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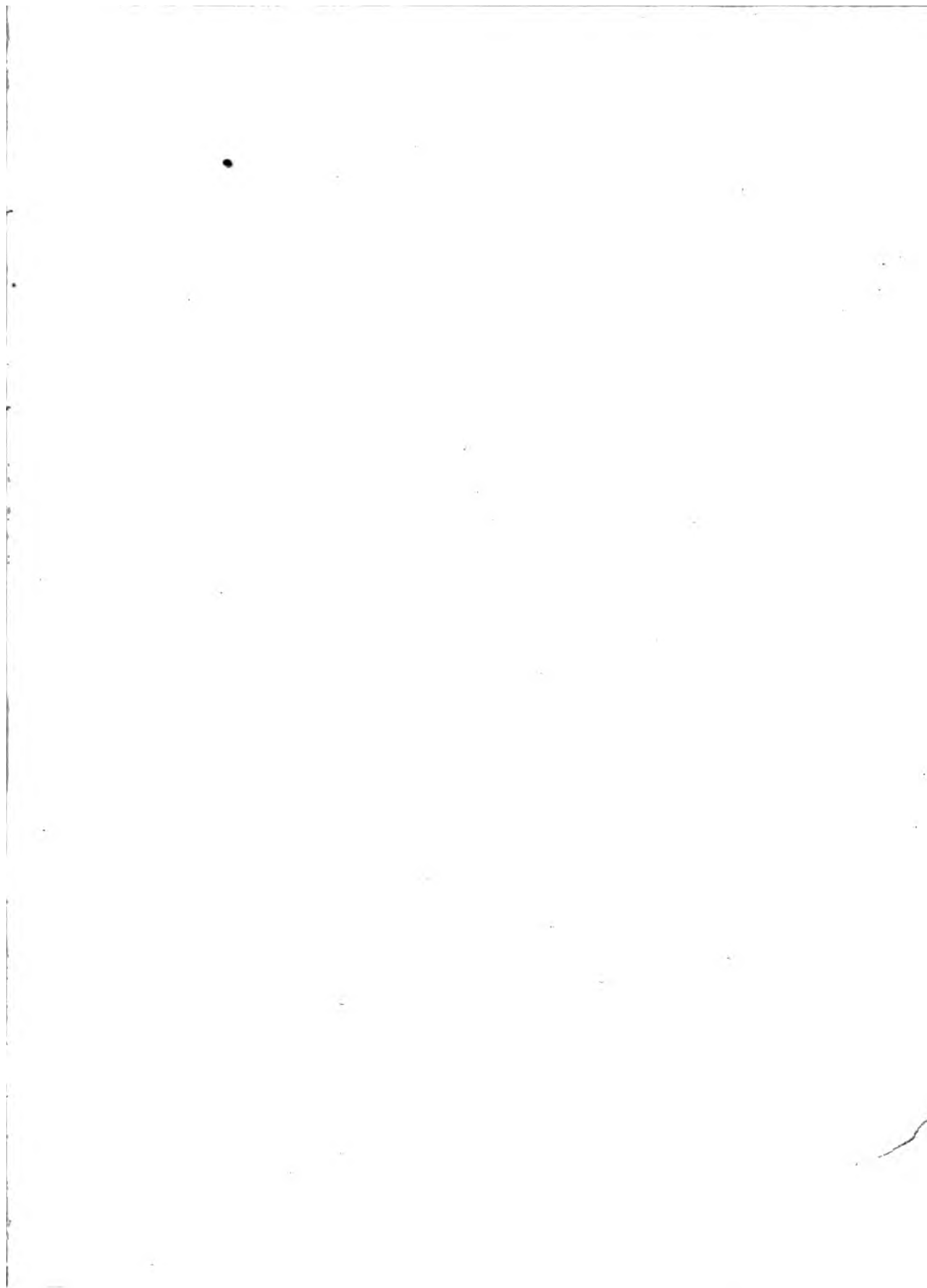
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The
Korburgh Apology.

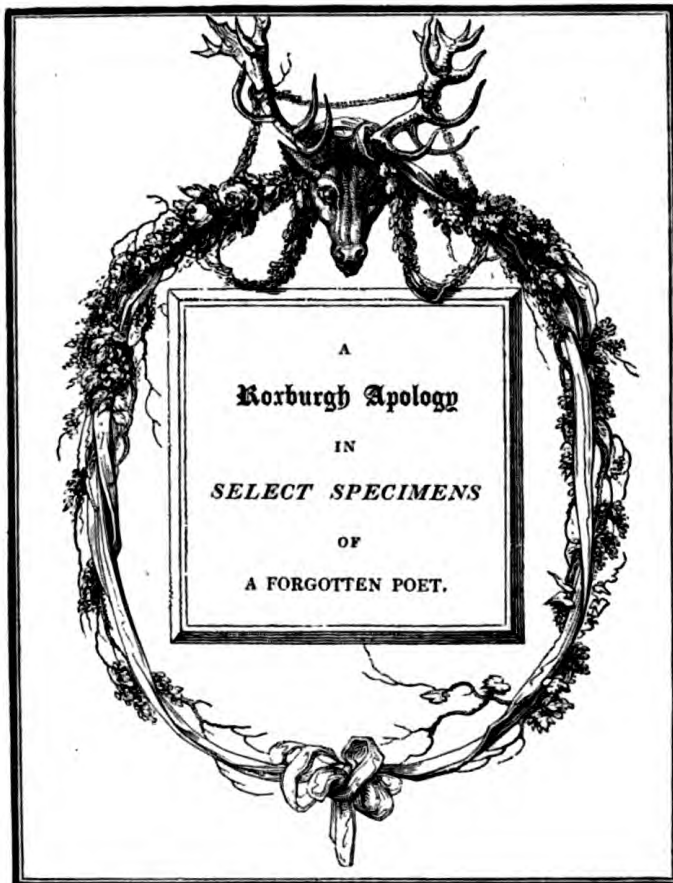
1817.

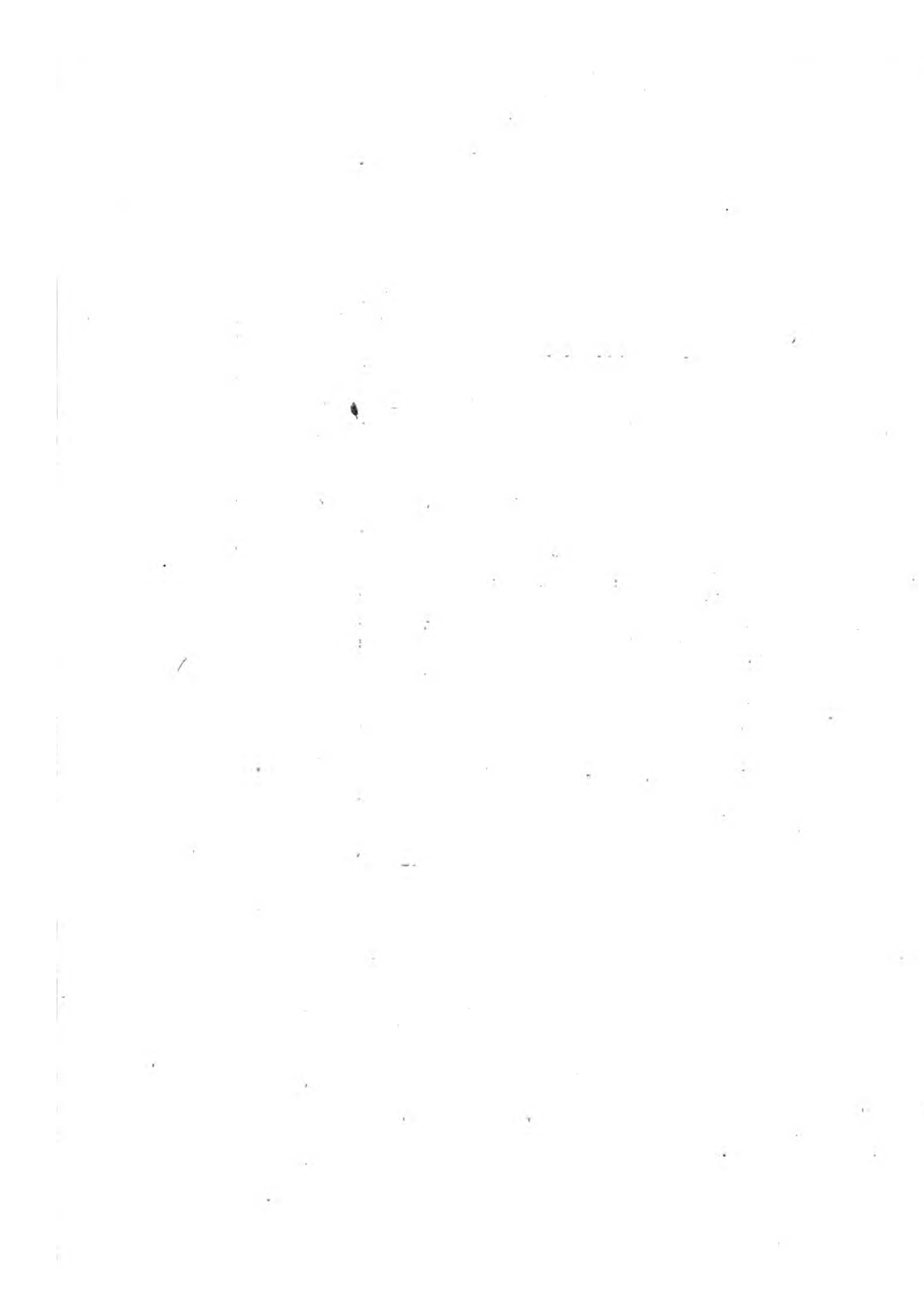
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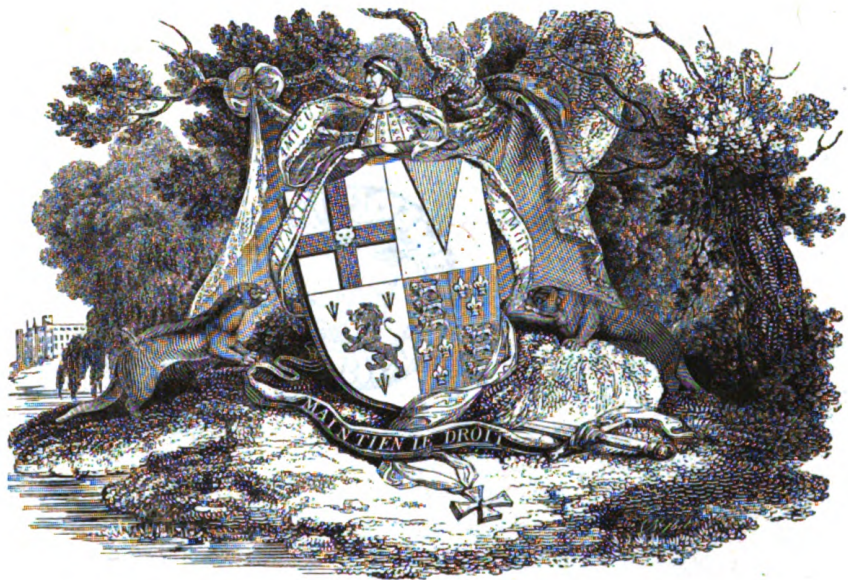
Wagthorpe Revived;

OR

SELECT SPECIMENS

OF

A FORGOTTEN POET.



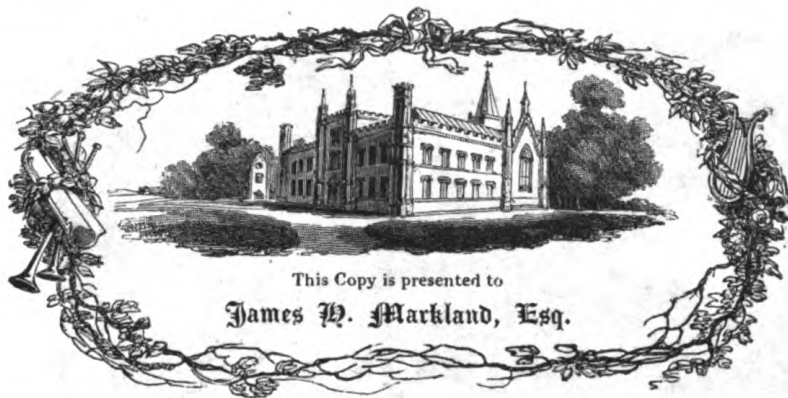
KENT:

Printed at the private Press of Lee Priory;

BY JOHN WARWICK.

1817.





This Copy is presented to

James W. Markland, Esq.

THIS

ROXBURGH APOLOGY

IS DEDICATED

TO

EARL SPENCER, K.G. President.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
EARL GOWER, *M.P.*
VISCOUNT MORPETH, *M.P.*
VISCOUNT ALTHORP, *M.P.*
SIR M. MASTERMAN SYKES, BART. *M.P.*
WILLIAM BENTHAM, ESQ.
WILLIAM BOLLAND, ESQ.
JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.
REV. ROBERT HOLWELL CARR,
JOHN DENT, ESQ.
REV. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, *V.P.*
REV. JAMES WILLIAM DODD,
REV. HENRY DRURY,
FRANCIS FREELING, ESQ.

HENRY FREELING, ESQ.
JOSEPH HASLEWOOD, ESQ.
RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.
GEORGE HIBBERT, ESQ.
GEORGE ISTD, ESQ.
ROBERT LANG, ESQ.
JOSEPH LITTLEDALE, ESQ.
EDWARD LITTLEDALE, ESQ.
JAMES HEYWOOD MARKLAND, ESQ.
JOHN DELAFIELD PHELPS, ESQ.
THOMAS PONTON, ESQ.
PEREGRINE TOWNLEY, ESQ.
EDWARD VERNON UTTERSON, ESQ.
ROGER WILBRAHAM, ESQ.

BY

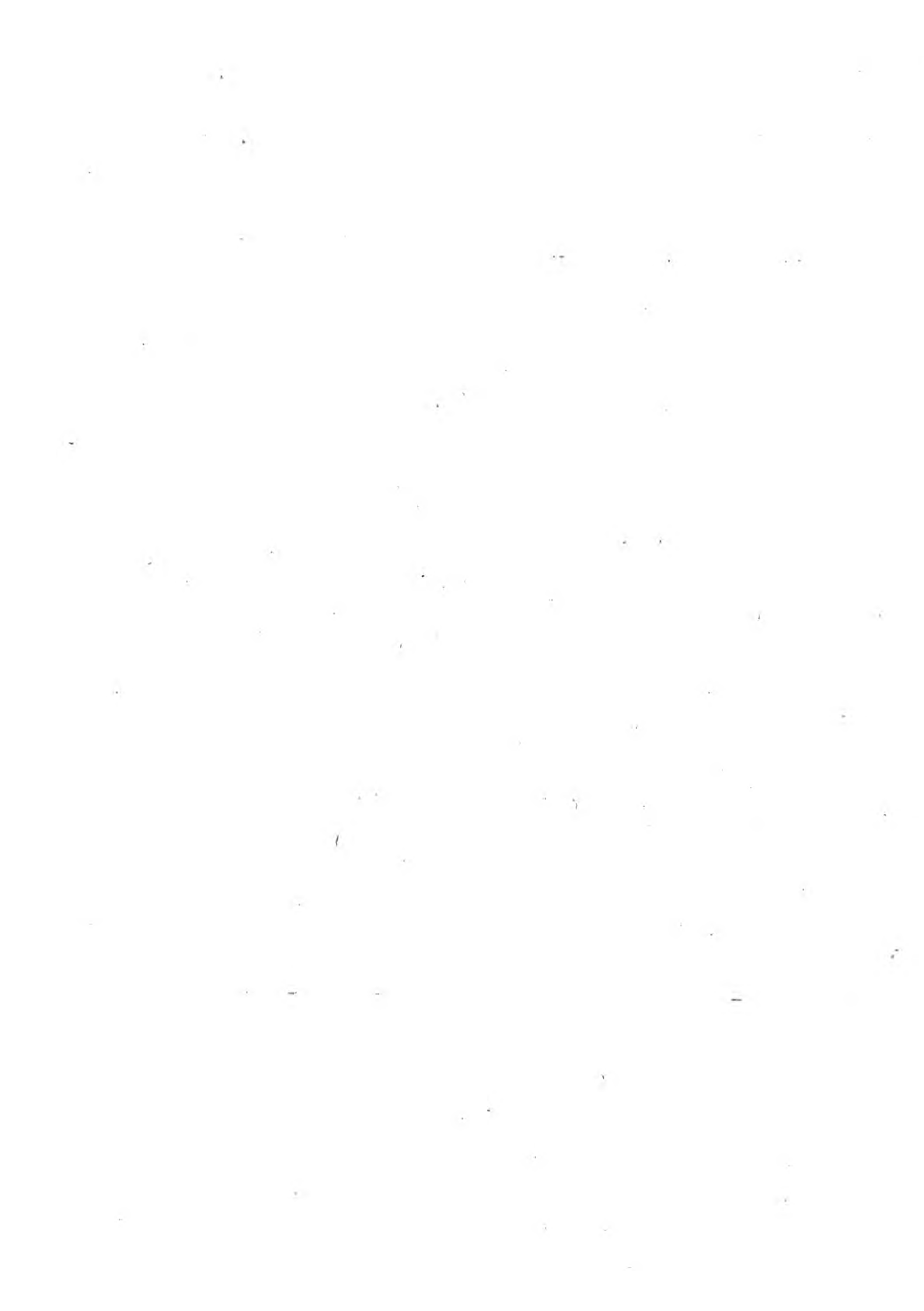
S. E. BRYDGES.





PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

I BELIEVE that nothing is known of JOHN HAGTHORPE but that which he tells of himself in the Dedication here reprinted to the little volume of Poems from which these Specimens are extracted. With that fond hope, which, though delusive, gave him the same consolation and pleasure as if it was in after ages to have been fulfilled, he flattered himself with the prospect of leaving to Futurity in the Old World, and carrying into the New, a name which might live and be cherished! I now endeavour by this humble tribute, after the lapse of two centuries, in some degree to propitiate this airy and almost baseless expectation.





I cannot boast however, that I am the first in this attempt. George Ellis, whose exquisite taste and enlightened research nothing beautiful escaped, has given in his *Specimens* the Lyric *To Time*; and Mr. Haslewood, whose bibliographical skill in English poetry, ever active and unfatigued, has brought numerous buried treasures to light, has given an account of this and another volume of HAGTHORPE in *The British Bibliographer*.

In estimating the compositions of those of our elder Poets who are little known, I always strive to put a check on my inclination to praise. I feel that a warm mind will be insensibly prejudiced in favour of a new-discovered gem: and I am perhaps too sensible to the vulgar ridicule of antiquarian bigotry. To the Society for whose private amusement the present offering is framed, I should for better reasons be unwilling to expose myself to the charge of a crude and indiscriminate taste. From them, among whom are so many of the highest attainments adorning the gifts of Nature, and of these some, of whom rank and station added to these qualities have still increased the polish and the refinement, I would shrink from incurring the sentence of ill-considered and uninformed criticism.

Under the awe of this caution I shall still venture to speak of these little effusions of HAGTHORPE with praise and delight. They have a polished elegance: they are harmonious; plaintive; and have all the vivid colouring and breath of a poetical vein. All the stanzas of the Lyric *To Earth* are delicate, beautiful, and touching, both in sentiment and expression. Nor is the address *To Death*; or that *To Time*, which last has been copied by Ellis, less attractive and praiseworthy. The two Extracts from *The Divine Meditations* are perhaps more diffuse and unequal.

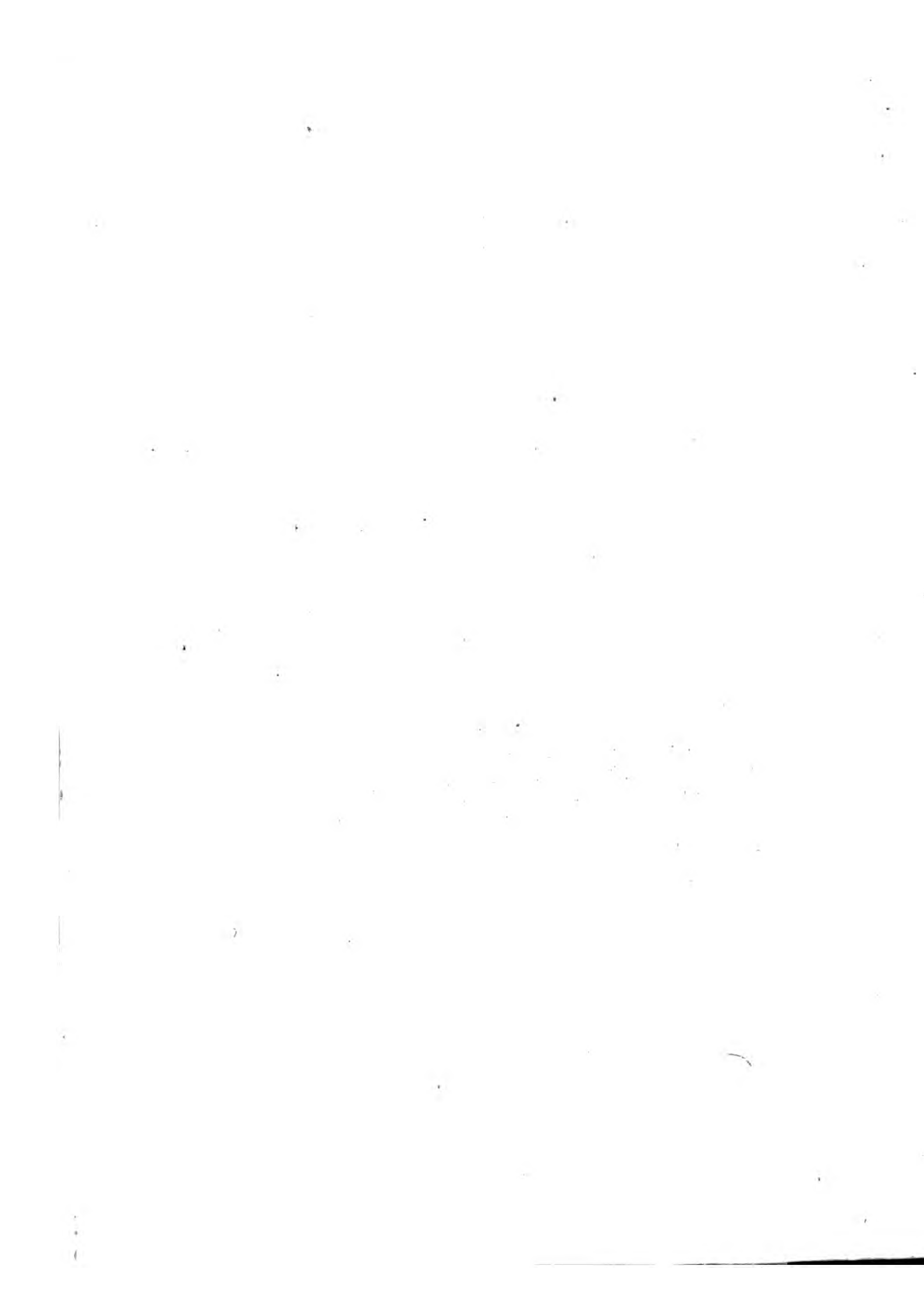
It is from that, which a Poet has done well, that we ought to judge of his powers: not from that in which he has been less successful. The greatest



geniuses may often sink to the rank of common men: no common men can for a moment rise to the efforts and character of genius. Let us reflect on the various obstacles in life, which may generally depress, and extinguish in the bud, the fruits of high intellectual endowments! Of many, the passage from manhood even to a distant grave is beset with an unbroken series of struggles, agitations, misfortunes, and dangers! The mind is scarcely ever left for a moment to it's own free and uninterrupted operations. Regret and fear; watchfulness, and clamour, and noise, and exhausting labours---the stings of ingratitude, the chills of disappointment, and the palsy of want---all these have attended from the cradle to the tomb many a poet of the most brilliant powers! Yet such a Being may once and twice in his unhappy course seize the Lyre in some transient moment of undisturbed inspiration; and thus give a proof of those endowments, which some more propitious fate might have crowned with laurels.

The wish and the hope never leaves him: the consciousness of the mighty flame stirring within! His assumptions are received by a blighting and ungenerous world with coldness or ridicule: he appeals to posterity; but posterity hears him not, till some dull antiquarian, like myself, digging with a curiosity which wicked wits pronounce wasteful and useless for treasures buried in the grave, lights upon the ore which he divests of it's rust; and again solicits the public attention to it.

Here then is the proof of HAGTHORPE's genius. Why he, who could write thus, has not left to the world something of sufficient substance to have immediately secured that reputation, of which he was so desirous, it is now vain to inquire! That he was loaded with sorrows and debts, he has told us himself. That the incumbency of these evils overwhelmed the fire of the Muse, is most probable.



Preface. . . . 7

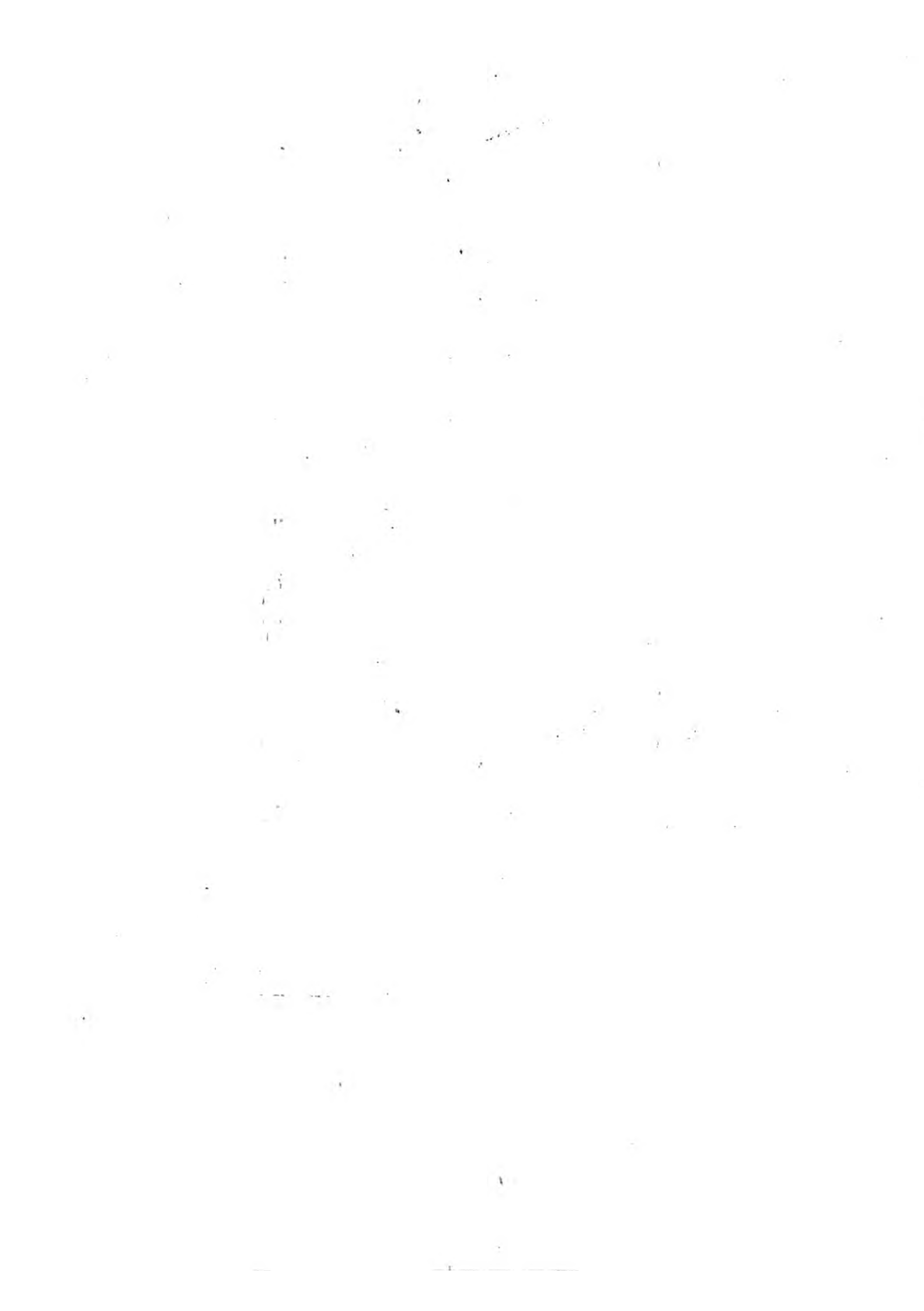


It may be proper to add, that could *Nicholas Breton's Pasquil's Mad-cap*, which is in the press at Lee Priory, have been got ready for the ensuing Anniversary, so small a trifle as this brief APOLOGY would not have been offered.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

LONDON,
26th May, 1817.

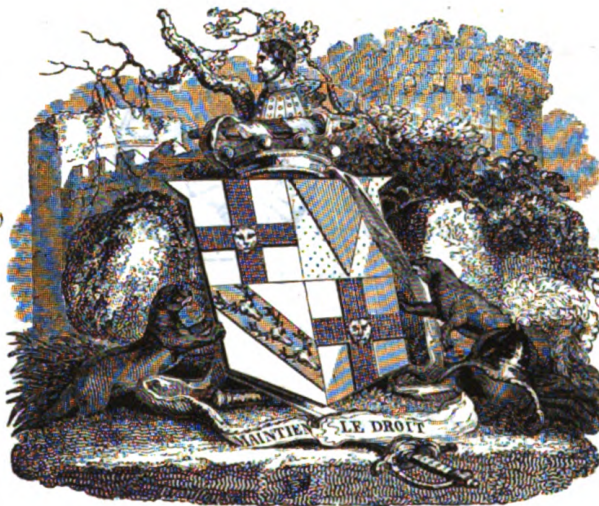




SELECT POEMS

OF

John Hagthorpe.



FIRST PRINTED

In the Reign of King James I.

BRITISH MUSEUM



TO

The High and Mighty

PRINCE JAMES,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,

King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland;

*JOHN HAGTHORPE in all humble duty and
zealous affection, wisheth all health and prosperity
in this world, and eternal happiness in the world
to come.*

PARDON, mighty Prince, my boldness, thus presuming into your presence with so lame an oblation. Having a Suit to your Majesty (which is not for money but a few good words), and having no friend in Court, I thought a Petition might miscarry, and this therefore the safer kind of begging, to make Truth speak for herself. Whereas therefore I am much impoverished through Suits of Law, wherein I have been ten Years forbidden from mine own by the malice of a stronger adversary and many other bad debtors, who by their ill dealing, compel me to transport myself and family into Virginia, or New England; my Suit is, that your Gracious Majesty would be pleased to speak a good word for me, that I may obtain the benefit of Master Sutton's Charity for a little Son of mine, whom I

10 **Dedication.**



would gladly leave behind me to increase an ancient (and not ignoble) name again in your Majesty's Dominions, wherein there is not a man living of that name beside myself and mine. For which your gracious clemency, I shall not fail daily to pray for your Majesty's health and prosperity in this world, and eternal happiness in the world to come.

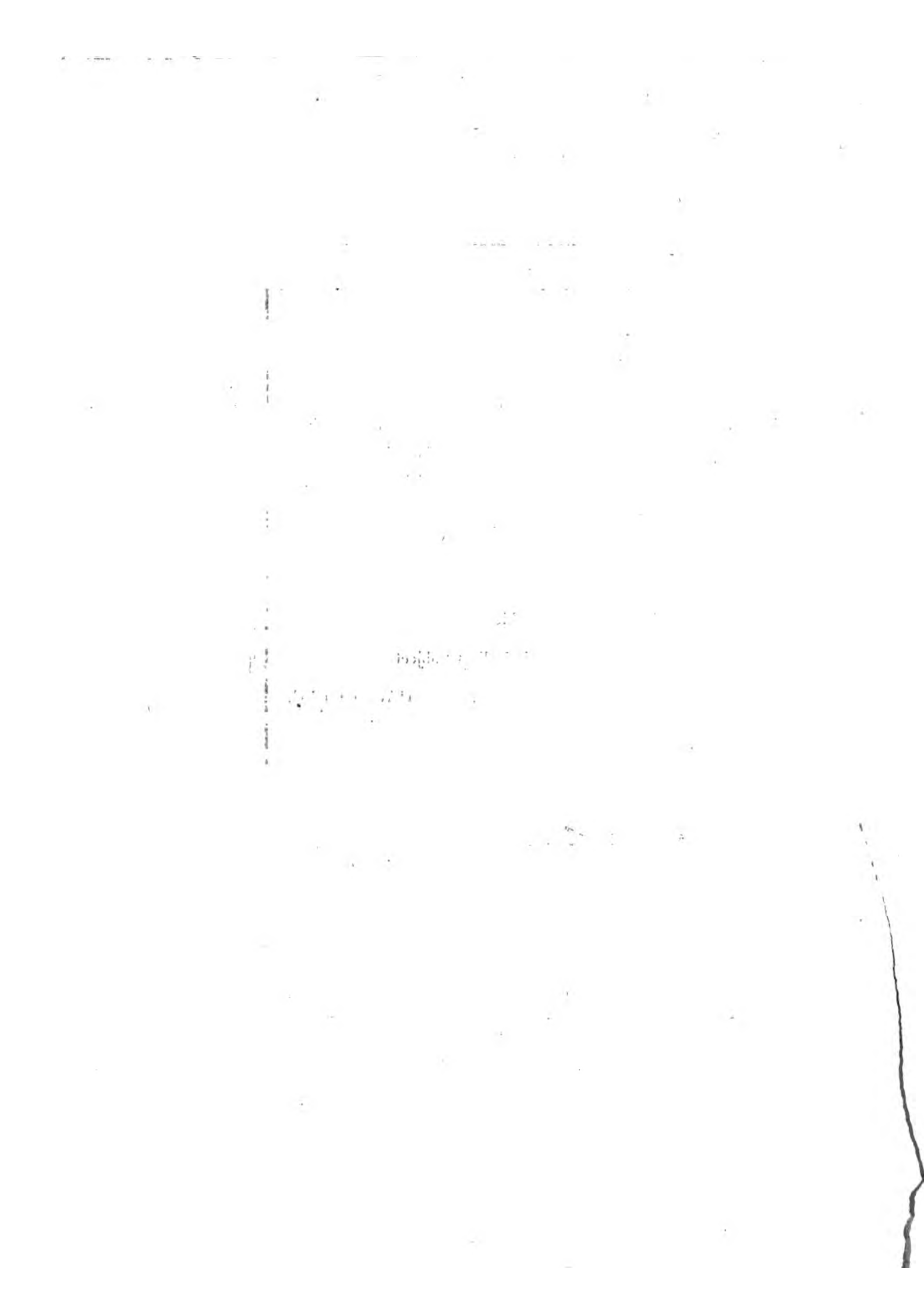
Your Majesty's

Most humble

And obedient Subject,

JOHN HAGTHORPE.





SELECTIONS

FROM

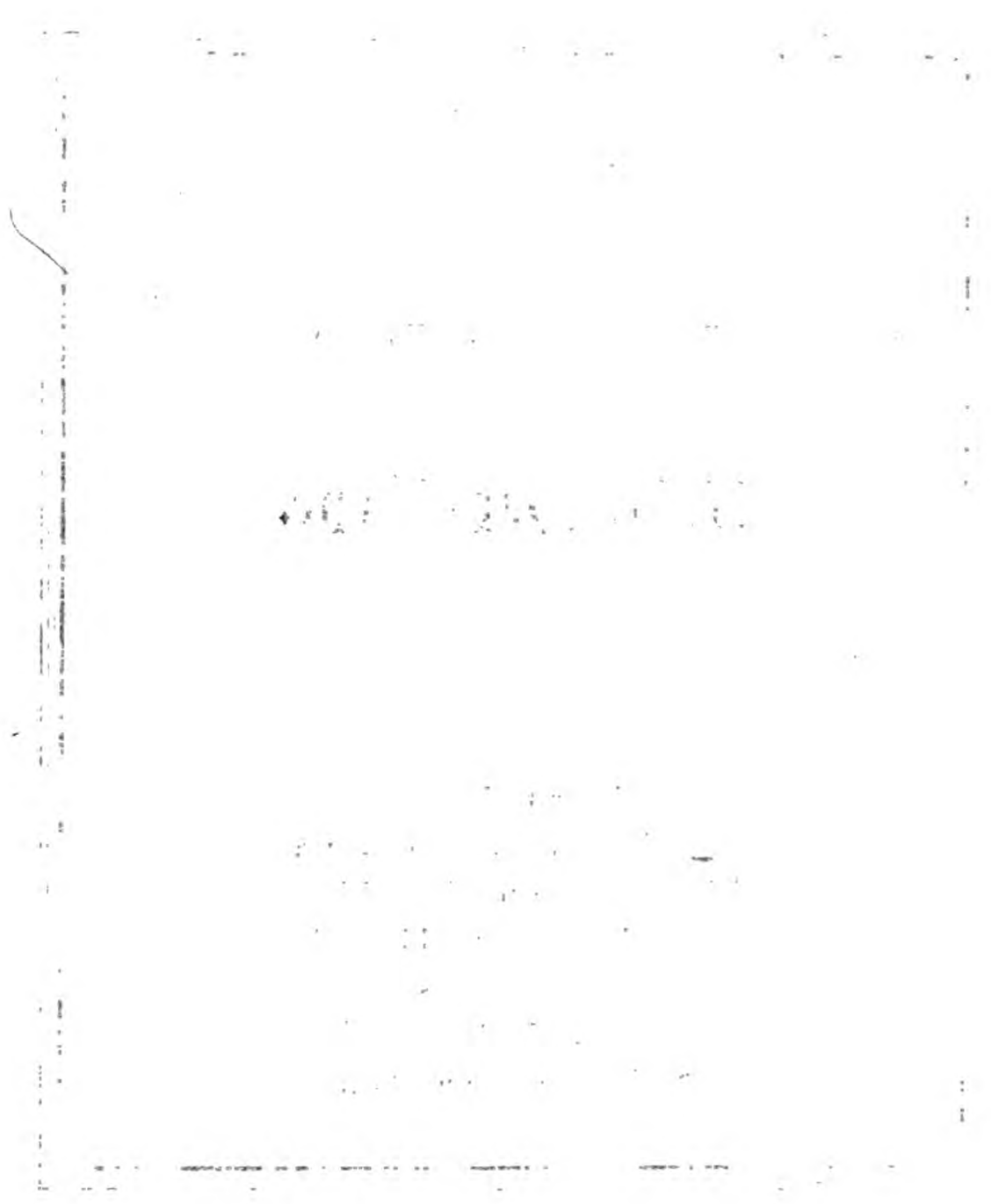
THE DIVINE MEDITATIONS

OF

John Hagthorpe.

TO EARTH.

EARTH, thou art a barren field
Of delight and true contenting;
All the pleasures thou dost yield,
Give but cause of sad lamenting.
Where desires
Are the fires,
Still our souls tormenting.



2 Selections from Hagthorpe.



Riches, Honour, Dignity,
Are the high way to misfortune;
Greatness is a lethargy,
That to Death can soon transport one.
To be fair
Causeth care;
Gifts chaste thoughts importune.

To be witty, quick of tongue,
Sorrow to themselves returneth.
To be healthful, young, and strong,
Feeds the flames where Passion burneth.
Yet do men
Covet them
More than what adorneth.

To have friends, and lovers kind,
That us would environ :

Selections from Hagthorpe. . . . 3



Wife and children though we find,
These be robes that best attire one;
Yet their loss
Is a cross,
Melting hearts of iron.

To be perfect here, and wise,
Is to know our indiscretions;
And our goodness chiefly lies
In observing our transgressions:
For we dwell,
As in hell,
Thrall to bad impressions.

Then, alas, why long we so
With loved sorrow still to languish;
Is there ought on earth but woe,
Aye renewing cares and anguish;

4 Selections from Hagthorpe.



Where new fears
Still appears,
Darts at us to brandish?

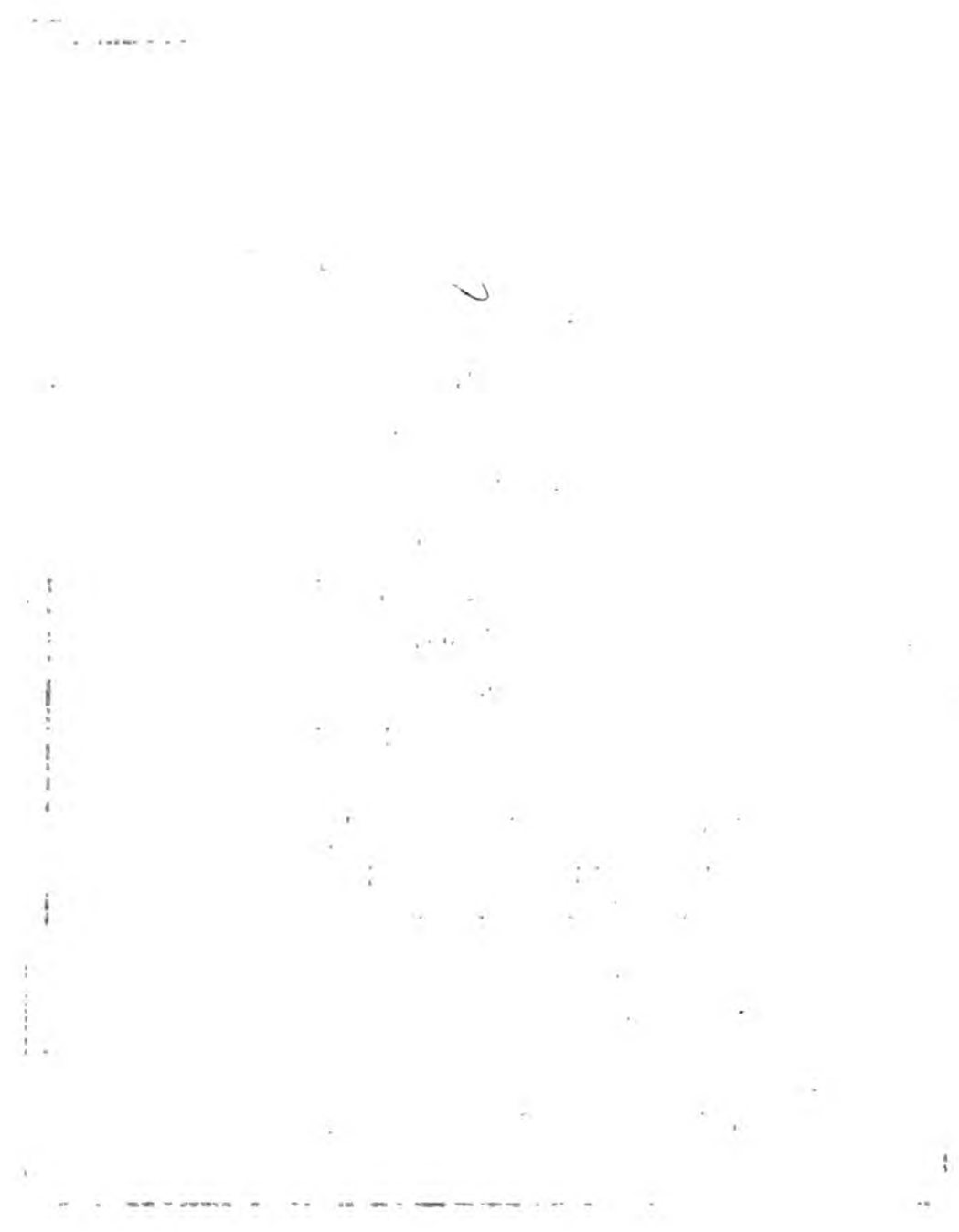




TO TIME.

TIME, I ever must complain
Of thy craft and cruel cunning,
Seeming fix'd here to remain,
When thy feet are ever running;
And thy plumes
Still resumes
Courses new, repose most shunning.

Like calm winds thou passest by us;
Lined with feathers are thy feet:
Thy downy wings with silence fly us,
Like the shadows of the night:
Or the stream,
That no beam
Of sharpest eye discerns to fleet.



6 Selections from *Hagthorpe*.



Therefore mortals all, deluded
By thy grave and wrinkled face,
In their judgments have concluded,
That thy slow and snail-like pace
Still doth bend
To no end,
But to an eternal race.

Budding youth's vain blooming wit
Thinks the Spring shall ever last;
And the gaudy flowers, that sit
On Flora's brow, shall never taste
Winter's scorn,
Nor forlorn
Bend their heads with chilling blast.

Riper age expects to have
Harvests of his proper toil;

Selections from Hagthorpe. . . . 7

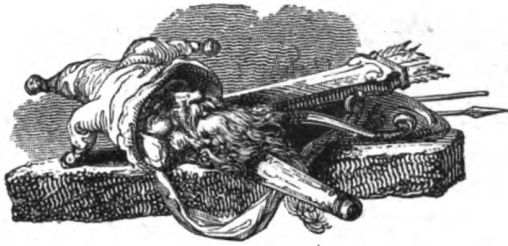


Times to give and to receive
Seeds and fruits from fertile soil;
But at length
Doth his strength,
Youth and beauty, all recoil.

Cold December hope retains,
That the Spring, each thing reviving,
Shall throughout his aged veins
Pour fresh youth, past joys repriving;
But thy scythe
Ends his strife,
And to Lethe sends him driving.







TO DEATH.

THEN, Death, why shouldst thou dreaded be,
And shunn'd as some great misery?

That cur'st our woes and strife;
Only because we're ill resolved,
And in dark error's clouds involved,
Think Death the end of life;

Which most untrue,
Each place we view,
Gives testimonies rife.

The flowers that we behold, each year,
In chequered meads their heads to rear,
New rising from their tomb;

Selections from Hagthorpe. . . . 9



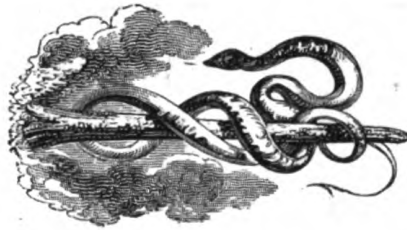
The eglantines and honey-daisies,
And all those pretty smiling faces,
That still in age grow young;
Even these do cry,
That, though men die,
Yet life from Death may come.

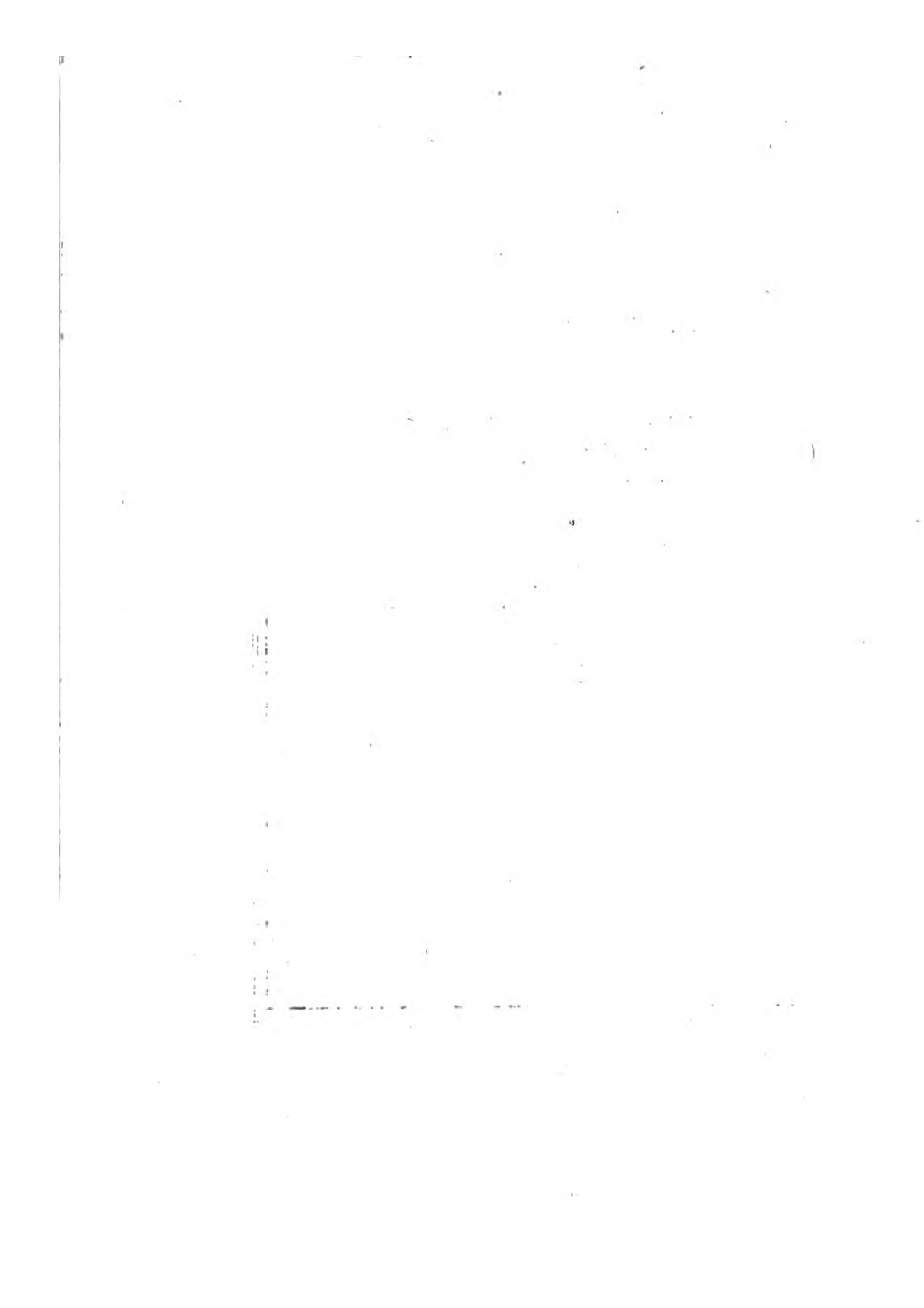
The towering cedars, tall and strong,
On Taurus and Mount Lebanon,
In time they all decay.
Yet from their old and wasted roots,
At length again grow up young shoots,
That are as fresh and gay.
Then why should we
Thus fear to die,
Whose death brings life for aye?

10 Selections from Hagthorpe.



The seed that in the earth we throw,
Doth putrify before it grow,
 Corrupting in his urn:
But at the spring it flourisheth,
Whom Phæbus only cherisheth
 With life at his return.
 Doth Time's Sun this?
 Then sure it is,
Time's Lord can more perform.





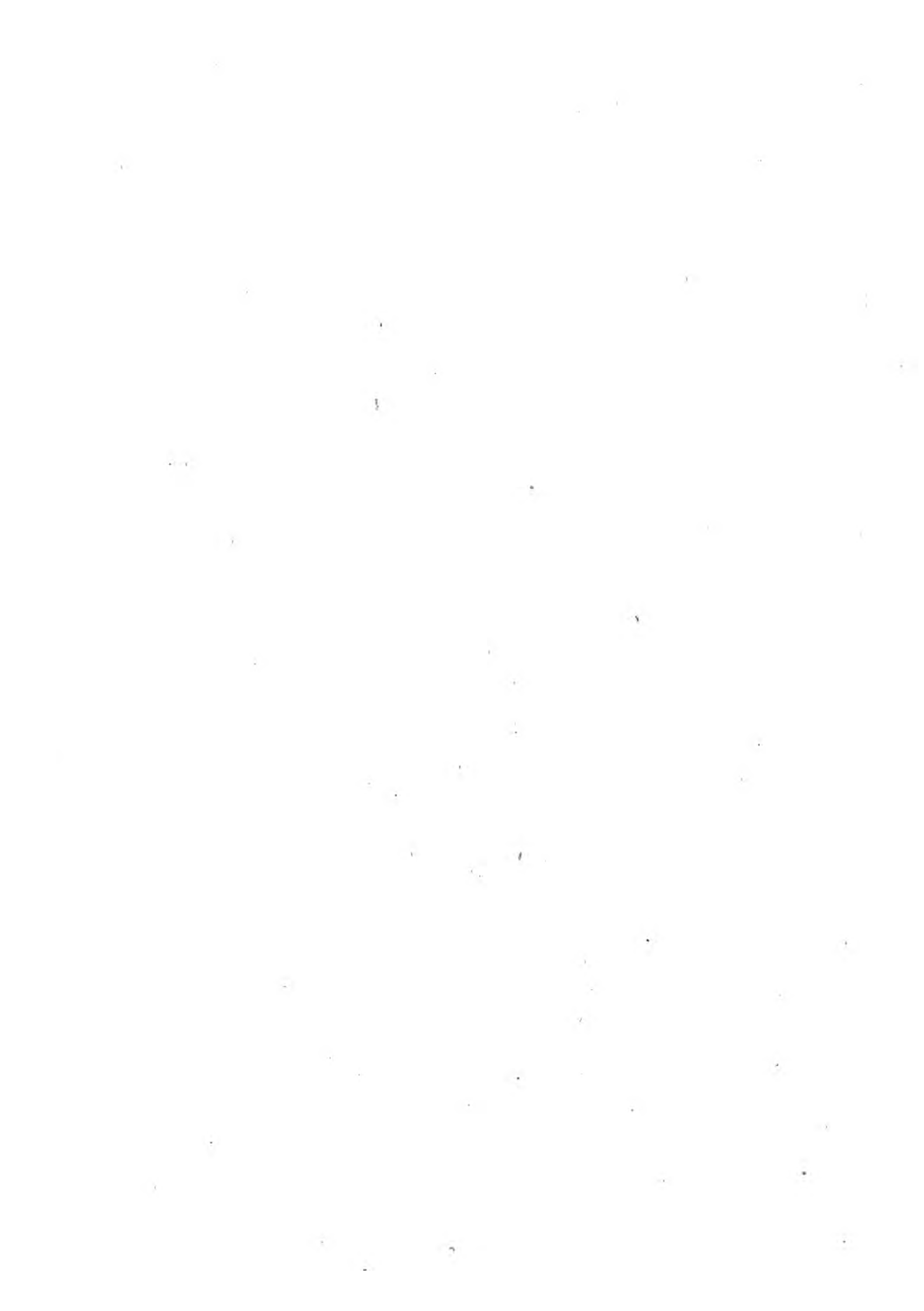


GOD'S BOUNTY ENLARGED.

From "*Divine Meditations*," Chap. xviii.

OH that my Muse could on her nimblest wings
Mount you aloft beyond the foggy air,
Past the reflection of all terrene things,
And sublimate your souls to things more fair;
That touching these terrestrial beauties, we
Might rather here think why, than what they be.

First, what a spacious and majestic hall,
Full of officious servants for your use,



12 Selections from Hagthorpe.



Hath Heaven ordain'd to entertain you all!
Wherein if any want, 'tis but th' abuse
Of foul excess, whose surfeit wastes the store,
That might supply the needy's wants twice o'er.

With what a downy carpet hath he spread
The flowery earth to entertain your feet;
Where every plant and flower that shews his head,
Brings with it profit, wonder, and delight;
How many a pretty fly, with spotted wing,
Upon these slender stalks their cansons sing?

How many fruitful champains feeding flocks,
How many beauteous forests clad in green,
Where watery nymphs with soft embraces locks;
Such shady groves, as for true love may seem
Fit chapels to the winged singers' lays,
And bubbling streams to chant true Beauty's praise.

Selections from Hagthorpe. . . . 13



Yet more he lodges in earth's secret veins,
 Ten thousand things of far more valued price;
And th' sea for pleasure and for use contains
 The choicest beauties, richest smells, and dies.
 Thus hath our Maker for touch, taste, and smell,
 For eye and ear, purvey'd completely well.

But man himself alone must feed the mind,
 And contemplation only cooks the dish.
What is it then, hath Heaven all these assign'd
 For our use, to that end we should be his?
 Then must we give him one poor little part,
 The only thing he craves, a thankful heart.





CHAP. XIX.

GOD'S BENEVOLENCE.

IF from a friend some trifle we receive,
Some bracelet, gloves, or some such common thing;
We think ourselves ungrateful, if we leave
These unrequited; and can we less bring
To him, which gives us all that we possess,
Than the poor heart's true love and thankfulness?

How can his royal bounties be exprest?
The things ordain'd for ornament and use;
The various fare prepared to feast his guests,
Where each one for his appetite may choose.
Oh, who can count the various kinds of creatures,
Their wondrous shapes, their colours and their features!

Selections from Hagthorpe. . . . 15



Ten thousand flocks that o'er our heads still hovers,
Which daily seem to bid us kill and eat;
Ten thousand fruits, which time to us discovers;
Ten thousand plants, and roots, and seeds for meat:
The skulls, oh Lord, of all the lakes and fountains,
The herds are thine upon ten thousand mountains.

Ten thousand creatures for delight assign'd,
Ten thousand stones that precious virtues hold;
Ten thousand flowers to recreate the mind;
Ten thousand healthful drugs more worth than gold;
Ten thousand more than I can sum or count:
Thy blessings, Lord, all tongues and wits surmount.

And every blessing is so double blest,
That they not only food for us contain,
But bounteous Nature locks within the least
Of these, some help for our disease and pain.

16 Selections from Hagthorpe.



One thing sometimes hath such variety,
That many precious virtues hidden lie.

For all which God requires but thankfulness;
Though thankless we too often not agnize
The author of these benefits of his,
But neither chance or Nature's gifts them prize:
For those that with these blessings most abound,
Are commonly the most ingrateful found.



