting in th' impassion'd eyes
Of silent gratitude ; the smiling gaze
Of gratulation, faltering while he tries
With voice of transport to proclaim thy praise ;

“Th' ethereal glow that stimulates thy frame,
When all th' according powers harmonious move,
And wake to energy each social aim,
Attuned spontaneous to the will of Jove ;

“Be these, O man, the triumphs of thy soul ;
And all the conqueror's dazzling glories slight,
That meteor-like o'er trembling nations roll,
To sink at once in deep and dreadful night.

“ Like thine, yon orb’s stupendous glories burn
With genial beam ; nor, at th’ approach of even,
In shades of horror leave the world to mourn,
But gild with lingering light th’ empurpled heaven.”

Thus while she spoke, her eye, sedately meek,
Look’d the pure fervour of maternal love.
No rival zeal intemperate flush’d her cheek—
Can Beauty’s boast the soul of Wisdom move ?

Worth’s noble pride, can Envy’s leer appal,
Or staring Folly’s vain applauses soothe ?
Can jealous Fear Truth’s dauntless heart enthrall ?
Suspicion lurks not in the heart of Truth.

And now the shepherd raised his pensive head :
Yet unresolved and fearful roved his eyes,
Scared at the glances of the awful maid ;
For young unpractised guilt distrusts the guise

Of shameless Arrogance. His wavering breast,
Though warm’d by Wisdom, own’d no constant fire ;
While lawless Fancy roam’d afar, unblest
Save in th’ oblivious lap of soft Desire.

When thus the queen of soul-dissolving smiles.
“ Let gentler fates my darling prince attend :
Joyless and cruel are the warrior’s spoils,
Dreary the path stern Virtue’s sons ascend.

“ Of human joy full short is the career,
And the dread verge still gains upon your sight :
While idly gazing, far beyond your sphere,
Ye scan the dream of unapproach’d delight ;

“Till every sprightly hour and blooming scene
Of life's gay morn unheeded glides away,
And clouds of tempests mount the blue serene,
And storm and ruin close the troublous day.

“Thou still exult to hail the present joy,
Thine be the boon that comes unearn'd by toil ;
No froward vain desire thy bliss annoy,
No flattering hope thy longing hours beguile.

“Ah ! why should man pursue the charms of Fame,
For ever luring, yet for ever coy ?
Light as the gaudy rainbow's pillar'd gleam,
That melts illusive from the wondering boy !

“What though her throne irradiate many a clime,
If hung loose-tottering o'er th' unfathom'd tomb ?
What though her mighty clarion, rear'd sublime,
Display the imperial wreath and glittering plume ?

“Can glittering plume, or can the imperial wreath
Redeem from unrelenting fate the brave ?
What note of triumph can her clarion breathe,
T' alarm th' eternal midnight of the grave ?

“That night draws on : nor will the vacant hour
Of expectation linger as it flies ;
Nor Fate one moment unenjoy'd restore :
Each moment's flight how precious to the wise !

“Oh, shun th' annoyance of the bustling throng,
That haunt with zealous turbulence the great ;
Their coward Office boasts th' unpunish'd wrong,
And sneaks secure in insolence of state.

“ O'er fancy'd injury Suspicion pines,
And in grim silence gnaws the festering wound ;
Deceit the rage-embitter'd smile refines,
And Censure spreads the viperous hiss around.

“ Hope not, fond prince, though Wisdom guard thy throne,
Though Truth and Bounty prompt each generous aim,
Though thine the palm of peace, the victor's crown,
The Muse's rapture, and the patriot's flame :

“ Hope not, though all that captivates the wise,
All that endears the good exalt thy praise ;
Hope not to taste repose ; for Envy's eyes
At fairest worth still point their deadly rays.

“ Envy, stern tyrant of the flinty heart,
Can aught of Virtue, Truth, or Beauty charm ?
Can soft Compassion thrill with pleasing smart,
Repentance melt, or Gratitude disarm ?

“ Ah no. Where Winter Scythia's waste enchains,
And monstrous shapes roar to the ruthless storm,
Not Phoebus' smile can cheer the dreadful plains,
Or soil accursed with balmy life inform.

“ Then, Envy, then is thy triumphant hour,
When mourns Benevolence his baffled scheme ;
When Insult mocks the clemency of Power,
And loud Dissension's livid firebrands gleam ;

“ When squint-eyed Slander plies th' unhallow'd tongue,
From poison'd maw when Treason weaves his line,
And Muse apostate (infamy to song !)
Grovels, low-muttering, at Seditious shrine.

“ Let not my prince forego the peaceful shade,
The whispering grove, the fountain, and the plain :
Power, with th' oppressive weight of pomp array'd,
Pants for simplicity and ease in vain.

“ The yell of frantic Mirth may stun his ear,
But frantic Mirth soon leaves the heart forlorn ;
And Pleasure flies that high tempestuous sphere ;
Far different scenes her lucid paths adorn.

“ She loves to wander on th' untrodden lawn,
Or the green bosom of reclining hill,
Soothed by the careless warbler of the dawn,
Or the lone plaint of ever-murmuring rill.

“ Or from the mountain-glade's aërial brow,
While to her song a thousand echoes call,
Marks the wild woodland wave remote below,
Where shepherds pipe unseen, and waters fall.

“ Her influence oft the festive hamlet proves,
Where the high carol cheers th' exulting ring ;
And oft she roams the maze of wildering groves,
Listening th' unnumber'd melodies of spring.

“ Or to the long and lonely shore retires ;
What time, loose-glimmering to the lunar beam,
Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam.

“ Then, to the balmy bower of Rapture borne,
While strings self-warbling breathe Elysian rest,
Melts in delicious vision, till the morn
Spangle with twinkling dew the flowery waste.

“The frolic Moments, purple-pinion’d, dance
Around, and scatter roses as they play :
And the blithe Graces, hand in hand, advance,
Where, with her loved compeers, she deigns to stray ;

“Mild Solitude, in veil of russet dye,
Her sylvan spear with moss-grown ivy bound ;
And Indolence, with sweetly-languid eye,
And zoneless robe that trails along the ground ;

“But chiefly Love—O thou, whose gentle mind
Each soft indulgence Nature framed to share ;
Pomp, wealth, renown, dominion, all resign’d,
Oh, haste to Pleasure’s bower, for Love is there !

“Love, the desire of gods ! the feast of Heaven !
Yet to Earth’s favour’d offspring not denied !
Ah, let not thankless man the blessing given
Enslave to Fame, or sacrifice to Pride !

“Nor I from Virtue’s call decoy thine ear ;
Friendly to Pleasure are her sacred laws.
Let Temperance’ smile the cup of gladness cheer ;
That cup is death, if he withhold applause.

“Far from thy haunt be Envy’s baneful sway,
And Hate, that works the harass’d soul to storm :
But woo Content to breathe her soothing lay,
And charm from Fancy’s view each angry form.

“No savage joy th’ harmonious hours profane !
Whom Love refines, can barbarous tumult please ?
Shall rage of blood pollute the sylvan reign ?
Shall Leisure wanton in the spoils of Peace ?

“Free let the feathery race indulge the song,
 Inhale the liberal beam, and melt in love :
 Free let the fleet hind bound her hills along,
 And in pure streams the watery nations rove.

“To joy in Nature’s universal smile
 Well suits, O man, thy pleasurable sphere ;
 But why should Virtue doom thy years to toil ?
 Ah, why should Virtue’s law be deem’d severe ?

“What meed, Beneficence, thy care repays ?
 What, Sympathy, thy still returning pang ?
 And why his generous arm should Justice raise,
 To dare the vengeance of a tyrant’s fang ?

“From thankless spite no bounty can secure ;
 Or froward wish of discontent fulfil,
 That knows not to regret thy bounded power,
 But blames with keen reproach thy partial will.

“To check th’ impetuous all-involving tide
 Of human woes, how impotent thy strife !
 High o’er thy mounds devouring surges ride,
 Nor reck thy baffled toils, or lavish’d life.

“The bower of bliss, the smile of love be thine,
 Unlabour’d ease, and leisure’s careless dream.
 Such be their joys, who bend at Venus’ shrine,
 And own her charms beyond compare supreme.”

Warm’d as she spoke, all panting with delight,
 Her kindling beauties breathed triumphant bloom ;
 And Cupids flutter’d round in circlets bright,
 And Flora pour’d from all her stores perfume.

“Thine be the prize,” exclaim’d th’ enraptured youth,
 “Queen of unrivall’d charms, and matchless joy.”—
 Oh, blind to fate, felicity, and truth!—
 But such are they whom Pleasure’s snares decoy.

The Sun was sunk ; the vision was no more :
 Night downward rush’d tempestuous, at the frown
 Of Jove’s awaken’d wrath ; deep thunders roar,
 The forests howl afar, and mountains groan,

And sanguine meteors glare athwart the plain :
 With horror’s scream the Ilian towers resound ;
 Raves the hoarse storm along the bellowing main,
 And the strong earthquake rends the shuddering ground.

ODE TO PEACE

I.—1.

PEACE, heaven-descended maid ! whose powerful voice
 From ancient darkness call’d the morn ;
 And hush’d of jarring elements the noise ;
 When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
 With all his bellowing throng,
 Far, far was hurl’d the void abyss along ;
 And all the bright angelic choir
 Striking through all their ranks th’ eternal lyre,
 Pour’d in loud symphony th’ impetuous strain ;
 And every fiery orb and planet sung,
 And wide, through night’s dark solitary reign
 Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant rung.

I.—2.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian age !
 Roll round again, majestic years !

To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage,
 From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
 Ye years, again roll round !
 Hark, from afar what desolating sound,
 While echoes load the sighing gales,
 With dire presage the throbbing heart assails !
 Murder deep-roused, with all the whirlwind's haste
 And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
 Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
 Smiles ghastly-fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

I.—3.

The shouts redoubling rise
 In thunder to the skies.
 The Nymphs disorder'd dart along,
 Sweet Powers of solitude and song,
 Stunn'd with the horrors of discordant sound ;
 And all is listening trembling round.
 Torrents far heard amid the waste of night
 That oft have led the wanderer right,
 Are silent at the noise.
 The mighty ocean's more majestic voice
 Drown'd in superior din is heard no more ;
 The surge in silence seems to sweep the foamy shore.

II.—1.

The bloody banner streaming in the air
 Seen on yon sky-mix'd mountain's brow,
 The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
 Driven in confusion to the plain below,
 War's dreadful lord proclaim.
 Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame
 Snatch'd in tempestuous eddies flies
 The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
 The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
 The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale,

The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
And night's foul birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II.—2.

Involved in fire-streak'd gloom the car comes on.
The rushing steeds grim Terror guides.
His forehead writhed to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry Power of battles rides :
Grasp'd in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous desolates the land ;
The tower rolls headlong down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep :
Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades ;
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
A deeper gloom invests the howling shades,
Stripp'd is the shatter'd grove, and every verdure dies.

II.—3.

How startled Frenzy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs !
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws ;
See, with her griping vulture claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the mangled wound !
Hate whirls her torch sulphureous round ;
The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
Re-echo to the hoarse alarms
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose
Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
That with his scourge sublime rules the careering storm.

III.—1.

Ambition, outside fair ! within as foul
As fiends of fiercest heart below,
Who ride the hurricanes of fire that roll
Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,

Yon naked waste survey ;
 Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay ;
 Where late the rosy-bosom'd hours
 In loose array danced lightly o'er the flowers ;
 Where late the shepherd told his tender tale ;
 And waken'd by the murmuring breeze of morn,
 The voice of cheerful Labour fill'd the dale ;
 And dove-eyed Plenty smiled, and waved her liberal horn.

III.—2.

Yon ruins, sable from the wasting flame,
 But mark the once resplendent dome ;
 The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
 And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
 How sadly silent all !
 Save where, outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall,
 Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
 And Anguish yells, and grinds his bloody teeth—
 Though vain the Muse, and every melting lay,
 To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse !
 Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way,
 I see, I see the years begin their mighty course.

III.—3.

What scenes of glory rise
 Before my dazzled eyes !
 Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
 And melody celestial rings :
 All blooming on the lawn the nymphs advance,
 And touch the lute, and range the dance ;
 And the blithe shepherds on the mountain's side,
 Array'd in all their rural pride,
 Exalt the festive note,
 Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
 But ah ! the landscape glows with fainter light,
 It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

IV.—1.

Illusions vain ! Can sacred Peace reside
 Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
 Where Cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
 And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms ?
 Ambition ! these are thine :
 These from the soul erase the form divine ;
 And quench the animating fire,
 That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
 Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
 And Hatred triumphs on th' o'erwhelming brow,
 And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
 Blaze the blue flames of death, and sound the shrieks of
 Woe.

IV.—2.

From Albion fled, thy once beloved retreat,
 What region brightens in thy smile,
 Creative Peace, and underneath thy feet
 Sees sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil ?
 In bleak Siberia blows,
 Waked by thy genial breath, the balmy rose ?
 Waved over by thy magic wand
 Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand ?
 Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
 Where roves the Indian through primeval shades,
 Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
 And led by reason's light the path of nature treads.

IV.—3.

On Cuba's utmost steep
 Far leaning o'er the deep
 The Goddess' pensive form was seen.
 Her robe of Nature's varied green
 Waved on the gale ; grief dimm'd her radiant eyes,
 Her bosom heaved with boding sighs :

She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
 Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
 Midst the dread pomp of war,
 Blazed the Iberian streamer from afar.
 She saw; and, on refulgent pinions borne,
 Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

MEMORY, be still! why throng upon the thought
 • These scenes so deeply-stain'd with Sorrow's dye?
 Is there in all thy stores no cheerful draught,
 To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
 Embellish'd by the lavish hand of Spring;
 Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the skies,
 And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid!
 What smiles in every conscious feature play!
 While to the murmurs of the breezy glade
 His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail Innocence! whose bosom, all serene,
 Feels not as yet th' internal tempest roll!
 Oh, ne'er may Care distract that placid mien!
 Ne'er may the shades of Doubt o'erwhelm thy soul!

Vain wish! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd,
 Yonder she comes! the heart-inflaming fiend!
 (Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield?)
 Swift to her destined prey see Passion bend!

O smile accursed, to hide the worst designs !
Now with blithe eye she woos him to be blest,
While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast !

And, instant, lo, his dizzy eyeball swims
Ghastly, and reddening darts a frantic glare ;
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair !

Is this, O life, is this thy boasted prime !
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield ?
Why should the sunbeam paint thy glittering clime,
When the keen mildew desolates the field ?

How memory pains ! Let some gay theme beguile
The musing mind, and soothe to soft delight.
Ye images of woe, no more recoil ;
Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power,
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar,
How sweet to sit in this sequester'd bower,
To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war !

Ambition here displays no gilded toy
That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise,
Nor Pleasure's paths to wilds of woe decoy,
Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's proud disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode
With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;
Here Health in rosy bloom has often glow'd ;
While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

Even the storm lulls to more profound repose :
 The storm these humble walls assails in vain ;
 The shrub is shelter'd when the whirlwind blows,
 While the oak's mighty ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds ! Thine, Winter, be the skies,
 And toss th' infuriate surge, and vales lay waste :
 Nature thy temporary rage defies ;
 To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald-car see Spring appear !
 (As Fancy wills, the landscape starts to view ;)
 Her emerald-car the youthful Zephyrs bear,
 Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen ;
 And lo, her rod the rose-lipp'd power extends !
 And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,
 And Beauty's bright-eyed train from heaven descends !

Haste, happy days, and make all nature glad—
 But will all nature joy at your return ?
 Oh, can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,
 Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn ?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart
 Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail ?
 To ease tired Disappointment's bleeding heart,
 Will all your stores of softening balm avail ?

When stern Oppression in his harpy-fangs
 From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
 Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,
 Whose infant craves relief with fruitless tears ?

For ah ! thy reign, Oppression, is not past.
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends ?
Who lays the once rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends ?

But hope not, Muse, vainglorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hope not to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
When Errol's bright example shines in vain.

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight ;
Thy haunts, alas ! no gleams of joy supply,
Or transient gleams, that flash, and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego—
Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictured scroll ;
Bid thy great scenes in all their splendour glow,
And rouse to thought sublime th' exulting soul.

What mingling pomps rush on th' enraptured gaze !
Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep !
Here glittering towns their spiry turrets raise !
There bulwarks overhang the shaggy steep !

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields,
Th' embattled legions stretch their long array ;
Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign.
Keen are their looks whom Liberty inspires.
Quick as the goddess darts along the line,
Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful! In her lofty mien
The smiles of love stern wisdom's frown control;
Her fearless eye, determined though serene,
Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where ambition leads the adverse band,
Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain!
With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven;
Hatred to madness wrought, each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—
Ah, Liberty! will none thy cause befriend!
Are those thy sons, thy generous sons, that fly!

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart;
Not Virtue's self can still the burst of sighs,
When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See where, by terror and despair dismay'd,
The scattering legions pour along the plain!
Ambition's car in bloody spoils array'd
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook,
With woods o'erhung and precipices rude,
Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

Ah, Brutus ! ever thine be Virtue's tear !
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
As scarce-supported on her broken spear
O'er her expiring son the goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her dishevell'd locks she rends the plume ;
No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,
Fame's loudest trumpet labours with thy name,
For thee the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,
And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,
The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,
While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's smile ;

Full oft, where Solitude and Silence dwell,
Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell.
Such is man's doom, and Pity weeps in vain.

Still grief recoils—how vainly have I strove
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand !
Tired I submit ; but yet, oh yet remove,
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand !

Yet for awhile let the bewilder'd soul
Find in society relief from woe ;
Oh yield awhile to Friendship's soft control ;
Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow !

Come, then, Philander, whose exalted mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the great ;
For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate :

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
Nor faction cools, nor injury destroys ;
Who lend'st to Misery's moan a pitying ear,
And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys :

Who know'st man's frailty ; with a favouring eye,
And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall ;
Who, unenslaved by Fashion's narrow tie,
With manly freedom follow'st Nature's call.

And bring thy Delia, sweetly-smiling fair,
Whose spotless soul no rankling thoughts deform ;
Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,
And harmonise the thunder of the storm :

Though blest with wisdom, and with wit refined,
She courts no homage, nor desires to shine ;
In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
To female softness, and a form divine.

Come, and disperse th' involving shadows drear ;
Let chasten'd mirth the social hours employ ;
Oh catch the swift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,
On swiftest wing the moment flies of joy.

Even while the careless disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead ?

Still sounds the solemn knell in fancy's ear,
That call'd Eliza to the silent tomb ;
To her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year !
How shone the nymph in beauty's brightest bloom !

Ah ! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace ;
Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-lived pyramid shall sink in dust
To dumb oblivion's ever-desert shade.

Fancy from joy still wanders far astray.
Ah, Melancholy ! how I feel thy power !
Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway !
But 'tis enough, for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight-waste
Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,
'Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last ;
For long the night, and distant far his home.

ELEGY.

TIRED with the busy crowds, that all the day
Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame,
My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,
'Till genial Sleep repair the sinking frame.

Hail, kind reviver ! that canst lull the cares,
And every weary sense compose to rest,
Lighten th' oppressive load which anguish bears,
And warm with hope the cold desponding breast.

Touch'd by thy rod, from Power's majestic brow
Drops the gay plume ; he pines a lowly clown ;
And on the cold earth stretch'd the son of Woe
Quaffs Pleasure's draught, and wears a fancied crown.

When roused by thee, on boundless pinions borne
Fancy to fairy scenes exults to rove,
Now scales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,
Now sad and silent treads the deepening grove ;

Or skims the main, and listens to the storms,
Marks the long waves roll far remote away ;
Or mingling with ten thousand glittering forms,
Floats on the gale, and basks in purest day.

Haply, ere long, pierced by the howling blast,
Through dark and pathless deserts I shall roam,
Plunge down th' unfathom'd deep, or shrink aghast
Where bursts the shrieking spectre from the tomb :

Perhaps loose Luxury's enchanting smile
Shall lure my steps to some romantic dale,
Where Mirth's light freaks th' unheeded hours beguile,
And airs of rapture warble in the gale.

Instructive emblem of this mortal state !
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of Fate
Presents, then snatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur, and thy glittering store ;
Death comes, and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.

And, sons of Sorrow ! though the threatening storm
Of angry Fortune overhang awhile,
Let not her frowns your inward peace deform ;
Soon happier days in happier climes shall smile.

Through Earth's throng'd visions while we toss forlorn,
'Tis tumult all, and rage, and restless strife ;
But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn,
When Death awakes us to immortal life.

ELEGY.

EXULTS the fluttering heart, O Mortal-born,
If Fame pronounce thee beautiful and wise,
If pompous blazonry thy name adorn !—
Approach, with trembling awe, where . . . lies ;

And pause ; and know thy boasted honours vain.
Vain all the gifts that fortune can bestow.
Late shone around Her all the gorgeous train,
But shine not round the mouldering dust below.

Gazed at from far by Envy's lifted eye
What then avails to deck th' exalted scene,
If there the blasting storms of anguish fly,
If Frailty there displays her withering mien ?

But Virtue (sacred plant !) no soil disdains ;
The plant that Frailty's fiercest frown defies.
Retired it blooms amid the lowly plains ;
Or decks the mountain's brow that mates the skies.

And there conspicuous forms the Pilgrim's bower,
When Sorrow darts direct the feverish ray ;
And forms his shelter from the tempest's power
In stern Oppression's desolating day.

This, Grandeur, be thy praise ; 'tis more than fame.
This praise was hers ; yet not to this confined,
Hers was th' indulgent soul untaught to blame,
Hers all the graces of the mildest mind.

Slight is your wound, who mourn a Guardian lost,
Though grief's sharp sting now prompt the pious sigh ;
He lives, the friend of man, the Muses boast,
And Bounty's hand shall wipe your streaming eye.

But ah ! what balm shall heal his bleeding heart,
Who for the Friend, and for the Lover mourns !
Of all the joys that friendship can impart,
When love's divinest flame united burns,

Possess'd so late ! but now possess'd no more !—
Thus triumphs Fate o'er all that charms below ;
Thus curbs the storm till joy's meridian hour,
To wrap the smiling scene in darker woe.

Sole object of a Mother's tender care,
 Could aught of song avail to ease thy pain ;
Or charm a Parent's, Sister's, Friend's despair ;
 Fain would the Muse attempt some soothing strain.

But what can soothe, when Hope denies her aid !
 Far in the silent depth of yonder gloom,
Where the weak lamp wan wavers o'er the dead,
 She hides in sable dust her sparkling plume.

T' enrage their smart, Remembrance wakes severe,
 And bids the vanish'd years again to roll ;
Again they seem that soothing voice to hear,
 Again those looks shoot transport to the soul.

The vision flies, and leaves the mind to mourn,
 Saddening each scene that pleased while she was by ;
For ah ! those vanish'd years no more return ;
 Mute the soft voice, and closed the gentle eye.

Come, Resignation, with uplifted brow,
 And eye of rapture smiling though in tears ;
Come, for thou lov'st the silent house of woe,
 When no fond friend th' abandon'd mansion cheers.

Come, for 'tis thine to soothe the Mourner's smart,
 The throbs of hopeless anguish to control,
With healing balm to point Death's levell'd dart,
 And melt in heavenly dreams the parting soul.

We mark'd thy triumphs in that hour of dread ;
 When from her eyes, that look'd a last adieu,
Each weeping friend seem'd vanishing in shade,
 And darkening slow the swimming scene withdrew.

'Twas then her pale cheek caught thy rapturous smile,
 Thy cheering whispers calm'd her labouring breast,
 And hymns of quiring angels charm'd the while ;
 Till the weak frame dissolved in endless rest.

THE WOLF AND SHEPHERDS.

A FABLE.

LAWs, as we read in ancient sages,
 Have been like cobwebs in all ages.
 Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
 And laws for little folks are made ;
 But if an insect of renown,
 Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
 Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
 The flimsy fether flies in sunder.

Your simile perhaps may please one
 With whom wit holds the place of reason :
 But can you prove that this in fact is
 Agreeable to life and practice ?

Then hear, what in his simple way
 Old Æsop told me t'other day.
 In days of yore, but (which is very odd)
 Our author mentions not the period,
 We mortal men, less given to speeches,
 Allow'd the beasts sometimes to teach us.
 But now we all are prattlers grown,
 And suffer no voice but our own :
 With us no beast has leave to speak,
 Although his honest heart should break.
 'Tis true, your asses and your apes,
 And other brutes in human shapes,

And that thing made of sound and show
Which mortals have misnamed a beau,
(But in the language of the sky
Is call'd a two-legg'd butterfly,)
Will make your very heartstrings ache
With loud and everlasting clack,
And beat your auditory drum,
Till you grow deaf, or they grow dumb.

But to our story we return :

'Twas early on a Summer morn,
A wolf forsook the mountain-den,
And issued hungry on the plain.
Full many a stream and lawn he pass'd,
And reach'd a winding vale at last ;
Where from a hollow rock he spy'd
The shepherds dress'd in flowery pride.
Garlands were strew'd, and all was gay,
To celebrate a holiday.
The merry tabour's gamesome sound
Provoked the sprightly dance around.
Hard by a rural board was rear'd,
On which in fair array appear'd
The peach, the apple, and the raisin,
And all the fruitage of the season.
But, more distinguish'd than the rest,
Was seen a wether ready drest,
That smoking, recent from the flame,
Diffused a stomach-rousing steam.
Our wolf could not endure the sight,
Outrageous grew his appetite :
His entrails groan'd with tenfold pain,
He lick'd his lips, and lick'd again ;
At last, with lightning in his eyes,
He bounces forth, and fiercely cries,
" Shepherds, I am not given to scolding,
But now my spleen I cannot hold in.

By Jove, such scandalous oppression
Would put an elephant in passion.
You, who your flocks (as you pretend)
By wholesome laws from harm defend,
Which make it death for any beast,
How much so'er by hunger press'd,
To seize a sheep by force or stealth,
For sheep have right to life and health ;
Can you commit, uncheck'd by shame,
What in a beast so much you blame ?
What is a law, if those who make it
Become the forwardest to break it ?
The case is plain : you would reserve
All to yourselves, while others starve.
Such laws from base self-interest spring,
Not from the reason of the thing—"

He was proceeding, when a swain
Burst out—" And dares a wolf arraign
His betters, and condemn their measures,
And contradict their wills and pleasures ?
We have establish'd laws, 'tis true,
But laws are made for such as you.
Know, sirrah, in its very nature
A law can't reach the legislature.
For laws, without a sanction join'd,
As all men know, can never bind :
But sanctions reach not us the makers,
For who dares punish us though breakers ?
'Tis therefore plain, beyond denial,
That laws were ne'er design'd to tie all ;
But those, whom sanctions reach alone ;
We stand accountable to none.
Besides, 'tis evident, that, seeing
Laws from the great derive their being,
They as in duty bound should love
The great, in whom they live and move,

And humbly yield to their desires :

'Tis just what gratitude requires.

What suckling dandled on the lap

Would tear away its mother's pap ?

But hold—why deign I to dispute

With such a scoundrel of a brute ?

Logic is lost upon a knave.

Let action prove the law our slave."

An angry nod his will declared

To his gruff yeoman of the guard ;

The full-fed mongrels, train'd to ravage,

Fly to devour the shaggy savage.

The beast had now no time to lose

In chopping logic with his foes ;

"This argument," quoth he, "has force,

And swiftness is my sole resource."

He said, and left the swains their prey,

And to the mountains scour'd away.

ON THE REPORT OF A MONUMENT

TO BE ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, TO THE MEMORY OF
A LATE AUTHOR.*

[Part of a letter to a person of quality.

. . . Lest your Lordship, who is so well acquainted with everything that relates to true honour, should think hardly of me for attacking the memory of the dead, I beg leave to offer a few words in my own vindication.

If I had composed the following verses, with a view to gratify private resentment, to promote the interest of any faction, or to recommend myself to the patronage of any person whatsoever, I should have been altogether inexcusable. To attack the memory of the dead from selfish considerations, or from mere wantonness of malice,

* Churchill.

is an enormity which none can hold in greater detestation than I. But I composed them from very different motives; as every intelligent reader, who peruses them with attention, and who is willing to believe me upon my own testimony, will undoubtedly perceive. My motives proceeded from a sincere desire to do some small service to my country, and to the cause of truth and virtue. The promoters of faction I ever did, and ever will consider as the enemies of mankind; to the memory of such I owe no veneration; to the writings of such I owe no indulgence.

Your Lordship knows that ——— owed the greatest share of his renown to the most incompetent of all judges, the mob; actuated by the most unworthy of all principles, a spirit of insolence; and inflamed by the vilest of all human passions, hatred to their fellow citizens. Those who joined the cry in his favour seemed to me to be swayed rather by fashion than by real sentiment. He therefore might have lived and died unmolested by me; confident as I am, that posterity, when the present unhappy dissensions are forgotten, will do ample justice to his real character. But when I saw the extravagant honours that were paid to his memory, and heard that a monument in Westminster Abbey was intended for one, whom even his admirers acknowledge to have been an incendiary and a debauchee, I could not help wishing that my countrymen would reflect a little on what they were doing before they consecrated, by what posterity would think the public voice, a character which no friend to *virtue* or to *true taste* can approve. It was this sentiment, enforced by the earnest request of a friend, which produced the following little poem; in which I have said nothing of ———'s manners that is not warranted by the best authority; nor of his writings, that is not perfectly agreeable to the opinion of many of the most competent judges in Britain. January 1765.]

BUFO, begone! with thee may Faction's fire,
That hatch'd thy salamander-fame, expire.
Fame, dirty idol of the brainless crowd,
What half-made moon-calf can mistake for good!
Since shared by knaves of high and low degree;
Cromwell, and Catiline; Guido Faux, and thee.
By nature uninspired, untaught by art,
With not one thought that breathes the feeling heart,

With not one offering vow'd to Virtue's shrine
 With not one pure unprostituted line ;
 Alike debauched in body, soul, and lays ;—
 For pension'd censure, and for pension'd praise,
 For ribaldry, for libels, lewdness, lies,
 For blasphemy of all the good and wise ;
 Coarse virulence in coarser doggerel writ,
 Which bawling blackguards spell'd, and took for wit ;
 For conscience, honour, slighted, spurn'd, o'erthrown ;—
 Lo, Bufo shines the minion of renown !

Is this the land that boasts a Milton's fire,
 And magic Spenser's wildly-warbling lyre ?
 The land that owns the omnipotence of song,
 When Shakspeare whirls the throbbing heart along ?
 The land where Pope, with energy divine,
 In one strong blaze bade wit and fancy shine ;
 Whose verse, by Truth in Virtue's triumph borne,
 Gave knaves to infamy, and fools to scorn ;
 Yet pure in manners, and in thought refined,
 Whose life and lays adorn'd and bless'd mankind ?
 Is this the land where Gray's unlabour'd art
 Soothes, melts, alarms, and ravishes the heart ;
 While the lone wanderer's sweet complainings flow
 In simple majesty of manly woe ;
 Or while, sublime, on eagle-pinion driven,
 He soars Pindaric heights, and sails the waste of heaven ?
 Is this the land, o'er Shenstone's recent urn
 Where all the Loves and gentler Graces mourn ?
 And where, to crown the hoary bard of night,*
 The Muses and the Virtues all unite ?
 Is this the land where Akenside displays
 The bold yet temperate flame of ancient days ?
 Like the rapt sage,† in genius as in theme,
 Whose hallow'd strain renown'd Ilissus' stream ;
 Or him, th' indignant bard,‡ whose patriot ire,

* Dr Young.

† Plato.

‡ Alceus.

Sublime in vengeance, smote the dreadful lyre ;
 For truth, for liberty, for virtue warm,
 Whose mighty song unnerved a tyrant's arm,
 Hush'd the rude roar of discord, rage, and lust,
 And spurn'd licentious demagogues to dust.

Is this the queen of realms ! the glorious isle,
 Britannia ! blest in Heaven's indulgent smile !
 Guardian of truth, and patroness of art,
 Nurse of th' undaunted soul and generous heart !
 Where, from a base unthankful world exiled,
 Freedom exults to roam the careless wild ;
 Where taste to science every charm supplies,
 And genius soars unbounded to the skies !

And shall a Bufo's most polluted name
 Stain her bright tablet of untainted fame !
 Shall his disgraceful name with theirs be join'd,
 Who wish'd and wrought the welfare of their kind !
 His name accursed, who, leagued with . . . and hell,
 Labour'd to rouse with rude and murderous yell,
 Discord the fiend, to toss rebellion's brand,
 To whelm in rage and woe a guiltless land ;
 To frustrate wisdom's, virtue's noblest plan,
 And triumph in the miseries of man.

Drivelling and dull, when crawls the reptile Muse,
 Swoln from the sty, and rankling from the stews,
 With envy, spleen, and pestilence replete,
 And gorged with dust she lick'd from treason's feet ;
 Who once, like Satan, raised to heaven her sight,
 But turn'd abhorrent from the hated light :—
 O'er such a Muse shall wreaths of glory bloom ?
 No—shame and execration be her doom.

Hard-fated Bufo ! could not dulness save
 Thy soul from sin, from infamy thy grave !
 Blackmore and Quarles, those blockheads of renown,
 Lavish'd their ink, but never harm'd the town :
 Though this, thy brother in discordant song,

Harass'd the ear, and cramp'd the labouring tongue ;
 And that, like thee, taught staggering prose to stand,
 And limp on stilts of rhyme around the land.

Harmless they dosed a scribbling life away,
 And yawning nations own'd th' innoxious lay :
 But from thy graceless, rude, and beastly brain
 What fury breathed th' incendiary strain ?

Did hate to vice exasperate thy style ?

No—Bufo match'd the vilest of the vile.

Yet blazon'd was his verse with virtue's name—
 Thus prudes look down to hide their want of
 shame :

Thus hypocrites to truth, and fools to sense,
 And fops to taste, have sometimes made pretence :
 Thus thieves and gamesters swear by honour's laws :
 Thus pension-hunters bawl *their country's cause* :
 Thus furious Teague for moderation raved,
 And own'd his soul to liberty enslaved.

Nor yet, though thousand cits admire thy rage,
 Though less of fool than felon marks thy page ;
 Nor yet, though here and there one lonely spark
 Of wit half brightens through th' involving dark,
 To shew the gloom more hideous for the foil,
 But not repay the drudging reader's toil ;
 (For who for one poor pearl of clouded ray
 Through alpine dunghills delves his desperate way ?)
 Did genius to thy verse such bane impart ?
 No. 'Twas the demon of thy venom'd heart,
 (Thy heart with rancour's quintessence endued,)
 And the blind zeal of a misjudging crowd.

Thus from rank soil a poison'd mushroom sprung,
 Nursling obscene of mildew and of dung ;
 By Heaven design'd on its own native spot
 Harmless t' enlarge its bloated bulk, and rot.
 But gluttony th' abortive nuisance saw ;
 It roused his ravenous undiscerning maw :

Gulp'd down the tasteless throat, the mess abhorr'd
Shot fiery influence round the maddening board.

Oh, had thy verse been impotent as dull,
Nor spoke thy rancorous heart, but lumpish skull ;
Had mobs distinguish'd, they who howl'd thy fame,
The icicle from the pure diamond's flame,
From fancy's soul thy gross imbruted sense,
From dauntless truth thy shameless insolence,
From elegance confusion's monstrous mass,
And from the lion's spoils the skulking ass,
From rapture's strain the drawling doggerel line,
From warbling seraphim the grunting swine ;—
With gluttons, dunces, rakes, thy name had slept,
Nor o'er her sullied fame Britannia wept ;
Nor had the Muse, with honest zeal possess'd,
T' avenge her country by thy name disgraced,
Raised this bold strain for virtue, truth, mankind,
And thy fell shade to infamy resign'd.

When Frailty leads astray the soul sincere,
Let Mercy shed the soft and manly tear.
When to the grave descends the sensual sot,
Unnamed, unnoticed, let his carrion rot.
When paltry rogues, by stealth, deceit, or force,
Hazard their necks, ambitious of your purse ;
For such the hangman wreathes his trusty gin,
And let the gallows expiate their sin.
But when a ruffian, whose portentous crimes
Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times,
Triumphs through life, from legal judgment free,
For hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee ;
Sacred from vengeance shall his memory rest ?—
Judas though dead, though damn'd, we still detest.

SONG,

IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "BLOW,
BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND."

Blow, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To ease my aching breast;
Though thou the billows smooth,
Thy murmurs cannot soothe
My weary soul to rest.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream!
Infuse the easy dream
Into the peaceful soul;
But thou canst not compose
The tumult of my woes,
Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!
Beauties surpassing yours
My Rosalind adorn;
Nor is the winter's blast,
That lays your glories waste,
So killing as her scorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze
Of yonder winding grove;
Oh, let your soft control
Bend her relenting soul
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flow'rets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!

Ye streams, forget to glide!
 Be hush'd, each vernal strain;
 Since naught can soothe my pain,
 Nor mitigate her pride.

EPITAPH

ON TWO YOUNG MEN OF THE NAME OF LEITCH, WHO
 WERE DROWNED IN CROSSING THE
 RIVER SOUTHESK, 1757.

O THOU! whose steps in sacred reverence tread
 These lone dominions of the silent dead;
 On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
 Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;
 And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
 Let each rebellious murmur be suppress;
 Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
 Heaven's wise degrees, how impious, to arraign!
 Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
 In early bloom of life, they left the stage:
 Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,
 One moment snatch'd them from the power of Death :
 They lived united, and united died;
 Happy the friends whom Death cannot divide

EPITAPH,

INTENDED FOR HIMSELF.

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
 Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of clay,
 Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
 No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life ;
 Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys ;
 Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife ;
 Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Yet, for a while, 'gainst passion's threatful blast
 Let steady reason urge the struggling oar ;
 Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
 Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail ;
 Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayst fall ;
 Nor read, unmoved, my artless tender tale,
 I was a friend, O man ! to thee, to all.

VERSES WRITTEN BY MR BLACKLOCK

ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS POEMS, SENT TO THE AUTHOR.

“ Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
 Captus amore leget.” VIRGIL.

“ O THOU ! whose bosom inspiration fires !
 For whom the Muses string their favourite lyres !
 Though with superior genius blest, yet deign
 A kind reception to my humbler strain.

“ When florid youth impell'd, and fortune smiled,
 The vocal art my languid hours beguiled.
 Severer studies now my life engage,
 Researches dull, that quench poetic rage.

“ From morn to evening destined to explore
 The verbal critic, and the scholiast's lore,
 Alas ! what beam of heavenly ardour shines
 In musty lexicons and school-divines !

“Yet to the darling object of my heart
 A short but pleasing retrospect I dart ;
 Revolve the labours of the tuneful choir,
 And what I cannot imitate admire.

“Oh, could my thoughts with all thy spirit glow,
 As thine melodious could my accents flow ;
 Then thou approving mightst my song attend,
 Nor in a Blacklock blush to own a friend.”

AN EPISTLE

TO THE REVEREND MR THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

“Monstro, quod ipse tibi possis dare : semita certe
 Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.”

JUVENAL, Sat. x.

HAIL to the poet ! whose spontaneous lays
 No pride restrains, nor venal flattery sways.
 Who nor from critics, nor from fashion's laws,
 Learns to adjust his tribute of applause ;
 But, bold to feel, and ardent to impart
 What nature whispers to the generous heart
 Propitious to the moral song, commends,
 For virtue's sake, the humblest of her friends.

Peace to the grumblers of an envious age,
 Vapid in spleen, or brisk in frothy rage !
 Critics, who, ere they understand, defame ;
 And friends demure, who only do not blame ;
 And puppet-prattlers, whose unconscious throat
 Transmits what the pert witling prompts by rote.
 Pleased to their spite or scorn I yield the lays
 That boast the sanction of a Blacklock's praise.
 Let others court the blind and babbling crowd,
 Mine be the favour of the wise and good.

O thou, to censure as to guile unknown !
Indulgent to all merit but thy own !
Whose soul, though darkness wrap thine earthly frame,
Exults in virtue's pure ethereal flame ;
Whose thoughts, congenial with the strains on high,
The muse adorns, but cannot dignify ;
As northern lights, in glittering legions driven,
Embellish, not exalt, the starry heaven :
Say, thou, for well thou know'st the art divine
To guide the fancy and the soul refine,
What heights of excellence must he ascend,
Who longs to claim a Blacklock for his friend ;
Who longs to emulate thy tuneful art ;
But more thy meek simplicity of heart ;
But more thy virtue patient, undismay'd,
At once though malice and mischance invade ;
And, nor by learn'd nor priestly pride confined,
Thy zeal for truth, and love of human-kind.

Like thee, with sweet ineffable control,
Teach me to rouse or soothe th' impassion'd soul,
And breathe the luxury of social woes ;
Ah ! ill exchanged for all that mirth bestows.
Ye slaves of mirth, renounce your boasted plan,
For know, 'tis sympathy exalts the man.
But, 'midst the festive bower, or echoing hall,
Can riot listen to soft pity's call ?
Rude he repels the soul-ennobling guest,
And yields to selfish joy his harden'd breast.

Teach me thine artless harmony of song,
Sweet as the vernal warblings borne along
Arcadia's myrtle groves, ere art began,
With critic glance malevolent, to scan
Bold nature's generous charms, display'd profuse
In each warm cheek, and each enraptured muse.
Then had not fraud imposed, in fashion's name,
For freedom lifeless form, and pride for shame ;

And, for th' o'erflowings of a heart sincere,
 The feature fix'd, untarnish'd with a tear ;
 The cautious, slow, and unenliven'd eye,
 And breast inured to check the tender sigh.
 Then love unblamed, indulg'd the guiltless smile :
 Deceit they fear'd not, for they knew not guile.
 The social sense unawed, that scorn'd to own
 The curb of law, save nature's law alone,
 To godlike aims, and godlike actions fired ;
 And the full energy of thought inspired ;
 And the full dignity of pleasure, given
 T' exalt desire and yield a taste of heaven.

Hail, redolent of heaven, delights sublime !
 Hail, blooming days, the days of nature's prime !
 How throbs the tired and harass'd heart to prove
 Your scenes of pure tranquillity and love !
 But even to fancy fate that bliss denies ;
 For lo, in endless night the vision dies !
 Ah, how unlike these scenes of rage and strife,
 Dark'ning to horror the bleak waste of life !
 Where, all inverted nature's kindly plan,
 Man domineers, the scourge and curse of man.
 Where, haply, bosom'd in tempestuous floods,
 Or dark untrodden maze of boundless woods,
 If yet some land inviolate remain,
 Nor dread th' oppressor's rod, nor tyrant's chain,
 Nor dread the more inglorious fetters, wrought
 By hireling sophistry t' enslave the thought :
 'Tis there, 'tis only there, where boastful fame
 Ne'er stunn'd the tingling ear with Europe's name.

Too long, O Europe, have thy oceans roll'd,
 To glut thy lust of power, and lust of gold ;
 Too long, by glory's empty lure decoy'd,
 Thy haughty sons have triumph'd and destroy'd :
 Or, led by reasoning pride afar to roam,
 Where truth's false mimic haunts the sheltering gloom,

Have plunged in cheerless night the 'wilder'd mind,
Th' abodes of peace for ever left behind.

Unwise, unblest, your own, and nature's foes,

Oh, yet be still, and give the world repose !

Say, is it fame to dare the deed of death ?

Is glory naught but flattery's purchased breath ?

True praise, can trembling slaves, can fools bestow ?

Can that be joy which works another's woe ?

Can that be knowledge which in doubt decays ?

Can truth reside in disappointment's maze ?

But quench thy kindling zeal, presumptuous strain ;

Thy zeal how impotent ! thy plaint how vain !

Hope not thy voice can tame the tempest's rage,

Or check in prone career a headlong age.

Far different themes must animate their song

Who pant to shine the favourites of a throng.

Go, thou fond fool, thou slave to nature's charms,

Whose heart the cause of injured truth alarms ;

Go, herd in fashion's sleek and simpering train,

And watch the workings of her pregnant brain,

Prepared a sycophant's applause to pay,

As each abortive monster crawls to day.

Smit with the painted puppet-show of state,

Go, learn to gaze and wonder at the great.

Go, learn with courtly reverence to admire

A taste in toys, a genius in attire,

Music of titles, dignity of show,

The parrot-courtier and the monkey-beau,

And all the equipage of sticks, and strings,

And clouts, and nicknames—merchandise of kings.

Or, to amuse the loitering hour of peace,

When slander, wit, and spleen from troubling cease,

Warble th' unmeaning hymn in folly's ear ;

Such hymns unthinking folly loves to hear.

Smooth flow thy lays, infusing as they roll

A deep oblivious lethargy of the soul :

Let rill and gale glide liquidly along,
 While not one ruffling thought obstructs the song;
 So shall the gallant and the gay rehearse
 The gentle strain, and call it charming verse.

But if an ampler field thine ardour claim,
 Even realms and empires to resound thy name;
 Strive not on fancy's soaring wing to rise;
 The plodding rabble gaze not on the skies;
 Far humbler regions bound their grovelling view,
 And humbler tracks their minion must pursue.
 There are, who, grabbling in the putrid lake,
 The glittering ore from filth and darkness rake;
 Like spoils from politics thou mayst derive:
 The theme is dirty, dark, and lucrative.
 Yet ah! even here the spoils are hard to win,
 For strong and subtle are thy foes within.
 The pangs of sentiment, the qualms of taste,
 And shame, dire inmate of the scribbler's breast,
 The stings of conscience, and the throbs of pride,
 (Hard task) must all be vanquish'd or defy'd.
 Then go, whate'er thy wit, whate'er thy style,
 Defame the good, and deify the vile;
 Fearless and frontless flounce into renown,
 For mobs and prudes by impudence are won.
 Though Providence, still merciful and just,
 Who dooms the snake to wallow in the dust,
 Oft curb with grovelling impotence of mind
 The venal venom of the rancorous kind;
 Yet fear not: faction's torch of sulphurous gleam
 Shall fire the heart that feels not fancy's beam.
 Thus * * * arose distinguish'd in the throng,
 Thus Bufo plied a profitable song.

Proceed, great years, with steady glare to shine
 Where guilt and folly bend at fashion's shrine;
 And ye, the vain and shameless of our days,
 Approach with songs, and worship in the blaze.

For him, alas ! who never learn'd the art
 To stifle conscience and a throbbing heart ;
 Who, though too proud to mingle in the fray
 Whence truth and virtue bear no palms away,
 Yet views with pity folly's bustling scene,
 Th' ambitious sick with hope, the rich with spleen,
 The great exulting in a joyless prize—
 Yea, pities even the fop he must despise ;—
 For him what then remains ?—The humble shed,
 Th' ennobling converse of the awful dead,
 Beauty's pure ray diffused from nature's face,
 Fancy's sweet charm, and truth's majestic grace ;
 Truth, not of hard access, or threat'ning mien,
 As by the vain unfeeling wrangler seen,
 But bland and gentle as the early ray,
 That gilds the wilderness, and lights the way—
 The messenger of joy to man below,
 Friend of our frailty, solace of our woe.

Thus by Heaven's bounty rich, shall he repine
 If others in the toys of fortune shine ?
 Needs he a title to exalt his race,
 Who from th' Eternal his descent can trace ?
 Or fame's loud trump to stun him to repose,
 Whose soul resign'd no guilty tumult knows ?
 To roam with toil, in restless uproar hurl'd,
 One little corner of a little world ;
 Can this enlarge or dignify the soul,
 Whose wing unwearied darts from pole to pole ?
 Can glowworms glitter on the car of morn,
 Or gold the progeny of heaven adorn ?

How long, enamour'd of fictitious joy,
 Shall false desire the lavish'd hour employ !
 How long with random steps shall mortals roam,
 Unknown their path, and more unknown their home !
 Ah ! still delusive the vain pleasure flies,
 Or, grasp'd, insults our baffled hope, and dies.

Meanwhile, behind, with renovated force,
Care and disgust pursue our slack'ning course,
And shall o'ertake, even in the noon of age,
Long ere the sting of anguish cease to rage,
And long ere death, sole friend of the distress'd,
Dismiss the pilgrim to eternal rest.
Thus, wayward hope still wandering from within,
Lured by the phantoms of th' external scene,
We scorn what Heaven our only bliss design'd,
The humble triumph of a tranquil mind ;
And that alone pursue which fortune brings,
Th' applause of multitudes, or smile of kings.
But ah ! can these or those afford delight ?
Can man be happy in his Maker's spite ?
Vain thankless man, averse to nature's sway,
Feels every moment that he must obey.
Close and more closely clasp the stubborn chains,
And each new struggle rouses keener pains.
Thus, stung with appetite, with anguish torn,
Urged by despair, still more and more forlorn,
Till each fantastic hope expire in woe,
And the cold cheerless heart forget to glow,
We perish, muttering this unrighteous strain :
" Joy was not made for man—and life is vain."
Sweet peace of heart, from false desire refined,
That pour'st elysian sunshine on the mind,
Oh, come, bid each tumultuous wish be still,
And bend to nature's law each froward will ;
Let hope's wild wing ne'er stoop to fortune's sphere,
For terror, anguish, discontent are there ;
But soar with strong and steady flight sublime
Where disappointment never dared to climb.
Oh, come, serenely gay, and with thee bring
The vital breath of heaven's eternal spring—
Th' amusive dream of blameless fancy born,
The calm oblivious night and sprightly morn.

Bring resignation, undebased with fear ;
 And melancholy, serious, not severe ;
 And fortitude, by chance nor time controll'd,
 Meek with the gentle, with the haughty bold ;
 Devotion deck'd in smiles of filial love ;
 And thought, conversing with the worlds above.

So shall my days nor vain nor joyless roll,
 Nor with regret survey th' approaching goal ;
 Too happy, if I gain that noblest prize,
 The well-earn'd favour of the good and wise.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY
 CHARLOTTE GORDON,

DRESSED IN A TARTAN SCOTCH BONNET, WITH PLUMES.

WHY, lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
 With the dread semblance of that warlike helm,
 That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
 That graced the chiefs of Scotia's ancient realm ?

Thou know'st that virtue is of power the source,
 And all her magic to thine eyes is given ;
 We own their empire while we feel their force,
 Beaming with the benignity of heaven.

The plummy helmet and the martial mien
 Might dignify Minerva's awful charms ;
 But more resistless far th' Idalian queen—
 Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

TRANSLATIONS.

ANACREON. ODE XXII.

Παρά τήν σκίην βάθυλλε,
Κάθισον.

BATHYLLUS, in yonder lone grove
All carelessly let us recline :
To shade us the branches above
Their leaf-waving tendrils combine ;
While a streamlet, inviting repose,
Soft-murmuring wanders away,
And gales warble wild through the boughs,
Who there would not pass the sweet day ?

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF
LUCRETIUS.

"Æneadum genetrix."—v. 1—45.

MOTHER of mighty Rome's imperial line,
Delight of man, and of the powers divine,
Venus, all-bounteous queen ! whose genial power
Diffuses beauty in unbounded store
Through seas and fertile plains, and all that lies
Beneath the starr'd expansion of the skies.
Prepared by thee, the embryo springs to day,
And opes its eyelids on the golden ray.
At thy approach the clouds tumultuous fly,
And the hush'd storms in gentle breezes die ;

Flowers instantaneous spring ; the billows sleep ;
A wavy radiance smiles along the deep ;
At thy approach, th' untroubled sky refines,
And all serene heaven's lofty concave shines.
Soon as her blooming form the spring reveals,
And zephyr breathes his warm prolific gales,
The feather'd tribes first catch the genial flame,
And to the groves thy glad return proclaim ;
Thence to the beasts the soft infection spreads ;
The raging cattle spurn the grassy meads,
Burst o'er the plains, and, frantic, in their course
Cleave the wild torrents with resistless force.
Won by thy charms, thy dictates all obey,
And eager follow where thou lead'st the way.
Whatever haunts the mountains or the main,
The rapid river or the verdant plain,
Or forms its leafy mansion in the shades,
All, all thy universal power pervades—
Each panting bosom melts to soft desires,
And with the love of propagation fires.
And since thy sovereign influence guides the reins
Of nature, and the universe sustains ;
Since naught without thee bursts the bonds of night,
To hail the happy realms of heavenly light ;
Since love, and joy, and harmony are thine,
Guide me, O goddess, by thy power divine,
And to my rising lays thy succour bring,
While I the universe attempt to sing.
Oh, may my verse deserved applause obtain
Of him for whom I try the daring strain,
My Memmius, him, whom thou, profusely kind,
Adorn'st with every excellence refined.
And that immortal charms my song may grace,
Let war, with all its cruel labours, cease ;
Oh, hush the dismal din of arms once more,
And calm the jarring world from shore to shore.

By thee alone the race of man foregoes
 The rage of blood, and sinks in soft repose :
 For mighty Mars, the dreadful god of arms,
 Who wakes or stills the battle's dire alarms,
 In love's strong fetters by thy charms is bound,
 And languishes with an eternal wound.
 Oft from his bloody toil the god retires
 To quench in thy embrace his fierce desires.
 Soft on thy heaving bosom he reclines,
 And round thy yielding neck transported twines ;
 There, fix'd in ecstasy intense, surveys
 Thy kindling beauties with insatiate gaze,
 Grows to thy balmy mouth, and ardent sips
 Celestial sweets from thy ambrosial lips.
 Oh, while the god with fiercest raptures blest,
 Lies all dissolving on thy sacred breast,
 Oh, breathe thy melting whispers to his ear,
 And bid him still the loud alarms of war.
 In these tumultuous days, the muse, in vain,
 Her steady tenor lost, pursues the strain,
 And Memmius' generous soul disdains to taste
 The calm delights of philosophic rest ;
 Paternal fires his beating breast inflame,
 To rescue Rome, and vindicate her name.

HORACE. BOOK II. ODE X.

“ Rectius vives, Licini.”

WOULDST thou through life securely glide ;
 Nor boundless o'er the ocean ride ;
 Nor ply too near th' insidious shore,
 Scared at the tempest's threat'ning roar.

The man who follows wisdom's voice,
 And makes the golden mean his choice,

Nor plunged in antique gloomy cells
 'Midst hoary desolation dwells ;
 Nor, to allure the envious eye,
 Rears his proud palace to the sky.

The pine, that all the grove transcends,
 With every blast the tempest rends ;
 Totters the tower with thund'rous sound,
 And spreads a mighty ruin round ;
 Jove's bolt with desolating blow
 Strikes the ethereal mountain's brow.

The man whose steadfast soul can bear
 Fortune indulgent or severe,
 Hopes when she frowns, and when she smiles
 With cautious fear eludes her wiles.
 Jove with rude winter wastes the plain,
 Jove decks the rosy spring again.
 Life's former ills are overpast,
 Nor will the present always last.
 Now Phœbus wings his shafts, and now
 He lays aside th' unbended bow,
 Strikes into life the trembling string,
 And wakes the silent Muse to sing.

With unabated courage, brave
 Adversity's tumultuous wave ;
 When too propitious breezes rise,
 And the light vessel swiftly flies,
 With timid caution catch the gale,
 And shorten the distended sail.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE XIII.

“O Fons Blandusiæ !”

BLANDUSIA ! more than crystal clear !
 Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear !

O happy Tityrus! while we, forlorn,
 Driven from our lands, to distant climes are borne,
 Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
 And all the groves with Amaryllis ring.

TITYRUS.

This peace to a propitious god I owe ;
 None else, my friend, such blessings could bestow.
 Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
 And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.
 By him, these feeding herds in safety stray ;
 By him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but wonder at your fate,
 That no alarms invade this blest retreat ;
 While neighbouring fields the voice of woe resound,
 And desolation rages all around.
 Worn with fatigue, I slowly onward bend,
 And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend.
 My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,
 Whose young new-yea'd (ah, once a hopeful pair !)
 Amid the tangling hazels as they lay,
 On the sharp flint were left to pine away.
 These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind
 To all portents and prodigies was blind.
 Oft has the blasted oaks foretold my woe ;
 And often has the inauspicious crow,
 Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fateful cries
 Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.
 But say, O Tityrus, what god bestows
 This blissful life of undisturb'd repose ?

TITYRUS.

Imperial Rome, while yet to me unknown,
 I vainly liken'd to our country-town,

Our little Mantua, at which is sold
 The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:
 As in the whelp the father's shape appears,
 And as the kid its mother's semblance bears,
 Thus greater things my inexperienced mind
 Rated by others of inferior kind.
 But she, 'midst other cities, rears her head
 High as the cypress overtops the reed.

MELIBŒUS.

And why to visit Rome were you inclined ?

TITYRUS.

'Twas there I hoped my liberty to find.
 And there my liberty I found at last,
 Though long with listless indolence opprest ;
 Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
 And I had told a tedious length of years ;
 Nor till the gentle Amaryllis charm'd *
 And Galatea's love no longer warm'd.
 For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
 While Galatea captive held my soul,
 Languid and lifeless all I dragg'd the chain,
 Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
 Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
 Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,
 For this I ne'er perceived my wealth increase ;
 I lavish'd all, her haughty heart to please.

MELIBŒUS.

Why Amaryllis pined, and pass'd away
 In lonely shades the melancholy day ;

* The refinements of Taubmannus, De la Cerda, and others, who will have Amaryllis to signify Rome, and Galatea to signify Mantua, have perplexed this passage not a little: if the literal meaning be admitted, the whole becomes obvious and natural.

Why to the gods she breathed incessant vows ;
 For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs
 So late, I wonder'd—Tityrus was gone,
 And she (ah, luckless maid !) was left alone.
 Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
 And woods and wilds the wailing strains return'd.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? to break th' enslaving chain
 All other efforts had (alas !) been vain ;
 Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find
 The gods so condescending and so kind.
 'Twas there these eyes the heaven-born youth beheld,*
 To whom our altars monthly incense yield :
 My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,
 "Manure your ancient farm, and feed your former
 flock."

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man ! then shall your lands remain,
 Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain !
 Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
 And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies,
 Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
 And never feel the dire effects of change.
 No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
 To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain !
 You by known streams and sacred fountains laid
 Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.
 Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,
 And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,
 Oft shall the lulling hum persuade to rest,
 And balmy slumbers steal into your breast ;
 While warbled from this rock the pruner's lay
 In deep repose dissolves your soul away ;

* Augustus Cæsar.

High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
And your loved ringdoves breathe a hoarser moan.

TITYRUS.

The nimble harts shall graze in empty air,
And seas retreating leave their fishes bare,
The German dwells where rapid Tigris flows,
The Parthian banish'd by invading foes
Shall drink the Gallic Arar from my breast
Ere his majestic image be effaced.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must travel o'er a length of lands,
O'er Scythian snows, or Afric's burning sands;
Some wander where remote Oäxes laves
The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves;
In Britain some, from every comfort torn,
From all the world removed, are doom'd to mourn.
When long, long years have tedious roll'd away,
Ah! shall I yet at last, at last, survey
My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod!
These lands, these harvests must the soldier share!
For rude barbarians lavish we our care!
How are our fields become the spoil of wars!
How are we ruin'd by intestine jars!
Now, Melibœus, now ingraff the pear,
Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear!
Go, then, my goats!—go, once a happy store!
Once happy! happy now (alas!) no more!
No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade
In rural quiet indolently laid,
Behold you from afar the cliffs ascend,
And from the shrubby precipice depend;
No more to music wake my melting flute, [shoot.
While on the thyme you feed, and willow's wholesome

TITYRUS.

This night at least with me you may repose
 On the green foliage, and forget your woes.
 Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
 And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
 Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,
 And slowly roll along the evening skies ;
 And see projected from the mountain's brow
 A lengthen'd shade obscures the plain below.

PASTORAL II.*

ALEXIS.

YOUNG Corydon for fair Alexis pined,
 But hope ne'er gladden'd his desponding mind ;
 Nor vows nor tears the scornful boy could move,
 Distinguish'd by his wealthier master's love.
 Oft to the beech's deep embowering shade,
 Pensive and sad, this hapless shepherd stray'd ;

* The chief excellency of this poem consists in its delicacy and simplicity. Corydon addresses his favourite in such a purity of sentiment as one would think might effectually discountenance the prepossessions which generally prevail against the subject of this eclogue. The nature of his affection may easily be ascertained from his ideas of the happiness which he hopes to enjoy in the company of his beloved Alexis.

O tantum libeat—

O deign at last amid these lonely fields, &c.

It appears to have been no other than that friendship which was encouraged by the wisest legislators of ancient Greece as a noble incentive to virtue, and recommended by the example even of Agesilaus, Pericles, and Socrates : an affection wholly distinct from the infamous attachments that prevailed among the licentious. The reader will find a full and satisfying account of this generous passion in Dr Potter's "Antiquities of Greece," B. iv. chap. 9. M. Bayle in his Dictionary, at the article Virgile, has at great length vindicated our poet from the charge of immorality which the critics have grounded upon this Pastoral.

The scene of this Pastoral is a grove interspersed with beech-trees ; the season, harvest.

There told in artless verse his tender pain
To echoing hills and groves—but all in vain.

In vain the flute's complaining lays I try;
And am I doom'd, unpitying boy, to die?
Now to faint flocks the grove a shade supplies,
And in the thorny brake the lizard lies;
Now Thestylis with herbs of savoury taste
Prepares the weary harvest-man's repast;
And all is still, save where the buzzing sound
Of chirping grasshoppers is heard around;
While I exposed to all the rage of heat
Wander the wilds in search of thy retreat.

Was it not easier to support the pain
I felt from Amaryllis' fierce disdain?
Easier Menalcas' cold neglect to bear,
Black though he was, though thou art blooming fair?
Yet be relenting, nor too much presume,
O beauteous boy, on thy celestial bloom;
The sable violet* yields a precious dye,
While useless on the field the withering lilies lie.
Ah, cruel boy! my love is all in vain,
No thoughts of thine regard thy wretched swain.
How rich my flock thou carest not to know,
Nor how my pails with generous milk o'erflow.
With bleat of thousand lambs my hills resound,
And all the year my milky stores abound.
Not Amphion's lays were sweeter than my song,
Those lays that led the listening herds along.
And if the face be true I lately view'd,
Where calm and clear th' uncurling ocean stood,
I lack not beauty, nor couldst thou deny,
That even with Daphnis I may dare to vie.

Oh, deign at last amid these lonely fields
To taste the pleasures which the country yields;

* Vaccinium (here translated violet) yielded a purple colour used in dyeing the garments of slaves, according to Plin., l. xvi., c. 23.

With me to dwell in cottages resign'd,
To roam the woods, to shoot the bounding hind ;
With me the weanling kids from home to guide
To the green mallows on the mountain side ;
With me in echoing groves the song to raise,
And emulate even Pan's celestial lays.
Pan taught the jointed reed its tuneful strain,
Pan guards the tender flock, and shepherd swain.
Nor grudge, Alexis, that the rural pipe
So oft has stain'd the roses of thy lip :
How did Amyntas strive thy skill to gain !
How grieve at last to find his labour vain !
Of seven unequal reeds a pipe I have,
The precious gift which good Damoetas gave ;
"Take this," the dying shepherd said, "for none
Inherits all my skill but thou alone."
He said ; Amyntas murmurs at my praise,
And with an envious eye the gift surveys.
Besides, as presents for my soul's delight,
Two beauteous kids I keep bestreak'd with white,
Nourish'd with care, nor purchased without pain ;
A ewe's full udder twice a day they drain.
These to obtain oft Thestylis hath tried
Each winning art, while I her suit denied ;
But I at last shall yield what she requests,
Since thy relentless pride my gifts detests.

Come, beauteous boy, and bless my rural bowers,
For thee the nymphs collect the choicest flowers :
Fair Nais culls amid the bloomy dale
The drooping poppy, and the violet pale,
To marigolds the hyacinth applies,
Shading the glossy with the tawny dyes :
Narcissus' flower with daffodil entwined,
And cassia's breathing sweets to these are join'd,
With every bloom that paints the vernal grove,
And all to form a garland for my love.

Myself with sweetest fruits will crown thy feast ;
The luscious peach shall gratify thy taste,
And chestnut brown, (once high in my regard,
For Amaryllis this to all preferr'd ;
But if the blushing plum thy choice thou make,
The plum shall more be valued for thy sake.)
The myrtle wreathed with laurel shall exhale
A blended fragrance to delight thy smell.

Ah, Corydon ! thou rustic, simple swain !
Thyself, thy prayers, thy offers all are vain.
How few, compared with rich Iola's store,
Thy boasted gifts, and all thy wealth how poor !
Wretch that I am ! while thus I pine forlorn,
And all the livelong day inactive mourn,
The boars have laid my silver fountains waste,
My flowers are fading in the southern blast.—
Fly'st thou, ah, foolish boy, the lonesome grove ?
Yet gods for this have left the realms above.
Paris with scorn the pomp of Troy survey'd,
And sought th' Idæan bowers and peaceful shade :
In her proud palaces let Pallas shine ;
The lowly woods and rural life be mine.
The lioness all dreadful in her course
Pursues the wolf, and he with headlong force
Flies at the wanton goat, that loves to climb
The cliff's steep side, and crop the flowering thyme ;
Thee Corydon pursues, O beauteous boy :
Thus each is drawn along by some peculiar joy.

Now evening soft comes on ; and homeward now
From field the weary oxen bear the plough.
The setting sun now beams more mildly bright,
The shadows lengthening with the level light.
While with love's flame my restless bosom glows,
For love no interval of ease allows.
Ah, Corydon ! to weak complaints a prey,
What madness thus to waste the fleeting day !

Be roused, at length ; thy half-pruned vines demand
 The needful culture of thy curbing hand.
 Haste, lingering swain, the flexile willows weave,
 And with thy wonted care thy wants relieve.
 Forget Alexis' unrelenting scorn,
 Another love thy passion will return.

PASTORAL IIL

MENALCAS, DAMCETAS, PALÆMON.*

MENALCAS.

To whom belongs this flock, Damcetas, pray :
 To Melibœus ?

DAMCETAS.

No ; the other day
 The shepherd Ægon gave it me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Ah, still neglected, still unhappy sheep ! †
 He plies Neæra with assiduous love,
 And fears lest she my happier flame approve ;
 Meanwhile this hireling wretch (disgrace to swains !)
 Defrauds his master, and purloins his gains,
 Milks twice an hour, and drains the famish'd dams,
 Whose empty dugs in vain attract the lambs.

* The contending shepherds, Menalcas and Damcetas, together with their umpire Palæmon, are seated on the grass, not far from a row of beech-trees. Flocks are seen feeding hard by. The time of the day seems to be noon, the season between spring and summer.

† Throughout the whole of this altercation, notwithstanding the untoward subject, the reader will find in the original such a happy union of simplicity and force of expression and harmony of verse as it is in vain to look for in an English translation.

DAMETAS.

Forbear on men such language to bestow.
 Thee, stain of manhood ! thee full well I know.
 I know with whom—and where*—(their grove defiled
 The nymphs revenged not, but indulgent smiled,)
 And how the goats beheld, then browsing near,
 The shameful sight with a lascivious leer.

MENALCAS.

No doubt, when Mycon's tender trees I broke,
 And gash'd his young vines with a blunted hook.

DAMETAS.

Or when conceal'd behind this ancient row
 Of beech, you broke young Daphnis' shafts and bow,
 With sharpest pains of rancorous anguish stung
 To see the gift conferr'd on one so young ;
 And had you not thus wreak'd your sordid spite,
 Of very envy you had died outright.

MENALCAS.

Gods ! what may masters dare, when such a pitch
 Of impudence their thievish hirelings reach :
 Did I not, wretch, (deny it if you dare,)
 Did I not see you Damon's goat ensnare ?
 Lacisca bark'd ; then I the felon spied,
 And " Whither slinks yon sneaking thief ? " I cried.
 The thief discover'd straight his prey forsook,
 And skulk'd amid the sedges of the brook.

DAMETAS.

That goat my pipe from Damon fairly gain'd ;
 A match was set, and I the prize obtain'd.
 He own'd it due to my superior skill,
 And yet refused his bargain to fulfil.

* The abruptness and obscurity of the original is here imitated.

MENALCAS.

By your superior skill the goat was won !
 Have you a jointed pipe, indecent clown,
 Whose whizzing straws with harshest discord jarr'd,
 As in the streets your wretched rhymes you marr'd ?

DAMÆTAS.

Boasts are but vain. I'm ready, when you will,
 To make a solemn trial of our skill.
 I stake this heifer, no ignoble prize ;
 Two calves from her full udder she supplies,
 And twice a-day her milk the pail o'erflows ;
 What pledge of equal worth will you expose ?

MENALCAS.

Aught from the flock I dare not risk ; I fear
 A cruel stepdame, and a sire severe,
 Who of their store so strict a reckoning keep,
 That twice a-day they count the kids and sheep.
 But, since you purpose to be mad to-day,
 Two beechen cups I scruple not to lay,
 (Whose far superior worth yourself will own,)
 The labour'd work of famed Alcimedon.
 Raised round the brims by the engraver's care,
 The flaunting vine unfolds its foliage fair ;
 Entwined the ivy's tendrils seem to grow,
 Half-hid in leaves its mimic berries glow ;
 Two figures rise below, of curious frame,
 Conon, and—what's that other sage's name,
 Who with his rod described the world's vast round,
 Taught when to reap, and when to till the ground ?
 At home I have reserved them unprofaned,
 No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.

DAMÆTAS.

Two cups for me that skilful artist made ;
 Their handles with acanthus are array'd ;

Orpheus is in the midst, whose magic song
Leads in tumultuous dance the lofty groves along.
At home I have reserved them unprofaned,
No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.
But my pledged heifer if aright you prize,
The cups so much extoll'd you will despise.

MENALCAS.

These arts, proud boaster, all are lost on me;
To any terms I readily agree.
You shall not boast your victory to-day,
Let him be judge who passes first this way :
And see the good Palæmon ! trust me, swain,
You'll be more cautious how you brag again.

DAMCETAS.

Delays I brook not ; if you dare, proceed ;
At singing no antagonist I dread.
Palæmon, listen to th' important songs,
To such debates attention strict belongs.

PALÆMON.

Sing, then. A couch the flowery herbage yields :
Now blossom all the trees, and all the fields ;
And all the woods their pomp of foliage wear,
And Nature's fairest robe adorns the blooming year.
Damcetas first th' alternate lay shall raise :
Th' inspiring Muses love alternate lays.

DAMCETAS.

Jove first I sing ; ye Muses, aid my lay ;
All nature owns his energy and sway ;
The earth and heavens his sovereign bounty share,
And to my verses he vouchsafes his care.

MENALCAS.

With great Apollo I begin the strain,
 For I am great Apollo's favourite swain :
 For him the purple hyacinth I wear,
 And sacred bay to Phœbus ever dear.

DAMÆTAS.

The sprightly Galatea at my head
 An apple flung, and to the willows fled ;
 But as along the level lawn she flew,
 The wanton wish'd not to escape my view.

MENALCAS.

I languish'd long for fair Amyntas' charms,
 But now he comes unbidden to my arms,
 And with my dogs is so familiar grown,
 That my own Delia is no better known.

DAMÆTAS.

I lately mark'd where 'midst the verdant shade
 Two parent-doves had built their leafy bed ;
 I from the nest the young will shortly take,
 And to my love a handsome present make.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy wildings, from a lofty bough,
 That through the green leaves beam'd with yellow glow,
 I brought away, and to Amyntas bore ;
 To-morrow I shall send as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

Ah, the keen raptures ! when my yielding fair
 Breathed her kind whispers to my ravish'd ear !
 Waft, gentle gales, her accents to the skies,
 That gods themselves may hear with sweet surprise.

MENALCAS.

What though I am not wretched by your scorn ?
Say, beauteous boy, say can I cease to mourn,
If, while I hold the nets, the boar you face,
And rashly brave the dangers of the chase.

DAMCETAS.

Send Phyllis home, Iolas, for to-day
I celebrate my birth, and all is gay ;
When for my crop the victim I prepare,
Iolas in our festival may share.

MENALCAS.

Phyllis I love ; she more than all can charm,
And mutual fires her gentle bosom warm :
Tears, when I leave her, bathe her beauteous eyes,
“ A long, a long adieu, my love ! ” she cries.

DAMCETAS.

The wolf is dreadful to the woolly train ;
Fatal to harvests is the crushing rain ;
To the green woods the winds destructive prove ;
To me the rage of mine offended love.

MENALCAS.

The willow's grateful to the pregnant ewes,
Showers to the corn, to kids the mountain-brows ;
More grateful far to me my lovely boy—
In sweet Amyntas centres all my joy.

DAMCETAS.

Even Pollio deigns to hear my rural lays,
And cheers the bashful Muse with generous praise ;
Ye sacred Nine, for your great patron feed
A beauteous heifer of the noblest breed.

MENALCAS.

Pollio the art of heavenly song adorns ;
 Then let a bull be bred with butting horns,
 And ample front, that bellowing spurns the ground,
 Tears up the turf, and throws the sands around.

DAMCETAS.

Him whom my Pollio loves may naught annoy ;
 May he, like Pollio, every wish enjoy !
 Oh, may his happy lands with honey flow,
 And on his thorns Assyrian roses blow !

MENALCAS.

Who hates not foolish Bavius, let him love
 Thee, Mævius, and thy tasteless rhymes approve !
 Nor needs it thy admirer's reason shock
 To milk the he-goats, and the foxes yoke.

DAMCETAS.

Ye boys, on garlands who employ your care,
 And pull the creeping strawberries, beware ;
 Fly for your lives, and leave that fatal place,
 A deadly snake lies lurking in the grass.

MENALCAS.

Forbear, my flocks, and warily proceed,
 Nor on that faithless bank securely tread ;
 The heedless ram late plunged amid the pool,
 And in the sun now dries his reeking wool.

DAMCETAS.

Ho, Tityrus ! lead back the browsing flock,
 And let them feed at distance from the brook ;
 At bathing-time I to the shade will bring
 My goats, and wash them in the cooling spring.

MENALCAS.

Haste, from the sultry lawn the flocks remove
To the cool shelter of the shady grove :
When burning noon the curdling udder dries,
Th' ungrateful teats in vain the shepherd plies.

DAMÆTAS.

How lean my bull in yonder mead appears,
Though the fat soil the richest pasture bears !
Ah, Love ! thou reign'st supreme in every heart,
Both flocks and shepherds languish with thy dart.

MENALCAS.

Love has not injured my consumptive flocks,
Yet bare their bones, and faded are their looks :
What envious eye hath squinted on my dams,
And sent its poison to my tender lambs !

DAMÆTAS.

Say in what distant land the eye descries
But three short ells of all th' expanded skies :
Tell this, and great Apollo be your name ;
Your skill is equal, equal be your fame.

MENALCAS.

Say in what soil a wondrous flower is born,
Whose leaves the sacred names of kings adorn :
Tell this, and take my Phyllis to your arms,
And reign the unrivall'd sovereign of her charms.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not for me these high disputes to end ;
Each to the heifer justly may pretend.
Such be their fortune, who so well can sing,
From love what painful joys, what pleasing torments
spring.

Now, boys, obstruct the course of yonder rill,
The meadows have already drunk their fill.

PASTORAL IV.*

POLLIO.

SICILIAN Muse, sublimer strains inspire,
And warm my bosom with diviner fire!
All take not pleasure in the rural scene,
In lowly tamarisks and forests green.
If silvan themes we sing, then let our lays
Deserve a consul's ear, a consul's praise.

The age comes on, that future age of gold
In Cuma's mystic prophecies foretold.
The years begin their mighty course again,
The Virgin now returns, and the Saturnian reign.
Now from the lofty mansions of the sky
To earth descends a heaven-born progeny.
Thy Phœbus reigns, Lucina, lend thine aid,
Nor be his birth, his glorious birth, delay'd!
An iron race shall then no longer rage,
But all the world regain the golden age.

* In this fourth pastoral, no particular landscape is delineated. The whole is a prophetic song of triumph. But as almost all the images and allusions are of the rural kind, it is no less a true bucolic than the others; if we admit the definition of a pastoral given us by an author of the first rank,* who calls it "a poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon country life."

It is of little importance to inquire on what occasion this poem was written. The spirit of prophetic enthusiasm that breathes through it, and the resemblance it bears in many places to the Oriental manner, make it not improbable that our poet composed it partly from some pieces of ancient prophecy that might have fallen into his hands, and that he afterwards inscribed it to his friend and patron Pollio, on the occasion of the birth of his son Saloninus.

* The author of "The Rambler."

This child, the joy of nations, shall be born
Thy consulship, O Pollio, to adorn :
Thy consulship these happy times shall prove,
And see the mighty months begin to move :
Then all our former guilt shall be forgiven,
And man shall dread no more th' avenging doom
of heaven.

The son with heroes and with gods shall shine,
And lead, enroll'd with them, the life divine.
He o'er the peaceful nations shall preside,
And his sire's virtues shall his sceptre guide.
To thee, auspicious babe, th' unbidden earth
Shall bring the earliest of her flowery birth ;
Acanthus soft in smiling beauty gay,
The blossom'd bean, and ivy's flaunting spray.
Th' untended goats shall to their homes repair,
And to the milker's hand the loaded udder bear.
The mighty lion shall no more be fear'd,
But graze innoxious with the friendly herd.
Sprung from thy cradle fragrant flowers shall
spread,
And, fanning bland, shall wave around thy head.
Then shall the serpent die, with all his race :
No deadly herb the happy soil disgrace :
Assyrian balm on every bush shall bloom,
And breathe in every gale its rich perfume.

But when thy father's deeds thy youth shall fire,
And to great actions all thy soul inspire,
When thou shalt read of heroes and of kings,
And mark the glory that from virtue springs ;
Then boundless o'er the far-extended plain
Shall wave luxuriant crops of golden grain,
With purple grapes the loaded thorn shall bend,
And streaming honey from the oak descend :
Nor yet old fraud shall wholly be effaced ;
Navies for wealth shall roam the watery waste ;

Proud cities fenced with towery walls appear,
 And cruel shares shall earth's soft bosom tear .
 Another Tiphys o'er the swelling tide
 With steady skill the bounding ship shall guide .
 Another Argo with the flower of Greece
 From Colchos' shore shall waft the golden fleece ;
 Again the world shall hear war's loud alarms,
 And great Achilles shine again in arms.

When riper years thy strengthen'd nerves shall brace,
 And o'er thy limbs diffuse a manly grace,
 The mariner no more shall plough the deep,
 Nor load with foreign wares the trading ship,
 Each country shall abound in every store,
 Nor need the products of another shore.
 Henceforth no plough shall cleave the fertile ground,
 No pruning-hook the tender vine shall wound ;
 The husbandman, with toil no longer broke,
 Shall loose his ox for ever from the yoke.
 No more the wool a foreign dye shall feign,
 But purple flocks shall graze the flowery plain ;
 Glittering in native gold the ram shall tread,
 And scarlet lambs shall wanton on the mead.

In concord join'd with fate's unalter'd law,
 The Destinies these happy times foresaw ;
 They bade the sacred spindle swiftly run,
 And hasten the auspicious ages on.

Oh, dear to all thy kindred gods above !
 O thou, the offspring of eternal Jove !
 Receive thy dignities, begin thy reign,
 And o'er the world extend thy wide domain.
 See nature's mighty frame exulting round
 Ocean, and earth, and heaven's immense profound !
 See nations yet unborn with joy behold
 Thy glad approach, and hail the age of gold !

Oh, would th' immortals lend a length of days,
 And give a soul sublime to sound thy praise ;

Would heaven this breast, this labouring breast
in flame

With ardour equal to the mighty theme ;
Not Orpheus with diviner transports glow'd,
When all her fire his mother-muse bestow'd ;
Nor loftier numbers flow'd from Linus' tongue,
Although his sire Apollo gave the song ;
Even Pan, in presence of Arcadian swains,
Would vainly strive to emulate my strains.

Repay a parent's care, O beauteous boy,
And greet thy mother with a smile of joy :
For thee, to loathing languors all resign'd,
Ten slow-revolving months thy mother pined.
If cruel fate thy parent's bliss denies,*
If no fond joy sits smiling in thine eyes,
No nymph of heavenly birth shall crown thy love,
Nor shalt thou share th' immortal feasts above.

PASTORAL V.†

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

SINCE you with skill can touch the tuneful reed,
Since few my verses or my voice exceed ;
In this refreshing shade shall we recline,
Where hazels with the lofty elms combine ?

* This passage has perplexed all the critics. Out of a number of significations that have been offered, the translator has pitched upon one, which he thinks the most agreeable to the scope of the poem, and most consistent with the language of the original. The reader, who wants more particulars on this head, may consult Servius, De la Cerda, or Ruæus.

† Here we discover Menalcas and Mopsus seated in an arbour formed by the interwoven twigs of a wild vine. A grove of hazels and elms surrounds this arbour. The season seems to be summer. The time of the day is not specified.

MOPSUS.

Your riper age a due respect requires,
 'Tis mine to yield to what my friend desires ;
 Whether you choose the zephyr's fanning breeze,
 That shakes the wavering shadows of the trees,
 Or the deep-shaded grotto's cool retreat :—
 And see yon cave screen'd from the scorching heat,
 Where the wild vine its curling tendrils weaves,
 Whose grapes glow ruddy through the quivering leaves.

MENALCAS.

Of all the swains that to our hills belong,
 Amyntas only vies with you in song.

MOPSUS.

What though with me that haughty shepherd vie,
 Who proudly dares Apollo's self defy ?

MENALCAS.

Begin : let Alcon's praise inspire your strains,*
 Or Codrus' death, or Phyllis' amorous pains ;
 Begin, whatever theme your Muse prefer.
 To feed the kids be, Tityrus, thy care.

MOPSUS.

I rather will repeat that mournful song
 Which late I carved the verdant beach along,
 (I carved and trill'd by turns the labour'd lay ;)
 And let Amyntas match me if he may.

MENALCAS.

As slender willows where the olive grows,
 Or sordid shrubs when near the scarlet rose,

* From this passage it is evident that Virgil thought pastoral poetry capable of a much greater variety in its subjects than some modern critics will allow.

Such (if the judgment I have form'd be true)
Such is Amyntas when compared with you.

MOPSUS.

No more, Menalcas ; we delay too long,
The grot's dim shade invites my promised song.
When Daphnis fell by fate's remorseless blow,*
The weeping nymphs pour'd wild the plaint of woe ;
Witness, O hazel-grove, and winding stream,
For all your echoes caught the mournful theme.
In agony of grief his mother prest
The clay-cold carcase to her throbbing breast,
Frantic with anguish wail'd his hapless fate,
Raved at the stars, and heaven's relentless hate.
'Twas then the swains in deep despair forsook
Their pining flocks, nor led them to the brook ;
The pining flocks for him their pastures slight,
Nor grassy plains, nor cooling streams invite.
The doleful tidings reach'd the Libyan shores,
And lions mourn'd in deep repeated roars.
His cruel doom the woodlands wild bewail,
And plaintive hills repeat the melancholy tale.
'Twas he who first Armenia's tigers broke,
And tamed their stubborn natures to the yoke ;
He first with ivy wrapt the thyrsus round,
And made the hills with Bacchus' rites resound.†
As vines adorn the trees which they entwine,
As purple clusters beautify the vine,
As bulls the herd, as corn the fertile plains,
The godlike Daphnis dignified the swains.

* It is the most general and most probable conjecture that Julius Cæsar is the Daphnis, whose death and deification are here celebrated. Some, however, are of opinion, that by Daphnis is meant a real shepherd of Sicily of that name, who is said to have invented bucolic poetry, and in honour of whom the Sicilians performed yearly sacrifices.

† This can be applied only to Julius Cæsar ; for it was he who introduced at Rome the celebration of the Bacchanalian revels.—*Servius*.

When Daphnis from our eager hopes was torn,
 Phœbus and Pales left the plains to mourn.
 Now weeds and wretched tares the crop subdue,
 Where store of generous wheat but lately grew.
 Narcissus' lovely flower no more is seen,
 No more the velvet violet decks the green ;
 Thistles for these the blasted meadow yields,
 And thorns and frizzled burs deform the fields.
 Swains, shade the springs, and let the ground be drest
 With verdant leaves ; 'twas Daphnis' last request.
 Erect a tomb in honour to his name,
 Mark'd with this verse to celebrate his fame :
 "The swains with Daphnis' name this tomb adorn,
 Whose high renown above the skies is borne ;
 Fair was his flock, he fairest on the plain,
 The pride, the glory of the silvan reign."

MENALCAS.

Sweeter, O bard divine, thy numbers seem,
 Than to the scorched swain the cooling stream,
 Or soft on fragrant flowerets to recline,
 And the tired limbs to balmy sleep resign.
 Blest youth ! whose voice and pipe demand the praise
 Due but to thine, and to thy master's lays.
 I in return the darling theme will choose,
 And Daphnis' praises shall inspire my Muse ;
 He in my song shall high as heaven ascend,
 High as the heavens, for Daphnis was my friend.

MOPSUS.

His virtues sure our noblest numbers claim ;
 Naught can delight me more than such a theme,
 Which in your song new dignity obtains ;
 Oft has our Stimichon extoll'd the strains.

MENALCAS.

Now Daphnis shines, among the gods a god,
Struck with the splendours of his new abode.
Beneath his footstool far remote appear
The clouds slow-sailing, and the starry sphere.
Hence lawns and groves with gladsome raptures ring,
The swains, the nymphs, and Pan in concert sing.
The wolves to murder are no more inclined,
No guileful nets ensnare the wandering hind.
Deceit and violence and rapine cease,
For Daphnis loves the gentle arts of peace.
From savage mountains shouts of transport rise,
Borne in triumphant echoes to the skies :
The rocks and shrubs emit melodious sounds,
Through nature's vast extent the god, the god rebounds.
Be gracious still, still present to our prayer ;
Four altars, lo ! we build with pious care.
Two for th' inspiring god of song divine,
And two, propitious Daphnis, shall be thine.
Two bowls white-foaming with their milky store,
Of generous oil two brimming goblets more,
Each year we shall present before thy shrine,
And cheer the feast with liberal draughts of wine ;
Before the fire when winter storms invade,
In summer's heat beneath the breezy shade :
The hallow'd bowls with wine of Chios crown'd,
Shall pour their sparkling nectar to the ground.
Damœtas shall with Lyctian * Ægon play,
And celebrate with festive strains the day.
Alphesibœus to the sprightly song
Shall like the dancing satyrs trip along.
These rites shall still be paid, so justly due,
Both when the nymphs receive our annual vow,
And when with solemn songs, and victims crown'd,
Our lands in long procession we surround.

* Lyctium was a city of Crete.

While fishes love the streams and briny deep,
 And savage boars the mountain's rocky steep,
 While grasshoppers their dewy food delights,
 While balmy thyme the busy bee invites ;
 So long shall last thine honours and thy fame,
 So long the shepherds shall resound thy name.
 Such rites to thee shall husbandmen ordain,
 As Ceres and the god of wine obtain.
 Thou to our prayers propitiously inclined
 Thy grateful suppliants to their vows shall bind.

MOPSUS.

What boon, dear shepherd, can your song requite ?
 For naught in nature yields so sweet delight.
 Not the soft sighing of the southern gale,
 That faintly breathes along the flowery vale ;
 Nor, when light breezes curl the liquid plain,
 To tread the margin of the murmuring main ;
 Nor melody of streams, that roll away
 Through rocky dales, delights me as your lay.

MENALCAS.

No mean reward, my friend, your verses claim ;
 Take, then, this flute that breathed the plaintive theme
 Of Corydon ;* when proud Damoetas † tried
 To match my skill, it dash'd his hasty pride.

MOPSUS.

And let this sheepcrook by my friend be worn,
 Which brazen studs in beamy rows adorn ;
 This fair Antigenes oft begg'd to gain,
 But all his beauty, all his prayers were vain.

* See Pastoral second.

† See Pastoral third.

PASTORAL VI.*

SILENUS.

My sportive Muse first sung Sicilian strains,
 Nor blush'd to dwell in woods and lowly plains.
 To sing of kings and wars when I aspire,
 Apollo checks my vainly-rising fire.
 "To swains the flock and silvan pipe belong,
 Then choose some humbler theme, nor dare heroic song."
 The voice divine, O Varus, I obey,
 And to my reed shall chant a rural lay ;
 Since others long thy praises to rehearse,
 And sing thy battles in immortal verse.
 Yet if these songs, which Phœbus bids me write,
 Hereafter to the swains shall yield delight,
 Of thee the trees and humble shrubs shall sing,
 And all the vocal grove with Varus ring.
 The song inscrib'd to Varus' sacred name,
 To Phœbus' favour has the justest claim.
 Come, then, my Muse, a silvan song repeat.
 'Twas in his shady arbour's cool retreat
 Two youthful swains the god Silenus found,
 In drunkenness and sleep his senses bound ;
 His turgid veins the late debauch betray ;
 His garland on the ground neglected lay,
 Fallen from his head ; and by the well-worn ear
 His cup of ample size depended near.
 Sudden the swains the sleeping god surprise,
 And with his garland bind him as he lies,
 (No better chain at hand,) incensed so long
 To be defrauded of their promised song.
 To aid their project, and remove their fears,
 Ægle, a beauteous fountain-nymph, appears ;

* The cave of Silenus, which is the scene of this eclogue, is delineated with sufficient accuracy. The time seems to be the evening ; at least the song does not cease till the flocks are folded and the evening star appears.

Who, while he hardly opes his heavy eyes,
His stupid brow with bloody berries dyes.
Then smiling at the fraud, Silenus said,
"And dare you thus a sleeping god invade?
To see me was enough; but haste, unloose
My bonds; the song no longer I refuse;
Unloose me, youths; my song shall pay your pains;
For this fair nymph another boon remains."

He sung; responsive to the heavenly sound
The stubborn oaks and forests dance around;
Tripping, the satyrs and the fauns advance,
Wild beasts forget their rage, and join the general
dance.

Not so Parnassus' listening rocks rejoice,
When Phoebus raises his celestial voice;
Nor Thracia's echoing mountains so admire,
When Orpheus strikes the loud-lamenting lyre.

For first he sung of nature's wondrous birth;
How seeds of water, air, and flame, and earth,
Down the vast void with casual impulse hurl'd,
Clung into shapes, and form'd this fabric of the world.
Then hardens by degrees the tender soil,
And from the mighty mound the seas recoil.
O'er the wide world new various forms arise;
The infant sun along the brighten'd skies
Begins his course, while earth with glad amaze
The blazing wonder from below surveys.
The clouds sublime their genial moisture shed,
And the green grove lifts high its leafy head.
The savage beasts o'er desert mountains roam,
Yet few their numbers, and unknown their home.
He next the blest Saturnian ages sung;
How a new race of men from Pyrrha sprung;*
Prometheus' daring theft, and dreadful doom,
Whose growing heart devouring birds consume.

* See Ovid's Met., Lib. I.

Then names the spring, renown'd for Hylas' fate,
 By the sad mariners bewail'd too late ;
 They call on Hylas with repeated cries,
 And Hylas, Hylas, all the lonesome shore replies.
 Next he bewails Pasiphæ, (hapless dame !)
 Who for a bullock felt a brutal flame.
 What fury fires thy bosom, frantic queen !
 How happy thou if herds had never been !
 The maids, whom Juno, to avenge her wrong,*
 Like heifers doom'd to low the vales along,
 Ne'er felt the rage of thy detested fire,
 Ne'er were polluted with thy foul desire ;
 Though oft for horns they felt their polish'd brow,
 And their soft necks oft fear'd the galling plough.
 Ah, wretched queen ! thou roam'st the mountain waste,
 While, his white limbs on lilies laid to rest,
 The half-digested herb again he chews,
 Or some fair female of the herd pursues.
 " Beset, ye Cretan nymphs, beset the grove,
 And trace the wandering footsteps of my love.
 Yet let my longing eyes my love behold,
 Before some favourite beauty of the fold
 Entice him with Gortynian † herds to stray,
 Where smile the vales in richer pasture gay."
 He sung how golden fruit's resistless grace
 Decoy'd the wary virgin from the race.‡
 Then wraps in bark the mourning sisters round,§
 And rears the lofty alders from the ground.
 He sung, while Gallus by Permessus || stray'd,
 A sister of the nine the hero led

* Their names were Lysippe, Ipponoë, and Cyrianassa. Juno, to be avenged of them for preferring their own beauty to hers, struck them with madness to such a degree that they imagined themselves to be heifers.

† Gortyna was a city of Crete. See Ovid's *Art. Am.*, Lib. I.

‡ Atalanta. See Ovid's *Metamorph.*, Lib. X.

§ See Ovid's *Metamorph.*, Lib. II.

|| A river in Bœotia arising from Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

To the Aonian hill ; the choir in haste
 Left their bright thrones, and hail'd the welcome guest.
 Linus arose, for sacred song renown'd,
 Whose brow a wreath of flowers and parsley bound ;
 And "Take," he said, "this pipe, which heretofore
 The far-famed shepherd of Ascræa* bore ;
 Then heard the mountain-oaks its magic sound,
 Leap'd from their hills, and thronging danced around.
 On this thou shalt renew the tuneful lay,
 And grateful songs to thy Apollo pay,
 Whose famed Grynæan† temple from thy strain
 Shall more exalted dignity obtain."
 Why should I sing unhappy Scylla's fate?‡
 Sad monument of jealous Circe's hate !
 Round her white breast what furious monsters roll,
 And to the dashing waves incessant howl :
 How from the ships that bore Ulysses' crew§
 Her dogs the trembling sailors dragg'd, and slew.
 Of Philomela's feast why should I sing, ||
 And what dire chance befell the Thracian king ?
 Changed to a lapwing by th' avenging god,
 He made the barren waste his lone abode,
 And oft on soaring pinions hover'd o'er
 The lofty palace then his own no more.
 The tuneful god renews each pleasing theme,
 Which Phœbus sung by bless'd Eurotas' stream ;
 When bless'd Eurotas gently flow'd along,
 And bade his laurels learn the lofty song.
 Silenus sung ; the vocal vales reply,
 And heavenly music charms the list'ning sky.
 But now their folds the number'd flocks invite,

* Hesiod.

† Grynium was a maritime town of the Lesser Asia, where were an ancient temple and oracle of Apollo.

‡ See Virgil's *Æn.*, III.

§ See Homer's *Odyss.*, Lib. XII.

|| See Ovid's *Metamorph.*, Lib. VI.

The star of evening sheds its trembling light,
And the unwilling heavens are wrapt in night.

PASTORAL VII.*

MELIBŒUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH a holm that murmur'd to the breeze
The youthful Daphnis lean'd in rural ease :
With him two gay Arcadian swains reclined,
Who in the neighbouring vale their flocks had join'd,
Thyrsis, whose care it was the goats to keep,
And Corydon, who fed the fleecy sheep ;
Both in the flowery prime of youthful days,
Both skill'd in single or responsive lays.
While I with busy hand a shelter form
To guard my myrtles from the future storm,
The husband of my goats had chanced to stray :
To find the vagrant out I take my way.
Which Daphnis seeing, cries, "Dismiss your fear,
Your kids and goats are all in safety here ;
And, if no other care require your stay,
Come, and with us unbend the toils of day
In this cool shade ; at hand your heifers feed,
And of themselves will to the watering speed ;
Here fringed with reeds slow Mincius winds along,
And round yon oak the bees soft-murmuring throng."

* The scene of this pastoral is as follows :—Four shepherds, Daphnis in the most distinguished place, Corydon, Thyrsis, and Melibœus, are seen reclining beneath a holm. Sheep and goats intermixed are feeding hard by. At a little distance, Mincius, fringed with reeds, appears winding along. Fields and trees compose the surrounding scene. A venerable oak, with bees swarming around it, is particularly distinguished. The time seems to be the forenoon of a summer-day.

What could I do? for I was left alone,
 My Phyllis and Alcippe both were gone,
 And none remain'd to feed my weanling lambs,
 And to restrain them from their bleating dams :
 Betwixt the swains a solemn match was set,
 To prove their skill, and end a long debate.
 Though serious matters claim'd my due regard,
 Their pastime to my business I preferr'd.
 To sing by turns the Muse inspired the swains,
 And Corydon began th' alternatè strains.

CORYDON.

Ye nymphs of Helicon, my sole desire !
 Oh warm my breast with all my Codrus' fire.
 If none can equal Codrus' heavenly lays,
 For next to Phoebus he deserves the praise,
 No more I ply the tuneful art divine,
 My silent pipe shall hang on yonder pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, an ivy wreath bestow,
 With early honours crown your poet's brow ;
 Codrus shall chafe, if you my songs commend,
 Till burning spite his tortured entrails rend ;
 Or amulets, to bind my temples, frame,
 Lest his invidious praises blast my fame.

CORYDON.

A stag's tall horns, and stain'd with savage gore
 This bristled visage of a tusky boar,
 To thee, O virgin-goddess of the chase,
 Young Mycon offers for thy former grace.
 If like success his future labours crown,
 Thine, goddess, then shall be a nobler boon,
 In polish'd marble thou shall shine complete,
 And purple sandals shall adorn thy feet.

THYRSIS.

To thee, Priapus,* each returning year,
 This bowl of milk, these hallow'd cakes we bear;
 Thy care our garden is but meanly stored,
 And mean oblations all we can afford.
 But if our flocks a numerous offspring yield,
 And our decaying fold again be fill'd,
 Though now in marble thou obscurely shine,
 For thee a golden statue we design.

CORYDON.

O Galatea, whiter than the swan,
 Loveliest of all thy sisters of the main,
 Sweeter than Hybla, more than lilies fair!
 If aught of Corydon employ thy care,
 When shades of night involve the silent sky,
 And slumbering in their stalls the oxen lie,
 Come to my longing arms, and let me prove
 Th' immortal sweets of Galatea's love.

THYRSIS.

As the vile sea-weed scatter'd by the storm,
 As he whose face Sardinian herbs deform,†
 As burs and brambles that disgrace the plain,
 So nauseous, so detested be thy swain;
 If when thine absence I am doom'd to bear
 The day appears not longer than a year.
 Go home, my flocks, ye lengthen out the day,
 For shame, ye tardy flocks, for shame away!

CORYDON.

Ye mossy fountains, warbling as ye flow!
 And softer than the slumbers ye bestow,

* This deity presided over gardens.

† It was the property of this poisonous herb to distort the features of those who had eaten of it in such a manner that they seemed to expire in an agony of laughter.

Ye grassy banks ! ye trees with verdure crown'd,
 Whose leaves a glimmering shade diffuse around !
 Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,
 And screen them from the summer's raging heat !
 For now the year in brightest glory shines,
 Now reddening clusters deck the bending vines.

THYRSIS.

Here 's wood for fuel ; here the fire displays
 To all around its animating blaze ;
 Black with continual smoke our posts appear ;
 Nor dread we more the rigour of the year,
 Than the fell wolf the fearful lambkins dreads,
 When he the helpless fold by night invades ;
 Or swelling torrents, headlong as they roll,
 The weak resistance of the shatter'd mole.

CORYDON.

Now yellow harvests wave on every field,
 Now bending boughs the hoary chestnut yield,
 Now loaded trees resign their annual store,
 And on the ground the mellow fruitage pour ;
 Jocund, the face of Nature smiles, and gay ;
 But if the fair Alexis were away,
 Inclement drought the hardening soil would drain,
 And streams no longer murmur o'er the plain.

THYRSIS.

A languid hue the thirsty fields assume,
 Parch'd to the root the flowers resign their bloom,
 The faded vines refuse their hills to shade,
 Their leafy verdure wither'd and decay'd :
 But if my Phyllis on these plains appear,
 Again the groves their gayest green shall wear,
 Again the clouds their copious moisture lend,
 And in the genial rain shall Jove descend.

CORYDON.

Alcides' brows the poplar-leaves surround,
 Apollo's beamy locks with bays are crown'd,
 The myrtle, lovely queen of smiles, is thine,
 And jolly Bacchus loves the curling vine ;
 But while my Phyllis loves the hazel-spray,
 To hazel yield the myrtle and the bay.

THYRSIS.

The fir, the hills ; the ash adorns the woods ;
 The pine, the gardens ; and the poplar, floods.
 If thou, my Lycidas, wilt deign to come,
 And cheer thy shepherd's solitary home,
 The ash so fair in woods, and garden-pine
 Will own their beauty far excell'd by thine.

MELIBŒUS.

So sung the swains, but Thyrsis strove in vain ;
 Thus far I bear in mind th' alternate strain.
 Young Corydon acquired unrival'd fame,
 And still we pay a deference to his name.

PASTORAL VIII.*

DAMON, ALPHESIBŒUS.

REHEARSE we, Pollio, the enchanting strains
 Alternate sung by two contending swains.
 Charm'd by their songs, the hungry heifers stood
 In deep amaze, unmindful of their food ;

* In this eighth pastoral no particular scene is described. The poet rehearses the songs of two contending swains, Damon and Alpheſibœus. The former adopts the soliloquy of a despairing lover ; the latter chooses for his subject the magic rites of an enchantress forsaken by her lover, and recalling him by the power of her spells.

The listening lynxes laid their rage aside,
 The streams were silent, and forgot to glide.
 O thou, where'er thou lead'st thy conquering host,
 Or by Timavus,* or th' Illyrian coast!
 When shall my Muse, transported with the theme,
 In strains sublime my Pollio's deeds proclaim;
 And celebrate thy lays by all admired,
 Such as of old Sophocles' Muse inspired?
 To thee, the patron of my rural songs,
 To thee my first, my latest lay belongs.
 Then let this humble ivy-wreath enclose,
 Twined with triumphal bays, thy godlike brows.

What time the chill sky brightens with the dawn,
 When cattle love to crop the dewy lawn,
 Thus Damon to the woodlands wild complain'd,
 As 'gainst an olive's lofty trunk he lean'd.

DAMON.

Lead on the genial day, O star of morn!
 While wretched I, all hopeless and forlorn,
 With my last breath my fatal woes deplore,
 And call the gods by whom false Nisa swore;
 Though they, regardless of a lover's pain,
 Heard her repeated vows, and heard in vain.
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.†

Blest Mænalus! that hears the pastoral song
 Still languishing its tuneful groves along!
 That hears th' Arcadian god's celestial lay,
 Who taught the idly-rustling reeds to play!
 That hears the singing pines! that hears the swain
 Of love's soft chains melodiously complain!
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

* A river in Italy.

† This intercalary line, (as it is called by the commentators,) which seems to be intended as a chorus or burden to the song, is here made the last of a triplet, that it may be as independent of the context and the verse in the translation as it is in the original.—Mænalus was a mountain of Arcadia.

Mopsus the willing Nisa now enjoys—
 What may not lovers hope from such a choice !
 Now mares and griffins shall their hate resign,
 And the succeeding age shall see them join
 In friendship's tie ; now mutual love shall bring
 The dog and doe to share the friendly spring.
 Scatter thy nuts, O Mopsus, and prepare
 The nuptial torch to light the wedded fair.
 Lo, Hesper hastens to the western main !
 And thine the night of bliss—thine, happy swain !
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Exult, O Nisa, in thy happy state !
 Supremely blest in such a worthy mate ;
 While you my beard detest, and bushy brow,
 And think the gods forget the world below :
 While you my flock and rural pipe disdain,
 And treat with bitter scorn a faithful swain.
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

When first I saw you by your mother's side,
 To where our apples grew I was your guide :
 Twelve summers since my birth had roll'd around,
 And I could reach the branches from the ground.
 How did I gaze !—how perish !—ah, how vain
 The fond bewitching hopes that soothed my pain !
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Too well I know thee, Love. From Scythian snows,
 Or Lybia's burning sands, the mischief rose.
 Rocks adamantine nursed this foreign bane,
 This fell invader of the peaceful plain.
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Love taught the mother's * murdering hand to kill,
 Her children's blood love bade the mother spill.
 Was love the cruel cause ? † Or did the deed
 From fierce unfeeling cruelty proceed ?

* Medea.

† This seems to be Virgil's meaning. The translator did not choose to pro-

Both fill'd her brutal bosom with their bane ;
 Both urged the deed, while Nature shrunk in vain.
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Now let the fearful lamb the wolf devour ;
 Let alders blossom with Narcissus' flower ;
 From barren shrubs let radiant amber flow ;
 Let rugged oaks with golden fruitage glow ;
 Let shrieking owls with swans melodious vie ;
 Let Tityrus the Thracian numbers try,
 Outrival Orpheus in the sylvan reign,
 And emulate Arion on the main.

Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Let land no more the swelling waves divide ;
 Earth, be thou whelm'd beneath the boundless tide ;
 Headlong from yonder promontory's brow
 I plunge into the rolling deep below.
 Farewell, ye woods ! farewell, thou flowery plain !
 Hear the last lay of a despairing swain.
 And cease, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Here Damon ceased. And now, ye tuneful Nine,
 Alphesibœus' magic verse subjoin,
 To his responsive song your aid we call,
 Our power extends not equally to all.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

Bring living waters from the silver stream,
 With vervain and fat incense feed the flame :
 With this soft wreath the sacred altars bind,
 To move my cruel Daphnis to be kind,
 And with my frenzy to inflame his soul ;
 Charms are but wanting to complete the whole.
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

serve the conceit on the words *puer* and *mater* in his version ; as this (in his opinion) would have rendered the passage obscure and unpleasing to an English reader.

By powerful charms what prodigies are done!
 Charms draw pale Cynthia from her silver throne;
 Charms burst the bloated snake, and Circe's * guests
 By mighty magic charms were changed to beasts,
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Three woollen wreaths, and each of triple dye,
 Three times about thy image I apply,
 Then thrice I bear it round the sacred shrine;
 Uneven numbers please the powers divine.
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Haste, let three colours with three knots be
 join'd,

And say, "Thy fetters, Venus, thus I bind."
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As this soft clay is harden'd by the flame,
 And as this wax is soften'd by the same,
 My love, that harden'd Daphnis to disdain,
 Shall soften his relenting heart again.

Scatter the salted corn, and place the bays,
 And with fat brimstone light the sacred blaze.
 Daphnis my burning passion slights with scorn,
 And Daphnis in this blazing bay I burn.
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As when, to find her love, a heifer roams
 Through trackless groves and solitary glooms;
 Sick with desire, abandon'd to her woes,
 By some lone stream her languid limbs she throws;
 There in deep anguish wastes the tedious night,
 Nor thoughts of home her late return invite:
 Thus may he love, and thus indulge his pair,
 While I enhance his torments with disdain.

* See Hom. Odyss, Lib. x.

Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These robes beneath the threshold here I leave,
These pledges of his love, O Earth, receive.

Ye dear memorials of our mutual fire,
Of you my faithless Daphnis I require.

Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These deadly poisons, and these magic weeds,
Selected from the store which Pontus breeds,
Sage Mœris gave me ; oft I saw him prove
Their sovereign power ; by these, along the grove
A prowling wolf the dread magician roams ;
Now gliding ghosts from the profoundest tombs
Inspired he calls ; the rooted corn he wings,
And to strange fields the flying harvest brings.

Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These ashes from the altar take with speed,
And treading backwards cast them o'er your head
Into the running stream, nor turn your eye.
Yet this last spell, though hopeless, let me try.

But nought can move the unrelenting swain,
And spells, and magic verse, and gods are vain.

Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Lo, while I linger, with spontaneous fire
The ashes redden, and the flames aspire !
May this new prodigy auspicious prove !
What fearful hopes my beating bosom move !
Hark ! does not Hylax bark !—ye powers supreme,
Can it be real, or do lovers dream !—
He comes, my Daphnis comes ! forbear my charms ;
My love, my Daphnis flies to bless my longing arms.

PASTORAL IX.*

LYCIDAS, MÆRIS.

LYCIDAS.

Go you to town, my friend? this beaten way
Conducts us thither.

MÆRIS.

Ah! the fatal day,
The unexpected day at last is come,
When a rude alien drives us from our home.
Hence, hence, ye clowns, th' usurper thus commands,
To me you must resign your ancient lands.
Thus helpless and forlorn we yield to fate;
And our rapacious lord to mitigate
This brace of kids a present I design,
Which load with curses, O ye powers divine!

LYCIDAS.

'Twas said Menalcas with his tuneful strains
Had saved the grounds of all the neighbouring swains,
From where the hill, that terminates the vale,
In easy risings first begins to swell,

* This and the first eclogue seem to have been written on the same occasion. The time is a still evening. The landscape is described at the 97th line of this translation. On one side of the highway is an artificial arbour, where Lycidas invites Mæris to rest a little from the fatigue of his journey: and at a considerable distance appears a sepulchre by the way-side, where the ancient sepulchres were commonly erected.

The critics with one voice seem to condemn this eclogue as unworthy of its author; I know not for what good reason. The many beautiful lines scattered through it would, one might think, be no weak recommendation. But it is by no means to be reckoned a loose collection of incoherent fragments; its principal parts are all strictly connected, and refer to a certain end, and its allusions and images are wholly suited to pastoral life. Its subject though uncommon is not improper; for what is more natural than that two shepherds, when occasionally mentioning the good qualities of their absent friend, particularly his poetical talents, should repeat such fragments of his songs as they recollected?

Far as the blasted beech that mates the sky,
And the clear stream that gently murmurs by.

MÆRIS.

Such was the voice of fame ; but music's charms,
Amid the dreadful clang of warlike arms,
Avail no more, than the Chaonian dove,
When down the sky descends the bird of Jove.
And had not the prophetic raven spoke
His dire presages from the hollow oak,
And often warn'd me to avoid debate,
And with a patient mind submit to fate,
Ne'er had thy Mœris seen this fatal hour,
And that melodious swain had been no more.

LYCIDAS.

What horrid breasts such impious thoughts could
breed !
What barbarous hand could make Menalcas bleed !
Could every tender Muse in him destroy,
And from the shepherds ravish all their joy !
For who but he the lovely nymphs could sing,
Or paint the valleys with the purple spring ?
Who shade the fountains from the glare of day ?
Who but Menalcas could compose the lay,
Which, as we journey'd to my love's abode,
I softly sung to cheer the lonely road ?
"Tityrus, while I am absent, feed the flock,*
And, having fed, conduct them to the brook,
(The way is short, and I shall soon return,)
But shun the he-goat with the butting horn."

* These lines, which Virgil has translated literally from Theocritus, may be supposed to be a fragment of a poem mentioned in the preceding verses ; or, what is more likely, to be spoken by Lycidas to his servant ; something similar to which may be seen Past. 5. v. 20 of this translation.—The original is here remarkably explicit, even to a degree of affectation. This the translator has endeavoured to imitate.

MÆRIS.

Or who could finish the imperfect lays
 Sung by Menalcas to his Varus' praise?
 "If fortune yet shall spare the Mantuan swains,
 And save from plundering hands our peaceful plains,
 Nor doom us sad Cremona's fate to share,
 (For ah! a neighbour's woe excites our fear,
 Then high as Heaven our Varus' fame shall rise,
 The warbling swans shall bear it to the skies."

LYCIDAS.

Go on, dear swain, these pleasing songs pursue;
 So may thy bees avoid the bitter yew,
 So may rich herds thy fruitful fields adorn,
 So may thy cows with strutting dugs return.
 Even I with poets have obtain'd a name,
 The Muse inspires me with poetic flame;
 Th'applauding shepherds to my songs attend,
 But I suspect my skill, though they commend.
 I dare not hope to please a Cinna's ear,
 Or sing what Varus might vouchsafe to hear.
 Harsh are the sweetest lays that I can bring,
 So screams a goose where swans melodious sing.

MÆRIS.

This I am pondering, if I can rehearse
 The lofty numbers of that labour'd verse.
 "Come, Galatea, leave the rolling seas;
 Can rugged rocks and heaving surges please?
 Come, taste the pleasures of our sylvan bowers,
 Our balmy-breathing gales, and fragrant flowers.
 See, how our plains rejoice on every side,
 How crystal streams through blooming valleys glide:
 O'er the cool grot the whitening poplars bend,
 And clasping vines their grateful umbrage lend.

Come, beauteous nymph, forsake the briny wave,
Loud on the beach let the wild billows rave."

LYCIDAS.

Or what you sung one evening on the plain—
The air, but not the words, I yet retain.

MÆRIS.

"Why, Daphnis, dost thou calculate the skies
To know when ancient constellations rise?
Lo, Cæsar's star its radiant light displays,
And on the nations sheds propitious rays.
On the glad hills the reddening clusters glow,
And smiling plenty decks the plains below.
Now graff thy pears; the star of Cæsar reigns,
To thy remotest race the fruit remains."
The rest I have forgot, for length of years
Deadens the sense, and memory impairs.
All things in time submit to sad decay;
Oft have we sung whole summer suns away.
These vanish'd joys must Mæris now deplore,
His voice delights, his numbers charm no more;
Him have the wolves beheld, bewitch'd his song,*
Bewitch'd to silence his melodious tongue.
But your desire Menalcas can fulfil,
All these, and more, he sings with matchless skill.

LYCIDAS.

These faint excuses which my Mæris frames
But heighten my desire.—And now the streams
In slumber-soothing murmurs softly flow;
And now the sighing breeze hath ceased to blow.
Half of our way is past, for I descry
Bianor's tomb just rising to the eye.†

* In Italia creditur luporum visus esse noxios; vocemque homini quem priores contemplantur adimere ad præsens.—*Plin. N. H. VIII. 22.*

† Bianor is said to have founded Mantua.—*Servius.*

Here in this leafy arbour ease your toil,
 Lay down your kids, and let us sing the while :
 We soon shall reach the town ; or, lest a storm
 Of sudden rain the evening sky deform,
 Be yours to cheer the journey with a song,
 Eased of your load, which I shall bear along.

MÆRIS.

No more, my friend ; your kind entreaties spare,
 And let our journey be our present care ;
 Let fate restore our absent friend again,
 Then gladly I resume the tuneful strain.

PASTORAL X.*

GALLUS.

To my last labour lend thy sacred aid,
 O Arethusa : that the cruel maid
 With deep remorse may read the mournful song,
 For mournful lays to Gallus' love belong.
 (What Muse in sympathy will not bestow
 Some tender strains to soothe my Gallus' woe ?)
 So may thy waters pure of briny stain
 Traverse the waves of the Sicilian main.

* The scene of this pastoral is very accurately delineated. We behold the forlorn Gallus stretched along beneath a solitary cliff, his flocks standing round him at some distance. A group of deities and swains encircle him, each of whom is particularly described. On one side we see the shepherds with their crooks ; next to them the neatherds, known by the clumsiness of their appearance ; and next to these Menalcas with his clothes wet, as just come from beating or gathering winter-mast. On the other side we observe Apollo with his usual insignia ; Sylvanus crowned with flowers, and brandishing in his hand the long lilies and flowering fennel ; and last of all Pan, the god of shepherds, known by his ruddy smiling countenance, and the other peculiarities of his form.

Gallus was a Roman of very considerable rank, a poet of no small estimation, and an intimate friend of Virgil. He loved to distraction one Cytherus, (here called Lycoris,) who slighted him, and followed Antony into Gaul.

Sing, mournful Muse, of Gallus' luckless love,
 While the goats browse along the cliffs above.
 Nor silent is the waste while we complain,
 The woods return the long-resounding strain.

Whither, ye fountain-nymphs, were ye withdrawn,
 To what lone woodland, or what devious lawn,
 When Gallus' bosom languish'd with the fire
 Of hopeless love, and unallay'd desire?
 For neither by th' Aonian spring you stray'd,
 Nor roam'd Parnassus' heights, nor Pindus' hallow'd
 shade.

The pines of Mænalus were heard to mourn,
 And sounds of woe along the groves were borne.
 And sympathetic tears the laurel shed,
 And humbler shrubs declined their drooping head.
 All wept his fate, when to despair resign'd
 Beneath a desert-cliff he lay reclined.
 Lyceus' rocks were hung with many a tear,
 And round the swain his flocks forlorn appear.
 Nor scorn, celestial bard, a poet's name;
 Renown'd Adonis by the lonely stream
 Tended his flock.—As thus he lay along,
 The swains and awkward neatherds round him throng.
 Wet from the winter-mast Menalcas came.
 All ask what beauty raised the fatal flame.
 The god of verse vouchsafed to join the rest;
 He said, "What frenzy thus torments thy breast?
 While she, thy darling, thy Lycoris, scorns
 Thy proffer'd love, and for another burns,
 With whom o'er winter-wastes she wanders far,
 'Midst camps, and clashing arms, and boisterous
 war."

Sylvanus came, with rural garlands crown'd,
 And waved the lilies long, and flowering fennel round.
 Next we beheld the gay Arcadian god;
 His smiling cheeks with bright vermilion glow'd.

“For ever wilt thou heave the bursting sigh?
Is love regardful of the weeping eye?
Love is not cloy'd with tears; alas, no more
Than bees luxurious with the balmy flower,
Than goats with foliage, than the grassy plain
With silver rills and soft refreshing rain.”
Pan spoke; and thus the youth with grief oppress'd;
“Arcadians, hear, oh hear my last request;
O ye, to whom the sweetest lays belong,
Oh let my sorrows on your hills be sung:
If your soft flutes shall celebrate my woes,
How will my bones in deepest peace repose!
Ah had I been with you a country-swain,
And pruned the vine, and fed the bleating train;
Had Phyllis, or some other rural fair,
Or black Amyntas been my darling care;
(Beauteous though black; what lovelier flower is seen
Than the dark violet on the painted green?)
These in the bower had yielded all their charms,
And sunk with mutual raptures in my arms:
Phyllis had crown'd my head with garlands gay,
Amyntas sung the pleasing hours away.
Here, O Lycoris, purls the limpid spring,
Bloom all the meads, and all the woodlands sing;
Here let me press thee to my panting breast,
Till youth, and joy, and life itself be past.
Banish'd by love o'er hostile lands I stray,
And mingle in the battle's dread array;
Whilst thou, relentless to my constant flame,
(Ah could I disbelieve the voice of fame!)
Far from thy home, unaided and forlorn,
Far from thy love, thy faithful love, art borne,
On the bleak Alps with chilling blast to pine,
Or wander waste along the frozen Rhine.
Ye icy paths, oh spare her tender form!
Oh spare those heavenly charms, thou wintry storm!

"Hence let me hasten to some desert-grove,
 And soothe with songs my long-unanswer'd love.
 I go, in some lone wilderness to suit
 Eubœan lays to my Sicilian flute.
 Better with beasts of prey to make abode
 In the deep cavern, or the darksome wood ;
 And carve on trees the story of my woe,
 Which with the growing bark shall ever grow.
 Meanwhile with woodland-nymphs, a lovely throng,
 The winding groves of Mænalus along
 I roam at large ; or chase the foaming boar ;
 Or with sagacious hounds the wilds explore,
 Careless of cold. And now methinks I bound
 O'er rocks and cliffs, and hear the woods resound ;
 And now with beating heart I seem to wing
 The Cretan arrow from the Parthian string—
 As if I thus my frenzy could forego,
 As if love's god could melt at human woe.
 Alas ! nor nymphs nor heavenly songs delight—
 Farewell, ye groves ! the groves no more invite.
 No pains, no miseries of man can move
 The unrelenting deity of love.
 To quench your thirst in Hebrus' frozen flood,
 To make the Scythian snows your drear abode ;
 Or feed your flock on Ethiopian plains,
 When Sirius' fiery constellation reigns,
 (When deep-imbrown'd the languid herbage lies,
 And in the elm the vivid verdure dies,)
 Were all in vain. Love's unresisted sway
 Extends to all, and we must love obey."

'Tis done ; ye Nine, here ends your poet's strain
 In pity sung to soothe his Gallus' pain.
 While leaning on a flowery bank I twine
 The flexile osiers, and the basket join.
 Celestial Nine, your sacred influence bring,
 And soothe my Gallus' sorrows while I sing :

Gallus, my much beloved ! for whom I feel
The flame of purest friendship rising 'still :
So by a brook the verdant alders rise,
When fostering zephyrs fan the vernal skies.

Let us begone : at eve the shade annoys
With noxious damps, and hurts the singer's voice ;
The juniper breathes bitter vapours round,
That kill the springing corn, and blast the ground.
Homeward, my sated goats, now let us hie ;
Lo, beamy Hesper gilds the western sky.

EPITAPH FOR A SHERIFF'S MESSENGER.

(WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED AT THE PARTICULAR DESIRE OF
THE PERSON FOR WHOM IT IS INTENDED.)

ALAS, how empty all our worldly schemes !
Vain are our wishes, our enjoyment dreams.
A *debt* to nature one and all must *pay*,
Nor will the *creditor* defer her *day* ;
Death comes a *messenger*, displays the *writ*
And to the fatal *summons* all submit.
An earthly *messenger* I was of yore,
The scourge of debtors then, but now—no more.
Oft have I stood in all my pomp confess'd,
The *blazon* beaming dreadful at my breast ;
Oft have I waved on high th' *attractive rod*,
And made the wretch obsequious to my nod.
Pale shivering Poverty, that stalk'd behind,
His greasy rags loose fluttering in the wind,
And Terror, cudgel-arm'd, that strode before,
Still to my *deeds* unquestion'd *witness bore*.
Dire execution, as I march'd, was spread ;
My threat'ning *horn* they heard—they heard and fled.
While thus destruction mark'd my headlong course,
Nor mortals durst oppose my matchless force,
A *deadly warrant* from the *court* of heaven
To Death, the sovereign messenger, was given.
Swift as the lightning's instantaneous flame,
Arm'd with his dart, the *king of catchpoles* came.
My heart, unmoved before, was seized with fear,
And sunk beneath his all-subduing spear :

To heaven's high *bar* the spirit wing'd its way,
And left the carcass *forfeit* to the clay.

Reader! though every ill beset thee round,
With patience bear, nor servilely despond;
Though heaven a while delay'd th' impending blow,
Heaven sees the sorrows of the world below,
And sets at last the suffering mourner free
From famine, misery, pestilence, and ME.

June 28th, 1759.

Mont. Abd. Ford.

TO MR ALEXANDER ROSS,

AT LOCHLEE, AUTHOR OF THE "FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS,"
AND OTHER POEMS IN THE BROAD SCOTCH DIALECT.

O Ross, thou wale of hearty cocks,
Sae crouse and canty with thy jokes!
Thy hamely auldwarl'd muse provokes
 Me for a while
To ape our gude plain countra folks
 In verse and style.

Sure never carle was half sae gabby
E'er since the winsome days o' Habby:
Oh mayst thou ne'er gang clung or shabby,
 Nor miss thy snaker!
Or I'll ca' fortune nasty drabby,
 And say—pox take her!

Oh may the roupe ne'er roust thy wizen!
May thirst thy thrapple never gizen!
But bottled ale in mony a dizen,

Aye lade thy gantry!
 And fouth o' vivres a' in season,
 Plenish thy pantry!

Lang may thy stevin fill wi' glee
 The glens and mountains of Lochlee,
 Which were right gowsty but for thee,
 Whase sangs enamour
 Ilk lass, and teach wi' melody
 The rocks to yamour.

Ye shak your head, but, o' my fegs,
 Ye've set old Scota* on her legs,
 Lang had she lyen wi' beffs and flegs,
 Bumbazed and dizzie;
 Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs,
 Waes me! poor hizzie!

Since Allan's death naebody cared
 For ance to speer how Scota fared,
 Nor plack nor thristled turner wared
 To quench her drouth;
 For frae the cottar to the laird
 We a' rin South.

The Southland chiels indeed hae mettle,
 And brawly at a sang can ettle,
 Yet we right couthily might settle
 O' this side Forth.
 The devil pay them wi' a pettle
 That slight the North.

Our countra leed is far frae barren,
 It's even right pithy and aulfarren,
 Oursells are neiper-like, I warran,

* The name Ross gives to his muse.

For sense and smergh ;
 In kittle times when faes are yarring,
 We're no thought ergh.

Oh! bonny are our greensward hows,
 Where through the birks the burny rows,
 And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
 And saft winds rusle ;
 And shepherd lads on sunny knows
 Blaw the blythe fusle.

It's true, we Norlans manna fa'
 To eat sae nice or gang sae bra',
 As they that come from far awa,
 Yet sma's our skaith ;
 We've peace, (and that's well worth it a',)
 And meat, and claith.

Our fine newfangle sparks, I grant ye,
 Gie poor auld Scotland mony a taunty ;
 They're grown sae ugertfu' and vaunty,
 And capernoited,
 They guide her like a canker'd aunty
 That's deaf and doited.

Sae comes of ignorance I trow,
 It's this that crooks their ill-faur'd mou'
 Wi' jokes sae coarse, they gar fouk spue
 For downright skonner ;
 For Scotland wants nae sons enew
 To do her honour.

I here might gie a skreed o' names,
 Dawties of Heliconian dames!
 The foremost place Gawin Douglas claims,

That canty priest;
 And wha can match the fifth king James
 For sang or jest?

Montgomery grave, and Ramsay gay,
 Dunbar, Scot,* Hawthornden, and mae
 Than I can tell; for o' my fae,
 I maun break aff;
 'Twould take a livelang simmer day
 To name the half.

The saucy chiels—I think they ca' them
 Critics, the muckle sorrow claw them,
 (For mense nor manners ne'er could awe them
 Frae their presumption,)
 They need nae try thy jokes to fathom;
 They want rungumption.

But ilka Mearns and Angus bairn,
 Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn,
 And chiels shall come frae yont the Cairn—
 —Amonth, right yousty,
 If Ross will be so kind as share in
 Their pint at Drousty.†

* Author of the Vision.—[It was written by Ramsay, under the name of Scot. A. D.]

† An alchouse in Lochlee.

GOLDSMITH'S
POEMS AND PLAYS.

LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By THOMAS FINLAYSON, M.A., LL.B.

THE life and writings of Oliver Goldsmith, more than those of almost any other author, are mutually illustrative. A knowledge of his life explains the most important of his writings; and the study of these writings acquaints us with the leading incidents of his life. This memoir, accordingly, might be framed in nearly an autobiographical form: should therefore the reader find in these pages less of mine, from the abundance of quotation, he will have, what is better, more of Goldsmith.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th of November 1728, at Pallas, a small village in the county of Longford, Ireland. He was the second son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, incumbent of the parish, the country parson so lovingly described in "The Deserted Village."

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Within two years from the birth of Oliver, however, he succeeded his wife's uncle in the rectory of Kilkenny-West, a living worth £200 a year; and took up his abode at Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath. Lissoy claims the honour of being the counterpart of

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain;"

and many a scene painted in "The Vicar of Wakefield" and

"The Deserted Village" was taken from the surroundings of his boyhood. Having been initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet by a Mistress Delap, of Scottish origin, he entered the school of Thomas Byrne, a regular Irishman, full of old-world stories, who had served in the Spanish war, and was an enthusiastic admirer of the Irish muse. These are features somewhat different from those of the schoolmaster of "The Deserted Village," but not incompatible with them—

"A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant too."

A severe attack of smallpox, which greatly disfigured his face, was the cause of his removal from the charge of this pedagogue. In order to prepare for the university, he was sent successively to the classical seminaries of Athlone and Edgeworthstown, at which he was more distinguished as the butt of the school, than for his diligence and proficiency as a scholar. On his way home from school on one occasion a wag, perceiving his unsuspecting simplicity, played off upon him the practical joke of directing him to the village mansion instead of the inn—a blunder on which he afterwards based the plot of the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night."

When sixteen years of age, Oliver entered Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble capacity of a "sizar," receiving gratuitous board and education in return for certain menial services. The natural exuberance of his spirit, rebounding from the exasperating annoyances of his situation, led him to give a gay party in his little attic room, in direct violation of college rules. His tutor pounced upon the unlawful gathering, dispersed it, and inflicted corporal punishment on the offender. Stung with this disgrace, he quitted college, loitered about Dublin till reduced to absolute poverty, and then communicated his sad plight to his elder brother Henry, for his kind and forgiving father had recently died. Henry succeeded in reinstating him in his sizarship; after

which he resided at college for two years, occasionally giving indication of superior but exceptional talent. Among the other students of Trinity at the time was Edmund Burke. There is no evidence that there was any intimacy, or even any acquaintanceship, between them as students; but the circles of their lives met again long afterwards in London, where they became warmly-attached friends. In 1749 he took his B.A. degree,—the lowest on the list,—and left college.

It was then determined, in utter disregard of his manifest unfitness, that he should enter the Church. He applied to the Bishop of Elfin for ordination, arrayed in scarlet breeches; but his lordship took exception to his scholarship, theology, or morals, and dismissed him. Law was next, with similar inconsiderateness, selected. His uncle Contarine and other friends furnished him with money to proceed to London and enter himself at the Temple. On his way thither he got as far as Dublin, where he met a sharper from Roscommon, who stript him of his money; and he was again compelled to return to his poor mother, whose widowed heart was sorely burdened by this new proof of her son's folly. There now remained of the learned professions only that of medicine. Accordingly, another little purse being collected for him, he set out for Edinburgh, then, as now, one of the first medical schools of the world. During the sessions of 1752 and 53 he attended, with what for him was wonderful regularity, the lectures of the professors, rambling about the country during the summer recesses.

On the pretext, or with the serious intention, of completing his medical studies under the distinguished Albinus of Leyden, he now resolved on going to the Continent. He took ship for Bordeaux,—an inexplicable choice for one going to Leyden,—but owing to stress of weather it had to put in at Newcastle. Here he and his four fellow-passengers were apprehended as agents of the French Government. This, which might be regarded as a misfortune, saved his life; for

the ship, continuing its voyage to Bordeaux, was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and all on board perished. After some delay he was liberated, and sailed direct for Rotterdam, proceeding thence on foot to Leyden. His time and attention during the eighteen months he spent at this university, were divided between the lecture-hall and gambling-table—the fashionable resort of the day, which he had not sufficient power of will to resist. An Irish fellow-student, Ellis, perceiving the straits into which Goldsmith had brought himself, and the danger of utter ruin to which he was exposed, offered him money, on condition that he would leave Leyden. To this proposal he readily acceded, received the money, was then seized by a sudden desire of manifesting his gratitude to his indulgent uncle Contarine; and the tulip-mania being then at its height, he expended the whole of Ellis's present on tulip-roots. Whether these precious roots ever flourished in the garden of the worthy incumbent of Ballymahon is uncertain; but the story manifests the warmth of Goldsmith's affections, and the reckless improvidence of his habits. Again reduced to poverty, but too much ashamed to own it, he started on foot for a tour through Europe, with one clean shirt, a flute, and a guinea as provision for his journey.

Having trudged through Belgium and France, he arrived at Geneva, where he became tutor to an English youth, whose character seems to have been the very opposite of his own. "I was to be the young gentleman's governor," says the "Philosophic Vagabond;" "but with this proviso, that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion; all his questions on the road were,—how money might be saved? which was the least expensive course of travel? whether anything could be

bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London? Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told that they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was; and all this though not yet twenty-one." To the great satisfaction of both, this engagement terminated at Marseilles; and Goldsmith, enriched somewhat by his tutorial fee, travelled onward through the north of Italy. At Padua he resided seven months, and it is matter of dispute whether or not he received the title of M.D. from this university. This was the turning-point of his wanderings; for, partly driven by the exhaustion of his resources, partly induced by the ill news of his uncle Contarine's health, he directed his steps homeward through France. The "Philosophic Vagabond" tells us how his flute was his forager:—"Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured for me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." To the same circumstance he alludes more graphically in "The Traveller :"—

"How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore."

"In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

His wanderings all over, he arrived in London in February 1756. He was now in his twenty-eighth year, with a livelihood to make in a country where his voice and flute were of

no service. "You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence, and that too in a country where my being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many, in such circumstances, would have had recourse to the friar's cord or the suicide's halter ; but with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other."

Let us endeavour to realise Goldsmith's position and prospects at this emphatically the most important epoch of his life. His character was fixed,—if such a term can be appropriately applied to one so fickle,—for his youth was past, and his education completed. It is too late to till and sow in July ; and therefore the harvest Goldsmith was to reap was already determined, although still distant. Extent and diversity characterised his knowledge, rather than depth or accuracy,—a mind well stored but ill trained. The usual epithet given to men of genius—"a child of nature"—is peculiarly applicable to him. In simplicity he was still a child, improvident as a boy who is filled only with the present ; artless, open, and undisguised, as one who has not yet found "that men betray." He proved his right to the title, "a child of nature," by the love he bore his mother. He never took kindly to the dry-nurses,—books and universities,—but ever desired to lie idly in the lap of nature, and receive instruction direct from her own lips. Hitherto his life had been passive, not active—impressionable in a high degree, but no way impressive in return. His only achievements were his B.A. degree of Trinity College, Dublin, and his M.D. of Padua University, if so be that he had that degree ; and with these he now endeavoured to make his way in London. As a man's looks and manners greatly help or hinder his success in life, we give here two descriptions of him, of date somewhat posterior, when he had raised himself to the foremost rank of contemporary authors. Judge Day, who had met him while he was a student at the Temple, says :—"In person he was

short, about five feet five or six inches; strong, but not heavy in make; rather fair in complexion, with brown hair, such at least as could be distinguished from his wig. His features were plain, but not repulsive,—certainly not so when lighted up by conversation. His manners were simple, natural, and perhaps on the whole, we may say, not polished, at least without the refinement and good-breeding which the exquisite polish of his composition would lead us to suspect. He was always cheerful and animated, often indeed boisterous in his mirth; entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solidity of information and the *naïveté* and originality of his character; talked often without premeditation, and laughed loudly without restraint." The other description is from the pen of a lady:—"He was a very plain man, but had he been much more so it was impossible not to love and respect his goodness of heart, which broke out on every occasion. His benevolence was unquestionable, and his countenance bore every trace of it; no one that knew him intimately could avoid admiring and loving his good qualities." Miss Reynolds, a sister of Sir Joshua, at whose house Goldsmith subsequently became a frequent and welcome guest, being asked on one occasion to toast the ugliest man she knew, unhesitatingly gave "Dr Goldsmith." Afterwards, on "The Traveller" being read aloud in her presence by Dr Johnson, she exclaimed, "Well, I never more shall think Dr Goldsmith ugly!" Whether this story be true or not, it contains the truth. Goldsmith possessed no personal attractions; all his claims on admiration were based upon the kind simplicity of his character, the exquisite beauty of his thought, and the graceful elegance of his composition.

We resume our narrative. On the strength of his B.A. degree he obtained an ushership in a school, a situation then as now, it would seem, by no means agreeable, at least so Goldsmith found it, for he writes, "I have been an usher in a boarding-school myself, and may I die of an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be under-turnkey in Newgate. I was

up early and late, I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys." Elsewhere he thus recounts the hardships of an usher's life:—"He is generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manner, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, lives in a state of war with all the family."—"He is obliged, perhaps, to sleep in the same bed with the French teacher, who disturbs him for an hour every night in papering and filleting his hair, and stinks worse than a carrion with his rancid pomatums, when he lays his head beside him on the bolster."

His B.A. having failed him, he tried what the Paduan doctorate could do. He obtained an assistantship in a laboratory in Fish-street Hill, and afterwards commenced on his own account a medical practice in Southwark. His patients were all among the poor, and the scanty fees which they could give, or his own generosity allow him to accept, were quite insufficient to support him. What was to be done? He seemed to have exhausted his own resources, when a poor patient, a printer, succeeded in bringing him under the notice of his master, Mr Samuel Richardson, publisher, and author of "Sir Charles Grandison," who employed him as a corrector for the press; and in this humble and fortuitous way Goldsmith entered the service of the Muses, in which he afterwards found abundant labour, and earned lasting fame.

For five or six years he led a hand-to-mouth life—in turns, teacher, physician, and literary hack. Now he would be planning an expedition to Arabia, to translate the inscriptions on the "Written Mountains;" now aiming at a medical appointment under the East India Company; and now presenting himself before the College of Surgeons for a mate's certificate. These gyrations gradually ceased, and left him

grinding at literature. Many of his earlier contributions to periodicals never having been owned by him have been lost. During five months of the year 1757 he wrote continuously for the *Monthly Magazine*, published by Griffiths, from whom he received a stated salary. This daily drudgery was too irksome for him, so he abandoned it, and wrote miscellaneous for *The Bee*, *Busybody*, *Lady's Magazine*, *The British Magazine*, &c. He then became connected with Mr Newbery, who employed him at a salary of one hundred a year to contribute two articles a week to the *Public Ledger*. These were letters purporting to be written by a Chinese philosopher on a visit to London, and abound in amusing sketches of London society. They were subsequently modified, and are now entitled "The Citizen of the World." His first separate publication was the "Inquiry into the State of Polite Literature," issued by the Dodsleys in March 1759. All these productions had been anonymous, but he was known as their author among men of letters, and was beginning to be valued by the publishers.

He now took handsomer apartments in Wine-Office Court, attended coffee-houses and debating-clubs, and began to feel that he had gained a footing in literature. His rooms were frequented by not a few men of note, and in the year 1760 they were graced by the presence of the living head of English literature, Dr Johnson. Once introduced, Johnson and Goldsmith became steadfast friends, notwithstanding the manifest contrarieties of their characters. Their past lives differed from each other, not so much in the diversity of their circumstances, as in the dissimilar impress given to these by their characters. Both rose from obscurity and poverty; but the one may be said to have climbed, while the other forced his way. In Goldsmith we wonder how his pliancy, turning aside at every obstacle, still surmounts by yielding; and in Johnson we are astonished at the titanic strength and perseverance which force aside every obstruction. His acquaintance was now spreading rapidly among the notables

of the day. Hogarth the artist frequented a country house he occupied at Islington during the summer of 1762. He was in many respects a kindred genius, representing on canvas, as Goldsmith did in writing, the humours and whimsicalities of human nature. In this or the succeeding year he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the time in the acme of his renown. He thus became connected with a higher and more refined circle than any in which he had as yet moved.

The frequent meetings of literary men at Reynolds's house developed in 1764 into the "Literary Club," one of the most interesting associations of men of letters. Dr Johnson was its head. Its number was at first limited to nine, the original members being Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke,—meeting again, on more equal terms, the quondam sizar of Trinity College,—Dr Nugent, a distinguished physician, and father-in-law to Burke; Sir John Hawkins, a bucolic *littérateur* and county magistrate, wealthy, but so stingy as to dread the expense of the usual suppers; Anthony Chamier, secretary in the War Office; Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerc, young men of good families, fresh from Oxford, and great admirers of Dr Johnson. The club met weekly at the Turk's Head, Gerard Street, Soho; where they supped together in the enjoyment of each other's fellowship. Dr Johnson was of course the great authority, with whom scarcely any one dared enter discussion, "for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the handle." Goldsmith was very defective in conversational power, and frequently exposed himself to the ridicule of the whole club. Like Samson with the jesting Philistines, however, he took his revenge upon them all at one great sweep. Shortly before his death, he returned from the club one evening, where he had been more than usually bantered by such quick wits as Burke and Garrick, sat down and wrote "Retaliation," in which the members stand for all time petrified in Attic salt.

Some of the members, especially Hawkins, had considered

Goldsmith an anonymous periodical scribbler, unworthy of admission into such a choice company; but Dr Johnson and Reynolds knew better, and the club had not been a year in existence before one of its proudest honours was that it numbered Goldsmith among its members. On the 15th December 1764 Newbery published "The Traveller," the first work which bore Goldsmith's name. He had been exceedingly diffident about adventuring on the field of poetry. "I fear," he said, "I have come too late into the world; Pope and other poets have taken up the places in the temple of fame; and as few at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can now hardly acquire it." Dr Johnson, to whom he had submitted the MS., brushed away all these fears by his hearty commendation; and the opinion entertained by this intellectual leader before its publication, and expressed in his subsequent notice of it in the *Critical Review*, has been corroborated by the public favour, which it gained in its own day, and still enjoys. The poem is dedicated not to any man of influence or reputation, but to an obscure Irish parson, his elder brother Henry, to whom he ever bore the warmest affection, not unmingled with a certain reverence for that heroic resignation and steadfastness, in which he felt himself so deficient:—

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain."

In the plan of the poem there is a noble simplicity. He describes himself as taking a position on some high Alpine solitude, from which he beholds wide realms beneath him, with all their varieties of race, customs, and climate,—Italy in the luxuriance of nature's bounty, with its degenerate sons, the barren hills of the simple but coarse Swiss, the "gay, sprightly land of France," Holland "embosomed in the deep," and Britain "fostered by freedom." Each pre-

sents its special advantages ; but the good is never unalloyed, even

“ That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.”

From the consideration of all which the poet exclaims,—

“ How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find !”

The success of the poem was very rapid, four editions being called for in the course of the first year. A change, similar to that wrought by it in Miss Reynolds's opinion of the author, happened to the sentiments of many others. He was no longer regarded as the booby of the club, whose admission had been rather a mistake. The unknown scribbler had become the best known poet of the day.

In 1766, while “The Traveller” was at the height of its popularity, there appeared “The Vicar of Wakefield,” which had been in the hands of Mr Newbery for a considerable period. The publisher had been so doubtful of its merits, that it was not till after “The Traveller” had established Goldsmith's reputation that he ventured on its publication. The story which Johnson tells of the purchase of the MS., gives a ludicrous peep into the domestic habits of our author. “I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me

he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." The success of "The Vicar of Wakefield," notwithstanding Mr Newbery's gloomy forebodings, was as rapid, and its popularity has proved as permanent, as those of "The Traveller." In this charming fiction, with all its defects of arrangement and probability, we have the genuine product of Goldsmith's genius. We take it as the most truly representative of all his works—many of the incidents being little more than autobiographical sketches.

His reputation as a poet and novelist was established by "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." His next essay was in the drama. One of his very first attempts in literature had been a tragedy, never completed. He now turned his mind to the more congenial branch of comedy, and in 1768 "The Good-natured Man" was brought out at Covent Garden, and proved a triumphant success. It was performed for ten nights in succession, one representation being by the command of their majesties. This comedy has, perhaps, not done so much for Goldsmith's fame as either the Traveller or the Vicar; but it did five times more for his purse. His benefit nights yielded him £400, and he sold the copyright for another hundred.

Two years later appeared "The Deserted Village," the companion and rival of "The Traveller." In the one there is more symmetry of design; in the other more exquisite execution. There are certain passages in "The Deserted Village" unequalled by any in "The Traveller;" but we doubt whether, on the whole, the palm should not be awarded to the first-born. Objection has been taken to it on the ground of incongruity by some critics, who allege that "Sweet Auburn" in its prosperity is an English hamlet, but

that the *Deserted Village* is an Irish waste. The beauty of the poem, however, is not affected by such a change: the description of the country parson, with its mingled shades of fun, pathos, and sublimity, is one of the loveliest pictures in English literature, which will be quoted and admired as long as the English language is known.

In 1773 another comedy, "*She Stoops to Conquer*; or, *The Mistakes of a Night*," was acted with great success at Covent Garden, in spite of the almost undisguised opposition of the manager and leading actors. With this comedy may be closed the volume of Goldsmith's works; for upon these which we have so briefly catalogued in the preceding paragraphs, rests his claim to be ranked among English classics. They do not however exhaust his labours, for while engaged on these more congenial, but less lucrative works, he was compelled to drudge to publishers for a livelihood.

Besides a republication of his *Essays*, and ordinary hack work, from which he was never long free, he wrote during the winter 1768-9 a *History of Rome*, for which he received £300; a *History of England*, which first appeared in the form of letters from a nobleman to his son, and afterwards in a fuller form in 1771, which brought him £600; a *History of Greece*, in two volumes, by which he made £250; and a *Natural History*, in several volumes, for which, although it was not finished till near his death, he had previously received 800 guineas. Whatever the defects of these works may be, and the characteristic inaccuracy of the author greatly weakens their authority, they still manifest the hand of a master in the powerful grouping of leading facts, and the graceful settling of details.

Towards the close of 1772 he began to feel the first symptoms of failing health. His incessant labours and the excitements of London life increased his uneasiness, and compelled his retreat into the country. His gay and sanguine temperament began to droop, his carelessness in money matters had sunk him deep in debt, and his hopeless

drudgery hung round him like a dead weight. He returned to town in the spring of 1774, was attacked by a low nervous fever, for which he would himself prescribe, contrary to the advice of his physicians. Without any premonitory symptoms, he was seized with violent convulsions on the morning of the 4th April, and expired about five o'clock. His sudden and premature death startled the literary world, and struck the closer circle of his acquaintance with deep anguish. Old Dr Johnson felt the blow heavily, but undemonstratively, as was his nature. The more impassioned Burke burst into tears; and Sir Joshua Reynolds was compelled by grief to abandon for the day the labours of his easel. He was buried privately in the Temple burying-ground, on Saturday evening, 9th April 1774.

During that silent week a sunbeam entered the darkened Temple room, the thought of which would have lightened many heavy days, had poor Goldsmith known that Miss Horneck, the beautiful and accomplished lady of his affections, would have sought a lock of his hair, and have cherished it and the remembrance of the poet's love till the close of her long life, which extended almost to our own day.

Many years before his death, he and Dr Johnson had been strolling through Westminster Abbey, and when they came to the Poets' Corner, Johnson had quietly said,—

“*Fossitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*”

Goldsmith had often repeated this wish, which Johnson now desired to accomplish. The Literary Club raised a fund for a suitable monument, which was executed by Nollekins, and was placed beside that of the poet Gay. It bears the following inscription from the pen of his old and steadfast friend:—

“*OLIVARIUM GOLDSMITH,
POETÆ, PHYSICI, HISTORICI,
QUI NULLUM FERÈ SCRIBENDI GENUS
NON TETIGIT,
NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT:*”

LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,
SIVE LACRYMÆ,
AFFECTUUM POTENS AT LENIS DOMINATOR :
INGENIO SUBLIMIS, VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS,
ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS, VENUSTUS :
HOC MONUMENTO MEMORIAM COLUIT
SODALIIUM AMOR,
AMICORUM FIDES,
LECTORUM VENERATIO.
NATUS IN HIBERNIÂ FORNIÆ LONGFORDIENSIS,
IN LOCO CUI NOMEN PALLAS,
NOV. XXIX., MDCCXXXI. ;*
EBLANÆ LITERIS INSTITUTUS ;
OBIT LONDINI,
APRIL IV., MDCCLXXIV."

* This date is inaccurate.

GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.



THE TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition—what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party—that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting

and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though, but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous,—I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have endeavoured to moderate the rage of all. I have attempted to shew that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;

Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee :
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend !
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent,
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content ;
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state ;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
While naught remain'd of all that riches gave, '
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride :

From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child ;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.

As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them ; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due ;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few :
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest ;
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy .

Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame,
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low :
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved the manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please !
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ;
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew ;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought :
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year :
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies :
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile :
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here :
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;—
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind !
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great ;

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy :
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd :
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

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

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :

Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure :
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil ;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom, when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?

Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways ;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim ;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind :
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows ?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object, (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion,) that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd :
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
 Along thy glades a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

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

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

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;

And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate :
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below :
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school ;
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale ;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled :





All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron ! forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;

But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school :
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;

Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he :
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could guage :
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the royal game of Goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art :
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain :
 And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from the shore ;
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same,
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds :
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

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

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train :
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
E'en now perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !
Ah no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ;

And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own :
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done ;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry ! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade :
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride :
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare-thee-well !

Farewell, and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime ;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your ven'son ; for finer or fatter
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy ;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating :
I had thoughts in my chamber to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtu ;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show ;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ?
Well ! suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr Burn.*

To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undress'd,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.

* Lord Clare's nephew.

Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose—
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's :
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how and the who, and the where and the when.
 There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
 I think they love ven'son—I know they love beef ;
 There's my countryman, Higgins,—oh ! let him alone
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But, hang it ! to poets, who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton 's a very good treat ;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt ;
 It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd :
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smiled as he look'd at the ven'son and me.
 " What have we got here ?—Why, this is good eating !
 Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting ?"
 " Why, whose should it be ?" cried I, with a flounce ;
 " I get these things often"—but that was a bounce :
 " Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
 Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."
 " If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
 " I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;
 No words—I insist on 't—precisely at three :
 We'll have Johnson and Burke ; all the wits will be there ;
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare :
 And, now that I think on 't, as I am a sinner !
 We wanted this ven'son to make out a dinner.
 What say you—a pasty ?—it shall, and it must,
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 Here, porter !—this ven'son with me to Mile-end ;
 No stirring, I beg,—my dear friend—my dear friend !"
 Thus, snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 And "nobody with me at sea but myself," *
 Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet Johnson and Burke, and a good ven'son pasty,
 Were things that I never disliked in my life,
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine,)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come!
 "For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
 The one with his speeches, the t' other with Thrale;
 But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 They're both of them merry, and authors like you.
 The one writes the 'Snarler,' the other the 'Scourge :'
 Some think he writes 'Cinna'—he owns to 'Panurge :'
 While thus he described them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe in a swingeing tureen;
 At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot;
 In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
 So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
 But what vex'd me worst was that d——d Scotch rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue;
 And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on!"

* See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor. 12mo. 1769.

Pray, a slice of your liver, though, may I be cursed,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe!" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week;
I like these here dinners, so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all."
"O—ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice;
There's a pasty"—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
"What the deil, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot;
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out—for who could mistake her?—
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out; for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And, now that I think on't, the story may stop.

To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste:
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

THE CAPTIVITY.

AN ORATORIO.

THE PERSONS.

FIRST JEWISH PROPHET.
SECOND JEWISH PROPHET.
ISRAELITISH WOMAN.
FIRST CHALDEAN PRIEST.

SECOND CHALDEAN PRIEST.
CHALDEAN WOMAN.
CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND
VIRGINS.

SCENE,—*The Banks of the River Euphrates, near Babylon.*

ACT I.

ISRAELITES *sitting on the Banks of the Euphrates.*

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

YE captive tribes, that hourly work and weep
Where flows Euphrates murmuring to the deep ;
Suspend your woes a while, the task suspend,
And turn to God, your Father and your Friend :
Insulted, chain'd, and all the world our foe,
Our God alone is all we boast below.

Air.

Our God is all we boast below,
To Him we turn our eyes ;
And every added weight of woe
Shall make our homage rise.

SECOND PROPHET.

And though no temple richly dress'd,
 Nor sacrifice is here ;
 We'll make His temple in our breast,
 And offer up a tear.

[*The first stanza repeated by the CHORUS.*

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Recitative.

That strain once more ! it bids remembrance rise,
 And brings my long-lost country to mine eyes.
 Ye fields of Sharon, dress'd in flowery pride ;
 Ye plains, where Kedron rolls its glassy tide ;
 Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crown'd ;
 Ye Gilead groves, that fling perfumes around :
 How sweet those groves ! those plains how wondrous
 fair !
 But doubly sweet when Heaven was with us there.

Air.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver !
 Still importunate and vain ;
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain ;

Hence, intruder most distressing !
 Seek the happy and the free ;
 The wretch who wants each other blessing,
 Ever wants a friend in thee.

SECOND PROPHET.

Recitative.

Yet, why complain ? What, though by bonds confined,
 Should bonds repress the vigour of the mind ?

Have we not cause for triumph, when we see
 Ourselves alone from idol-worship free?
 Are not, this very morn, those feasts begun,
 Where prostrate Error hails the rising sun?
 Do not our tyrant lords this day ordain
 For superstitious rites and mirth profane?
 And should we mourn? Should coward Virtue fly,
 When vaunting Folly lifts her head on high?
 No! rather let us triumph still the more,
 And as our fortune sinks, our spirits soar

Air.

The triumphs that on vice attend
 Shall ever in confusion end;
 The good man suffers but to gain,
 And every virtue springs from pain:
 As aromatic plants bestow
 No spicy fragrance while they grow;
 But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
 Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

But hush, my sons! our tyrant lords are near;
 The sounds of barbarous pleasure strike mine ear;
 Triumphant music floats along the vale;
 Near, nearer still, it gathers on the gale:
 The growing sound their swift approach declares;—
 Desist, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs.

Enter CHALDEAN PRIESTS, attended.

FIRST PRIEST.

Air.

Come on, my companions, the triumph display,
 Let rapture the minutes employ;

The sun calls us out on this festival day,
And our monarch partakes in the joy.

SECOND PRIEST.

Like the sun, our great monarch all rapture supplies,
Both similar blessings bestow :
The sun with his splendour illumines the skies,
And our monarch enlivens below.

A CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Air.

Haste, ye sprightly sons of pleasure ;
Love presents the fairest treasure,
Leave all other joys for me.

A CHALDEAN ATTENDANT.

Or rather, Love's delights despising,
Haste to raptures ever rising,
Wine shall bless the brave and free.

FIRST PRIEST.

Wine and beauty thus inviting,
Each to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline ?

SECOND PRIEST.

I'll waste no longer thought in choosing ;
But neither this nor that refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

But whence, when joy should brighten o'er the land,
This sullen gloom in Judah's captive band ?

Ye sons of Judah, why the lute unstrung?
 Or why those harps on yonder willows hung?
 Come, take the lyre, and pour the strain along,
 The day demands it; sing us Sion's song.
 Dismiss your griefs, and join our warbling choir;
 For who like you can wake the sleeping lyre!

SECOND PROPHET.

Chain'd as we are, the scorn of all mankind,
 To want, to toil, and every ill consign'd,
 Is this a time to bid us raise the strain,
 Or mix in rites that Heaven regards with pain?
 No, never! May this hand forget each art
 That wakes to finest joys the human heart,
 Ere I forget the land that gave me birth,
 Or join to sounds profane its sacred mirth!

FIRST PRIEST.

Rebellious slaves! if soft persuasion fail,
 More formidable terrors shall prevail.

[*Exeunt* CHALDEANS.]

FIRST PROPHET.

Why, let them come! one good remains to cheer—
 We fear the Lord, and scorn all other fear.

CHORUS.

Can chains or tortures bend the mind,
 On God's supporting breast reclined?
 Stand fast, and let our tyrants see
 That fortitude is victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

O peace of mind, angelic guest !
Thou soft companion of the breast !
Dispense thy balmy store ;
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth receding from our eyes,
Shall vanish as we soar.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

No more ! Too long has justice been delay'd ;
The king's commands must fully be obey'd :
Compliance with his will your peace secures,
Praise but our gods, and every good is yours.
But if, rebellious to his high command,
You spurn the favours offer'd from his hand,
Think, timely think, what terrors are behind ;
Reflect, nor tempt to rage the royal mind.

SECOND PRIEST.

Air.

Fierce is the whirlwind howling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And fierce the tempest rolling
Along the furrow'd main ;

But storms that fly,
To rend the sky,
Every ill presaging,
Less dreadful show
To worlds below
Than angry monarch's raging.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Recitative.

Ah, me! what angry terrors round us grow;
 How shrinks my soul to meet the threaten'd blow!
 Ye prophets, skill'd in Heaven's eternal truth,
 Forgive my sex's fears, forgive my youth!
 Ah! let us one, one little hour obey;
 To-morrow's tears may wash the stain away.

Air.

Fatigued with life, yet loath to part,
 On hope the wretch relies;
 And every blow that sinks the heart,
 Bids the deluder rise.

Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
 Adorns the wretch's way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

SECOND PRIEST.

Why this delay? At length for joy prepare;
 I read your looks, and see compliance there.
 Come on, and bid the warbling rapture rise,
 Our monarch's fame the noblest theme supplies.
 Begin, ye captive bands, and strike the lyre;
 The time, the theme, the place, and all conspire.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Air.

See the ruddy morning smiling,
 Hear the grove to bliss beguiling;
 Zephyrs through the woodland playing,
 Streams along the valley straying.

FIRST PRIEST.

While these a constant revel keep,
 Shall reason only teach to weep ?
 Hence, intruder ! we'll pursue
 Nature, a better guide than you.

SECOND PRIEST.

Every moment, as it flows,
 Some peculiar pleasure owes ;
 Then let us, providently wise,
 Seize the debtor ere it flies.

Think not to-morrow can repay
 The debt of pleasure lost to-day ;
 Alas ! to-morrow's richest store
 Can but pay its proper score.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

But, hush ! see, foremost of the captive choir,
 The master-prophet grasps his full-toned lyre.
 Mark where he sits, with executing art,
 Feels for each tone, and speeds it to the heart.
 See, how prophetic rapture fills his form,
 Awful as clouds that nurse the growing storm ;
 And now his voice, accordant to the string,
 Prepares our monarch's victories to sing.

FIRST PROPHET.

Air.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
 Conspiring nations come ;
 Tremble, thou vice-polluted breast,
 Blasphemers, all be dumb.

The tempest gathers all around,
On Babylon it lies ;
Down with her ! down—down to the ground,
She sinks, she groans, she dies.

SECOND PROPHET.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust,
Ere yonder setting sun ;
Serve her as she has served the just !
'Tis fix'd—it shall be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

No more ! when slaves thus insolent presume,
The king himself shall judge, and fix their doom.
Unthinking wretches ! have not you and all
Beheld our power in Zedekiah's fall ?
To yonder gloomy dungeon turn your eyes ;
See where dethroned your captive monarch lies,
Deprived of sight and rankling in his chain ;
See where he mourns his friends and children slain.
Yet know, ye slaves, that still remain behind,
More ponderous chains, and dungeons more confined.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Arise, all-potent ruler, rise,
And vindicate thy people's cause :
Till every tongue in every land
Shall offer up unfeign'd applause.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

Yes, my companions, Heaven's decrees are pass'd,
 And our fix'd empire shall for ever last ;
 In vain the madd'ning prophet threatens woe,
 In vain Rebellion aims her secret blow ;
 Still shall our name and growing power be spread,
 And still our justice crush the traitor's head.

Air.

Coeval with man
 Our empire began,
 And never shall fall
 Till ruin shakes all.
 When ruin shakes all
 Then shall Babylon fall.

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

'Tis thus that Pride triumphant rears the head,—
 A little while, and all their power is fled ;
 But, ah ! what means yon sadly plaintive train,
 That this way slowly bend along the plain ?
 And now, behold ! to yonder bank they bear
 A pallid corse, and rest the body there.
 Alas ! too well mine eyes indignant trace
 The last remains of Judah's royal race :
 Fallen is our king, and all our fears are o'er,
 Unhappy Zedekiah is no more !

Air.

Ye wretches, who by fortune's hate
 In want and sorrow groan,
 Come, ponder his severer fate,
 And learn to bless your own.

You vain, whom youth and pleasure guide,
 A while the bliss suspend ;
 Like yours, his life began in pride,
 Like his, your lives shall end.

SECOND PROPHET.

Behold his wretched corse with sorrow worn,
 His squalid limbs with ponderous fetters torn ;
 Those eyeless orbs that shock with ghastly glare,
 Those unbecoming rags—that matted hair !
 And shall not Heaven for this avenge the foe,
 Grasp the red bolt, and lay the guilty low ?
 How long, how long, Almighty God of all,
 Shall wrath vindictive threaten ere it fall ?

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Air.

As panting flies the hunted hind,
 Where brooks refreshing stray ;
 And rivers through the valley wind,
 That stop the hunter's way :

Thus we, O Lord, alike distress'd,
 For streams of mercy long :
 Those streams which cheer the sore oppress'd,
 And overwhelm the strong.

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

But whence that shout? Good heavens! amazement all!
 See yonder tower just nodding to the fall :
 Behold, an army covers all the ground,
 'Tis Cyrus here that pours destruction round !
 The ruin smokes, destruction pours along,
 How low the great, how feeble are the strong !

And now, behold, the battlements recline—
O God of hosts, the victory is Thine !

CHORUS OF CAPTIVES.

Down with them, Lord, to lick the dust!
Thy vengeance be begun ;
Serve them as they have served the just,
And let Thy will be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

All, all is lost. The Syrian army fails ;
Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, prevails !
The ruin smokes, the torrent pours along,—
How low the proud, how feeble are the strong !
Save us, O Lord ! to Thee, though late, we pray,
And give repentance but an hour's delay.

FIRST AND SECOND PRIESTS.

Air.

Oh, happy, who in happy hour
To God their praise bestow,
And own His all-consuming power,
Before they feel the blow.

SECOND PROPHET.

Recitative.

Now, now's our time ! ye wretches bold and blind,
Brave but to God, and cowards to mankind ;
Ye seek in vain the Lord unsought before,
Your wealth, your pride, your kingdom are no more !

Air.

O Lucifer, thou son of morn,
Alike of Heaven and man the foe,—

Heaven, men, and all,
 Now press thy fall,
 And sink thee lowest of the low.

FIRST PROPHET.

O Babylon, how art thou fallen !
 Thy fall more dreadful from delay !
 Thy streets forlorn,
 To wilds shall turn,
 Where toads shall pant and vultures prey.

SECOND PROPHET.

Recitative.

Such be her fate ! But hark ! how from afar
 The clarion's note proclaims the finish'd war !
 Our great restorer, Cyrus, is at hand,
 And this way leads his formidable band.
 Give, give your songs of Zion to the wind,
 And hail the benefactor of mankind :
 He comes, pursuant to Divine decree,
 To chain the strong, and set the captive free.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Rise to transports past expressing,
 Sweeter by remember'd woes ;
 Cyrus comes, our wrongs redressing,
 Comes to give the world repose.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Cyrus comes, the world redressing,
 Love and pleasure in his train ;
 Comes to heighten every blessing,
 Comes to soften every pain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Hail to him with mercy reigning,
Skill'd in every peaceful art ;
Who, from bonds our limbs unchaining,
Only binds the willing heart.

LAST CHORUS.

But chief to Thee, our God, Defender, Friend,
Let praise be given to all eternity ;
O Thou, without beginning, without end,
Let us, and all, begin and end in Thee !

RETALIATION.

A POEM

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXXIV., AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

[Dr Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St James's coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.]

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;
If our landlord * supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish :
Our Dean † shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
Our Burke ‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;
Our Will § shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavour,
And Dick || with his pepper shall heighten the savour ;
Our Cumberland's ¶ sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas ** is pudding, substantial and plain ;

* The master of the St James's coffee-house, where the Poet and the friends he has characterised in this poem occasionally dined.

† Dr Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland.

‡ The Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, member for Bedwin, and afterwards holding office in India.

|| Mr Richard Burke, Collector of Granada : afterwards Recorder of Bristol.

¶ Richard Cumberland, Esq., author of the "West Indian," "Fashionable Lover," "The Brothers," "Calvary," &c., &c.

** Dr Douglas, canon of Windsor, (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury,) an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen

Our Garrick's* a salad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That Ridge † is anchovy, and Reynolds ‡ is lamb ;
 That Hickey's § a capon, and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various—at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
 Here, waiter, more wine ! let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That Sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
 To persuade Tommy Townshend || to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining :
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
 For a patriot, too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient,
 And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.

of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

* David Garrick, Esq.

† Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

§ An eminent attorney.

|| Mr Thomas Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in 't;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none:
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb! *
Now wrangling and grumbling, to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.

* Mr Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on these accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say was it, that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines;
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines ;
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds * shall be pious, our Kenricks † shall lecture ;
 Macpherson ‡ write bombast, and call it a style ;
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchmen meet Scotchmen, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine ;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day :

* The Rev. Dr William Dodd.

† Dr Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of
 "The School of Shakespeare."

‡ James Macpherson, Esq., who lately, from the mere force of his style,
 wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,* and Woodfalls † so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !
 How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were bepraised !
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies :
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
 Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good nature ;
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper !
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
 I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah, no !
 Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and burn ye :
 He was—could he help it ?—a special attorney.

* Mr Hugh Kelly, author of "False Delicacy," "Word to the Wise," "Clementina," "School for Wives," &c., &c.

† Mr William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind ;
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
 hearing :
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff.

 POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this Poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr Whitefoord,† from a friend of the late Dr Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
 Though he merrily lived, he is now a grave ‡ man :
 Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun !
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoiced in a pun ;
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
 A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
 Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill :
 A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free ;
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind
 Should so long be to newspaper essays confined !
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content "if the table he set in a roar ;"

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

† Mr Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

‡ Mr Whitefoord was so notorious a punster, that Dr Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep his company without being infected with the itch of punning. *Mercurio ?*

Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall* confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the Press.†
Merry Whitefoord, farewell; for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit:
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd
Muse."

* Mr H. S. Woodfall, printer of the *Public Advertiser*.

† Mr Whitefoord had frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces, under those titles, in the *Public Advertiser*.

THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

“TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
“To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

“Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

“Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

“ Then pilgrim, turn ; thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong ;
' Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.' ”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

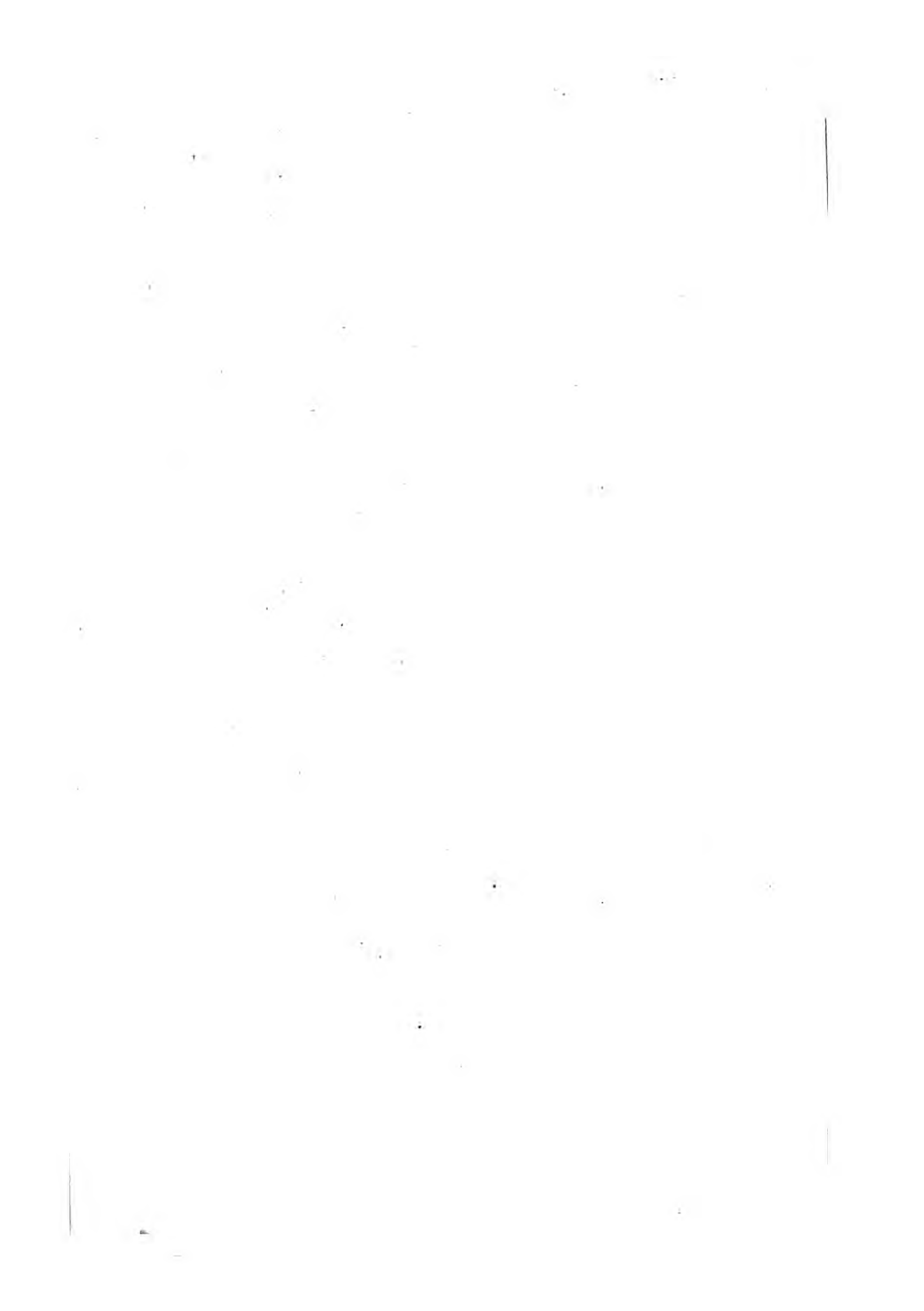
Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest .



91. *W. M. G. P. A. L. E. V. S. O. N. S.*



And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd :
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

"Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the trifling things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name ;
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest :
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

‘ For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,” he said ;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,” she cried ;
“ Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray :
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

“ My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;
He had but only me.

“To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charms
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

“Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

“In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“And, when beside me in the dale
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

“The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display
To emulate his mind.

“The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but woe to me !
Their constancy was mine.

“For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain :

“Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

“But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay :
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

“And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did ;
And so for him will I.”

“Forbid it, Heaven !” the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

“Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

“Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that 's mine ?

“No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.”

MISCELLANIES.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears ;
“An't please you,” quoth John, “I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved !—without thinking on asses.”
Edinburgh, 1753.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS, A ROMAN
KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

Preserved by Macrobius.

WHAT ! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age !
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here ?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside ;
Unawed by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear :

But this vile hour disperses all my store,
 And all my hoard of honour is no more ;
 For, ah ! too partial to my life's decline,
 Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine ;
 Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclined to please.
 Here then at once I welcome every shame,
 And cancel at threescore a life of fame :
 No more my titles shall my children tell ;
 The old buffoon will fit my name as well :
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,
 For life is ended when our honour ends.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defined
 As rational the human mind :
 Reason, they say, belongs to man,
 But let them prove it if they can.
 Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum ;
 But for my soul I cannot credit 'em ;
 And must in spite of them maintain,
 That man and all his ways are vain ;
 And that this boasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature.
 That instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason, boasting mortals' pride ;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em—
Deus est anima brutorum.

Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery ?
Or friends beguile with lies and flattery ?
O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind ;
They eat their meals and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court :
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe ;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.*
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster Row :
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds ;
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape :
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion :
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state ;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors :
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

* Sir Robert Walpole.

He in his turn finds imitators ;
 At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their master's manners still contract,
 And footmen lords and dukes can act.
 Thus at the court, both great and small,
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

EPIGRAM

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH, STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
 Rather in pity than in hate,
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC, AND DEATH OF GEN. WOLFE.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
 Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
 Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
 And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe ! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
 Sighing, we pay, and think e'en conquest dear ;
 Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
 Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes ;
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead !
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

STANZAS.

WEeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight,
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection ?
Or dim thy beauty with a tear ?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

(IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty ?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver ?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em ;
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion :
 Such short-lived off'rings but disclose
 A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere than civil,—
 I'll give thee—ah ! too charming maid !—
 I'll give thee—to the Devil.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind ;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
 With manners wondrous winning ;
 And never follow'd wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumber'd in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more ;
 The king himself has follow'd her—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all ;
 The doctors found, when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent Street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
 She had not died to-day.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
 Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
 Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
 Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane ;
 There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
 The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
 A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
 That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay ;
 The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread ;
 The humid wall with paltry pictures spread ;
 The royal Game of Goose was there in view,
 And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew ;
 The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
 And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face.
 The morn was cold ; he views with keen desire
 The rusty grate unconscious of a fire :

With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
 And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board
 A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day!



S O N G.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain :

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe ;
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.



S O N G.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on Hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?
Oh, had the Archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet Street shop!
Oh, had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze;
Oh!—But let exclamations cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains closed around?
Let it suffice that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honeymoon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too;

A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still the worst remain'd behind,—
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked, at a ball or race ;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing ?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy ;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations :
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee and spleen.

Thus, as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown ;
He fancies every vice she shews
Or thins her lip, or points her nose :
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !

He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,—
Lo! the small-pox, with horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright ;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes ;
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens ;
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old :
With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean ;
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day :

Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind—
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite—
Till reading—I forget what day on—
A chapter out of Tooke's "Pantheon,"
I think I met with something there
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious,—
First please to turn to god Mercurius :
You'll find him pictured at full length,
In book the second, page the tenth :
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light ;
Such as to modern bards decreed :
A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes ;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air :

And here my simile unites ;
 For in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said,
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand,
 By classic authors term'd caduceus,
 And highly famed for several uses :
 To wit,—most wondrously endued,
 No poppy-water half so good ;
 For let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,
 Though ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore ;
 Add too, what certain writers tell,
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then :—
 His wand's a modern author's pen ;
 The serpents round about it twined
 Denote him of the reptile kind,
 Denote the rage with which he writes,
 His frothy slaver, venom'd bites ;
 An equal semblance still to keep,
 Alike, too, both conduce to sleep ;
 This difference only, as the god
 Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
 Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript ;
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
 Moreover Merc'ry had a failing ;
 Well ! what of that ? out with it—stealing ;
 In which all modern bards agree,
 Being each as great a thief as he.
 But even this deity's existence
 Shall lend my simile assistance :

Our modern bards! why, what a pox
 Are they—but senseless stones and blocks?

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song,
 And if you find it wondrous short—
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran—
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes;
 The naked every day he clad—
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied :
The man recovered of the bite—
The dog it was that died.

EPITAPH

ON EDWARD PURDON.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack :
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF "THE SISTERS."

WHAT? five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
 Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
 Had she consulted me, she should have made
 Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
 Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
 Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
 My life on 't, this had kept her play from sinking,
 Have pleased our eyes, and saved the pain of thinking.
 Well! since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
 What if I give a masquerade?—I will.

But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*] I've got my cue:
 The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you, you.

[*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*]

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
 False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
 Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
 Patriots in party-colour'd suits, that ride 'em:
 There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
 To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore;
 These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
 Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
 Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
 Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
 The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
 And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
 Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
 Is to seem everything—but what they are.
 Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
 Who seems t' have robb'd his visor from the lion;
 Who frowns and talks and swears, with round parade,
 Looking, as who should say, Dam'me! who's afraid?

Strip but this visor off, and, sure I am, [*Mimicking.*
 You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
 Yon politician, famous in debate,
 Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state ;
 Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
 He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
 Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
 And seems, to every gazer, all in white,
 If with a bribe his candour you attack,
 He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in black !
 Yon critic, too—but whither do I run ?
 If I proceed, our bard will be undone !
 Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too :
 Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE*

TO THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

(*Spoken by Mrs Bulkley.*)

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
 To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure ;
 Thus, on the stage, our play-wrights still depend
 For epilogues and prologues on some friend,
 Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
 And make full many a bitter pill go down :
 Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
 And teased each rhyming friend to help him out.
 An epilogue ! things can't go on without it ;
 It could not fail, would you but set about it :
 " Young man," cries one, (a bard laid up in clover,)
 " Alas ! young man, my writing days are over ;

* See p. 379.

Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I ;
 Your brother doctor there, perhaps, may try."
 "What, I! dear sir," the doctor interposes ;
 "What, plant my thistle, sir, among his roses !
 No, no ; I've other contests to maintain ;
 To-night I head our troops at Warwick Lane.
 Go ask your manager"—"Who, me! Your pardon ;
 Those things are not our forte at Covent Garden."
 Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,
 Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
 As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
 At the pit door stands, elbowing a way,
 While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
 He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug ;
 His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
 Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise :
 He nods, they nod ; he cringes, they grimace ;
 But not a soul will budge to give him place.
 Since, then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform
 "To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,"
 Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
 And be each critic the *Good-natured Man*.

EPITAPH ON DR PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way?
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid ;
 And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below ;

More lasting raptures from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE,

A TRAGEDY ; WRITTEN BY JOSEPH CRADDOCK, ESQ.

(Spoken by Mr Quick, in the Character of a Sailor.)

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climate, and the savage shore ;
When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here ;
While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling ;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading ;
Yet ere he lands he's order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven ? our reckoning sure is lost ;
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under !
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder—

[Upper Gallery.

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em—

[Pit.

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em—

[Balconies.

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound—

[Stage.

And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground.

[Tasting them.

The inhabitants are cannibals, I fear :
 I heard a hissing—there are serpents here !
 Oh, there the people are—best keep my distance ;
 Our Captain, gentle natives ! craves assistance ;
 Our ship's well stored ;—in yonder creek we've laid her ;
 His Honour is no mercenary trader.
 This is his first adventure ; lend him aid,
 And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
 His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
 Equally fit for gallantry and war.
 What ! no reply to promises so ample ?
 I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

AN EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR MRS BULKLEY.

THERE is a place—so Ariosto sings—
 A treasury for lost and missing things ;
 Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
 And they who lose their senses, there may find them.
 But where's this place, this storehouse of the age ?
 The Moon, says he ;—but I affirm, the Stage—
 At least, in many things, I think I see
 His lunar and our mimic world agree :
 Both shine at night, for, but at Foote's alone,
 We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down ;
 Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
 And sure the folks of both are lunatics.
 But in this parallel my best pretence is,
 That mortals visit both to find their senses :
 To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,
 Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.

The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas, and doats on dancing,
Taught by our art, her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *ballet*, and calls for *Nancy Dawson*.
The gamester, too, whose wit's all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The Mohawk, too, with angry phrases stored—
As "Dam'me, sir!" and, "Sir, I wear a sword!"
Here lesson'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our Author's the least likely to grow wiser;
Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star, a coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment:—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
Yes, he's far gone:—and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days; and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius. In justice to the composer it may likewise be right to inform the public, that the music was composed in a period of time equally short.

OVERTURE.—*A Solemn Dirge.*

Air.—Trio.

ARISE, ye sons of worth, arise,
And waken every note of woe!
When truth and virtue reach the skies,
'Tis ours to weep the want below.

CHORUS.

When truth and virtue, &c.

MAN SPEAKER.

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to kings,
Are but the trappings of an hour—
Mere transitory things:
The base bestow them; but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery.
But when to pomp and power are join'd
An equal dignity of mind;
When titles are the smallest claim;
When wealth, and rank, and noble blood,
But aid the power of doing good;
Then all their trophies last—and flattery turns to fame.

Blest spirit thou, whose fame, just born to bloom,
 Shall spread and flourish from the tomb ;
 How hast thou left mankind for Heaven !
 E'en now reproach and faction mourn,
 And, wondering how their rage was born,
 Request to be forgiven !
 Alas ! they never had thy hate ;
 Unmoved, in conscious rectitude,
 Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
 Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
 In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,
 A thousand gifts would fortune send ;
 In vain, to drive thee from the right,
 A thousand sorrows urged thy end :
 Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
 And purchased strength from its increasing load.
 Pain met thee like a friend to set thee free,
 Affliction still is virtue's opportunity !

SONG.—BY A MAN.

Virtue, on herself relying,
 Every passion hush'd to rest,
 Loses every pain of dying,
 In the hopes of being blest.

Every added pang she suffers,
 Some increasing good bestows,
 And every shock that malice offers,
 Only rocks her to repose.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Yet, ah ! what terrors frown'd upon her fate—
 Death, with its formidable band,
 Fever, and pain, and pale consumptive care,
 Determined took their stand.
 Nor did the cruel ravagers design

To finish all their efforts at a blow ;
 But, mischievously slow,
 They robb'd the relic and defaced the shrine.
 With unavailing grief,
 Despairing of relief,
 Her weeping children round
 Beheld each hour
 Death's growing power,
 And trembled as he frown'd.
 As helpless friends who view from shore
 The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
 While winds and waves their wishes cross,—
 They stood, while hope and comfort fail,
 Not to assist, but to bewail
 The inevitable loss.
 Relentless tyrant, at thy call
 How do the good, the virtuous fall !
 Truth, beauty, worth, and all that most engage,
 But wake thy vengeance and provoke thy rage.

SONG. —BY A MAN.

When vice my dart and scythe supply,
 How great a king of terrors I !
 If folly, fraud, your hearts engage,
 Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage !
 Fall, round me fall, ye little things,
 Ye statesmen, warriors, poets, kings !
 If virtue fail her counsel sage,
 Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage !

MAN SPEAKER.

Yet let that wisdom, urged by her example,
 Teach us to estimate what all must suffer ;
 Let us prize death as the best gift of nature,
 As a safe inn, where weary travellers,
 When they have journey'd through a world of cares,

May put off life and be at rest for ever.
 Groans, weeping friends, indeed, and gloomy sables,
 May oft distract us with their sad solemnity :
 The preparation is the executioner.
 Death, when unmask'd, shews me a friendly face,
 And is a terror only at a distance ;
 For as the line of life conducts me on
 To Death's great court, the prospect seems more fair.
 'Tis Nature's kind retreat, that 's always open
 To take us in when we have drain'd the cup
 Of life, or worn our days to wretchedness.
 In that secure, serene retreat,
 Where all the humble, all the great,
 Promiscuously recline ;
 Where, wildly huddled to the eye,
 The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie,
 May every bliss be thine.
 And, ah ! bless'd spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
 Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
 May cherubs welcome their expected guest,
 May saints with songs receive thee to their rest ;
 May peace, that claim'd while here thy warmest love,
 May blissful, endless peace be thine above !

SONG.—BY A WOMAN.

Lovely, lasting Peace, below,
 Comforter of every woe,
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the favourites of the sky ;
 Lovely, lasting Peace, appear ;
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Our vows are heard ! long, long to mortal eyes,
 Her soul was fitting to its kindred skies ;

Celestial-like her bounty fell,
 Where modest want and silent sorrow dwell :
 Want pass'd for merit at her door,
 Unseen the modest were supplied,
 Her constant pity fed the poor,—
 Then only poor, indeed, the day she died.
 And, oh ! for this, while sculpture decks thy shrine,
 And art exhausts profusion round,
 The tribute of a tear be mine,
 A simple song, a sigh profound.
 There Faith shall come a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay ;
 And calm Religion shall repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.
 Truth, Fortitude, and Friendship shall agree
 To blend their virtues while they think of thee.

Air.—Chorus.

Let us—let all the world agree,
 To profit by resembling thee.

PART II.

OVERTURE.—*Pastorale.*

MAN SPEAKER.

FAST by that shore where Thames' translucent stream
 Reflects new glories on his breast,
 Where, splendid as the youthful poet's dream,
 He forms a scene beyond Elysium blest ;
 Where sculptured elegance and native grace
 Unite to stamp the beauties of the place ;
 While, sweetly blending, still are seen
 The wavy lawn, the sloping green ;

While novelty, with cautious cunning,
 Through every maze of fancy running,
 From China borrows aid to deck the scene :—
 There, sorrowing by the river's glassy bed,
 Forlorn a rural band complain'd,
 All whom Augusta's bounty fed,
 All whom her clemency sustain'd.
 The good old sire, unconscious of decay,
 The modest matron, clad in homespun gray,
 The military boy, the orphan'd maid,
 The shatter'd veteran, now first dismay'd,—
 These sadly join beside the murmuring deep,
 And as they view the towers of Kew,
 Call on their mistress, now no more, and weep.

CHORUS.

Ye shady walks, ye waving greens,
 Ye nodding towers, ye fairy scenes,
 Let all your echoes now deplore,
 That she who form'd your beauties is no more.

MAN SPEAKER.

First of the train the patient rustic came,
 Whose callous hand had form'd the scene,
 Bending at once with sorrow and with age,
 With many a tear, and many a sigh between :
 "And where," he cried, "shall now my babes have bread ?
 Or how shall age support its feeble fire ?
 No lord will take me now, my vigour fled,
 Nor can my strength perform what they require ;
 Each grudging master keeps the labourer bare,
 A sleek and idle race is all their care.
 My noble mistress thought not so :
 Her bounty, like the morning dew,
 Unseen, though constant, used to flow,
 And, as my strength decay'd, her bounty grew."

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In decent dress, and coarsely clean,
 The pious matron next was seen,
 Clasp'd in her hand a godly book was borne,
 By use and daily meditation worn ;
 That decent dress, this holy guide,
 Augusta's care had well supplied.
 " And, ah ! " she cries, all woe-begone,
 " What now remains for me ?
 Oh ! where shall weeping want repair
 To ask for charity ?
 Too late in life for me to ask,
 And shame prevents the deed,
 And tardy, tardy are the times
 To succour, should I need.
 But all my wants, before I spoke,
 Were to my mistress known ;
 She still relieved, nor sought my praise,
 Contented with her own.
 But every day her name I'll bless,
 My morning prayer, my evening song ;
 I'll praise her while my life shall last,
 A life that cannot last me long."

SONG.—BY A WOMAN.

Each day, each hour, her name I'll bless,
 My morning and my evening song,
 And when in death my vows shall cease,
 My children shall the note prolong.

MAN SPEAKER.

The hardy veteran after struck the sight,
 Scarr'd, mangled, maim'd in every part,
 Lopp'd of his limbs in many a gallant fight,
 In naught entire—except his heart ;

Mute for a while, and sullenly distress'd,
 At last the impetuous sorrow fired his breast :—
 “ Wild is the whirlwind rolling
 O'er Afric's sandy plain,
 And wild the tempest howling
 Along the billow'd main ;
 But every danger felt before,
 The raging deep, the whirlwind's roar,
 Less dreadful struck me with dismay
 Than what I feel this fatal day.
 Oh, let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
 Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave ;
 I'll seek that less inhospitable coast,
 And lay my body where my limbs were lost.”

SONG.—BY A MAN.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
 Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
 To do thy memory right ;
 For thine and Britain's wrongs they feel,
 Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
 And wish the avenging fight.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In innocence and youth complaining,
 Next appear'd a lovely maid ;
 Affliction, o'er each feature reigning,
 Kindly came in beauty's aid ;
 Every grace that grief dispenses,
 Every glance that warms the soul,
 In sweet succession charms the senses,
 While pity harmonised the whole.
 “The garland of beauty,” 'tis thus she would say,
 “ No more shall my crook or my temples adorn :
 I'll not wear a garland—Augusta's away,
 I'll not wear a garland until she return ;

But, alas! that return I never shall see :

The echoes of Thames shall my sorrows proclaim,
There promised a lover to come—but, ah me!

'Twas Death—'twas the death of my mistress that came.
But ever, for ever, her image shall last,

I'll strip all the spring of its earliest bloom ;
On her grave shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb."

SONG.—BY A WOMAN.

Pastorale.

With garlands of beauty the Queen of the May
No more will her crook or her temples adorn ;
For who'd wear a garland when she is away,
When she is removed, and shall never return ?

On the grave of Augusta these garlands be placed,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb.

CHORUS.

On the grave of Augusta this garland be placed,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast
The tears of her country shall water her tomb.

EPILOGUE

TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

(Spoken by Mrs Bulkley, in the Character of Miss Hardcastle.)

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,

Still, as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you :
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, composed to please ;
" We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shews the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of everything afraid ;
Blushes when hired, and, with unmeaning action,
" I hopes as how to give you satisfaction."
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
The unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling *connoisseurs* :
On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts ;
And, as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
E'en common-councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher ;
Pretends to taste, at operas cries *caro !*
And quits her Nancy Dawson for Che Faro :
Doats upon dancing, and, in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinelle of Cheapside
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such through our lives the eventful history—
The fifth and last act still remains for me :
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns female barrister, and pleads for bays.

EPILOGUE

TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

*(Intended to be spoken by Mrs Bulkley and Miss Catley.)**Enters MRS BULKLEY, who curtsies very low, as beginning to speak. Then enters MISS CATLEY, who stands full before her, and curtsies to the Audience.*

MRS BULKLEY.

HOLD, ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

MISS CATLEY.

The Epilogue.

MRS BULKLEY.

The Epilogue?

MISS CATLEY.

Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

MRS BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, ma'am. The Epilogue, *I* bring it.

MISS CATLEY.

Excuse me, ma'am. The author bid *me* sing it.*Recitative.*Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS BULKLEY.

Why, sure the girl's beside herself! an Epilogue of singing,
A hopeful end, indeed, to such a bless'd beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set—
Excuse me, ma'am, I know the etiquette.

MISS CATLEY.

What if we leave it to the house ?

MRS BULKLEY.

The house !—Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS BULKLEY.

And she whose party's largest shall proceed.
 And first, I hope you'll readily agree
 I've all the critics and the wits for me.
 They, I am sure, will answer my commands ;
 Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands.
 What ! no return ? I find too late, I fear,
 That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATLEY.

I'm for a different set :—Old men, whose trade is
 Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

Recitative.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
 Still thus address the fair with voice beguiling.

Air.—Cotillon.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
 Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye ;
 Pity take on your swain so clever,
 Who without your aid must die.
 Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu !
 Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho !
Da Capo.

MRS BULKLEY.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit ;
 Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.

Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
 Of French friseurs and nosegays justly vain,
 Who take a trip to Paris once a year
 To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here,—
 Lend me your hand : oh, fatal news to tell,
 Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle.

MISS CATLEY.

Ay, take your travellers—travellers indeed !
 Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.
 Where are the chiels ?—Ah ! ah, I well discern
 The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn.

Air.—A bonny young Lad is my Jocky.

I sing to amuse you by night and by day,
 And be unco merry when you are but gay ;
 When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
 My voice shall be ready to carol away
 With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey.
 With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS BULKLEY.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
 Make but of all your fortune one *va toute* :
 Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
 “I hold the odds.—Done, done, with you, with you.”
 Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace,
 “My lord,—Your lordship misconceives the case.”
 Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
 “I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner :”
 Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
 Come end the contest here, and aid my party.

MISS CATLEY.

Air.—Ballinamony.

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
 Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack ;

For—sure I don't wrong you—you seldom are slack,
 When the ladies are calling, to blush and hang back.
 For you 're always polite and attentive,
 Still to amuse us inventive,
 And death is your only preventive :
 Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS BULKLEY.

Well, madam, what if, after all this sparring,
 We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring ?

MISS CATLEY.

And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
 What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken ?

MRS BULKLEY.

Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS BULKLEY.

And now with late repentance,
 Un-epilogued the Poet waits his sentence.
 Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
 To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*]

S O N G.

“ AH ME ! WHEN SHALL I MARRY ME ? ”

(*Intended to have been sung in the Comedy of “ She Stoops to Conquer.”*)

AH me ! when shall I marry me ?
 Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
 He, fond youth, that could carry me,
 Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner :
 Not a look, nor a smile shall my passion discover.
 She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
 Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR LEE LEWIS, IN THE CHARACTER OF
 HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense :
 I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.
 My pride forbids it ever should be said
 My heels eclipsed the honours of my head ;
 That I found humour in a piebald vest,
 Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Takes off his mask.

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth ?
 Nature disowns, and reason scorns, thy mirth ;
 In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
 The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
 How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
 Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued !
 Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses ;
 Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
 And from above the dangling deities.
 And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew ?
 May rosin'd lightning blast me if I do !
 No—I will act—I'll vindicate the stage :
 Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
 Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns ;
 The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.

Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme,—
 "Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—
 'twas but a dream."

Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating,
 If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.

'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
 Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
 Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
 And cavill'd at his image in the flood.

"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick
 shanks!

They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
 They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead;
 But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head:
 How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
 My horns!—I'm told horns are the fashion now."

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd, to his view,
 Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew;
 Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from behind,
 He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
 He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
 He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze:
 At length his silly head, so prized before,
 Is taught his former folly to deplore;
 Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
 And at one bound he saves himself—like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage door.]

GOLDSMITH'S PLAYS.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

A COMEDY.

PREFACE.

WHEN I undertook to write a comedy, I confess I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term *genteel comedy* was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know anything of composition, are sensible that in pursuing humour it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean; I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a spunging-house: but in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate, the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation. In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed, the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and *Molière* from the stage, but it has banished all spectators too.

Upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the public for the favourable reception which the Good-Natured Man has met with: and to Mr Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It

may not also be improper to assure any who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY DR JOHNSON.

SPOKEN BY MR BENSLEY.

PRESS'D by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of humankind ;
With cool submission joins the labouring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain.
Our anxious bard, without complaint, may share
This bustling season's epidemic care ;
Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,
Toss'd in one common storm with all the great ;
Distress'd alike, the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame,
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same ;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd, on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail ;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote !"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet : I hiss him, and he dies !"
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe ;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.

Yet, judged by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
 He feels no want of ill-persuading gold ;
 But, confident of praise, if praise be due,
 Trusts, without fear, to merit, and to you.

 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.			
MR HONEYWOOD.		DUBARDIEU.	
CROAKER.		POSTBOY.	
LOFTY.			WOMEN.
SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD.		MISS RICHLAND.	
LEONTINE.		OLIVIA.	
JARVIS.		MRS CROAKER.	
BUTLER.		GARNET.	
BAILIFF.		LANDLADY.	

SCENE—*London.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S House.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD and JARVIS.

Sir Will. Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity like yours is the best excuse for every freedom.

Jarvis. I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir Will. Say rather, that he loves all the world ; that is his fault.

Jarvis. I'm sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir Will. What signifies his affection to me? or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharper and coxcomb finds an easy entrance?

Jarvis. I grant that he's rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another: but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

Sir Will. Not mine, sure! My letters to him during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend, his errors.

Jarvis. Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an errant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

Sir Will. Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis, his good-nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jarvis. What it rises from, I don't know. But, to be sure, everybody has it, that asks it.

Sir Will. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

Jarvis. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting everybody, universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

Sir Will. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is, to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity; to arrest

him for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

Jarvis. Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be music to me; yet, faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but, instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hair-dresser.

Sir Will. We must try him once more, however, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution; and I don't despair of succeeding, as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him, without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good will to others should produce so much neglect of himself, as to require correction! Yet, we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. [*Exit.*

Jarvis. Well, go thy ways, Sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason that the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew; the strange, good-natured, foolish, open-hearted—and yet, all his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

Jarvis. You have no friends.

Honeyw. Well; from my acquaintance then?

Jarvis. (*Pulling out bills.*) A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked Lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

Honeyw. That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

Jarvis. He has lost all patience.

Honeyw. Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jarvis. There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth, for a while at least.

Honeyw. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the meantime? Must I be cruel because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress.

Jarvis. 'Sdeath, sir, the question now is, how to relieve yourself? Yourself—haven't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

Honeyw. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

Jarvis. You're the only man alive in your present situation that could do so—everything upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

Honeyw. I'm no man's rival.

Jarvis. Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

Honeyw. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

Jarvis. So! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact; I caught him in the fact

Honeyw. In the fact? If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

Jarvis. He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

Honeyw. No, Jarvis: it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen, let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature.

Jarvis. Very fine; well, here was the footman just now,

to complain of the butler; he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

Honeyw. That's but just: though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

Jarvis. Ay, it's the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy-counsellor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

Enter BUTLER, drunk.

Butler. Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan: you must part with him, or part with me, that's the ex-ex-position of the matter, sir.

Honeyw. Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?

Butler. Sir, he's given to drinking, sir, and I shall have my morals corrupted, by keeping such company.

Honeyw. Ha! ha! he has such a diverting way—

Jarvis. Oh! quite amusing.

Butler. I find my wines a-going, sir; and liquors don't go without mouths, sir; I hate a drunkard, sir.

Honeyw. Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time, so go to bed now.

Jarvis. To bed! Let him go to the devil.

Butler. Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

Honeyw. Why didn't you shew him up, blockhead?

Butler. Shew him up, sir? With all my heart, sir. Up or down, all's one to me. [*Exit.*

Jarvis. Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose; the match between his son, that's just returned

from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

Honeyw. Perhaps so. Mr Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

Jarvis. Ah! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.

Honeyw. Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own. But never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connexion with one so unworthy her merits, as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.

Jarvis. Was ever the like? I want patience.

Honeyw. Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs Croaker his wife; who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know?

Jarvis. Opposite enough, Heaven knows; the very reverse of each other; she all laugh and no joke, he always complaining and never sorrowful; a fretful poor soul, that has a new distress for every hour in the four-and-twenty——

Honeyw. Hush, hush, he's coming up! he'll hear you.

Jarvis. One whose voice is a passing-bell——

Honeyw. Well, well, go, do.

Jarvis. A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a coffin and cross bones; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly nightshade; a—(HONEYWOOD, stopping his mouth, at last pushes him off.)

[Exit JARVIS.]

Honeyw. I must own, my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's con-

versation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop.—Mr Croaker, this is such a satisfaction—

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. A pleasant morning to Mr Honeywood, and many of them. How is this? You look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues—I say nothing—but God send we be all better this day three months.

Honeyw. I heartily concur in the wish, though, I own, not in your apprehensions.

Croaker. Maybe not. Indeed, what signifies what weather we have, in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising, and trade falling. Money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know at this time no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing Cross and Temple Bar.

Honeyw. The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I should hope?

Croaker. Maybe not. Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has scarce any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

Honeyw. I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

Croaker. Maybe not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or not? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady dressed from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly. But now-a-days the devil a thing of their own manufacture about them, except their faces.

Honeyw. But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland.

Croaker. The best of them will never be canonised for a saint when she's dead. By the by, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t'other.

Honeyw. I thought otherwise.

Croaker. Ah, Mr Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Honeyw. But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

Croaker. My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Honeyw. But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Croaker. No, though I had the spirit of a lion. I do rouse sometimes. But what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better, before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Honeyw. It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

Croaker. Ah, my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend; we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

Honeyw. Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

Croaker. I don't know, some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then, and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh—Poor Dick!
[*Going to cry.*]

Honeyw. His fate affects me.

Croaker. Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Honeyw. To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have passed, the prospect is hideous.

Croaker. Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

Honeyw. Very true, sir; nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

Croaker. Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to shew him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself—And what if I bring my last letter to the *Gazetteer* on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again.
[*Exit.*]

Honeyw. Poor Croaker! His situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms is worse than death

itself. And yet, when I consider my own situation, a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress; the wish but not the power to serve them—(*pausing and sighing.*)

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. More company below, sir; Mrs Croaker and Miss Richland; shall I shew them up? But they're shewing up themselves. [*Exit.*]

Enter MRS CROAKER and MISS RICHLAND.

Miss Rich. You're always in such spirits.

Mrs Croaker. We have just come, my dear Honeywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques! herself the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

Honeyw. Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good humour: I know you'll pardon me.

Mrs Croaker. I vow, he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

Miss Rich. You would seem to insinuate, madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it.

Mrs Croaker. Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

Miss Rich. I own I should be sorry Mr Honeywood's long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

Honeyw. There's no answering for others, madam; but I hope you'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

Miss Rich. And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you, than the most passionate professions from others.

Honeyw. My own sentiments, madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

Miss Rich. And, without a compliment, I know none more

disinterested or more capable of friendship than Mr Honeywood.

Mrs Croaker. And indeed I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss Fruzz, Miss Odbody, and Miss Winterbottom, praise him in all companies. As for Miss Biddy Bundle, she's his professed admirer.

Miss Rich. Indeed! an admirer! I did not know, sir, you were such a favourite there. But is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

Honeyw. The town, madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to lose it. [*Smiling.*]

Mrs Croaker. But she's resolved never to lose it, it seems; for as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of those fine old dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age by everywhere exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side-box; trailing through a minuet at Almack's; and then, in the public gardens looking for all the world like one of the painted ruins of the place.

Honeyw. Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

Miss Rich. But then the mortifications they must suffer before they can be fitted out for traffic! I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hairdresser, when all the fault was her face.

Honeyw. And yet I'll engage, has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age, from fifteen to fourscore.

Mrs Croaker. Well, you're a dear good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to shew Olivia the town, and the things; I believe I shall have business for you for the whole day.

Honeyw. I am sorry, madam, I have an appointment with Mr Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

Mrs Croaker. What! with my husband? Then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

Honeyw. Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear, you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONTINE and OLIVIA.

Leont. There they go, thoughtless and happy. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are!

Olivia. How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censoring world, when I must be detected—

Leont. The world! my love, what can it say? At worst, it can only say that, being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house—the only one where yours could remain without censure.

Olivia. But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion: your being sent to France to bring home a sister; and, instead of a sister, bringing home—

Leont. One dearer than a thousand sisters; one that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

Olivia. And that, I fear, will shortly be.

Leont. Impossible till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child; and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

Olivia. But mayn't she write? mayn't her aunt write?

Leont. Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

Olivia. But won't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion?

Leont. There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

Olivia. Your heart and fortune!

Leont. Don't be alarmed, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour, or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her? No, my Olivia, neither the force, nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer Miss Richland a heart I am convinced she will refuse; as I am confident that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Mr Honeywood.

Olivia. Mr Honeywood! You'll excuse my apprehensions; but when your merits come to be put in the balance—

Leont. You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I shew a seeming compliance with my father's commands; and perhaps, upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself.

Olivia. Well, I submit. And yet, my Leontine, I own I shall envy her even your pretended addresses. I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly, perhaps: I allow it; but it is natural to suppose, that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart may be powerful over that of another.

Leont. Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland; and—

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Where have you been, boy? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things. Ah! he's an example indeed. Where is he? I left him here.

Leont. Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him too, in the next room: he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

Croaker. Good gracious, can I believe my eyes or my ears? I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunned with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation? (*A laugh behind the scenes; CROAKER mimics it.*) Ha! ha! ha! there it goes: a plague take their balderdash; yet I could expect nothing less when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

Leont. Since you find so many objections to a wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me?

Croaker. I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

Leont. But, sir, though in obedience to your desire I am ready to marry her, it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

Croaker. I'll tell you once for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon government, which my good friend, Mr Lofty, assures me the treasury will allow. One half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So, if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

Leont. But, sir, if you will but listen to reason—

Croaker. Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fixed, determined, so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

Leont. You have alleged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness—

Croaker. Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice—to marry you, or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

Leont. An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

Croaker. An only father, sir, might expect more obedience; besides, has not your sister here, that never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as you? He's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you. But he shan't, I tell you he shan't, for you shall have your share.

Olivia. Dear sir, I wish you'd be convinced that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune which is taken from his.

Croaker. Well, well, it's a good child; so say no more, but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you; old Ruggins, the currycomb maker, lying in state: I'm told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, CROAKER'S *House.*

MISS RICHLAND, GARNET.

Miss Rich. Olivia not his sister? Olivia not Leontine's sister? You amaze me!

Garnet. No more his sister than I am; I had it all from his own servant; I can get anything from that quarter.

Miss Rich. But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

Garnet. Why, madam, as I told you before, instead of

going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went further than Paris ; there he saw and fell in love with this young lady : by the by, of a prodigious family.

Miss Rich. And brought her home to my guardian as his daughter.

Garnet. Yes, and daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

Miss Rich. Well, I own they have deceived me. And so demurely as Olivia carried it too ! Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets ; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me ?

Garnet. And, upon my word, madam, I don't much blame her ; she was loth to trust one with her secrets that was so very bad at keeping her own.

Miss Rich. But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

Garnet. Yet what can you do ? for being, as you are, in love with Mr Honeywood, madam—

Miss Rich. How, idiot ! what do you mean ? In love with Mr Honeywood ! Is this to provoke me ?

Garnet. That is, madam, in friendship with him ; I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married ; nothing more.

Miss Rich. Well, no more of this. As to my guardian and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them ; I'm resolved to accept their proposal with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance, and so throw the refusal at last upon them.

Garnet. Delicious ! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much cuteness ?

Miss Rich. Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

Garnet. Then you're likely not long to want employment; for here they come, and in close conference.

Enter CROAKER, LEONTINE.

Leont. Excuse me, sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting to the lady so important a question.

Croaker. Lord, good sir! moderate your fears; you're so plaguy shy, that one would think you had changed sexes. I tell you we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin. Well, why don't you? Eh? What? Well, then—I must, it seems. Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

Miss Rich. Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with anything that comes recommended by you.

Croaker. How, boy, could you desire a finer opportunity? Why don't you begin, I say? [To LEONT.

Leont. 'Tis true, madam, my father, madam, has some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair—which—himself—can best explain, madam.

Croaker. Yes, my dear, it comes entirely from my son; it's all a request of his own, madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

Leont. The whole affair is only this, madam; my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver.

Croaker. My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on. (*Aside.*) In short, madam, you see before you one that loves you; one whose whole happiness is all in you.

Miss Rich. I never had any doubts of your regard, sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

Croaker. That's not the thing, my little sweeting, my love.

No, no, another-guess lover than I ; there he stands, madam ; his very looks declare the force of his passion. Call up a look, you dog. But then, had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent—

Miss Rich. I fear, sir, he's absent now ; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

Croaker. Himself, madam ! He would die before he could make such a confession ; and if he had not a channel for his passion through me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding.

Miss Rich. I must grant, sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence, above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

Croaker. Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language ; silence is become his mother-tongue.

Miss Rich. And it must be confessed, sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet, I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession ; shan't I, Mr Leontine ?

Leont. Confusion ! my reserve will undo me. But, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. (*Aside.*) Don't imagine from my silence, madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, madam, tells me, your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you. He admires you ; I adore you : and when we come together, upon my soul I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St James's.

Miss Rich. If I could flatter myself, you thought as you speak, sir—

Leont. Doubt my sincerity, madam ? By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory, ask cowards if they covet safety—

Croaker. Well, well, no more questions about it.

Leont. Ask the sick if they long for health, ask misers if they love money, ask—

Croaker. Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense! What's come over the boy? What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

Miss Rich. Why indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me, forces me, to comply. And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gained with too much ease; won't you, Mr Leontine?

Leont. Confusion! (*Aside.*) Oh, by no means, madam, by no means. And yet, madam, you talked of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, madam; I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

Croaker. But I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It's a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

Leont. But, sir, she talked of force. Consider, sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

Croaker. But I say there's no cruelty. Don't you know, blockhead, that girls have always a round-about way of saying Yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room, and hang him that interrupts the tender explanation. Get you gone, I say; I'll not hear a word.

Leont. But, sir, I must beg leave to insist—

Croaker. Get off, you puppy, or I'll beg leave to insist upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp! But I don't wonder; the boy takes entirely after his mother.

[*Exeunt* MISS RICHLAND and LEONTINE.]

Enter MRS CROAKER.

Mrs Croaker. Mr Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

Croaker. I'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear.

Mrs Croaker. A letter; and, as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

Croaker. And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

Mrs Croaker. Pooh! it's from your sister at Lyons, and contains good news: read it.

Croaker. What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister of mine has some good qualities, but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

Mrs Croaker. Fold a fiddlestick! Read what it contains.

Croaker. (*Reading.*) "DEAR NICK,—An English gentleman of large fortune, has for some time made private, though honourable, proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive her.—Yours ever,

"RACHEL CROAKER."

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune! This is good news indeed. My heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how slyly the little baggage has carried it since she came home! Not a word on't to the old ones, for the world! Yet I thought I saw something she wanted to conceal.

Mrs Croaker. Well, if they have concealed their amour, they shan't conceal their wedding; that shall be public, I'm resolved.

Croaker. I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never get this woman to think of the more serious part of the nuptial engagement.

Mrs Croaker. What, would you have me think of their funeral? But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess? Would you have ever been known to Mr Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the treasury, but for me? Who was it first made

him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a back-stairs favourite, one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please? Isn't he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentations could never have got us?

Croaker. He is a man of importance, I grant you; and yet, what amazes me is, that while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

Mrs Croaker. That perhaps may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

Enter French Servant.

Servant. An expresse from Monsieur Lofty. He vill be vait upon your honours instamment. He be only giving four five instruction, read to tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vill be vid you in one tree minutes.

Mrs Croaker. You see now, my dear, what an extensive department. Well, friend, let your master know, that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there any thing ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express.

Croaker. To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect, than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

Mrs Croaker. Never mind the world, my dear; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect: (*a loud rapping at the door*) and there he is, by the thundering rap.

Croaker. Ay, verily, there he is; as close upon the heels of his own express, as an indorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she, too, may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*]

Enter LOFTY, speaking to his Servant.

Lofty. And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teasing creature the marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'me, I'll be packhorse to none of them. My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—and if the expresses to his grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance. Madam, I ask a thousand pardons.

Mrs Croaker. Sir, this honour——

Lofty. And, Dubardieu, if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs Croaker. Sir, this honour——

Lofty. And, Dubardieu, if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. And if the Russian ambassador calls: but he will scarce call to-day, I believe. And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs Croaker. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine: and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

Lofty. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teased for pensions there, and courted every where. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

Mrs Croaker. Excuse me, sir. "Toils of empires pleasures are," as Waller says.

Lofty. Waller, Waller; is he of the house?

Mrs Croaker. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Lofty. Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and

daughters ; but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books ; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp-act, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs Croaker. The world is no stranger to Mr Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lofty. I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing, in the world ; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so. Measures, not men, have always been my mark ; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

Mrs Croaker. What importance, and yet what modesty !

Lofty. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam ; there, I own, I'm accessible to praise : modesty is my foible : it was so, the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. I love Jack Lofty, he used to say : no man has a finer knowledge of things ; quite a man of information ; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord he's prodigious ; he scouts them : and yet all men have their faults ; too much modesty is his, says his grace.

Mrs Croaker. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

Lofty. Oh, there indeed I'm in bronze. Apropos, I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage ; we must name no names. When I ask, I am not to be put off, madam. No, no, I take my friend by the button. "A fine girl, sir ; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough-interest. Business must be done, Mr Secretary. I say, Mr Secretary, her business must be done, sir." That's my way, madam.

Mrs Croaker. Bless me! you said all this to the Secretary of State, did you?

Lofty. I did not say the secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out I will not deny it. It was to the secretary.

Mrs Croaker. This was going to the fountain-head at once; not applying to the understrappers, as Mr Honeywood would have had us.

Lofty. Honeywood! he-he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him?

Mrs Croaker. Poor dear man! no accident, I hope.

Lofty. Undone, madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in his own house.

Mrs Croaker. A prisoner in his own house! How! At this very time? I'm quite unhappy for him.

Lofty. Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured; but then, I could never find that he had anything in him.

Mrs Croaker. His manner, to be sure, was excessive harmless; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

Lofty. It can't be concealed, madam; the man was dull, dull as the last new comedy! A poor impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business, but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow.

Mrs Croaker. How differently does Miss Richland think of him! for, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

Lofty. Loves him! Does she! You should cure her of that, by all means. Let me see: what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I have a regard for Miss

Richland; and, rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OLIVIA and LEONTINE.

Leont. And yet, trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal, as I did everything in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me.

Olivia. Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

Leont. But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do?

Olivia. Let us now rather consider what's to be done. We have both dissembled too long—I have always been ashamed, I am now quite weary, of it. Sure, I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

Leont. And you shall find my gratitude equal to your kindest compliance. Though our friends should totally forsake us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Olivia. Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true; but can it ever be thought that his present kindness to a supposed child will continue to a known deceiver?

Leont. I have many reasons to believe it will. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides, I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay, by an expression or two that dropped from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair.

Olivia. Indeed! But that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

Leont. However it be, I'm certain you have power over

him ; and am persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

Olivia. You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

Leont. And that's the best reason for trying another.

Olivia. If it must be so, I submit.

Leont. As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just retire within hearing, to come in at a proper time, either to share your danger, or confirm your victory. [*Exit.*

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Yes, I must forgive her ; and yet not too easily neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority.

Olivia. How I tremble to approach him !—Might I presume, sir—If I interrupt you——

Croaker. No, child ; where I have an affection, it is not a little thing can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

Olivia. Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality. Yet Heaven knows there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

Croaker. And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy, you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my conscience, I could be brought to forgive anything, unless it were a very great offence indeed.

Olivia. But mine is such an offence—When you know my guilt—Yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

Croaker. Why, then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble, for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

Olivia. Indeed ! Then I'm undone.

Croaker. Ay, miss, you wanted to steal a match, without letting me know it, did you? But I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of lumber: a piece of cracked china to be stuck up in a corner.

Olivia. Dear sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

Croaker. No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in his mouth till there comes a thaw——It goes to my heart to vex her.

Olivia. I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

Croaker. And yet you should not despair neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

Olivia. And do you permit me to hope, sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has too long deceived me.

Croaker. Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment; I forgive you all; and now you are indeed my daughter.

Olivia. Oh, transport! This kindness overpowers me.

Croaker. I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

Olivia. What generosity! But can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation——

Croaker. You did indeed dissemble, you urchin, you; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for a husband? My wife and I had never been married if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

Olivia. It shall be my future care never to put such gene-

rosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that——

Enter LEONTINE.

Leont. Permit him thus to answer for himself. (*Kneeling.*) Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness: I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

Croaker. And, good sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face and flourishing manner? I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

Leont. How, sir, is it possible to be silent when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? Of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? Of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned?

Croaker. Lord, sir, we can be happy enough without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all the morning!

Leont. But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to shew my joy? Is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? Is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

Croaker. Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure, the boy is out of his senses! His own sister!

Leont. My sister!

Olivia. Sister! How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*

Leont. Some cursed mistake in all this, I find. [*Aside.*

Croaker. What does the booby mean? or has he any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you blockhead, you?

Leont. Mean, sir—why, sir—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir; that is, of giving her away, sir—I have made a point of it.

Croaker. Oh, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it. Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

Olivia. Oh! yes, sir, very happy.

Croaker. Do you foresee anything, child? You look as if you did. I think if anything was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another: and yet I foresee nothing.

[*Exit.*

LEONTINE, OLIVIA.

Olivia. What can it mean?

Leont. He knows something, and yet for my life I can't tell what.

Olivia. It can't be the connexion between us, I am pretty certain.

Leont. Whatever it be, my dearest, I'm resolved to put it out of Fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his advice and assistance. I'll go to him, and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom; and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasinesses, he will at least share them.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE—YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S *House.*

Bailiff, HONEYWOOD, Follower.

Bailiff. Look ye, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time; no disparagement of you neither. Men that

would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to shew a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honeyw. Without all question, Mr ——. I forget your name, sir?

Bailiff. How can you forget what you never knew? he, he, he!

Honeyw. May I beg leave to ask your name?

Bailiff. Yes, you may.

Honeyw. Then, pray, sir, what is your name, sir?

Bailiff. That I didn't promise to tell you; he, he, he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

Honeyw. You may have reason for keeping it a secret perhaps.

Bailiff. The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can shew cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honeyw. Nothing in the world, good Mr Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask—that's all.

Bailiff. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honeyw. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple. (*Pulling out his purse.*) The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at furthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thought of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bailiff. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get anything

by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honeyw. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr Twitch, and yours is a necessary one. (*Gives him money.*)

Bailiff. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honeyw. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr Twitch.

Bailiff. Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

Honeyw. Don't account it lost, Mr Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

Bailiff. Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we, in our way, have no humanity; but I'll shew you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children; a guinea or two would be more to him than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't shew him any humanity myself, I must beg you'll do it for me.

Honeyw. I assure you, Mr Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. (*Giving money to the Follower.*)

Bailiff. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face: but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

Honeyw. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

Honeyw. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver.—Do you hear?

Servant. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honeyw. The white and gold then.

Servant. That, your honour, I made bold to sell because it was good for nothing.

Honeyw. Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr Flanigan will look best in blue. [*Exit* FLANIGAN.]

Bailiff. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he. Scents like a hound; sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco when I took him to follow me. [*Re-enter* FLANIGAN.] Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honeyw. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bailiff. Never you fear me, I'll shew the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

Enter MISS RICHLAND *and her* Maid.

Miss Rich. You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

Honeyw. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr Twitch and Mr Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss Rich. Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [Aside.

Bailiff. (After a pause.) Pretty weather, very pretty weather, for the time of the year, madam.

Follower. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honeyw. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

Miss Rich. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

Honeyw. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service.

Miss Rich. I'm told so. And I own, it has often surprised me that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honeyw. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

Miss Rich. I'm quite displeas'd when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Honeyw. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Follower. Damn the French, the *parle vous*, and all that belongs to them.

Miss Rich. Sir!

Honeyw. Ha, ha, ha, honest Mr Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Rich. Yet, Mr Honeywood, this does not convince

me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bailiff. Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give Monseers but a taste, and I'll be damn'd but they come in for a bellyful.

Miss Rich. Very extraordinary this.

Follower. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the *parle vous* that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound? the *parle vous* that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence halfpenny a pot—

Honeyw. Ah! the vulgar rogues, all will be out. Right, gentlemen; very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss Rich. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I'll own that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bailiff. That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says; for set in case—

Honeyw. I'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly our presuming to pardon any work is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bailiff. By his *habus corpus*. His *habus corpus* can set him free at any time. For set in case—

Honeyw. I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Follower. Ay, but if so be a man's nabbed, you know—

Honeyw. Mr Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not

improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bailiff. As for the matter of that, mayhap——

Honeyw. Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves: what is it but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bailiff. Justice! Oh, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in a course of law——

Honeyw. My dear Mr Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly, and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law?

Miss Rich. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bailiff. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now to explain the thing——

Honeyw. Oh! curse your explanations. [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Honeyw. That's lucky. (*Aside.*) Dear madam, you'll excuse me, and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must; but I know your natural politeness.

Bailiff. Before and behind, you know.

Follower. Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt* HONEYWOOD, Bailiff, and Follower.]

Miss Rich. What can all this mean, Garnet?

Garnet. Mean, madam? why, what should it mean but what Mr Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers are officers sure enough: sheriff's officers; bailiffs, madam.

Miss Rich. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

Garnet. And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts and set him free has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Will. For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free I own was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet it gives me pleasure to find that, among a number of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real value; for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ha! here before me: I'll endeavour to sound her affections. Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

Miss Rich. The precaution was very unnecessary, sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

Sir Will. Partly, madam. But I was also willing you should be fully apprised of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

Miss Rich. It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after what you have done, would look like malice; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed would be impeaching your own. And sure,

his tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

Sir Will. That friendship, madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They who pretend most to this universal benevolence are either deceivers or dupes—men who desire to cover their private ill-nature by a pretended regard for all ; or men who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid than of useful virtues.

Miss Rich. I am surprised, sir, to hear one who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others so severe in his censure of it.

Sir Will. Whatever I may have gained by folly, madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

Miss Rich. Your cares for me, sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, perhaps, in hopes of a refusal. No, sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

Sir Will. Thou amiable woman, I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude—my pleasure. You see before you one who has been equally careful of his interest : one who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies, and only punished, in hopes to reclaim them—His uncle.

Miss Rich. Sir William Honeywood ! You amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion ? I fear, sir, you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I—

Sir Will. Don't make any apologies, madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learnt, madam, that you had some demands upon government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

Miss Rich. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to your intentions ; but my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures him of success.

Sir Will. Who, the important little man that visits here! Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion than his person, I assure you.

Miss Rich. How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

Sir Will. Does he? Remember I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off; I'll visit to his grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shewn everywhere, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss Rich. I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear madam, what can a private man like me do? One man can't do everything; and then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see, something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the Lower House, at my own peril.

Sir Will. And, after all, it is more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

Lofty. Then, madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir Will. His uncle! Then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours.

Lofty. Meaning me, sir?—Yes, madam, as I often said, My dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do anything, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family ; but what can be done ? there's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

Miss Rich. I have heard of Sir William Honeywood ; he's abroad in employment ; he confided in your judgment, I suppose.

Lofty. Why, yes, madam ; I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment ; one little reason, perhaps.

Miss Rich. Pray, sir, what was it ?

Lofty. Why, madam—but let it go no further—it was I procured him his place.

Sir Will. Did you, sir ?

Lofty. Either you or I, sir.

Miss Rich. This, Mr Lofty, was very kind, indeed.

Lofty. I did love him, to be sure ; he had some amusing qualities ; no man was fitter to be toastmaster to a club, or had a better head.

Miss Rich. A better head ?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be sure, he was as dull as a choice spirit ; but hang it, he was grateful, very grateful ; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Sir Will. He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

Lofty. A trifle, a mere trifle, among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Sir Will. Dignity of person, do you mean, sir ? I'm told he's much about my size and figure, sir.

Lofty. Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment ; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

Miss Rich. Oh, perfectly ; you courtiers can do anything, I see.

Lofty. My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange ;

we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now: let me suppose you the first lord of the treasury; you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in me that you want; do me here, do you there: interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

Sir Will. A thought strikes me. (*Aside.*) Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam, and as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of yours, you'll be glad to hear he's arrived from Italy; I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

Lofty. The devil he is! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted. (*Aside.*)

Sir Will. He is certainly returned; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him; there are some papers relative to your affairs, that require despatch and his inspection.

Miss Rich. This gentleman, Mr Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs: I know you'll serve us.

Lofty. My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it

Sir Will. That would be quite unnecessary.

Lofty. Well, we must introduce you then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

Sir Will. Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

Lofty. Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But damn it, that's unfortunate; my Lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend—another time—

Sir Will. A short letter to Sir William will do.

Lofty. You shall have it; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work; face to face, that's my way.

Sir Will. The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

Lofty. Zounds, sir, do you pretend to direct me? direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, sir? who am I?

Miss Rich. Dear Mr Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine ; if my commands—but you despise my power.

Lofty. Delicate creature ! your commands could even control a debate at midnight ; to a power so constitutional I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter ; where is my secretary ? Dubardieu ! And yet I protest I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William—But you will have it so.

[*Exit with MISS RICH.*

SIR WILLIAM, *alone.*

Sir Will. Ha, ha, ha ! This, too, is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt serve but to sink us ! thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeas'd at this interview ; exposing this fellow's impudence to the contempt it deserves may be of use to my design ; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself.

Enter JARVIS.

Sir Will. How now, Jarvis ? where's your master, my nephew ?

Jarvis. At his wit's end, I believe ; he's scarce gotten out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

Sir Will. How so ?

Jarvis. The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging tooth and nail in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir Will. Ever busy to serve others.

Jarvis. Ay, anybody but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland, and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir Will. Money ! how is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself ?

Jarvis. Why, there it is; he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said No to any request in his life, he has given them a bill drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir Will. How?

Jarvis. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception, when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir Will. To the land of matrimony! A pleasant journey, *Jarvis.*

Jarvis. Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

Sir Will. Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connexions, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connexion. But, come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished: I'll let you further into my intentions in the next room. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—CROAKER'S *House.*

Lofty. Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality; but, curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title-

page ; yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing ? Ha ! Honeywood, here before me. Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty ?

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Mr Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business ; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

Honeyw. It was unfortunate indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

Lofty. How ! not know the friend that served you ?

Honeyw. Can't guess at the person.

Lofty. Inquire.

Honeyw. I have ; but all I can learn is, that he chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

Lofty. Must be fruitless ?

Honeyw. Absolutely fruitless.

Lofty. Sure of that ?

Honeyw. Very sure.

Lofty. Then I'll be damned if you shall ever know it from me.

Honeyw. How, sir !

Lofty. I suppose now, Mr Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away ; I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

Honeyw. The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend ?

Lofty. To nothing ; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted that I never yet patronised a man of merit.

Honeyw. I have heard instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

Lofty. Yes, Honeywood, and there are instances to the contrary that you shall never hear from myself,

Honeyw. Ha, dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

Lofty. Sir, ask me no questions : I say, sir, ask me no questions ; I'll be damned if I answer them.

Honeyw. I will ask no further. My friend, my benefactor, it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks ; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

Lofty. I protest I don't understand all this, Mr Honeywood. You treat me very cavalierly, I do assure you, sir. Blood, sir, can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings without all this parade ?

Honeyw. Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

Lofty. Confess it, sir ! Torture itself, sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out ; make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation ; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar—indeed we must.

Honeyw. Heavens ! Can I ever repay such friendship ? Is there any way ? Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation ?

Lofty. A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle. But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

Honeyw. How ! teach me the manner. Is there any way ?

Lofty. From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love.

Honeyw. And can I assist you?

Lofty. Nobody so well.

Honeyw. In what manner? I'm all impatience.

Lofty. You shall make love for me.

Honeyw. And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

Lofty. To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you—Miss Richland.

Honeyw. Miss Richland!

Lofty. Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow up to the hilt in my bosom, by Jupiter.

Honeyw. Heavens! was ever anything more unfortunate? It is too much to be endured.

Lofty. Unfortunate indeed! and yet I can endure it till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me: I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

Honeyw. Indeed! But do you know the person you apply to?

Lofty. Yes, I know you are her friend, and mine: that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if at any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises—you know my interest is yours at any time. No apologies, my friend; I'll not be answered; it shall be so. [*Exit.*]

Honeyw. Open, generous, unsuspecting man! He little thinks that I love her too; and with such an ardent passion!—But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship, a hopeless passion, a deserving friend! Love, that has been my tormentor; a friend, that has, perhaps, distressed himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another!

—Insupportable. But then to betray a generous, trusting friend!—Worse, worse. Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country, where I must for ever despair of finding my own. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and GARNET, who carries a milliner's box.

Olivia. Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

Garnet. Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him say, a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

Olivia. To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the city! How provoking!

Garnet. I'll lay my life Mr Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn, and here you are left behind.

Olivia. Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, Garnet?

Garnet. Not a stick, madam—all's here. Yet I wish you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world, in anything but white. I knew one Bett Stubbs, of our town, that was married in red, and, as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff before morning.

Olivia. No matter—I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

Garnet. Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the wedding-ring!—The sweet little thing—I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's night-cap, in case of necessity, madam? But here's Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

Olivia. O Jarvis, are you come at last? We have been ready this half hour. Now let's be going—Let us fly!

Jarvis. Ay, to Jericho; for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

Olivia. How! What's the matter?

Jarvis. Money, money is the matter, madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's errand for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is; Mrs Garnet may pin up her hair with it.

Olivia. Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so! What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

Jarvis. Go to Scotland without money! To Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon a cork jacket.

Olivia. Such a disappointment! What a base, insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner! Is this his good-nature?

Jarvis. Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam: I won't bear to hear anybody talk ill of him but myself.

Garnet. Bless us! now I think on't, madam, you need not be under any uneasiness: I saw Mr Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

Olivia. Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write immediately. How's this? Bless me, my hand trembles so I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you.

Garnet. Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly: I never was cute at my larning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?

Olivia. Whatever you please.

Garnet, (writing.) Muster Croaker—Twenty guineas, madam?

Olivia. Ay, twenty will do.

Garnet. At the bar of the Talbot till called for. Expedi

tion—will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick, despatch—Cupid, the little God of love—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid ; I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

Olivia. Well, well, what you please, anything. But how shall we send it ? I can trust none of the servants of this family.

Garnet. Odso, madam, Mr Honeywood's butler is in the next room ; he's a dear, sweet man ; he'll do anything for me.

Jarvis. He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times a day.

Olivia. No matter. Fly, Garnet ; anybody we can trust will do. [*Exit GARNET.*] Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us. You may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn. Have you no hands, Jarvis ?

Jarvis. Soft and fair, young lady. You, that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast : but we that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, madam.

Olivia. Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again——

Jarvis. My life for it, you would do them ten times over.

Olivia. Why will you talk so ? If you knew how unhappy they make me——

Jarvis. Very unhappy, no doubt : I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that——

Olivia. A story! when I'm all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature?——

Jarvis. Well, madam, if we must march, why we will march ; that's all. Though, odds-bobs, we have still forgot one thing we should never travel without—a case of good razors, and a box of shaving-powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [*Going.*

Enter GARNET.

Garnet. Undone, undone, madam. Ah, Mr Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

Olivia. Unfortunate! we shall be discovered.

Garnet. No, madam, don't be uneasy, he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure, he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find what it means for all that. O Lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors!

Olivia. Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask further questions. In the meantime, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water to be levelled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is—An incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Muster Croaker, these, with speed." Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. "With speed!" Oh, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. (*Reads.*) "Muster Croakar as sone as yoew see this leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell caled for or yowe and yower experetion will be al blown up." Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up! (*Reads.*) "Our pockets are low, and money we must have." Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads.*) "It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame." Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and

then burn us. The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*) "Make quick despatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little God of love, go with you wherever you go." The little God of love! Cupid, the little God of love go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together; I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds.

Enter MISS RICHLAND.

Miss Rich. Lord, sir, what's the matter?

Croaker. Murder's the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss Rich. I hope not, sir.

Croaker. What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating, is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep, though rocked by an earthquake; and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

Miss Rich. But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already, we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs, from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers, to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

Croaker. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without! Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be

put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. [Exit.

MISS RICHLAND *alone.*

Miss Rich. What can he mean by all this! Yet, why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day? But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or, rather, what means this palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever shewed anything in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to——but he's here.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. I presumed to solicit this interview, madam, before I left town, to be permitted——

Miss Rich. Indeed! Leaving town, sir?——

Honeyw. Yes, madam; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview—in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts. And yet my fears——

Miss Rich. His fears! what are his fears to mine? (*Aside.*)—We have indeed been long acquainted, sir; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's.—Do you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

Honeyw. Perfectly, madam; I presumed to reprove you for painting; but your warmer blushes soon convinced the company, that the colouring was all from nature.

Miss Rich. And yet you only meant it, in your good-natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner you danced that night with the most awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else would take her out.

Honeyw. Yes; and was rewarded the next night, by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom every body wished to take out.

Miss Rich. Well, sir, if you thought so then, I fear your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally shew to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

Honeyw. The first impression, madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious flattered beauty. I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

Miss Rich. This, sir, is a style very unusual with Mr Honeywood; and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity, which his own lesson hath taught me to despise.

Honeyw. I ask pardon, madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

Miss Rich. Sir! I beg you'd reflect; though, I fear, I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours; yet, you may be precipitate: consider, sir.

Honeyw. I own my rashness; but, as I plead the cause of friendship, of one who loves—Don't be alarmed, madam—Who loves you with the most ardent passion; whose whole happiness is placed in you——

Miss Rich. I fear, sir, I shall never find whom you mean, by this description of him.

Honeyw. Ah, madam, it but too plainly points him out, though he should be too humble himself to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them.

Miss Rich. Well; it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance; and, I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

Honeyw. I see she always loved him. (*Aside.*)—I find,

madam, you're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend, to be the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such beauty to reward it!

Miss Rich. Your friend, sir! What friend?

Honeyw. My best friend—My friend Mr Lofty, madam.

Miss Rich. He, sir!

Honeyw. Yes, he, madam. He is, indeed, what your warmest wishes might have formed him. And to his other qualities, he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

Miss Rich. Amazement!—No more of this, I beg you, sir.

Honeyw. I see your confusion, madam, and know how to interpret it. And since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy, by communicating your sentiments?

Miss Rich. By no means.

Honeyw. Excuse me; I must; I know you desire it.

Miss Rich. Mr Honeywood, let me tell you, that you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance; but now, sir, I see that it is vain to expect happiness from him who has been so bad an economist of his own; and that I must disclaim his friendship, who ceases to be a friend to himself. [Exit.

Honeyw. How is this? she has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done anything to reproach myself with? No, I believe not; yet, after all, these things should not be done by a third person; I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

*Enter CROAKER, with the letter in his hand, and
MRS CROAKER.*

Mrs Croaker. Ha, ha, ha! And so, my dear, it's your

supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? ha, ha!

Croaker, (*mimicking*.) Ha, ha, ha! and so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

Mrs Croaker. Positively, my dear, what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I'm to be miserable in it.

Croaker. Would to Heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit! Have we not everything to alarm us? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

Mrs Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

Croaker. Give them my money!—And pray, what right have they to my money?

Mrs Croaker. And pray, what right then have you to my good humour?

Croaker. And so your good humour advises me to part with my money? Why, then, to tell your good humour a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr Honeywood, see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it, and laugh.

Mrs Croaker. Yes, and so will Mr Honeywood.

Croaker. If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

Mrs Croaker. Speak, Mr Honeywood; is there anything more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

Honeyw. It would not become me to decide, madam; but doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villany another time.

Mrs Croaker. I told you he'd be of my opinion.

Croaker. How, sir! do you maintain that I should lie

down under such an injury, and shew neither by my tears nor complaints that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

Honeyw. Pardon me, sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Croaker. Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

Mrs Croaker. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

Honeyw. What is the best, madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Croaker. But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

Honeyw. Why, sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way too.

Mrs Croaker. But can anything be more absurd than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling to torment us?

Honeyw. Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

Croaker. How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

Honeyw. Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

Croaker. Then you are of my opinion?

Honeyw. Entirely.

Mrs Croaker. And you reject mine?

Honeyw. Heavens forbid, madam. No, sure no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice, if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

Mrs Croaker. Oh! then you think I'm quite right?

Honeyw. Perfectly right.

Croaker. A plague of plagues, we can't both be right. I ought to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

Mrs Croaker. Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

Honeyw. And why may not both be right, madam—Mr Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour? Pray let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot Inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him?

Croaker. My dear friend, it's the very thing—the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

Honeyw. Yes; but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

Croaker. Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? (*Ironically.*)

Honeyw. Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

Croaker. Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

Honeyw. Well, I do; but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt HONEYWOOD and MRS CROAKER.*]

Croaker. Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

ACT V.

SCENE—*An Inn.*

Enter OLIVIA, JARVIS.

Olivia. Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready—

Jarvis. The horses are just finishing their oats ; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

Olivia. You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

Jarvis. Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time ; besides, you don't consider we have got no answer from our fellow-traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr Leontine, we have only one way left us.

Olivia. What way ?

Jarvis. The way home again.

Olivia. Not so. I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

Jarvis. Ay ; resolutions are well kept when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten things without. And I'll call too at the bar to see if anything should be left for us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you. [Exit JARVIS.

Enter Landlady.

Landlady. What ! Solomon, why don't you move ? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there.—Will nobody answer ? To the Dolphin—quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half hour.—Did your ladyship call, madam ?

Olivia. No, madam.

Landlady. I find, as you're for Scotland, madam—But, that's no business of mine ; married or not married, I ask no questions. To be sure, we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago for the same place. The gentleman, for a tailor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken tailor as ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

Olivia. But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

Landlady. Maybe not. That's no business of mine ; for

certain, Scotch marriages seldom turn out. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman.—Alack-a-day! she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge Lane.

Olivia. A very pretty picture of what lies before me.

[*Aside.*

Enter LEONTINE.

Leont. My dear Olivia, my anxiety till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you set out, though it exposes us to a discovery.

Olivia. May everything you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr Honeywood's bill upon the city has, it seems, been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

Leont. How! An offer of his own too. Sure, he could not mean to deceive us.

Olivia. Depend upon his sincerity; he only mistook the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chaise is ready by this.

Landlady. Not quite yet: and, begging your ladyship's pardon, I don't think your ladyship quite ready for the post-chaise. The north road is a cold place, madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as ever was tipt over tongue. Just a thimble-full, to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here they said it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod, I sent them both away as good-natured—Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and, Drive away, postboy! was the word.

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look; for, wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails

to set his mark. Ha! who have we here? My son and daughter! What can they be doing here?

Landlady. I tell you, madam, it will do you good; I know by this time what's good for the north road. It's a raw night, madam.—Sir——

Leon. Not a drop more, good madam. I should now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten the horses; for I am afraid to be seen myself.

Landlady. That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon, I say. [*Exit, bawling.*]

Olivia. Well, I dread lest an expedition begun in fear should end in repentance.—Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions.

Leont. There's no danger, trust me, my dear; there can be none: if Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

Olivia. I have no doubt of Mr Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desires to serve us. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be but too ready when there's a reason.

Leont. Why, let him, when we are out of his power. But, believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others. He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

Olivia. I don't know that; but I'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shockingly.

Croaker. (*Discovering himself.*) How does he look now?—How does he look now?

Olivia. Ah!

Leont. Undone.

Croaker. How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am yours. What! you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two

from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going ; and when you have told me that, perhaps I shall know as little as I did before.

Leont. If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information.

Croaker. I want no information from you, puppy ! and you too, madam, what answer have you got ? Eh ! [*A cry without, Stop him !*] I think I heard a noise. My friend, Honeywood, without—has he seized the incendiary ? Ah, no, for now I hear no more on 't.

Leont. Honeywood without ! Then, sir, it was Mr Honeywood that directed you hither.

Croaker. No, sir, it was Mr Honeywood conducted me hither.

Leont. Is it possible ?

Croaker. Possible ! Why he's in the house now, sir. More anxious about me, than my own son, sir.

Leont. Then, sir, he's a villain.

Croaker. How, sirrah ! a villain, because he takes most care of your father ? I'll not bear it. I tell you I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.

Leont. I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

Croaker. Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. [*A cry without, Stop him !*] Fire and fury ! they have seized the incendiary : they have the villain, the incendiary in view. Stop him, stop an incendiary, a murderer ! stop him. [*Exit.*]

Olivia. Oh, my terrors ! What can this new tumult mean ?

Leont. Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction : he shall give me instant satisfaction.

Olivia. It must not be, my Leontine, if you value my esteem, or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not

add guilt to our misfortunes. Consider that our innocence will shortly be all we have left us. You must forgive him.

Leont. Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced me to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us: promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

Olivia. Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

Enter Postboy, dragging in JARVIS: HONEYWOOD entering soon after.

Postboy. Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward; I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the money at the bar, and then run for it.

Honeyw. Come, bring him along. Let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crimes. (*Discovering his mistake.*) Death! what's here?—Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

Jarvis. Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

Honeyw. Confusion.

Leont. Yes, sir; I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured.

Honeyw. My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

Leont. Peace, peace, for shame; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you, sir, I know you.

Honeyw. Why, won't you hear me? By all that's just, I knew not—

Leont. Hear you, sir, to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever complying with every opinion; your never refusing any request; your friendship as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious; all

these, sir, have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

Honeyw. Ha! contemptible to the world! That reaches me. [*Aside.*

Leont. All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find, were only allurements to betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain!

Enter CROAKER out of breath.

Croaker. Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary! (*Seizing the Postboy.*) Hold him fast, the dog; he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

Postboy. Zounds, master! what do you throttle me for?

Croaker, (beating him.) Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

Postboy. Zounds, master! I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

Croaker. How!

Honeyw. Mr Croaker, we have all been under a strange mistake here: I find there is nobody guilty; it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

Croaker. And I say, sir, that you're in an error: for there's guilt, and double guilt; a plot, a damn'd jesuitical, pestilential plot; and I must have proof of it.

Honeyw. Do but hear me.

Croaker. What! you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose? I'll hear nothing.

Honeyw. Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

Olivia. Excuse me.

Honeyw. Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

Jarvis. What signifies explanation, when the thing is done?

Honeyw. Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice!—(*To the Postboy.*) My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised when I assure you—

Postboy. Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

Croaker. Come then, you, madam; if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

Olivia. Unhappily, sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions; you see before you, sir, one, that with false pretences has stepped into your family, to betray it: not your daughter—

Croaker. Not my daughter!

Olivia. Not your daughter—but a mean deceiver—who—support me, I cannot—

Honeyw. Help, she's going! give her air.

Croaker. Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whosever daughter she may be—not so bad as that neither.

[*Exeunt all but CROAKER.*]

Croaker. Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair; my son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think. There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand, we never feel them when they come.

Enter MISS RICHLAND and SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Will. But how do you know, madam, that my nephew intends setting off from this place?

Miss Rich. My maid assured me he was come to this inn, and my own knowledge of his intending to leave the kingdom, suggested the rest. But what do I see? my guardian here before us! Who, my dear sir, could have expected

meeting you here? to what accident do we owe this pleasure?

Croaker. To a fool, I believe.

Miss Rich. But to what purpose did you come?

Croaker. To play the fool.

Miss Rich. But with whom?

Croaker. With greater fools than myself.

Miss Rich. Explain.

Croaker. Why, Mr Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing now I am here; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who that is here; so now you are as wise as I am.

Miss Rich. Married! to whom, sir?

Croaker. To Olivia; my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

Sir Will. Then, sir, I can inform you; and though a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family: it will be enough at present to assure you, that, both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville——

Croaker. Sir James Woodville! What, of the west?

Sir Will. Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent into France, under pretence of education; and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stepped in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

Croaker. But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those that have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr Lofty, sir?

Sir Will. Yes, sir ; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I'll convince you.

[CROAKER and SIR WILLIAM seem to confer.]

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage ! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible even to myself. How have I sunk, by too great an assiduity to please ! How have I overtaxed all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me ! But all is now over ; I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships ; and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

Miss Rich. Is it true, Mr Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends ? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be ?

Honeyw. Yes, madam ; and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven, I leave you to happiness ; to one who loves you, and deserves your love ; to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

Miss Rich. And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him ?

Honeyw. I have the best assurances of it, his serving me. He does, indeed, deserve the highest happiness, and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find, but in solitude ? What hope, but in being forgotten ?

Miss Rich. A thousand ! to live among friends that esteem you ; whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you.

Honeyw. No, madam ; my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy ; but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to shew you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former

follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess, that, among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortured with its own. But it is over, it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

Miss Rich. You amaze me!

Honeyw. But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. [Going.

Miss Rich. Stay, sir, one moment—Ha! he here—

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Is the coast clear? None but friends. I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence: but it goes no further; things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

Miss Rich. Sooner, sir, I should hope.

Lofty. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies—eh, Honeywood?

Miss Rich. It is fallen into yours.

Lofty. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say—that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, madam.

Honeyw. But how! his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

Lofty. Indeed. Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss Rich. He! why Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lofty. This month ! It must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there ; and so it came about. I have his letter about me ; I'll read it to you. (*Taking out a large bundle.*) That's from Paoli of Corsica ; that's from the Marquis of Squilachi. Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now king of Poland—Honest Pon— (*Searching.*) O sir, what, are you here too ? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir Will. Sir, I have delivered it, and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croaker. Contempt ! Mr Lofty, what can that mean ?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir Will. Yes, sir, I believe you'll be amazed, if, after waiting some time in the ante-chamber ; after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good ; let me die, very good. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Croaker. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't. Ha ! ha !

Croaker. No, for the soul of me ; I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message ? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha ! ha ! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha ! ha !

Croaker. Indeed ? How ! why !

Lofty. In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard ; I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Croaker. And so it does, indeed, and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions? What, then, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr Croaker, you and I were friends; we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

Croaker. As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds, sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the *Gazetteer*, and praised in the *St James's*? Have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant Tailors' Hall? Have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops; and talk to me of suspects?

Croaker. My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lofty. Sir, I will not be pacified.—Suspects! who am I? To be used thus, have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the lords of the treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects? Who am I, I say? who am I?

Sir Will. Since, sir, you're so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are—a gentleman, as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty; with lords of the treasury as with truth; and with all as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood.

[*Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.*]

Croaker. Sir William Honeywood!

Honeyw. Astonishment! my uncle!

Lofty. So then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Croaker. What, Mr Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been dreaded by the ins and

outs : you, who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir Will. Well, Mr Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Croaker. Ay, sir, too well I see it, and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr Lofty in helping him to a better.

Sir Will. I approve your resolution; and here they come, to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

Enter MRS CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, OLIVIA.

Mrs Croaker. Where's my husband? Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and, I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Croaker. I wish we could both say so: however, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it.

[Joining their hands.]

Leont. How blest and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness? But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And as for this gentleman, to whom we owe—

Sir Will. Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me.—*(Turning to HONEYWOOD.)* Yes, sir, you are surprised to see me; and I own

that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw with indignation the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty. Your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship but credulity. I saw, with regret, great talents and extensive learning only employed to add sprightliness to error, and increase your perplexities. I saw your mind, with a thousand natural charms; but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

Honeyw. Cease to upbraid me, sir: I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes, sir, I have determined this very hour to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all; and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman; who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr Lofty—

Lofty. Mr Honeywood, I am resolved upon a reformation, as well as you. I now begin to find, that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth, was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place. I'm determined to resign. [*Exit.*

Honeyw. How have I been deceived!

Sir Will. No, sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend for that favour—to Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her

friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

Miss Rich. After what is past, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which, I find, was more than friendship. And if my entreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him.

[*Giving her hand.*

Honeyw. Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness, my gratitude! A moment like this overpays an age of apprehension.

Croaker. Well, now I see content in every face; but Heaven send we be all better this day three months.

Sir Will. Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Honeyw. Yes, sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors. My vanity, in attempting to please all, by fearing to offend any. My meanness, in approving folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy.

EPILOGUE.*

SPOKEN BY MRS BULKLEY.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure,
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure;

* The author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered, owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it.

Thus on the stage, our play-wrights still depend,
 For Epilogues and Prologues, on some friend,
 Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
 And make full many a bitter pill go down.
 Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
 And teased each rhyming friend to help him out.
 "An Epilogue, things can't go on without it ;
 It could not fail, would you but set about it."
 "Young man," cries one, (a bard laid up in clover,)
 "Alas, young man, my writing days are over ;
 Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I ;
 Your brother-doctor there, perhaps, may try."
 "What I, dear sir ?" the doctor interposes ;
 "What ! plant my thistle, sir, among his roses ?
 No, no ; I've other contests to maintain ;
 To-night I head our troops at Warwick Lane.
 Go, ask your manager."—"Who, me ? your pardon ;
 Those things are not our forte at Covent Garden."
 Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,
 Give him good words, indeed, but no assistance.
 As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
 At the pit door stands elbowing away,
 While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
 He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug ;
 His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
 Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise :
 He nods, they nod ; he cringes, they grimace ;
 But not a soul will budge to give him place.
 Since then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform,
 "To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm :"
 Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
 And be each critic the *Good-natured Man*.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

A COMEDY.

TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

DEAR SIR,—By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a Comedy not merely sentimental was very dangerous; and Mr Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.—I am, dear Sir, your most sincere friend and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

PROLOGUE,

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Enter Mr WOODWARD, dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes.

EXCUSE me, sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
 I'm crying now—and have been all the week !
'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters ;
I've that within—for which there are no plasters !
 Pray, would you know the reason why I'm crying ?
 The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying !
 And if she goes, my tears will never stop ;
 For as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop :
 I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
 I'd rather—but that's nothing—lose my head.
 When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
 To *her* a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
 Who deals in *sentimentals* will succeed !
 Poor *Ned* and *I* are dead to all intents,
 We can as soon speak *Greek* as *sentiments* !
 Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
 We now and then take down a hearty cup.
 What shall we do ?—If Comedy forsake us !
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.
 But why can't I be moral ?—Let me try—
 My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
 With a sententious look, that nothing means,
 (Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes,)
 Thus I begin—*All is not gold that glitters,*
Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.
When ignorance enters, folly is at hand ;
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble.

I give it up—morals won't do for me ;
 To make you laugh I must play tragedy.
 One hope remains : hearing the maid was ill,
 A *doctor* comes this night to shew his skill.
 To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
 He in *five draughts* prepared, presents a potion :
 A kind of magic charm—for be assured,
 If you will *swallow it*, the maid is cured :
 But desperate the doctor, and her case is,
 If you reject the dose, and make wry faces !
 This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
 No *poisonous drugs* are mix'd with what he gives ;
 Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree ;
 If not, within he will receive no fee !
 The college *you*, must his pretensions back,
 Pronounce him *regular*, or dub him *quack*.

 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR CHARLES MARLOW.
 YOUNG MARLOW, (HIS SON.)
 HARDCASTLE.
 HASTINGS.
 TONY LUMPKIN.
 DIGGORY.

WOMEN.

MRS HARDCASTLE.
 MISS HARDCASTLE.
 MISS NEVILLE.
 MAID.

LANDLORD, SERVANTS, &c.

 ACT I.

SCENE—*A scene in an old-fashioned house.*

Enter MRS HARDCASTLE *and* MR HARDCASTLE.

Mrs Hard. I vow, Mr Hardcastle, you're very particular.
 Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that
 does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the

rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour Mrs Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs Hard. Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here we live in an old rambling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment, your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and I believe, Dorothy, (*taking her hand,*) you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs Hard. Lord, Mr Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothys, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs Hard. It's false, Mr Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *him* finely.

Mrs Hard. No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune.

My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs Hard. Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, worrying the kittens—be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in Mrs Frizzle's face.

Mrs Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him!

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs Hard. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking-trumpet—(*Tony hallooing behind the scenes*)—Oh, there he goes—A very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, crossing the stage.

Mrs Hard. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother; I cannot stay.

Mrs Hard. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the ale-house, the old place: I thought so.

Mrs Hard. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse-doctor, little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs Hard. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing *them*, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself*.

Mrs Hard. (*Detaining him.*) You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs Hard. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is the strongest, you or I!

[*Exit, hauling her out.*]

HARDCASTLE, *solus.*

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hard. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement ; and, by the by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hard. Indeed ! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave ! It's a thousand to one I shan't like him ; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice ; but Mr Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hard. Is he ?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss Hard. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss Hard. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, say no more, (*kissing his hand,*) he's mine, I'll have him !

Hard. And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hard. Eh ! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hard. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager, he may not have *you*.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so!—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the meantime I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

MISS HARDCASTLE, *sola*.

Miss Hard. Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young—handsome: these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible—good-natured: I like all that. But then—reserved, and sheepish: that's much against him. Yet, can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I—But, I vow, I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss Hard. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance: how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

Miss Nev. Perfectly, my dear. Yet, now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary

birds, or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or, has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hard. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Nev. And his name——

Miss Hard. Is Marlow.

Miss Nev. Indeed!

Miss Hard. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Nev. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr Hastings, *my* admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hard. Never.

Miss Nev. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss Hard. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss Nev. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hard. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Nev. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that

I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hard. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Nev. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hard. Would it were bed-time, and all were well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*An ale-house room. Several shabby Fellows, with punch and tobacco. TONY at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest : a mallet in his hand.*

Omnes. Hurrea, hurrea, hurrea, bravo!

1 Fel. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song!

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
 With grammar, and nonsense, and learning ;
 Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
 Give *genus* a better discerning.
 Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
 Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians ;
 Their *quis*, and their *quæ*s, and their *quods*,
 They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist-preachers come down,
 A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
 I'll wager the rascals a crown,
 They always preach best with a skin full.

But when you come down with your pence,
 For a slice of their scurvy religion,
 I'll leave it to all men of sense,
 But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
 And let us be merry and clever;
 Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever!
 Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
 But of all the birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons!
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo! bravo!

1 *Fel.* The 'squire has got spunk in him.

2 *Fel.* I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's *low*.

3 *Fel.* O damn anything that's *low*, I cannot bear it.

4 *Fel.* The genteel thing, is the genteel thing at any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3 *Fel.* I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear? a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes: "Water parted," or "The minuet in Ariadne."

2 *Fel.* What a pity it is the 'squire is not come to his own! It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then shew what it was to keep choice of company.

2 *Fel.* Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It

was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you! I have been thinking of Bett Bouncer, and the miller's gray mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning.—Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter Landlord.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister.—Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt mob.*

TONY, *solus.*

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

Enter Landlord, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Marl. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marl. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr Hardcastle, in those parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Marl. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marl. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall trapesing, trolloping, talkative May-pole——The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Marl. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up, and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem——Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate !

Tony. It's a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr Hardcastle's ; (*winking upon the Landlord.*) Mr Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh ; you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's ? Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong ! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Marl. Cross down Squash Lane ?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Marl. Come to where four roads meet !

Tony. Ay ; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marl. O sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common : there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right-about again, till you find out the old mill——

Marl. Zounds, man ! we could as soon find out the longitude !

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow ?

Marl. This house promises but a poor reception ; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with—three chairs and a bolster ?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Marl. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. Oh, ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let *them* find that out.—(*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road-side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way.

Tony. No, no. But I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marl. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and shew you a piece of the way.—(*To the Landlord.*) Mum.

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—damn'd mischievous son of a whore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE—*An old-fashioned house.*

Enter **HARDCASTLE**, *followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

Hard. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Digg. Ay; mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Digg. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Digg. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Digg. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please.—(To DIGGORY.) Eh, why don't you move?

Digg. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartain.

Digg. Wauns, and I'm sure, it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the meantime, and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate.

[*Exit* HARDCASTLE.

Digg. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

1 *Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

2 *Serv.* My pleace is to be nowhere at all ; and so Ize go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, different ways.*

Enter Servant with candles, shewing in MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Serv. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house ; antique, but creditable.

Marl. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill confoundedly.

Marl. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries ; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you, who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marl. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of ? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn ; in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—But among females of another class, you know——

Hast. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Marl. They are of *us*, you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation, I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler: you look, for all the world, as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marl. Why, man, that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room! Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally upset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty; but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

Marl. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle: but to me, a modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Marl. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad-star question, of—*Madam, will you marry me?* No, no; that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marl. As I behave to all other ladies: bow very low; answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I

don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

Hast. I am surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marl. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow!—But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask; and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marl. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I am doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury Lane.—Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marl. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already.—(*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir.—(*To HASTINGS.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right : the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr Marlow—Mr Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marl. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery, to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

Marl. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown ?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hast. I think not : brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Marl. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks ; "I'll pawn my dukedom," says he, "but I'll take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood." So——

Marl. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the mean time ? It would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir ! (*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Marl. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our

journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.

Hard. Here's cup, sir.

Marl. (Aside.) So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. (Taking the cup.) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [Drinks.]

Marl. (Aside.) A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. [Drinks.]

Hast. (Aside.) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marl. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

Hast. So, then you have no turn for politics, I see?

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Heyder Alley*, or *Ally Cawn*, than about *Ally Croaker*.—Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that with eating above stairs, and drinking below; with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Marl. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy!

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this.—Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*]

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marl. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request made to a man in his own house?

Marl. Yes, sir; supper, sir: I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marl. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper, this moment in the kitchen.

Marl. Then I beg they'll admit *me* as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence I hope, sir.

Hard. Oh no, sir, none in the least; yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon

these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marl. (*To HARDCASTLE, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marl. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiners' company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But, let's hear it.

Marl. (*Rearing.*) For the first course at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Marl. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin sauce, is very good eating.

Marl. At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

Marl. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marl. Item, a pork pie, a boiled rabbit, and sausages,

a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes. I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner, at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

Marl. Why really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marl. Leave that to you? I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marl. You see I'm resolved on it. (*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt* MARL. and HARD.]

HASTINGS *solus.*

Hast. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss Nev. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dear Constance at an inn.

Miss Nev. An inn? sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss Nev. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Nev. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him, if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him; and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here, to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey; but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France; where, even among slaves, the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Nev. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I am very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire.

In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake; I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house, before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Nev. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this way——

[*They confer.*]

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here?——

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think has just alighted?

Marl. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return, to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky, eh?

Marl. (*Aside.*) I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hast. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marl. Oh yes! Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder—What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To-

morrow, at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—And rather more respectful—To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*

Miss Nev. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience: besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marl. Oh, the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marl. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, as returning from walking, a bonnet, &c.

Hast. (*Introducing him.*) Miss Hardcastle—Mr Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marl. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents; but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hard. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You, that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marl. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the

world, madam ; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Nev. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hast. (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

Marl. (*To him.*) Hem ! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two, to set me up again.

Miss Hard. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marl. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. (*To him.*) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life.—Well ! Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marl. Not in the least, Mr Hastings. We like your company of all things.—(*To him.*) Zounds ! George, sure you won't go : how can you leave us ?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation ; so we'll retire to the next room.—(*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own.

[*Exeunt.*

Miss Hard. (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir : the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marl. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hard. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marl. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hard. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed—I have often been surprised how a man of *sentiment* could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marl. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish—for—um-a-um——

Miss Hard. I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marl. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a——

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions?—(*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir——

Marl. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) I vow, and so do I.—(*To him.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy, something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marl. Yes, madam; in this age of hypocrisy there are few who, upon strict inquiry, do not—a—a—a——

Miss Hard. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hard. You mean that, in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marl. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hard. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable, and spirited, in your manner; such life and force—pray, sir, go on.

Marl. Yes, madam; I was saying—that there are some

occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a——

Miss Hard. I agree with you entirely ; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marl. Yes, madam ; morally speaking, madam—But I see Miss Neville, expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marl. Yes, madam ; I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you ?

Miss Hard. Well then, I'll follow.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [Exit.]

MISS HARDCASTLE, *sola.*

Miss Hard. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Was there ever such a sober sentimental interview ? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense ; but then, so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody, that I know of, a piece of service. But who is that somebody ?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [Exit.]

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE, followed by MRS HARDCASTLE and HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con ? I wonder you're not ashamed, to be so very engaging.

Miss Nev. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame ?

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to

make me though ; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance ; I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him to the back-scene.*

Mrs Hard. Well ! I vow, Mr Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there ! You amaze me ! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs Hard. Oh ! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics ; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places, where the nobility chiefly resort ? All I can do, is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every *tête-à-tête* from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr Hastings ?

Hast. Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose ?

Mrs Hard. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum Book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed ! such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a city ball.

Mrs Hard. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman ; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress.

[*Bowing.*

Mrs Hard. Yet what signifies *my* dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr Hardcastle ? all

I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam ; for as, among the ladies, there are none ugly, so, among the men, there are none old.

Mrs Hard. But what do you think his answer was ? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable ! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs Hard. Pray, Mr Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town ?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode ; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Miss Hard. Seriously ! then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs Hard. And yet Mrs Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she ? and that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume ?

Mrs Hard. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already.—(*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening ?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things ; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod ! I've not a place in the house now, that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs Hard. Never mind him, Con my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss Nev. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—crack.

Mrs Hard. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr Hastings may see you. Come Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you.

[*Measuring.*]

Miss Nev. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs Hard. Oh, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs Hard. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat, to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the recipe was operating?

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every recipe in the Complete Huswife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through *Quincy* next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs Hard. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs Hard. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse, or kennel.

I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs Hard. Was ever the like! But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs Hard. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

[*Exeunt* MRS HARD. and MISS NEVILLE.]

HASTINGS. TONY.

Tony. (*Singing.*)

There was a young man riding by,
And fain would have his will.
Rang do didlo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer: and yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes; but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well; but you must allow her a little beauty.— Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer, of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend? for who would take *her*?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling; and maybe get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. [Singing.

We are the boys,
That fears no noise,
Where the thundering cannons roar.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *solus*.

Hard. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *plainly dressed*.

Hard. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hard. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to obey them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hard. I never saw anything like it: and a man of the world too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad,—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling! He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hard. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company, and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hard. Sure you mistake, papa! A French dancing-

master could never have taught him that timid look,—that awkward address,—that bashful manner——

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss Hard. Mr Marlow's: his mauvaise honte, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first-sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hard. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious! I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy, since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprising! he met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and, "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should

find him less impudent, and I more presuming ; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so—but that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding.

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries ?

Hard. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TONY, running in with a casket.

Tony. Ecod ! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs, and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. Oh ! my genius, is that you ?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother ? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin ; and that you are willing to be reconciled at last. Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the

way. (*Giving the casket.*) Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them; and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the ale-house so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave *me* to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice. Prance. [*Exit HASTINGS.*]

TONY, MRS HARDCASTLE, MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence; when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Nev. But what will repair beauty at forty will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mr Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss Nev. But who knows, madam, but somebody that

shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me ?

Mrs Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con want jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty ?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Nev. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs Hard. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to MRS HARDCASTLE.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them ? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs Hard. (*Apart to TONY.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you ? He ! he ! he !

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod ! I'll say I saw them taken out with mine own eyes.

Miss Nev. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to shew them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance ; if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know ; but we must have patience, wherever they are.

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it ; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

Mrs Hard. Don't be alarmed, Constance ; if they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs Hard. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets, till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets.

Mrs Hard. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. [Exit.

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir. — Was ever anything so provoking? to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage *her*.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets, and spits about like a Catharine-wheel!

Enter MRS HARDCASTLE.

Mrs Hard. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs Hard. We are robbed. My bureau has been broken open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I

never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest ; ha, ha, ha !

Mrs Hard. Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that ; ha, ha, ha ! stick to that ; I'll bear witness, you know ; call me to bear witness.

Mrs Hard. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony. Sure, I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh ; ha ! ha ! I know who took them well enough ; ha ! ha ! ha !

Mrs Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest ? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right. You must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me ! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool ? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other ?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of *her* ! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress ?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs Hard. Do you insult me, monster ? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off, she follows him.*]

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE and Maid.

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that

brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha ! ha ! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid ? He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam.

Miss Hard. Did he ? Then as I live, I 'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimpie, how do you like my present dress ? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the *Beaux' Stratagem* ?

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person ?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss Hard. I vow, I thought so ; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake ?

Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be *seen*, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall, perhaps, make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person ?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar-cant.—Did your honour call ?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour.

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here. [Exit Maid.

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess, with her curtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [Walks and muses.

Miss Hard. Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

Marl. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honour call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

Marl. No, child. (*Musing.*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marl. No, no. (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir.

Marl. I tell you, no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Marl. No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hard. Oh la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marl. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what-d'ye-call-it, in the house?

Miss Hard. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marl. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of

trial, of the nectar of your lips ; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hard. Nectar ! nectar ! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Marl. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hard. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marl. Eighteen years ! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you ?

Miss Hard. O ! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marl. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer, I don't think so much. (*Approaching.*) By coming close to some women they look younger still ; but when we come very close indeed—

[*Attempting to kiss her.*]

Miss Hard. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses', by mark of mouth.

Marl. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted ?

Miss Hard. And who wants to be acquainted with you ? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here a while ago, in this obstropicalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you were before a justice of peace.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad ! she has hit it, sure enough. (*To her.*) In awe of her, child ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! A mere awkward, squinting thing ; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little ; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, *curse me !*

Miss Hard. Oh, then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies.

Marl. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*]

Miss Hard. Hold, sir; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

Marl. Yes, my dear; there's Mrs Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the countess of Sligo, Mrs Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hard. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

Marl. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women, can make us.

Miss Hard. And their agreeable Rattle; ha! ha! ha!

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Miss Hard. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marl. (*Aside.*) All's well, she doesn't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marl. Odso! Then you must shew me your embroidery. I embroider, and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand*]

Miss Hard. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning.

[*Struggling.*]

Marl. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here!

My old luck: I never nicked seven, that I did not throw ames-ace three times following. [Exit MARLOW.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *who stands in surprise.*

Hard. So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss Hard. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for, you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hard. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty; that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age; I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad; I tell you, I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hard. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time; for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclination. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Hast. You surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

Miss Nev. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Nev. The jewels, I hope, are safe?

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*]

Miss Nev. Well! success attend you. In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*]

Enter MARLOW, followed by a Servant.

Marl. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have, is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door.—Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes, your honour.

Marl. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it, and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. [*Exit Servant.*]

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an

unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her, that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Marl. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crown'd with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marl. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing, that runs about the house, with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well, and what then?

Marl. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them, though.

Hast. But are so sure, so very sure of her?

Marl. Why, man, she talked of shewing me her work above-stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

Hast. But how can *you*, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Marl. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to *rob* her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly *pay* for.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marl. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? Is it in safety?

Marl. Yes, yes ; it's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach, at an inn-door, a place of safety ? Ah ! numb-skull ! I have taken better precautions for you, than you did for yourself. I have—

Hast. What ?

Marl. I have sent it to the landlady, to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady !

Marl. The landlady.

Hast. You did !

Marl. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Marl. Wasn't I right ! I believe you'll allow, that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hast. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

Marl. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened.

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge ?

Marl. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket ; but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Hast. He ! he ! he ! They are safe, however.

Marl. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it.—(*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid ; and, he ! he ! he ! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me. [*Exit.*

Marl. Thank ye, George ! I ask no more ; ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter **HARDCASTLE.**

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll

bear it no longer ; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm.—(*To him.*) Mr Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*]

Marl. Sir, your humble servant.—(*Aside.*) What's to be the wonder now ?

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so.

Marl. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marl. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, *they* are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar : I did, I assure you.—(*To the side scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up.—(*To him.*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then, they had your orders for what they do ! I'm satisfied.

Marl. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, drunk.

Marl. You, Jeremy ! Come forward, sirrah ! What were my orders ? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house ?

Hard. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever ! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme ! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper ; but a good supper will not sit upon—(*hiccup*)—upon my conscience, sir.

Marl. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr Marlow, sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marl. Leave your house?—Sure you jest, my good friend! What, when I'm doing what I can to please you?

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marl. Sure you cannot be serious! At this time o' night and such a night! You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly!

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, *This house is mine, sir.* By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! Pray, sir, (*bantering,*) as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

Marl. Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment ?

Marl. Bring me your bill, I say ; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Marl. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marl. Zounds ! bring me my bill, I say ; and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man, as a visitor here ; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. *[Exit.*

Marl. How's this ? Sure I have not mistaken the house ! Every thing looks like an inn. The servants cry, *Coming.* The attendance is awkward ; the bar-maid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child ! A word with you.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Miss Hard. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry. (*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake ; but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marl. Pray, child, answer me one question,—What are you, and what may your business in this house be ?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, sir.

Marl. What ; a poor relation ?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir ; a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marl. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

Miss Hard. O law !—What brought that in your head ?

One of the best families in the county keep an inn ! Ha, ha, ha ! old Mr Hardcastle's house an inn !

Marl. Mr Hardcastle's house ? Is this house Mr Hardcastle's house, child ?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be ?

Marl. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops : the Dullissimo Maccaroni. To mistake this house, of all others, for an inn ; and my father's old friend for an innkeeper ! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for ! What a silly puppy do I find myself ! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss Hard. Dear me ! dear me ! I'm sure there's nothing in my *behaviour* to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marl. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw every thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allure-ment. But it's over—This house I no more shew *my* face in.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry, (*pretending to cry,*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marl. (*Aside.*) By heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me.—(*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, make an honourable connexion impossible ; and

I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

Mr. Ford (*aside*) Generous man! I now begin to adore him.—*To him* But I'm sure my family is as good as the *Richards*'s; and though I'm poor, that's no great objection to a contented mind; and until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Mr. Ford And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Mr. Ford Because it puts me a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Mr. Ford (*aside*) This simplicity bewitches me so, that if I say I'm unkind. I must make one bold effort, and leave her.—*To her* Your partiality in my favour, my dear, teaches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Fare-
well. [*Erit*]

Mr. Ford I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer; but will convince my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his existence. [*Erit*]

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE

Tony As you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a new thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servant.

Miss Neville Not my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt *Polly*, which is ten times worse.

Tony Do be easy, none of all kinds are damn'd but they, for what use I do it. I have got you a pair of horses the value of the *Windsor* jacket, and I'm sure you can't say

ed you nicely before her face. Here she
 court a bit or two more, for fear she should
 [They retire and secure justice.]

Enter Mrs Hazardous.

I, I was greatly flattered, to be sure. But
 it was all a mistake of the servants. I
 never, till they are fairly married, and then
 own fortune. But what do I see? Cousin
 'm alive. I never saw Tony as sprightly
 I caught you, my pretty dove! What
 stolen glances, and broken murmurs!

murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now
 ure. But there's no love lost between

re sprinkling Tony, upon the flame, why
 ghter.

Tony promises to give us more of his
 Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It
 in Tony, will it!

pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave
 nd, than leave you, when you smile upon
 h makes you so becoming.

able cousin! Who can help admiring
 ur, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless,
 ah! it's a bold face.

y innocence!

I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes,
 fingers, that she twists this way and that,
 s, like a parcel of bobbins.

ne would charm the bird from the tree.
 py before. My father, after his father,
 exactly. The Con, shall
 ntly. You shall see. Isn't he a
 r? You shall see. Now, and

I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. (Aside.) Generous man! I now begin to admire him.—*(To him.)* But I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marl. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Marl. (Aside.) This simplicity bewitches me so, that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her.—*(To her.)* Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell. [Exit.

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer; but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [Exit.

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Nev. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things; but what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket, and I'm sure you can't say

but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes ; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us. [*They retire and seem to fondle.*]

Enter MRS HARDCASTLE.

Mrs Hard. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What! billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs? Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs Hard. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Nev. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. Oh! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you, when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Nev. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless, (*patting his cheek,*) ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs Hard. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs Hard. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and

we'll put off the rest of his education, like Mr Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Digg. Where's the 'squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Digg. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Digg. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, though, (*turning the letter and gazing on it.*)

Miss Nev. (Aside.) Undone, undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little if I can.—(*To* MRS HARDCASTLE.) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr Marlow. We so laughed—You must know, madam—this way a little; for he must not hear us. [*They confer.*]

Tony. (Still gazing.) A damned cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. *To* Anthony Lumpkin, Esq. It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it is all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Nev. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) *Dear Sir.* Ay, that's that. Then there's an *M*, and a *T*, and *S*; but whether the next be an *izzard* or an *R*, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs Hard. What's that, my dear. Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from her.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss Nev. Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read.*) *Dear 'Squire,* Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—Here, here; it's all about cocks, and fighting: it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up.

[*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*]

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[*Giving MRS HARDCASTLE the letter.*]

Mrs Hard. How's this? (*Reads.*) *Dear 'Squire,* I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Despatch is necessary, as the *hag* (ay the hag,) your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings. Grant me patience. I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs Hard. (*Curtseying very low.*) Fine-spoken madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Chang-*

ing her tone.) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with *me*. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory, I'll shew you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. So, now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Nev. What better could be expected, from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him?

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice, and so busy, with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have shewn my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss there, who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Nev. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marl. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection ?

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Nev. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Marl. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw ! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other,—with baskets.

Marl. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations ? It is not friendly, Mr Marlow.

Marl. But, sir—

Miss Nev. Mr Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit Servant.*

Miss Nev. Well, well ; I'll come presently.

Marl. (*To HASTINGS.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous ? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance ? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hast. Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I intrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir ?

Miss Nev. Mr Hastings, Mr Marlow, why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute ? I implore, I entreat you—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Nev. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Nev. O, Mr Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Marl. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hast. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Nev. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connexion. If—

Mrs Hard. (*Within.*) Miss Neville. Constance, why Constance, I say.

Miss Nev. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. [*Exit.*]

Hast. My heart, how can I support this! To be so near happiness, and such happiness.

Marl. (*To TONY.*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor sulky. My boots there, ho! Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene continues.

Enter HASTINGS and Servant.

Hast. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say ?

Serv. Yes, your honour ; they went off in a post-coach, and the young 'squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hast. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr Marlow's mistake this half-hour. They are coming this way.

Hast. Then I must not be seen. So, now to my fruitless appointment, at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. *[Exit.*

Enter SIR CHARLES and HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Ha ! ha ! ha ! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands !

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances !

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha ! ha ! ha !

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary ; and though my daughter's fortune is but small——

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me ? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do——

Hard. *If*, man! I tell you they *do* like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marl. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr Marlow: if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Marl. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

Marl. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us, but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family?

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be played with, and rumped a little, too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marl. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marl. May I die, sir, if I ever—

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you ; and as I'm sure you like her——

Marl. Dear sir—I protest, sir——

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marl. But hear me, sir——

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so——

Marl. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

Marl. As Heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*]

Sir Charles. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve : has Mr Marlow made you any professions of love and affection ?

Miss Hard. The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. (To SIR CHARLES.) You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. (To SIR CHARLES.) You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hard. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hard. Much, sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! and all this formally?

Miss Hard. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied?

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss Hard. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face; talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart; gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss Hard. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end.

[Exit.

Miss Hard. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning.

[Exeunt.

Scene changes to the back of the Garden.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted and spattered.

Hast. My honest 'squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow-travelers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbet me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such *varment*.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place, but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha, ha, ha! I understand: you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet, on Heavy-tree Heath; and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble'squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But, if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. [Exit HASTINGS.]

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter MRS HARDCASTLE.

Mrs Hard. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us against the quickset hedge, has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs Hard. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to

a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crack-skull Common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs Hard. O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on 't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs Hard. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs Hard. O death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma: don't be afraid.

Mrs Hard. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on 't. If he perceives us we are undone.

Tony. (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks.—(*To her.*) Ah! it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damned ill-looking fellow.

Mrs Hard. Good Heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough, and cry—hem! When I cough, be sure to keep close.

[MRS HARDCASTLE *hides behind a tree, in the back scene.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem!

Mrs Hard. (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem!

Mrs Hard. (*From behind.*) Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir; talking to myself, sir. I was saying, that forty miles in three hours was very good going—hem! As, to be sure, it was—hem! I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please—hem!

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*Raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs Hard. (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, sir, if I tell you—hem! I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem! I'll tell you all, sir.

[*Detaining him.*

Hard. I tell you, I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs Hard. (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life; but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean?

Mrs Hard. (*Kneeling.*) Take compassion on us, good Mr Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have; but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed we won't, good Mr Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know *me*?

Mrs Hard. Mr Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door?—(*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you.—(*To her.*) Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree? and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs Hard. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live: I have caught my death in it.—(*To TONY.*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on 't.

Mrs Hard. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage. Exit.*]

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply. [*Exit.*]

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Hast. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Nev. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hast. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will increase what we possess, beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss Nev. No, Mr Hastings; no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised; but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hast. But though he had the will, he has not the power, to relieve you.

Miss Nev. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hast. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes.

Enter SIR CHARLES and MISS HARDCASTLE.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss Hard. I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit SIR CHARLES.*

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hard. (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me.

—(*To her.*) It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight, and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hard. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit; and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages, without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES from behind.

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

Hard. Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marl. By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

Sir Charles. What can it mean? He amazes me!

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marl. I am now determined to stay, madam; and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hard. No, Mr Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you

with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

Marl. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marl. (*Kneeling.*) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam; every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to say now?

Marl. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means, that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marl. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hard. Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

Marl. Oh, the devil!

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. (*Curtseying.*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of

gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable rattle of the ladies' club ; ha, ha, ha !

Marl. Zounds, there's no bearing this ; it's worse than death.

Miss Hard. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you ? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy ; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning ? ha, ha, ha !

Marl. Oh, curse on my noisy head ! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate ? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man. *[They retire, she tormenting him to the back scene.]*

Enter MRS HARDCASTLE and TONY.

Mrs Hard. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone ?

Mrs Hard. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings ? As worthy a fellow as lives ; and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connexion.

Mrs Hard. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune ; that remains in the family, to console us for her loss.

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary.

Mrs Hard. Ay, that's my affair, not yours. But you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Hard. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs Hard. (*Aside.*) What, returned so soon? I begin not to like it.

Hast. (*To HARDCASTLE.*) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded on duty.

Miss Nev. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recovered from the delusion, and hope, from your tenderness, what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

Mrs Hard. Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire, to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty.—(*Taking MISS NEVILLE'S hand.*) Witness all men by these

presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of *blank* place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir Charles. O brave 'squire !

Hast. My worthy friend !

Mrs Hard. My undutiful offspring !

Marl. Joy, my dear George ; I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here, to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hast. (*To MISS HARDCASTLE.*) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. (*Joining their hands.*) And I say so too. And, Mr Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us ; and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her ; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

EPILOGUE.

BY DR GOLDSMITH.

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
 And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
 Still as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
 As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you :
 And let me say, for all your resolution,
 That pretty bar-maids have done execution.

Our life is all a play, composed to please,
 "We have our exits and our entrances."
 The first act shews the simple country maid,
 Harmless and young, of every thing afraid ;
 Blushes when hired, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
 Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
 Th' unblushing bar-maid of a country inn :
 Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
 Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
 Next, the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
 The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
 On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
 And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—
 And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
 Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
 The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'squire,
 And madam now begins to hold it higher ;
 Pretends to taste, at operas cries *Caro*,
 And quits her Nancy Dawson, for *Che Faro* ;
 Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
 Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside :
 Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
 Till having lost in age the power to kill,
 She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
 Such, through our lives, the eventful history—
 The fifth and last act still remains for me.
 The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
 Turns female barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

END OF GOLDSMITH'S PLAYS.

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