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THE
MECHANIC,
A
POEM.

BY THOMAS MORLEY.

—“ He sees the vilest of Mortals canonized for Deities; and though the vain
“ Tyrant, whose Days are spent in one continued Round of Voluptuousness,
“ may Imbibe the Incense which Adulation offers, yet, the Man of Virtue,
“ who made his Reign a painful Endeavour to do all the Good that depended
“ on him, closes an honourable Life in Anguish, and descends to the Tomb of
“ his Ancestors, without ever being sure he had one sincere Friend.”

MARMONTEL.

SECOND EDITION CORRECTED,
WITH ADDITIONS.



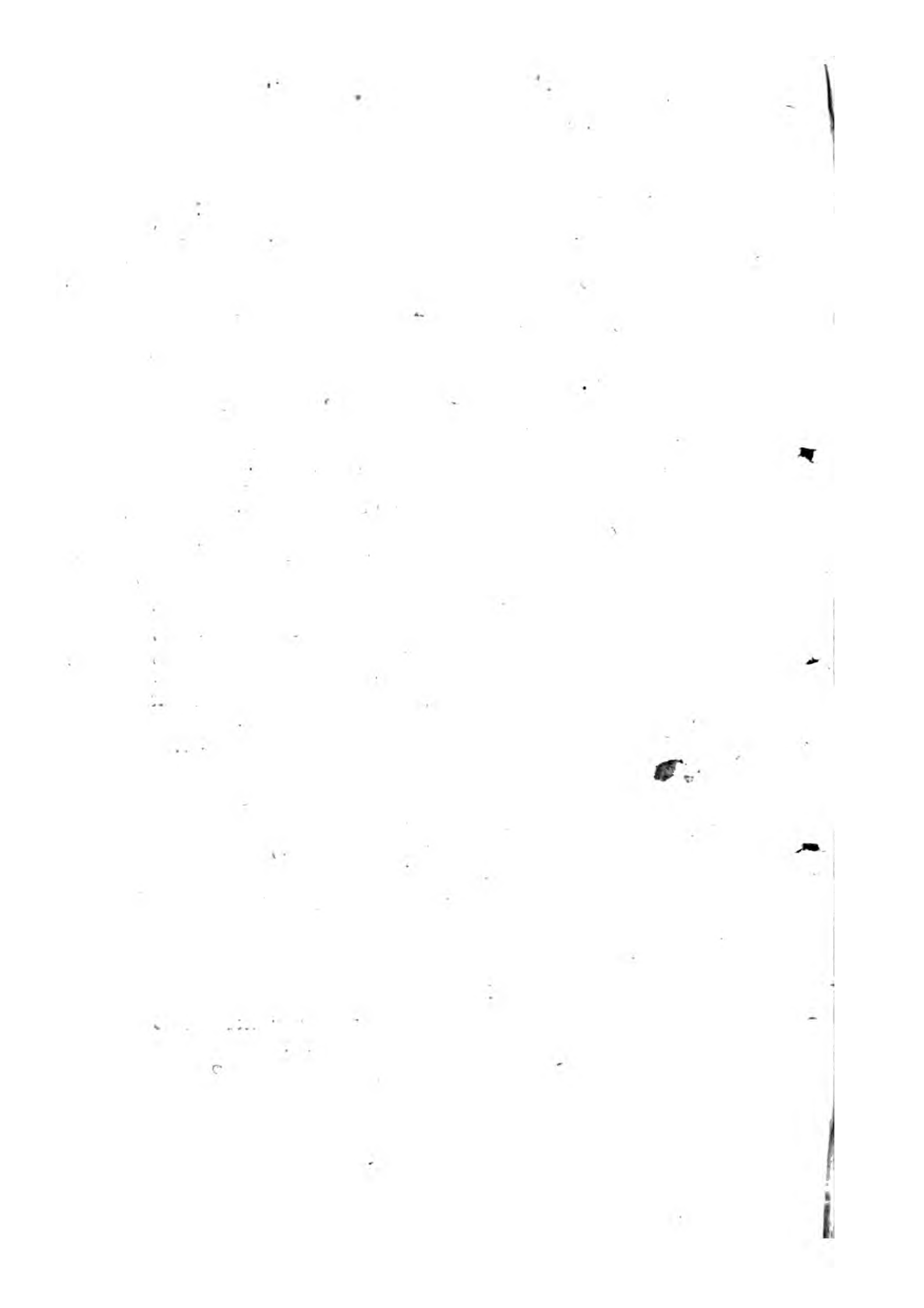
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P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Lines very much regrets the subject has not engaged writers of more genius and talents. Under the circumstances of his situation some palliations must be admitted. Necessitated to get his bread by his Mechanism, he can say, with more propriety than Pope,

“ I left no Calling for this Idle Trade.”

Divested of the advantages of a Learned Education, Patronage, or Fortune, he owes his little acquirements to the exertions of himself.

Thanks to Nature, she every where proclaims the impartial distribution of Mind.— In Nobles we frequently find Sterility, and in Plebeians Fruitfulness.—“ Fidelity may be found in Fetters, and Impiety in Lawn.”— Virtue may be seen in rags! and Injustice in ermine! The Author is not under the necessity of being personal. He wishes the Inhabitants of the Earth more substantial happiness and freedom than they appear to wish themselves. He has been long inured to cala-

mity, and, though depressed, is not yet subdued. The injuries he has received from bad men have not diminished nor shall extinguish his love of Virtue.

He will be the advocate of good men, and good men will be his friends.

It is almost time Man should rise to a sense of his own dignity, and learn to reverence Virtue and Wisdom. It is almost time he should love his country better than himself. It is almost time he should have a sense of that patriotism and blood by which good men purchased happiness in a good constitution. If he suffers his constitution to be undermined, and supinely winks at the inroads of ambition and guilt, the silly cry against men in power is absurd---because he impeaches himself, and that power which delegated them.

Every good man will see the motive in presenting this to the public. The satire is aimed at Men---too bad for Advice---and too rich to be Virtuous. To the Mechanics, it may present them with additional motives in the pursuits of Science, to soften the cares of labour, and render their lowering consequence of still more importance to themselves and society.

PREFACE.

Let this Preface be closed with the Advice
of BELISARIUS to TIBERIUS, on Luxury.

“ Is not the right which one man has to the
“ labours of another founded on reciprocal
“ conditions? If so, What must be said of
“ him who employs thousands to answer the
“ multiplicity of his wants, without contribut-
“ ing, on his part, to the service of others?
“ He is like a sterile and pernicious herb that
“ grows to seed in a field of wheat.---Such is
“ the rich man who loiters his days in idleness
“ and luxury. For him the busy part of the
“ society are at work; and with cold disregard
“ he receives the product of their labour as a
“ tribute due to him. To supply his desire,
“ and administer to his pleasures, seems the
“ employment of all nature; the elements,
“ the most exquisite viands, the arts, and the
“ choicest efforts of invention, are all his. He
“ partakes of all, and is unconducive himself
“ to any useful end; he engrosses from the
“ public service a number of hands for his own
“ purpose; he does the duty of none; and
“ dies, at last, without leaving any void---but
“ that of the good things he has consumed.

“ Let the Magistrate keep painful vigils
“ for the public safety; let the Soldier fight

“ the battles of his country; and let the Hus-
“ bandman and Artificer work incessantly;
“ the right of the rich man to their services is
“ annually renewed, AND HIS PRIVILEGE TO
“ BE INSIGNIFICANT IS STAMPED UPON HIS
“ GOLD.”

THE
MECHANIC.

IN ancient times, when Rome with Glory vied,
VIRGIL and HORACE liv'd like slaves, and dy'd,
Like modern Bards and Laureateers of State,
They sung—the poison'd vassals of the great,
Flatter'd AUGUSTUS with unmanly rhymes,
And fawn'd to blockheads—ministers of crimes.
Whilst Bards like these resound the rich man's praise,
And barter truth in prostituted lays,
I sing the man whom Independence cheers,
And swells with triumph in this vale of tears;
I sing the worthies, who, in Misery's den,
Arose from toil to Mechanism—Men;
I sing the heroes, whose precarious doom
Is want! drear want! from childhood to the tomb!

Strange, that no bard, to Independence dear,
 E'er wept for Men—whom empires must revere—
 Strange, very strange, that scarce a feeble ray
 Gave light to artists in their checquer'd way—
 No balm of hope, no soothing comfort came
 To cheer the drudge, and hand him up to fame—
 No Muse's lyre, to give a zest to toil,
 No bard, to bless Mechanics in exile—
 Exil'd indeed, by arrogance and power,
 Distinction's yoke oppress them every hour—
 Borne down by pride, by ignorance and wealth,
 Their joys are few, and transient as their health.
 Yet, would they know the blessings that await
 The real Mechanic in his free-born state—
 O, would they study wisdom with their art,
 And twine each milder duty round the heart,
 The voice of reason would their rights explain,
 And bend the arrogance of proud disdain,
 The Arts would shout o'er Folly's tinsell'd crest,
 And wealthy locusts feel for worth distress.

O thou, Colossus Fortune—who gives pain
 With hands as lib'ral as thou reapest gain,

Bred in the lap of Plenty, laugh at those
 Who've drank large draughts of misery and woes!
 Link their misfortunes with the name of guilt,
 And, callous, bid thy lofty soul not melt!
 Ah! fix thy talons on the adverse tribe,
 And, paltry, sell thy country for a bribe!
 Whilst little vices little souls enthral,
 Deal thou in wholesale, and oppress them all!
 Let Panegyric's soothing voice resound,
 Let Flatt'ry fly where crime on crime abound!
 Let Wealth inflated rear its guilty shrine,
 Establish creeds, and hold them as divine!
 Let the few Plunder what the many gave!
 Let Discontent for more supplies still rave.
 Let Artists pine! Mechanics frown and fret!
 Let Wealth usurp! and let the Mighty eat!
 For you, ye chosen, hath the fates decreed,
 That thousands have, and thousands ought, to bleed!
 With murmuring reptiles what have ye to do!
 But nourish P——s, and fatten such as you.
 Walk by, ye demi-gods—your cause maintain—
 Let Fancy riot on the sweets of gain;

Let Int'rest sway you—grasp at all you can;
 By Av'rice form'd—you know to feed on man;
 Did heav'n ordain to glut your righteous rage;
 Glut and fill full—and sweep us off the stage.

For you, ye mighty, Fate, it seems, design'd
 To triumph o'er the weakness of mankind;
 But, 'mid your triumphs, should it e'er be found
 That Nature wonder'd, Reason, too, had frown'd,
 That Mercy's attribute had peal'd in vain,
 And left the world to bite their chains in pain—
 Could it be prov'd—you've spread destruction far,
 And against man had wag'd eternal war,
 If Reason's voice was stifled to trepan,
 By means inhuman, woman, child, or man,
 If, in the hut of Sorrow Misery lies,
 And you, unmov'd, can hear her piteous cries,
 If, by your means, she feels extremes of pain,
 Yet steel your souls, and bid her not complain,
 If gay seducing villains sought my wife,
 Seduc'd my daughter, and would take my life,
 Shou'd courts of justice e'er be sway'd with gold,
 And all my rights, for want of it, be sold,

What must I do, when legal means are try'd,
 My feelings wounded, and my cause bely'd!—
 Ought not kind Satire, then, entrench'd, appear
 With Honor's helmet, and with Virtue's spear—
 And, swift as lightning, loose the shafts of Hate!
 Follow the despot on the brink of fate,
 Probe the foul miscreant! scorn his hated pray'r—
 And let his cries all dissipate in air!
 The world shall read a monster's soul pourtray'd
 Who liv'd and made his infamy a trade.

When power with wealth can purify the vile,
 And ambush'd knaves can triumph and beguile,
 When honest worth is pillag'd every day
 By snakes who live to flatter and betray,
 When means unjust, to serve a private end,
 Shall wound a parent; or shall stab a friend,
 When pamper'd riot, prodigal and bold,
 Shall screen their crimes for prostituted gold.
 When venal panders, hackney'd long in sin,
 Blunt Feeling's edge, and hush the storm within,
 When lackey'd vermin flatter crimes of state,
 And hoodwink folly in a Fool grown great,

Shall not the Muse strip off the dark disguise,
 And point where virtue oft in mis'ry lies,
 Where modest worth, by guilty arts brought low,
 In Famine's cell to feel excess of woe?

Rous'd are my feelings, when the pamper'd knave
 Riots on store which Art nor Genius gave,
 When I see Folly Infamy beget,
 With just disdain the feeling soul will fret;
 When I see Men the tinsell'd slave applaud,
 The pang of sorrow oft my heart will goad;
 When I see riches proudly domineer,
 I scorn to love what reason scorns to fear;
 When ancestry is held, in Fashion's school,
 A sov'reign right to play the rogue or fool;
 When titles varnish crimes of deepest dye,
 (Titles, which chance might give to you or I)
 Can I behold inflated riches scorn
 The free-born mind from friends and fortune torn;
 If, round his temples greatness deigns to dwell,
 And rich in mind illumines his sorrowing cell,
 How brave that man who, firm in Honor's seat,
 Bids fools look on, and asks of knaves, "Who's
 great!"

Alas! how treas'nous both to fame and self,
 To see the wretch, the grovelling fiend of pelf;
 Start at the ills his conscious soul hath done,
 Who pillag'd man, and liv'd for self alone!
 Ah! what sensations haunt the guilty mind
 Who, dying, leaves a mighty void behind!—
 Like Miser CL—KE, can count his thousands o'er,
 Yet spurn, through life, the wretched from his door;
 Tho' death around his couch, in haggard plight,
 Shook his faint frame, and wish'd his soul good night,
 Yet Heav'n, indulgent, bade the tyrant fly,
 Gave a reprieve, to teach him how to die.
 Joy flush'd his cheeks, when Mercy's sounds were
 giv'n,
 And the peal rung the wide concave of heav'n!
 His tenants smil'd—Religion view'd the case,
 And bigots cry'd, “ the Man's a child of Grace!”
 But, Oh, the illusion!—Health, with roses spread,
 Bade fell disease forsake his mortal bed.
 He laugh'd to think the frightful fiend was gone,
 And thus address'd his tenants, one by one;
 “ Your cash, my friend, the Doctor's bill must pay,
 “ And I must raise supplies the usual way.

“ Next quarter-day I raise one third your rent.”
 Thus CL—KE returns God thanks—the poor keep
 Lent—

And thus it is great Gripus doth repent !

Ye fools, who falsely measure human bliss,
 And call dull dross the god of happiness,
 Forgetful ye, what cares and fears enthrall,
 The heart of Av'rice, and the soul of Gall,
 Whoe'er thou art, O Casuist, attend,
 Weigh well the matter—deem me Honor's friend—
 Did'st thou e'er see, amid the grovelling kind,
 The slave of Plutus tranquil or resign'd?
 It cannot be. The slave of ill-got ore
 Shrinks from the gratings of his bedroom door,
 Starts at his shadow!—Demons round him creep—
 And conscience tells him he has murder'd sleep!
 Envy him not.—Let Pity with disdain
 Smile at the fool who idolizes gain;
 Much better ore will mental joys afford,
 Than all the viands deck'd on Folly's board,
 Than all the cobwebs round a Miser's cell,
 Who lives to make a Paradise a hell!

If Fortune made me richer than the rest,
 It made me agent for the poor distrest;
 It is not mine when Virtue lives unblest;
 It made me Steward for my fellow Man;
 It calls imperious—*do what good you can*—
 Distress demands.—What Duty nobly gives
 I'm amply paid—when Merit thus receives.

If Fortune's sun illumine your earthly course,
 O let it not to others prove a curse;
 If chance hath plac'd you 'mid her partial beams,
 The fickle goddess, ever on extremes,
 May hurl you from the pinnacle of joy,
 And on a sudden air-built schemes destroy.
 What Fortune gave, she oft-times takes again,
 Contingent frolics with the wise and vain,
 Sports with us all as Caprice urge her suit,
 But fools and rogues oft cull the choicest fruit;
 Vot'ries of Merit oft in ambush creep,
 And Virtue o'er the willow's seen to sleep,
 While Vice, triumphant, soars with daring wings,
 Prattles good-will—and blesses as it stings.

Shame to the wretch, plac'd high in Fortune's car,
 Who boasts of nought but folly and a star,

Neglects the means which Nature kindly gave,
 The means of Mercy, and the Bliss to save,
 Who squanders treasure with a selfish aim,
 Neglects the means to rise with honest fame,
 Dims the fair light of Intellect in crime,
 And mar the sweets which flow from health and time.
 How might a being, bless'd with stores so great,
 Command esteem from those of abject state?
 Almost a little god on earth to soar,
 The Friend and Parent of a grateful Poor!
 When Titles thus forget not what they are,
 But let sweet Science be their only care,
 When noble blood with noble manners reign,
 I hold not riches born, alas! in vain,
 I envy not their fortune, rank, or birth,
 But, proud to see it link'd with sterling worth.
 Plac'd in such hands, what honest trophies wait
 The rich man, found a being good and great!
 But when, alas! in spite of Nature's voice,
 In spite of Reason, Pride directs his choice,
 When childish trinkets please a manly form,
 And silly things will silly minds alarm,

When such delight in rattles, noise, and strife,
 And vacant pass their useless round of life,
 Should not Contempt the glittering insects scorn,
 Who, stript of stars and ribbons, are forlorn?
 Let buzzing insects flutter as they may,
 I heed them not, nor care not what they say;
 I am not dazz'led with the glare of wealth,
 Nor covet honors which are gain'd by stealth;
 The peace of Conscience which a good man feels,
 I value more than truckling at their heels!
 Behold the miscreant, parasite, or pimp,
 Or outlaw'd rebel, or inhuman imp,
 Before the Court of Reason hold thy hand,
 And at the Bar of Justice take thy stand.
 Why dost thou tremble! guilt and shame prepare
 The stings of conscience which a knave should wear,
 Shadows on shadows float before his eyes,
 Fury on fury irritate his sighs!
 Look where he will his coward-soul turns pale,
 And Justice breathes his sentence in each gale!
 Seduction's victim's stalk before his view,
 Despairing Guilt informs him what to do,

And airy visions—superstition-wrought—
 Strike with disdain his poor unhappy heart!
 Fell Suicide sums up the fatal score—

A pistol helps him—and the fool's no more!

When grov'ling Passions lead mankind astray,
 And systems tell us we are beasts of prey,
 When Superstition's frenzy'd eye-balls roll,
 Distorting facts which actuate the soul,
 When Nature's path is treated with disdain,
 And all her works are sully'd with a stain,
 When Reason's slaugh'd at! Vice absolv'd by Grace!
 Then Crime is welcom'd with a warm embrace!
 With systems false, let bigots cloud the soul,
 And feed those passions Reason would controul,
 Deriding Nature, let them phantoms trace,
 And lull their errors with imputed grace,
 Depriv'd of Science, let them scorn her light,
 And grope in darkness—strangers to delight—
 Ne'er feel those joys which Knowledge can disclose,
 But shout with rapture o'er their fellows' woes.

Let slaves to Science waste the midnight oil,
 Laugh at their worth and intellectual toil,

Let Glory's trumpet sound posthumous fame,
 Ages unborn immortalize each name,
 Let all the Art which Genius e'er could boast
 Wither forgotten on a fruitful coast,
 Let acts and edicts strive, with cruel might,
 To close the organs of creative light,
 Let Knowledge rest, as once it us'd to do,
 With Monks in cells, and keep it from our view,
 Proclaim the day when fetters shall entwine
 The Child of Science by an act divine.
 O, then, Ambition shall, at Guilt's dread call,
 Cast her fell harpies round the earthly ball,
 Thy banners, Freedom, be no more unroll'd—
 Murder shall stalk with fury round the world.
 Like savage hell hounds live like beast of prey,
 Drive from the World the letter'd host away;
 Enforce the gloomy, Imperfection plan,
 Prove Man a Shark—and Shark a Type of Man.
 When Sorrows bend mankind to adverse fate,
 And dire Monopoly surround a state,
 When Poverty, in hasty strides, comes on,
 And Commerce pines to see her sons undone,

When Britain's Sons—once fam'd to flourish far,
 Survey the carnage of disast'rous war,
 View souls unnumber'd with dejected mien,
 Thrill at the thought, and shudder at the scene,
 Survey the widow—dragging life away—
 And children's prattle now no longer gay—
 Once the blest progeny of sweet Content,
 Pining for want—and giving sorrow vent—
 In sad distraction—view the piteous wife
 In Famine's cell, and loathing hated life,
 When all that cheer'd her now begins to fade,
 And Warfare seems the only thriving trade!

Alas! NARCISSA! (whom I know full well)
 Such woes as thine philosophy can't quell!
 The past presents a picture to my sight,
 When thy lost husband, with extreme delight,
 Beheld his fortune in a Wife, complete,
 And found Contentment in an humble state—
 Methinks I see thy fond maternal joy,
 Like once it was, unclouded with alloy—
 Methinks I see you both, enamour'd, smile—
 Strangers to falsehood, vanity, and guile—

Methinks I see your humble cot replete
 With more than all the vanities of state—
 Methinks I see infantile pleasures rise,
 Nor the least dew-drop moisten Virtue's eyes—
 Such were your children, when no wint'ry show'r
 Disturb'd their spring, but ripen'd every hour—
 Such did they live, where good examples shone,
 And honest instinct beam'd from Sire to Son!
 Alas! NARCISSE! when the hand of Pow'r
 Can, uncontroul'd, disturb the rural bow'r,
 When Spies, like wolves, thrive on the rights of man,
 And India Crimps the innocent trepan,
 Then Happiness, alas! begins to fade,
 And thousands feel the scourges War has made!
 Ill-fated CRITO! thou art flown to rest,
 But, Oh! what sorrows swell thy Consort's breast!
 Torn from each sweet Humanity held dear!
 Suppress the sigh!—Ah! stop the trick'ling tear!—
 Thy little cherubs feel a Father lost!—
 And future times will tell them what it cost!
 Yes! it will tell—what virt'ous tears they shed,
 When forc'd by Want, they begg'd precarious
 bread!

O! retrospect of happy times, now flown!
 I feel your force—but feel it not alone!
 And thou, NARCISSA! stop the heaving sigh—
 Strive, if thou canst, to rest thy cause on high!—
 Gracious Omnipotence—who views thy woe—
Did not in Fate's dark book resolve it so!
 But Man, by crimes—corrupted and undone—
 Commits the bad—but leaves the good alone!
 And times may come, by his Almighty hand,
 To reinstate thee in a happier land,
 Where virtuous deeds, to virtuous laws ally'd,
 Restrain the growth of infamy and pride.

Ye Sons of Labour, prest with galling chains,
 Whilst manly blood now circles in your veins,
 Pillars of strength to all that's good and great,
 Awake to Reason, ere it be too late,
 Rouse from the trance of lethargy and dread,
 And know why Virtue pines in rags for bread.
 Let Science tempt ye to Elysian scenes,
 To bowers where Knowledge swells with ever-
 greens.

At her blest shrine relax corporeal strife,
 Dispel the gloom that darkens human life,

To feasts of Reason fly, where joys surpass
 The tinkling sounds of folly, gold, or brass;
 Let the strong nerve, with intellect combin'd,
 Curb the wild sallies of the weak and blind.
 But if, alas! by some base habits crost,
 The Man of Science is to Science lost,
 And if the mind, to bad examples prone,
 Is with the seeds of frail Temptation sown,
 If hoodwink'd Falsehood with destruction lowers,
 And Guilt hath frozen all his mental powers!
 O, then reclaim the culprit from mistake,
 Reclaim, with pity, the deluded rake!
 Awake reflection, from past acts of shame,
 Rouse his self-love to deeds of honest fame,
 Let him survey his Nature with delight,
 And from its path direct his footsteps right;
 But hence that grov'ling and debasing thought,
 That Man by Nature is with errors fraught,
 That thought which palsies every nobler aim,
 Enfeebles Wisdom in her flights to Fame,
 Contracts the social mind, degrades each sense,
 And insults man with crimes at God's expence.

See yonder wretch, th' Ephem'ron of a day,
 Spinning his short-liv'd cobweb fast away,
 With high-plum'd honors view him blaze his course,
 Born but to prove of human-kind the curse—
 Yet he is wealthy—honor'd by the Great—
 Ador'd by insects—fawning round a state—
 Without one grain of Virtue to applaud—
 He's bless'd!—ador'd!—and idoliz'd—my Lord!
 What are his Merits that supreme he reigns
 To inflict th' brave, and harness them with chains?
 Power all his merit!—Insolence his crest!—
 Wealth form'd a knave!—and Ignorance a beast!—

When ribbons, titles, crowns and stars shall fade,
 The Artizan shall flourish by his trade.

Yes! Art shall live, and Virtue reign supreme
 Where tinsell'd slaves shall own their lives a dream!

Yes! gentle blood shall form alliance, then,
 With Scientific Souls and useful Men.

Meteors of Fashion, pierc'd by Reason's light,
 Shall find their Sun eclips'd in endless night!

Yes! powerful Wealth—with Guilt to sweep its
 train,

Shall in the shades of disappointment reign.

Man's Nature known—his faculties shall shine
 When high blown crimes once canoniz'd divine
 Shall fly to Scenes—unworthy your abode,
 The foes of Nature!—Reason!—and of God!
 Let Giant Wealth with Folly's crest proclaim
 The usual means they seek to gather fame,
 Let useless drones, to infamy ally'd,
 Tempestuous down the streams of Pleasure ride,
 Let Masquerades and Carnivals resound
 The Syren charms of Life's Voluptuous round,
 Let them in useless Pageantry unfold
 The grov'ling mind that Prostitutes his gold.
 But thou, Mechanic! scorn the gilded bays
 Which Fool to Fool, and Rogue to Rogue, oft pays,
 Be thou entrench'd in Arts sublimer field,
 Where nobler prospects—nobler comforts yield,
 Where Empires, rise to greatness by thy aid,
 Where Crowns, subservient to thy Art is made,
 Where Pearls and Diamonds—rich Brocade and
 Lace,
 Are fashion'd by his hands to plume his Grace,
 Where Rubies, Jaspers, Emeralds, and Rings
 Are wrought by him—to feed the pride of Kings!

How poor!—how abject!—how forlorn!—is he
 Though deck'd with Gems is but a slave to me.
 With borrow'd plumes, they flirt their gilded wings,
 To torture woe!—and court the smile of kings!
 But poor art thou—amid thy borrow'd blaze—
 Poor!—very poor!—whom Virtue cannot praise!
 Behold the Man whose brow's refulgent shine,
 Whom Art or Science stamps almost divine,
 With conscious worth, and stoic firmness giv'n,
 He feels no void—but paves his way for Heav'n!
 Beholds the fruits to industry ally'd,
 And pities those puff'd up with sloth and pride!
 Pities the Blank—who fills a mighty space,
 To scatter ruin o'er the human race!
 Rather would I from town and city stray—
 Mark'd for a vagrant—steer my gloomy way;
 Rather would I with Mechanism cope,
 My drooping spirits—equipois'd with hope—
 In tatter'd weeds—serenely brave the storm—
 Conscious of this—I've done the world no harm—
 Wander from place to place—a Man distress—
 A free-born mind—with Mechanism blest!

Than live the base Monopolizing Chief,
 Who, conscious, knows—and feels himself a thief!
 O pamper'd monsters! to no law confin'd,
 The pest! the curse! the rubbish of mankind!
 A time may come—when Cannibals shall cease,
 And Nations live in Amity and Peace!
 The Golden times! Millennium I await,
 When Human brutes—shall soar to Man's estate!
 When sweet Reflection, with its Magic voice,
 Shall Talents hail! and bid the World rejoice!
 When Crime with Ignorance shall fly the World,
 And Peace shall reign with Freedom's flag unfurl'd!

Happy the man whom Art or Science bless,
 Whose talents stem the tide of foul distress;
 But happier he, to Independence dear,
 Whom conscious Worth will scorn the bubble Fear;
 Enthron'd with Art—who finds within himself
 An empire greater than all India's Pelf!
 How rich that man who wants no aid but Health,
 Who pities Av'rice, and who laughs at Wealth,
 Who scorns the Honors knaves and fools applaud,
 Who hates the Incense scatter'd o'er my Lord,

Beholds, with pity, things without a name,
 An empty title! consecrated Fame!
 A bubble blown by some polluted chief,
 Which on my shoulders stamps me for a thief
 Which Nature scorn'd, and Reason would not own,
 The modern worthies Gold and Lace adorn.
 Happy the man who views, with careless eye,
 The Sons of Pomp unenvy'd flutter by,
 Hates the proud Locust, rioting in store,
 When Mis'ry groans around his palace door!
 When years have mark'd his base career with pain,
 And he hath liv'd—unhappy wretch! in vain,
 Gave loose to Folly's utmost reign, to be
 A charter'd knave—in Fashion's circles—free—
 Born but to squander what he could not earn—
 Born but to make a thousand fellows mourn!
 Mad Dissipation—sating every sense—
 Give loose, ye Great, to riot and expence!
 With youth and health, and mines of golden ore,
 Be Passion's slave, and scorn the humble Poor!
 Heap up for Self—what thousands might supply,
 Nor cheer the cup—Misfortune—drain'd so dry!

Yet, know, vain upstarts! mushrooms of an hour!
 Some, thron'd in want, despise your wealth and
 pow'r!

Scorn the base life of villains—plum'd so high—
 Who never felt the heart-consoling sigh—
 Whose nerve ne'er trembl'd for another's good—
 But pillag'd Worth and Industry its food—
 Curtail'd from man the sweets which nature gave—
 And sent him writhing Famish'd to the grave!

To nobler prospects let us cheer the soul;
 Let slaves to Wealth thus stagger o'er its bowl,
 Let them, should Reason pause awhile! reflect
 That Fame-posthumous will their lives dissect—
 Pollutions frail remains, a worthless mass,
 Will to the grave, despis'd, with murmurs pass—
 Whilst thou, Mechanic, in thy poor abode,
 No pangs from Conscience thy past life will goad—
 Inur'd to toil—and reconcil'd to self—
 No rank Ambition—idolizing Pelf—
 Thy wants but few—thy mind with Reason fraught—
 Thy independence with Experience bought—
 With conscious Virtue—steer thy little bark
 Unmov'd by phantoms fleeting in the dark.

Remov'd from Guilt and Fear's prepostrous train,
 From Physic Ills a Stranger, too, to pain;
 Hated by folly—in its pamper'd Car,
 Dislik'd by Butterflies that wear a Star—
 By K——s and P——s contaminated grown,
 He prob'd their crimes, and purg'd a venal th—e!
 By Men corrupted, ey'd with fear and hate,
 A brave Mechanic—struggling with his fate.
 Admir'd by men of Virtue—safe he steer'd—
 Contented to be poor—and be rever'd!
 All hail'd intrinsic Honor so remote,
 Who wish'd his country well without a vote;
 All private views to public good be brought,
 And scorn'd a bribe, though scarcely worth a groat.

Happy the man whom no ideas haunt
 Of fancy'd greatness he may never want,
 Bless'd with Content, he views his little store,
 And if contented, what can Wealth do more,
 Since in the Mind all happiness doth dwell,
 "There needs but thinking right, and doing well!"
 The Sons of Luxury, endow'd with wealth,
 Will cast a sigh at Poverty in health!

These, Physic-Evils fill Life's cup with gall,
 And rank Ambition sours more than all!
 For when the Mind, intent on high designs,
 Falls short of Hope! 'tis then mankind repines,
 Or at Miscarriage vents desponding sighs,
 Reflection tells where human folly lies.

Happy the man, of reconciling cast,
 Who views, alike, the present and the past,
 Who, poor in fortune, calmly travels on,
 And ends his journey, calmly, as begun;
 No cares beyond his state disturbs his rest,
 But find, a ray of sunshine in his breast,
 A ray, which Heav'n to guilty minds don't bring,
 A life serene—and Death without a Sting.

Ere manhood dawn'd, I felt th' enliv'ning ray,
 Joy flush'd my soul when Freedom led the way;
 In early life I travell'd far and near,
 And felt the sweets of Independence dear;
 Born to no Title—to no Rank ally'd—
 No pension'd vassal for my friend or guide—
 By friends parental doom to get my bread,
 Whilst the rude blasts blew heavy round my head,

I view'd mankind as Inexperience taught;
 No guile was known to fester round my heart;
 In Life's first Spring, an exile doom'd to roam,
 The world's bleak wild; without a friend or home;
 From scene to scene, as Fortune cast the die,
 My heart was heard, in anguish oft to sigh!
 O, Independence! blest—celestial guest—
 I feel the balm that calms a troubled breast—
 Hail, Independence! 'tis to thee I owe
 My greatest comfort—and my greatest woe!
 Though Plutus ne'er my pockets deign'd to fill;
 I feel the Independence of free-will;
 Ne'er did my heart, in Customs shackles, try
 To forfeit Reputation for a Lie—
 Whilst dirty knaves in ambush live by stealth,
 And public rapine proves their road to wealth—
 Such Independence—never let me feel,
 Where yellow Dirt to Conscience can't appeal!
 Where Conscience can't partake, I never wish
 To pick a crumb from such a nauseous dish—
 Prouder with Independence and a crust,
 Than live in splendor on a nation's trust.

Ask the proud court'er—ask the tinsell'd peet,
 If thy brave spirit sought asylum here.
 Ask blood-stain'd Heroes! Ask the Rebel chief!
 Can Independence! mark the lawless thief!
 Then trace the page where Innovation reign'd,
 Where Wealth inflated—meek-ey'd pity stain'd.
 Ah! read where power could sanctify a crime,
 But bless thy stars *'twas not in our time.*
 Revert thy eyes! Invoke the Millions slain!
 And from the grave bid Cort'z revive again.
 Bid the Knave tremble when with Pow'r combin'd
 A Scoundrel Country—butcher'd human-kind!
 When arm'd with strength such Coward states
 trepan,
 Discover Worlds to feed on fellow Man:
 ' Where art thou, Goddess!—Where is thy retreat,
 ' Not mid the stagnant streams perverted great!
 ' Ask the brave few—whom Art or Science bless!
 ' Ask the Mechanic, palsied with distress!
 ' Ask the brave host from whom all Grandeur
 'springs,
 ' The Wealth of Empires!—and the Pomp of
 ' Kings.'

Within whose souls—utility's descry'd,
 Not like the drones of Titles, Pomp, and Pride,
 Whose breath's contagion—and whose lives express
 Ungrateful schemes of selfish Happiness.

When adverse winds blow heavy round my head,
 And Life's drear scenes afford precar'ous bread,
 Yet sweet Reflection opes her magic store,
 And counteracts the sin of being poor.
 Oft has my soul, amid the angry blast,
 With motives good, reflected on the past,
 Oft has a glance from Retrospection's eye,
 Survey'd the storm, almost without a sigh,
 When glittering hopes from earthly visions flew,
 Some sweet memento often have I drew,
 Oft strove, with Philosophic pains, to scan,
 To read mankind, and strive to be a—Man!
 Involv'd in chaos—often times in doubt—
 Trac'd Good and Ill, and found fair Virtue out!
 O'er fields of Ethics often have I trod—
 And found, by Reason, how to worship God—
 Left Superstition to the Slaves of Fear,
 And follow'd Nature—as a light more clear.

Farewell, ye days, when youthful fancy drew
 The sweets which Folly bade me to pursue!
 Adieu, ye scenes that trifled with my youth,
 That bade me flatter, fawn, and barter Truth!
 That bade me mould my Conscience for the Vile!
 And steep my soul in Theologic guile—
 Bade me espouse, with bigotry, the road
 That pre-ordains the friends and foes of God—
 Bade me shake hands with Hypocritic elves,
 Who made a God and Heaven for themselves—
 Curtail'd the Rights of Conscience from man-
 kind—

And rivet chains to make the world more blind!

By thy blest aid, O, Mechanism!—see
 A Vot'ry left Corruption's path for thee!
 With gilded Views I could not be a Knave,
 With Mechanism! scorn'd to be a Slave.

Fallen by the hands of what the world calls
 great,

I view the storm, and smile at adverse fate;
 My little Self is nothing in the scale,
 From parts to whole—I brave Misfortune's gale;

And if I perish in the Patriot-strife,
I die—to bring the Captive into Life.

FINIS.