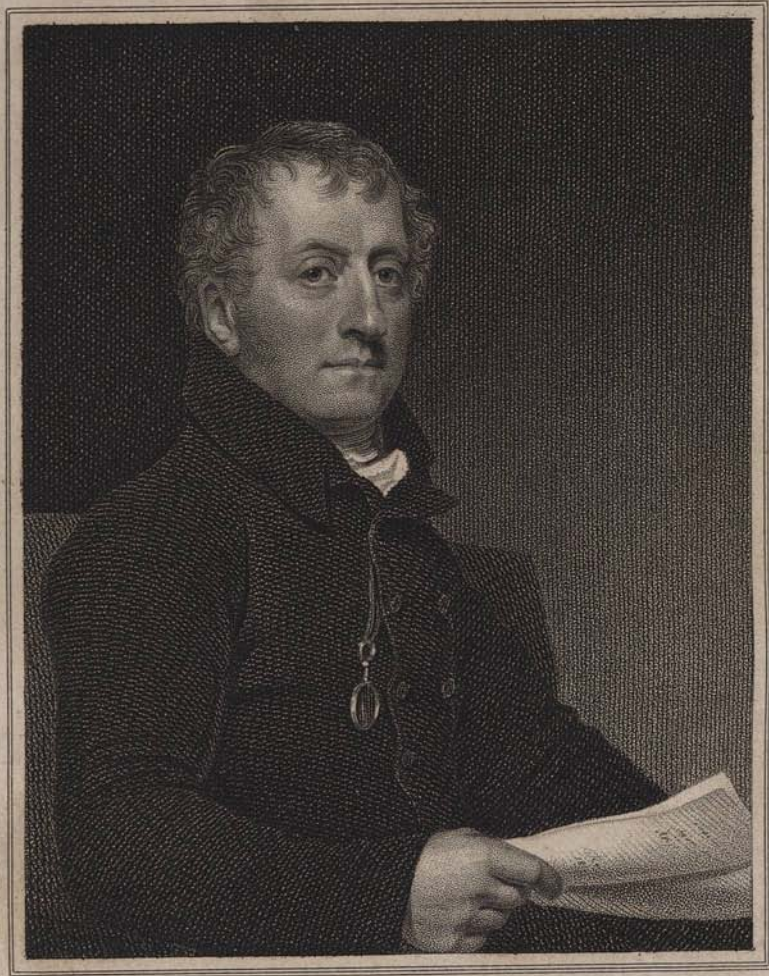


THE  
SOCIAL DAY:  
A POEM.

THE  
SUGAR-DAY,  
A  
POEM  
IN  
Four Cantos,  
BY  
PETER COXE  
(LONDON)



*E. Scriven sculp.*

*From a Miniature painted by, and in the possession of  
Andrew Robertson Esq. Miniature Painter to His  
Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex: painted 1807.*

*London, Published Jan: 2. 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

THE  
SOCIAL DAY:

A POEM,  
IN FOUR CANTOS.

—◆—  
BY PETER COXE.  
—◆—

ILLUSTRATED WITH THIRTY-TWO ENGRAVINGS.

32 11

“ Why, now, don't write! methinks you seem to cry.  
Sirs! I have found a tale has pleased me well,  
And that my friends partake full fain would I,  
So that I may succeed the same to tell.  
Unskilled am I in maker's magic spell;  
Yet, for the substance of my tale is good,  
I still hope pardon, though its garb be rude.”

WAY'S *Fabliaux*.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Moyes, Creville Street,  
FOR JAMES CARPENTER & SON, OLD BOND STREET;  
AND R. ACKERMANN, STRAND.

1823.

TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE  
PRINCESS AUGUSTA,

ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

MADAM,

HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE the SECOND, in my infancy, most graciously promised that one of HIS nominations to a scholarship in the Charter-house should be granted me when I had attained the prescribed age for admission into that noble Establishment. But my SOVEREIGN'S decease, prior to my attaining that age, would have deprived me of the advantages

of HIS beneficent intention, had not HIS LATE MAJESTY, on my disappointment being humbly represented to him, with that feeling consideration which accompanied all HIS actions, retained me in the favourable situation in which I had been placed ; and the sixty years that have passed ought not to obliterate my gratitude.

Indelibly impressed with these events, my mind, MADAM, when encouraged to bring this Work before the public, naturally directed itself towards HER MAJESTY, the QUEEN, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S REVERED MOTHER, in the hope that I might obtain the sanction of HER name ; and the prompt and condescending manner in which that countenance was bestowed, filled my heart with every sensation of respectful thankfulness.

Here permit me, MADAM, with the greatest deference, to state to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, that it was not with the view to express my private

obligations only, that I was solicitous to obtain that high indulgence. I was anxious, in the dedication of a Poem which regarded the social affections, to have added my feeble voice to the general testimony, that, in the longest reign recorded in our annals, the most exalted Characters in the kingdom had been pre-eminently distinguished for moral and religious virtue.

To You, MADAM, the constant witness of HER MAJESTY'S unceasing goodness in her private hours, who, in conjunction with HIS PRESENT MAJESTY, and the rest of the ROYAL FAMILY, watched with filial piety the last moments of a parent, whose maternal solicitude was repaid by the tenderest and most affectionate attentions, I now transfer a dedication, which I had flattered myself, in the first instance, to have had the honour of addressing to the QUEEN. Proud of the permission given to me by YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, and sensibly gratified,

at the same time, in the opportunity of declaring it, I subscribe myself, with dutiful acknowledgment,

MADAM,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Humble, infinitely obliged,

and obedient Servant,

PETER COXE.

London, 12th May, 1822.



## POSTSCRIPT TO THE ADVERTISEMENT.

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As the Dedication to HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS AUGUSTA is dated so far back as the 12th of May, 1822, twelve months since, it would appear, without an explanation to those who are not subscribers, that the publication of the book had taken place about that period, and that a new title-page had now been affixed.

Owing to continued untoward circumstances, it was not until the latter end of the past month of March that the second plate of the Dancing Party, the first having been lost *in the way which has been mentioned*, came from the engraver's hands.

In adverting to this, the author would be doing injustice to Mr. THOMSON if he did not say that he stands acquitted of all blame; the completing the back-ground having depended upon other artists, to whom Mr. THOMSON had intrusted the plate, and who disappointed him by mismanagement and delay.\*

The reader may readily conceive, from the expense that evidently has been incurred in bringing out this illustrated

\* The author feels it his bounden duty to mention, that through the prompt kindness of Mr. CHARLES HEATH, at the request of Mr. HENRY CORBOULD, he was at last relieved from what appeared an insurmountable difficulty. Through their good offices, he has been enabled to publish the work this spring, which he had utterly despaired of, without omitting the plate in question. Those gentlemen, therefore, are eminently entitled to, and the author begs they will receive, his best thanks.

## POSTSCRIPT TO THE ADVERTISEMENT.

work, how greatly it must have been the interest of the author that it should have appeared years ago.

He now, however, after all his anxiety and mortification, places it before the world with this conscious pride, that as no single volume, he is led to believe, ever came from the press with so many beautiful engravings at so small a charge to the purchaser; so he has the satisfaction, in consequence, to think, that should the verse fail in securing that approbation he naturally wishes, the prints, on the other hand, will present themselves as an epitome of his Social story, and make, he trusts, ample amends for the deficiencies of the text.

*London, 12th May, 1823.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

No small degree of apology is due to the early subscribers, for the length of time in which this work has been in appearing. Various occurrences have taken place, which, when stated, will prove that in the cause of delay the writer has to accuse others rather than himself.

In the year 1815, the manuscript, with many of the original drawings, together with one of the engravings, (a beautiful specimen of Mr. FINDEN's art, and from which design another plate has been executed at a considerable expense\*), were left in the hands of a person who had been in the author's service; and who had received essential benefits, through his recommendation. In return, he refused to deliver them up, on many repeated applications, (although he knew that they could be reclaimed from him,) and, at length, denied that they were in existence. After a year and a half's detention, he thought fit to find and produce them †; and when it was inquired upon what pretensions they had been withheld, he flippantly said, "*that he had kept them out of a joke.*" This statement, which is more of a private than a public nature, would be impertinent, were not the author compelled to bring it forward, to account for the time which has elapsed. That detention retarded the poem for a considerable period, as it would have been insanity to have proceeded with the engravings when the work was represented as not being in existence; and when the engravers were desired to finish their plates, they were then occupied on other works, and could not proceed

\* This new plate, in consequence of Mr. FINDEN's engagements, has been executed by Mr. THOMPSON.

† With the exception of the plate, which was never forthcoming.

till those were accomplished. In addition to this, the plate of the Broken China Jar was nearly five years in the hands of the artist, who had undertaken that it should be completed within twelve months. It may justly then be remarked, that—

“None but an author knows an author’s cares.”

Whatever subsequent delay may have taken place on the writer’s part, has arisen from the difficulty he found in satisfying himself, owing to distrust of his abilities. Having stated this, he flatters himself that he may be allowed to indulge himself in the belief, that the subscribers will acquit him from all censure of having trifled with their patronage, especially as no part of the price of the book was received by him in advance, except in a few instances, where it was pressed upon him.

And here the following observation irresistibly arises out of the delay. Dr. JOHNSON, in his Life of SMITH, adverting to his intimacy with GILBERT WALMSLEY, of whom he speaks with the greatest respect: “At this man’s table,” he says, “I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often to be found,—with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. JAMES, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with DAVID GARRICK, whom I had hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend. But, what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures.” The reader, on looking over the list of subscribers, will see with grief how many personages, not only of high, but even of the most exalted rank in the kingdom, (since the work was undertaken), have sunk into the grave; and they have, doubtlessly, on every fresh occasion that called it forth, mingled their sorrow with the tears of the nation.

## P R E F A C E.

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POEMS, written as tributes of private friendship, are usually ill suited for public inspection; being, for the most part, limited in subject, and of little interest beyond the family circle acquainted with the scene or circumstance.

The SOCIAL DAY, though originally intended as such a tribute, will, it is hoped, obtain a more enlarged consideration. We can all dwell with satisfaction on the social feelings and comforts of life; with those we are more or less familiar, as well as in some degree with its elegances. The principle, therefore, on which the poem is founded, in consequence, becomes general, and may come home to the bosoms of the many.

To account for the first suggestion, it is necessary to state, that the author was on a visit at Highgrove, in company with a friend, an ingenious and able architect\*, who, for his amusement, having made a sketch of the garden elevation of the mansion, and subsequently completed a

\* Mr. LUGAR, author of "Plans and Views of Buildings," executed by him, as well as of other works.

finished drawing from it, he sent it to the author, that it might through him be transmitted to the owner of Highgrove for his acceptance. A poetical trifle was written to accompany the drawing, which future hours branched out to the extent of the present poem.

It must not then be supposed that Highgrove was the scene of all that is here described; yet the groundwork originated on the spot. The benevolent hospitality, friendship, and amenity, which were there conspicuous, laid the foundation; and in completing the superstructure of the poetic building, the author looked into the world at large, and he trusts he has written nothing but what, with the means in our power, could be readily put into practice by all.

It has been said by LORD BACON, "that too much magnifying of man or matter doth irritate contradiction, and procure envy and scorn." But that the social, amiable qualities of the owner of Highgrove, even in allusion, have not been magnified, can be attested by those who best know him; and if scorn should be the consequence of perusing what has been touched upon with respect to matter, such cynical conduct is not to be envied.

Should the poem, however vulnerable it may appear in many parts, seem more particularly open to censure for the frequent use made of the thoughts and language of others,

the reader is requested, in mitigation of critic chastisement, to look on those plagiarisms more as the avowed adoption of such sentiments, than as their having been unblushingly purloined.

The moderns have frequently expressed themselves like each other, as well as like the ancients, on common incidents, as well as on great occasions, and naturally so, without their having meant to poach on literary ground; as the same occurrences may elicit the same ideas, and the same thoughts lead to a similarity of expression. The amiable poet COWPER, for instance, describes, in his *TASK*, the arrival of the post in the *evening*. In the *SOCIAL DAY*, the post arrives in the *morning*; and when the lines in reference were written, COWPER was not in recollection. It was the same pleasurable circumstance that took place at Highgrove, the receipt of intelligence from absent friends, that gave birth to the lines, though COWPER'S description may have imperceptibly left an impression on the mind. "Faded ideas," SHERIDAN beautifully says, "like half-forgotten dreams, float upon the fancy, until the imagination becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted."

Should the work, nevertheless, after all that may be asserted to its prejudice, beget, in some little degree, a favourable interest, in what way should the author estimate his success, but that the descriptions being closely allied to

truth and general society, other Highgroves may stand reflected, and then, like a portrait that bears a resemblance to another person, it will, from such fortuitous circumstance, have obtained a regard that it could not otherwise have secured.

It is now the indispensable and proud task of the author to acknowledge kindnesses, perhaps unexampled: he has to mention, with gratitude and thankfulness, that when it was known that it was his intention to embellish his poem with suitable pictorial illustrations, proffered services were showered on him as numerous as they were unexpected; and he has to state, that the infinitely greater part of the admirably executed subjects, which will present themselves in their appropriate situations, were accomplished after paintings and drawings spontaneously given him by the highly valued artists, ALEXANDER (since deceased), BIGG, R.A., CHALON, R.A., CALLCOTT, R.A., COOPER, R.A., CONSTABLE, A.R.A., H. B. CHALON, GARRARD, A.R.A., GREEN, HEARNE (deceased), NASH (deceased), HILLS, JACKSON, R.A., JONES, LUGAR, PYNE, PAPWORTH, ROBERTSON, J. STEPHANOFF, WARD, R.A., WILKIE, R.A. Many other offers of gratuitous designs the author was obliged to decline accepting, owing to the considerable expense that would have been incurred in engraving them. It is here, however, his duty to mention, with equal pride and pleasure, that one of the plates was handsomely presented to him by the ingenious artist, LANDSEER, A.E.R.A.;



and that he is indebted for the elegant engraved title-page to the liberality, as well as masterly pen, of the late unrivalled TOMKINS.

For some sentiments that are promulgated in this poem, he acknowledges that he may have made himself here and there, in a little degree, amenable to minds that may see things in a different point of view. But, in their candour, he trusts that they will perceive that the writer has intended only to express his own mode of thinking, without meaning, in the least degree, to interfere with the opinions of others.

But in what way can the author mention the exalted patronage he has received in the encouragement of his work, and his sense of the confidence that has been placed in his efforts by the subscribers at large? Words are unequal to convey his just sense of the obligation. He hopes, however, that he may be allowed to state, that he has endeavoured to repay that confidence, by unwearied pains to render it fully as perfect as his abilities would enable him, and by more than fulfilling his engagements in adding five plates to the number originally specified in the prospectus.

One necessary apology the writer feels himself bound to make; and that is, for venturing to place his portrait in the front of the volume. Readers generally wish to see the character of the author by his productions, and not the

appearance of his countenance. But many friends expressed a wish to have an impression from Mr. Scriven's plate, executed from Mr. Robertson's admirable miniature, though painted fifteen years since; and it was conceived that the best way that their wishes could be complied with, would be in the manner which has been adopted. Should there be those who may imagine that it is placed there from different motives, they are left to the enjoyment of their fancy; for the author presumes that nothing which he could urge would alter their opinion. To such he will only say, in the good-humoured and playful words of TAYLOR, the water-poet:—

“ There's many a head stands for a sign,  
Then, gentle reader, pray why not mine?”

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# Canto the First



*If prudence do not watch around,  
Rank weeds may rise to choke the ground;*

*Vide p. 230. lines 11 & 12*

## CANTO THE FIRST.

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# THE SOCIAL DAY.

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## Canto the First.

---

THERE was a time when poets sung  
Fearless of adverse pen and tongue ;  
Fearless, because reviewers then  
Had never vexed the minds of men :  
But when the press had learning spread,  
And men would print, to prove they read,  
Critics arose—not such as they  
Who graced the Romans' brighter day ;  
But trading critics ; men who sold  
Their pens and principles for gold.

Thence it was oft the attempt of those  
Who aimed to soar 'bove vulgar prose,  
With strength unequal to the flight  
That could attain Parnassian height,  
To bargain with the venal crew  
To praise, and bring their works to view ;

And cringing low, with bended knee,  
Distinction seek through bribery.  
Others—self-confident—deplored,  
A hireling tribe should be adored;  
Nor fearing danger nor disgrace,  
Defied them in their pride of place.

We, who appear with humblest claims  
To rank among poetic names,  
Dream not of such, (our modern days  
Are free from such ignoble ways);  
Mercy, indeed, we well might crave,  
But will not ask it as a slave:  
Reckless of danger, sneers, and scorns,  
Wits' bulls we face, though sharp their horns,  
That deal on all sides doleful measure,  
And gore poor authors' works at pleasure.

Yet, as in life, when snug at home,  
Or lured by Nature's charms to roam,  
The unsuspecting, with surprise,  
Will mark the far off tempest rise;  
Muttering at first, then thundering roll,  
Flash chasing flash from pole to pole;  
Portentous threatening, widely spread,  
And burst terrific o'er the head:

So may sad consequence ensue,  
To make the trembling author rue,  
Now he comes forth to public view,  
Doomed by his stars, to stand before  
Sharp shooters of the censuring corps;  
Keen marksmen, competent to hit  
The centre in the targe of wit;  
Whose stated drills o'erstretch the land,  
To take verse' awkward squad in hand.

We know, what has been handed down  
From classic ages of renown,  
Or modern learning has defined  
To improve and regulate the mind;  
Those rules are theirs! and our harsh lyre  
Must greet their praise or meet their ire,  
Owning each fault with due contrition  
If *ever* there 's a new edition.  
Not, as some publishers produce,—  
Which savours something of abuse,—  
A second title page to blind,  
With all first errors left behind;  
A second, nay a third, a fourth,  
In falsely vaunting pride comes forth,  
With all the letter-press the same,  
Which *rather* doth subtract from fame.

Yet should there 'mong the critic crew  
Be those who look with evil view,  
Who from their watch towers in the skies,—  
The seat of their solemnities,—  
Will through their secret loop holes send  
Dread missile weapons, to offend ;  
And as their fatal darts they throw,  
Still hide from whence is given the blow :  
(Who, though the law of arms debar  
All wanton cruelty in war,  
Will pour, to damnify our strain,  
Jagged paper bullets of the brain ;  
Regardless when we patient stand,  
That we should feel their lenient hand :)  
Or those too prone to sneer and rail,  
And calumny 'neath candour veil ;  
Who, to insidious plans inclined,  
Will poison all the public mind,  
And wither every leaf of bays  
That should reward ingenuous lays ;  
Transforming them to thorns instead,  
To twist around an author's head :  
Should such designing foes appear,  
(And such, alone, we have to fear,

Who of the wreck of others' fame  
Will try to build themselves a name,)  
From you protecting aid we'll claim :  
You, generous sirs, to justice prone,  
Who'll blend our honours with your own,  
And kindly make the bosom feel  
The liberal pen has balm to heal.

Poets, 'tis said, "are prone to leasing,  
Pay compliments, because they're pleasing ;  
Till their own dreams at length deceive them,  
And oft repeated, they believe them :"  
'Tis our attempt, instead, to prove  
On flattery's wings we scorn to move,  
Too proud, although we ask inspection,  
To court or favour or affection ;  
Resolved our promise to discharge,  
We haste to give life's ways at large  
In the best mode we can convey them :  
But when we falter to display them,  
When our weak stream of verse runs low,  
And will with difficulty flow,  
And we're compelled in aid to bring,  
And borrow from some copious spring,  
To lay disputed points at rest,  
Critics! you're summoned to attest,

That VIDA writes “ we may make free  
With every thing that will agree  
With our own strain of minstrelsy ;”  
Who tells us too “ we may entwine  
With our own verse their very line,  
When we with proper caution weigh,  
And stealing, meditate our prey ;”  
And this we state, lest any look  
For plagiary to spurn the book ;  
And cautious mention at the starting,  
To bar all quarrel at the parting.  
Like boys who brave the river’s brim,  
We court all aids to make us swim,  
And should entangling weeds surround,  
Still hope for strength to gain the ground.

And if our senators will bring  
Their long quotations in a string ;  
Trite passages, well known before  
In VATTEL, PUFFENDORF, OR MORE,  
(Civilians each their country’s pride,)  
To be in proper place applied ;  
If pleaders in our legal courts  
Will give whole volumes of reports,  
And through researches gain attention  
By other than their own invention,

Assuredly an author's pen  
May bring past tales to light again,  
To add a lustre to his page,  
And bid it live from age to age;  
In this all readers must agree,  
If 'tis not law 'tis equity:  
And these fair arguments, no doubt,  
Will be staunch friends to bear us out;  
Nor fear we, while our road pursuing,  
We risk high penalties and ruin.

But "be it right, or be it wrong,"  
Gotten the critic folk among,  
We trust they 'll treat us kind, though freely,  
Nor make us, like distressed Miss Bailey,  
Complain they 've used us ungentely;  
Nor deem us vulgar, though they see  
We talk about a dirty flea:  
Our humorous namesake erst inthrall'd them  
And in his Muse's skillet boiled them.  
His fleas were meant to plague and bite,  
Ours, they will find, are harmless quite.  
This said respectful—to the deed  
The example given—dear Muse proceed.

Nay, if the curious will descry  
Insects with microscopic eye,  
To illustrate natural history;

Lay, by the help of pebbles bare,  
The wonders nature fashioned there,  
(" And every object of creation  
Can furnish hints for contemplation ;  
And, from the most minute and mean,  
A virtuous mind can something glean ;")  
Shall we not equally convey  
Their moral uses in our lay ?  
If we dare venture to engage,  
It is not done to swell the page ;  
And GAY maintains so just a part,  
We all should have his tales by heart ;  
Whose tales, for children though designed,  
Were written with a sage's mind.

He tells the world, in his free strain,  
" Whether on earth, in air or main,  
Sure every thing alive is vain !  
Does not the hawk all fowls survey,  
As destined only for his prey ;  
And do not tyrants, prouder things,  
Think men were born for slaves to kings ?

" When the crab views the pearly strands,  
Or TAGUS, bright with golden sands,  
Or crawls beside the coral grove,  
And hears the ocean roll above ;



Nature is too profuse, says he,  
Who gave all these to pleasure me!

“ When bordering pinks and roses bloom,  
And every garden breathes perfume ;  
When peaches glow with sunny dies,  
Like LAURA’S cheek when blushes rise ;  
When with huge figs the branches bend,  
When clusters from the vine depend ;  
The snail looks round on flower and tree,  
And cries :—All these were made for me !

“ What dignity ’s in human nature !  
Says man, the most conceited creature,  
As from a cliff he cast his eye,  
And viewed the sea and arched sky.  
The sun was sunk beneath the main ;  
The moon and all the starry train  
Hung the vast vault of heaven. The man  
His contemplation thus began :—

“ ‘ When I behold the glorious show,  
And the wide watery world below,  
The scaly people of the main,  
The beasts that range the wood or plain,  
The winged inhabitants of air,  
The day, the night, the various year ;

And know all these by heaven designed  
As gifts to pleasure human kind,  
I cannot raise my worth too high,  
Of what vast consequence am I!

“ ‘ Not of the importance you suppose,  
Replies a flea upon his nose :  
Be humble, learn thyself to scan ;  
Know, pride was never made for man.  
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind :  
What! heaven and earth for thee designed!  
For thee! made only for our need ;  
That more important fleas might feed.’ ”

Then, from such hints—on author's nose  
Fleas might, like Chancellors, interpose ;  
And lay injunctions on their pride,  
To make them ope their eyelids wide,  
Bidding all bardlings glance within  
Ere they commit one rhyming sin ;  
Ere they presume the world will see,  
And with their vain conceits agree ;  
Or idly deem 'twill judge and prize  
Through the same mists that cloud their eyes.

The social bard, of rhyme profuse,  
Owns the just lesson, and its use ;

But weakly led astray by hope,  
To give a wayward fancy scope,  
“ Like pedlar must retail his wares  
At wakes, at wassails, and at fairs :”  
Fond of his lyre, too fond, rehearseth,  
And all must hear what dulness verseth.  
Swoln like the frog, and deaf to jeers,  
Nor once remembering Midas’ ears ;  
Vain as young Icarus on high,  
With waxen wings he strives to fly.

Too late, repentant, should he rue  
The sentence of wit’s cynic crew,  
And find not e’en a word of praise  
Awarded for his social lays,  
Still he will not repine or quarrel  
Though he ne’er reap one leaf of laurel ;  
Since Truth herself can not refuse  
This tribute to his well-meant muse,  
Whate’er her faults in verse or plan,  
She speaks the moral worth of man.

Then, though strong flash of northern light  
Should scathe the song with withering blight,  
He yet may ’scape Oblivion’s grave,  
And drifted far from Lethe’s wave,

Steer by Truth's compass, Virtue's chart,  
And find a haven in the heart.

But ere his task is well begun,  
He would were passed the morning sun;  
The noon-tide hour, the vesper bell,  
Bed time arrived, and all were well.  
Yet, to relieve an anxious mind,  
This consolation rests behind;  
That as the ring, which sheds on high  
An intermingled radiancy,  
And circling Saturn's orb, displays  
The splendour of its friendly blaze;  
So will a sister Muse bestow,  
In kindness to the bard below,  
Rich graphic gems, to intersperse,  
And graceful blending with his verse,  
Make many a dull prosaic line,  
Through Art's reflected lustre shine,  
Adorning, and with fostering ray,  
The circuit of the Social Day.

Hence he resolves his fate to try,  
And rich with freight of amity,  
Braves every peril mid his way,  
In spite of critics, wits, or GAY.

POPE says, (and who more justly sways  
The critic sceptre in his lays?)

“ In every work regard the writer’s end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend ;  
And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.”

Though this might show some scorn of fear,

We own we feel our trial near ;

Like gallant hero sent to battle

Ere the first cannon’s heard to rattle.

But when the awful burst is past,

Innate his courage swells to last ;

Nor can we say our pulse is still,

Our heart as light, or free our will,

As on the day when we begun

To put ourselves in train to run ;

And summoned what of skill or force

Might serve to aid us in our course ;

Yet, with a firm undaunted eye,

We wait the hazard of the die.

Called loud and long to take our stand,

We greet the call,—with cap in hand,

Submissive to the law of wit,

In open court obey the writ ;

Our social brief with care completed ;  
Judges and jury calmly seated ;  
Our graphic witnesses all near,  
To render doubtful questions clear ;  
To liberal minds we now submit us  
Of rash presumption to acquit us :  
Nay, more, when closed and summed our cause,  
Hope for a verdict of applause.

When Jason launched from Colchis' strand,  
Nor rocks, nor shoals, nor tide, nor sand  
Dismayed ; the dangerous seas of Greece  
He dared, to win the golden fleece ;  
And is not every poet's aim  
But, either through reward or fame,  
To fill his purse and spread his name ?

Then, Muse, no more let fear prevail,  
To blunt the purpose of thy tale ;  
The anchor up, unfurled the sail,  
With steady purpose court the gale ;  
No more, *without a name*, surprise,  
Or fight Truth's battles *in disguise* ;  
But shunning artificial strains,  
Which prate of Pan, on Albion's plains,  
Of haunts, where Fauns and Dryads rove,  
And all the sylvan peopled grove ;

Let Truth direct a different plan,  
And trace the cheerful ways of man.  
For what can Nature's rules impart  
Without the plastic hand of art,  
That bids convenient structures rise,  
To screen him from inclement skies ;  
O'er plains and dales, and mountains spread,  
To give protection to his head ?  
For Nature, unadorned her throne,  
Reigns a dejected queen alone.

Whate'er the pastoral poets feign  
Of Ceres, and her smiling train ;  
Of Flora, and Pomona's powers,  
Scattering around their fruits and flowers,  
Brighter than those of Eden's bowers ;  
The world is still a desert rude,  
If trod in saddening solitude.  
But when sequestered dells are past,  
And life is burst upon at last ;  
And mingling with the busy throng,  
Pacing the beaten path along,  
How grateful to the thinking eye,  
To mark the church, the manse descry,  
And hear the merry bells ring round,  
In wedlock peal, or birth day sound ;

Or pious chime, that all may share,  
In suited hour, the voice of prayer.

How cheerful is the schoolboy's play,  
Chasing the allotted hour away;  
With emulation in his eyes,  
Eager to gain and keep the prize;  
Where each exerts himself to claim,  
And be the victor of the game;  
Evincing, in his early strife,  
That thirst of fame may last through life.

What pleasures rise from all we see,  
In endless bland variety!  
The reed thatched roof, spread wide to fling  
Protection o'er the village spring;  
The alms-house row, whose walls proclaim,  
(Writ for example, not for fame,)  
The venerable founder's name;  
Where age and want by aid are blest,  
And widowed grief is soothed to rest.

How grateful, as we bend our way,  
The cottage and the dwelling gay,  
Which neatness, taste, and care array;  
Where no rank weeds deface the ground,  
But choicest shrubs shed fragrance round;



And o'er the trellis, at the door,  
Jasmines and woodbines playful soar;  
And at the window, pruned and led,  
The vine's luxuriant branches spread:  
The orchard, rich in grafted pride;  
The pool, where bask the geese beside,  
And which no summer's sultry sky  
Had ever known one moment dry;  
Where ruminant in crowds, the beeve,  
And Nature's cooling draughts receive,  
Lashing the dripping tail on high,  
To chase away the teasing fly:  
The kine, that by the river's side  
Graze in luxuriant meadows wide,  
Yielding large wealth, in milky tide:  
The oxen, to the yoke that bow,  
Giving strong impulse to the plough;  
Or o'er the glebe the harrow draw,  
On the high hill, or by the shaw,  
Pacing their slow laborious way,  
(Till evening comes in mantle grey,)  
Spreading the cheerful prospect round  
Of future store from cultured ground:  
The sheep that on the common stray,  
With faithful dog to guard their way,

Or widely scattered through the dale,  
With shepherd boy, "to tell the tale,"  
And mark that from his fleecy care  
No straggling ewe is missing there.

The farm-house, granary, and pen,  
And busy scene of husbandmen:  
The close that numerous stacks adorn,  
And long long barn to house the corn,  
Whose doors thrown back aid many a gale  
To sound the labours of the flail:  
The sheltered yard, the dove-cote nigh,  
The oast, the cart-ledge, stable, stye,  
And compost, to the inquiring eye  
That speaks another year's supply:  
For such resistlessly produce  
A grateful sense of culture's use.  
Nor will the thinking deem it right  
To treat it or with scorn or slight,  
Or call such "sweepings of the groom  
A filthy sight, a nauseous fume."

And straight the eye obtains "new pleasures  
As the landscape round it measures;"  
Sees furrowed lands, extensive, hold  
Mid hedge-row elms the grain of gold;

Blest food of life, which Heaven's kind care  
Bids waving smile, and flourish there.  
The hardy oats, the steed to cheer;  
The barley, for the strengthening beer;  
And lofty poles, in marshalled row,  
Where clustering pendant hop flowers blow,  
Which to the nut brown beverage give  
Enduring power through years to live;  
The clover, and in chequer'd scene  
The native grass in emerald sheen,  
Blending with fields of lilac hue,  
Which the bright cinque-foil sends to view;  
The turnip, for the cattle's fare  
When frosts inclement fill the air;  
And the deep-rooted carrot—there;  
With that famed plant, fair ERIN'S pride,  
Which spreads its lightsome blossom wide,  
And can to temperance appeal,  
Yields a nutritious wholesome meal.  
Such speak the tale, and spread around  
Though Nature's choicest gifts abound;  
'Tis man that makes these gifts expand  
In greater force, by active hand.

How picturesque—how lively too,  
Is art improving Nature's view,

Where stands reflected in the stream,  
(While the spray sports in the sunbeam,  
Sending a thousand hues to light,  
In rich prismatic beauty bright,)  
The mill commanded by the tide;  
And as the crystal waters glide,  
They hold the giant wheel in play,  
Then pass in eddying foam away,  
Hasten to greet their source again,  
Wind through the meadows, skirt the plain,  
And laughing run to seek the main.

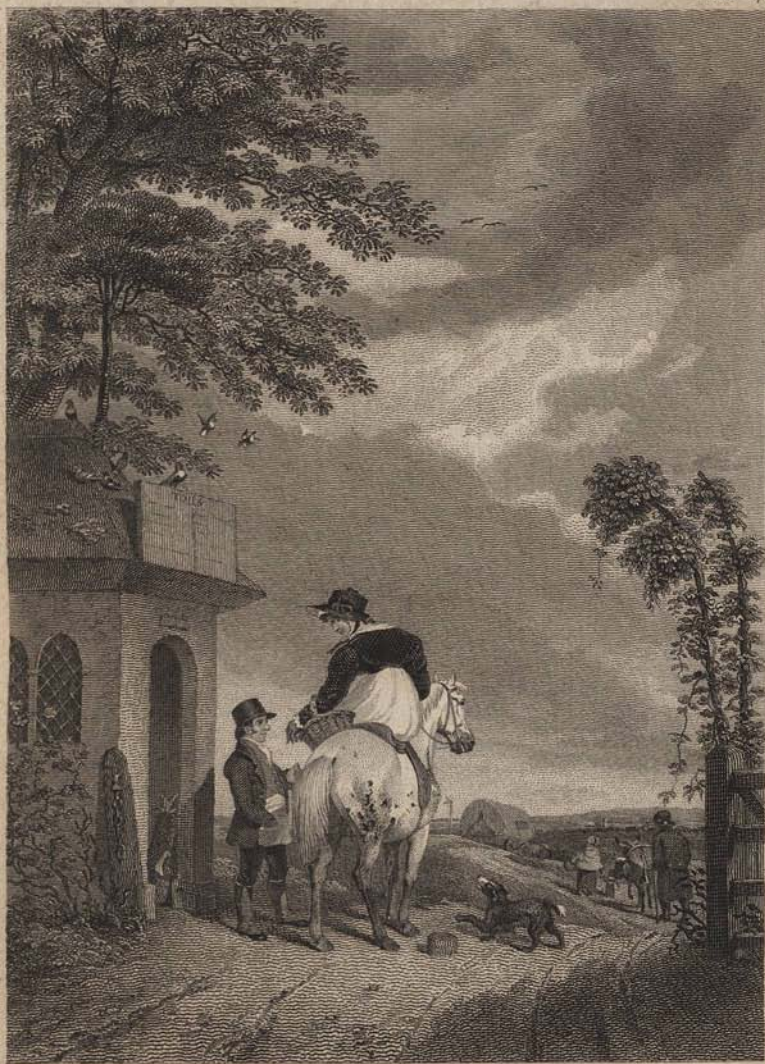
And now will other scenes prevail,  
The mansion, lodge, and park's rough pale,  
Where ivy clings, and briars trail,  
Mount the grey sides, and top the rail,  
Within whose undulating bound  
The speckled deer fly sportive round,  
Traverse the vale, o'erleap the rill,  
Couch in the fern, or browse the hill:  
And the dark groves in sylvan pride,  
And young plantations spreading wide,  
And bavin stacks and bolls, that show  
When the proud oak received the blow  
Which brought its spreading branches low:

The stroke was given at Time's desire,  
To yield the aid repairs require,  
And floor the barn, and feed the fire,  
The bark stripped off with prudent care,  
That showed the watchful bailiff there;  
While none in prostrate numbers lie,  
Felled for a debt of play's supply.

Whatever speaks in rural praise,  
Should stand recorded in our lays;  
That shew at every step we tread,  
What benefits around us spread;  
Resistlessly to leave behind  
A right impression on the mind.  
No prospect-traps the verse shall state;  
Temples and obelisks we hate;  
But such as can recording tell  
Where WELLESLEY fought, or NELSON fell,  
Or those erected to proclaim  
A HOWARD'S worth, or BRUNSWICK'S name,  
And proud, perpetuate noblest fame.

And now the post, that by the road,  
Far from the sight of man's abode,  
Where the swift swelling rivers spread  
In torrents from their oozy bed,

Stands, as the dangerous waters rise,  
A beacon to the stranger's eyes :  
The stone, by measured rules laid down,  
That gives true distance to the town :  
The toll-house on the gentle hill,  
Placed by the nation's sovereign will  
A public duty to fulfil,  
Yet prompt to act a private part,  
And gratify the social heart ;  
Where packages in safety lie,  
Dropped by the carrier passing by ;  
Or letter left to wait the call,  
From parsonage, cottage, or from hall ;  
The dwelling ever useful found  
To all the neighbouring district round :  
And when the Christmas hours arrive,  
"Thoughts and remembrance" kept alive,  
Due thanks are given for the care  
And pains are constant taken there.  
Here, as she stops the due to pay,  
The blooming maid, on market day,  
Inquires the news ; and should she hear  
Of a well-sorted marriage near,  
Trusts that herself in future life  
Will be some good man's cherished wife,



R. Cooper R.A. pinx.

J. Scott sculp.

*Here, as she stops the due to pay,  
The blooming maid, on market day,  
Inquires the news;*

*London, Published Jan: 1782, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

And prove with heart and mind and zeal,  
She will promote her husband's weal;  
Or the kind, thoughtful question's asked,  
"Has the good lady lately passed,  
The Christian's and her sex's pride,  
Taking her frequent morning's ride,  
To cheer the needy with her wealth—  
Promote their ease—and seek their health?"  
Here too, arrived to wait the coach,  
At the accustomed hour's approach,  
Parting from friends with grief sincere,  
Some relative will drop the tear,  
Press with warm hand, and heave the sigh,  
As the swift trampling steeds come nigh.

And rural life on every side  
Bids social pleasing joys preside,  
Contributes to our mental pleasure,  
And fills the heart with transport's measure:  
And, lo! the village dame, whose cheek  
Of health and temperance equal speak.

All her domestic labour done,

Before her low-roofed cottage sitting,  
Free to enjoy the air and sun,

Her nimble pliant fingers knitting:



The casements bright, geranium-drest  
    With blooming myrtles bade to blow:  
While swallows are allowed their nest,  
    And robins perfect safety know.

Or patiently in sempstress toil  
    Her needle plies—but looks around,  
Pleased to behold her children smile,  
    Urging their sports in frolic bound.

Their grandame, leading by the hand  
The youngest born, with aspect bland,  
Still mindful of what passed in youth,  
Mid early days and plighted truth;  
Rejoicing now in age to tend,  
And be her children's children's friend:  
And all in cleanly garb to tell,  
Here decency delights to dwell;  
Giving assurances through life  
Of the industrious, prudent wife,  
The choicest blessing Heaven can give  
To those 'neath humble roofs that live  
And, lo! her spouse, with gartered knee,  
And frock in neat simplicity,

And silken kerchief taught to deck  
In scarlet pride his ruddy neck,  
Returning from his daily toil,  
That ploughed the ground, or dressed the soil;  
His children hastening from their play,  
To meet the parent on his way,  
To clasp the hand, the kiss to share,  
And greet the love-awaits them there.  
And on his little plot of ground,  
Fenced by the pliant ozier round,  
The elder lifts its perfumed head,  
Or its rich purple berries spread;  
The hollyhock towers with flaunting pride,  
The roses shed their fragrance wide,  
In radiant tints (which grateful speak,  
Like the chaste blush on virgin cheek,  
When to the eye's approving sense  
Appears the blush of innocence,  
The graceful tint which will impart,  
Virtue keeps guard upon the heart;) and  
And esculents range and thriving grow,  
Side by side in many a row;  
And beans aspiring climb and cling,  
And wavé and blossom on the string;

And sheltered from the drip of trees,  
Stand hives of profitable bees.  
Nor shall be passed unheeded by,  
That should arrest the patriot eye,  
The yeoman's brow, and manly mien,  
(Spirit of independence seen;)  
Freedom's live oaks that thriving grow,  
And round a genial influence throw,  
Deep rooted in BRITANNIA'S soil,  
Yielding support to honest toil.

And all that aids life's social plan,  
Whate'er contributes to his use,  
And talks of benefits to man,  
Will social, cheerful thoughts produce.

The tap-room, trough, and crib of hay,  
Where stops the waggoner on his way,  
Resting his hour at noon's full tide,  
Quaffing bright ale in mantling pride;  
Or 'neath the elm's broad branching shade,  
In sound refreshing slumber laid;  
The team at rest within the shed,  
With chaff and beans abundant fed;

“The manger filled in ample measure,  
And heard their grinding teeth with pleasure:”  
Such charm the mind—such cheer the breast,  
That labour finds its needful rest.  
And still new prospects cheer the sight,  
Still give reflecting minds delight.  
The market crowd, in bustling throng,  
Pacing the beaten path along;  
The hunter, roadster, colt, and mare,  
And cattle wending to the fair,  
Tell for man’s use they’re pacing there;  
The farrier’s shed, the passing team,  
The bridge high thrown across the stream;  
And welcome sign, that tells the tale  
Where weary travellers may regale  
With ample fare in time of need,  
Refection both for man and steed;  
And downy bed that lures to stay,  
When night rolls on till stars decay,  
And the East reddens with the day;  
Till chanticleer, at the barn door,  
“Stoutly struts his dames before;”  
And the host risen, care-impressed,  
Welcomes the coming, speeds the parting guest.

Unless life's social charms appear,  
Nature's at best an antre drear,  
A landscape wrapt in misty morn,  
A barren waste, a sight forlorn.  
When CRUSOE from his lonely cave  
Walked forth and viewed the dreary wave—  
Gazed on the sun, the hill, the plain,  
All nature but enhanced his pain,  
Hopeless to see man's face again.

Then HIGHGROVE, hail! the bard, with pride,  
(Spreading thy reputation wide,)  
Shall praise thy form on rising ground,  
Which sheds a social influence round;  
And can the chords of life inspire,  
And animate the grateful lyre.  
Thy mansion can obtain respect,  
From unpresuming plain effect,  
Not planned by rule, nor yet offending,  
On no Palladian charm depending;  
Nor ostentatious formed for show,  
Though regular thy twofold bow:  
Nor shall what varying art displays  
The sneering smile of censure raise;  
Or turn aside fastidious eye  
Of critic traveller passing by.



R. Ingar del.

J. Scott sculp.

*Not planned by rule, nor yet offending,  
On no Palladian charm depending:*

*London, Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 1. 1762. by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

Let those deep versed in feudal lore  
Praise the vast structure now no more ;  
Stupendous proof of strength sublime,  
The warrior-tower of ancient time,  
Whose guarded height and walled domain  
Poured missile weapons on the plain ;  
Or fenced the rock-impending shore,  
Lashed by the wave in ceaseless roar ;  
And with proud summit, giant-high,  
Dared even the elements defy.

Let them describe their gloomy light,  
Or storied window richly dight ;  
And that embossed on massive stone,  
(Raised as by fairy hand alone,  
In graceful ties of spandril strength,  
Knitting the tracery ceiling's length ;)  
Heraldic shields in quartering pride,  
Spoke of great families allied ;  
And honour's debts abroad discharged,  
" Which brought paternal coats enlarged,"  
That in vast halls where trophies hung,  
From man and savage nature wrung ;  
The chase's vaunt, in ample store,  
The antler, and the tusk of boar ;

The otter, wolf's, and badger's hide,  
And the fierce eagle as he died,  
When seized within his eyrie's pride  
Stained with his prey's ensanguined tide,  
Who let nor lamb nor hare remain  
In safety in the fold or plain;  
Foxes and owls that roamed the dark,  
And the pike's jaws, the river shark;  
Herns, vultures, bustards, and the race  
That swept the air, or led the chase;  
The tassel'd hawk (preserved with care),  
Greyhound, and dog of shaggy hair,  
Whose deeds secured their station there;  
Mingling with gauntlets, halberds, bows,  
And armour bruised with war's dread blows;  
The pennon stained, the banner torn,  
The pole-axe, helmet, bugle horn,  
And buckler from the vanquished borne:  
There, in full state, in days of old,  
Assembled chiefs and barons bold  
Kept wassail—and as healths went round,  
The minstrel's voice in varied sound,  
True to the harp's inspiring air,  
Sang to the chieftain and the fair;



That laurels decked the hero's head,  
And smiling babes the nuptial bed ;  
That valour found its sure reward,  
In beauty's praise and love's regard,  
A foeman's dread, a nation's praise,  
And in the bard's immortal lays :  
And as the chiefs enjoyed the hour,  
In the full force of music's power,  
From the high roof's imbowed bound  
Echoed the vassal shout around.

The tale thus told of banquets past,  
(Which chronicles bid live and last,)  
Let them describe, proclaiming high  
Of all had place in chivalry ;  
Of dame, of tournament, and tilt,  
Of blood in deadly malice spilt ;  
Falchions from helmets, favours razing,  
Armour with sparkling armour blazing ;  
The neighing steed in crested pride,  
The charge for onset clanging wide ;  
Herald and warder, squire and page,  
And harnessed host of Tudor age ;  
The native knight, and knight from far,  
Banners, and all the pomp of war.

Such feudal tales produce no charm,  
The social feeling heart to warm;  
Whate'er of praise our thought prepares,  
Whate'er of boast our pen declares,  
HIGHGROVE'S the theme! that blest domain,  
Where comfort, ease, and order reign,  
And Peace dwells so secure within,  
She feels no dread from martial din.  
No weary watch on beetled tower,  
Impatient of the matin hour,  
Waits the loud trumpet's lordly bray,  
When streams the standard to the day.

Here the shrill cock and huntsman's horn  
Alone proclaim the break of morn,  
Rousing the slumberer to the chase,  
To urge the steed in mettled race;  
And not a sound the ear will scare,  
But that from hounds the timid hare.  
No curfew tolls at evening hour,  
Spreading a hateful tyrant's power,  
"Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar;"  
Detested clang—to quench the fire,  
And bid the playful smile expire.

Far other thoughts the bosom swell,  
When sounds the modern vesper bell;  
For present times to feasts invite,  
When sinks the day star into night,  
And cheerful steps attend the call  
To garnished board and lighted hall.

No battlement's terrific frown  
Threatens to pour destruction down;  
No glaring beacon lights the sky,  
Sending its wavering flame on high,  
To warn a valiant race around,  
Of foreign foe on British ground;  
No turrets nod to speak their fall,  
No ivy glooms along the wall;  
Around is delved no stagnant moat,  
Where weeds and vermin breed; nor float  
The ruins of a crazy boat;  
Nor drawbridge rises on its centre,  
Fearful lest hostile feet should enter.

The sinuous path through ripening corn,  
The stately oak, the blushing thorn,  
The pine and larch of feathery pride;  
The beech, (with roots, extending wide,  
Which parent earth in vain would hide;)

The chesnut, cedar, cypress, lime,  
And elm that bids the ivy climb ;  
The mountain ash, whose berries shed,  
Like coral, an enlivening red ;  
The graceful willow, birch, and plane,  
With all the minor forest train,  
(Which to the power that being gave,  
In sign of worship, seem to wave ;)  
Blend with the mansion, yield delight,  
And captivate the ravished sight.

When Spring, fresh bathed in tepid showers,  
Reposes on a bed of flowers ;  
And opening buds, on branch and spray,  
Attest the balmy kiss of May ;  
And every plant and shrub that grows,  
Smiles as the amorous west wind blows ;  
Crocus and hyacinths array,  
And the blue violet scents the way,  
With fragrance of the new mown hay :  
All is delight amid the grove,  
Harmonious concert, mingled love.  
The feathered choir their notes prolong,  
In carols of connubial song ;  
Till Cynthia, o'er the brow of night  
Slow rising, with diffusive light,

Plays on the bank, illumes the vale,  
And cheers the plaintive nightingale,  
Sweet chauntress of the thoughtful hour;  
And HIGHGROVE rivals EDEN'S bower.

When Summer's fervid heats prevail,  
'Tis then we seek the attempering gale,  
Limit to arched walks the way,  
To screen the eye from garish day:  
Then HIGHGROVE yields a cool retreat,  
In sheltered glen, on moss-grown seat:  
The woods are sought, enjoyed the shade,  
And shunned the sun and open glade.

When Autumn in her broidery vest,  
Of rainbow tints, no more is dressed,  
And all her varying fruits that grew,  
No longer ripening hang to view:

When presses groan, and vats o'erflow,  
Pouring the grape's impurpled tide;  
And rays intense have ceased to glow,  
And harvest's busy toils subside:

When wasps no longer fill the air,  
Intent in plundering tribes to roam,  
To wage against POMONA war,  
Seeking instead their curious home:

When the young swallow leaves his nest,  
    Taught by the mother bird to fly,  
And towering spreads his wings, in quest  
    Of other realms and warmer sky :

When oats are mown, and barley's reaped,  
    And ploughs again begin to move,  
And hops are picked, and oasts are heaped,  
    Thro' man's due care, and Heaven's kind love :

Piled are the poles which slanting yield,  
    In regular extended row,  
The semblance of a tented field,  
    Where footsteps leave no herb to grow.

When stacked and thatched are golden sheaves,  
    The large reward of toil and care ;  
And Autumn's fingers paint the leaves,  
    Leaving vermilion beauties there ;

Rich as the tints that grateful speak,  
    Telling of youth and sprightly days ;  
Proclaiming on the aged cheek  
    The benefits of temperate ways.

When gleaning crowds no more appear,  
And prospects now are opening wide,  
Housed is the produce of the year,  
And nought remains at large to bide;

Save where, in frequent patches seen,  
Amid the stubble standing high,  
Swathe-bound is left the dusky bean,  
To greet the air, and face the sky.

And when, convened the feast to share,  
Which grateful farmers spread with pride,  
The labourer's anthems rend the air,  
And harvest mirth and joys preside;

Autumn's mild charms new joys impart,  
Abstract the mind from sordid sense;  
Call forth new rapture in the heart,  
And speak the praise of Providence;

And HIGHGROVE owns Heaven's sovereign power,  
That gladdens thus each social hour.

When Winter, in his PROTEAN forms,  
Summons around his vassal storms,

Sullen arrives, and ruthless flings  
Ungenial air from flaggy wings,  
Spreading his murky mantle round,  
And prints deep footsteps in the ground;  
Shrivels the blade, bids plants decay,  
And from the two extremes of day  
Drives many a luminous hour away;  
Prisons in ice the liquid plains,  
And, treacherous to bewildered swains,  
In mountain heaps of dazzling snow  
Conceals the fatal pit below;  
Though sleet descends and pattering hail,  
Though his rude winds the roofs assail,  
And prostrates forests with the gale;  
Though vales are drenched, and torrents roar,  
HIGHGROVE has endless charms in store,  
And can defy the inclement year.  
HIGHGROVE has comforts yet to cheer;  
The social friend, the sheltered walk,  
The well-spread board, the evening talk;  
The crackling log in blazing pile,  
That makes the passing minutes smile,  
Promotes the tale of harmless mirth,  
And draws the circle round the hearth.



Stern Winter! though thy aspect frown,  
Thou bring'st attendant blessings down;  
Thy chastening sway to man is gain;  
Nor is thy frozen sceptre vain:  
Thy throne of snow, thy mystic rod,  
Proclaim the wondrous works of God:  
Mysterious mightiness of Heaven,  
Which hath revolving seasons given,  
Quaternion multiform to run,  
Perpetual as they first begun;  
And Winter, following His high will,  
Helps AMALTHEA'S horn to fill.

Thus years roll on, and seasons change,  
Still regular in circling range;  
Instructing man his course to move,  
Observant with celestial love;  
Whate'er his state, with generous mind  
To seek the weal of human kind,  
And grateful learn from Mercy's throne,  
He lives not for himself alone:  
That he who wipes the tear-fraught eye,  
Who listens to another's sigh,  
And opes his stores with feeling breast,  
Will find the Christian heart at rest.

For youthful Spring, in flowers arrayed,  
And ardent Summer's growth displayed,  
And Autumn, with her varying dyes,  
Her golden grain, and saffron skies;  
Nay, even night of Winter drear  
Will then in cheerful garb appear,  
Make every spot where man has birth,  
Like this, a Paradise on earth:  
That Paradise we all may find,  
Who bow to Heaven with grateful mind.

“ Is happiness our point in view?  
'Tis meant the intrinsic and the true;  
She nor in camps nor courts resides,  
Nor in the humble cottage hides;  
'Tis found alike in every sphere:  
Who finds content will find it there:  
'Tis to no rank of life confined,  
But dwells in every honest mind.  
Can fortune happiness augment?  
What can she give beyond content!”



*Make every spot where man has birth,  
Like this a Paradise on earth:*

# Canto the Second



*And what could art, or skill produce,  
Were summoned for his festive use.*

*Vide p. 71 lines 9, & 20*

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CANTO THE SECOND.

## ARGUMENT.

The hamlet of *EASTCOT* apostrophized.—The delights of *HIGHGROVE* contrasted with scenes of fashionable dissipation.—Enthusiasm of poets and painters.—The *AURORA* of *GUIDO*.—Union of *GUIDO* and *ARIOSTO*.—Morning described in its general appearance.—The course of the sun.—Exalted mind of *NEWTON*.—Folly of scepticism.—The rising of the sun at sea.—Morning at *HIGHGROVE*.—The garden; the pleasure-ground.—The social advantages of *HIGHGROVE*.—Internal decorations there.—Use of the graphic art.—Episode in illustration.—The arts praised.—Progress of man towards refinement.—The gratification of mutual attentions.—The advantage of early rising.—The breakfast table.—The careful assiduities of domestics not to be overlooked.—The folly of notions of equality; its mischievous consequences.—The blessings of equal laws.—The talents of *PITT* and *FOX* adverted to; regret for their death.—The daily post; reflections on public news.—Varied outdoor enjoyments; the landscape; the windmill; the church.—Cheerfulness of religion.—Tribute to the memory of *LANGUET*.—Allusions to the united talents of *RUYSDAEL* and *ADRIAN VAN DE VELDE*.—Angling.—Shooting.—Hunting.—Appeal to sportsmen.—Lamented fate of the Marquess of *TAVISTOCK*.—In-door recreations; books; chess; billiards.—Female occupations; instruction of children; the nunchion; the toilet; preparation for dinner; neatness and decorum in dress; the charms of decency; its effects.—*SWIFT*'s opinion.

# THE SOCIAL DAY.

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## Canto the Second.

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EASTCOT, loved hamlet of the vale,  
The bard bids cheerful notes prevail ;  
He bids the Muse resume the shell,  
And strike the wire in louder swell :  
He bids the social chords with pride,  
Spread HIGHGROVE'S lasting comforts wide ;  
And to assenting minds convey  
The endearments of a well spent day.  
Whate'er from reason yields delight,  
In varied course from morn till night ;  
Whate'er can rouse the willing voice,  
To make the moral heart rejoice ;  
These, like the lark's wild notes above,  
Shall breathe in strains of purest love.

While man, to sense and reason blind,  
Lets fashion's laws infect his mind ;

And will unbend his evening hour  
In luxury's unpropitious bower ;  
And, 'mid the taper's borrowed glare,  
The splendours of the banquet share ;  
Riot in scenes, from whence ensue  
Too oft the lip of pallid hue,  
The hectic cheek, and quickened breath,  
Presage of many an early death.  
Far different scenes, far other fate,  
On HIGHGROVE'S guests attendant wait.  
They, when the sun with orient beams  
In heaven's expanse resplendent gleams,  
Warms the wide air, illumines the ground,  
And spreads a general blessing round,  
Enjoy the ever genial flame,  
Which animates the mind and frame.

Poets, enthusiasts, take delight  
To reach the sun's extremest height ;  
There hail his orb, adore his fires,  
And boast of transports he inspires ;  
And to the listening ear convey  
Their visions of celestial day ;  
Ransack their brains to show their powers,  
And dip their pens in golden showers.



Painters, inspired, take equal pains  
To emulate the poet's strains,  
Towering ascend on Fancy's pinions,  
To range like them the heaven's dominions;  
Laughing PROMETHEAN theft to scorn,  
Will light the world with graphic morn;  
Exult in hues which all applaud,  
In REYNOLDS, RUBENS, and in CLAUDE;  
Proud of each tint that claims attention,  
For history, nature, and invention.

And lo! the proof of skill sublime,  
That sprang to view in Latium's clime,  
Transcendent proof of magic art,  
Which stamped the painter in the heart;  
For lo! HYPERION comes—and leads  
His ardent dew-besprinkled steeds,  
Which, from the hour when evening closed,  
In the calm western waves reposed;  
And from the chambers of the main  
Now climb the orient steep again,  
In all the strength of youthful pace,  
Frantic to run day's glorious race.

Borne, is the god of gladsome beam,  
On his bright car of golden gleam,  
And graceful bending o'er his team,

The immortal team! in mild command  
He holds the rein with steadfast hand;  
Through heaven's expanse he bends his way;  
Night's clouds roll back beneath his sway;  
The star which "bade the shepherd fold,"  
And all the stars which heaven doth hold,  
The countless stars: no longer seen,  
Sunk by degrees, eclipsed their sheen;  
Their twinkling lights no more displayed,  
Awed by superior splendour, fade.  
And as the jocund hours advance,  
Hand joined in hand, in mystic dance,  
Circling the wane—and through the tide,  
The ethereal stream, commingling glide:  
Emblem of Heaven's all bounteous powers,  
AURORA flits abroad with flowers;  
And as the torch of day discloses,  
Scatters o'er earth celestial roses.

Fresh as the flowers, bright as the flame,  
Lives, and will live, the artist's name,  
With his the bard, whose fervid lyre  
Taught the great painter to aspire,  
And emulate in graphic story  
The sun's proud course in splendid glory;



Guido Rboni pinx

Moses sculp.

Through heavens expanse he bends his way:  
Night's clouds roll back beneath his sway:

For ARIOSTO'S Muse shall give  
To GUIDO fame, while verse shall live;  
And GUIDO'S pencil still impart  
The poet's praise in matchless art.

Here, Muse, disclaim all aid of fiction,  
Thy theme restrain to simple diction;  
Reckless of fancy's towering height,  
Calmly pursue truth's steadiest flight,  
With sober fact your rhyme adorn,  
And thus describe the break of morn.

A pure resplendent gleam of light  
Peeps forth insufferably bright,  
Playful from hill to hill it flies,  
Darts through the vale, and tints the skies;  
Wide and more wide now takes its course,  
Now blazons with resistless force,  
As the great orb appears to spring,  
Seeming to soar on sightless wing,  
And o'er the earth, to give us day,  
Tracks the blue arch in pathless way,  
As if this nether world, at rest,  
Turned not its face to east from west;  
Nor, as its annual course was run,  
Swept through the ecliptic round the sun;

With such swift motion passing by,  
That its great speed deceives the eye;  
And leaves, but to th' instructed mind,  
All computation far behind.

Ere **MOSES**, at the voice of **GOD**,  
Had Sinai's sacred mountain trod,  
And, 'mid the terrors of the sky,  
Held converse with the Deity,  
Who through his hands, his prophet true,  
Consigned the decalogue to view;  
Man's erring heart, to wandering prone,  
Knew not the path to Mercy's throne,  
And, as he walked the world's wide bound,  
Was lost in labyrinth profound.

So was earth's progress hid in night,  
Till Science' lamp displayed its light,  
Till **NEWTON** (Heaven's bounteous boon)  
Had scanned the phases of the moon;  
Who aimed successfully to prove  
The laws by which the planets move;  
To whom 'twas given to break the seal,  
Infinite wisdom to reveal,  
And, through creation's lunar plan,  
To explain the mystery to man.

High favoured mind! pious, you showed  
What reverence in your bosom glowed,  
And that the more of Heaven you knew,  
The more in endless praise was due.

Ye sceptics! who can idly dream  
That fickle chance produced the scheme,  
Your sneers are scorned; such truths should blend  
With social musings, for they tend  
To keep those sacred thoughts from rest  
Which should unceasing fill the breast.

Yet shall we dare, though slight our skill,  
To give free scope to fancy's will;  
(For not a moral book we write  
Unmingled with poetic flight,  
The lively wanderings of our Muse  
Even the most scrupulous may peruse;)   
And hastening from the illumined land,  
Attend the sun on ocean's strand:  
There view him on his watery bed,  
Lift up the veil that shrouds his head,  
And on the margin of the tide,  
As morn's gold portals open wide,  
See him imprint, in radiant streak,  
A parting kiss on THETIS' cheek;

Towering ascend his journey brave,  
And take his flight from off the wave.

And as he bends his march on high,  
Through regions of immensity,  
Swift pacing on his gorgeous throne,  
Silent—majestic—and alone—  
And “with surpassing glory crowned,”  
Brightening the face of Nature round;  
There see him mid his state above,  
Still “listening to the voice of love;”  
See him with fond affection yearn,  
Watch THETIS’ steps at every turn,  
Prompt her to deck the nuptial bower  
With pillowy wave and coral flower.

Now, nearly passed the Heaven’s wide space,  
The course assigned—the destined race;  
And hastening to the western goal,  
Bidding his chariot sloping roll;  
Behold his evening banners stream  
Their purple glow and saffron gleam,  
And many changing tints display,  
The signals of departing day.

And THETIS’ fears no more annoy,  
Her face assumes the smile of joy;

For now his glowing axles spread  
On ambient clouds a rosier red :  
And now direct to Earth he bends,  
Now lured by faithful smiles, descends ;  
And now, thrown off his robe of state,  
Which radiant gleamed “ at Heaven’s high gate,”  
He comes arrayed in milder charms,  
To meet repose within her arms ;  
Doomed through unbounded space to roam,  
He sighs not for another home ;  
Content to take mid waves his rest,  
Nor dreams of skies with THETIS blest.

The sun thus raised, his journey sped,  
By Nature and the Muses led,  
Again he comes, like bridegroom gay,  
To greet the world with joyous day—  
Again he comes in light arrayed,  
His beams on HIGHGROVE are displayed ;  
They gild the roof, they gem the trees,  
Glisten the flowers that court the breeze ;  
Spangle the lawn, enrich the vale,  
And sparkling every where prevail.  
Mid HIGHGROVE’S bowers, our theme, our pride,  
That spreads the fame of EASTCOT wide,



Among whose wilds, induced to roam,  
We hear the call that brings us home;  
Cheered by the grateful sound, declaring  
The early matin meal's preparing;  
Charmed to behold no mists are bred  
Mid darksome dell or swampy mead,  
When the shard beetle winds his horn  
To taint the ambrosial breath of morn.

Through the sun's range, no social bower  
Invites with more attractive power,  
None can more readily impart  
Mild pleasures to the feeling heart;  
Without, the landscape cheers the sight;  
Within, the pencil's powers delight:  
Each in their turn unceasing yield,  
For Fancy's range, a boundless field.

Girt with a lofty wall around,

Near to the house the garden lies,  
Where Nature's choicest germs abound,  
Protected from inclement skies.

Judicious culture there is seen,

Whate'er is sown—finds fruitful birth,  
And as fresh seasons intervene,  
New products gem the teeming earth.

There trees confess the fruitful mould,  
There the blue fig luxuriant grows,  
The reddening apple turns to gold,  
And the rich nectarine deeper glows.

POMONA'S choicest gifts invite,  
And, scattered with no sparing hand,  
On every side they burst to light,  
Plenteous as on ALCINOUS' land;

Plenteous as on that classic ground,  
Which the great bard of ancient days  
Has rendered by his lyre renowned,  
PHÆACIA — blessed in HOMER'S lays.

The branches bend beneath the pear,  
The orange thrives throughout the year,  
Which the warm south commands to grow,  
The leaf to spread, the bud to blow;  
Uniting, as at once, to bring  
The varying seasons on the wing,  
And to the enraptured eye convey,  
To captivate the passing day,  
Mid Autumn's fruits, the bloom of May:

And where the tendril vines ascend,  
Clustering and large the grapes distend,  
Whose purple and whose pearly skin  
Treasure nectarean juice within.

Now more extensive scenes ensue,  
Such as might OBERON'S fairy feet  
Through many a mazy dance pursue,  
Joyous TITANIA'S smiles to greet.

“ No alley has a gloomy brother,  
No platform half reflects another;  
The eye no suffering nature sees,”  
In naked trunks of branchless trees,  
Without a leaf to meet the eye,  
Save on their shapeless heads on high.  
No tall aspiring poplars grow,  
Monotonous, in formal row,  
Ranged side by side as in succession,  
Like mourners marshalled for procession.

The lawn instead, the devious way,  
Now full in sight, now half revealed,  
Prompt converse, and invite to stray,  
And now the o'ershaded path's concealed.

Beneath Heaven's pure ethereal blue,  
The acacia rears its verdant arms,  
And the red berry decks the yew,  
And the Siberian crab tree charms.

Laurels, laburnums, lilacs spread,  
And tall magnolias scent the sky,  
Perennial bloom, and lift their head,  
Towering 'mong myriad rose trees by.

FLORA assumes her every hue,  
Rich, in her thousand liveries dight,  
Sprinkles perfumes each pathway through,  
And steeps the senses in delight.

Nature's exhaustless gifts unfold,  
And prove the great Creator's hand,  
That decks with ever living gold,  
And bids each flowret cup expand.

Though no brisk stream, meandering by  
In murmuring accents, joys to rove,  
Yet are refreshing waters nigh,  
To cheer the plant, and grace the grove.

But "though we trace each herb and flower  
That sips the morning's dew ;  
Did we not own JEHOVAH's power,  
How vain were all we knew !"

Entering the mansion, 't will convey  
That order rules throughout the day,  
And rules with no oppressive sway ;  
Stripped of all dull formality,  
There method courts variety,  
And Prudence, treading Wisdom's ways,  
No incongruity displays.  
No silk brocade, rich flowers entwining,  
Discloses linsey-woolsey lining ;  
No idle pomp, no stately gloom,  
Find entrance to the banquet room ;  
Whate'er promotes true social glee,  
E'en to the verge of luxury,  
HIGHGROVE presents with open hands,  
And every guest at will commands ;  
And each and all appropriate tend  
To taste's true use—to comfort's end.

But do you comforts rightly prize,  
My Muse ! or are you weakly wise ?

Let not esteem too high ascend,  
In 'plausive verse, and truth offend ;  
Lest it be said in tart offence,  
" Description holds the place of sense :"  
But if you feel your judgment right,  
Boldly send forth your thoughts to light ;  
Nor be afraid to broach opinions ;  
They 're Freedom's rights in Wit's dominions.

As life full oft is but a bubble,  
Blown up by hope, and bursts by trouble ;  
When days pass on in tranquil pleasure,  
And joys spring up in ample measure,  
Hours glide on hours in friendly meetings,  
Of kind salutes, and gentle greetings ;  
And host and guest, in social strife,  
Excite to acts that sweeten life,  
Who but must HIGHGROVE'S charms approve,  
And all its various comforts love ;  
HIGHGROVE, of every grace the sample,  
That lifts its head a bright example ?

For reading's purest ends designed,  
Books of the most instructive kind,  
Invite the rightly studious mind ;  
Not placed in rows, in frippery pride  
Of gilded vests, extending wide ;

But neatly bound, and prompt to tell,  
Whose wit and wisdom inward dwell.

Survey the walls, and there we see  
Art's power in great variety;  
And though no works we can descry,  
Such as adorned Rome's softer sky,  
That boast the pride of ancient name,  
Which led the arts to noblest fame;  
Or Albion's realms have given to sight,  
In later hour, to yield delight;  
(Such as the mind-ennobled few,  
STAFFORD and GROSVENOR hold to view,  
FAWKES, LEYCESTER, ANGERSTEIN display,  
In all the blaze of graphic day;  
Who with a worthier spur than pride  
Open their splendid portals wide,  
And a kind social debt discharge  
In favour of the world at large:)  
Though neither HOGARTH'S matchless art,  
Nor WILKIE'S, speak a moral part,  
Nor ZOFFANI with pencil true,  
Dramatic genius gives to view;  
Nor JONES, nor COOPER, crowd the plain,  
With battle's sanguinary train,

And there, renew the contests o'er,  
Of Waterloo and <sup>Murston</sup> Barnston Moor:  
Nor WARD, nor HILLS, nor GARRARD tell,  
Mid sylvan scenes they joyed to dwell,  
And in the forest's inmost bower  
Faced the fierce stag's infuriate power:  
Nor CONSTABLE, to feeling true,  
Paints Nature's freshness and her hue,  
Studious, like HOBIMA, to give,  
And bid the rural landscape live:  
Nor CALLCOTT, on the river's side,  
Depicts the stream's meandering tide,  
And to the breeze, or livelier gale,  
On the tall mast spreads wide the sail:  
Nor PAPWORTH, LUGAR, PYNE delight,  
Who bring the picturesque to sight,  
And can with mutual taste display,  
Art's rules they hold in sovereign sway:  
Nor CHALON, SMIRKE, nor STODDART prove  
That they possess the Muse's love,  
And can resistlessly dispense  
The flow of graphic eloquence:  
Nor TITIAN'S warmth, CARACCI'S fire,  
Nor CLAUDE'S aërial tints attire.



NOR RAPHAEL'S mind, MAZZUOLI'S grace,  
Nor learned DA VINCI'S powers we trace:  
Yet can the breathing canvass show  
A lively ray, a pleasing glow,  
Where liberal minds will find some gem  
That may not shame Art's diadem.  
With such the eye can turn to Rome,  
Or bring thy prospects, Venice, home;  
Admire *still-life*, or blithe look round  
On foreign scenes or British ground;  
As WILSON, pride of Albion's land,  
Displays his bold and classic hand;  
As CANALETTI'S charms we hail,  
As famed PANINI'S powers prevail,  
Or Art presents in living line,  
And gives the human face divine,  
In the exterior form that tends  
To wake the thought of absent friends:  
Brings them immediate to our view,  
And all the long past scenes renew;  
Or miniature's soft charms unfold,  
That turns Art's ivory realms to gold,  
Plants on the cold and sterile waste  
The seeds of genius and of taste;

AS NASH and ROBERTSON can show,  
Giving life's roses fresh to blow,  
Illumined on a bed of snow.

And Art in every branch will rise,  
To give delight to tasteful eyes ;  
The engraver's tool performs its part,  
And RUBENS lives in linear art ;  
His Luxembourg, in ample story,  
That blends his name with HENRY'S glory,  
Where still the MEDICI survive,  
Kept by his wondrous hand alive :  
These, as we rapturous stand before,  
Confess his power, and we adore.

Nor shall the verse due praise refuse  
To tinted art in Alpine views,  
Where summer's heats, in fervid glow,  
Are tempered by opposing snow ;  
Helvetia's rocks and fruitful soil,  
Of late the dread oppressor's spoil,  
Whose callous heart and ruthless hand  
Had drenched in tears that hallowed land.

There are who think that time mispent  
(Whate'er the genius or the bent)  
Which skill employs, with magic hand,  
To roll the tide upon the strand ;

Create the hill, extend the vale,  
Make cattle browse, and streams prevail;  
Plant woods and groves, in sylvan pride,  
Spreading their leafy honours wide;  
Or mimic, with perfection's power,  
The dew-drop glistening on the flower;  
Bid PHŒBUS rise, or LUNA's beams  
Sport on the new created streams;  
Embody to the astonished view  
The fairy visions Fancy drew;  
Or blend harmonious tints, to trace  
Historic truths with classic grace.

To such cold hearts, perversely cold,  
This moral mirror we would hold:  
As in the rill instruction flows,  
As "on the thorn sweet wisdom grows,"  
So, when we view Art's sea-girt shore,  
And think we hear the whirlwinds roar,  
Mark NEPTUNE's trident trough the wave,  
And ruthless delve the seaman's grave;  
See the wild threatening billows rise  
In mountain forms to meet the skies,  
"Curling their heads" mid clamours loud,  
To "hang them on the slippery shroud,"

We hail the hour that keeps us free  
From shipwreck's dread calamity,  
And learn from painting's moral bent  
To be with tranquil life content.

Art's cheerfulness the Muse shall tell,  
And bid it on the memory dwell;  
She does not Art's best powers proclaim,  
VELASQUEZ or ROMANO name,  
Or sing CORREGIO's grace to those  
Who see no beauty in the rose:  
Painting's high honours to pursue,  
SHEE, the Muse leaves that task to you,  
Who can with conscious pride embrace  
The painter's sphere and poet's grace;  
And, like DU FRESNOY, skilful show,  
Through polished verse in classic flow,  
The paths Art's students should pursue,  
And guide them with the noblest view;  
Warmed by the pencil's magic wand,  
Who bids life's breathing forms expand,  
Gives to the features all their due,  
And brings the inmost soul to view;  
The conquest of a part disdains;  
With ardour scales Art's steep domains,

And there unfurls Truth's standard wide,  
The unsteady steps of youth to guide.  
The Muse, unfit for lofty verse,  
A simple story shall rehearse,  
Which speaks the praise of graphic art,  
And proves it can arrest the heart.

From Scotia's realms in days of yore,  
Some half a century, or more,  
Leaving his native loved abode,  
A CLANMAN took the southern road,  
In search of art, and to select  
What he conceived would claim respect,  
And to the polished mind convey  
The cheerful beams of graphic day.

A stranger to Augusta's town,  
Chance led him where, in full renown,  
Skilful, and just, and civil, dwelt,  
One who in art extensive dealt ;  
The *pictured* world confessed his claim,  
And gave him reputable name.

The traveller entered ; told his case ;  
The dealer (with a cheerful face,  
And in a mild but humorous tone,  
A mode and manner of his own,)

Said he could all his wants supply,  
In pictures most abundantly,  
With bad, indifferent, and with good,  
To suit his taste in every mood;  
And if for art he had affection,  
His stores could yield a whole collection.

“ Thanks for your candour, worthy friend,  
In the great scope you freely tend,”  
Was the pleased traveller’s prompt reply,  
To speech made thus ingenuously;  
The good, (he was not over nice,)  
He deemed would far exceed his price;  
The bad would raise the cynic voice,  
To rail severely at his choice,  
’Twould be enough, that art perusing,  
The pictures should be found amusing.

“ Now I will frankly tell you why  
I would of art thus freely buy,”  
Resumed the Scot; “ and something tell  
Of *how* and *where about* I dwell:  
Renowned EDINA gave me birth,  
And there I court convivial mirth;  
Not that for me Dame Fortune’s hand  
Has heaped up wealth in great command,

But that which she has deigned to give  
Yields me the power at ease to live.  
My cloth is clean, my meal not slight,  
My wine well flavoured, old, and bright,  
The grape's best juice, and brought up cool,  
On the same plan, in constant rule,  
From heat and frost alike secure,  
The cellar's even temperature;  
And not a friend who knows my fare  
But will repeat his visits there.  
Yet, should it happen that my cook,  
By chance, the appointed hour o'erlook,  
Impatience, seated on the brow,  
Will not a fair excuse allow;  
This pains me, for the fault's not mine,  
If tardy comes the hour to dine:  
I do not at the range preside,  
Nor watch the boiler's bubbling tide;  
Nor at the stove maintain the fire  
To the due height the stews require,  
Nor at the heated oven door  
The pastry's rising crust explore;  
Then why should they look round at me,  
Forgetting affability?

“ To save myself from censoring looks,  
In frequent frowns, through heedless cooks,  
All anger shall be kept at distance,  
Helped by your judgment and assistance;  
For should a guest, with watch on high,  
In future show reproving eye,  
His lost good humour to recall,  
I'll lead him to the pictured wall.”

Landscapes and sea views, game, and flowers,  
And drolls, in Painting's liveliest powers;  
History, both sacred and profane,  
That show Art's skill in various vein,  
In ample choice the stranger made:  
When thus remarked the man of trade,  
Who knew the many loved to see  
Art's skill in great variety:  
“ Portraits with other subjects mix,  
Yield contrast, and attention fix;  
Spread cheerfulness throughout the room,  
By martial form or beauty's bloom;  
And childhood, manhood, youth, and age,  
In turn judicious eyes engage;  
And what is there of art we find  
Will plead more forceful to the mind?



Pardon my words, with freedom fraught;  
Such should not stay behind unbought."

"No," said the Scot, "no proofs with me  
Shall go, of Taste's degeneracy.  
No portraits! of that common stamp,  
Which Art's best powers incessant cramp,  
Dressed out in garments which supply  
Nothing but angles to the eye;  
The hideous form of modern dress,  
In fashion carried to excess!  
Such have no power to warm my heart  
In favour of the graphic art,  
Unless a friend is brought to view,  
And then I yield applauses due;  
When the accessories give way  
To yield the features amplest play,  
'Tis then I can delight to see  
Art's power in British energy,  
"Pleased to behold the breathing visions start,  
And bring to light these miracles of art."  
Yet, though I frankly speak my mind,  
And show which way my taste's inclined,  
Should you among your pictured store  
Possess a single head or more,

Grave character, in ermined gown,  
Who looks as if of high renown,  
With whiskery beard his lip to deck,  
And golden chain about his neck,  
And staff of office, that will tell  
That he was wont in courts to dwell;  
Such will assist to deck my room,  
And dissipate all vacant gloom :  
No matter whence the lineage spring,  
From peer, from commoner, or king,  
'Twill promptly conversation bring,  
And argument and wit supply  
For curious genealogy.

“ There's not a Scot but likes to show  
From ancient stream how blood may flow ;  
And till announced the expected call,  
In summons for the festive hall,  
'Twill make each guest alert to trace  
A WALLACE or a BRUCE's face ;  
A DOUGLAS or a STUART scan,  
And rank him of his boasted clan.”

The pictures went, nor placed too high,  
His friends no more his temper try ;  
His breathing walls possessed a charm  
The most impatient to disarm,

And blending with the Social plan,  
They softened down each fretful man.

And ever honoured be that art  
Which charms the fancy and the heart,  
Not to ideal bliss confined,  
But pleads to memory and to mind,  
Bids the affections quickening spread,  
Recalls the presence of the dead,  
And traced by pencil or by pen,  
Can make them speak to us again.  
Now, Muse! and with another view,  
Art's teeming graceful course pursue.

When Nature, as she modelled man,  
Breathed in his soul the Social plan,  
She did not sow the seeds of art  
To rise immediate in the heart,  
But to spring up and bless the soil,  
From length of care and thoughtful toil.

Thus in creation's early days,  
When yet unknown to sumptuous ways,  
The rudest forms of simplest kind  
Could satisfy man's infant mind,  
Who felt few wants, nor had a wish  
Beyond the maple bowl and dish:

These were his sole concern and care,  
The service for his rustic fare.  
But when his mind's expanding powers  
Induced new scenes and brighter hours,  
When prone no more in woods to roam,  
He built him towns, and fixed his home,  
He then embraced a wider view,  
Sought tasteful forms, and sought them new;  
And what could art and skill produce,  
Were summoned for his festive use.  
As nations rise the arts expand;  
They yield new beauties to the land;  
Then issuing forth, in gorgeous robe,  
Dispense new splendours to the globe.  
And as heaven's LORD, the eternal source,  
Fashioned mankind of large discourse,  
Gave him the judgment and the skill  
To bind the elements at will,  
Who, from the moment of his birth,  
Had rule o'er every thing on earth,  
"The working powers of earth and air,  
Water and fire, his vassals were;"  
Whate'er his head and pliant hand  
Bids with a suited grace expand,

Whatever genius can devise,  
He may with proper wisdom prize,  
And greet the arts' resplendent glow,  
Directed or to use or show ;  
He should not, haughty, turn to scorn  
Those which the humble cot adorn,  
Nor idly deem as vain born things  
The boasts of states and pride of kings.

Then may the eye well pleased behold  
Porcelain's rich stores their charms unfold,  
Tasteful displayed in beauty's prime,  
Whether of home or foreign clime,  
Whether shall British art prevail,  
The Derby, Worcester, Colnbrook-dale,  
Or what in pencilled splendour came  
From Dresden, Sève, or Angoulême ;  
The Saxon's boast, or pride of France,  
Man's festive honours to advance ;  
On cloth as pure as Zembla's snow,  
With napkins ranged in distant row,  
O'er the broad table's ample space,  
See them invite to room and place,  
Mingling with flowers, in varying dyes,  
Sweet-scented nurslings of the skies,

Whose tender leaves had drooped forlorn  
But for the balmy breath of morn,  
Whose potent aid and generous sway  
Give health and fragrance to the day:  
These grace the scene, enrich the treat,  
And crown the banquet board complete.

There is a course of duties due,  
That ever should be kept in view,  
With host and guest be equal present,  
To make the Social mansion pleasant:  
The host should take peculiar care  
Each guest should have attention's share,  
By forethought fitly to provide  
That all his wants may be supplied;  
Nor let him grieve that he should roam  
From the sure joys of dearer home:  
The guest should make a due return;  
'Tis his, unceasing to discern,  
That he should give no needless trouble,  
Nor make the servants' labour double;  
Have all required, but cautious ask,  
Nor call from more important task.  
Muse! a plain principle rehearse,  
Though not preferred in sonorous verse:

“ There is a time for all things due,  
And that's the course we should pursue ;”  
Nor will that time be hard to find  
By those of regulated mind.

They who life's road correctly tread,  
Life's choicest flowers will careful spread ;  
Politely act with purpose steady,  
Show themselves ever promptly ready ;  
And by exactness intimate  
They'd blush to make a party wait,  
By entering half an hour too late :  
None loiter here, where all will strive  
To keep the Social charm alive,  
And by their host's example prove,  
Attentions are the springs of love.

True to this rule with active mind,  
No careless sluggard stays behind :  
Some have already breathed the morn,  
'Mid fragrant rows of blooming thorn ;  
Some, 'mid the garden's choicest bowers,  
Have posies culled of opening flowers :  
None at the toilet lingering dwell  
Till hastened by the breakfast bell ;  
None lazy press the downy bed,  
To lift at noon the slothful head ;

But all, by early rising, seek  
To deck with blooming health the cheek.

The party met—discourse begun,  
The inquiring questions swiftly run;  
Sweet is the friendly sound expressed,  
The hope that night brought tranquil rest,  
And that AURORA'S presence brings  
Health's rose devoid of thorny stings.

By beauty called, or friendship led,  
Now round the board the party spread;  
Joy glistens in each eye, and pleasure  
Gives presage of the heart's full measure.

In full abundance now appear  
The produce of the golden ear,  
In every shape the eye can please,  
And hunger's early claims appease;  
And now the "water spirit speaks,"  
Playful ascends, fair Freedom seeks,  
Through air's wide region shapes his course,  
Leaving abrupt the parent source,  
But leaves it to the fair's commands,  
The influence of her graceful hands.

Steam, matchless power! whose giant aid,  
Man to his wants subservient made,



The heaviest bonds around thee thrown,  
Give energies before unknown :  
Free, thou art useless ; but, confined,  
Thou only liv'st to serve mankind !—  
Here all Herculean task forbid,  
Laughing thou 'scap'st the urn's light lid.

And now the ever courteous fair,  
To prove their unabated care,  
Blend, or select, to grace the feast,  
Crisped by the suns of farthest east,  
The leaves of varied hues, which shed,  
Like roses, fragrant even when dead,  
Delightful richness round the room,  
In native pride of bland perfume ;  
Or from the berry, India's boast,  
The pride and growth of Mocha's coast,  
Pour the swart tide, though dark, yet clear,  
Prompt, ever prompt, the mind to cheer,  
And bring the faculties in play,  
And glad the spirits through the day.  
And, lo ! the ham presents its charm,  
The savoury product of the farm ;  
The partridge, growse, the pheasant cold,  
And marmalade bright as Chili's gold ;

The feathery brood their gifts supply,  
And lowing herds, from pastures nigh,  
Profusely yield the healthful stream,  
Which Nature's bounty crowns with cream,  
And female skill adroitly turns  
To tasteful forms, from magic churns,  
For Art and Nature's handmaids vie  
To win the palate and the eye,  
Adapting to their several use  
The wealth that HIGHGROVE'S meads produce;  
While honeyed bees present their store,  
Fresh wafted from Minorca's shore.

Though different stations are assigned  
To man by the all-powerful Mind,  
'Tis theirs, who have a mine of treasure,  
To deal to others liberal measure;  
Nor niggardly withhold their praise  
From those who walk life's humble ways,  
Whose active and whose willing zeal  
Give relish to the Social meal,  
Spread the full board with tasteful care  
The inviting meal that others share.  
Order, through ranks, in due degrees,  
Is human lot and Heaven's decrees:

Born for each other's useful aid,  
A right observance should be paid;  
Remembering, as life's road is trod,  
Our earthly blessings spring from God.  
"Who's born for sloth? To some we find  
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned;  
Some at the sounding anvil glow;  
Some the swift gliding shuttle throw;  
Some, studious of the wind and tide,  
From pole to pole our commerce guide;  
Some, taught by industry, impart,  
With hands and feet, the works of art;  
While some, of genius more refined,  
With head and tongue assist mankind:  
Each aiming at one common end,  
Proves to the whole a needful friend."  
Yet would each thrifty peasant had  
A rood of ground, and culture-clad,  
To make him still more love his home,  
Nor seek in foreign climes to roam,  
Deeming no vaunted spot on earth  
Equals the land that gave him birth.  
But these are but Utopian schemes,  
The patriot wish in friendly dreams.

Equality is but a name,  
To blind the weak, the bad inflame,  
The watch-word given to create  
Confusion in a settled state;  
That which nor was, nor e'er will be,  
In page of Social history.  
As Nature shows, through every hour,  
The earth requires unequal shower,  
So her eternal laws declare  
Man's wants are different every where;  
Various in manners, strength, and mind,  
And all for different ends designed.  
'Twixt high and low there still should be  
A kind, consenting amity.  
Good should result, on each should fall,  
In cottage, palace, manse, and hall;  
All should partake of suited care:  
This is to breathe fair Freedom's air:  
Enough, if equal laws are given,  
The rest must be the will of Heaven.  
And BUTLER states to public view,  
In language which, though quaint, is true,  
" Law does not put the least restraint  
Upon our freedom, but maintain't:

Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,  
To give us freer latitude ;  
For wholesome laws preserve us free,  
By stinting of our liberty."

" Such hath been shall be, 'neath the sun,  
The many still must labour for the one ;  
'Tis Nature's doom, but let the poor who toil  
Despise not, hate not him who" owns the soil.  
" O ! if they knew the weight of splendid chains,  
How light the burden of their humble pains !"

Base, then, the heart, that can incline  
To make the lower ranks repine ;  
Breed discontent from factious aims,  
And urge to heat destructive claims,  
Man to a level rank confound,  
And discord sow on social ground.

The rich are treasurers for the poor,  
Though their gold's kept with guarded door ;  
Destroy wealth's fountain at the source,  
And mischief spreads with fatal force :  
Far from the well the many drink,  
The few are stationed at the brink !  
Were every thirsty palate nigh,  
How soon the fountain would be dry !

And Nature wisely has ordained  
Each river, to its bed restrained  
Husbands its means for general good;  
Nor sends them forth in one full flood,  
To dissipate in boundless sway,  
And flow in lavished tides away.

The firmament's ethereal plain  
Shows that the planetary train  
Move in obedience round the sun,  
And as their splendid course is run,  
Keep, through the space of Heaven's wide border,  
By due restriction perfect order.

The sea, with all its vasty powers,  
Nurtured by streams, and fed by showers,  
Though in one mass the waters roll,  
Drops mingling drops compose the whole;  
Varying, they mildly change their place  
In the great world of watery space;  
There they arise, or there descend,  
Conforming to creation's end:  
And as they thus their part sustain,  
Tell how instructive is the main;  
For when each drop, with envious will,  
Anxious the surface wave to fill,

Strives with tumultuous rage to rise,  
And lift its forehead to the skies,  
The face of nature, wrapt in storm,  
Will lose its loveliness of form.

When once the sea breaks down the mound,  
What desolation spreads around!

When once the bursting flames aspire,  
What victims fall to glut the fire!

And to the tempest's levelling stroke,  
Prostrate will lie the sheltering oak.

So from the phrensy of the mind,  
What desolation waits behind!

When self-willed man forgets his station,  
And aims to regulate a nation.

The SAVIOUR, in his earthly course,  
Did GOD's all righteous law enforce;  
He bade us the right road pursue,  
"Pay tribute where the tribute's due,"  
And bade the exalted cheer the low,  
And all to Heaven submissive bow.

Britain! blessed Isle, where Wisdom's hands  
Joins Freedom's sons in Social bands,  
With what a proud and awful form  
Thou stood'st amid Pride's frantic storm;

While as Gaul's maniac rout came nigh,  
PITT marked it with undaunted eye,  
Spread a broad shield with outstretched arm,  
To guard the public weal from harm.  
Minds, unaccustomed to reflect,  
Should treat the thinking with respect,  
Who see "how parts with parts unite  
In one harmonious rule of right ;  
See countless wheels distinctly tend,  
By various laws, to one great end ;  
See mighty ALFRED'S piercing soul  
Pervade and regulate the whole."  
BLACKSTONE! experienced ermined sage,  
These truths adorned thy lyric page,  
Which PITT, with energetic sense,  
Lauded in matchless eloquence.  
But we must leave his fame to rest,  
In all his country's honours blest ;  
Leave him in sculptured stone to live,  
The highest boon the state can give.  
Fame shall declare, in golden note,  
PITT'S tomb—a nation's grateful vote :  
She will, with patriot pride, proclaim,  
No marble marks a nobler name.



Rest there in peace—Death's chamber nigh  
Where Fox's honoured ashes lie,  
Twin-comet of bright Albion's sky,  
Who, mid her countless stars that shine,  
Held his own course and brilliant line ;  
And in the orbit where he run  
Blazed like another radiant sun,  
While Social worth, unmixed with art,  
Inshrined him in the kindred heart.  
Peace to their dust; each funeral bier  
Called forth the heart-regretful tear,  
And raised the quickly heaving sigh,  
As passed Death's sad memorials by.  
In one short year, their country's pride,  
These rival TULLYS drooped and died ;  
Left the grieved senate to deplore  
Such splendid talents shone no more,  
No more to grace life's high career,  
Breathing fair Freedom's atmosphere ;  
No more with matchless eloquence proclaim,  
Athens must yield to Britain's nobler name.

But, Muse, you wander from your theme,  
Return once more into the stream ;  
Spread wide the sail, and on the tide  
Of Social verse still gaily glide.



W.H. Pyne del.

J. Scott sculp.

*The bell is rung to leave the letters,  
That burst suspension's anxious fetters.*

*London, Pub. Jan. 1. 1822 by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

As on the elm sweet woodbines grow,  
And fragrance from the branches throw,  
There to the glorious orb of day  
Rich bloomy elegance display;  
So will around life's Social tree,  
Joys spring in bland variety;  
Spread forth to light their varying hue,  
As friendship's flowers burst forth to view.

Now on the distant breezes borne,  
Is heard the postboy's welcome horn;  
Near and more near in daily round,  
His horse's clattering footsteps sound;  
Now nearer still, now hastening straight,  
Now stopping at the accustomed gate;  
The bell is rang to give the letters,  
That burst <sup>suspense's</sup> suspension's anxious fetters.

The packet left, the news appears,  
We dwell on Europe's hopes and fears,  
Remark the politics afloat;  
Recount the births, the weddings note,  
Grieve o'er each death or dismal story,  
Or triumph in Britannia's glory:  
But copious tears of sorrow shed  
For those who for their country bled,

Who boldly fought, and nobly brave,  
Found honour in a soldier's grave.

No more shall Europe's clouded sky  
Mark their firm step and dauntless eye,  
As on they pressed, with conscious pride,  
To stem the Gaul's invading tide,  
And face stern Death, and ope the way  
For Victory's car in Glory's day.  
Their patriot fate demands the tear,  
The deep-felt sigh, and grief sincere;  
Through the thrilled frame bids sorrow start  
In throbbing pulses from the heart,  
While future hours their fate shall learn,  
Recorded on the historic urn.

But what avails the tear-swoln eyes  
For those who ne'er again shall rise,  
But to that trump, whose awful sound  
Will call them from the grave's dark bound!  
'Tis for the living we should grieve,  
Yet cheer their hearts, their wants relieve;  
The orphan's loss, the parent's pain,  
Sooth, and restore to joys again.  
O! 'tis a fearful time and hour  
To those who feel War's cruel power,

Deprived of all their hearts could bless,  
A prey to woe, to wretchedness ;  
Who see no end to all their care ;  
'Tis sorrow, misery, despair.

Ye, who bid War his path pursue,  
O ! bring the widow to your view,  
Feel for her sufferings, and deplore  
Those joys she can regain no more,  
Grief and small pittance all her store ;  
The pension mite will sole remain  
The widowed mourner to sustain,  
Doled by the state's too cautious hand,  
For those who fought on foreign strand,  
To keep from Britain's sacred shore  
War's hateful rout and hideous roar,  
The dying shriek, the crimson stain,  
And save from harm their native plain.

Yet blessed Britannia's realm, where grows  
The thistle, shamrock, and the rose ;  
Whose gallant sons with pride display  
Their strength in an united sway,  
Who bid War's thundering cannons roar,  
Triumphant over sea and shore,  
To aid the world in Justice' cause,  
And free it from a tyrant's laws.

Haply those sanguine scenes are past,  
For wars no longer raging last;  
The spear's at rest, hung high the shield,  
And Social greetings grace the field.

Attention paid to public news,  
A different theme the mind pursues,  
Bids private seals be broke with care,  
For feeling prompts the heart to share  
Our friends' pursuits in equal measure,  
Their tears our grief, their joys our pleasure;  
State what will gratify; the rest  
We lock a secret in the breast.

Possessed of news, and breakfast done,  
By study drawn, or pastime won,  
All to the morn's amusements run;  
Whether one plan they all pursue,  
And steadfast keep that plan in view,  
Or choice draws off some separate rover  
To pace alone the country over;  
For no restraint, no formal ties,  
Check liberty, the Social prize.  
And solitude we must agree  
Is sometimes sweet society:  
But let us hear what GRAINGER says,  
Who in her praise addressed these lays,

And from his verse conclusions draw,  
That may support our Social law.

“ O Solitude! romantic maid!

Whether by nodding towers you tread,  
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,  
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,  
Or climb the ANDES' clifted side,  
Or by the NILE'S coy course abide;  
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,  
From HECLA view the thawing deep;  
Or at the purple dawn of day  
TADMOR'S marble wastes survey:” —  
Strains such as these, *on fancy's wing*,  
If *thoughts* of solitude can bring:  
But not to solitude confin'd,  
Penn'd to amuse the inquiring mind,  
Where'er our roving footsteps tread  
Thoughts will arise, abundant spread;  
And, as we pass in musing way,  
Bring by the adventures of the day  
A Social charm to those away,  
And round the board the tale addressing,  
Make solitude a Social blessing.

As cheerful seasons smile and change,  
And each bright morn invites to range;

The hill is sought, or pressed the mead;  
Or gaily on the favourite steed;  
Or in barouche, the fair beside,  
At ease, enjoy the rural ride,  
To make the courteous morning call  
On some kind friend—the friend of all.

Cheer'd by the breeze, now pleasures rise  
From winding roads and chequered skies,  
As the sun's rays their powers unfold,  
Not as first risen, a blaze of gold;  
Their noon tide lustre brought to view,  
Which tinge the clouds with silvery hue,  
Laugh through the valley, light the hill,  
And gem with pearl each trickling rill.

And now appear with rural charm,  
The cottage, hamlet, and the farm;  
Smiling they rise, and to the sight  
Yield a pure source of gay delight.  
As the eye sweeps the landscape round,  
And sees blithe industry abound;  
And industry, from poor to great,  
Is the chief blessing of the state;  
Each in their place command respect,  
Those that obey, or that direct:





*I. B. Papworth, W. H. Pyne, J. Green & H. B. Chalon del.*

*John Scott sculp.*

*Or in barouche the fair beside  
At ease enjoy the rural ride.*

*London: Pub. Jan. 1. 1822. by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

The young, the adult, the healthy old,  
The shepherd watchful of his fold;  
The plough, the team, the spade impart  
A right sensation to the heart;  
Grateful there felt, the culturer's morn  
Makes vallies smile with needful corn;  
And where the mill unfurls its sail,  
To court the influence of the gale,  
As its broad arms oppose the sky,  
Bidding gigantic shadows fly;  
'Tis not, that placed on upland ground  
It spreads enchantment's visions round,  
But that we know its powers dispense  
The bounteous gifts of Providence,  
That the same mill the flour will spread,  
To give the rich and poor their bread.

'Tis not the steeple rising high,  
Backed by the pure ethereal sky,  
Nor in the vale, mid solemn groves,  
Such as still Contemplation loves,  
Where Time on turret and on tower  
Has shown his unrelenting power,  
That to the meditative mind  
Alone appeals—but that we find

The sacred spire devoutly given,  
Directs the eye to fix on heaven.

Man blest with wealth, and taught to know  
All bounties from Omniscience flow,  
Grateful, should see the hill and plain  
Send forth the many headed grain;  
And in return, with liberal hand  
Dispense due portions round the land,  
Nor let the poor their state deplore,  
To view and not partake the store.  
The face of nature thus portrayed,  
Reflection called to Reason's aid;  
'Tis then the landscape on the mind  
Leaves an impressive tale behind,  
And battening herds, that press the field,  
An added charm and beauty yield,  
Show all around God's gracious plan,  
And prove the empire given to man.

Religion's voice, thy cheering power  
Gilds life's best day, and glads the hour;  
Then shall the verse with zealous care  
Thy just reflection, DODDRIDGE, share,  
And give the world thy sacred line,  
That speaks of Providence divine.



J. Constable A.R.A. del.

J. Landseer A.R.A. sculp.

*Reflection called to Reasons aid,  
'Tis then the landscape on the mind  
Leaves an impressive tale behind.*

*London, Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 23 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*



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*Reflection called to Reasons aid,  
'Tis then the landscape on the mind  
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“ Live while we live, the epicure would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day:  
Live while we live, the sacred preacher cries,  
And give to God each moment as it flies.  
Lord, in our views, let both united be,  
We live with pleasure, when we live to thee.”  
So LANGUET lived; and verse proclaim,  
Nor envious sink the foreign name;  
Whoe'er is generous, good, and wise,  
Wherever born, the muse shall prize;  
So LANGUET lived, at seventy-five,  
Who kept true piety alive,  
Whose every act through life's long day  
Proved one benevolent display;  
Who still enjoyed life's mirthful glee,  
Wit, humour, jest, and repartee,  
And smiled with bland society;  
The Social path delighted trod,  
Yet every day was passed with God.

RUYSDAEL, whose pencil took delight  
To bring rich sylvan scenes to sight,  
Gave nature's forest forms to view,  
Her clouds and canopy of blue,  
Gave her green fields and azure sky,  
Pouring the impetuous torrent by,

Though famed for much that art can prize,  
To captivate fastidious eyes,  
Was yet deficient in high skill,  
With breathing forms his plains to fill;  
And VAN DE VELDE, with friendly aid,  
Man's lively portraiture displayed;  
And mid the meads and broken ground  
Placed sheep and cattle browsing round,  
In vivid tints performed his part,  
And stamped the finished grace of art;  
His landscapes then were made complete,  
Enlivened thus; the green retreat  
Reft of that aid of graphic taste,  
What were his fields?—a barren waste:  
And what endears the social drive,  
'Tis nature every where alive,  
And through her range and varied line  
To meet the human face divine.  
But other pleasures, Muse, pursue,  
Still keeping rural scenes in view.

    If to the stream, in angling sport,  
We seek, where finny tribes resort,  
The suited bait is chose with care,  
The perch, or ravenous pike to snare,

There try each deep, or weedy part,  
With WALTON and with COTTON'S art.  
Or, if the spotted trout to lure,  
Throw the long line and hook secure  
With skilful aim athwart the stream,  
Not in the sun's refulgent gleam,  
But where the passing shadows glide,  
And the brisk breeze upon the tide,  
Will dance the mimic fly in play  
To bear him from his haunts away.

If to the field, the mead, or wood,  
We stroll to seek the feathery brood,  
Or cross the heathery hill to find  
The taint acknowledged in the wind;  
The woodcock flush, the pheasant spring,  
Or wrest the partridge on the wing;  
The levelled tube with care preferred,  
Brings down direct the marked out bird,  
While firm and staunch the pointers stand,  
Nor stir, till bid by voice or hand.

Should yet more manly sports invite,  
And the field's rougher joys delight,  
There mark Sir Reynard from the brake  
His course with wily caution take;



Give the loud note in accent clear,  
To draw the straggling sportsmen near,  
Clattering attend the robber's heels,  
And shake the woods with thundering peals;  
Or from her form disturb the hare,  
Or rouse the stag from ferny lair.

Ye sportsmen, treat not with disdain  
The verse, nor deem 't a mawkish strain,  
'Tis not a fabled tale to tell—  
The noble stag, whose antlers swell  
In towering grace of sylvan pride  
Spreading his ample honours wide,  
Looks with disdainful eye around,  
Nor fears at first the babbling hound;  
But careful bred, and trained for chase,  
The steady pack pursue the race,  
Chorus the burst with deep-toned cry,  
Or silent breast the scent on high;  
Nor length of way, nor length of hours,  
Check their sure speed and instinct powers.

Through the long course impetuous run,  
From day's mid-hour to evening's sun;  
Rivers are crossed, and left behind,  
And cleared, each fence, like passing wind:



*Looks with disdainful eye around,  
Nor fears at first the bubbling hound.*

*London, Pub. Jan. 1. 1822 by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

Now over flinty hills they roam,  
Now clogged with clay, now mired with loam ;  
Now rashly pushed, some "gallant grey"  
Mars his bold rider on the way ;  
Throws o'er the sport a saddening gloom,  
Fate's vengeance for the stag's hard doom ;  
He who at matin hour with pride  
The whole assemblage had defied,  
Matched his fleet courser 'gainst the field,  
By his own act is doomed to yield :  
He, who his steed could praise, not spare,  
And urge him 'bove his strength to bear,  
With tyrant spur, brings death's keen dart,  
Palsies his limbs, and breaks his heart.

Meantime, the stag finds flight is vain,  
His feet can scarce his weight sustain ;  
His swollen tongue, and panting breath,  
Confess his state, and speak of death ;  
With nostrils broad, reverted ears,  
A moment stays, "listening his fears,"  
Now casts an anguished eye around,  
All is despair and hostile ground :  
No more his antlers brave the sky,  
No more his agile footsteps fly ;

No more will see his native plain,  
His former haunts—nor friends regain;  
They, like the world, are insincere,  
And coldly shun the hunted deer.

And now he tries some croft's high pale,  
He falls—the leap will not prevail;  
He hies him to the watery way,  
There strives to keep his foes at bay;  
Hope flies again—a flattering dream,  
He finds no safety in the stream,  
For now the leading hounds run in,  
And the field shouts the murderous din,  
The big round tears in torrents roll,  
And tell his agony of soul.

Thus the feigned Bears, that blaze on high  
In the arched forehead of the sky,  
Through JUNO's ever jealous hate  
Are doomed to meet an equal fate;  
Not the vast breadth of ocean's bound  
Will wrap their weary limbs around,  
And hide their forms—from age to age  
They're subject to fierce SYRIUS' rage.  
If saved the stag, the boon's no grace,  
Man views him not with pitying face,



R. Hills del.

J. Scott sculp.

*No more will see his native plain,  
His former haunts nor friends regain.*

London, Pub. Jan. 7, 1722, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.

He saves him for a future day,  
To waste more cruel hours away :  
Thus he deals forth death's doleful measure,  
Yet calls these sports, the sports of pleasure.  
" So vengeance ponders o'er new plans of pain,  
Staunches the blood she saves — to shed again."

The frogs, when hunted by the boys,  
Told, in true semblance, sportsmen's joys ;  
The boys, enamoured of their play,  
Swept a whole colony away,  
Reckless what mischief they were doing,  
Or that their sports effected ruin :  
And DIAN'S train, in search of pleasure,  
Follow the chase in thoughtless measure :  
The jocund chase so madly charms,  
No sportsman thinks his step alarms ;  
Whate'er the plains he hastens through,  
To keep the flying game in view,  
Mischief, nor fear, retards his flight,  
And every bound gives fresh delight.

But mischief follows at his heels,  
Like War's shod car, and sithed wheels.  
Broke are the fence's new made mound,  
And torn the quickset from the ground ;

Trampled lie fields of promised corn,  
And laughed, the culturer's care, to scorn:  
No more the farmer's grounds are trim,  
The morning's sports prove death to him;  
Through many a breach the cattle follow,  
And trespassers to give the holloa.

Or should the game, the foe to foil,  
Court in despair the garden soil,  
By eager hope of safety drawn,  
Fly for protection to the lawn,  
And in the shrubbery's sheltered way  
Seek their tired trembling limbs to lay,  
Some steady hound, with nostril true,  
Picks up the vapour in the dew,  
Gives tongue as he pursues the track,  
And calls his baffled comrades back;  
With answering note the vallies ring,  
Now rush the sportsmen on the wing,  
Hurrying they come, retrace their way,  
Nor time nor place their ardour stay,  
And in one hour of sport they spoil  
The produce of whole months of toil;  
Spurned is the ground on every side,  
And strewed the shrubbery's honours wide:

HIGHGROVE has known such luckless hour,  
And felt the huntsman's wreckful power ;  
And the bard grieves he must display  
Such conduct in his Social lay.

Sportsmen! reflect; the joys ye seek  
May deck with ruddy tint the cheek ;  
May fit ye for the noisy board,  
Where sits Misrule, a potent lord :  
But, when your highest pleasures spring  
From pain that ye to others bring,  
What real bliss? The transport past,  
Where is the soothing thought to last?

Here must the verse lamenting dwell,  
And a sad tale of sorrow tell ;  
Tell what dire chance the chase could rue,  
And ope grief's scroll to present view ;  
The dangers of past sports entwine,  
And damp with tears the Social line.

Fair rose the morn,—'t was DIAN's day,—  
But the sun set with gloomy sway,  
Dimmed with pale hue affection's smile,  
And threw a cloud o'er BRITAIN's isle ;  
For ALBION's hope, each good man's praise,  
Lay a stretched corse for funeral bays :



The fatal leap stopped life's best breath,  
And the field's sports proved RUSSEL'S death.

When Rome's high boast, her army's pride,  
GERMANICUS, had early died;  
And at BRUNDUSIUM, the way  
By which the afflictive journey lay,  
The urn that did his ashes close  
Pursued its course to claim repose:  
Through the long road the funeral bier  
Was bathed with AGRIPPINA'S tear.

When RUSSEL died, with grief opprest,  
His mournful widow sunk to rest:  
She breathed awhile life's feverish air,  
Then dropped a martyr to despair.  
Muse, with due reverence proclaim  
KEPPEL'S with AGRIPPINA'S name.

But turn we now from mournful fields,  
To talk of comforts HIGHGROVE yields.  
Though gathering clouds in skies may lower,  
And earth lie drenched with ceaseless shower,  
Winter may reign in sleet and hail,  
And storms and hurricanes prevail;  
Or summer suns, in fiercest ray,  
Send down intolerable day;

Debarred the chase, the ride, the walk,  
There still remains the cheerful talk.  
Though baffled in some favourite scheme,  
No loud lament nor idle dream  
Of fancied ills assume their sway,  
And gloom and restlessness display;  
Content, enthroned upon the mind,  
Owns that enjoyments wait behind:  
For he, who from observing, knows,  
Of life's dark tide, what ebbs and flows  
On man's uncertain prospects wait  
In this his sublunary state,  
What ills may rise, mishaps may fall,  
Seeks, from Reflection's friendly call,  
To hail the time and bless the hour  
That keeps one comfort in his power;  
Smiles at the fears the weak oppress,  
Nor finds a single blessing less.

Amusement flits about the room,  
To chase *ennui* and banish gloom;  
She haunts them in an hundred ways,  
And all her winning charms displays:  
Her face she decks with wreathed smiles,  
And gambols in a thousand wiles;

Presents the book, for knowledge pleading,  
Creates the laugh by lighter reading;  
Profit, with Pleasure in alliance,  
She joins, to bid dull Care defiance.

Should Chess allure, the board is spread,  
And intellectual contest fed;  
There planned the scheme, the warlike feat,  
The bold attack, or safe retreat;  
There marshalled, and with strength the same,  
The hostile forces for the game;  
But much is left for fear, for hope,  
And much for judgment's ample scope.

Great field for skill, on whose wide plain  
Heroes and heroines fight maintain;  
And there, as on the board of life,  
The greater strength the nobler strife:  
Pawns quit their ranks, proclaim their sway,  
Stout pioneers to clear the way;  
Succeeding pawns, with gallant stride,  
Follow, to urge the contest wide;  
Or stand inert, and in reserve,  
Compact and close, their strength preserve;  
Till heat of action raging wide,  
Whole ranks are mown on every side:



*H. Singleton pinxt*

*Anker Smith A.R.A. sculp.*

*Should Chess allure, the board is spread,  
And intellectual contest fed?*

*London, Pub. Jan. 7. 1822. by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

Knights their opposing knights appal ;  
Strong castles "topple to their fall :"  
Bishops, like warriors, fight or fly ;  
Monarchs are checked,—their consorts die.

So "our sixth Harry," reft of power,  
The sport of war's conflicting hour ;  
"Deserted at his utmost need,"  
Was left with anguished heart to bleed :  
His armies perished on the plain,  
And all their noble courage vain ;  
His knights dispersed, his bishops fled,  
No castles left to screen his head ;  
His consort driven from the land,  
To seek her fate on foreign strand :  
Exposed the feeble monarch lay,  
Without a friend to watch life's parting ray.

Though deeds are done of highest praise,  
No victor rudely claims the bays ;  
The generous mind will ne'er allow  
The taunt of triumph on the brow ;  
But, with a meek and mild display,  
Conquers for fame, not tyrant sway :  
But should the dice in boxes rattle,  
The gammon tells of noisy battle :

And each succeeding game will show,  
As Fate resigns to Chance the throw,  
We must submit, and patient bear  
What adverse fortune waits us there;  
Rejoicing, should Backgammon's claim  
Bring the full honours of the game.

Fain would the bard, in cheerful part,  
Of Billiards speak the graceful art;  
But ignorance can ne'er advise  
The certain way to gain the prize;  
Nor paint in form the cunning way  
To strike the ball in skilful play:  
Unapt his hand, unlearned his eye,  
To make the polished ivory fly,  
And reach the goal successfully;  
The bard can only plead its power  
To animate an idle hour;  
He cannot throw a suited grace,  
To mark the merits of the race;  
To cushion with the nicest care,  
And place the adverse ivory there;  
To carrom with unerring bound,  
And force the foe the green plat round:  
Or with a gentle kiss enthrall,  
Or in the pocket drop the ball.

On abler heads and abler hands  
The game should lay its high commands :  
The bard but faintly speaks its praise ;  
Hints at its boasts, then drops the lays.

Nor such alone the mind employ ;  
Confined to these the source of joy :  
For, as in Latium's earliest time,  
When she was yet in healthful prime,  
Ere rank corruption's giant tide  
Poured its destructive torrent wide ;  
Then did each Roman dame display,  
With love's chaste smile and nuptial sway,  
That she possessed the skill and art  
To gain and keep her lover's heart.  
Who to herself had proved a scorn ; —  
Did not her taste his robes adorn ?  
Did she not show, through wedded life,  
The prudent and attentive wife ?

Thus, too, in Britain — matchless home —  
Far more renowned than Greece or Rome,  
For moral worth and female beauty,  
There still prevails a sense of duty.  
Though dissipation claims the hour,  
In sceptered rule of sovereign power,

Yet there are those whose thoughtful mind,  
To various suited deeds inclined,  
Will anxious take becoming part  
In many an useful toil and art,  
Bidding their pliant fingers move  
In tasks MINERVA might approve ;  
Whether to deck their forms with grace,  
Enrich the veil that screens the face ;  
Or, with a mother's sacred name,  
Attentive to her children's claim,  
Allow to pass no idle hour,  
But blend ARACHNE'S skill and power ;  
On some loved task intently fix,  
As they in cheerful converse mix ;  
Giving to future hours the prize  
Their taste and industry supplies.  
Some make the arts their studious cares  
In the rich livery Nature wears :  
Place her green fields and azure sky,  
Imprinted to the wondering eye ;  
Or, with a classic taste, express  
The shape and hue of loveliness.  
Others, their ready pens exciting,  
Employ the passing hour in writing ;



Exert, with all-commanding ease,  
Their ready talent, bent to please :  
That lively gift, in pleasing flow,  
Which bids the distant bosom glow ;  
The absent heart with joy illumes,  
And crowns their brow with honour's plumes.  
Man to the sex must yield the bays,  
In this their strength, and speak their praise ;  
He, their instructor in the art,  
Must own they bear superior part ;  
Confess they show more gifted mind,  
And leave the teacher far behind.

To pluck the weeds from round life's root,  
With parent toil and kind pursuit,  
Guide the young stem with thoughtful care,  
And bring the strengthening wood to bear ;  
Rear the loved sapling from the ground,  
Till its broad branches spread around ;  
Yield choicest gifts for Social use,  
And virtue's golden fruits produce :  
This the great end of moral strife,  
The noblest act of nuptial life.

True happiness on wedlock tends,  
When parents prove their children's friends ;

Show them due confidence, and gain  
That love which may through life remain ;  
Not rule with harsh parental awe,  
But guide them right, by mildness' law.  
O! 'tis a pleasure and a pride,  
To see the guided love their guide ;  
To see round parent stems entwine  
(No parasite) the filial bine ;  
Seek first protection from its arm,  
Then shield the aged trunk from harm ;  
Yield it support as years pass by,  
Increasing still the strengthening tie,  
And, by attentive deeds, return  
The kindness to life's early morn.

Such have full power and potent sway,  
In the sweet order of the day :  
And Britain's all-accomplished fair,  
No less for beauty famed than care,  
Whatever pleasures they pursue,  
Will keep these duties still in view.

And, Muse, forget not to relate  
The nuncheon came, in suited state ;  
The busy knife and fork employed,  
To hold in check the craving void,



*Where toilets, for appropriate use,  
Life's best embellishments produce:*

*London: Pub. Jan. 1. 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

And keep the appetite in stay,  
But not take hunger's claims away.  
It should not, with o'erwhelming power,  
Mar the just rights of dinner hour;  
But let Discretion's voice proclaim,  
'Tis meant to cheer the sinking frame:  
Like BANQUO'S issue, play its part,  
"Come at the call, and quick depart."

In this blithe round of varying pleasure  
The minutes pass in rapid measure,  
Till Time's swift finger bids prepare  
For other scenes and different care.  
Now all to separate rooms retire,  
To kindle fresh love's Social fire;  
Where toilets, for appropriate use,  
Life's best embellishments produce:  
As each returns, good sense the plan,  
No coxcomb mars the gentleman;  
No tricked out beau, with vile perfumes,  
Fills, with annoying scent, the rooms.  
No garments huddled on in haste,  
Evince a negligence of taste;  
And not a female cheek, but glows  
More lovely from the native rose;

Speaks Nature's gifts, and reassumes,  
Refreshed, every grace that blooms,  
That beauty blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own pencil brings to light.

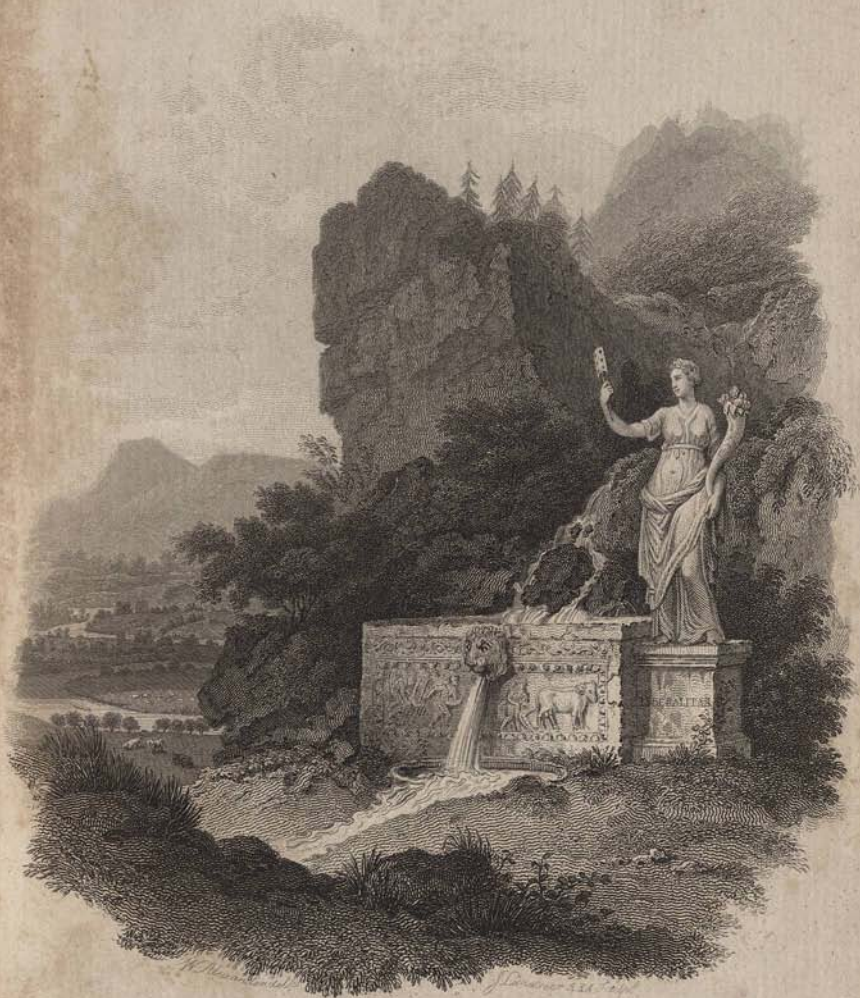
'Twas VENUS, lost to virtue's charms,  
That drove stern VULCAN from her arms;  
Grim monarch of the stithy throne,  
He left her when she dropt the zone:  
Nor shall, in this degenerate hour,  
When Fashion rules with baneful power,  
The half-draped female gain applause,  
By losing sight of moral laws;  
Who, with too prodigal display,  
Unmasks her person to the day:  
But when the garb of Grecian fold  
Circles the form of graceful mould;  
And just attention paid to dress  
The decencies of mind express;  
Face, figure, movement, will impart  
Love's best sensations to the heart;  
And sister, daughter, niece, or wife,  
Charm by the chaste regards of life.

“ Then Decency, celestial maid!  
Descend from heaven, to Beauty's aid;

Though Beauty may create desire,  
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire ;  
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,  
Is best supported by opinion :  
If Decency brings no supplies,  
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies."

To SWIFT the world's best thanks are due,  
Who gave those moral lines to view—  
The Social bard, with due applause,  
Transplants them to support his cause ;  
Proud if the verse should arm one page  
With shield to screen from critic rage ;  
Cast in that form, with happiest art,  
That can innocuous turn Wit's dart ;  
And rich, like GLAUCUS' arms, unfold  
Beauty and strength in purest gold.—  
Leaving the ladies thus to dress,  
And give them time—dear Muse digress.

# Canto the Third



*He did not stop the streams strong flow  
That cheered the thirsty mead below.*

*Vide page lines 23 & 24.*

*London, Published Jan'y 1762. by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

*Pl. 17*

CANTO THE THIRD.



## ARGUMENT.

Man's happiness contemplated; how little establishes it; the use of riches; their abuse.—The duties of an author.—The character of ORLANDO; his regularity, care, benevolence, devotion, liberality to servants, tenants, and the poor.—The cottager's daughter, and deserted boy protected and educated.—ORLANDO loses his wife; his manly grief; remains a widower.—MARGARET, the faithful housekeeper; her conduct to HENRY and JANE, her master's *protégés*.—Humanity to animals.—The story of ARGUS adverted to.—PENELOPE censured.—Chère, the faithful spaniel; its attachment to its mistress; watches her grave.—Chère dies.—ORLANDO's grief renewed.—His conduct, as possessor of manors, friend, neighbour, companion, magistrate.—His reverence for the church.—Reflections on patronage.—The good clergyman.—The comforts of ORLANDO's mansion; its hospitalities; his descriptive portrait of his wife; continued grief for her loss.—Attention to children.—Sense of morality.—Loses a friend.—Becomes guardian to his son.—His ward's love of dissipation.—Marries.—Visits ORLANDO.—The ill conduct of his servants.—MARGARET alarmed.—The visit terminates.—Happiness restored.—HENRY and JANE united; ORLANDO gives the bride away; settles them in life; continued kindness to them.—Breathes his last.—General regret.—Testimony of respect paid at his funeral.—His tomb decked with flowers.—Necessity of making well-considered wills.—ORLANDO's example.—The blessings of a good name.—The means of obtaining it in man's own power.—Reflections on death.—Just respect to the owner of HIGHGROVE.—Apostrophe to the Muse.

# THE SOCIAL DAY.

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## Canto the Third.

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WHERE shall more happiness be found  
When we survey life's chequered round,  
Than in the man, estranged from pride,  
Who in a nut-shell can reside ;  
And from ambition's fever free,  
In meek and calm serenity,  
Will count himself, through Heaven's kind grace,  
A monarch of unbounded space ;  
Who envies not the rich and great  
The mine of wealth, or chair of state ;  
And from a full, yet frugal store,  
Spreads the neat board, and seeks no more ;  
Nor apes the great man's bill of fare,  
When true friends meet the feast to share ?

The purest bliss which man can find,  
Is such right bias of the mind,

Which can contented turn to home,  
When wealth's high towers invite to roam;  
To dear, dear home, which calls to share  
The comforts that await him there;  
The smile which friendship joys to trace,  
That heavenly charm of Social grace!  
The mutual thought, the endearing tie,  
In all its sweet variety:

“ The little shell the sacred salt to hold,  
And clothes, tho' coarse, to keep him from the cold,  
Can prove how great the virtue and the art  
To live on little with a thankful heart;  
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,  
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals.”

The bard unused to fashion's ways,  
And breathe with ostentation's blaze;  
Where age forgets its furrowed face,  
And mimics youth with palsied pace;  
Where cheeks are flushed with borrowed bloom,  
And smiles affection's mien assume;  
Smiles that o'er Protean features play,  
Meteors that rise to fade away:  
Not such arrest th' ingenuous heart,  
Nor can a moment's joy impart,

True Social bliss is only found  
Where love and friendship spread around,  
And innocence and worth abide,  
And all the charities reside.

Yet, if the all-directing Power  
Pours in full stream the golden shower;  
If no vain thoughts imperious start,  
And urge us to ignoble part;  
If man will own himself but dust,  
Nor on his riches place his trust;  
The talent hold for general use,  
Nor will the fleeting prize abuse;  
Then gold's a gem may sparkling play,  
And light him through earth's devious way:  
The path may then prove plain and straight,  
To lead him to Heaven's sacred gate;  
Nor, like the camel, shall he try  
Vain passage through the needle's eye.  
Let us illustrate what we write,  
And show that wealth can keep man right.

Poets, like orators, should strive  
To keep their readers' minds alive;  
Arrange their thoughts in order due,  
And bring affecting scenes to view.

Such is the bard's most anxious aim,  
And such his path pursued for fame :  
But should he, journeying on his road,  
Founder from too great weight of load,  
Each faltering line, in well-meant measure,  
Must plead excuse that aims at pleasure.

Blest with more means than Heaven bestows  
In common on a world of woes,  
ORLANDO lived ! beloved, admired,  
Had all life's amplest claims required ;  
And from his wealth—he freely gave  
What from the rich the poor might crave.

His garden, park, his farm, his grounds,  
Felt his feet press in daily rounds :  
There every thing was taught to thrive ;  
The master's eye kept all alive ;  
Improved the soil through prudent thought,  
Flooded the meads in time of drought,  
In pastures rich his oxen fattened,  
His fleecy flocks 'midst wild thyme battended.

His house displayed the nicest care,  
For HIGHGROVE'S neatness triumphed there ;  
And every servant's smiling face  
Showed how he lived, how liked his place.

His rules were strict, yet mild the laws;  
They gained, as they deserved, applause;  
And made domestic labour light,  
And comfort's wheels run smoothly right.

Should man to menial life agree,  
He then restricts his liberty;  
But when he parts with freedom's voice,  
Necessity compels the choice.  
This good ORLANDO knew and felt;  
And kindness in his bosom dwelt.  
His servants had their hours of leisure,  
But bound to plans of sober measure;  
And Whitsuntide and Christmas' fall  
Brought them their annual feast and ball.  
No inmate ever knew neglect,  
The master's conduct taught respect.  
Kind, unsuspecting, good, and just,  
He on their separate acts could trust:  
They on his rules would strict attend,  
And owned their master in a friend.

The tenants throve upon their farms;  
No quarter-day produced alarms:  
Pleased he beheld the home-stead crowned  
With produce of well-cultured ground:

The corn, the clover, beans and hay,  
In close, compact, and neat array:  
Their cattle strong, through strengthening fare,  
Their dwellings in complete repair;  
And not a fence, a barn, or stile,  
But proved the tenant lived to smile

Yet if, perchance, (for times may change,  
And mischief's wings extensive range,)  
If the blight flew, the murrain came,  
Or loss from cloud-directed flame,  
He gave prompt aid in time of need,  
And made the lease—a Christian deed.

So 'twas his equal pride and praise  
The cottage happiness to raise;  
In all its welfare take a share,  
And watch it with parental care;  
Shed joy's pure balm, and round him throw  
The ray of beneficial glow.

To all the industrious, labouring poor,  
He oped his ever liberal door;  
Their wants, when known, he would relieve,  
And cheer their hearts when doomed to grieve;  
Their interests and their good promote,  
Their virtues praise, their vices note;

Bade them GOD's sacred word revere,  
And duly at the church appear.  
No bigot—but with holy zeal,  
He sought their true and lasting weal;  
“And called, without affecting airs,  
His household regular to prayers.”

If chance his servants left their place,  
They seldom parted in disgrace.  
The vacant office, in supply,  
Relieved some burdened family.  
None could by flattery circumvent,  
All rose by regular ascent;  
Save when misconduct might avert  
The promised meed of due desert.  
Death only, or the marriage state,  
Led them to quit the mansion gate;  
And when they wedded, or they died,  
He sent the hearse, or feast supplied;  
Mourned e'en himself the funeral day,  
Or gave the blushing bride away.

For a poor family's repose,  
He took their JANE, a drooping rose;  
Eased her o'erburdened parents' load,  
And placed her in his own abode;



Made her his housekeeper's *élève*,  
And saved her from an early grave:  
Through kindness, care, and bounty bland,  
Stole the sweet flower from Death's cold hand.  
Nor this alone; when set the sun,  
The air all still, field labour done,  
As sauntering in his usual mode,  
Alone in solitary road;  
(For, free from pageantry and pride,  
He chose without a groom to ride,  
Unless from home he meant to stay,  
And pass a night or two away;  
On business would his journey bend,  
Or pay a visit to some friend;)   
As he his own domain came nigh,  
His favourite mare passed snorting by;  
For there some object to her sight  
Quickened her step, and told of fright.

ORLANDO rode with skilful hand,  
And, even temper at command,  
Her speed he checked with gentle rein,  
Not spurred her into fear again,  
And turning back, in sleep profound,  
Beheld a babe upon the ground.

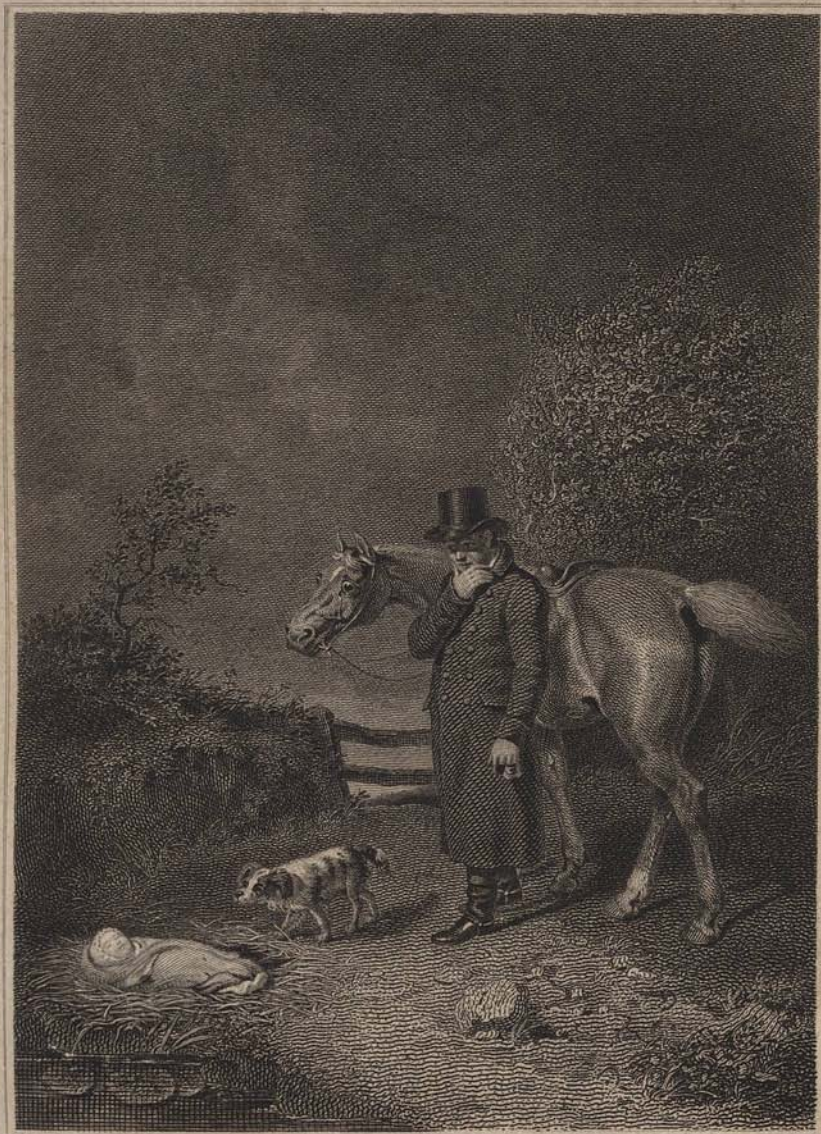
He stopped with tenderness to view,  
Nor longer could his path pursue;  
He looked, but saw no parent near;  
Listening, no voice was heard to cheer.  
Night's threatening clouds came rolling on,  
And they that dropped the child were gone.

Shame on the wretch, whose guilty heart  
Thus from an infant babe could part!  
More savage than the tiger wild,  
To leave exposed a helpless child!

But charity can do no less,  
Than to imagine, through distress,  
That some poor injured simple maid,  
(By man's designing art's betrayed;  
Who on her days entailed the curse,  
Ere made a wife, to be a nurse;)   
Had placed it in ORLANDO'S way,  
That he might thence the child convey;  
And save her from the world's hard blame,  
And the deep blush of endless shame;  
The care with which the child was dressed,  
A mother's yeaning heart expressed;  
And when she knew the deed was done,  
How must her tears have rapturous run!

Dismounting at a neighbouring stile,  
He paused, to reason for a while:  
At first a prudent conflict rose,  
Whether the law should interpose.  
To parish-house he paid full share,  
And knew that he could place it there,  
As magistrate command due care.  
But he soon found his mind enlarge,  
Willing to take the Heaven-sent charge;  
Reckless if Slander's cynic tone  
Should deem the foundling was his own;  
Heaven would, he knew, approve a deed  
Of mercy shown to one in need.

Not long he mused; approaching nigh,  
With outstretched arms, and lifted high,  
The infant waked, and on its face  
Beamed innocence in dimpled grace:  
Its little pleading lips the while  
Were curled into a playful smile;  
Its rosy cheek, and glistening eye,  
Clear as the early eastern sky,  
Attracted irresistibly,  
And could impressively impart  
Life's best affections to the heart.



A. Cooper R.A. pinx.

J. Scott sculp.

*Dismounting at a neighbouring stile.  
He paused to reason for a while.*

*London: Pub. Jan. 1782 by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

Placing his hand beneath its head,  
He raised it from its dangerous bed ;  
From the dire ills it might sustain,  
If it were suffered to remain  
Mid the cold dews of night's dark reign ;  
Or left to be the sport or prey,  
Should stoat or weazel cross the way ;  
Or felon hawk, with famished cry,  
Rush for its morning's feast from high ;  
Pressed it with feeling to his breast,  
Kissed it, to lull its fears to rest ;  
And wrapt it in its mantle warm,  
To screen it from all chance of harm ;  
And brought it safe, with anxious care,  
The blessings of his home to share.

So PHARAOH'S daughter, at the Nile,  
Saw MOSES 'mid the rushes smile ;  
*There* nature spoke a mother's part,  
Congenial to the female heart ;  
*Here* she maintained a different plea,  
And urged thy tale, Humanity !—  
When to the font the infant came,  
The cross was signed with HENRY'S name.

ORLANDO had in early age  
Unrolled life's book at misery's page,

His ELLEN died; the mother's womb  
Became the promised infant's tomb;  
Death came, and ruthless snatched away  
Parent and child in one sad day;  
Nor left a pledge that could proclaim  
The honour of a father's name.  
To Heaven he bowed, and prayed for power  
To struggle with affliction's hour.  
Heaven heard his prayer—the loss he bore,  
And lived her absence to deplore;  
But to deplore with manly part,  
And shrine her image in his heart.

He did not clamorous weep and moan,  
When he first found himself alone:  
Though ELLEN'S voice was sunk and gone,  
Which made his hours run joyous on;  
Closed were those eyes, that could beguile,  
And teach the cloudiest day to smile;  
He kept her portrait in its place,  
To rest there with continued grace  
The pride of his peculiar room,  
Not fearful of a future gloom:  
Nor shunned affectedly the ground  
Where they had walked enraptured round;

Where, hand in hand, they frequent passed,  
And talked of joys not doomed to last.  
He did not bear to public show  
“ The trappings and the suits of wo;”—  
But when no prying eye could see,  
Indulged his grief in secrecy.  
He did not in her praise recite  
Effusions of poetic flight;  
The mournful monody pursue  
To bring her virtues into view;  
Nor spread memorials of his grief  
To state he ne'er should know relief,  
But endlessly her loss deplore  
Without a ray of comfort more:  
Such as *distracted widowers* give,  
Then prove how short their sorrows live:  
All that he bade the tomb record  
Was written in one plaintive word:  
That word was ELLEN!—which would bring  
Vibration to affection's string.  
Nor did he chide the *year's* delay,  
Till he could give himself away;  
And hasten, in another's arms,  
To lose remembrance of her charms;

Nay more, his strong regard was tried—  
He never sought another bride!  
On MARGARET'S hands, a matron staid,  
His whole domestic cares were laid:  
Who long pursued, with studious thought,  
The duties that her station brought;  
And now, attentive to his will,  
Was prompt a mother's place to fill.

Muse! pass the time of early hour,  
When life was fresh, a budding flower;  
And haste, each favoured plant to show  
Advanced in strength, the flower in blow.  
HENRY in ruddy features throve,  
That spoke of MARGARET'S care and love;  
JANE beamed a gem of perfect beauty,  
A sylph in form, a saint in duty;  
(The neighbours called her Little Fairy,  
The elfin guardian of the dairy;)  
She had that building in her care,  
Enriched with ancient glass and rare;  
Which the loved ELLEN'S fond design,  
Planned from strict rules of Gothic line,  
(Embosomed in the midst of trees,  
That sheltered from each sultry breeze,)



The marble shelves there given to show,  
Mantled with cream in spacious row,  
China's best art in gorgeous glow;  
And in a channel on the ground,  
The limpid stream that murmured round,  
Pursued its course with useful power,  
To moist the thirsty plant and flower;  
Mingling with orange-stems, where grew  
Blossoms and fruit of golden hue:  
And culture's care had taught to twine  
The sweetbriar, rose, and eglantine.

This was ORLANDO's chief delight,  
Though painful visions struck his sight;  
For ELLEN's taste, in every part,  
Brought constant sorrow to his heart.  
No pilgrim dropped, at sacred shrine,  
A purer tear to Power divine,  
Than was that flow of constant grief,  
Which gave his troubled frame relief,  
When to his view was daily brought  
The scenes his ELLEN's hand had wrought.

JANE, as she stood respectful by,  
Saw with concern his tear fraught-eye;  
Her tender bosom throbbed with pain,  
To find her master's grief remain,

To see him strive to hide the tear  
That burst its bounds in grief severe.

Think not, ye vain! the heath's wild flower  
Is less the care of Heaven's high power  
Than the bright lily or the rose,  
That in wealth's *parterre* vaunting blows:  
The Muse remarks, with conscious pride,  
The gifts of Heaven are scattered wide;  
And gives to humble worth its due,  
When sense and feeling spring to view.

ORLANDO could not but be kind  
To one of such a gentle mind;  
And HENRY,—the protected boy,—  
Loved JANE with more than brother's joy;  
And as years rolled, when strength and grace  
Spoke through his frame and bloomed his face,  
MARGARET perceived in JANE's dark eye  
Joy sparkle as the youth came nigh.

HENRY had learned the farmer's art,  
And to pursue the steward's part;  
JANE had been taught to knit and sew,  
And every household art to know:  
Had, to her daily care consigned,  
The welfare of the feathery kind;

She had been trained with care to write,  
And cast accounts alertly right :  
And when their daily meals came round,  
In turn they gave the thanks profound ;  
Bade constantly to send above,  
Their reverence, gratitude, and love.

MARGARET, though thrifty—and would save—  
From her small wealth yet freely gave :  
She had an income of her own,  
By prudent care still ampler grown ;  
And she looked forward to the hour  
When JANE should feel her friendly power ;  
And HENRY—for a life approved—  
Should reap reward in her he loved.  
Their master's heart she knew was warm ;  
He had reserved a favourite farm ;  
And had rebuilt the house with care,  
Meaning to place *her children* there.  
The story of their love was told—  
In early years it 'gan unfold,  
Though both had struggled to conceal ;  
Yet sighs will speak, and looks reveal.

MARGARET had held a prudent sway,  
Nor once permitted boisterous play ;

Oft had she marked the sad effect  
Which sprang from want of self respect ;  
When rude familiar sport is shown,  
Then self regard's but little known ;  
Away true delicacy flies,  
And guardian angels seek the skies.  
MARGARET, with all a mother's pride,  
Taught JANE to prove a worthy bride ;  
Constant performed a parent's part,  
And both clung closely to her heart.  
With equal love they early showed  
Right feelings in their bosom glowed ;  
And good ORLANDO joyed to see  
Such proofs of virtuous amity.

ORLANDO'S acts were not confined  
By limits of a partial mind ;  
All claimed his half-parental care,  
And reaped reward in suited share.  
No steeds were sold in life's late day,  
To work declining strength away ;  
Doomed their lost comforts to deplore,  
And hear their master's voice no more ;  
'Ere vigour gone, or beauty past,  
He freed them, to breathe out their last.



W.R. Bigg R.A. & G. Garrard A.R.A. pinx.

J. Scott sculp.

*'Ere vigour gone, or beauty past,  
He feed them, to breathe out their last.*

They had dominion o'er his grounds,  
To range at ease his park's wide bounds:  
He gave, nor could his heart do less,  
Whate'er their waning hours could bless;  
For when December's breath was cold,  
He placed them in the sheltering fold;  
There screened them from inclement day,  
Heaped their cribs high with choicest hay;  
And through bleak seasons, night and morn,  
Denied them not the heartening corn.

No dogs, companions of the chase,  
Or such the mansion-parlour grace;  
(Not snappish curs, whose ceaseless noise  
Deprive the house of tranquil joys;  
Who at the heels of every guest  
Become a rude and clamorous pest;  
For such could never claim his care,  
And meet a kind reception there:)  
With tainted offals foully fed,  
Were left to find a sordid bed;  
Left like aged ARGUS, and to prove  
The want of a kind master's love.

Ill treated ARGUS! 'twas thy fate  
To moan before ULYSSES' gate:

Hard was thy sufferings to sustain,  
To pine in sorrow, and complain  
That thou possessed no friendly part,  
No corner in thy mistress' heart,  
To soothe the rigour of thy doom,  
And cheer thee in life's fading gloom.  
She, for ten years, who mourned her lord,  
Gave thee no kind endearing word ;  
Nay, twice ten years the setting sun  
Saw not one generous action done ;  
The favourite of life's prosperous days,  
Driven from her sight, neglected strays.  
Though HOMER's sacred strains rehearse  
PENELOPE's high praise in verse,  
The Social bard is not so kind,  
He blames her for her thoughtless mind.

To memory just affection true,  
ARGUS his long lost master knew,  
Strove with full heart his steps to greet,  
And kissed with joy his welcome feet :  
In vain he strove, his longing eyes  
But viewed his lord, and viewing dies.  
Midst his own griefs, ULYSSES' heart  
Felt sympathy's strong impulse start ;

The tear unbidden gently stole,  
That spoke the mighty warrior's soul;  
The struggling conflict spread a grace  
That glistened on his way-worn face,  
Spread unperceived—the tear he dried,  
And bent his steps with thoughtful stride.  
Thus HOMER tells the feeling tale,  
Wide wafted on verse' noblest gale;  
Speaks with just sense in due regard,  
And owns that love should meet reward:  
E'en in the bestial tribe has claim,  
And gives to ARGUS suited fame.

Thus, too, when OSMOND on his road,  
In early years, sought Rome's abode,  
Who left parental smiles and home,  
O'er foreign realms at large to roam;  
To view their customs, reliques, laws,  
And mark whatever claimed applause;  
But to return, with conscious pride  
He spread BRITANNIA'S glories wide;  
Leaving an envied name behind,  
From true nobility of mind:  
Sure presage, that through life would spread  
Virtue's bright chaplet round his head.



Ere he had reached the Appian way,  
Where mouldering fanes and temples lay,  
Emblem of life's decaying hours ;  
Fate's messenger, with ruthless powers,  
Struck at his spaniel Death's keen dart,  
And oped a passage to his heart.  
But ere resigned his parting breath,  
Submissive to the call of death ;  
Ere could the film his eye-balls close,  
That veiled their lustre in repose ;  
With love and fond regard impressed,  
That spoke instinctive in the breast,  
From slumbers sweet as calm he lay,  
(While the swift chariot urged its way,)  
He rose and kissed his master's hand,  
Staggered, and sought Fate's gloomy strand.  
OSMOND the generous tear let fall,  
Fast trickling at affection's call ;  
Virtue and feeling are allied,  
And his lord grieved when ROVER died ;  
Grieved, like ULYSSES, they should part,  
With the same gentleness of heart.

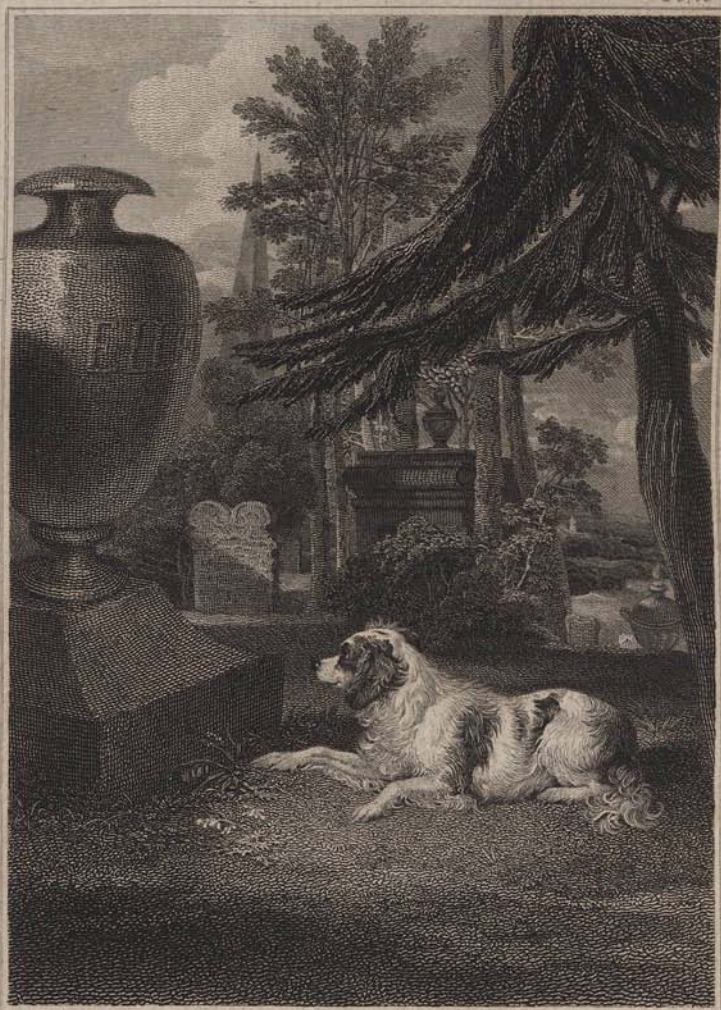
Reader! the extraneous lines forgive,  
You've read them through, then let them live

Still mingling with ORLANDO'S tale,  
Whose kindness ever would prevail:  
To the same feeling plan inclined,  
Which ANDREW MARVEL bore in mind,  
Who kept in view "Heaven's gracious King,  
Had register of every thing,  
That nothing should we use in vain,  
E'en beasts, should be with justice slain."  
That man he deemed should never thrive,  
Who'd flay an animal alive;  
Nor he, the basest of the base,  
Who'd drive his steed to death to win the race.

ORLANDO watched, with anxious care,  
One little favourite spaniel — CHÈRE!  
Such as VANDYCK, to nature true,  
With magic pencil brought to view;  
Such as he stamped with finished grace,  
Portrayed amid CHARLES' royal race.  
Unhappy CHARLES! thy cultured mind  
But urged the fate thy foes designed;  
Sovereign in taste as well as power,  
Whose smiles gave Arts their brightest hour.

CHÈRE was ORLANDO'S gift, that morn  
When ELLEN'S vows to Heaven were borne:

And Hymen's torch, of purest fire,  
Bade incense' brightest flame aspire.  
She called her CHÈRE—no name designed,  
It sprang spontaneous in her mind;—  
She prized her for the giver's sake,  
To her attentions was awake:  
Nor, like PENELOPE, could show  
The coldness of a heart of snow:  
And CHÈRE her kindness would repay,  
By constant love and winning way.  
Mid many a deep oppressive sigh,  
CHÈRE watchful stood ORLANDO nigh;  
Or with a light and frolic bound,  
Followed his horse in daily round:  
Faithful, was ever in his sight,  
And slept beside his couch at night.  
At length, when ELLEN'S favourite died,  
Then rose again grief's rapid tide;  
Brought back to view, that hour of gloom,  
She would not quit her mistress' room:  
But when arrived the mournful day,  
Which showed the length'ning funeral's way;  
When friend with friend increased the train,  
That blackened all the village plain;



J. Ward. R.A. pinx.

J. Scott sculp.

*She staid from home, there vigils kept;  
And could she weep, there Chère had wept.*

*London, Published Jan'y 1782, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

When to the grave was ELLEN borne,  
CHÈRE at the tomb remained forlorn;  
She stole from home, there vigils kept;  
And, could she weep, there CHÈRE had wept.  
Remembrance could not but impart  
Fresh sorrow to ORLANDO'S heart.

ORLANDO, with his large domains,  
Possessed great rights; the proud remains  
Of feudal times, in that dread hour  
When the FIRST WILLIAM marked his power;  
Who, to support his crown and cause,  
Brought Norman armies, knights, and laws;  
Tore from the British race their lands,  
A seisin to his tyrant hands.  
Doomed them, from dire necessity,  
To hold their lands again in fee:  
And suite and service to perform,  
Or lose them in the o'erwhelming storm.

These lands, 'till then, their own, and free,  
Remained no more at liberty;  
Free to descend, or to estrange,  
'Till fines and heriots stamped their change:  
The conqueror passed them by his sword,  
As feoffs of a superior lord.

Through ancestry of high renown,  
In a famed lineage handed down,  
ORLANDO held such rights, that came  
Descending with a father's name :  
Those rights he liberal bade prevail,  
With lenient hand and favouring scale.  
“ The soil no wringing despot saw,  
No avarice shown in form of law.”  
He never, with oppressive force,  
Allowed his claims to shape full course ;  
Drawing a long and tightened line,  
To take a large and grasping fine :  
+ Nor with a harsh, unfeeling power,  
Once pressed upon affliction's hour ;  
Nor ever, when unburied lay  
The owner's corse, drove “ the best beast ” away.  
He warned no sportsman from his land,  
With threatenings of the law's strong hand ;  
Nor by the river's cheerful way,  
Deprived the angler of his prey,  
Proud could his royalties invite,  
He loved to authorize delight ;  
For this each yeoman with acclaim,  
Spoke with high reverence his name :

For this, respectful, (as was due)  
No sportsman braved his mansion's view;  
For this, as kindness should deserve,  
Sacred was held each known preserve,  
Where every bird on turf or spray,  
An EDEN found in tranquil day,  
And timid hares could frolic round,  
Untouched by man, unchased by hound.  
He never sunk his pride of name  
By making profit of his game;  
And bartered, for mean selfish ends,  
The welcome present due to friends:  
But poachers he would never spare,  
Fit objects for the law's strict care;  
Who, shunning labour's honest strife,  
Preferred the dissipated life.

He saw, and 'twas with true concern,  
What anger in the breast would burn;  
How high the temper would inflame,  
In those tenacious of their game:  
What bickerings and what quarrels rose,  
When tyrant man would interpose;  
And with a rude and lordly sway,  
Chase the intruder's steps away.

That families were kept apart  
By feuds that sprang from sportsmen's art;  
A partridge, hare, or pheasant slain,  
Would sever friendship's links in twain;  
Call up the furies in the breast,  
Whence law and contest knew no rest.  
ORLANDO's breast, instead, would glow,  
When worldly good from wealth could flow;  
For man should ever thoughtful live,  
And with his means delight to give:  
But it would beat with livelier power,  
When it could higher blessings shower;  
And constant tend, in pious sway,  
To point to realms of heavenly day:  
His heart and ever zealous mind,  
Sought the first weal of human kind.

The law decisive has exprest,  
Setting disputed points at rest,  
That no learned clerk, by means of gold,  
Can have possession of the fold,  
Formed to protect that flock from harm  
The Saviour gathered in his arm;  
Taking the self-appointed station,  
By means of purchased presentation;



Till, by a debt of nature paid,  
The legal entrance has been made ;  
'Tis then he may demand possession,  
As heir immediate in succession ;  
Claiming thenceforward, as his due,  
Rectorial tithe, and right of pew.  
No act collusive can avail,  
No resignation bonds prevail ;  
Justice, correct, ne'er takes upon her  
To blend her rights with those of honour.

'Tis said, " that lawyers can with ease  
Twist words and meanings as they please ;  
That language, by their skill made pliant,  
Will bend to favour every client ;  
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,  
To make out either side's pretence."  
Each law should be a standard measure,  
Not shaped at will, or changed at pleasure ;  
But fixed the assize, and public shown,  
And then our equal rights are known :  
And yet the courts, in blinking time,  
Turn casuists, to meet the crime.  
Thus, 'tis no crime the cures to buy  
Before the aged incumbents die ;

Though trembling on the verge of death,  
They scarce can draw their fleeting breath:  
But if the vital spark be gone,  
One instant fled, the crime is done;  
Betwixt life's flame and its extinction  
The law assumes that nice distinction.

ORLANDO deemed this course a shame,  
And laid it to the Senate's blame,  
That no restraining laws were planned  
To sweep such traffic from the land:  
And when the church demesnes were sold,  
(The priesthood tithes exchanged for gold);  
And to his troubled mind was brought,  
That cures were prized with worldly thought;  
That gain and pleasure had the place  
Of a just sense of Christian grace,  
That joys the pastor sought to share  
Could stifle the due sense of prayer:  
Deep was his sorrow when he heard  
The church's rights to such transferred.

Still was he ever prompt to show,  
And bid the discontented know,  
Though spite of every anxious care,  
To bring the golden ear to bear,

Poppies will root upon the plain,  
And mingle with nutritious grain;  
'Tis not the farmer's fault they rise  
In flaunting pride to meet the eyes;  
Nor that the adverse winds will bring  
The hungry thistle on the wing.  
Nor should the clergy stand condemned,  
From the false few whose acts offend;  
Those whom some patron's want of care  
Incautiously had planted there:  
Unlike the Heaven-inducting key,  
That gave the apostle ministry;  
Who, when intruded on the fold,  
And can a legal right uphold;  
Regardless of their sacred charge,  
Allow their flock to roam at large;  
Leaving the wandering sheep unfed,  
Suffering the doctrine wide to spread,  
That *Solifidian* life can plead  
To Heaven without the moral deed.  
But can true *Christian* faith be shown,  
If man will charity disown;  
Laying the precept on the shelf,  
To love his neighbour as himself?

The hierarchy, he viewed with pride,  
Called active virtue to preside;  
And such, would cavillers look round,  
In every diocese abound;  
There labouring with attentive zeal,  
For human good and heavenly weal.

ORLANDO deemed each cure a trust,  
Formed for the pious by the just.  
He reasoned sensibly and mild —  
If 'tis man's duty to his child  
To choose, and with discerning care,  
The tutor should instruct his heir;  
Enlarge his knowledge, and expand  
And ope to sight lore's classic land;  
Is it not then, he fain would ask,  
The patron's more important task  
To seek, nor think of mammon's leaven,  
The guide should show the way to Heaven.  
The lowly Saviour, kind and meek,  
Was urged in angry words to speak,  
When driving from the house of GOD  
The money-changers with the rod.

ORLANDO'S cures were given to those  
Who could the purest aims disclose;

He never paused, intent to scan  
Whether the tithes would suit the man;  
His aim was to adorn the place,  
And give the pulpit sacred grace:  
He passed a near relation by,  
To seat the humble curate high,  
Who never ran, at Pleasure's call,  
To be the first at every ball;  
Or at each board, the district round,  
Promote the catch, with bumpers crowned,  
And make the sports of fields and plains  
The object of unceasing pains:  
Nor did he seek the cold recluse,  
But talents formed for noblest use.  
Those pastors could not claim his praise,  
Who lead their flock through dreary ways,  
And deem that sighs and tears alone,  
The gloomy face, and ceaseless groan,  
Are proofs indisputably given,  
That man has fixed his thoughts on Heaven;  
Who cloud with fear the timid mind,  
Nor state the great Redeemer kind;  
And strive his kingdom to increase,  
Whose "paths are pleasantness and peace;"

Nor own the sacred stream above,  
Blest fount of clemency and love!

He knew Heaven's wisdom did ordain,  
That man, who treads the earth's wide plain,  
Should among fertile fields reside,  
And not with rugged rocks abide;  
Who had the world in ample room,  
Nor bade to seek Cimmerian gloom;  
Gave him, and stamped distinct the grace,  
The smile to play around his face:  
Though doomed, through toil, to till the ground,  
Made his heart leap at pleasure's sound;  
Pleasures, from whence no evils flow,  
That bid the breast of virtue glow,  
Can claim the meed of due applause,  
And, after, "no repenting draws;"  
Enough should misery's tide supply  
The tear to dim the troubled eye;  
Taught him, through goodness, to adore him,  
And placed the all-cheering sun before him.

In his own form God fashioned man:  
Shall the created mar his plan?  
Sullen, the cheerful smile reject,  
Nor his Creator's word respect?

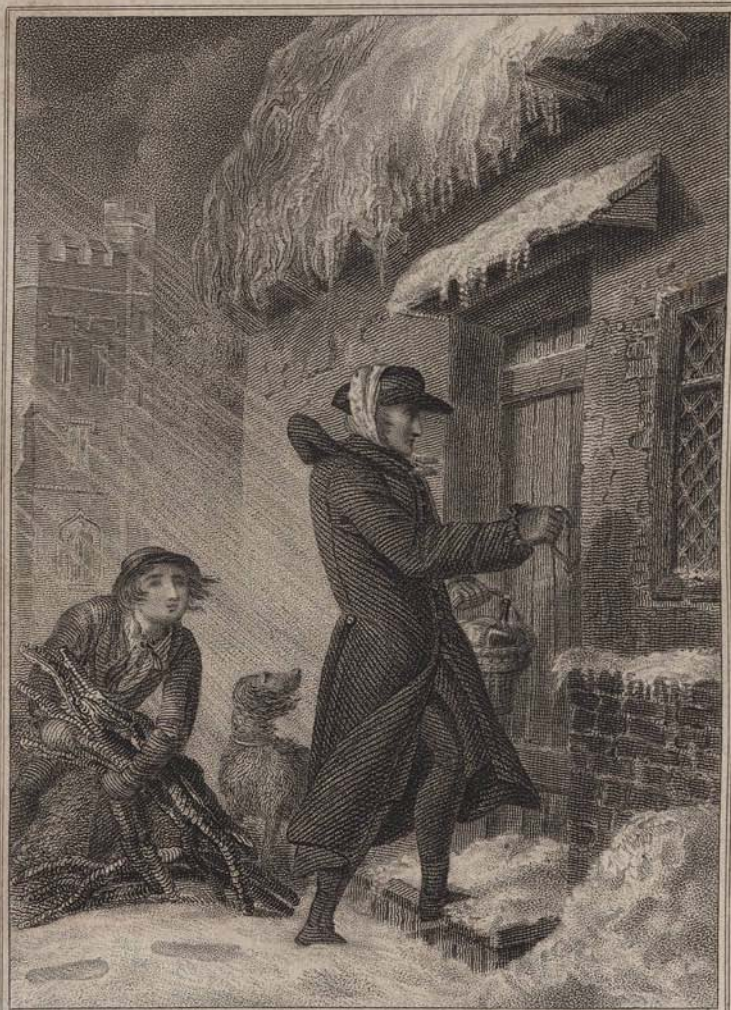
Invite the tear alone to flow,  
And show to Heaven a thankless brow?

Time rings the change, with constant care,  
For business, pastime, study, prayer;  
Tells the due tale with friendly part,  
And sends his message to the heart.  
They, who are bent on grief alone,  
Mistake the way to Mercy's throne;  
The human race could scarce survive,  
Unless man kept sweet hope alive;  
His frame refreshed, in suited season,  
And used Heaven's gracious gifts with reason.

Nor could he deem to preach and pray  
A weekly task — on Sabbath-day:  
Too oft impatient hurried through,  
When distant spires are kept in view,  
Were deeds sufficient to proclaim  
The priest revered his Master's name:  
'Twas not alone by service there  
True zeal was shown in heavenly care.  
His every hour should bring to sight,  
That life's best duties gave delight:  
That he would comfort's balm supply,  
And wipe the tear from anguished eye.

The Shepherd, to his MASTER true,  
Will keep his flock in constant view,  
Recall the heedless, when astray,  
And bring them to the appointed way ;  
Lead gently those that are with young,  
The weak, deceived by flattery's tongue ;  
Flattery ! the bane of female hearts,  
That turns soft words to poisonous darts,  
And makes the sex an easy prey  
To lawless love, and passion's sway :  
Bid those alone their censure fling  
Who feel no pang from conscience' sting :  
Will lure the drunkard from his crime  
By a kind word in early time !  
Withdraw him from the tavern door,  
And orgies held in sottish roar ;  
Will chasten, with the sense of shame,  
Those who profane Heaven's sacred name ;  
Reprove the intemperate, vain, and idle,  
And curb rude tongues with moral bridle :  
Will shun to take their tithes in kind,  
And compromise, with liberal mind ;  
Remembering, when they claim their share,  
Who sowed the ground, and laboured there.





W.H. Pyne del.

E. Scriven sculp.

*Will kindly seek the cottage door,  
To feed the embers on the floor.*

*London, Pub. Jan. 1. 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

When Winter's drenching showers prevail,  
Roar down the hill, and sweep the vale,  
Arrest field-labour, and confine  
The poor o'er scanty meal to pine;  
" When from the snow-encircled home  
Scarce dares the hardiest step to roam,  
And path is none, save that to bring  
The needful water from the spring:"  
Will kindly seek the Cottage door,  
To feed the embers on the floor;  
Add to the little fading pile,  
To light the cheek with comfort's smile;  
Stop with the sick to soothe and pray,  
Medicine in every shape convey,  
In all its suited forms designed,  
Whether for body, or for mind;  
To prop the frame, or to impart  
Hope's cordial to the sinking heart;  
Watch o'er the young, respect the old,  
Check idle quarrels in the fold;  
Anger, in all its shapes, subdue,  
And bring the charities to view:  
The cup of kindness thus prepare  
By purse, by tenderness, by care.

Virtues like these, the priest possessing,  
Prove every hour a nation's blessing.  
Faith and good works, that jointly blend,  
To Heaven will point, and life amend:  
True to that voice which bade proclaim  
To every sect, in Heaven's high name,  
Go thou with zeal, and do the same:  
Hold love at heart, and so declare  
The good Samaritan's an inmate there.

Had strong ambition fanned the fire,  
Raised the same flame that warmed the sire,  
Then had ORLANDO sought the power  
That rules at the septennial hour;  
He, like his sires, had been the choice  
Of the whole county's ardent voice;  
Placed in their seat, deputed knight,  
Not sole to guard their local right;  
But to support, with steady hand,  
The general welfare of the land;  
Nor suffer faction to control  
The vote should benefit the whole;  
Firm the great duty to discharge,  
To be his country's friend at large;  
True to her welfare, — though alone, —  
Bend to no power but reason's throne,

Uphold the independent station,  
And know no party but the nation.

ORLANDO shrunk from patriot-strife,  
The praise and blame of public life,  
But, where with firm yet lenient hand  
He could deal justice for the land,  
Filling the magisterial chair,  
Tempering with mercy's voice and care  
The sentence he delivered there:  
To statutes true, maintained his part,  
But with a kind and thinking heart;  
For just alike to all that came,  
There spread no terror with his name.

Throughout his mansion not a room  
In winter's reign engendered gloom:  
Long ere the frosty days came nigh  
The gnarled log sent sparks on high:  
And his full board, with taste supplied,  
Was never to his friends denied.  
Large, large that circle was,—and all  
Had welcome to his cheerful hall;  
None came that could not find a place  
Assigned with hospitable grace.  
E'en when he left his valued home,  
For a short term induced to roam,

Should any friends from far arrive,  
The festive board was still alive :  
ORLANDO'S rules his servants knew,  
They brought the generous meal to view,  
With the same zeal and plenteous fare  
As if their master filled his chair.  
The gardener sent the peach and pine ;  
The butler poured the choicest wine ;  
And the aired bed, with social rite,  
Gave them to safe repose at night ;  
While to the stall conveyed, the steed  
Had shelter, and the best of feed ;  
From the full granary's well-stored pride  
The grooms heaped up the measure wide ;  
Plenteous the heavy oats bestowed,  
And the clean straw, high littering, strewed,  
And every rack was filled with hay,  
The growth, and make, of Spring's bright day.

The servants, too, received with care,  
In their great hall found ample fare :  
" Spare not, nor waste," the motto there :  
And when the daily tasks were done,  
In liberal flow the ale-tap run.

At home, and happy with each guest,  
Making both friend and servant blest,

ORLANDO'S ever-kindly smile  
The timid would of fear beguile;  
And every guest his table graced,  
His generous heart by turns embraced.  
Serious himself, he would not throw  
A sombre shade on social glow,  
But joyed to see bland mirth abound,  
And the free glass move sparkling round:  
Yet checked, with gentle voice and air,  
Should wit be coarse, nor prone to spare.  
" Good-natured wit, the boon of Heaven,  
For noblest use he felt was given:  
Wit, that should strike but to disarm,  
Nor wilful seek another's harm,  
Should cheer the spirits, smooth the brow,  
Nor once an angry tone allow;  
In graceful garb dress home-spun truth,  
And wisdom show to heedless youth;  
At vice still point the strongest ridicule,  
And shame to virtue every vicious fool."

But not to wit and mirth confined,  
He looked around with loftier mind;  
On science' wings rejoiced to soar,  
Or walk and hear the ocean roar,

And view night's various planets shine,  
Lit by the all-powerful hand divine,  
With those who study Nature's reign,  
Read her great works, nor read in vain.

The high, the low, and those in power  
Enjoyed his pleasurable hour :  
All ranks his conversation sought,  
With him would blend, by him be taught,  
Who ranged within his Social plan  
The lord, — but not the lordly man.  
“ Whence have they, (he would mild exclaim,)  
Their title to distinguished name ?  
From virtue and unblemished fame !  
By birth their name alone descends,  
Their honour on themselves depends ;  
No glaring coronet can hide  
Assuming ignorance and pride. — ”  
Nought decks the peer in each degree  
Equal to affability !  
If stars they wear, — the work of art, —  
They may perform a dazzling part,  
But kindness penetrates the heart.  
Though the sun bids resplendent fall  
His beams on this terrestrial ball,

No heat he loses by the rays  
He sends abroad in friendly blaze;  
Enthroned above, supremely high,  
He looks on all beneath the sky,  
And, constant to Heaven's bounteous plan,  
Smiles universally on man:  
The more he yields benignant light,  
The more his glorious orb is bright.  
"Pride often guides the author's pen;  
Books as affected are as men;  
But he, who studies Nature's laws,  
From certain truths his maxims draws:  
And these, without our schools, suffice  
To make men moral, good, and wise."  
These truths he felt, and gave them way,  
Mingling his thoughts with those of GAY.

Still, in the midst of life's bright flame,  
Too oft the gloom of sorrow came:  
The early loss he had sustained,  
Frequent and full in force remained;  
For ELLEN's ever-present form  
Brought a drear chill, like winter's storm;  
Came with swift speed to sweep away  
The comforts of the passing day.



But 'twas not ELLEN'S form alone  
That made his heaving bosom moan;  
Hers was the high exalted mind,  
By wisdom, prudence, taste refined:  
The boon of Nature kindly given,  
The noblest, purest gift of Heaven;  
It was the heavier loss took place  
In PALLAS' mind, not VENUS' face:  
How could his heart but be forlorn,  
From virtue, sense, and feeling torn?  
She was the stamp and counterpart  
Of his own warm ingenuous heart;  
" She quarrelled for no straw or feather,  
Nor wondered how they came together;"  
To idle tales she gave no credence,  
Nor ever pertly claimed precedence;  
Scandal and satire she despised,  
And every moral virtue prized;  
Her schools of industry had proved  
That she the poor esteemed and loved;  
And her soft silvery voice addressing,  
Came to the aged like angel blessing.  
Yet he would every charm explore  
To memory's ear repeated o'er;

Her every look, that had imprest  
Love's first sensations on his breast.  
Yes, he would say—with conscious pride,—  
Thus ELLEN looked, ORLANDO'S bride!  
Fair did her Grecian face appear,  
Without an envious freckle near:  
Pearls were her teeth, a softened white,  
Her lips, in crimson health, were bright:  
Rich raven tresses, spread a veil  
That made life's roses more prevail,  
Played o'er her brow, in artless style,  
Where ambushed loves were fain to smile,  
And shining, and in ringlet-fold,  
Thence, o'er her shoulders, lightly rolled.  
With virgin step she bent her way,  
And her eyes beamed cerulean day.  
Whate'er of MEDICEAN grace  
In VENUS' form, could sculpture trace,  
Whate'er from TITIAN'S pencil free  
Could rise enchanting from the sea;  
No chiselled art, no pencil's power  
Could vie with ELLEN—Nature's flower!  
“ And Heaven's kind hand, that made her fair,  
Gave her the soft persuasive air,

Manners, to grace superior life ;  
Prudence, to guide the thoughtful wife ;  
With every charm, life's highest joys to prove—  
Good humour, truth, amenity, and love.”

So CONSTANCE, for her absent boy,  
Brought to her mind each former joy ;  
Called forth her ARTHUR'S looks, and heard  
The music of each magic word ;  
Hung o'er his bed, or would discern  
His infant-steps in frequent turn ;  
The little walks, in beauty's bloom,  
They took together round the room ;  
She saw the smiles that lit his face,  
She decked his vacant clothes with grace.  
Her joy, her food, her all the world,  
From memory's seat could ne'er be hurled ;  
There sat his form, and to endure  
Her widow's comfort, sorrow's cure.

But Muse, proceed to seek, and show  
When smiles unbent ORLANDO'S brow ;—  
Proceed!—and fail not to proclaim  
And hold each friendly act to Fame,  
Which time nor age could e'er remove,  
To rob his generous breast of love ;

That liberal love, of purest kind,  
Which beamed philanthropy of mind;  
That sought to raise, then hoped to trace  
The smile of joy on every face.

Remembering, that in early days  
How much were prized life's cheerful ways,  
It was his care and constant aim  
To trim the lamp for pleasure's flame;  
To cheer the day, and bid it tend,  
To show he was the general friend,  
And strive, around the world, to throw  
The warmth of amicable glow.

With this kind aim, he bade pursue  
The rustic sports, for ever new;  
At suited seasons, gave the treat  
Which made the lowliest bosom beat;  
Would set the merry bells to ring,  
That mirth might take its amplest swing;  
The Village-feast maintained with care,  
And made the peasant happy there.

For his own rank,—at pleasure's call,  
He formed the *unexpected* ball;  
Brought his young friends enraptured near,  
To merriment and festive cheer;

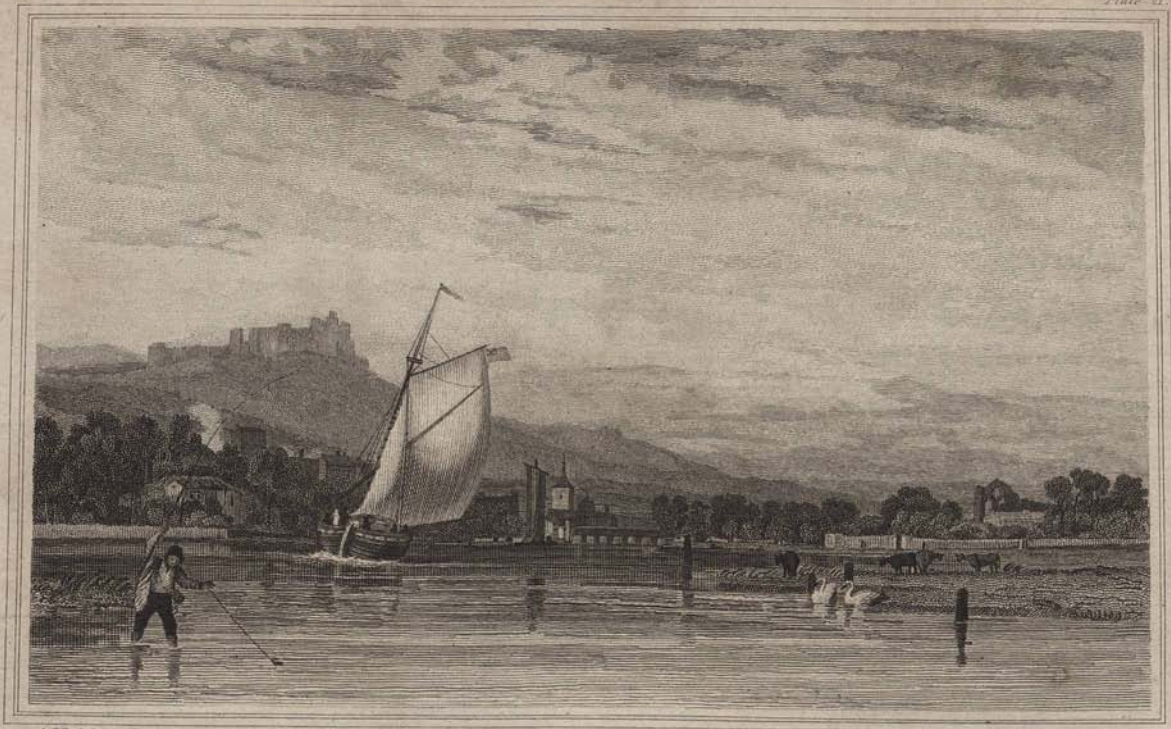
Led to the room, where beamed the rays  
Of lamps in many-coloured blaze,  
Rich as the Stalactites, which gem  
The vaulted cavern's diadem,  
When the live torches send to view  
The pendent drops of varying hue ;  
And to the lyre's resistless sound,  
Heard with delight their footsteps bound :  
Feeling his heart responsive beat  
To the brisk cadence of their feet.

At Christmas-time, he would partake,  
With the pleased young, the twelfth-night cake,  
Inviting form of ample round,  
In dazzling frosted splendor crowned :  
Pure as the virgin snow, which lights  
Upon the Alps tremendous heights,  
Whose wintry robes, in spacious flow,  
Conceal the mines of wealth below ;  
Penned the quaint name, that on the cheek  
Made the broad laughter powerful speak ;  
Enjoyed their innocence and glee,  
“ In unreprieved pleasures free ;”  
Charmed to behold the merry ring,  
Delighted round their happy king.

And when was held the statute-fair,  
He brought them to the wonders there :  
The feats of horsemanship, the play,  
Punch, and his Merry Andrew's sway ;  
Showed them what Asia's realm supplies,  
And what was bred 'neath Afric's skies ;  
The beast, the bird, the reptile train,  
That breathe in Nature's wild domain ;  
Told of their cunning, strength, and power,  
Their prey to seize and to devour ;  
Then bade them mark HEAVEN's wonderous plan,  
Or smile—to see the tricks of man.

Should Summer's favouring breath prevail,  
Then would he court the gentle gale ;  
Blithe, the clear river's course pursue,  
To bring romantic scenes to view,  
Where graceful swans, in silvery gleam,  
Stemmed with broad breast the refluent stream ;  
And where the trout, —that silent stay,  
Watchful, within the watery way,—  
Spring for the fly,—their destined prey.  
Now bade them view, where placed on high,  
The frowning Castle met the eye,  
On the rude summit built of yore,  
Bold rising from the rocky shore ;

There raised, to stand, in feudal pride,  
The monarch of the subject tide !  
Now as the bark increased its flight,  
And the sails swelled with breezes light,  
And as the rapid waters wind,  
He bade them mark the towers behind,  
Yield to rich scenes and prospects new,  
That give the time-worn mass to view.  
The lengthened aisle in Gothic pride,  
Seen through the mullion window wide;  
Whose clustered columns rising high  
Had heard the pealing anthem nigh,  
And swelling organ's sacred flow,  
Which led the full-voiced choir below.  
Stripped of its roof, through time's decay,  
Showed where the sculptured fragments lay,  
In mantle clad of ivy green,  
Half concealed the trees between,  
Whose feathery arms o'ershade the wave,  
Or bend, the passing stream to lave.  
Now beetling rocks repeat the sound  
Of the wave's splash, in echoing round ;  
Or send to the amazed ear  
Slow answering words in accents clear ;



A. W. Calcott R.A. del.

T. Brugge sculp.

*Now as the bark encreased its flight,  
And the sails swelled with breezes light*



Now, the tall rushes, sink and bound,  
Now, the clear shallows show the ground;  
Now spreads the champaign, calmly fair,  
Now the hills wave their woods in air:  
Now, through the narrow pass they glide,  
Now the blithe prospect opens wide,  
The willowed bank, the flocks that feed,  
The numerous herds that graze the mead,  
The bridge, the village, windmill, spire,  
That now attract, and now retire;  
While warbling songsters round, convey  
Their sprightly strains, from every spray,  
And to their mates, with trembling throat,  
Pour, rapturous, love's soothing note:  
And the "blithe ploughboy near at hand,  
Walks whistling o'er the furrowed land;"  
And frolic colts, in answering neigh,  
Course round their dams in lively play.  
These their united influence bring,  
To make time fly on tranquil wing:  
And now, by thoughtful kindness led,  
Refreshments on the deck are spread;  
A thousand ways he sought to please,  
From morn's fresh gale to evening's breeze,

'Till the soft moon-beams, trembling bright,  
Danced on the stream with chastened light.

At other times, intent to roam,  
He led their footsteps far from home,  
Sought the high hill, 'mid prospects gay,  
To pass the matin hours away;  
Showed where, like CLAUDE, the landscape smiled,  
Or where it frowned, like ROSA wild;  
Or where, with GAINSBOROUGH'S rustic art,  
It spoke to every cultured heart;  
Thus made the ride, the drive, the walk,  
Endearing, by instructive talk;  
Not as harsh parents sometimes give,  
To make it on the memory live;  
But, with a voice benignly kind,  
To fix it gently on the mind.

Now, through the leafy world to stray,  
Their route he bent the umbrageous way,  
Such as could MILTON'S lyre approve,  
Or learned POUSSIN'S pencil love;  
Such as where COMUS held his court,  
Or dancing fauns, and nymphs resort.  
Now, 'neath the oak's protecting shade,  
Unmasked the banquet on the glade,

Bidding harmonious concert breathe  
“ Above, about, and underneath;”  
As if “ some spirit, for mortals’ good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood,”  
The feast had given, with magic art,  
To make joy revel in the heart.

Grateful to earth, as falling dew,  
Are the refreshments brought to view,  
When Nature speaks, and will proclaim  
The aid required to prop the frame;  
And as the festive hours prevail,  
He graced them with the enlivening tale:  
Heightened the mirth, in varying theme,  
And made the day one fairy dream,  
“ And rich in intellectual wealth, [health.”  
Gave thought with exercise,—with knowledge

Such were the modes to give delight,  
Which good ORLANDO brought to sight:  
And future hours would grateful tell,  
On each kind act enraptured dwell;  
Turn to the spot, and show the place  
Where the feast spread with sylvan grace.  
“ Thoughts and remembrance” ponder o’er  
Scenes that are past to rise no more:

For early pleasures leave behind  
A strong memorial on the mind.

As the sun's rays, whose genial glow  
Raises the sap, makes flowerets blow,  
Extends its powers with generous care,  
Bringing consenting earth to bear:  
So, o'er the youthful mind and face  
ORLANDO shed life's warmest grace;  
And made each hour enchanting prove  
A source of comfort, peace, and love.  
Yet his kind heart would inward moan,  
That in the world he stood alone;  
That round his board no offspring spread  
The blessings of the nuptial bed,  
To cheer him through life's painful way,  
And watch, with filial care, his parting day.

But, when intent, his thoughtful mind  
Surveyed the mass of human kind;  
When innocence, in youthful charm,  
Met not his eye, his heart to warm:  
Sad would he see, and sorrowing know,  
What mischiefs from intemperance flow;  
From vice's dissolute command  
What evils vex a troubled land.

E'en when he turned his thoughts within,  
Though all was calm, and void of sin,  
Like thrice refined gold was pure,  
And truth's strong touchstone could endure;  
Yet he assumed no lofty claim  
To lift his life to moral fame;  
For when he viewed its early track,  
Fain would he lose some traces back;  
Some sensual dross was left behind,  
Some venial flaw to vex his mind:  
And though his blood would sometimes rush  
To tinge with recollective blush,  
It did not with such sadness speak,  
As left disgrace upon his cheek.  
In youth's high flow, when all is brave,  
He was not passion's selfish slave;  
Whence through life's course, in future day,  
Calm was the tenour of his way;  
Sacred the roof that screened his head,  
And sweet the slumbers of his bed.

Oft would he dwell, when left alone,  
Pondering, like JAQUES, in serious tone;  
The melancholy, feeling JAQUES,—whose mind  
Grieved o'er the wounded, weeping hind,

Who to his calm reflecting eye  
Would make mankind pass flitting by;  
So frequent, to his mental view,  
ORLANDO, to right feeling true,  
Would moral musings thus pursue:—  
No nation breathes beneath the sun,  
O'er whom its annual course has run,  
How rude the state, the soul how wild,  
That cannot boast some virtues mild;  
That cannot claim oblique applause,  
Due from respect to social laws.  
The vagrant ARAB, in his tent,  
Who will the pledge of salt present,  
Owns the according sentiment:  
And not a tribe of swarthy hue,  
But holds those rights in constant view,  
Strict, as the plight of RODERIC DHU—  
The mutual pledge received and given,  
Crimes from the heart are instant driven.

But nations wealthy and refined  
Show a corrupt and vicious mind:  
And polished realms and present times  
Burst Social bands, and teem with crimes,—  
Nor welcome board, nor proffered roof,  
Now keep man's vicious thoughts aloof.

He wished he could divert his eye  
From frequent crimes of deepest dye,  
Nor look around, and sorrowing see  
Seduction, and adultery;  
High would he then with pride proclaim  
The British Isles and British name;  
But truth compelled his lips to own  
To daring height those crimes were grown,  
The law unveiled the adulterer's feats,  
And lust's sad victims filled the streets,  
Though other nations show the same,  
That takes not from BRITANNIA's blame.—  
Pursuing thus reflection's road,  
At every step he felt a goad.

The modes how various which prevail  
To spread with joy the Social sail!  
The view to make life's voyage pleasant,  
And bring the absent party present:  
And the kind card of invitation  
Yields cherished rights throughout the nation.  
This is the salt which Britons spread,  
The pledge of board and safety's bed.

But oft within the sheltering brake,  
On mischief bent, will brood the snake:

From the fair tree of life, did EVE  
The Serpent's poisonous breath receive ;  
She listened, and became a prey  
To flattery's voice, in evil day,  
Of peace of mind he ruthless reft her,  
Triumphed—and then the demon left her.  
Would but the fair the lesson feel,  
They'd fortify their breast with steel ;  
Nor let man's specious words impart  
A wrong impression to the heart ;  
Then find, too late, the sad effect  
Of willing ear and self-neglect.

ACHILLES, though thrice dipped in Styx,  
Death's weapon failed not to transfix ;  
In spite of all a mother's care,  
The heel was not *case-hardened there* :  
And folly, vanity, and pride,  
And every idle thought beside,  
Expose the bosom to receive  
The arrows they will live to grieve.

From EDEN driven, with sin's dread load,  
No more to claim that blessed abode ;  
No more to find, HIGH HEAVEN above,  
Regard them with his sacred love ;



Expelled, and doomed to tread new ground,  
Where crime's rank weeds rose sprouting round,  
And with the curse of that sad leaven  
Which drove them from the smiles of Heaven,  
The sexes still each other grieve,  
EVE ruin'd man, Man ruins EVE!  
But ADAM to his erring bride  
Could bid affection's care preside;  
HE—wrath appeased and useless railing—  
Forgave and pitied every failing;  
But man, in more degenerate state,  
Turns love's soft intercourse to hate;  
God's beauteous work with guilt abuses,  
And spurns the object he seduces.

'Tis feigned, when women run astray,  
“ Their stars are more in fault than they.”  
The falsehood shrouded in the line,  
Thus shall the indignant verse define:—  
Base is the mind, and mean the art,  
Would justify an erring heart:  
For never yet 'twas taught from high,  
Weakness can failings justify;  
Fallacious reasonings bring no rest,  
But add fresh fever to the breast.

When Nature, ardent in the cheeks  
Of youth and inexperience, speaks;  
And life's high pulse, in bounding play,  
Flows through the frame in subtlest sway;  
And woman, born to low estate,  
Is left exposed, the child of fate:  
No friend at hand, with chastening power,  
To guard her through life's tempting hour;  
Virtue might mourn at woman's fall  
When tenderest passions thus enthrall;  
And man, whose arm should still protect her,  
Seeks but to ruin, and neglect her;  
"Angels might weep, in Heaven's high sphere,  
And raze the record with a tear."

But truth requires a different tone  
To mark the fair who drop the zone;  
Who in the lap of fortune bred,  
Above the vulgar lift their head;  
Walking life's road in joy's bright ways,  
'Mid wealth and spendor's proudest blaze.  
They, who should right examples teach,  
And point the goal the young might reach,  
Will lose their cast and towering station,  
Among the noblest of the nation;

Will fly their home, forsake their bed,  
By vicious inclinations led;  
Regardless of the nuptial tie,  
The sacred promise vowed on high,  
They plunge in guilt, and laugh to scorn  
The name which did their life adorn ;  
Quitting, without a pang, the side  
Of him they once esteemed their pride ;  
No more to see their children nigh,  
With love's sweet smile and sparkling eye ;  
No more to hear the filial voice  
Bidding the mother's heart rejoice ;  
Their life of virtue overthrown,  
And comfort's joys for ever flown :  
Nor can repentant tears restore  
The happiness enjoyed before.

'Tis lust, not Love! though vice profane  
The hallowed sound to hide the stain  
Of deepest guilt, and screen the head  
From virtue's shafts — ORLANDO said.—

When matrons, in their base pursuit,  
Degrade the woman to the brute,  
“ In Heaven's high chancery the deed  
Will scare them at their utmost need.”

But though in deep and anguished tone  
He mourned the sex from virtue flown,  
No words were too severely strong  
To mark his honest sense of wrong,  
And hold to bitter scorn and shame  
The GREATER CULPRIT'S hated name,  
Who, with a base insidious art,  
Will strive to undermine the heart;  
Who, lost to honor's sacred cause,  
Religion's voice and Social laws,  
Deliberate bids his actions tend  
To stab an unsuspecting friend;  
More painful to the breast to feel  
The loss of love, than murderer's steel.

ORLANDO deemed it strange, though true,  
Guilt should be thought of deeper hue,  
When man's smooth voice in flattery's tale  
O'er *titled frailty* will prevail,  
Than when it tempts life's *humble state*  
In whispers at the wicket-gate;  
There speaks to stole of "russet lawn  
Over the decent shoulder drawn;"  
Plucks from chaste forehead the fair rose  
In humble innocence that blows;

And, with a base and wanton care,  
Plants sad repentant blushes there.  
Though pride may think 'tis greater blame,  
When noble blood is brought to shame,  
The sin to all must be the same;  
And the all-searching Mind, on high  
The equal trespass will descry.  
What to that Mind are life's proud laws?  
Such, in His sight, ne'er gain applause,—  
Who weighs us in an equal scale,  
And bids the righteous truth prevail?

But vicious man, in life's bright day,  
Views lowly beauty as his prey,  
Plucks, in its bloom, the opening-flower,  
Which should adorn the virtuous hour,  
And 'ere its noon-tide lustre's nigh,  
Leaves it to wither, fade, and die;  
From his cold breast neglected thrown,  
Courting some floweret newly blown;  
Heedless what tears of anguish start  
From the deep pang that wrings the heart.—  
ORLANDO thus, with feelings strong,  
Sighed o'er the extent of female wrong.

ORLANDO had one friend, whose mind  
To keep such hateful course inclined:

This once made known, he shut the door,  
Nor would admit the offender more.  
But he could own a virtuous friend  
In firmest truth their hearts would blend :  
The playmates of life's early hour,  
And pride of each parental bower.  
In boyish days they loved to rove,  
Together, through the fields or grove ;  
Constant they joined in task or play,  
At college walked in honour's way ;  
Acquired just taste by classic rules,  
And shunned the sophistry of schools :  
And when they grew to man's estate,  
They took a double bond of fate ;  
Made surety sure, — the nuptial tie  
Brought them still nearer in ally ;  
Twin-sisters for their consorts chose, —  
From the same stem the nuptial rose.  
Their seats were near, and they could roam  
Unchecked to reach each other's home ;  
Of every gate they had the key  
That gave at will the passage free,  
To range at perfect liberty.  
Friendship thus shown was well requited,  
They were in heart and mind united.

But short the date!—the brother died,  
And followed, soon, his mournful bride :  
Severe the shock! it burst in twain  
Two blended hearts,—and then how vain  
The endearing intercourse that rose,  
To draw ORLANDO from his woes!  
To him the heaven-demanded pair  
Bequeathed, in trust, their only heir :  
And from that hour, until the day  
That closed his ever-watchful sway,  
When he resigned the care-fraught power,  
The reign of many an anxious hour!  
'Twas his whole aim, by love impressed,  
To plant right maxims in the breast ;  
But not his firm and steadfast mind  
Could his young ward to reason bind :  
Idle at home, in public, vain,  
His conduct caused unceasing pain ;  
And, when of age, he could command  
The full possession of his land,  
Assigned to fashion's sway the rule,  
A convert to the modern school!  
And all new schemes, that folly draws,  
Received, and had, his heart's applause.

The *cottage ornée* filled the site  
Where rose the mansion's solemn height,  
Which might have stood, as heretofore,  
For full two centuries or more ;  
His oaks, the monarchs of the plain,  
The wounds of severing steel sustain,  
Whose giant-forms and outstretched arms  
Had braved unnumbered winters' harms ;  
Dismember'd, sold for tinsel state,  
To swell the sideboard's useless plate ;  
And the firs' cones now face the sky  
Where hung the acorn-cups on high.  
The blossom of the furze displayed,  
No more adorned the rural glade ;  
No more the graceful fern was seen,  
All was become one smooth-shorn green ;  
And a broad lake, of useless span,  
Slept, where the rapid rivulet ran.

His oaks now plough the watery main ;  
There BRITAIN'S naval rights sustain :  
Where'er the sunbeams sportful play  
From orient dawn to western day ;  
Where'er those beams, in splendor's robe  
Gild ocean's track throughout the globe,



Towering they ride, and there defy  
The utmost rage of sea and sky :  
And though they owned the woodman's stroke,  
They will not bow to foreign yoke :  
Their frowning ports and spreading sail  
Look with contempt on war's fierce gale,  
The living freight proclaims high power  
Of triumph, in the hostile hour.

Queen of fair freedom's sea-girt isle !  
Thus thrive thine oaks, in awful smile,  
Thus still behold the light of morn,  
And thy vast watery realms adorn,  
Show to the world thy wide domain,  
Thy moving forests on the main,  
Walk there majestic, and impart  
Fear's lesson to the envious heart.

But not the oak had fallen alone,  
Domestic ills were widely strown.  
Old servants from their home removed,  
Whose lives were known, and acts approved ;  
Coldly dismissed, (ungenerous deed !)  
For a corrupt and vicious breed.

ORLANDO grieved to see the change,  
But still his heart would not estrange ;

He hoped,—(but 'twas fallacious dream)—  
The tide would turn in folly's stream :  
And that to sense restored at last,  
Judgment would grieve for conduct past ;  
The same affection, love, and care,  
The father had, the son might share ;  
The table, cellar, bed, and stall,  
Still as his own, he had them all.

Sad is the bane to Social life,  
Fraught with the ills of endless strife,  
When servants mix, if folly's train  
Usurp on virtue's peaceful reign ;  
Then families too frequent rue  
The numerous mischiefs that ensue.

And thus it proved : his young friend came  
To visit, with his new-wed dame ;  
He came, (and verse with pain describe)  
With a new race, a different tribe,  
From such, as in his father's days  
Deserved the good ORLANDO'S praise.  
The grooms were profligate, and swore  
Through the whole day 'mid ceaseless roar ;  
The valet, and the lady's-maid,  
Airs of false consequence displayed.

HENRY observed, and heard with pain,  
Fine speeches made to little JANE;  
And JANE half feared she should perceive  
Her HENRY'S bosom truth to leave.  
Each felt a momentary grief;  
But plain good sense brought calm relief:  
They saw the vicious aim, that strove  
To interrupt their mutual love.  
The damsel's dress was fine and flaunting,  
The valet deemed himself enchanting;  
And spared no means, gave up no measure,  
Which led to any idle pleasure.  
And from attendance when away,  
Their time they spent in cards and play.

The servants'-hall, too, felt the power  
Of this ill-sorted, luckless hour.  
The grooms were full of every sight  
In which their master found delight,  
Told with what skill he could command,  
And turn with ease his four-in-hand:  
They spoke in pugilistic praise,  
And knew Newmarket's schemeful ways;  
The odds explained, the wily part,  
And had the knowing phrase by heart.

For every day's a month at least  
To those who wait the marriage feast;  
And the priest's voice, in mild command,  
To seal the faith and join the hand.

At length the promised blessing came  
That gave them one distinctive name:  
Their bliss complete,—On that glad day  
ORLANDO gave the bride away,  
Added that grace to all was given  
To crown life's morn, and gild the even;  
He placed them happily to thrive,  
And keep industrious thoughts alive;  
Had decked their house, improved their land,  
And oped his purse with liberal hand,  
To chase away o'erweening care,  
In dread they should not prosper there;  
And signed the unexpected lease  
That with their lives should only cease,  
And rent, that never should increase;  
So moderate,—his regard to show,  
That they could scarce the covenant know.  
And though his mind was pained with grief  
From thoughts that never knew relief,  
He promised for their eldest born,  
To attend the font the christening morn,

Should gracious Providence bestow  
That bliss he was not doomed to know;  
And spoke it with so sweet a grace,  
It did not tinge the virgin's face.  
A tear he battled to restrain,  
Told what he felt, (in language plain,)  
But would not suffer to remain,  
To interrupt the nuptial glee,  
Their summit of felicity.  
He forceful strove, and struggled hard  
To mark that proof of his regard;  
But deemed it as a tribute due,  
Now from his home they bade adieu:  
Though not from his protecting care,—  
His eye would seek them every where.  
And every Sunday through the year,  
He hoped they'd regular appear,  
And at *his board* partake the cheer:  
For lives thus changed, and changed their rank,  
They had themselves, he said, to thank;  
Their moral and religious ways  
Had crowned them—and deserved the bays.  
In due regard for all his care,  
They, for his weal, poured fervent prayer,

That Heaven would every comfort give,  
And make their honoured Patron live;  
That he might long, long bless mankind,—  
Their pious wish, through grateful mind.  
Of thanks good MARGARET had her share,  
Who showed them both a mother's care;  
Their eyes, that gleamed with pleasure's tears,  
Spoke blessings for her latter years;  
Trusting they still should duteous prove,  
Attentive for her constant love.

But endless were the attempt to tell  
What worth did with ORLANDO dwell,  
Who had the means, and knew no bound  
In ministering blessings round;  
For not a sun's declining ray,  
But could record some bounteous *trait*,  
Some gracious act within the day.

Thus, thus he breathed, and to attain  
Those years that oft are borne with pain,  
Save where a green old age has proved  
That temperate life was early loved,  
And that the reeling midnight crew  
And mantling bowls they never knew.

No chronic ills disturbed his rest,  
Nor fears of death attacked his breast;  
Nor once, throughout his course, resigned  
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind :  
And cheerful without levity,  
Pensive without asperity,  
And placid to extremest age,  
His every hour confest the sage.  
And from the time, devoid of gloom,  
Tranquil he bowed to Heaven's high doom,  
No nettles grew around his tomb ;  
The watchful JANE let no wild weed  
Root in the ground, and run to seed ;  
From a sweet sense of grateful feeling  
Sighs from her gentle bosom stealing ;  
The choicest plants, in thoughtful pride,  
With suited taste their place supplied :  
Flowers of all kinds, of loveliest hue,  
On every side resplendent grew :  
And HENRY pruned and kept in order  
A strong protective myrtle border :  
And not a child, in frolic play,  
Would pluck a single leaf away ;  
In early lesson taught to know,  
That goodness slept the vault below ;

And every year, as winter came,  
In memory of his honoured name,  
The village bell was loudly tolled ;  
Wide o'er the plain the summons rolled,  
To bring the lowly cottar nigh,  
To reap some bounteous legacy,  
Bequest of him,—to whom, when given,  
The pious dirge which rose to Heaven,  
And the last solemn act was paid,  
That to the grave his corse conveyed,  
To be with ELLEN tranquil laid ;  
And the drear pall was lifted high ;  
None could peruse the inscription nigh  
That spoke his name, and told his death,  
And date when he received his breath,—  
None could peruse the inscription nigh,  
From gathering tears that dimmed the eye.

When the rich fall, and must resign  
Their parting breath to power divine,  
Hung round with black, the walls assume  
The mystery of the midnight gloom ;  
While glimmering lights, in feeble ray,  
A darkness visible display,  
And faintly shew, in solemn state  
The mutes that round the coffin wait ;



Who, to the shrunk and clammy clay  
The mark of mimic sorrow pay,  
To that pale form which rests behind—  
The mouldering image reft of mind.  
But what displays this funeral art?  
Not the keen pang that rent the heart;  
Not the full tear, in anguish shed  
For the just spirit upward fled,  
Which told a tale of grief sincere,  
And graced the kind ORLANDO'S bier,  
When to the vault, where ELLEN lay,  
The mourners passed in slow array,  
To place his honoured corse beside  
His loved and long-lamented bride:  
All funeral pomp forbade.—The wo  
Spoke deeper than the gorgeous show  
Of blazoned arms, and banners spread,  
In idle homage to the dead.

As through life's course ORLANDO proved  
How much man's general weal he loved;  
And, as his death displayed to sight,  
Continued good was his delight;  
So ye, who'd duty laws fulfil,  
Make just provision by your will.

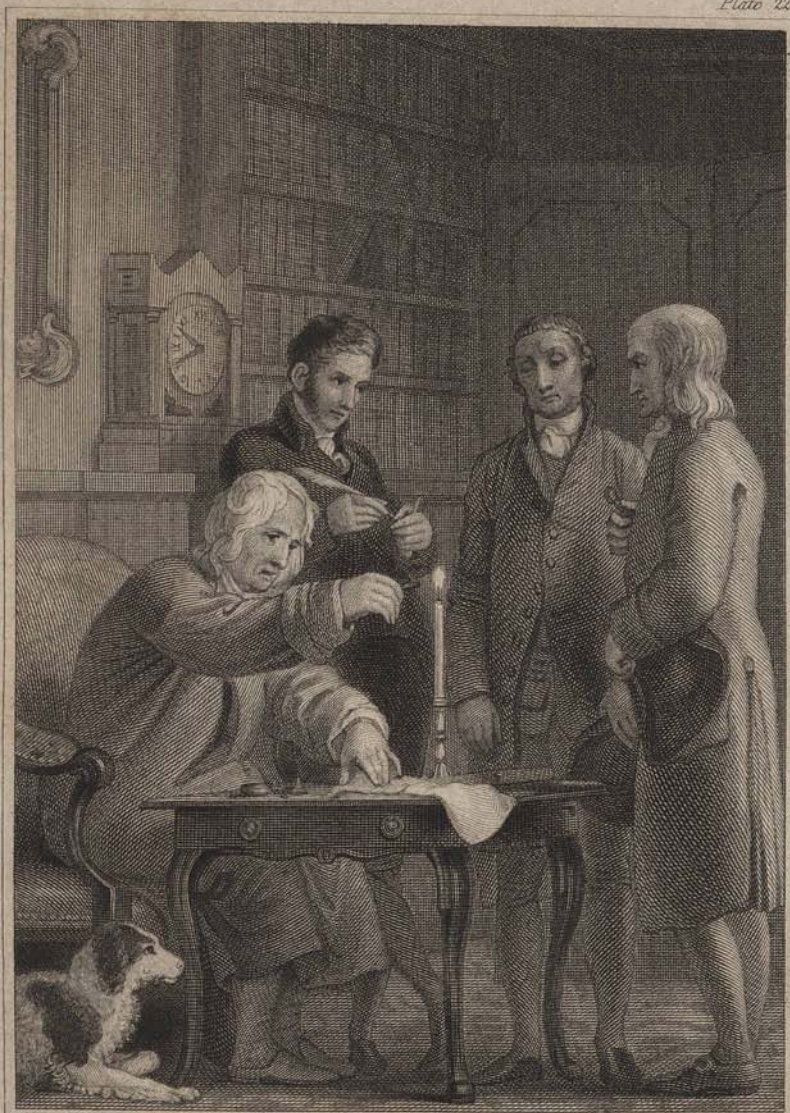
Life is uncertain, moments fly,  
And death's drear hearse may soon come nigh;  
" E'en the first turn the cradle gave,  
But rocked us onward to the grave:"  
Seize then, O seize the present hour,  
While life and memory hold their power;  
Think, when your fleeting days are gone,  
Time's steady current still runs on;  
Think what to relatives is due,  
And strictly keep their rights in view;  
Then think of servants driven from home,  
Mid comforts' range no more to roam;  
No more to see the blazing fire,  
Find plenty's board the heart inspire;  
No more to join the mirthful hall,  
Feel the pulse beat at pleasure's call;  
If sickness comes, no healing aid  
By a kind master's bounty paid:  
And sad decrepitude in view;  
O! give to virtuous service due,  
The plenteous hand—your bounty spread,  
Smooth the hard pillow for the head,  
Let not a niggard thought intrude,  
To stifle debts of gratitude;

Nor trust to others to pursue  
What your own breast should keep in view.  
Your heirs may show a sordid thrift—  
Make the kind act your own free gift :  
Executors can have no choice,  
They have no freedom in their voice ;  
The path prescribed 'tis theirs to tread,  
And pay obedience to the dead ;  
The instrument which seals their charge  
Allows no feelings to enlarge ;  
Keeps them within the law's strong bound,  
Though cold and sterile be the ground.

Then ye who have the means to give,  
Make old domestics cheerly live.  
Let them not retrospective sigh,  
Look back, and see their joys past by,  
Breathing the air of penury :—  
Nor should an *aged horse* be sold,  
And bartered for a little gold,  
Doomed for the remnant of his day  
To toil life's feeble hours away,  
“ To sweat in harness through the road,  
Or groan beneath the carrier's load,”—  
All that have merit's just pretension,  
O ! mark them with your kind attention :

The *deed of after-death* prepare,  
Nor pass one claim unnoticed there.

ORLANDO showed his generous mind,  
Leaving due legacies behind;  
HENRY and JANE received their share,  
And MARGARET felt his kindest care;  
He thought of every service past,  
And in his memory made them last.  
Nay more,—he placed a sum in trust,  
That marked him charitably just;  
That proved the bounty in his power  
Was not the impulse of the hour;  
The present thought, to future blind,  
But made impression on his mind:  
Unseen, his liberal hand was found  
Dispensing constant blessings round;  
The secret boon, unasked for given,  
That made the heart a little heaven;  
And when he died,—from age grown grey,  
He did not take the staff away;  
Suffering the afflicted minds to grieve  
Of those his care was wont relieve.  
He did not stop the stream's strong flow  
That cheered the thirsty mead below,



J. Stothard R.A. & J. B. Papworth del.

W. Skelton sculp.

*Orlando showed his generous mind  
Leaving due legacies behind:*

*London, Published, Jan<sup>y</sup> 11822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

To his own hills the course confine,—  
But bade it take extended line ;  
Bade *Liberality* appear,  
To render blessings through the year,  
Bade his large means still flow to bless,  
And yield continued happiness ;  
Through future seasons to convey  
Fresh bounty, like revolving May.

Though title, pomp, and power, and state,  
In splendor round the few may wait :  
The sovereign, subject, and the slave,  
Are journeying onward to the grave ;  
All, whether rich, or poor, or wise,  
Pass through death's portal to the skies ;  
And there an awful sentence wait,  
That opes or shuts the severing gate.

These solemn truths, though faintly told,  
Should on the mind have weighty hold ;  
Bid the rich seek, and keep a name,  
And court the meed of Social fame ;  
Pursue the paths ORLANDO trod,  
And reach, through earth, the realms of GOD !

Then, life extinct, the vital flame  
By Heaven recalled, at rest the frame ;

When death's dark veil their ashes shroud,  
The just around the tomb will crowd;  
Pensive breathe forth, with mingled sighs,  
'Tis here "a good ORLANDO" lies!  
"O'er the drear vault lamenting numbers bend,  
And bless the memory of the general friend."

# Canto the Fourth



J.B. Papworth del.

J. Byrne sculp.

'tis comforts prize  
The adjoining room the fruit supplies.

Wald p. 209 lines 7. & 8.

London, Published Jan'y 2. 1822 by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.



CANTO THE FOURTH.

## ARGUMENT.

The Social theme renewed.—The dinner bell;—the assemblage;—regularity;—the dinner;—politeness;—the dessert.—The ladies retire.—Conversation.—Temperance.—Judgment in selecting society.—Self censure.—The character of ALBERT.—The Sex; no pleasure without their presence; no true enjoyment without marriage.—What constitutes happiness;—temper the first principle.—The endearments of children; parents' over-fondness;—the love shown by mothers; their unabated attention.—Summons to the drawing room.—Evening pursuits in Spring and Summer.—The walk.—The Nightingale; the Glow-worm; the night-blowing Cereus;—the Moon; Autumn; Winter; its enjoyments.—Music; its attractive powers. The family concert. DRYDEN'S description of JUBAL'S lyre.—Cards; their evils; their gratification.—The dance; its vivacity; its unnecessary excellence; a tale from STERNE;—the moral.—The pleasures of a literary evening;—its advantages.—Refreshments.—The broken china jar, or ghost laid.—The calm delights of HIGHGROVE.—Bed-time.—Reflections from SHAKESPEARE.—Cheerfulness our duty.—HOMER'S allusion to a Social Day.—Man's paramount consideration, the Eternal day.—The conclusion;—the Swan; the life-boat;—the Author's humble pretensions;—his hopes;—state of bachelorship;—its consequences.—The Social bark at anchor.—Parting words from GRAY.

# THE SOCIAL DAY.

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## Canto the Fourth.

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ONCE more the lyre resumes the strain,  
And turns to HIGHGROVE'S praise again;  
Where pleasures in succession rise,  
Gilding with joy life's Social skies;  
And as the jocund hours dance round,  
Bid the heart leap with lightest bound.  
And now the bell's impressive call  
Reminds us of the festive hall;  
Speaks from its high and towering station,  
The busy note of preparation—  
And hark! again the swelling tide  
Spreads its commanding summons wide;  
Calls, like the parent-voice that brings  
The feathery brood to comfort's wings.  
And now, the folding doors expand,  
Thrown wide to greet the Social band:

Bid every guest with haste repair,  
Nor feel reproach from vacant chair.

If from the stream of time is swept  
The hour that should be buoyant kept,  
Can the vexed cook correctness boast,  
If 'tis o'erlooked by guest, or host?—  
Unless the dial 's watched with care,  
Vain is expense for festive fare.

There has been known the plenteous board  
Where all were punctual to the word;  
There, was each friend impartial treated,  
The guests arrived, were duly seated;  
Nor were the early doomed to wait  
For those who came with tardy gait.  
They who could loiter on the way  
Knew, whate'er caused the lengthened stay,  
That if a course was once removed,  
No part came back, howe'er approved.  
This rule reclaimed the thoughtless man,  
Few loiterers marred the settled plan:  
A lady's watch, (yet truth reveals),  
Might move by chance on lagging wheels;  
A mother's care, an infant's claim,  
Could save the lovely sex from blame.

Life's proper duties kept in mind,  
No idler then remains behind;  
But all, in varied modes, display  
Politeness through the Social Day.

And now the guests their tastes pursue,  
And keep life's *agrémens* in view.  
Absence, short absence, gives a zest,  
Re-animates the Social breast,  
Speaks to the soul in language clear,  
Man must society revere,  
When, but an hour retired apart,  
Rapture rekindles in the heart,  
Strengthens the links of friendship's chain,  
And knits the cable strong again.

Muse, now proceed, with Truth thy guide,  
Spread HIGHGROVE'S festive honours wide,  
Where plate, in no vain pompous sway,  
Makes sideboards groan with proud display:  
Rich cups embossed, for flaring show,  
In gold's bright burnish given to glow,  
In needless, idle, tasteless row;  
Here, all is useful, — fork and spoon  
Shed their pale lustre like the Moon;  
Salvers and salts, in polish clear,  
Bright as the galaxy appear.

There is a rule with care observed,  
From which plain sense has never swerved;  
Not less to fashion's eye addressed,  
Than speaking clear to comfort's breast;  
No board too small the feast should hold,  
Nor none too ample leaves unfold:  
*This*, looks like pinching bill of fare;  
And *that*, profusion's faults declare,  
O'erwhelming, with a waste of food,  
What might have done the needy good.

The sisterhood,—the tuneful Nine,  
Who on Parnassus' summit dine;  
Content from HELICON to bring,  
And quaff, the nectar of their spring,  
Are rarely known in measured flow  
To praise the fare man seeks below;  
They, to superior views inclined,  
Court but the banquet of the mind.  
Reft of their aid, though weak the verse,  
Yet shall the song the feast rehearse;  
Tell of the cloth, capacious spread;  
The damask napkin crowned with bread;  
The polished knife,—bright as of yore  
The glittering faulchion HECTOR bore—

And, side by side, in suited place,  
Range spoon and fork, in silvery grace;  
And coolers cherished wines enclose,  
Rich as, at spring's clear dawn, the rose,  
When, through pellucid dews that spread,  
Peep the fresh tints of loveliest red;  
Beakers and glasses strike the sight,  
As crystal pure, and sparkling bright,  
And argands shed diffusive light,  
Subdued in strength, and add a grace,  
Heightening the charms of beauty's face.

Viands, of different kinds and flavour,  
Now dress the board, of choicest savour;  
The fish, the soup, the various meat,  
In cookery's curious art complete;  
Or what the fields and farms produce,  
The gift of Heaven for human use;  
Served up in turn, that golden rule!  
And then, no fear lest dinner cool:—  
Nor is the good Sirloin rejected,  
Its rights confessed, its claims respected.

Such fill, not crowd, the ample space,  
And find, and keep their proper place,  
Blending with esculents;—and show  
The servants every duty know,

All there methodical arrayed,  
In due contrasting form displayed,  
O'er the whole board, the dinner through,  
Prove neatness' laws are held in view.

The bard has neither pride nor wish  
To expatiate on each *piquante* dish;  
Boasting the science that can trace  
The arts of culinary grace;  
He, with APICIUS, scorns to press  
The noon-day couch of laziness,  
And thence direct the care, the pains,  
Required to dish a peacock's brains;  
Be it enough for him to cite,  
Contented minds receive delight,  
That no profusion leads to waste,  
And Plenty joins her hand with Taste.

Substantials cleared—the pastry-wreath  
Conceals delicious fruits beneath;  
The useless stone, withdrawn with care,  
But left the flavory kernel there;  
And jelly, trifle, cake, and cream,  
Increase the zest,—(enrich the theme,)  
And towering high, the eye discern  
Gay flowerets deck the light *épergne*.



The spacious room boasts twofold charm,  
In summer cool, in winter warm ;  
And plates are hot, and wine is nigh,  
To moisten lips ere lips are dry :  
Nor shall the verse forbear to sing  
The freshness of the limpid spring ;  
Nature's pure beverage, sparkling clear,  
Of the same virtue through the year.

All senses charmed, true joys prevail,  
The sweets of fragrant hops exhale ;  
No pungent alum renders sour  
The home-baked loaf, of purest flour ;  
The eye delights to traverse round,  
And see contentment's smiles abound :  
No angry epithets, harsh-grating,  
Denounce the anxious servant waiting ;  
No harsh forbodements here arise,  
(That bring, to Social minds, surprise ;)   
Prejudging censures that assail,  
And thus annoyingly prevail,  
*My dear!—I'm sure that turbot 's stale ;*  
Your tradesmen ever use you ill,  
And yet, you let them serve you still :  
(The lobsters too are free from spawn,)   
Pray let your custom be withdrawn :

And tell your cook 'tis over-boiled,  
The skin is broke, her butter's oiled;  
Her soups and pastry never please me;  
You keep her, — purposely to tease me.  
Nor, should a prized remove appear,  
(Some friend's kind present once a year,)  
The epicure's supreme delight,  
Changed by a sudden sultry night,  
The loud reproving tone come nigh, —  
*I knew the ven'son would be high;*  
I warned you you were acting wrong  
To keep that noble haunch so long;  
I have held my appetite in stay,  
And now must send my plate away.  
All temperate here, as summer seas  
In gentle motion to the breeze;  
No stormy tones the ear annoy,  
To interrupt the tranquil joy;  
And perfect happiness we clasp  
Where all's correct within the grasp.

To close the feast, in suited plan,  
The Gruyère and the Parmesan,  
The Stilton, Gloster, Wiltshire's art,  
Each dairy's housewifery impart;

While Cheshire's pungent powers unfold  
The inviting tint of time's blue mould.

As servants fly, the salvers ring;  
The ale and burridge cup they bring,  
Enlivened still the flow of soul  
With playful mirth that crowns the whole.

The banquet o'er, — 'tis comfort's prize  
The adjoining room the fruit supplies,  
And for fresh air the party rise;  
Nor wait the encumbering cloth to clear,  
Ere sought another atmosphere.

And now POMONA'S various care,  
In bloom of freshness, glisten there,  
And vine-leaf clad, there stand confessed  
By taste's assiduous fingers dressed;  
The nectarine rich, of crimson hue,  
The fig, the plum of glossy blue,  
The pear, the melon, grape, and peach,  
That tempt the willing hand to reach:  
All that can summer's suns produce,  
Or skilful art can raise for use;  
Or foreign fruits in aid afford,  
Selected from the winter's hoard.  
Delightful treat! where none may grieve,  
No mischief springs from each fair EVE;

Since here no *apple* can convey  
Repentance in the sinner's way.

As every nation has its school,  
That guides it in domestic rule ;  
Each, in its own opinion right,  
To lead the mind to true delight :  
So, when Gaul prized her ancient kings,  
Ere discord rose with blood-stained wings,  
Casting around a scowling eye  
Behind the mask of liberty ;  
To search where, with infuriate hand,  
She could sow mischief round the land ;  
Spread slaughter, havock, rage, distress,  
To ruin human happiness ;  
The softer sex, through life's bright day,  
Held in high claims their sovereign sway,  
And not a moment gave delight  
Which kept them from man's raptured sight ;  
They were the stars in Social skies,  
That ruled the hours in Frenchmen's eyes.

But Britons in their Social cause,  
Too proud to bend to foreign laws,  
Too wise to pull a structure down,  
For ages built on fair renown,

Because some trivial parts are seen  
Discoloured by time's cankering green;  
Who love the sex, yet claim with pride  
To hold their own dominion wide;  
Assert that claim, — and thence assume  
The sceptre of the banquet-room;  
And, like the stag in sylvan bound,  
Allow no trespass on their ground;  
The sex withdrawn, there's no return;  
Yet will man's heart with fondness burn;  
Still will he feel with conscious glow  
The future, as the past, will show;  
(What history tells, nor truth denies,)  
Woman's bright empire never dies! —  
Who can deny her justly titled claim,  
“Sovereign of creatures — Universal Dame.”

Far be it from the bard to say  
How long the endearing fair should stay,  
How long their presence should supply  
Soft rapture to the approving eye.  
'Tis theirs to judge, and feel their power  
To animate the festive hour;  
Know their full worth, and, when they rise,  
Approve themselves the heart's best prize;

Keep, though retired, their sovereign sway ;  
Rule, like ACHILLES, though away.

When beauty's beams no longer blaze,  
And round the table shed bright rays ;  
'Tis then the scattered guests prepare  
To rally and support the chair ;  
Close their wide ranks, take nearer line,  
And bathe wit's lips in rosy wine.

And now the cellar's deep domain  
Sends forth fresh stores to light again :  
There doomed to dwell, till like the wand  
That PROSPERO swayed, in high command,  
The magic screw and potent key  
Set the imprisoned spirit free.

Wine, cheering wine, that lightens wo,  
And bids the pulse of friendship glow ;  
Prolongs man's life, by moderate use ;  
But undermines it, by abuse ;  
And is a source of joy or evil,  
A comfort, or pernicious devil.

Who seeks intemperance as a mate,  
Will mourn the folly soon or late.

“ And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,  
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile ;

The grave, in merry measures frisk about,  
And many a long-repented word bring out:  
Inflaming wine! pernicious to mankind,  
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noblest mind."

When converse with the bottle flies,  
Then wit will simultaneous rise;  
But when the bottle rules the ball,  
'Tis tyranny—oppression all:  
And hateful is confusion's table,  
Where reigns the many-tongue, like Babel;  
The ceaseless tale of hound and horn,  
Of southern breeze, the sportsman's morn,  
The daring leap, the lengthened chase,  
Mid orgies ending in disgrace,  
The nauseous joke repeated o'er,  
The chorused song in stunning roar:—  
Far be such scenes of festive strife  
From the mild sphere of polished life.

Blithe round the board in every glass,  
Here ruby drops with temperance pass;  
And as on autumn's tranquil morn,  
When the grey mist, in pastures born,  
Fills the whole air's encircling space,  
Hiding the sun's refulgent face;

So will the crystal's dewy side  
Conceal the grape's inspiring tide ;  
Till as the purple treasures flow,  
Resplendent in translucid glow,  
Unveiled, they burst from clouds to light,  
In flavour rich, in beauty bright.

Bound by no harsh imperious measure,  
No arbitrary tax on pleasure ;  
At large, and left to freedom's thinking,  
No rule is given, no law of drinking,  
But that, attentive to convey  
The current in each neighbour's way,  
From right to left—the rule confest  
As HOMER'S ancient lays attest,—  
And while the cheerful minutes pass,  
Still rational, o'er every glass !  
The speech correct, the judgment stable,  
Enjoy the converse of the table.

To form the intellectual treat,  
That makes the banquet hour complete,  
'Tis judgment's task to suit with care  
The party that the meal should share.  
Though wealth can crowded boards procure,  
It will not wit nor sense ensure ;



Such, into brilliant contest brought,  
Must be the growth of prudent thought.  
The nightshade, placed beside the rose,  
Will but the gardener's taste expose;  
For what to sight is more enchanting,  
Than a right mode of graceful planting;  
Where Nature to advantage drest,  
By some choice flower sets off the rest!

In life's high road we frequent see  
Companion-travellers ill agree,  
Pursue their course with tardy pace,  
As if distressed to run the race;  
But if a cheerful voice comes nigh,  
'T will make the languid footstep fly,  
Beguile the weary length of hill,  
Impart new lustre to the rill,  
Dispel the fog, endear the walk,  
Enlivened by the sprightly talk.

Then, like the clash of stone and steel,  
The light of converse will reveal;  
But not the steel, without the stone,  
Would yield the vivid spark alone:  
Nor will the diamond's dazzling blaze  
Display itself to beauty's gaze,

Till art's strong hand unfolds its ray,  
And gives its splendours to the day:  
So timid minds no aid will lend,  
Till wakened by some sprightly friend; —  
Then, by collision's power, will rise  
Bright stars in intellectual skies.

There are, (nor can the verse refrain  
To mark the conduct, and complain,)  
Who, blest with every power to please,  
In thought and word can flow with ease;  
Perverse, will nature's gifts withhold,  
And cautious hoard wit's social gold;  
Keep back, with high and lordly care,  
That wealth the meanest guest should share;  
Haughty look round with sullen brow,  
Where they no equal claims allow;  
Nor let that manna gracious fall,  
Heaven's gift of speech, designed for all.  
Unlike the sun, whose guardian toil  
Cheers with kind looks the poorest soil,  
Benign, who spreads his generous beams,  
And casts around enlivening gleams:  
Generous in act, with liberal sway,  
Sheds on each face the light of day;

Speaks, as with clear impressive voice,  
To bid the lowliest heart rejoice ;  
And if a cloud his rays arrest,  
He re-appears in brighter vest.

Yet, while we court wit's prosperous gale,  
The extremes of mirth should not prevail ;  
The temperate breeze will fan the fire,  
Which the strong gust will make expire :  
And wit of an o'erpowering kind  
Will but distress the gentle mind :  
And such examples clearly show  
Truths that no host should fail to know ;  
And make it his peculiar task  
The suited guests with care to ask :  
For 'tis the seasoning of a dish  
That fits it to the palate's wish.

Should friends, capricious, prove unkind,  
Nor keep their promises in mind,  
And send a late or weak excuse,  
That disappointment's chill produce,  
Bring not the guest to converse blind,  
To fill the place for wit designed,  
The course to take is plain and clear,  
Make those more welcome who appear ;

Withhold a dish, contract the space,  
To give the board a suited grace.  
Though BANQUO'S person be not there,  
Conjure no ghost into the chair,  
To dim bright mirth with sickly sight,  
And spread good-humour's wings for flight;  
The ring should have no Bristol-stone,  
Where diamonds ought to beam alone:  
'Tis not a feast you wish to give,  
But let convivial comforts live.

Here must the bard sad truth apply,—  
He beams no star in festive sky,  
O'er him the power of Somnus reigns,  
And binds his brows in sleep's strong chains;  
Binds them, when wit will sparkling strive  
To keep the Social board alive.  
'Tis his to show — in blushing rhyme —  
He feels his never-ceasing crime;  
And owns he can prefer no claim  
For merit of convivial fame.  
Yet would some friend, for candour's sake,  
Confess his zealous mind awake,  
His every thought and act incline  
To spring to light mirth's cheerful mine:

Bind Social joys with rivets fast,  
To make convivial comforts last.  
Spite of his faults, no friends neglect,  
They find a company select,  
Though Lethe's streams his eye-balls steep,  
Nor bottle, nor the party, sleep;  
And though life's lamp thus feebly burn,  
Still to that lamp they prompt return;  
Nay, prove their kindness will not swerve,  
At their own board a seat preserve,  
Trusting that SOMNUS' leaden power  
Will rule but for a little hour:  
His sceptre broke, and short the reign,  
Restore him fresh to light again.

But life's at best a chequered scene,  
The uncertain dance upon the green,  
Where e'en, amid joy's brightest hours,  
Clouds hovering round may bring forth showers.  
Sad ills may rise, and painful throw  
A sombre shade o'er Social glow,  
Like the chill eastern winds that bring  
The blight which nips the flowers of spring.  
Thus did grief's sudden storm invade  
The fairy scenes by friendship made,  
When ALBERT low in earth was laid.

Ne'er can the bard forget the morn,  
Or let it from his mind be torn,  
That when by pain's dread pangs opprest,  
From life's hard breathings in his breast ;  
That then, even then, in friendly part  
His pen was dipped into his heart,  
To own that love which was our pride, —  
Oh! how the feelings then were tried!  
The hand that writ it down, and gave,  
Had dropt untimely to the grave.

“ O'er nobler ashes in repose,  
Death's marble gates will never close :  
Nor, to the bowers of bliss consigned,  
Has ever soared a purer mind.”

Assembled crowds, to merit just,  
Respectful met his sacred dust ;  
Joined the sad funeral on its way,  
And owned his virtues to the day.  
Shunning ambition's restless strife,  
He sought the tranquil vale of life ;  
Calm there enjoyed life's placid plan,  
And beamed intelligence on man.

No friend in him could e'er descry  
“ Unkindness' cold and altered eye :

His wit ne'er flushed another's face,  
His voice ne'er lost its tuneful grace;  
For, when the intemperate wandered wrong,  
He led with gentlest speech along,  
Gave to their mind the silken clue  
That brought unerring truth to view.

“ Weep, shepherd swains!  
For him that was the glory of your plains;  
He could allay the murmurs of the wind;  
He could appease  
The sullen seas,  
And calm the fury of the mind.”

When Social at the festive board,  
’Twas rapture to attend each word;  
There with a strong, but gentle sway,  
Truth’s active powers would sparkling play.  
In politics, that troubled stream,  
He mixed no party with the theme;  
His was a language understood,  
That breathed alone the public good:  
’Twas his to open learning’s store,  
Dismiss the dross, dispense the ore;

Tread science' path with steady pace,  
Or plead wit's cause with sprightly grace.  
'Twas his with strength of attic bound  
To leap the pale of classic ground ;  
Select each curious flower that grew,  
And hold taste's richest gems to view.  
Whate'er the theme, whate'er the song,  
With him how danced the hours along !

But, to support truth's sacred tale,  
And shew no idle dreams prevail ;  
O! we might call, in powerful aid,  
Those who have heard his wit displayed ;  
O! we might, free from flattery's strain,  
Call kindred spirits to maintain,  
Who oft have heard the rapturous swell  
Play round the ear with magic spell ;  
Who oft have joined, through lengthened night,  
The attractive converse with delight :  
Charmed with that sense, in powerful play,  
Which stole the captive time away.  
Their hands alone should place and twine  
The cypress round his hallowed shrine ;  
They o'er his urn the wreath should throw  
Upon whose brows bright laurels grow :



CAM should behold the suited deed,  
And greet it with approving reed;  
Whose sacred stream in early day  
Foretold the lustre of his way.  
Unequal in the task to strive,  
To keep high classic claims alive;  
The bard, in friendship's love sincere,  
Embalms his memory with a tear.

But, Muse, why thus vain grief bestow,  
Strew cypress where the pink should blow?  
Make death's dark shades o'er comforts lower,  
Which should alone know brightest hour?  
Why interrupt the Social verse,  
And sorrow's bitter tale rehearse?

'Tis not the Muse's idle aim  
In fancied sorrow to complain,  
And break upon the tale of mirth  
To give a plaintive story birth;  
And from Death's dreary mansion bring  
Life's faded form on raven wing.  
But present joys, however high,  
However blithe the moments fly,  
Should not repress the sacred sigh  
Due to the friend esteemed:—though gone,  
Though now no more life's sands run on,

Still we may dwell on transports past,  
And, when no longer doomed to last,  
Grateful still turn to HIM that gave,  
Who, for a time, vouchsafed to save.

Though art suits ill with recent grief  
To give the suffering mind relief,  
The lyre may lie too long unstrung,  
Too long the dirge remain unsung;  
And friendship's debt, if left unpaid,  
Make the full heart the verse upbraid.  
That debt discharged, the heart in peace  
Should bid all useless sorrow cease.

But ALBERT, ever honoured friend!  
On whom my thoughts unceasing bend,  
"To whom my hand would willing raise,  
And heap the grassy turf in praise;  
And every stone of lustre take,  
A pious monument to make;  
Piled from the brook"—that time might tell  
Where worth and virtue chose to dwell;  
And to each future age proclaim,  
And spread, like LYCIDAS, thy name.

Yet, ALBERT, not e'en worth like thine,  
(Graced with the tears of all the Nine,)  
Can man, rude man, in life refine;

'Tis woman's hand, by wisdom led,  
Assisting with a silken thread,  
Must guide his steps,—and bring to view  
The Social paths he should pursue.

If SHAKSPEARE, with commanding lyre,  
Wished for his aid a “ Muse of fire,”  
That he might paint with fervid power  
The conflict of the embattled hour—  
The warlike HARRY, and his train,  
On Agincourt's ensanguined plain,  
And, in the poet's phrensied rage,  
Wished a whole kingdom for a stage,  
Princes to act and intervene,  
And monarchs to behold the scene;  
An humble bard may well repine,  
He has no spark of light divine,  
The gift of the transcendent Nine;  
Who, from a feeble harp, must fling  
Dear woman's praise, on trembling string  
Which should be sung—each graceful turn,—  
“ In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;”  
He must content him with the deed,  
To chaunt her name on oaten reed.

Woman! superior gift of Heaven!  
Thou mak'st the road of life run even.

What were the world, without thine aid,  
But a rude wilderness displayed —  
A weary waste of barren heath,  
Where lies no harvest-hopes beneath!  
Sharp pangs ye feel to give man birth,  
To run his pilgrimage on earth;  
Rear him with care in infant days,  
And nurse him in a thousand ways;  
Ye sooth with smiles his hours of care,  
In sickness, listlessness, despair;  
Watch him at morn, at night attend,  
And prove in age his kindest friend.

The transports of a mother's voice  
Will make the filial heart rejoice:  
What pleasure when a sister's name  
Thrills through the nerve of kindred frame!  
But when man bows to Heaven on high,  
That bids him form the nuptial tie;  
When the heart speaks, and friends approve,  
And HYMEN'S torch is lit by love;  
The chaplet binds the virgin's brow,  
And priests proclaim the marriage vow;  
Join hand in hand, with plighted truth,  
The grace of wit to bloom of youth;

The hours lead on, in jocund glee,  
Thy fairy-dance, Felicity!  
Yet must all transports have their season,  
And time's true dial point to reason;  
For as the sun pursues his course,  
And high in air gains stronger force,  
Spreading abroad a wider flame,  
With warmer glow and steadier aim;  
So in life's orbit we shall view  
The equal consequence ensue.  
As years roll on, and mid-day life  
Engrafts the Mother on the Wife;  
Affection soars with firmer wing,  
When time shall pledge of infants bring;  
Then will parental joy and care  
Claim in the heart divided share;  
Then spring alternate hope and fear,  
The conscious smile, and tender tear;  
The tear from fearful fondness shed,  
O'er blessings of the nuptial bed;  
Like April suns, 'mid tepid showers,  
Glistening on leaves of early flowers;  
Or bloom, in crowded cluster hung,  
From the same parent scion sprung.

Sedate the day, love's tumults cease,  
As life's important cares increase;  
The bridal warmth maintains its power,  
But with new views at every hour.

Then should death's darkling storms arise,  
And dim with mist joy's sparkling eyes;  
(For sudden winds oft interpose  
To blight the unsuspecting rose;)  
Then, should arrive the adverse day,  
That tears a treasured gem away,  
Blest in love's contract, each should strive  
To keep the cheerful thought alive;  
Sooth the grieved heart, and bid resume  
Life's playful smiles, restored from gloom.

“ Some feelings are to mortals given  
With less of Earth in them than Heaven;  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid, and so meek,  
It will not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head.”  
This suited thought, with pride, we take  
From the famed “ Lady of the Lake,”

And plant within the Social bower,  
Respectful to the author's power ;  
But own 'tis placed in rude domain, —  
A rose, o'er common flowers to reign.

“ When with the sex at morn we walk,  
Or join at eve in sprightly talk,  
How cheerful spreads the orient ray !  
How lovely sinks the closing day !  
With them the air is all perfume ;  
'Mid them how blithe the crowded room !  
From them at night we part with pain,  
And sigh for morn to meet again.”

Woman ! blithe theme of poets' lays,  
Their pride, their passion, and their praise !  
Who but would wrap love's robe about them ?  
Who could be brought to live without them ?  
The single state may keep man free,  
But 'tis a joyless liberty.

Here let cool judgment intervene,  
That peeps behind the nuptial screen ;  
And the calm stander-by may know  
More than the players think they show :  
For Social joys, replete with charms,  
Must be protected still from harms.

To play life's cards correctly right,  
Reason must deal, to give delight.

When HYMEN'S bower, love's virtuous seat,  
By prudence' aid, is formed complete,  
Then to his votaries all is fair ;  
The sun is bright, and mild the air ;  
Sweet-scented flowers delightful fling  
Their odours round, and all is spring :  
But spring's best flowers will soon decay,  
And nuptial transports fade away ;  
If prudence do not watch around,  
Rank weeds may rise to choke the ground ;  
If her kind hand should not sustain  
And bind the sheaves, then falls the grain ;  
The soil requires unceasing care, —  
TEMPER, the best of culturers — *there*.

Would wedded life the rule observe ;  
Practise the rule, and never swerve ;  
Feel it a duty that they owe,  
To let good humour's current flow ;  
Nor prone to give nor take offence,  
But keep the pale of common sense :  
Then should, in matrimonial life,  
Some slight occurrence lead to strife,



Anger will soon be past and gone,  
If both have not the fool's cap on.  
“ Bear and forbear ” — that maxim true  
The marriage state should still pursue.  
It is contending winds and wave  
That feed and make the tempest rave.

BRUTUS and CASSIUS, in the play,  
By hasty words are led away;  
They differ, show vindictive spleen,  
Till sense and temper step between;  
BRUTUS keeps calmness still in view,  
CASSIUS' intemperance to subdue;  
The gentle word, with friendship's smile,  
Could anger of its force beguile,  
Like oil upon the troubled sea,  
Restore them to tranquillity !

Muse ! tell this truth — nor tell in vain, —  
The saccharine pulp of India's cane,  
When influenced by too strong a fire,  
Will with o'erpowering swell aspire,  
Rise into foam, and threaten round  
Destructive torrent on the ground ;  
But, the right alterative applied,  
No longer heaves the troubled tide,

No more with Etna's fury burns,  
But to a tranquil state returns.

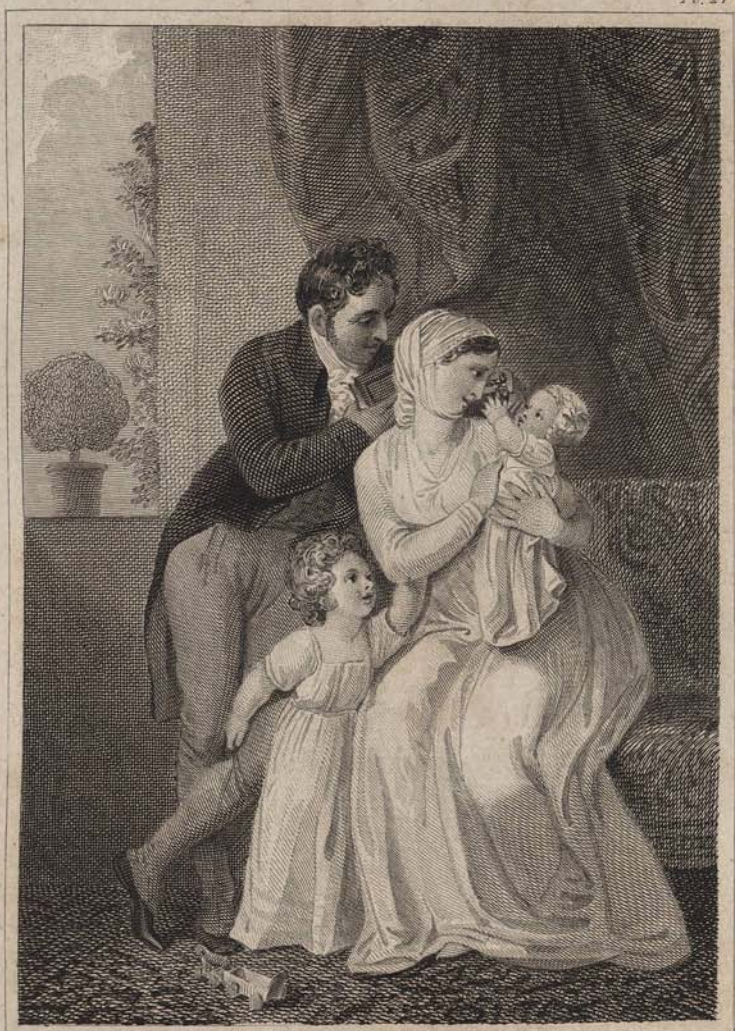
COWPER, unblest with lovely wife,  
Yet lectured right on married life ;  
Calmly observed, and faithful drew  
This useful picture to the view.

“ The kindest and the happiest pair  
May find occasion to forbear ;  
And something, every day they live,  
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

But if infirmities, that fall  
In common to the lot of all,  
A blemish, or a sense impaired,  
Are crimes so little to be spared ;  
Then farewell all that must create  
The comforts of a wedded state!”

Here shall the verse attempt to show  
That little of ourselves we know,  
When the full heart will overflow.  
We seldom think our acts transgress,  
When we pursue our happiness ;  
But deem the world will rapturous see,  
And join in our felicity.

Retired, and in domestic hours,  
Delightful then are children's powers :



T. Swethead R.A. del.

J. Burnett sculp.

*Retired and in domestic hours,  
Delightful then are childrens powers:*

*London, Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

Their prattling talk, their pleasing way,  
Their artless smile, and infant play,  
That rouse a father's anxious care,  
Repay the pangs that mothers bear ;  
Expand with hope the parent breast,  
And robe life's noon in brightest vest.

But parents' love will oft presume,—  
Take highest flights on fancy's plume,—  
Who deem no other bud that blows  
Can match their own enchanting rose ;  
No other blossom can compare,  
And bring such perfect fruit to bear.  
But Nature, kind, does not confine  
Perfection to a single line:  
The towering eagle and the jay  
The same parental warmth display ;  
With love and Nature's law's imprest,  
See equal beauty in their nest.  
But jays, too partial, will descry  
Amid their young the eagle's eye,  
The powerful beak, and ample pinion,  
Equal to range Heaven's high dominion ;  
For Nature, through affection blind,  
Will even warp the strongest mind.

The parent deems its infant's cheek  
Beauty to every eye will speak ;  
Enraptured with its lispings voice,  
Believes 'twill every ear rejoice ;  
For even failings have a charm  
A parent's breast with love to warm :  
Yet he must be a churl indeed  
Will make a mother's bosom bleed ;  
Forgetful that he once was young,  
Will check the little prattler's tongue :  
Though infant talk molest the ear,  
And trespass on bright wit's career,  
Disturb the tale of festive glow,  
The stream of joy in mirthful flow ;  
It is but for a little hour  
They hold their reign in sovereign power ;  
And the vexed mind, that hour bewailing,  
Should find excuse in nature's failing ;  
In living for ourselves alone,  
Do we respect the Social throne ?  
And can such tempers feel and know  
How warm the mother's veins will glow ?  
They know not half her worth and praise,  
Her watchful love through nights and days :

For 'tis not beauty claims her care,  
Preponderating in partial share;  
Not such alone her fondness prove;  
She brings to light more generous love:  
The feeble infant will sustain,  
With kindness cheer the bed of pain,  
Show constant zeal, with pleading eye,  
Pouring her fervent prayer on high,  
That Heaven will screen her child from harm,  
And yield it to a mother's arm,  
Protected through the dangerous hour,  
When sickness reigns, with threatening power.  
Nay, should stern Nature's hand, unkind,  
Distort the infant's frame or mind,  
She does not spurn the blighted flower,  
But watch it through life's adverse hour;  
Yielding it more than common care,  
Warm in the breast to nestle there:  
And lordly man, with all his pride,  
Can never bid more love preside.

Then, when health speaks in beauty's bloom,  
O give affection ample room!  
Let it a mother's joy proclaim,  
Nor check her with ungenerous blame:

Let her receive her due reward,  
And greet her love and fond regard.

But proper course, my Muse, pursue ;  
Bring every suited thought to view :  
And though weak minds, in wild surprise,  
Regard truth's tale with wondering eyes ;  
Deeming the daring Muse too bold,  
That can strange sentiments unfold ;  
Make man rebel, and court applause,  
For laying down unrighteous laws ;  
Invite the restless foot to rove,  
And fly from children, home, and love :  
Not to be ever side by side,  
Should be man's boast, or woman's pride ;  
Such were to forge a heavy chain,  
That each might long to burst in twain ;  
Transmute the tie, whose links are gold,  
To fetters of an iron hold :  
If every hour away from sight  
Brings tears, and jealousy, and fright,  
“ If confidence can claim no part,  
Where are the transports of the heart ?”

But not the flow of honied speech,  
Which use may prompt, and custom teach, —

Sounds that incessant meet the ear—  
*My life,—my angel,—sweetest dear,—*  
Monotonous from year to year—  
Will to considerate minds convey  
They speak truth's pure, delicious sway;  
One heart, one soul, in both that prove  
Connubial transport, peace, and love.  
No! the kind look will more explain  
What the fraught bosom doth retain  
Of plighted vows in early hours,  
When HYMEN strewed the path with flowers:  
The gentle pressure of the hand  
Speaks to the soul in more command;  
In silent eloquence will plead  
All that the mind can wish to read—  
That faith, regard, respect, esteem,  
Have flitted not like idle dream,  
But still diffuse their wonted charm,  
To keep life's chequered path from harm:  
“ That love hath little truth of seeming,  
Is merchandized, whose rich esteeming  
Is blazoned every where aloud  
Before the many-hearing crowd;”  
What is it, but a mere display  
Of sugared words that melt away?



When hearts with mutual friendship burn,  
Short absence urges sweet return ;  
So MILTON, versed in varied lore,  
Proclaimed with eloquence of yore ;  
And strange that man so clouds his sight,  
That female charms give no delight ;  
So steels his mind to proud neglect,  
The fair he treats not with respect,  
Whose smiles endear the Social plan,  
And change the savage—into man.

Summoned to tea, no festive board  
Should let or wit or wine afford  
Excuses for undue delay,  
But homage paid to female sway,  
We should return to life's mild joys,  
Which high convivial mirth destroys ;  
Join with the sex in converse meet,  
Their praises and their welcomes greet.

If summer rules with fervid power,  
Lovely their smiles at twilight hour,  
Where windows, opening to the ground,  
Display the landscape's rural bound ;  
When the tired sun, his journey sped,  
Round half the globe his light hath spread,



J. Jackson R.A. del.

T. Brugge sculp.

*When hearts with mutual friendship burn  
Short absence urges sweet return ;*

*London, Published Jan<sup>r</sup> 2. 1792. by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

*Canto 4. page 256. line 1.*

And cools his beams, his forehead laves,  
Refreshed in the western waves ;  
Sweet with the foliage of the trees,  
That move obedient to the breeze,  
Tremulous that move, and rustling spread  
Zephyrs' soft sighs around the head ;  
Or lured to rove the woods among,  
Where PHILOMEL attunes his song ;  
And hear him pour his love-lorn measure  
In thrilling notes of Social pleasure.  
Or, if obscure the tranquil night,  
Observe the glow-worm's gentle light :  
See nature's robe — in splendour drest ;  
Rich brilliants stud her verdant vest ;  
Their thousand lights enrich the plain,  
In clusters like the starry train.  
Or where the bashful Cereus blows,  
That scents the air 'mid calm repose ;  
See him spread wide his ample wing,  
And round him balmy odours fling,  
Like that ethereal Power who came —  
Angelic RAPHAEL! — to proclaim  
Mercy to man in Eden's bower,  
And warn him of his adverse hour.

Girt were his feet with feathery mail ;  
O'er his whole frame rich hues prevail —  
Heaven's penciled tints — and downy gold  
On every limb resplendent told.

Before our patriarch sire thus stood  
The messenger for human good ;  
“ Shook his bright plumes with graceful pride,  
And heavenly fragrance filled the circuit wide.”

But should the moon, in sceptered grace,  
Sit on her throne of boundless space ;  
When the bright sun forsakes the skies,  
(Put down, some say, by ladies' eyes ;)  
And to the world, with cheering smile,  
The languor of night's hours beguile ;  
Spreading her magic lustre round  
In silvery witchcraft on the ground ;  
Or in the centre of the stream  
On the waves dance in rippling gleam ;  
Charmed we behold her beams appear,  
“ Like pearls that deck the Æthiop's ear.”

“ Great queen of night ! thy high command  
Rules all the sea, and half the land ;  
When thou throw'st off thy veil of light,  
That hides thy face by day from sight ;



W. Nash del.

J. Muldman sculp.

*Charmed we behold her beams appear,  
"Like pearls that deck the Othiops ear."*

London, Published Jan<sup>r</sup>. 1782, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.

(Mysterious veil! of brightness made,  
That's both thy lustre and thy shade;)   
And in the lanthorn of the night,  
With shining horns hang'st out thy light."  
Silent, thou tell'st a wonderous tale!  
Thou tell'st of blessings that prevail,  
Which bounteous Providence bestows, —  
On every clime and nation throws,  
To cheer the loss of absent day,  
And show His attributes and sway,  
Whose sovereign goodness smiles on all  
The tenants of this earthly ball.

But when the summer solstice past,  
And autumn's charms no longer last;  
When every vivid tint is gone,  
That her all-changeful hand laid on,  
And leaf on leaf, by many a gale,  
Is strewn in heaps along the vale;  
And wrinkled winter, pale, and cold,  
Lays on the world relentless hold,  
Imprisoning, in obdurate chain,  
The mountain-torrent, lake, and plain;  
Throws o'er the fields the fleecy load,  
That chokes the path to man's abode.

No cheering hour his presence brings ;  
He roams abroad on tyrant wings,  
Spreading the fog of frost around,  
Silent and stern, through nature's bound.  
The cattle crouching in the fold,  
And trembling from excess of cold ;  
The steamy breath their nostrils yield,  
In pendant icicles congealed ;  
And not a bird will boldly dare  
The dread inclemency of air.  
Or when he rules with stormy sweep,  
Stirring the tempest on the deep ;  
Or on the rack 'mid darkness flies,  
Veiling each planet in the skies ;  
And, with a fierce resistless haste,  
Laying the ancient forests waste,  
Tumultuous comes, with ruthless powers,  
Pouring in floods o'erwhelming showers :  
In this rude season should we see,  
Nay seek, the hut of poverty ;  
The mouldering wall, the flinty floor,  
The broken pane, and fenceless door ;  
Where the loose thatch, in frequent stain,  
Filters chill drops of beating rain,

And not a ray of comfort near  
To light with joy the inclement year:—  
Should we approach man's scanty bed,  
When the winds whistle round his head;  
Cheer him with kindness, warmth, and care,  
Bidding the purse of bounty spare,  
And mild benevolence prevail,  
Tempering the edge of winter's gale:  
Should we do this,—the heart at rest  
Makes Winter's reign supremely blest;  
And HIGHGROVE'S bowers "are fair e'en now,  
When not a leaf is on the bough."  
HIGHGROVE!—whose friendly host displays,  
In endless charitable ways  
The liberal hand; yet gives with care;  
Selects who should the bounty share;  
Weighs every claim, and justly holds to view  
No aid to vice and idleness is due.

Then HIGHGROVE hail! the blazing pyre  
Bids comfort's purest joys transpire.  
The heart which feels for others' wo  
Should find its own with rapture glow.  
The sportive tale, the guileless joke,  
May laughter's heaving sides provoke;



The song, the catch, the harmonious glee,  
May please in just variety.

Music! Heaven's gracious gift! how well  
Thou cheer'st with thy harmonious swell  
The evening hour—how sweet thy spell,  
When no vain fingers touch the lyre  
With pert conceit of fancied fire;  
When no capricious arts prevail,  
No adverse words the ear assail,  
That peevish or perversely throw  
A damp that chills the Social glow,  
By false or by affected plea  
Of voices out of harmony;  
But one right spirit spreads around,  
That bids joy breathe, and grace abound;  
Bids sound and sense their strength unite,  
To give ineffable delight;  
Bids taste its aid to science bring,  
And innate feeling wake the string.

Then to the instrument when led,  
The strain subdued or lifted high,  
And not a whisper's heard to spread,  
As if CECILIA'S self were nigh:



G. Jones pinx.

W. Bond sculp.

*Music! Heavens gracious gift! how well  
Thou cheer'st with thy harmonious swell  
The evening hour.*

*London, Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 1. 1802, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

When fair AMELIA strikes the lute,  
And charms us with superior song,  
We listening gaze, with wonder mute,  
Nor heed how flits the time along.

With rapid speed the moments fly!  
Joyous we hear the enchanting lay;  
Her melting voice, and beaming eye,  
Chase sorrow's visions far away.

But when the varying tones express,  
“ In soft and solemn breathing tale,”  
The plaintive language of distress,  
And o'er the yielding soul prevail,

The impressive sigh, the tear we see,  
Proclaim her still, in lyric power,  
Ruler supreme of Minstrelsy, —  
Disposer of the serious hour!

When JESSIE rival power maintains,  
Or LAURA joins the heavenly strains,  
In sister-taste, with equal skill,  
In Music's aid, and friendly will:

“ The melting voice through mazes running,”  
With heedful care and curious cunning;  
“ *Uniting* all the links that tie  
The *golden* chain of harmony ;”  
When sounds like these, distinctly clear,  
Play all around the ravished ear ;  
The tuneful measure binding strong  
The moral with the lyric song ;  
Who can be dumb that hears the lays ?  
Who, that observes, can stifle praise ?  
Who, but exclaim, — Thus ever prove  
Allied in harmony and love !

CLARA ! the Muse shall keep in view  
Hope’s presage, and thy praise pursue.  
Of thee shall future hours proclaim,  
Thy equal worth, and equal fame ;  
For love and care will still combine  
To nurse fresh wreaths for friendship’s shrine—  
Wreaths, pure as those which graceful shed  
Their radiance round each sister’s head.  
So shall a father’s heart feel pride,  
A mother’s beat in rapturous tide,  
And, with joy’s conscious smile expressed,  
Clasp rising virtue to the breast ;

And, in anticipation, share  
Full harvest of parental care.

“ What passion cannot music raise and quell!

When JUBAL struck the corded shell,  
His listening brethren stood around,

And wondering, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound :

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!”

So DRYDEN breathed in art's best song,

Pouring mellifluous tones along ;

The Social Bard, to grace his lyre,

Bids the enchanting line transpire :

But, trembling, bids the verse expand ;

And owns his over daring hand,

That ventures, nor bids fear refrain,

To blend them with his humble strain.

But, Music! 'tis not all thy charms,

In joy, or grief, or love's alarms,

That should receive and claim alone

The Muse's care, in thoughtful tone ;

For cards, that cheer with smiling sway  
The evening of a winter's day,  
Their merits shall the verse proclaim,  
Their lively schemes, and gentle aim:—  
If they to angry speeches lead,  
They're hateful as a poisonous weed.

When all without is landscape drear,  
And all within-doors sprightly cheer;  
When polished grates send forth their blaze,  
And crystal lustres sparkling rays;  
And pictured walls confess the light,  
Rich, yet subdued—though borrowed, bright;  
Mirrors reflect the form and face,  
And give the room extended space;  
Bronze, marble, china, own the care  
Of taste and just selection there;  
Carpet and curtain meet the eye,  
Warm as the hue of Tyrian dye,  
And rich in gorgeous beauty, spread  
Art's lively variegated red;  
And verdant tables, opened wide,  
With India's pearly fish supplied;  
Where the twin-packs unbroken lie,  
Inviting players to make them fly  
Through nimble fingers dexterously;

And moderate, prudent stakes proclaim  
There lurks no mischief in the game :  
The heart in unison will bound,  
And own enchantment beams around.  
Chance, practice, science, then unite ;  
And with the sex 'tis all delight!—

But let us the right tale pursue,  
Describe what ills from cards ensue :—  
How cheerful when they're wisely used,  
How fraught with mischief when abused.

'Twas to amuse a vacant hour,  
Assisted by invention's power,  
That man, to raise a new delight,  
Brought forth the motley pack to sight :—  
The club, the diamond, heart, and spade,  
To be in endless change displayed :  
And subject to the sportive will  
Of chance, or judgment's practised skill,  
And, through a course of mazy wiles,  
Feed his fond hope with fortune's smiles.  
But man, by some ill-fated spell,  
Oft seats himself in sorrow's cell ;  
And that high gift of Providence,  
The endowment of superior sense,

Strangely permits, as passion sways,  
To deviate tow'rd pernicious ways :  
And what was meant should give him pleasure,  
Is misapplied in baneful measure.

Thus, from this motley pictured crew  
Destruction frequent starts to view ;  
For, like the bold but restless race  
That roam about the world's wide space,  
Whose sordid minds for pay engage  
To aid the battle's furious rage,  
Feeling no spark of patriot flame,  
But live for pillage, not for fame ;  
So will light cards, with wanton pride,  
Enlist themselves on every side ;  
No less capriciously than brave,  
They prop the weak, the strong enslave,  
Will court the knave for selfish ends,  
Will now be foes, now smiling friends ;  
Active, and treacherous, bold, and able,  
'Gainst their own tribe will turn the table ;  
And, traitors even to queen and king,  
Rude in their face the gauntlet fling ;  
Reckless how oft, or where they fight —  
Plunder their aim and sole delight :



Allied to none but tyrant rule,  
Drag forth the *tenants of the pool*;  
Or, with a strong o'erpowering hand,  
Sweep all the riches of the land ;  
Or circumspect, and with address  
To win the battle by finesse,  
Ope a masked battery to view,  
And war's insidious plans pursue :  
Leaving the vanquished to complain,  
Nor house, nor fields, nor woods remain ;  
Leave them in anguish to deplore  
They'll range their native plains no more ;  
Their only hope, a pittance, suing  
From those who wrought their sad undoing :  
Whence war and cards alike display,  
They tear man's happiness away.

'Tis sung by Avon's honoured bard,  
Britain's great boast and fond regard ;  
Sovereign of laughter, love, and tears ;  
The comet of a thousand years !—  
Not such, as poets' pens declare  
Portentous, from their horrid hair,  
When nations rage in furious jar,  
Send down dire pestilence and war ;

Perplexing monarchs, in their range,  
With anxious doubt and fear of change:  
But of that calm and genial light,  
In nature's proudest splendour bright;  
Dimming all other stars on high,  
That crowd the intellectual sky:—  
He, Avon's pride, in language plain,  
Bade the impressive truth remain,  
That guilty creatures, at a play,  
By mimic cunning led away,  
Have been compelled with pungent throe  
Their deep and dreadful crimes to show:  
For murder on the conscious cheek  
Will with miraculous organ speak.  
If, then, the Histrionic art  
Can raise guilt's spectre in the heart,  
May not the Thespian voice prevent  
And turn the mind from evil bent?  
The spendthrift, who with wanton pride  
Will wisdom's friendly hints deride;  
Restless, remain whole nights awake,  
And risk a fortune at each stake;  
Would he call back the tragic hour,  
Remembering SIDDONS' matchless power,

Whose sense, and face, and form, combined,  
Held full possession of the mind!—  
SIDDONS! whom REYNOLDS' sister art  
Proved how she reigned within his heart;  
Who throned her in the tragic chair,  
Enrobed a sovereign sitting there:—  
In BEVERLEY still find a charm  
To save him and his home from harm;  
And KEMBLE's truth-assumed distress  
Point to the path of happiness:—  
KEMBLE! whose talents could display  
With equal force the curse of play:—  
Then would each gamester seem the fiend,  
The STUKELY, to some hateful end;  
Selfish, who'd life's best joys perplex,  
E'en fasten on the softer sex;  
Watch, like a spider in his web,  
To throw around the entangling thread:  
And, then remorseless, pounce upon her,  
Yet call himself a man of honour!  
Walk forth unblushing through the day,  
If he maintain the laws of play;  
Play's specious laws, that burst asunder  
Virtue's just rules, to sanction plunder.

We read what passed in days of old ;  
That vice of man took early hold,  
Who drank the cup prepared from fruit,  
That changed his nature into brute ;  
Through his whole frame pernicious ran,  
And made sad havock of the man.  
So cards will cloud the human face,  
Brand every feature with disgrace :  
“ Yet we in vain the cards condemn ;  
'Tis we that cut and shuffle them.”  
How painful to the mind to see  
What trifles make men disagree —  
Trifles, compared with numerous ills  
Which fate in life's mixed bowl distils —  
The deal when missed ; the careless play,  
Which threw a trump too low away,  
The tardy call, which lost the game  
When the turned card debarred the claim ;  
The sad revoke — unthinking deed —  
Which followed not the suit in lead ;  
Such, though vexatious, should not wing  
A barbed word, to leave a sting,  
And, by austere reproaches, tend  
To hurt the feelings of a friend.



G. Jones pinx.

W. Bond sculp.

*Winning or losing all are gay,  
Good humours charms alone display:*

*London, Published Jan<sup>r</sup>. 2. 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

Those who their speech cannot command,  
Should never take a card in hand ;  
Nor those who find the cheek inflame,  
And lose their manners with the game.  
Play uncontrolled to misery tends,  
Breeds frightful quarrels among friends,  
Engenders words with mischief rife,  
Have led to forfeiture of life.

But we should lull each thought to rest  
That may affect the troubled breast ;  
No more shall verse the portrait show,  
With sunken cheek and tortured brow ;  
But the reverse display with pride,  
Where joy's endearing smiles preside ;  
Show cards, produced for Social use,  
Do not degenerate to abuse,  
The serious or the mirthful game  
Here never set the mind in flame ;  
No avaricious thoughts prevail,  
Where bland good humour spreads the sail ;  
And joy's light bark will gaily move,  
When the helm's steered by friendly love.  
Winning or losing, all are gay,  
Good humour's charms alone display ;

And cards, dealt forth in cheerful measure,  
Contribute to the evening's pleasure.

The duty to the cards thus paid,  
The dance must not the Muse upbraid,  
For absence of the suited verse,  
Its livelier transports to rehearse.

What female would the book peruse,  
The dance neglected by the Muse ?

When every hour to pleasure tends,  
And the whole house is full of friends,  
No dull monotony prevails,  
But various transports turn the scales,  
The sudden call creates the glee  
That leads to dancing energy.

Pleasures, expanding by surprise,  
Bid joys with tenfold value rise ;  
They act immediate on the frame,  
Like the shot sent with dexterous aim :  
But should perform life's friendly part,  
And cheer, and not perplex the heart.

Then, at the lyre's delightful sound,  
The answering footsteps instant bound ;  
Then start the fair, alert they spring,  
And to the mirth inspiring string  
Their twinkling feet to measure bring.

While cards and converse both give way,  
And symphony, and vocal lay;  
And even the old again seem young,  
Fancying each sinew newly strung,  
When active sports, with blue-eyed pleasure,  
Sudden invite to frolic measure;  
Then swiftly fleets the evening hour,  
And pleasure rules with liveliest power,  
While youth and age confess the sway,  
And lead the merry dance away:  
'Tis then accordant minds approve  
The graceful forms that gliding move,  
Free from that bold and forward part,  
Which suits alone theatric art.

The public ball, to youthful pride  
May spread a flattering vision wide,  
Filling weak minds with prospects vain,  
That hope some lover's heart to gain;  
Deeming the vaulting bound on high  
Will fascinate the stranger's eye;  
While over-anxious cares express  
They too much pride themselves on dress;  
And as the rapid moments fly,  
They grieve the sun has lit the sky;



By whose obtrusive beams that spread,  
They're summoned to the unwelcome bed.

But they, who shun the idle dream  
That prompts to sail on fashion's stream,  
To scenes sequestered will repair,  
To greet the dance, and court the fair :  
There mark each turn, each look approve,  
Ere they *allow* the heart to love :  
Seek other merits more enhancing  
Than siren voice, or sprightly dancing,  
Seek in good sense that magic sway,  
Which ought to steal the soul away.

Why for accomplishments take pains,  
If folly mars what labour gains ?  
Love can alone make lasting friends,  
Where with good sense good temper blends.  
What are the graces, form, or skin,  
Compared to virtues stamped within ?  
Would but the sex that axiom feel,  
They'd rightly prize both waltz and reel,  
Nor too much time on arts bestow,  
Which riper years aside must throw ;  
And to life's better views inclined,  
Court the improvement of the mind.



R. Smirke R.A. pinx.

T. Thomson sculp.

*What female would the book peruse,  
The dance neglected by the muse?*

*London, Published Jan: 1. 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street,*

Pardon, ye fair! this moral song,  
Nor deem the Muse's judgment wrong,  
Who joys the sprightly dance to see  
In all its gay variety;  
The glowing cheek, the sparkling eye,  
That prove the heart beats rapturous high.

But the bard roams to bring to aid  
A tale in other times displayed,  
Nor idly fears wit's cynic din  
Will censure what he *fine-draws* in,  
Deeming the thread of richer vest  
Shames the coarse texture of the rest.  
The gentle heart is ever just,  
On such he rests his Social trust;  
Such will regard with proper bent,  
Support the aim of good intent,  
And to his liberal views be kind,  
Nor lay restriction on the mind.

On the Loire's banks, where pleasures clung,  
When Social wreaths wide waving hung;  
Ere Gallia's race, infuriate grown,  
Blasphemed the altar, scorned the throne;  
Then dwelt Content 'mid rural charms;  
For then, unheard the call to arms,—

That hateful call! whose conscript powers  
Life's garden stript of fairest flowers;  
The children from their parents torn,  
Even the poor widow left forlorn,  
Her only pride and anxious care  
Doomed war's dread ills and rage to bear.

'Twas then, a traveller on his road  
Sought rest in some retired abode;  
Nor long in vain surveyed around,  
Where all was calmness,—peace profound.  
Hard by, beneath a reverend oak,  
From a low chimney curled the smoke;  
Such as could prompt a painter's eye,  
To break upon a cloudless sky;  
Give to the scene a cheerful face,  
And add a *wreath* to pictured grace.  
It was the near approach of night,  
When the sun streamed with slanting light,  
Cast o'er the ground, by lengthened shade,  
Fantastic figures on the glade;  
'Twas vintage-time, and supper-hour,  
And labourer's rest within the bower.

The stranger reached the straw-thatched pile;  
The host came forth,—and with a smile

Gave welcome to the banquet-room,  
Which never saw the face of gloom;  
And with a glow of cordial grace  
Assigned the most distinguished place.

At the blithe board, in rustic state,  
Sat the whole family, elate;  
Parent and child, and, branching wide,  
All the loved progeny allied;  
Each daughter's spouse, each son's fair bride.  
The wheaten loaf and lentel soup  
Were placed amid the happy group;  
And, amply filled for festive use,  
Bright flagons poured the grape's best juice.  
The traveller looked, — 'twas fairy ground, —  
All was hilarity around;  
Nor idly waiting to be prest,  
He made himself at once a guest;  
Cut from the loaf a plenteous share,  
To prove he had a welcome there.

Man can with little be content,  
When the mind takes its proper bent;  
Nor (well observed the moral song,)  
“ Will he require that little long.”  
Time flies, — and years, when passed away,  
Seem but the transcript of a day.

No pampered meal, the glutton's treat,  
Retained them in the slothful seat:  
Refreshed, and to the well-known call  
They flew to join the healthful ball;  
And canopied by smiling Heaven,  
Mixed as the dance was nightly given.  
The girls had run to braid their hair,  
Which wantoned in the open air;  
The sons returned with suited grace,  
With cheerful smiles, with glistening face,  
Their limbs were free, their motions fleet,  
Unloosed the sabots from their feet.  
The reverend Sire, with transport, prest  
A turf-raised seat above the rest,  
Thence struck the lute,—the yielding string  
Made every heart with rapture spring.  
His aged partner by his side,  
Who 'erst there sat a blooming bride,  
“ In flower of youth, and beauty's pride,”  
Joined the blithe scene, in spirits gay,  
And sang the accordant roundelay.

Not famed TIMOTHEUS from his lyre  
Could raise joy's noblest transports higher;  
Nor pride, nor circumstance, nor place,  
Could throw around more suited grace:

Not at the feast for Persia won  
By PHILIP's vain and warlike son.

The pastime's sweet that claims applause—  
The dancers stopped,—a solemn pause!  
When all, with lifted hands on high  
To the blue vault, the hallowed sky,  
Silent poured forth in thanks profound,—  
“'Tis HEAVEN that sheds these blessings round!”  
Grecians! and Romans!—ye whose pride  
Could christian piety deride,  
And worship gods, that would disgrace  
The lowest of the human race;  
What were your temples, pomp, and power,  
To the calm bliss of such an hour?  
Could your vain sacrifice compare  
With this sweet scene of humble prayer?

Remorseless he! whose ruthless hand  
Could drive such blessings from the land,  
And reckless of man's calm repose,  
Fill Europe with unmeasured woes.

But why preferred STERNE's well-known tale?  
What is the moral should prevail?—  
'Tis written by the hand divine,  
And strong and legible the line.

Though man should pleasure's paths pursue,  
Religion must be kept in view.

Her still small voice should never cease,  
She brings the calamet of peace,  
Peace to the mind, and to the heart  
Religion's holiest gifts impart ;  
And e'en amid joy's brightest hours  
Can bless with all prevailing powers.

But, Muse, still course life's Social plain,  
Where you have yet a race to gain ;  
The wished for goal before you lies,  
And one more heat secures the prize :  
Again she starts, and we pursue,  
To bring a cherished prize to view.  
We envy not, we here repeat,  
The crowd and suffocating heat,  
And restless step intent to roam,  
That leaves the pure delights of home  
And Social hour—for fashion's sway,  
To pass in midnight routs away.  
The Muse calls other scenes to sight,—  
The cheerful eve, the tranquil night ;  
And at the sun's returning ray,  
The blessings of the past-spent day.



Pleased with her theme she joys to give,  
And bid the grateful transport live.

Few have that happy gift to please,  
To read with energy and ease ;  
Arrest the ear, the hour beguile,  
Suiting the voice to varying style,  
To judgment and to taste appealing,  
Heighten true wit, and spread right feeling :  
But when are met such talents rare,  
And round convene the listening fair,  
The dance forgot, at rest the lyre,  
Berjeres and sofas neared the fire ;  
The curtains closed in ample fold,  
Spread to exclude the winter's cold,

The waxen tapers burning bright,

And not a coal throughout the grate  
But sheds a warm diffusive light  
In one effulgent vivid state ;

The hearth clean swept, and Comfort's breast  
Speaking that cares are hushed to rest ;  
What joy to turn the attentive ear,  
And sounds instructive listening hear ;

See smiles assenting greet the tale,  
Or sympathy's soft sighs prevail;  
Whether CERVANTES' playful mind  
Paints the past follies of mankind,  
LA MANCHA'S feats, TOBOSA'S charms,  
Or humourous SANCHO'S dread alarms;  
Or the good sense he could display  
In Barrataria's turbid sway:  
Whether the Tales of Real Life,  
Or CELEBS' searching for a wife;  
Whether LEFEVRE'S tear-fraught story,  
The Minstrel Lay, in northern glory;  
The Elements of Art invite,  
CRABB, BURNS, or GIFFORD, yield delight,  
Or with a kind parental view  
The Female Mentor gives the clue  
To lead youth safe life's labyrinth through;  
Casting around in just display  
Truth's purest gems to light their way:  
Or Memory's Pleasures yields its charm  
That can the torpid bosom warm,  
And like Pactolus' stream of old  
Turn all it touches into gold;  
Or with those bards breathe forth love's sigh,  
Who bring the matchless graces nigh,

Placing perfection's form before,  
That man, enraptured, may adore:—  
But on the brow when bound the wreath,  
That has a single flower beneath,  
Though rich and rare, that can impart  
A wrong sensation to the heart,  
Create the blush, and give offence  
To the chaste cheek of innocence;  
Closed is the book, and shunned the lays,  
No virtuous mind can deign to praise.  
Or with CHILDE HAROLD, prompt to fly,  
Light on the top of Ida high;  
And there with classic taste survey  
The proudest boasts of Grecian day;  
Yet sorrowing that such verse can give  
And bid ungenial tenets live:  
Shewing rich powers, resplendent given,  
Regardless of the smiles of Heaven.

Whether through Europe's bounds we range,  
See climates, people, customs change,  
Pleased with those authors who define  
Man's close approximating line,  
And mark the differences that lie  
In nature's vast variety.

Through Sweden, Poland, Prussia, stray,  
Contemplate Paris in the way;  
View Petersburg, the Russian's pride,  
Byzantium's minarets glittering wide;  
Or sail with science, to explore  
The bleak inhospitable shore;  
Following her progress to convey  
Discovery's chart through arctic day:  
Mark icebergs spread, and threatening rise  
Terrific to the seaman's eyes;  
Baffling his utmost skill and care  
To escape the shipwreck horrors there:  
Traverse Helvetia's lakes,—ascend  
Her alps; see clouds and torrents blend:  
Scale dread Mont-blanc, where snow prevails,  
Heaped by unnumbered winters' gales;  
And shuddering — from his slippery wall  
Hear the tremendous avalanche fall,  
Echoing its fate, then silent tell  
'Twill rest for ever in the dell:  
Or mark the rush of waters free  
That Danube rolls to Euxine sea.  
Behold the mingling Rhone and Rhine  
Their different tinted currents join:

Or rove Columbia's regions o'er,  
Listening Niagara's thundering roar ;  
Whose scattered spray, ascending high,  
Darkens the circumambient sky :  
Or on the Andes' loftiest side  
View the volcano threatening wide ;  
Where roll dense streams of liquid fire,  
Poured forth in Nature's frantic ire.  
Whether we calmly turn to home,  
And with those tourists seek to roam  
Who visit Scotia's hills, or tell  
Where HARRY lived, LLEWELLYN fell ;  
See Erin's emerald meadows smile ;  
Or coast Britannia's white-cliffed isle,  
Where waves on waves majestic roll,  
Beating the verge, and bind the whole.

Whether we spread the historic page,  
To mark the patriot, statesman, sage ;  
Tracing their acts, that proud adorn  
Fair Albion's orb in freedom's morn,  
Till it had reached meridian height,  
Casting abroad resplendent light,  
And to the nations round conveyed  
The blaze of purest truths displayed.

What little spots the disk could show,  
Nor dimmed the rays, nor checked the glow.  
Whether we turn the *favoured key*  
That gives the secret history,  
And with those authors ope the gate  
That yields the mysteries of state  
In MARY'S, STRAFFORD'S, RUSSELL'S fate;  
Or show the arrogance and pride  
That self-esteem attempts to hide,  
In those who vainly strove to clasp  
Wealth's highest honours in their grasp:  
See WALPOLE'S mind, unveiled from youth,  
O'er ORFORD beam the light of truth;  
The mist dispersed that falsehood spread  
To eclipse the merits of the dead.

Whether great MARLBOROUGH stands confessed  
In strong perspicuous language dressed,  
His eloquence that could prevail,  
And turn with ease the adverse scale;  
His skill, his promptitude, success,  
His courage, coolness, and address,  
And firm, decisive, patriot tone,  
To fix the BRUNSWICK on the throne;  
True to his country's glorious cause,  
That sealed her liberties and laws,

And kept upon the sacred shrine  
The purest truths of Heaven divine.

Whether we recent history trace,  
In Europe's wrongs, and Gaul's disgrace;  
Follow the course NAPOLEON trod,  
The scourge of man, the scorn of God;  
View him in Toulon, Pavia, Spain,  
At d'Acre, Jaffa, Eylau's plain;  
Cairo, and Alexandria see,  
And Lusitania's agony;  
Mark Moscow's turrets blazing high  
In drear, tremendous majesty;  
The Kremlin mined, and myriads fall  
By fire, by famine, bayonet, ball,  
Doomed to resign their parting breath  
By torturing modes of frightful death.  
Turn and behold *this conqueror* fly  
With hardened heart, ferocious eye;  
Traverse the Beresina's tide,  
And seek the *Imperial* form to hide:  
See him the same base course pursue  
At Dresden,—leave his troops in view,  
On his own weal intent to dwell,  
Reckless—*self-skreened*—though thousands fell;

And when he dared on Belgia's plain,  
'Gainst Britain, strength of fight maintain;  
When her great hero took the lead,  
And drove him back with trembling speed;  
See him still lost to sense of shame,  
Still fly the field, and still survive his fame.  
“ Then see him wretched, in disgrace,  
Stript of his *ermine*, power, and place;  
View him abandoned and forlorn,  
Exposed to just reproach and scorn:  
What now of all his pride, his boast?  
Where are his slaves, his flattering host?  
What tongue now feeds him with applause?  
Where are the champions of his cause?  
When barbarous MOLOCH was invoked,  
The blood of infants only smoked;  
To him, — unless all history lies, —  
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.”

Whether shall PALEY's mind display  
Nature's sublime unbounded sway;  
And through her path devoutly trod,  
We see the omnipotence of GOD,  
And omnipresence, that declare  
His breathing spirit every where —





J. Sturthard R.A. & J. Stephenson del.

J. Scott sculp.

*And evenings then of graceful leisure  
Leave a rich fund of mental treasure.*

*Canto 4, page 273, line 11.*

*London. Published Jan. 1, 1822, by J. Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

Whether shall MILTON's strain divine  
Enchant,—or POPE's mellifluous line;  
DRYDEN or SPENSER's lyre convey  
The lofty, or romantic lay,  
“ Or sweetest SHAKSPEARE, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild:”  
Whate'er the theme in varying range  
From grave to gay in suited change,  
The passing hours endearing flow  
As tears or smiles of feeling glow:  
And evenings thus of grateful leisure  
Leave a rich fund of mental treasure.

Amid such scenes, sweet music's sound,  
Blithe cards, or dance's mazy round,  
Refreshments, like the genial shower  
That moistens earth with temperate power,  
Still show the host's assiduous skill  
With joy each passing hour to fill;  
Before the wish to gain the start  
Like magic—and elate the heart:  
These nor disturb the song nor tale,  
When mirth or melody prevail;  
Arrest no cards, impede no dance,  
Nor rend the web of rapturous trance.

Gently they enter and depart,  
And speak the grace of Social art;  
Preclude the supper's formal sway,  
Presenting now the lighter tray:  
Which healthier benefits afford,  
Than did of old the groaning board:  
When the good hosts their guests would press,  
And burthen them with happiness;  
Heap high their plates, and make them feel  
Discomfort, from too warm a zeal.

But to look back to distant times,  
To classic hours and foreign climes,  
Rome, let her slaves assume their day,  
Their Saturnalia free to play;—  
Like Greece, that set the liberal plan,  
Easing the chain that shackled man;—  
All was hilarity and joy,  
The joke could pass, no fear annoy,  
And the galled Helot could remember  
The gambols of each year's December.

On Britain's ground, fair freedom's isle,  
When Christmas gay makes Winter smile,  
“ And Marion's nose is red and raw,”  
Then servants claim mirth's sprightly law,

Then lives the proverb, — “ in the hall  
’Tis merry time when beards wag all :”  
Delightful hour ! when through a nation  
Enjoyment’s beam lights every station :  
Master and man, in different measure,  
Run at the ring of Social pleasure.  
But polished manners bid refrain  
To raise the laugh, that calls forth pain ;  
Wit from the voice respect commands,  
’Tis hateful practised by the hands ;  
To prove the sentiment is just,  
Muse ! on this story ground your trust.

In a lone vale, by rocks surrounded,  
Whence every noise more hoarse resounded,  
The torrent’s rush, and thunder’s roar  
In deafning peal repeated o’er ;  
Among dark pines, whose branches high  
Waved to the breezes passing by,  
Or groaning writhed their aged forms,  
Tortured by winter-raging storms,  
A mansion rose, — the ponderous towers  
Told of old times, and feudal hours,  
When Danish fleets brought fell marauder  
To England’s coast, and Scotia’s border.

But now they knew joy's happier days,  
Nor felt the bolt, nor viewed the blaze;  
Yet Fear, who crept these realms around,  
Saw frightful forms, heard hideous sound,  
Imagined witchcraft's spells were there,  
And falchions hurtling in the air;  
And, in remembrance of a shroud,  
Painted death's form on night's dark cloud.  
Fear saw the fleshless monarch stand  
With pointed dart in lifted hand;—  
All baseless visions, fancies vain,  
The mere chimeras of the brain.  
In this rude spot, in festive sway,  
Christmas upheld his annual day.

'Mid these wild scenes, in dreary road,  
Uncheered by man, or man's abode,  
Bewildered, and in search of rest,  
A weary traveller onward pressed;  
Lost was the path, and all around  
Proved broken and deceitful ground,  
When Providence with pitying eye  
Led him the lofty castle nigh.  
Twilight had spread with murky cloud,  
The rocking winds 'gan piping loud;

No finger-post was seen to guide,  
Nor star to shed its influence wide;  
Tempest above, and ice below,  
And danger from the drifted snow;  
'Twere madness o'er the waste to roam,  
Shunning the fire and proffered home,  
Should the high portal opening wide,  
Yield shelter from the storm's strong tide.

Loud rang the bell, — and at the sound  
The servants swung the portal round,  
Nor, like the rude Carinthian boor,  
Against the traveller barred the door.  
Their speech, and gentle conduct, proved  
Humanity was felt and loved.  
They led him to their ancient hall,  
Where mirth held up the flying ball;  
They kept him from the fire's fierce glare;  
Danger they knew was lurking there:  
His limbs they chafed, his garments dried,  
And strength their mantling bowl supplied.  
Thus cheered, the thoughtful stranger knew  
That notice to the Host was due,  
And begged he might be given to know  
A stranger was relieved below

From dire distress,—a wanderer there,  
Found refuge and the kindest care.

The Laird allowed the stranger's claim,  
Inquired his country and his name;  
And when explained in Albion's cause,  
That to support her crown and laws,  
In many an awful moment past,  
He had endured the tempest's blast;  
And "iron sleet and arrowy shower,"  
Dread conflict of the embattled hour,  
Heading his brave and conquering crew  
Britannia's foemen to subdue;  
Than, with a kind and generous hand,  
He brought him to mirth's gayer band;  
There bade him join the appropriate crowd,  
Enjoy the smile, or laughter loud;  
Partake the fun in every way,  
The blindman's buff, and slipper's play,  
In Christmas sport and holiday,  
As the hours passed in bland delight,  
And evening melted into night.

Though rough the rind, and hard the shell,  
The tender nut will inward dwell:  
Though the rock frowns, the vein below  
In purest gold is found to glow;

And masked beneath the war worn face,  
May rest the smile of gentlest grace.

The veteran's steel, though frequent tried,  
Though oft in crimson torrent dyed;—  
For, roused to take his country's part,  
He had displayed a lion's heart;—  
Yet ne'er from scabbard flew his sword,  
Revengeful for a hasty word;  
Nor fell his arm, his strength to show,  
But to return the hostile blow:  
He loved the mirth, could wit provoke,  
But relished not the practised joke:  
And if that joke too serious came,  
He turned it to the inventor's shame.  
Yet if the sudden storm should rise,  
Of anger sparkling in his eyes;  
As lightning-flash that gives alarm,  
The glare, gone by, would do no harm;  
And should his words like thunder roll,  
They soon reposed in calm control.

The Laird was generous, friendly, kind,  
But yet in manners unrefined;  
Forgetful what from sense was due,  
Through midnight's reign he would pursue



Tricks that might suit a youngster's joy,  
But should not mid-day life employ;  
Much less disturb the aged breast,  
And prey upon its needful rest.

The night flew fast: but rest has claims,  
That will obtrude on mirthful games;  
And in due time the sportful hour  
Yielded to sleep's imposing power.

'Twas now his Host, in idle part,  
Evinced a silly, thoughtless heart,  
Telling his guest, with serious face,  
His room was deemed a haunted place;  
The only spot the house supplied,  
For every nook was filled beside:  
But if, instead, 'twas his desire  
To sleep before a blazing fire,  
Warm eider-quilting should unfold  
To wrap his limbs from wintry cold:  
But he, who oft saw dangers rise,  
Womanish terrors could despise;  
Might lay his limbs on any bed,  
Nor cradle want to rock his head.  
The haunted room received its guest,  
Who could not question well to rest.

No chamber this on lonely tower,  
'Neath where the clock proclaims the hour,—  
Time's watchman, — that with sullen sound,  
Slow-pacing, beats his constant round;  
Where every gust the ear appals  
In more than echoes from the walls;  
And rusty armour, hung on high,  
Frowned in drear state of majesty.  
It was a room the castle graced,  
'Mid every source of comfort placed:  
But Folly's voice had told, to scare,  
Of murders perpetrated there;  
And the report gained strange belief, —  
'Twas stained with blood of feudal chief;  
That witches, in the night profound,  
Their incantations spread around,  
That groans were heard, and spirits flew  
About the bed, with tapers blue,  
While Hecate joined their sports to share,  
With hissing, snake-entangled hair.  
Such had no power to raise alarm;  
The veteran bowed to sleep's strong charm,  
His wearied limbs required repose,  
And slumbers soft his eye-lids close.

'Twas now that awful noon of night,  
When shadows timid mortals fright,  
And fairy elves, on hill and brake,  
Sportive the green-sward ringlets make.  
It was that hour, which Albion chose,  
In darkness veiled, to seek her foes;  
When the pale Moon, withdrawn from view,  
Left the earth robed in sable hue;  
Left it, to throw protecting power  
O'er the brave few in danger's hour,  
When ELLIOT, on Iberia's shore,  
Gained for her brows one chaplet more,  
To grace the wreaths her arms had won,  
By triumphs, under every Sun;  
Such was the time:—when down the stair  
Soft stealing, with the utmost care,  
The Laird, and a selected few,  
Close to the haunted chamber drew,  
And at the door (with crouchen ear)  
Listened th' effects of fright to hear.

To make fear agitate the breast  
Is but a sorry scheme at best;  
To triumph o'er the effects of fear  
Is as ungenerous as severe.

The strongest minds, replete with sense,  
Like not the laugh at their expense.  
Poise the just scale, and let us see  
Whether from fear ourselves are free.  
We here take up a strong position,  
Few are there void of superstition:  
Among that few, the veteran stood,  
Proudly above fear's pallid brood.

By strings, through secret places run,  
The work of mischief is begun;  
The windows shake, the curtains rattle,  
And chair meets chair in furious battle;  
The falling tongs the ear annoy,  
Assail the hearth, and sleep destroy;  
Until the room, like stormy ocean,  
Became one scene of wild commotion.  
The veteran waked from slumber sound,  
Surprised, but calm, and looked around,  
That he might see, by the faint ray  
From embers that expiring lay,  
After what fashion goblins play:  
His eye acutely roamed about  
To find the skulking spirit out;  
Of ghastly ghosts he oft had heard,  
Had longed to take them by the beard,

And drag them from their haunts away,  
To meet the glare of open day.  
He could but laugh within his sleeve  
Weak minds would idle tales believe:  
He could but smile the Laird would show  
That he such sense of fear could know;  
E'en though the house itself should shake,  
On him 'twould no impression make,  
Through life who ne'er showed sign of fear,  
When hurricane, or war was near:  
He, who oft met a foe in battle,  
Might well despise this child-play rattle;  
For never yet came ghost at night  
But dauntless heart could put to flight;  
Whate'er may ancient lore convey,—  
A PLUTARCH, or a PLINY say.  
BRUTUS, no awful ghost had seen,  
Had his great mind remained serene;  
Had not his dagger aimed the blow  
That brought the mighty CÆSAR low:  
Nor heard the sound,—“Philippi's plain,”  
But for his fever of the brain.  
'Twas self-accusing thought, that drew  
The evil genius to his view,

For conscious bosoms will reveal  
The incessant dread assassins feel;  
He knew OCTAVIUS' thoughts must tend  
Revengeful for his kinsman's end:  
This was the ghost which left behind  
Dread impress on the Roman's mind;—  
Was BRUTUS' act a theme for praise,  
To spread his fame to latest days?  
False suppliant, who 'mid crowds could blend  
The more secure to stab his friend:—  
“ And never have such spirits power  
To harm, save in an evil hour;  
When guilt man meditates within,  
Or harbours unrepented sin.”

Thus rapid mused the gallant tar,  
When he beheld a porcelaine jar,  
In China's richest colours bright,  
Such as give tasteful eyes delight,  
On antique cabinet that stood,  
Strong contrast to the sable wood;  
Towering among the gods it rose  
That awe the East with terror's throes;  
Fantastic deities, that show  
How little of Heaven's truths they know,

Who these mis-shapen forms can give,  
And bid each votary think they live.  
Fast to the jar he fixed the string  
That had embraced the curtain's ring ;  
And when again, in idle play,  
They thought to drive his sleep away,  
This pride of aunts, this boast of nieces,  
This favorite jar was dashed in pieces.  
He never dreamt of worth or price  
With calculation's powers precise ;  
All he conceived, — 'twould serve the turn  
To make the mockful spirit learn,  
From due *memento*, to reflect  
That every guest should claim respect ;  
And freed from such infatuate sport,  
Might tranquil to his bed resort.

The crash was great, and instant spoke  
Mischief attended on the joke :  
Conscious the scheme had brought disgrace,  
They hastened from their hiding place ;  
Back to their separate rooms withdrew, —  
Saw their own tapers burning blue, —  
And sent their servants forth to know  
What dire mishap took place below :

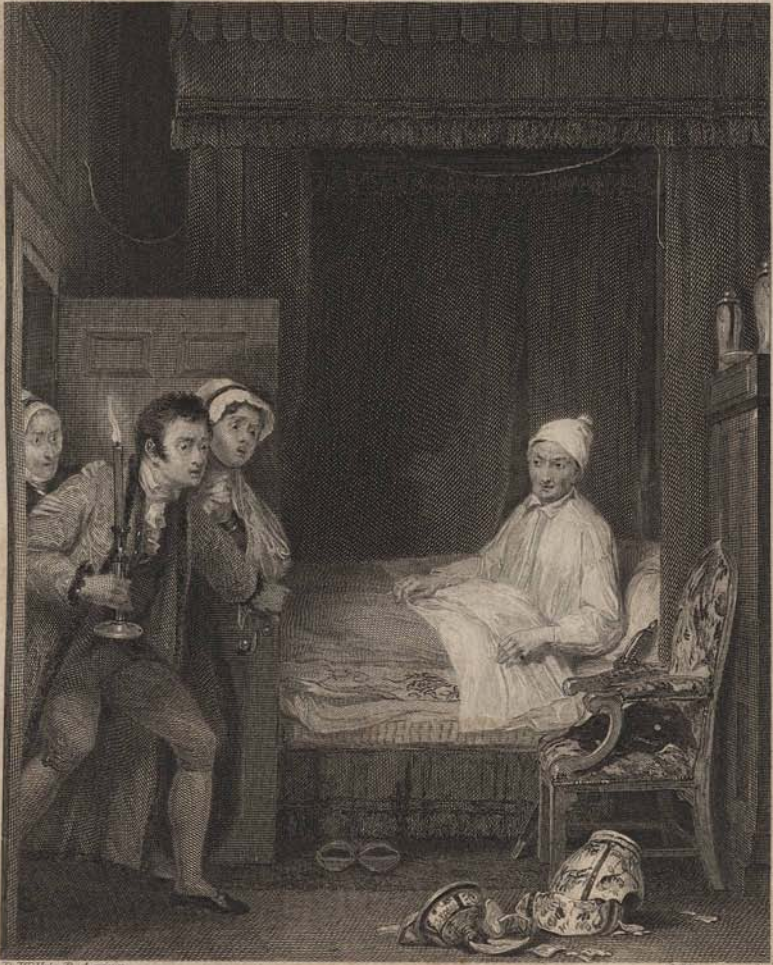
Whence was the noise so frightful spread,  
So loud it might have waked the dead?  
The obedient servants anxious pressed  
To learn what had disturbed his rest;  
The ill malignant sprites had done,  
And where the goblin race had run:  
They came, they said, to chase from sight  
The evil revellers of the night.

He drew the bolt that to the frame  
Secured the lock, when in they came,  
Hurrying beyond the chamber door,  
And saw the fragments on the floor.  
It was a great and sad surprise —  
They scarcely could believe their eyes;  
And singular, — the stranger's face  
Showed not a sign that fear had place.  
The butler, who 'd been part undressed  
To lay his weary limbs at rest,  
Snatched from a chair, as down he run,  
And drew his master's surtout on,  
And seemed, in this his borrowed vest,  
At first, as if a parlour guest.  
Among the group a matron came,  
Who showed appropriate sense of blame,



And deemed, whatever should ensue,  
It was but right that *they* should rue;  
And suffer for illiberal schemes,  
Who'd rob sweet slumber of its dreams:  
'Twas far from friendly, just, or kind,  
To play such freaks on trusting mind.

Silent the guest surveyed the crowd;  
And when had ceased the inquiries loud,  
Tranquilly seated on his bed,  
With smile suppressed, thus gravely said:—  
“ When your good Laird, to banish gloom,  
Had kindly brought me to my room,  
And told me stories that prevail  
Of ghosts were but a nursery tale,  
And wished me, ere withdrawn his light,  
The comforts of a tranquil night:  
Assured his words were given sincere,  
They fell impressive on my ear,  
Leaving behind them not a doubt  
I should escape all witchcraft rout.  
But scarce had sleep's indulgent arms  
Embraced me with refreshing charms,  
Than sprites about my chamber spread,  
By Mab, the wanton fairy, led,



D. Wilkie R.A. pinx.

C. Warren sculp.

*Silent the guest surveyed the crowd:*

*London, Published Jan: 1. 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

Drew back my curtains, to invite  
To their fond pastimes of the night.  
I saw them, by the fire's faint ray,  
From embers that expiring lay,  
Dance round the chairs the lively hay,  
Swing on the bell-ropes 'cross the room,  
Then ride the race upon the broom ;  
Tired with these sports,—for fresh delight  
They clambered next the cabinet's height,  
And there, new pleasures to advance,  
Disposed each china Jos to dance ;  
But as were urged these gambols round,  
Down fell the porcelaine to the ground,  
The mischief done, away they flew,  
Through portals hidden from my view.”  
He now assumed truth's solemn strain,  
Trusting the impression would remain ;  
Gentle but just was the reproof,  
To keep tormenting schemes aloof:—  
“ Sports meant to scare, may leave behind  
Continued terror on the mind,  
And, to the infirm of nerve, may be  
A source of endless misery ;  
For latest time may not restore  
That innate peace enjoyed before :

Lairds, that are liberal, should relieve,  
Not strive the timid heart to grieve."  
The moral spoke, — all peace was made,  
No guests in future were afraid:  
And from that hour, the ghost was laid.

In HIGHGROVE'S realms no hateful ghost  
Plays its wild pranks on guest or host;  
No maids are pinched, nor juncates eat,  
Nor turned the cream-bowl duly set;  
For all lie quiet in their bed,  
And none by friar's lantern led,  
For sprites should only plague the slattern;  
Here every thing's a perfect pattern,  
There's not a chair but finds its place;  
The curtain-folds resume their grace:  
No duties, left unpaid, encroach  
On neatness' claims and morn's approach:  
And when the sun returns with day,  
The house is found in fit array.

As Autumn, at the waning year,  
Whispering mild words in accents clear,  
Kindly invites to tranquil joy,  
When harvest cares no more employ,  
Leading benignly to the hour  
When winter reigns with bracing power:

So, at the close of each day's life,  
HIGHGROVE'S loved scenes, in playful strife,  
Temperate conduct to rest's abode,  
The goal that shuts the evening road;  
And like the orb, whose parting beams  
Play round the sky in golden streams,  
They leave, — and pleasing leave, behind  
A soft impression on the mind.  
Thus midnight comes, calm hour of rest!  
Then is the downy pillow pressed;  
No fear accrues that damps will harm,  
Nor aid is sought from poppy's charm;  
For Nature o'er each eye-lid throws  
The unruffled mantle of repose.  
“Hail, balmy power, that can'st repair  
The constant wants of human care,  
To the sad heart afford relief,  
And give a respite to its grief:  
Can'st calm, through night's reposing hours,  
The threatening storm that daily lowers;  
On the rude flint the wretched cheer,  
And to a smile transform the tear.”  
SYNTAX! the Muse regards thy line,  
And bids it with her own entwine;

Rejoicing that the hour of rest  
Here smiles upon the cheerful breast.

Such are the envied scenes and manners,  
That draw recruits to HIGHGROVE'S banners;  
HIGHGROVE! whose generous host, with ease,  
Studies ten thousand ways to please;  
Whose liberal flag, with grace unfurled,  
Proclaims to the selected world,  
Wide waving with distinguished feature,  
In heraldry of liberal nature,  
The pleasures his demesnes afford,  
The comforts both of bed and board:  
Not to the rich and great confined,  
But what bespeak a nobler mind.

THAT THESPIAN BARD declares, whose strain  
Flows like the waters of the main,  
Varying its course in vigor strong,  
Rolling resistlessly along;  
Now calm, now playful, now sublime!  
"If the chief good and market of our time,"  
Our life's pursuits, and daily need,  
Were but, at best, to sleep and feed,  
We might that lowly state deplore,  
Would rank us with the beast,—no more.

Sure HE, the all-creative source,  
Who made us of such large discourse  
Looking before and after, gave  
The capability we have,  
And god-like reason we possess,  
That form our perfect happiness,  
As blessings not to be abused,  
And not to fust in us unused.”  
Yet, though thus born for noblest views,  
The book of wisdom to peruse,  
And 'mid life's sunshine and its storm,  
Imperious duties to perform,  
Still we may sport, and dance, and play,  
And gambol through a Social Day;  
Recruit our strength, relax our mind,  
And throw all serious cares behind.  
TIME flies, and every joy must end;  
He, reckless, separates friend from friend,  
For a few moments, or for years,  
And hands us down this vale of tears:  
And what is TIME, with all his powers?  
The burthened slave to rules, and hours;  
Condemned perpetually to run  
Through the whole zodiac round the sun;

Like SISYPHUS with heaving stone,  
His task commenced, and never done.  
And what's the boon of TIME we crave?  
A lengthened passage to the grave;  
From him, who oft when pleasure sips,  
Dashes life's cordial from the lips.  
To Heaven — unmeasured power divine, —  
Man must submit; and not repine,  
Nor cloud his present day with sorrow,  
Fearful lest storms should rise to-morrow,  
Mix in his cup the tear's alloy,  
Embittering the draught of joy;  
But while he breathes to love, to laugh,  
And pleasure's moderate bowl to quaff;  
Enjoys the good, regards the poor,  
Nor sends them thankless from the door;  
The decent poor oppressed by want,  
Who scorn the idle vagrant's cant:  
The austere may chide; the cheerful smile  
Was sent life's tedium to beguile;  
The gift of Heaven! and cheerful ways  
Can show our gratitude and praise.  
When roads are pleasant, light, and roomy,  
Should we prefer the dell that's gloomy?



There sit, abstracted, to o'erlook  
"The iron leaves of Fate's dark book,"  
Check with repelling thought life's Social prize,  
And shun the proffered bounty of the skies.

"'Tis ours to measure life betimes, and know  
Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way ;  
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
And disapproves that care, how wise in show,  
That with superfluous burthen loads the day,  
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains."

MILTON! with holy piety impressed,  
Poured forth that balm to heal the troubled breast ;  
Bidding the gloomy rest their hope above,  
And praise JEHOVAH in their cheerful love.

Here pause, my Muse! for should your song  
Have e'en run trippingly along,  
Should it thus far have had the power  
To animate one passing hour ;  
Still you should, prudent, close your race,  
Lest prosing end it with disgrace.  
You can but know you'll mar the tale,  
Should a too lengthened strain prevail ;

That jarring instruments will soon  
Put the best concert out of tune,  
And that their readers often tire  
When authors fancy they admire.  
The swan who soars with flapping wing  
That makes the astonished welkin ring,  
Labouring through air's wide region round  
Soon shuts his plumes to take the ground;  
Or from his proud adventurous height,  
On the stream's bosom speeds to light:  
There feels his power, and owns his strength,  
Unfit to keep the Heavens' vast length.  
Muse! from the swan a lesson take,  
Respect it for your readers' sake,  
Improve the hint, no more aspire,  
Make due obeisance, and retire;  
And then, perhaps, you may discern  
A gracious smile in kind return,  
Beam in each face, that might convey  
Approval of the Social Day.

But on retiring, to disarm,  
And dissipate all critic harm,  
We claim to state, what has been said,  
And in the RAMBLER may be read,

That no man need refrain to write  
Till something new is given to light,  
Some added gem to learning's lore  
In brilliancy unseen before :  
That men of common sense may find  
Readers of correspondent mind ;  
To the same mode of thinking prone,  
And cast congenial with their own ;  
And by a due observance, may  
Familiar thoughts with ease convey,  
That may entice the world to view  
Life's daily scenes like prospects new.  
That learned men are apt to give,  
And bid their subtleties to live,  
Exacting from their readers, sense  
Such as their own strong powers dispense ;  
And if they build wit's fabric strong,  
Care not how difficult their song ;  
Or dark and intricate the way  
By which they send their thoughts to day.

Our aim has simply been to write,  
And bring a subject forth to light,  
Plain, unsophisticated, clear,  
Offending not the polished ear,—

Showing that on our transient road  
We should seek virtue's blest abode,  
And hold politeness still in play,  
To illuminate the passing day:—  
A theme no husband could refuse  
His dearest partner should peruse;  
And mothers, who right conduct teach,  
Might place within their daughters' reach,  
To warn them in life's early hour,  
When love claims rule and passion power,  
That 'tis not every coxcomb prating,  
True rapture shows, true love is stating;  
Nor every year, or month, or day,  
Brings an ORLANDO in their way.  
Still they should act a careful part  
To make them worthy such a heart,  
Leading a life of true perfection,  
Such as might bear minute inspection,  
And evening's joys the morn's reflection.  
“ Youth's lively season claims its pleasure,  
But just in mode, and wise in measure,  
When hours, by virtue's smiles refined,  
Leave no regrets, no pains behind.”  
Could it this character maintain,  
Our work will not be writ in vain;

Nor shall we then have rashly strove  
To gain esteem and public love.

But ere is shut *this pictured book*,  
O'er which the eye of taste may look,  
Studded with gems of graphic art,  
Prompt to perform a friendly part,  
Rich gifts, received with grateful pride,  
That are a LIFE-BOAT on the tide  
Of time, to keep afloat and save  
The poem from oblivion's grave;—  
Ere the book's shut, we leave behind  
Appropriate thoughts to strike the mind,  
Thoughts that from HOMER's lips could breathe,  
Contemplating this world beneath;  
Thoughts, that, the Muse would fain behold  
Transcribed in characters of gold:  
“How sweet the products of a peaceful reign,  
The Heaven-taught poet and enchanting strain;  
The well filled palace, and perpetual feast,  
A land rejoicing, and a people blest:  
How goodly seems it ever to employ  
MAN'S SOCIAL DAY IN UNION AND IN JOY,  
The plenteous board high heaped with cates divine,  
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine.”

But as we draw our fleeting breath,  
“ In midst of life we are in death ;”  
'Tis our unceasing task to prove  
We owe to Heaven superior love,  
And stand prepared, without a sigh,  
To hear the awful voice on high,  
That calls from frail mortality.

The great Redeemer of mankind,  
The Word of the Omniscient mind,  
In his mild course, and gracious plan,  
Proclaimed the ways of God to man.  
Reverence ! respect ! affection ! awe !  
For Heaven's pure throne and sacred law,  
Was the first rule his precepts gave,  
Man from his fallen state to save :  
The next, renouncing Mammon's pelf,  
To love his neighbour as himself,  
Cling to the cross, — and keep the way  
That guides him to ETERNAL DAY !

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Reader ! Our promised journey done,  
Through the day's circuit cheerful run ;

The *Social rhymers*, at the close,  
No *vaunting bard*, takes leave, and knows  
Immoderate valour is a fault  
That can no author's claims exalt;  
And fear, triumphant over reason,  
As dangerous will betray like treason;  
He shuns them both, now to the sight  
His arduous task has reached the light.  
Some sense of dread he might betray,  
But he will drive base thoughts away;  
No liberal hand could strength reveal  
"To break a fly upon the wheel;"  
He trusts, and he repeats the same,  
His work will live in moral fame.  
But to maintain truth's sacred cause,  
Muse! for a moment, think, and pause.

In ancient days, when MARTIAL writ,  
Who lashed Rome's sons with caustic wit;  
Censuring, he cried,— "'Tis not the same  
To covet and deserve a name."  
Judged by that standard, we shall find  
Right station in the public mind;  
For we confess that well we know  
How little can we hope to show  
Talent for verse in easy flow,

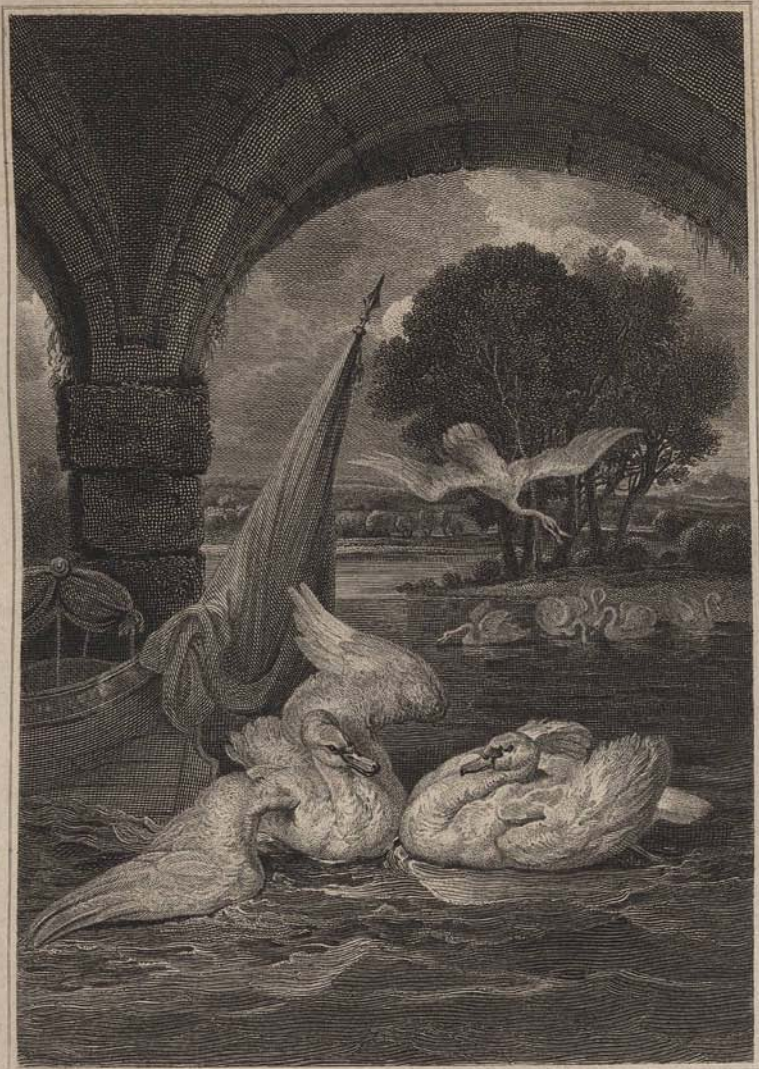
And less can we presume to see  
Who've led thy life, Celibacy!  
Who early ta'en from classic school,  
For tare and tret and COCKER'S rule,  
Have rashly dared to face the nation,  
Without a finished education;  
And dared, though kept without the bound  
That walls the marriage temple round,  
Presumptuously to turn our speech  
To mysteries far beyond our reach.  
For those old maids, — and we complain,  
Venting our grief in verse profane, —  
Whose acts capricious interfere  
With all to human life is dear,  
The *weird Fates!* to whom, we're told  
Jove gave the thread of life to hold  
By which the race of man is led,  
Which, severed, sends him to the dead,  
Kept HYMEN'S chaplet from our head.  
With malice rankling in their breast,  
From thoughts of joy they ne'er possessed,  
Have doomed us, in our past career,  
To reach forlorn our sixtieth year;  
Compelled us, as our days were spun,  
Far from the nuptial goal to run;



Nay more, their rancour held alive,  
We feel their spite at sixty-five,  
Still single, and too late to wive:  
Through earth's cold regions yet to stray,  
Wandering about in dreary way;  
“ And from that stream which feeds life's store  
Draw off each day some remnant more;”  
No offspring near with playful power  
To animate the waning hour;  
No prospect left but to depart  
Without a mate to cheer the heart,  
Or moisten with affection's tear,  
Should we press first the funeral bier.  
We would not tread that path again  
For all that commerce could obtain  
From the whole traffic of the main;  
Nor all times past have given to view  
In gems from India and Peru!  
Yet, reader, we're not bound to show,  
That the inquisitive may know,  
Whence came it, that in early time,  
Whether misfortune, fault, or crime,  
Made HYMEN slight us in our prime,  
Fly from our door, nor would appear  
“ In saffron robe with taper clear:”

It is enough that we relate,  
Denied his smiles, we moan our state.  
That truth preferred, and closed our theme,  
No more we sail in airy dream,  
Braving wit's ever dangerous skies,  
Our Social bark at anchor lies.

The haven reached, and gained the strand,  
Rejoiced once more to tread the land,  
As home we musing bend our way,  
We summon for our parting lay  
Lines from the elegy of GRAY ;  
And, as we slowly cross the lea,  
Dwell on their serious energy.  
Though in most memories deeply seated,  
They cannot be too oft repeated :  
To us they'll ever new appear,  
And strike impressive on the ear ;  
And as the sun's all-kindly light  
Smiles on the world, ere veiled in night,  
And with a cheering parting ray  
Serenely gilds the close of day ;  
So shall GRAY'S breathing lyre bestow  
On our last page a genial glow ;  
Whence every reader, on retiring,  
Will find one passage worth admiring,



J. Ward R.A. pinx.

J. Scott sculp.

*Closed our theme,  
No more we sail in airy dreams,  
Braving wit's ever dangerous seas,  
Our social bark at anchor lies.*

*London, Published Jan<sup>r</sup> 1822, by James Carpenter, Old Bond Street.*

And feel that, to the latest hour,  
Life's SOCIAL sympathies maintain their power.

“ For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
    This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
    Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
    Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
    Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

## NOTES TO CANTO I.

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Page 3, line 21.

*With all first errors left behind.*

\* THIS deception has been practised on the public to an extent which few persons would imagine. The respectable part of the bookselling trade must, however, be acquitted of the charge; such tricking having been confined to the less reputable members of the profession.

Page 7, line 18.

*Our humorous namesake erst inthralled them.*

The allusion is to the late Dr. Wolcot, who became sufficiently notorious under the assumed name of Peter Pindar. Perhaps some apology is due to the reader for reminding him, however slightly, of a man who, whatever might have been his talents, (and they were considerable,) prostituted them in a way that will render his name infamous with posterity. His "Ode to Sir Joseph Banks and the Fleas" afforded, however, no small amusement at the time it made its appearance, as a laughable satire on experimental philosophy. Those who would wish to know the character of this author should read *Mr. Gifford's* short poem, entitled "*An Epistle to Peter Pindar.*"

Page 11, line 5.

*Fond of his lyre, too fond, rehearseth.*

The author's friends, who have, he confesses, too often had to endure the recital of portions of this poem, will assent to the

truth of the text. Many of them, no doubt, have secretly exclaimed with Juvenal —

Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam  
Vexatus toties rauci Theseïde Codri.

Or, as rendered by Mr. Gifford, in his third edition —

“ Oh heavens! while THUS hoarse Codrus perseveres  
To force his Theseïd on my tortured ears,  
Shall I not ONCE attempt to quit the score,  
Always an auditor, and nothing more?”

Still they bore it all with good humour.

Page 12, line 22.

*And rich with freight of amity.*

As acknowledgments have been made in the preface to those artists who so handsomely contributed, by their abilities, to the embellishment of this poem, it is unnecessary to repeat them here. It is sufficient to say, that their kindness has made an impression on the author's mind that can never be effaced.

Page 13, line 21.

*Called loud and long to take our stand.*

The cause of delay in publishing this volume has been already explained in the advertisement.

Page 14, line 20.

*No more, without a name, surprise.*

In the year 1807, the author put forth a little poem, entitled “ Another Word or Two; or, Architectural Hints, in Lines to those Royal Academicians who are Painters, addressed to them on their Re-election of Benjamin West, Esq. to the President's Chair, 10th December, 1806. By *Fabricia Nunnez*, Spinster; with Notes, &c.”

And in the year 1809, he ventured another work from the press, *without a name*, entitled “The Exposé; or, Napoleon Buonaparte Unmasked, in a condensed Statement of his Career and Atrocities.”

Page 33, line 21.

*The stately oak, the blushing thorn.*

In “Bragby’s Beauties of England and Wales,” is the following account:—

“HIGHGROVE, the residence of JOHN HUMPHREY BABB, Esq., is entitled to the appellation by which it is known, and the umbrageous character of the attached grounds. The house is placed on a considerable rise of land — the pleasure-grounds are rich in wood of a handsome and mature growth, through which are formed several walks, preserved with much care, and calculated to display the home scenery to great advantage. The premises comprise in the whole about fifty acres.”—Highgrove is situated in the hamlet of Eastcot, on the western borders of Middlesex, adjoining Hertfordshire.

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## NOTES TO CANTO II.

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Page 43, line 1.

*EASTCOT, loved hamlet of the vale!*

THE hamlet of EASTCOT, often termed ASCOT, is distant from Ruislip, in the county of Middlesex, about one mile on the road towards Pinner; it is deeply retired and rural in its prevailing features; and contains in itself, as well as presents in its immediate vicinity, many ornamental villas which deserve notice.

Page 45, line 15.

*For, lo! Hyperion comes.*

THE AURORA, painted in fresco, by GUIDO, on the ceiling of the Rotunda in the garden of the ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE at ROME, has ever been admired for the grandeur and simplicity of its design. The idea is supposed, by some, to have been taken from a bronze yet extant: it would rather seem, however, that the bronze had been copied from the picture.

A passage in "ARIOSTO'S ORLANDO FURIOSO" (Canto XII. Stanza 68) appears to have furnished the painter with the thought:

"Era, nell' ora, che traeva i cavalli  
Febo del mar con rugiadoso pelo,  
E l' Aurora di fior' vermigli, e gialli  
Venía spargendo d' ogn' intorno il cielo,  
E lasciato le stelle avéano i balli,  
E per partirsi postosi già il velo."

To reduce it into English: — "It was the hour when Phœbus draws from the sea his horses with their dewy manes, and Aurora came forth, spreading with purple and saffron flowers the whole heaven, and the stars had left their dancing, and had already put on their veil to depart."



Page 49, line 5.

*Ye sceptics! who can idly dream.*

In Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1821, in one of the tales introduced in that very amusing work, a traveller is represented as having fallen asleep on his back in the woods "in the North-west Territory" of America, and, on waking and looking above him, is represented sublimely and beautifully to have remarked —

"When I surveyed the heavens, I perceived, by the alteration which had taken place in their appearance, that I had slept a considerable time. The moon had begun to descend towards the horizon; a new succession of stars glittered upon the sky; the respective positions of the different constellations were changed; and one of the planets, which had been conspicuous, from its dazzling lustre, a few hours before, had set, and was no longer distinguishable. It was overpowering to think that all these changes had been effected without noise, tumult, or confusion; and that worlds performed their evolutions, and travelled through boundlessness of space, with a silence too profound to awaken an echo in the noiseless depths of the forest, or disturb the slumbers of a feeble human being."

What a lesson is this alone to the unbeliever, without searching further, who says in his heart "There is no God!"

Page 53, line 12.

*Phœacia — blessed in Homer's lays.*

Homer's description, in the *Odyssey*, of Alcinoüs's garden will naturally occur to the reader's recollection.

Page 59, line 17.

*And can with mutual taste display.*

The pictures on the walls of Highgrove are but few in number; and the works of the estimable English artists, mentioned in the foregoing lines, and who have so kindly contributed to the embellishment of this work, would be a most valuable acquisition to the mansion, and give celebrity to any collection.

Page 61, line 1.

*As NASH and ROBERTSON can show.*

The author has to regret, in common with the rest of his friends and the public, the death of that amiable man and interesting artist, Mr. William Nash, the pupil of Mr. Shelley, whose name will be long mentioned with respect in Bombay, as well as in England.

Page 63, line 12.

*SHEE, the Muse leaves that task to you.*

The works of this Royal Academician and admired poet are calculated to be of essential service by precept and example. His two poems, entitled "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art," are too well known and justly esteemed to require any encomiums here; but we cannot refrain from showing the impression which those valuable publications made upon the mind of a young lady, an amateur artist, to whom they had been lent, who, on sending them back, accompanied them with a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

"I return your books, with many thanks for the pleasure they have afforded me, and a very long apology is due for the unreasonable length of time I have detained them; but I must trust to your goodness for my excuse, and only plead in my defence, that the pleasure they gave me made me still put off the evil hour of parting. Since the days of Cowper, I know of no poetry equal to Shee's in spirit and *terseness* of diction: polished as powerful, he unites splendour and strength of imagery to refinement of language; whilst the good sense which he so strongly recommends, imbues and connects the whole, pervading each part, and associating itself so strongly with each idea, that its precepts, and the manner in which they are conveyed, are indelibly impressed upon the memory:—on mine they are firmly fixed."

Page 64, line 7.

*From Scotia's realms in days of yore.*

This story is founded on a fact that occurred about sixty years ago, and took place, in its leading features, precisely as described.

Page 68, line 7.

*Dressed out in garments which supply.*

At the period when this purchase of pictures was made, the fashion of the day, with respect to dress, was of the most ungainly appearance; and it is wonderful with what effect Sir Joshua Reynolds produced beauty out of deformity, and cast so much grace over a costume which seemed to put all grace at defiance. Eustace, in the second volume of his *Classical Tour*, gives a just but ludicrous description of the personal decorations of those times.—Pages 415 and 419.

Page 70, line 5.

*Not to ideal bliss confined.*

“Genius is chiefly exerted in historical pictures,” says Dr. Johnson, “and the art of the painters of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of the subject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greatest is not always best. I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendour and to fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead.”

Page 79, line 1.

*Equality is but a name.*

“The cant term of equality, that insidious catchword, had been made use of even in the time of the ROMANS. The younger PLINY remarks,—and the passage may be referred to by the English reader, in MELMOTH’S Translation of PLINY’S Letters, in one addressed to TIRO,—that ‘to level and confound the different orders of mankind, is far from producing an equality among them; it is, in truth, the most unequal thing imaginable.’ Even the severe republican Milton says—

“If not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for order and degrees  
Jar not with liberty, but well consist:”

and the only perfect equality that can be obtained in any state arises from laws equally binding and protective to every individual in the community. Those words, too, ' War with the palace, and peace to the cottage,' were another imposing phrase, which produced, for the moment, an electric effect on the Continent; but those words, the very authors of them knew, were meant only to mislead the common mind. It was a firebrand ignited for their own advantage: aware, that to destroy property, and to confound ranks, were the safest and surest plans to attain their ends\*."

Page 82, line 13.

*When self-willed man forgets his station.*

It is observed by Warton, " When the people turn legislators, what place is safe from the tumult of innovation, and the insults of disobedience?"—TODD'S *Milton*, vol. v. p. 368.

Page 83, line 13.

*BLACKSTONE, experienced, ermined sage.*

The reader, who has not seen that interesting and elegant little poem, entitled " The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," will find it in Dodsley's collection.

Page 84, line 1.

*Rest there in peace — Death's chamber nigh.*

Without meaning, in the slightest degree, to subtract from the acknowledged social virtues of Mr. Fox, or attempt to render a familiar poem a vehicle for communicating party observation, it is nevertheless but fair to estimate, in justice to departed worth, the private qualities of Mr. Pitt, as opposed to Mr. Fox, in order to poise the scale between them; and to accomplish this, their respective habits, and their different modes of introduction to the world, should be adverted to.

When Mr. Pitt appeared in public life, he was a very young man,

\* " The Exposé; or, Napoleon Buonaparte Unmasked."—Note, page 26.

and Mr. Fox was at that time more advanced in life: he had long been a man of the world, as well as familiarly practised in the senate. He had been little domesticated; on the contrary, he had lived principally in public, passing his evenings at subscription houses, amidst a crowd of noblemen and gentlemen of the first distinction in the country, almost always retiring from table to that society to which he had been early habituated, and where his suavity of manners and modest deportment obtained for him the regard of all who had the happiness of having access to him. Thus the public eye was, in a manner, constantly fixed upon him, and could estimate his endearing qualities.

Mr. Pitt, it should be recollected, was introduced at once to political business; his early career was in no subordinate capacity. He had not had the travelled advantages of Mr. Fox; his manners had not been softened by foreign communications: but he had had the care of a great nation, in agitated times, thrown upon his shoulders at the early age of twenty-four. He found no leisure to dissipate his thoughts, nor inclination to pursue a popular course, to which he had not been made familiar. He relaxed his intensely wound-up mind in private society; few, however, comparatively speaking, saw him in his unbended moments; but his social qualities ought not to be the less esteemed because they were less obtrusive. It is no honourable praise to Mr. Fox, to prop his merits, which required no unnecessary means to support them, by undermining his rival's character; nor is it a compliment to Mr. Pitt, to say that he avoided clubs with the view to cast obloquy on his rival's reputation. These very extraordinarily gifted men stand in need of no such invidious distinction.

Mr. Pitt, in private life, (as those who best knew him attest,) was a great example of good-nature and amiability; no man was more cheerful, nor more unassuming: his social hours had the vivacity and playfulness of a child, without any capricious weaknesses. Detraction would have blushed, could it have been witness to those engaging moments. The conduct of these great statesmen in

their political capacities has been long open to the world; and the curtain should be lifted up with fairness, by some hand equal to the undertaking, to display their just characters in their retirement. If Mr. Fox appears more generally beloved than Mr. Pitt, it was only because he was more generally known, from a larger acquaintance, and more general social communication; for nothing could exceed the regard in which Mr. Pitt was held by his intimate friends, nor the heartfelt respect of those who served about his person. To know the full value of the diamond, requires the closest inspection; the purity of the water, which constitutes its true brilliancy, is then seen; but if it should be withheld from general observation, how can its merits be sufficiently comprehended?

Page 93, line 7.

*So LANGUET lived.*

The Life of Languet can be referred to in that valuable and very extensive work, "CHALMERS'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," which may be accounted a library in itself; and is a performance which, one of our most distinguished ambassadors remarked, had beguiled many a dreary winter evening in a northern climate, and from which he had received, he said, not only great amusement, but instruction, whenever he returned to it.

In that work, the reader will find an account of the life and character of that amiable priest to whom the verse alludes, JOHN BAPTISTE JOSEPH LANGUET, Doctor of the Sorbonne, and Vicar of St. Sulpice, at Paris, whose life was spent in acts of piety and universal benevolence; yet he never lost sight of that becoming hilarity which is the delight of life, and the gracious gift of a beneficent Creator. Few men exerted themselves more, if so much, in the cause of charity and religion. He had a fine genius, which showed itself by the agreeable repartee and sensible remark in conversation. He died in his 75th year.

Page 94, line 5.

*And VAN DE VELDE, with friendly aid.*

The interest which ADRIAN VAN DE VELDE gives to landscapes, and the cheerfulness that in consequence pervades them, by his happy introduction of figures and cattle, are well known to every person the least conversant with elegant art. With such judgment did he introduce them into landscapes not painted by himself, that they seem a component part of the work, only to be detected by those who are initiated in the knowledge of his excellence, and the nice distinction of the pencils of different masters.

Page 98, line 19.

*Not the vast breadth of ocean's bound.*

The constellation of the Bear is always above the horizon in its nightly splendour. It is thus remarked in the fifth book of Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*: —

“ The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye;  
Who shines exalted on the ethereal plain,  
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.”

Page 99, line 3.

*Thus he deals forth death's doleful measure.*

In the county of Cornwall, outlying deer sometimes roam at large, and do great injury to the farmer; — to follow them is a legitimate pursuit, and to destroy them is to render service to the agriculturist; but to impound a stag in a caravan, for the deliberate act of turning him out to put his life in danger, and harass him for hours with shouts of delight, is not very reconcilable to humane feelings. If

————— “ The poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies,”—

what must be the tortures also of a worm impaled alive on a hook, concealed to give the death-blow to the existence of aquatic animals, who, in their turn, are to be pierced by the same barb.

Yet IZAAC WALTON, who made almost the whole of man's life a pleasurable pursuit in river amusements, deliberately tells us in what way a frog's mouth should be sewed up in the tenderest manner, to mitigate its otherwise hard fate.

Mr. Fox, in a letter to Gilbert Wakefield, says:—" I think the question, how far field-sports are innocent amusement, is nearly connected with another, upon which, from the title of one of your intended works, I suspect you entertain opinions rather singular; for if it is lawful to kill tame animals, with whom we have a sort of acquaintance, such as fowls, oxen, &c., it is still less repugnant to our feelings to kill wild animals; but then to make a *pastime* of it— I am aware there is something to be said on this point. On the other hand, if example is allowed to be any thing, there is nothing in which mankind, civilized or savage, has more agreed, than in making some sort of chase (and fishing is of the same nature) part of their business or amusement. However, I admit it to be a very questionable subject: at all events, it is a very pleasant and healthful exercise."

Page 102, line 1.

*The fatal leap stopped life's best breath.*

The death of the Marquess of Tavistock, the father of the late as well as present Duke of Bedford, a nobleman of great promise, took place at Woburn. Retiring home after an unsuccessful day, his lordship put his hunter to what is technically called, in the language of the field, a dead leap; but not being sufficiently animated to clear it, the horse fell, and in struggling to get up, struck his lordship's head, and inflicted a severe fracture, which, in a few days, was the cause of his decease.

His lordship had married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of William Anne Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, who became a victim to conjugal attachment. The death of her amiable husband preyed upon her spirits, and produced a decline, which carried her to the grave. Their loss was felt as a national calamity.



Page 104, line 15.

*And there, as on the board of life.*

There is extant a short essay on the Morality of Chess, by one of the Popes. "The world," his Holiness remarks, "is nearly like a chess-board, one point of which is white, and the other black; because of the double state of life and death, grace and sin. The families of the chess-board are like the men of the world; they all come out of one bag, and are placed in different stations in this world, and have different appellations: one is called king, another queen, the third rook, the fourth knight, the fifth alphon (bishop), the sixth pawn. The condition of the game is, that one takes another; and when the game is finished, as they all came out of one bag, they are put in the same place." This singular writer is not sparing of the whole round of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, including the holy father's situation; and animadverts on kings, queens, judges, knights, and the people; and he concludes his essay, after various remarks and severe applications, by saying, "And as huntsmen have various hounds for taking various beasts, so the devil and the world have different vices, which differently entangle mankind; for all that is in the world, is either lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, or proud living."

Thus quaintly can men in elevated situations indulge a fanciful mode of writing, and promulgate opinion and satire through familiar channels, that a common person scarcely would have thought of. The game of chess, however, to those who have patience to encounter intricacies, and like to indulge themselves in tranquillity of reflection, affords an engaging and most fascinating amusement.

Page 109, line 11.

*Confess they show more gifted mind.*

Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Dr. Johnson," has the following passage:—"Here let me observe, that the benefits of oral instruction, joined with the perusal of such authors as we now put into female hands, may be estimated by the degree of mental improvement at

which the sex is this day arrived, which, as Johnson once remarked to me, on receiving a lady's letter, is so great, that in that kind of composition we, who were their teachers, may learn of them."

Page 112, line 14.

*Unmasks her person to the day.*

Hamlet, addressing Ophelia, the chaste, amiable, and unfortunate Ophelia, says : —

“The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauties to the moon.”

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## NOTES TO CANTO III.

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Page 117, line 5.

*And from ambition's fever free.*

HAMLET remarks (in Act ii., Scene 2,) to Guildenstern,—  
“ O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.” And Guildenstern replies, “ which dreams indeed are ambition;” and it may be asked, whether it is not ambition that creates discontent in those who show themselves to be restless when in the possession of small fortunes, yet adequate to the means of rendering life comfortable. How inconsistent is that mode of conduct with our happiness, and how opposite to that which should arise out of the considerate reflections of a rational being! Horace (as well as numerous authors, sacred and profane), in a passage in his 16th Ode, lib. ii., gives a lesson to inculcate moderation and thankfulness, which the discontented should profit by; which Mr. Gifford has thus translated:—

“ O well is he to whom kind Heaven  
A decent competence has given!  
Rich in the blessings sent;  
He grasps not anxiously at more,  
Dreads not to use his little store,  
And fattens on content.”

Page 124, line 21.

*Her speed he checked with gentle rein.*

When men mount their horses, common sense seems very frequently to be discarded; for as soon as they put one foot into the stirrup, and have afterwards thrown themselves into their seat, the spur is in motion, and, instead of managing their horse with temper, they irritate him: and in no instance is the spur more

disgracefully applied, than when a horse, from weakness of sight, or want of comprehending the nature of some object before him, expresses his alarm by a hurried step; and the spur is the worst way of conquering his apprehensions: it is like the beating of a child because he is afraid of remaining in the dark; his spirit may be broken, but his fears will not be allayed. Gentleness is the only remedy.

Page 129, line 15.

*Such as* distracted widowers *give*.

Those distracted widowers whose grief is of the most clamorous description, find their grief soon appeased in the thoughts of a new connexion; and the more they have violently asserted that their comforts are gone for ever, the more likely they are to marry again, and often they marry within the year. Such men are the offspring of habit, and are miserable when they receive any interruption to their habits. Their grief is for themselves, not for the object they have lost. It is not so with the mind and heart of true feeling, where there has been the happiest attachment,—the attachment of the mind. Time only can restore them to hours of serenity. Reflecting on the past, they doubt whether they can partake of the same felicity which they had once enjoyed; and if they are left with children, they are the more doubtful, and the more cautious—they live for them. A kind and affectionate step-mother is an angel on earth. All vows are rash, because they are unnecessary.

A friend having read this note, related the following anecdote regarding a disconsolate *widow*; and it is but fair to give both sides of the question. A lady, not many years ago, who had lost her husband, was so greatly afflicted, that she not only expressed herself in words of the deepest toned sorrow, but could not bear any thing to appear about her house that was not declaratory of her uncommon concern: all was sable. The carpets were black; the curtains were black; a black cloth covered every table; she ordered a black spinning wheel, and would only spin black wool; and the dunnest widow's weeds clothed her person.

To make use of Pope's language, in his translation of the Iliad, she was inconsolable, never to know comfort again :—

“ Griefs always green, a household still in tears,  
And liveries of black for length of years.”

Not satisfied with this outward display of sorrow, she vowed that she never would receive the addresses of any man in future, and she summoned her neighbours and relations to be witnesses of her solemn asseveration. They obeyed the summons; and, when arrived, endeavoured to dissuade her from entering into any rash resolves; but she appeared to be deaf to all entreaty, and, kneeling down before them, imprecated the most severe curses upon her head should she ever marry again; but, pausing for a moment before she rose, as if alarmed at what she had done; to the astonishment of her auditors, she added this saving clause, “ unless she should change her mind,” and which she uttered in a low tone of voice. She did change her mind, and the widow's garments were thrown away in a short time; and, to apply the words of Hamlet, “ the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.”

The sudden torrent is soon over; and such strong ebullitions of grief are soon dissipated, and “ leave not a rack behind.”

Page 134, line 19.

*No steeds were sold in life's late day.*

The author hopes he may be allowed to say, that he does not preach without practising; and that he may be permitted to state, that the three principal horses described in the print, as turned out in Orlando's park, were his own, lived to a great age, and died while under his protection, as well as the terriers.

Page 137, line 12.

*And gives to ARGUS suited fame.*

In a note to the 345th verse of the 17th book of the Odyssey, it is thus stated by Pope :—“ What Homer says of Argus is very natural, and I do not know any thing more beautiful or more affecting than the whole episode: I dare appeal to every person's

judgment, if Argus be not as justly and properly represented as the noblest figure in it." And in a subsequent note to the 364th verse, "I confess myself touched," he remarks, "with the tenderness of these tears in Ulysses:—

"Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul:  
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,  
Stole unperceived: he turned his head, and dried  
The drop humane."

"I would willingly think," he continues, "that they proceed from a better principle than the weakness of human nature, and an instance of a really virtuous and compassionate disposition."

"*Good men are easily moved to tears:* in my judgment," he adds, "Ulysses appears more amiable while he weeps over his faithful dog, than when he drives an army of his enemies before him: *That* shows him to be a great hero, *this* a good man. It was undoubtedly an instance of an excellent disposition in one of the fathers who prayed for *the grace of tears.*" But neither Eustathius, Perrault, nor Pope, who advert to the episode in critical discussion, say one word about the neglect of Penelope, but pass over in silence her slight of Argus.

The affection of dogs in our own time, like that of Argus, is frequently extreme. A nobleman, on his travels, took a favourite spaniel with him to Italy, and on his journey the dog was apparently sleeping at the bottom of the carriage, when on a sudden he rose, licked the hand of his master, laid down, and died instantly. A friend of the author's was present.

There are some interesting lines introduced, which attach themselves in some degree to this anecdote. Had the author of them always written in the same style as in this little effusion, in his "Ode to the Glow-Worm," and in some other elegant pieces, his works would have been generally admired. We copy what he penned "on the death of the Shepherd's Dog," as a natural and interesting picture.

- “ THE old shepherd’s dog, like his master, was grey,  
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue ;  
Yet where’er *Corin* went, he was followed by *Tray*,—  
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.
- “ When fatigued, on the grass the shepherd would lie,  
For a nap in the sun ; ’midst his slumbers so sweet,  
His faithful companion crawl’d constantly nigh,  
Plac’d his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.
- “ When winter was heard on the hill or the plain,  
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind ;  
If *Corin* went forth ’mid the tempests and rain,  
*Tray* scorn’d to be left in the chimney behind.
- “ At length in the straw *Tray* made his last bed :  
For vain, against death, is the stoutest endeavour ;  
To lick *Corin*’s hand he rear’d up his weak head ;  
Then fell back, clos’d his eyes, and ah ! clos’d them for ever !
- “ Not long after *Tray* did the shepherd remain,  
Who oft o’er his grave with true sorrow would bend ;  
And when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,  
‘ O bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend !’”

Page 139, line 12.

*Who ’d drive his steed to death to win the race.*

The unfeeling cruelty of those *gentlemen of the fancy* who promote trotting matches, in which their unfortunate animals frequently sink down and expire, and their equally savage and barbarous practice of bull-baiting, cock-fighting, matching dogs in combat, and other sports of the same ferocious tendency, call forth the censure of every humane mind. It is of little consequence what the Romans did in their amphitheatres,—our age is an age of Christianity : and we should not look up to them for an example : nor to the Spaniards. That axiom in the Scriptures should never be forgotten, that the merciful man is merciful to his beast. If our *pugilistic heroes* choose to batter one another, it is done of their own free will. They are not compelled to descend into the arena !

+ Page 142, line 13.

*Nor with a harsh, unfeeling power.*

Among the remains of feudal laws, the copyhold tenure continues in many instances in all its primeval harshness, where the heriot is the best beast (or best piece of furniture), and can be followed to any part of the kingdom; and where a fine, in addition, can be arbitrarily taken to the full amount of two years' rent on all the improvements, on death, and a heavy fine also on alienation. Every person who improves his copyhold under these conditions is fighting against himself. It is from prudential motives, therefore, that considerate persons will not purchase any such copyhold property; because, though the copyhold may not be worth one hundred pounds, should the owner be possessed of a beast of considerable value, it might be seized for the heriot. It was from the knowledge of various instances where such seizures were put into practice, that those lines were written to which this note is an explanation, two of which only shall be recorded. The one regards the lord of a manor, who, having fixed his attention on a favourite horse in the possession of one of his copyhold tenants who was declining in health, bribed one of the servants to give a signal, by hanging out a white handkerchief from one of the windows of his master's dwelling, which was in view of the manor-house, the moment his master was deceased. The signal was accordingly given and observed, and the lord went instantly and seized for the heriot. The other instance regards the see of Canterbury, and the proprietor of a manor at Lambeth, or Vauxhall. When the late Sir Joseph Mawbey died, he held under those two manors; and, as soon as his death had been announced, the stewards of those separate manors hurried down to Botleys, running in a manner a race, who should get there first to seize the coach horses in the stable, as being the best supposed and most valuable beasts the tenant had in his possession. The stewards did no more than their duty, nor was the then Archbishop of Canterbury in any way personally inculpated in the transaction; but it may easily be conceived what must have been the feelings of the widow, the breath being scarce departed from her deceased husband, on hearing



of such ill-timed, and, to her mind, cruel and oppressive visitors, who came to seize the horses before they had drawn the family coach in the funeral procession. If a copyhold, on which there is a heriot, becomes subsequently divided, a heriot will attach on each division, and may be equally followed, off the land, to any part of the kingdom. A recent instance, which occurred on the death of Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart., proves the extent of the evil to the copyholder. Heriots were seized to the amount of £2400. and upwards; and which sum might have been increased had the lord of the manor, or those acting for him, been acquainted with the baronet's whole stud, and made a still more important selection.

Page 142, line 22.

*He loved to authorize delight.*

On walking over the grounds of — park, and having taken the liberty to ask the generous possessor, since deceased, whether he gave leave for the neighbouring gentlemen to shoot over his manors, the reply was, “that he never did, because,” he remarked, “that he should offend those whom he should feel obliged to refuse;” but he added, with his accustomed amiableness of disposition, “I never take notice of any qualified person, who conducts himself with propriety.” The Duke de Longueville's well known reply to a French nobleman, who recommended him to restrain the adjoining possessors of property from hunting on his lands, was an equally laudable instance of forbearance: “I had rather,” said that noble-minded peer, “*have friends than hares.*”

Page 146, line 1.

*Though trembling on the verge of death.*

The law does not allow the sale of a next presentation to a living to stand good, should the existing incumbent be proved to have been absolutely on his death-bed at the time the purchase was made; but permits it when an incumbent, however old he may be, is only in his natural course of decay; and as advowsons, as are mentioned in the next note, can be granted according to law by

deed or will, either the next presentation simply may be parted with, or the whole advowson, according to the inclination of the proprietor. Orlando's complaint went no farther than to express his sentiments of the indecent manner in which livings were sometimes advertised to be disposed of, under the recommendation that the parsonage house was seated in a fashionable neighbourhood, and in the vicinity of various packs of celebrated foxhounds. Such language he naturally deemed a libel on the church; and thought it should be prevented from being repeated, under a heavy penalty.

Page 148, line 23.

*ORLANDO'S cures were given to those.*

“An advowson,” Burn's Ecclesiastical Law mentions, “strictly speaking, is an incorporeal hereditament; it is not itself the bodily possession of the church as its appendage, but a right of giving to some other person a title to such bodily possession; and being temporal inheritances, and lay fees, may be granted by deed or will, and are assets in the hands of heirs and executors. They were so called, because the right of presenting to the church was first gained by such as were founders, benefactors, and maintainers of the church. Instead of itinerant preachers being sent round the country by the bishops, abbots, or heads of religious houses, to administer spiritual comfort, lords of manors, and other proprietors of land, piously gave up part of their possessions, building churches, and endowing them with manse and glebe, in order to establish a regular pastor in their neighbourhood; and they were allowed, in consequence, to present to the living; the bishop of the diocese reserving to himself, most properly, the right to judge of the fitness of the persons so nominated. These advowsons were formerly most of them dependent on manors; and the patrons were parochial barons; the lordship of the manor, and patronage of the church, were seldom in different hands; — but of late years they have been oftentimes divided.” Thus advowsons were not, as the ignorant suppose, property seized by the church, and plundered from the public, but pious donations, beneficently given by individuals for the maintenance of the sacred labourers in

the vineyard ; and in that maintenance for the constant advancement and propagation of religion and virtue.

Page 151, line 4.

*For business, pastime, study, prayer.*

In the 44th number of the Rambler, it is remarked, that “ in social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with, restraints of many kinds will be necessary, and studying to behave right in respect of them is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving in itself. Suffering is no duty, but when it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good ; nor pleasure a crime, but when it strengthens the influence of bad inclination, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state is, indeed, faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects and nobler capacities ; but yet, whatever a portion of it the distributing hand of Heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attainment of his final destination.”

Page 151, line 15.

*Too oft impatient hurried through.*

The manner in which the church service is performed, is in some instances indecorous. The clergyman who serves two churches, and often at a considerable distance in the country, is prevented, from want of time, from giving to the solemnity of prayer its proper effect. The attiring himself, too, in the desk, for want of a vestry or robing room, before he begins the service, and disencumbering himself from the surplice before he ascends the pulpit, has an awkward appearance. The limited size of the church is, however, the cause of this, and no blame must attach to the clergyman.

The church service consists of several distinct services brought together, to be solemnized at the same time ; but to the commonest observer they often appear to be read with so little discrimination of their distinct parts, from want of proper pauses, that they seem

like a repetition of the same, from the mouth of an impatient and unskilful reader. The church service is a most sublime composition, and should ever receive due effect from the pastor to arrest the pious feelings, so that an animated devotion may follow. What language can be more imposing than the litany, which has been justly described by Dr. Samuel Johnson, as containing "the sublimest truths, conveyed in the most chaste and exalted language — the genuine offspring of piety impregnated by wisdom;" but with what little effect is it frequently pronounced! It is surely the duty of a clergyman to impress upon the ears of the congregation the various services of the day with due energy, to speak deliberately, pronounce distinctly, and express emphatically. But it may be said, that every clergyman is not so gifted by nature as to accomplish this: those, however, who are not so gifted, should remember the difficulties that Demosthenes surmounted, and the pains he took to make himself intelligible to a numerous auditory, and the success that followed.

Whatever is said in this poem regarding the clergy, is said with reverence and respect. The obnoxious, wherever they appear, are naturally obtrusive; they force themselves into notice, and disgrace the worthy and pious labourer; and the few cast a reflection on the many that the evil-minded take an advantage of. The character of the good clergyman in this poem is no fanciful character, but has been drawn from life; and is not a solitary instance taken from thousands of an opposite tendency; but the writer is satisfied, on the contrary, that it is one among many thousands possessing the same disposition to do good, and the same zeal for religion, whose modest worth is little known beyond the circle of his own parish. We should remember, that the clergy are a numerous body; they are susceptible of the same passions, and liable to the infirmities of other men; and nothing can be more complimentary to their general character than the rare instances of moral turpitude on their part, which ever come before the public.

Mr. Brougham took occasion, at a public meeting, to pay a high compliment to the clergy of the established Church. From a correspondence he had had, he said, with eleven or twelve

thousand on the subject of the education of the poor, he could assert, that a more generous and disinterested class of men could not exist, than the clergy of the Church of England. The reverend Archdeacon Bathurst declared that he stood in a particular situation, as perhaps no one had an opportunity of knowing so much of the clergy; and he could say, that there was no set of men who so quietly and unostentatiously did so much to relieve distress wherever it was to be found; and Mr. Coke, of Holkham, asserted, that though he was an enemy to the system of collecting tithes, he did not desire to deprive the clergy of their *just rights*; and he believed that these his sentiments were well known to Mr. Glover, a clergyman then present; than whom, he added, there was not a more correct and virtuous man amongst the clergy: and it is presumed, that Mr. Coke would not have paid that compliment to Mr. Glover at the expense of the rest of the clergy present; nor would Mr. Glover have sat still to have received it, to the prejudice of others.

It would, however, be a happy circumstance, if such an accommodation could take place, that no dispute, no dissatisfaction could arise with regard to the apportioning of tithes, between the clergyman and his parishioners. The farmer, too frequently, selfishly, nay more, unjustly forgets that he rents only nine parts of the land he holds; and then thinks himself aggrieved, that he is not entitled to the whole produce of his ground at harvest time. It is true that the clergyman receives the advantage of the farmer's capital, judgment, and labour; but to that he is entitled—it is coeval with the apportioning of tithes; and none have a right to consider as a hardship, what is the very nature and essence of their tenure, and which they voluntarily agreed to when they took their farm, and bound themselves to the obligation.

If the tithe did not belong to the clergy, it would appertain to the owner of the soil, and would be paid for by the farmer in his rent; and it is very generally understood, that lay impropiators demand their right with infinitely more tenacity than the clergy, whose liberality is almost universally acknowledged; and who have, far too often, cause to complain of the farmer; being much more

“sinned against than sinning,” in receiving their dues. But the first principle of a clergyman is to make himself respected by his liberality and conduct, and in his suitable demeanour to his parishioners, and in the due discharge of his duty. Swift very forcibly remarks, in his project for the advancement of religion, “And let some men think what they please, it is certain that men must be brought to esteem and love the clergy, before they can be persuaded to be in love with religion;—no man values the best medicine, if administered by a physician whose person he hates or despises.” There is no situation, in which any person can be placed, more calculated to do good, nor any perhaps in which more good is exerted, than that of a parish priest, when in proper hands.

Page 155, line 2.

*And know no party but the nation.*

“Certainly, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative,” said Mr. Burke, in his celebrated letter to the electors of Bristol, “to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him, their opinion high respect, their business unremitting attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and, above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the constitution; they are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

“My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior: but government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination: and what sort

of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion — in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide — and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?

“To deliver an opinion, is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear, and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But authoritative instructions, mandates issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience, — these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenour of our constitution. Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests, which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation, with one interest — that of the whole; where not local purposes, not local prejudices ought to guide, — but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member, indeed; but when you have chosen him, he is not a member of Bristol, but he is a member of parliament. If the local constituent should have an interest, or should form a hasty opinion, evidently opposite to the real good of the rest of the community, the member for that place ought to be as far as any other from any endeavour to give it effect.”

The strong good sense and patriotism of these argumentative and sound deductions, appear to be above all controversy. *The late Mr. Byng*, like Mr. Burke, acted up to those principles. The author remembers, as if it were but yesterday, being present at a county meeting in Middlesex, when that candid and noble-minded oppositionist proved himself no flatterer, by refusing to sign a proposed declaration that he would submit himself, at all times, to the *orders* of his constituents. Though differing with him in politics at the time, he had the author's humble vote in future, out of respect for his manly and constitutional sentiments.

Page 157, line 11.

*Good-natured wit, the boon of Heaven.*

Those lines between inverted commas, and which have been adapted to the general metre of the poem, are, it is believed, to be found in Dodsley's Collection; and were written by Dr. Cooper, a clergyman of Hertfordshire: and be it remembered, that Pascal, in speaking of the wit of Martial, says, that "the epigram of Martial to short-sighted persons is good for nothing. It does not console them; and it shows only the wit of the writer. All that makes only for the writer, is good for nothing—*ambitiosa recidet ornamenta*. One should endeavour to please only those that possess sentiments of humanity and tenderness, and not persons of a cruel and barbarous disposition."

Page 172, line 17.

*Strict, as the plight of RODERIC DHU.*

It is scarcely necessary to mention, that this line alludes to that masterly poetical description of Roderic Dhu, in "the Lady of the Lake," when performing his promise of giving Fitz-James safe passport as far as to Coilontogle Ford.

Page 172, line 21.

*Show a corrupt and vicious mind.*

The Bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Watson, when he published his esteemed "Apology for Christianity," speaking of the licentiousness of the times, said, "Even now, men scruple not their lawless lusts to ruin the repose of private families, and to fix a stain of infamy on the noblest."

Page 177, line 17.

*'Tis lust, not love.*

With what refinement does Milton express his sense of love!—

————— "Love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat  
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale  
By which to heavenly love thou mayst ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure."

And the same great poet, who had the highest regard for



female dignity and female virtue, speaking of marriage, thus beautifully and expressively remarks :—

“ By thee adulterous lust was driven from man,  
Among the bestial tribe to range ; by thee  
Founded in nature, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relation dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.”

But to introduce, on the other hand, the feelings of severe distress that must arise from reflection on conjugal infidelity ; we instance the description given by Homer of Helen's address to Priam, when adverting to her past fatal conduct :—

“ Before thy presence, father, I appear  
With conscious shame, and reverential fear.  
Ah ! had I died ere to these walls I fled,  
False to my country, and my nuptial bed !  
My brother, friends, and daughter left behind,  
False to them all ; to Paris only kind.”

What a forcible picture do these lines convey of extreme sorrow and debasement, in the anguished exclamation of—**FALSE TO THEM ALL !**

Page 179, line 23.

*Sighed o'er the extent of female wrong.*

In “ Way's Fabliaux ” are the following impressive lines :—

“ And straight beyond a broad deep moat I spied  
A troop more foul than those I left beside.

“ Disloyal lovers those, full sure I read,  
In blandishments unsound their time they spent ;  
And while they kiss'd as wights who loved indeed,  
Their wandering eyes were evermore intent  
On sidelong glances for some other meant.  
Spied they a maid whose artless charms invite,  
Eftsoons their cast to win her how they might.

“ And baits they spread that make one's heart to ring,  
To work their shameful will, and to beguile  
For artless innocence and honour true,  
To the fell snare of their affections vile,  
Feigning love's sharpest torments all the while,  
If haply to some ruth they may infuse  
All other ways than loyal lovers use.

“ And shall we marvel, then, if guileless maid,  
 Mild and compassionate, and form'd to yield,  
 Turns to the tempter's lures, and is betrayed,  
 Simplicity of heart her only shield?  
 For traitors, though their cruel hearts be steel'd,  
 Yet can they weep, and groan, and sorely sigh,  
 Bending their knee with feign'd humility.

\* — “ Ay me, her sprite doth quail to see <sup>his</sup> her woe!  
 With his perfidious tears are mix'd her own;  
 The fort of honour falls before the foe.  
 Ah! blame not her, by lack of guile alone,  
 By too confiding loyalty, o'erthrown  
*Blame him, the hypocrite! him worthy blame,  
 Who underfoot doth tread her honest name.*

“ Afore time long his subtly warming snares  
 To work this damsel's bale he had devised,  
 And cast how he might catch her unawares.  
 Lo! now, he shuns her *by herself despised,*  
 Prest for new toil on — chastity surprised.  
*Oh! may that felon race, true lovers' bane,  
 In most abhorrence aye of all remain.”*

*The Paradise of Love.*

Page 196, line 1.

*The deed of after-death prepare.*

Of all the acts of social life, perhaps there is not one in which a man evinces a more selfish disposition than in that important one of making his will. By his delay, he seems as if he were afraid of parting with his property, even after death; and frequently shows such a reluctance in performing this duty, as if he were superstitiously apprehensive that he should be signing his death-warrant when he attaches his signature. A will is, indeed, a serious undertaking, to a benevolent mind. It may be said to be the last act of a man's life; for it is the last act, *sub silentio*, that he solemnly performs. It is, indeed, a serious undertaking; for it remains an existing proof of his caprice or his kindness; and when attended with injurious, or illiberal, or revengeful operations against those relations to whom, under all considerations, he ought to have acted otherwise, it becomes, like suicide, a deed that never

can be repented of. To cut a child off with a shilling — to take away, without warning, the staff that had been given as a prop to the indigent, and leave them, in age, in a worse situation than that in which they were found — to neglect old servants, who had devoted their lives to our care and our comfort — to suffer feeble favourite animals to run the risk of passing into the hands of the unfeeling and hard-hearted; favourites that had been our pride and delight, — is losing sight of that benignity of character which is the ornament of human nature. Wills remain existing monuments, built by ourselves, that perpetuate the secrets of our hearts; and we write in them our own epitaph in indelible characters, whether favourable or unfavourable to our fame. How many relatives have felt the sad consequences of procrastination; and how many have suffered from the framing of wills, through the want of attention to legal forms—wills that have been written with the best intentions. It is not every one who knows that three persons must witness, in the presence of each other; the signature of the testator, to pass freehold property; and how few know that freehold property, purchased subsequent to a will being made, will not pass by that will, unless it should be republished, but will go to the direct heir: or that property mentioned to be in the funds, will not include Bank nor India stock, which must be particularly specified, as they are not Government securities.

“The innumerable appeals,” said an intelligent legal friend, conversing with the author on the subject of wills, “which are made to the courts of law, and the various litigations which ensue, from the neglect of, or want of due attention to that most important act, show the necessity of resorting to, and obtaining, the best legal advice and assistance which such an act requires. And even then it will sometimes happen, that with the utmost care, such are the intricacies of the law, that not only difficulties arise, but the intention of the testator is frustrated, through inadvertence, ignorance, or incapacity. The law is wisely tenacious of its forms. Wills are construed not by the caprice of the judge, but by sound principles and digested rules; by which public rights, private property, and the lives and persons of individuals,

are secured and protected. How indispensably necessary, then, is it, while the health is good, and the mind competent to decide on its genuine wishes, to attend to this imperious call, and not to defer to the latest moment; thereby rendering it impracticable, or impossible, amidst the distraction and embarrassment which surround a family at such a time, to do well what, to say the least of it, should not be performed in breathless haste. We should in the enjoyment of health take time by the forelock, and seek the lawyer of skill, experience, and integrity, to perform this essential duty. For want of this precaution, how many evils have occurred! The long subsisting harmony of families has been broken up and destroyed; the most acrimonious quarrels have been engendered; and avarice, selfishness, and all the bad passions, been fermented; thence made to exhibit themselves in interminable hatred, and expensive and ruinous litigation. Is it possible that those we love, and whom we intend to benefit by that posthumous act, should, by our indifference in the fulfilment of this serious duty, be subject to suffer the mortification of disappointment, be harassed by waste of fortune, the miseries of suspense, the anxiety of expectation, the delusion of hope, and perhaps by the sufferings of want? Millions of property, *through sudden death*, have glided into other channels, from before those who otherwise would have been benefited, had TIME been prudently, as well as energetically taken by the forelock." To such wholesome observations and sound reasoning, which every one having any property to bequeath should ever bear in remembrance, and act up to, this impressive sentiment of Shakespeare may be added, without interfering with the text, and only in confirmation of the absolute necessity of the duty,

— " On our firmest resolutions  
The noiseless and inaudible foot of death  
Steals like a thief."

## NOTES TO CANTO IV.

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Page 203, line 14.

*And knits the cable strong again.*

A passage in Shakspeare's Othello, Act ii. Scene 3, very amply supports this line. Iago, expressing his deceitful friendship for Roderigo, says, "I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with *cables* of perdurable toughness."

Page 212, line 20.

*A comfort, or pernicious devil.*

There cannot be found, it is presumed, a better lesson against drunkenness, than in Cassio's honest confession of the state in which he felt himself through the effects of inebriety, and the disgrace which he had consequently brought upon himself by his misconduct. The whole scene between Cassio and the villain Iago presents forcible advice against the improper use of fermented liquor; and every man living much in convivial society might, if he would candidly own it, profit by it. "I will rather," Cassio says, "sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander" (as Othello) "with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with our own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—*devil!*—I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains—that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! It has pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one imperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself—I will ask him for my place again, he shall tell

me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all — To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a *devil!*”

Page 213, line 14.

*'Mid orgies ending in disgrace.*

Mr. Hobhouse, in his *Journey through Albania, &c.* vol. ii. page 946, “describing a dinner he partook of at Constantinople, says, that in the tabagia or tavern, where he was dining, and which was not kept by a Turk, there was no want of wine; and at a table near him, covered with a dessert of fruits and cakes, sat a knot of young Turks, the bucks of the Quarter, pushing about the bottle with a noisy emulation, which did not confine itself to their own party, but brought them staggering to our side of the room with tumblers of wine, pledging repeatedly our healths, and looking at us for approbation, as acknowledged masters of the art. Their debauch ended in loud fits of screaming and shouting, and *other resemblances of the senseless movements of an English hunting club!*”

Page 214, line 13.

*From right to left —*

This rule for passing the bottle has been handed down to us by HOMER. In the *Odyssey* are the following lines, which prove the custom to be of high antiquity. Ulysses, when calling on his faithful friends to arm themselves for the intended attack against PENELOPE'S suitors, is made to say —

“ From whence the goblet first began to flow,  
*From right to left, in order take the bow.*”

Page 216, line 17.

*Nor let that manna gracious fall.*

The great English moralist, Dr. Johnson, says, — “Whoever is apt to hope good from others, is diligent to please them; but he that believes his powers strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself.”

Page 219, line 1.

*Bind Social joys with rivets fast.*

To justify that figurative expression, the following lines from Hamlet, Act i. Scene 3, are quoted:—

“The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with *hooks of steel*.”

And here the writer begs leave to remark, that he is aware that he may be censured by many for having introduced the whole of that passage in the text, which alludes to what may be deemed an *unnecessary* exposure of his own personal failing. But, be that as it may, he has felt it right to mention it; and to say, “that happy are those who can hear their own detractions, and put them to the mending;” and glad should he be if that could be verified in himself: but he knows it to be vain. Custom, age, and constitution forbid it. With what reason, then, has he to *grapple to his soul with hooks of steel* those who have so long and frequently borne with his infirmity!—how much has he to thank them for their continued good will and forbearance,—and those, too, *who never forsook him in an hour of distress and sorrow!*—This note, he confesses, is more of a private than a general nature; but a liberal public will not be offended at their being made witnesses of a heart-felt acknowledgment.

Page 220, line 8.

*Oh! how the feelings then were tried!*

The death of this valued, learned, and most particular friend of the author, took place very unexpectedly. He received a letter from him on a Monday, which had been written on the Saturday preceding, full of his usual kind expressions of attachment, and he died on the intervening Sunday!

Page 231, line 5.

*It is contending winds and wave.*

Milton beautifully says, with his usual great regard for matrimonial happiness, and with his accustomed felicity of expression,—

“Harmony to behold in wedded pair,  
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.”

*Paradise Lost*, book viii. line 105.

Page 235, line 22.

*O give affection ample room!*

If it be true, and it is most natural to believe that it must be so, that no person can have the same affection for a child, however attached to it, as the parent, the strength of whose regard surpasses description; surely an author may be accounted to have by analogy a father's paramount feelings for the offspring of his brain, and be equally blind to its imperfections. COWPER, in his "Progress of Error," and who can be tired in having recourse to him, happily satirizes an author's overweening regard for his literary bantlings in the following terms, and to which the writer of this submissively subscribes, repeating in the first line what has been already quoted in the advertisement after the preface, that,

"None but an author knows an author's cares,  
 And fancy's fondness for the child she bears;  
 Committed once into the public arms,  
 The baby seems to smile with added charms:  
 Like something precious ventured far from shore,  
 'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.  
 They view it with complacency extreme,  
 Solicit kind attention to their dream,  
 And daily more enamoured of the cheat,  
 Kneel and ask Heaven to bless the dear deceit."

Thus, by this note, the writer plainly evinces, that he may discern the mote in the eye of another, and forget the *beam* that is in his own; the *thousand motes*, that are floating there, and prevent him under that mist from discovering his own imperfections.

Page 236, line 2.

*And greet her love and fond regard.*

Richardson, in his *Sir Charles Grandison*, has introduced this most interesting and beautiful sonnet of Vincentio da Filicaja, expressive of maternal attachment, which is accompanied with pious reflections:—

"Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto  
 Mira e d'amor si strugge a lor davante,  
 E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,  
 Uno tien sù i ginocchi, un sulle piante,



E montr' agli atti, a i gemiti, all spetto  
 Lor voglie intende sì diverse, e tante,  
 A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,  
 E se ride, o s'adira, è sempre amante:  
 Tal per noi Providenza alta infinita  
 Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provvede,  
 E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutta aita.  
 E se niega talor grazia, o mercede,  
 O niega sol, perchè a pregar ne invita  
 O negar finge, e nel negar concede."

To the above he adds the following translation :

" See a fond mother encircled by her children : with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love. One she kisses on the forehead ; and clasps another to her bosom. One she sets upon her knee ; and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look ; a word to those ; and whether she smiles or frowns, 'tis all in tender love.

" Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is Providence : so it watches over us ; comforting these, providing for those ; listening to all ; assisting every one ; and if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earnest prayers ; or seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in that refusal."

Page 237, line 2.

*My life,—my angel,—sweetest dear,—*

Juvenal, in his sixth Satire, addressed to Ursidius Posthumus, censures the use of such surfeiting expressions, and censures it more particularly in persons advanced in life. Martial, also, in one of his Epigrams, taking the hint, as it is supposed, from Juvenal, adverts to it with equal keenness, especially, and equally so with Juvenal, when they were attempted to be clothed in the Greek tongue, the fashionable and affected language of the time. It is excusable, but scarcely so, in youthful lovers, who have no ears, eyes, or speech, but for themselves.

Page 237, line 17.

*Have flitted not like idle dream.*

A letter from Dorothy, Countess of Leicester, to her husband, printed in the prose part of "Elegant Extracts," is so expressive of conjugal affection, in its purest nature and most refined principles of attachment, that it cannot be an unwelcome quotation to those who have not read it. "It is supper-time," she says, writing to her husband, who was at Paris, "or else I should bestow one side of this paper in making love to you; and since I may with modesty express it, I will say, that if it be love to think on you sleeping and waking, to discourse of nothing with pleasure but what concerns you, to wish myself every hour with you, to pray for you with as much devotion as for my own soul, then certainly it may be said I am in love. Kiss my boy Algernon for me, who sent me a very pretty French letter."

Page 239, line 12.

*Observe the glow-worm's gentle light.*

It is evident that there are blended together in this evening's description the attributes of spring, summer, and autumn; but it is a poetical license which, though against propriety, it is hoped will be tolerated.

Page 240, line 8.

*And heavenly fragrance filled the circuit wide.*

That majestic flower, the cactus grandiflorus, the *night blowing cereus*, not only displays splendid foliage in its expansion, but sends forth a delightful perfume that scents the circumambient air, filling the hothouse with its powerful vapour.

Page 245, line 1.

*When fair AMELIA strikes the lute.*

The reader is desired to consider this line as not to be understood in its literal sense, but in a figurative acceptation; and when the fair female is represented as striking the lute, it is meant to comprehend the usual instrument (the pianoforte) on which she plays, round which the musical auditors assemble,

and listen in silent admiration to her acknowledged excellence, “as she gives to rapture all the trembling strings,” accompanied by her superior powers of vocal expression.

Page 251, line 14.

*From those who wrought their sad undoing.*

In a publication, by PIERCE EGAN, entitled “Sporting Anecdotes,” it is there stated, that a few years since, at a celebrated club-house, a member lost £70,000, with his carriage and horses, &c., which was his last stake. A member present, who partook of the gains, moved that an annuity of £50 per annum should be settled on the unfortunate loser, to be paid out of the general fund; which motion was agreed to *nem. con.* and a resolution was entered into, at the instance of the same person, that every member who should be completely ruined in that house, should be allowed a similar annuity out of the same fund, on condition that they are never to be admitted as sporting members; as, in that case, the society would be playing against their own money. The fact is not vouched for, only the authority stated.

Page 282, line 11.

*When ELLIOT, on Iberia's shore.*

At the memorable sortie from the rock of Gibraltar, the command of which was given to Brigadier-general Ross, and which General Elliot, subsequently created Lord Heathfield of Gibraltar, accompanied as a volunteer, the troops assembled on the sands of the isthmus under the rock, and began their march about two o'clock, when the moon set, — stole upon the enemy, and completely destroyed their formidable preparations. This gallant act was, at the time, the wonder and applause of the world. It was a noble instance of glorious daring, where part of a weak and sickly garrison left their own batteries, and completely succeeded, in defiance of the height and strength of the enemy's works, and of the force within them, and of a protecting army of 40,000 men, who were only a mile distant. The British returned to the rock to witness the continuance of the conflagration they had effected, without

leaving behind a firelock or implement of destruction they had carried out with them, and with the loss of only four men killed and twenty-five wounded. We should not forget former heroic deeds in the splendour of our late military achievements.

Page 283, line 4.

*Whether from fear ourselves are free.*

Those who live in mountainous districts, and follow the sea professionally, are particularly susceptible of fanciful impressions.

“I never was what is properly called superstitious; but I suppose all men, in situations of peculiar doubt and difficulty, when they have exercised their reason to little purpose, are apt, in a sort of despair, to abandon the reins of their imagination, and be guarded either altogether by chance, or by those whimsical impressions which take possession of the mind, and to which we give way as if to involuntary impulse.” — *Rob Roy*, vol. ii. 152.

Page 284, line 18.

*Had his great mind remained serene.*

In the fifth volume of Dryden's miscellanies, and commencing page 184, are two odes on the character of Brutus; one the production of Cowley, in compliment to him; the other by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; and from his ode the following lines are copied:—

In all those wits, whose names have spread so wide,  
 And e'en the force of time defied,  
 Some failings yet may be descried:  
 Among the rest, (with wonder be it told,)  
 That Brutus is admired for Cæsar's death,  
 By which he yet survives in Fame's immortal breath,  
 Brutus! even he, of all the rest,  
 In whom we should that deed the most detest,  
 Is of mankind esteemed the best!  
 As snow descending from some lofty hill,  
 Is, by its rolling course augmenting still;  
 So from illustrious authors down have rolled  
 Those great encomiums he received of old,  
 Republic orators will show esteem,  
 And gild their eloquence with praise of him;

But truth, unveiled, like a bright sun appears,  
To shine away the heap of seventeen hundred years.

In vain 'tis urged by an illustrious wit,  
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit,)  
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve  
From one who kill'd himself rather than serve :

Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay

Than any master to obey,

Happy for Rome had been that noble pride ;

The world had then remained in peace, and only Brutus died !

For he whose soul disdains to own

Subjection to a tyrant's frown,

And his own life would rather end,

Would sure much rather kill himself than only hurt his friend.

To his own sword, in the Philippian field,

Brutus indeed at last did yield :

But in those times self-killing was not rare, —

And his proceeded only from despair.

He might have chosen else to live

In hopes another Cæsar would forgive ;

Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more

Conspire against a life which had spared his before.

Our country challenges our utmost care,

And in our thoughts deserves our tenderest share.

Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,

*Yet not betray them though it be for her.*

Mankind, it has been remarked, in one of the notes to a poem, entitled "Homer's Prophecy, or the Battle of Waterloo," (a cento from Pope's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, which is preparing for publication, and partly printed), are very apt to magnify every occurrence that has taken place in former days, and swell them into hyperbolical importance, as if seen in a concave mirror, and thereby to place them in an exaggerated point of view, to create excessive admiration. The elder Brutus has been eulogized for the performance of an unnatural act, in condemning his own sons, and causing them to be executed in his presence, contrary to the feelings of nature and the virtue of parental affection ; and the elder Cato, "*of stern, impenetrable stuff,*" has been held up as a *pattern of imitation*. "Among the many puzzling circumstances in the Roman history," (Mr. Gifford

writes, in a note to the 365th verse, in his translation of the sixth satire of Juvenal), "it is not one of the least to account for the high character which Cato obtained from his countrymen. A parent without affection, — a master without humanity, — and a republican without honesty, — he has yet come down to us as one of the most virtuous men of his age! I have frequently considered his actions, but found little more in them than proofs of a hard heart, a wily head, and an impudence that would have scandalized a cynic!"

The author of "The Social Day" confesses, that he never had that high esteem for the Roman character, which the world in general have been pleased to entertain. The principles of those who have been called their great men, in many instances, were such as no feeling mind could approve. For himself he acknowledges, that, independent of what the heart shudders at, the massacring of a benefactor under the mask of patriotism, and the execution of a man's own sons in his presence, and by his order, through the plea of love for his country, and innumerable acts of wanton cruelty perpetually committed; he would not wish to see his country succeed by base means, — nor would he, for his own interest,

" Like the elder Cato, thrive  
By the most sordid means alive;  
Who every aged slave would sell  
In misery's haunts to work and dwell.  
Who bade each speech he made impart  
The malice of his rancorous heart:  
He, who would Carthage set in flame  
To elevate the Roman name!

" It grieves the soul, that such a nation  
Should have a noble reputation;  
Who spread her crimson'd flags unfurled,  
To keep in bondage all the world.  
A slave who reaches Britain's shore,  
Can ne'er be held in thralldom more;  
Tread but her strand, man! man! is free  
To range at perfect liberty."

Page 289, line 23.

*A source of endless misery.*

Tricks of the description mentioned in the text, are silly amusements, and do not arise out of a kindly disposition, as they are put in practice under the hope of alarming the party against whom the joke is levelled, and intended to create a laugh at their expense, if they fall into the snare, and discover the least signs of apprehension. But when such tricks are directed against very young persons, of extremely mild and timid dispositions, they have produced incalculable harm. Fits have been the result, that have created immediate mischief, and continued a source of misery through life. How carefully then should *such wanton practices* be avoided, — for how fatal may be their consequences!

Page 291, line 23.

*SYNTAX! the verse regards thy line.*

“*The Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque*,” is full of moral passages; and though not of the high order of poetry, makes amends, by presenting itself as a work with which not only a parent may be pleased, but may place with safety in the hands of young persons, to whom it will afford instruction as well as entertainment. Unfair advantages have been taken of the name of Syntax, to palm works upon the public that were not written by the same author.

Some clergymen, it has been stated, have taken offence at this publication; but surely without reason, as it may be readily and fairly asked, whether there are not eccentric characters in every profession? and when eccentricity is described, accompanied with patient endurance of mortification, kindly feelings, and a pious mind; such a character may be, at one and the same time, amusing and useful, like “Parson Adams” and the “Vicar of Wakefield.”

Page 292, line 5.

*Highgrove! whose generous host.*

The following anecdote presents a lesson to those landed proprietors who would see a pig-stye erected, and suffer it to continue

a nuisance to some respectable neighbour, rather than part with a little spot of ground that could be spared without injury, and be an essential benefit to another by the alienation.

The mansion of Highgrove was originally a small cottage, built on a knoll, and which had a very limited quantity of land attached to it. This cottage being bought by a person of property, more ground was procured by him, and additions were made, increasing the building to its present state of accommodation and appearance. Pleasure grounds were subsequently formed with great care and attention; and the place rose into distinction, and became, after having been vested in an intermediate proprietor, the estate of the present owner, who added considerably to the domain. But still the dwelling was at the extremity of the land, and was domineered by the coach-house and stable-yard, and there was no part to which they could be removed without creating a greater inconvenience.

A gentleman who had an estate in the neighbourhood, and some land immediately contiguous, justly appreciating the character of the owner of Highgrove, and alive to his virtues, and though acquainted with him only by sight, called on him, and unexpectedly offered him an acre of valuable ground abutting on the stables; prefacing his offer with this remark, that he wished rather to add to his property in that neighbourhood than part with a rood of ground; but he thought it was but simple justice to the owner of Highgrove, whose whole life was spent in doing good to others, that he should receive some marked return; and as he had witnessed, by examination, the inconvenience he laboured under, gave him the option of his having assigned over to him, at the same price at which it had been purchased, the quantity of land which he conceived would be sufficient to answer every required purpose. It is needless to add, that this spontaneous and liberal offer was readily and thankfully accepted. Such philanthropy should not be lost for want of gathering. It is worthy to be recorded on both sides; and the reader will not wonder, after perusing this statement, that the author should have selected Highgrove as the spot on which his Social poem was to be founded.



Page 292, line 15.

*That Thespian bard declares.*

A very just description of Shakspeare's powers is given in the 592d number of the Spectator. "Our inimitable Shakspeare," says that admired work, "is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not any one of them violated? Shakspeare was, indeed, born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art."

Page 294, line 4.

*A lengthened passage to the grave.*

So manifest is the great inconsistency of man, that although his constant prayer is for the preservation of his friends and for his own life to a great age, — excepting in those unfeeling, avaricious dispositions, who wish their relations dead under the hope of enjoying their property; he is constantly at variance with his prayers: and time cannot fly fast enough to gratify his wishes in his daily pursuits: and how impatient is he under its slow progress, always anticipating and longing for what may happen that will gratify him at a future hour! And when he looks back, how imperceptible seems to have been the progress of time! Years past appear but as yesterday! and at last, when he wishes to stop Time, and would restrain his progress with outstretched arms, Time, deaf to his entreaty, majestically moves on in his silent career, leads him on to his last hour, and when he has conveyed him to his grave, does not deign to stop for one moment to contemplate him in his final habitation!

Page 295, line 10.

*And when GOD sends a cheerful hour, refrains.*

By some men, cheerfulness in this world, is accounted impiety to God. An acquaintance of the author, whose attention had been

called to those impressive sentiments in the 44th Rambler, quoted in page 329, replied by letter, that “ *the passage was as poor a thing as he ever read* ; and, that if the verse of ‘ The Social Day ’ did not exceed such prose, the author had better not spread his pinions at all, for plump down he would fall ten thousand fathom ; and he knew not that curious compound so potent of fire and nitre, that by its strong rebuff would raise him up again. He had suspicions, too, that the work had not God’s love for its motive, and God’s glory for its end ; and he could not subscribe his name to what was *so repugnant to his feelings, and style of thinking and acting.*”

Page 295, line 21.

*You can but know you’ll mar the tale.*

Here the author has borrowed a few verses from himself — from “ Another Word or two, in Lines written to those Royal Academicians, who are Painters ; ” a liberty, he conceives, he may be indulged in, as a writer who has borrowed so much from others, and at times, too, without making the acknowledgment of inverted commas : but the reader is requested to believe that such omissions arose from neglect, not intention. He had far rather be deemed a barefaced plagiarist than dress himself in borrowed plumes, and weakly imagine they would not be discovered.

Page 302, line 3.

*Who early ta’en from classic school.*

The writer left the Charterhouse at the age of thirteen : the age of admittance to that excellent foundation being ten. It was at his own instance that he left it, and he has ever regretted it.

Page 303, line 2.

*We feel their spite at sixty-five.*

When this line was suffered to continue, the author had just turned the *corner* of sixty-eight, (his true age) ; but it was left standing for the sake of the rhyme,—not for the purpose of deception. It has ever appeared to him not only to be a weakness, that any person should wish to conceal his years, but an ungrateful act to the GREAT DISPOSER OF ALL, to hide from the world, unneces-

sarily, the bountiful favour of longevity, and which ought to be acknowledged with a thankful heart. To say that a person has attained a good old age, is to say that he has been particularly favoured by Providence.

Page 304, line 2.

*Denied his smiles, we moan our state.*

LORD ORRERY, writing to DEAN SWIFT, thus expresses himself: — “Men of years ought always to secure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch naturally, as they fall, the last minute particles of the hour-glass. A bachelor seldom finds, among all his kindred, so true a nurse, so faithful a friend, so disinterested a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be banished from his chamber in his unhappy hours of retirement.”

FLETCHER, of Saltoune, said one day to POPE: — “Alas! I have nothing to do but to die; — I am a poor individual, — no creature to wish or to fear for my life, or my death; — now I grow old I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence.”

DR. FRANKLIN, in his Letters, humorously writes: — “After all, wedlock is the natural state of man. A bachelor is not a complete human being. He is like the odd half of a pair of scissors, which has not yet found its fellow, and, therefore, is not half as useful as they might have been together.” To conclude these remarks upon old bachelorism, and to conclude them seriously: —

“O what is age but cloud and gloom,  
Unsoothed by woman’s care;  
A passage to the silent tomb  
Through comfortless despair!

“And what is youth but madness all,  
To riot and to rove,  
If checked not by the gentle thrall  
Of woman’s plighted love!”

## NOTE THE LAST.

The author, with this exception, having reached the end of his notes, which have been represented by Dr. Johnson as “ evils, but necessary evils,” hastens, and with due consideration, to mention, that LORD ERSKINE, when a barrister, in his speech as counsel for *Faulder*, for a supposed libel, in the *Baviad*, which attacked the character of *John Williams* (Anthony Pasquin), stated, that “ Every man had a right to choose whether he will be altogether a private man, or whether he will mix himself in the affairs of the public. Every man had a choice whether he will be silent and preserve his ideas to himself, or whether he thinks them of such importance as to justify his communicating them to the world. When a man chooses the latter, he gives the public a jurisdiction to exercise their opinion; and must not pretend to be captious if they take the liberty (without which there can be no freedom of the press) to criticise his performances.”

The writer of this work having made himself amenable to this jurisdiction, must abide by the sentence which will be the result of his trial; only hoping “ that justice will be tempered with mercy,” and that he may be allowed respectfully to say to the great literary commanders, who unfurl the critical banners, and shelter themselves under the *armour of concealment*, —

“ Spare, generous” critics! “ spare the slave  
That doth *unequal* war pursue.”

“ I wish,” says POPE, “ we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands.”

THE END.

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## ERRATA.

Page	Line	
✓ 58,	13,	<i>for Leycester, read Leicester.</i>
✓ 59,	2,	— Barnston, <i>read Marston.</i>
✓ 85,	16,	and in the plate, <i>for suspension's, read suspense's.</i>
✓ 102,	2 and 11,	<i>for Russel, read Russell.</i>
✓ 125,	22,	— yeaning, <i>read yearning.</i>
✓ 176,	20,	— spendour's, <i>read splendour's.</i>
✓ 206,	23,	— eye, <i>read eyes.</i>
✓ 223,	15,	— aim, <i>read vein.</i>
✓ 247,	4,	— corded, <i>read chorded.</i>
✓ 324,	11,	— and an instance, <i>read and are an instance.</i>
✓ 336,	8,	— her, <i>read his.</i>
✓ 342,	11,	— after the preface, <i>read before the preface.</i>
✓ 352,	5,	— plump, <i>read plumb.</i>

Under the Patronage of  
**THE KING,**  
AND H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

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*In the Press,*

BY PETER COXE,

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OR,

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ENTITLED

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