

ADDRESS

TO THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

" Perma these lines by you to live, — nor I lame
" A Muse that prais'd and languish'd for I me,
" That learns to sing when humbler themes she sings,
" Lost in the mass of men's forgotten things
" Received by you I prophesy my rhymes,
" The praise of vagus in succeeding times,
" Mix'd with you a work whose life no bounds shall know,
" But stand protect'd as inspir'd by you."

TICKELL.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

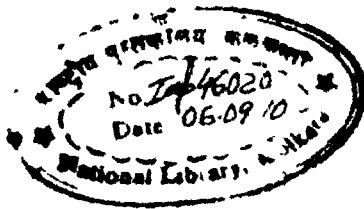


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College of Fort William



ADDRESS TO THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

BRITANNIA'S GENIUS eager to explore
 The mystic mines of ASIATIC LORE,
 With smiles design accomplish'd JONES address'd,
 And bid him trace the records of the East.

He came—the heav'nly GOPHIA round him flew,
 His presence every son of LEARNING drew :
 Then first, (1) 'YE SCHOLARS' met at his command,
 The father of the literary band !
 He came—his presence cast a blaze more bright,
 Than emanations from the solar light !
 For every art and every science known,
 Were all centered in himself alone !
 But see, too soon ! his soul of meekness move,
 To mix with Seraphs in the realms above !
 Whence'er with censers by his sacred shrine,
 In evening's cool I pensively recline,
 Where the tall column towering to the skies,
 Says " HERE THE SAGE ONCE ANIMATED LIES,"
 I think the Zephyrs murmuring as they blow,
 Cry " WHAT A STORE OF LEARNING SLEEPS BELOW."

(1) On January the 15th, 1784, the Asiatic Society was instituted.

The world admires the wond'rous talents given,
 To this distinguish'd favourite of Heaven;
 For him in EARTHAM'S academic bowers,
 Poetic sorrow tuneful HAYLEY pours;
 And manly MAURICE in sublimest strains,
 Tells the sad tidings of the Nymphs of THAMES.
 GANCA, for him, with drooping head appears,
 For him ev'n HOLY PUNDI'S (2) shed their tears!
 CRISHINA for him wail'd MATRA'S groves among,
 And his romantic grot with cypress hung;
 Alive!—we prais'd the path sublime he trod;—
 Dead!—LEARNING HAILS HIM AS HER DEMI-GOD!

To BURROW gone, be everlasting fame,
 With ARCHIMIDES, Muse! arrange his name;
 He near the SYRACUSAN shall be seen.
 Except great NEWTON'S self may step between.

On you, O! RICHARDSON, the Muse bestows
 (It grew near HAFIZ' tomb) a SHIRAUZ rose.
 As much you merit (for your well spent hours,
 Of fragrant ARABY the balmy flowers; (3)
 Tho' in the grave your lifeless body's laid,
 Poetic honours at your shrine be paid.

Where are they with congenial talents born,
 That ERUDITION'S splendid list adorn?
 The brilliant train the name of SHORE might boast,
 Were not the Scholar in the Statesman lost.

Now warriors burn, each man of letters warms,
 And all the ARTS shall prosper like our ARMS;

(2) See the Asiatic Researches, vol. 4th, page 183.

(3) The late Sir John Richardson, author of the Persian-Dictionary and Arabic Grammar.

Beneath the auspice of a Chief refin'd,
 Of steady judgement and enlighten'd mind.
 O! MORNINGTON, may you again rehearse,
 To listening INDIA more VIRGILIAN verse; (4)
 You who in learning classical excel,
 Will patronisè the ARTS you love so well.
 They in return will summon every power,
 To crown the man and dignify him more.
 To canvas PAINTING will your semblance give,
 While'er a MUSE is lov'd your praise will live;
 Fair HISTORY's pen shall faithfully display,
 Th' unequal'd glory of your prosperous sway.

Come HARRINGTON (5) and bring with you the LOVES
 That gently sport in PERSIA's scented groves;
 Soft songs to soul-alluring girls impart,
 And trill with melting extacy my heart.
 The pomp of thought in modern mode rehearse,
 Of EASTERN bards (6) and give us all their verse;
 Whose pregnant fancy shines more pleasing far,
 Than the mild lustre of yon morning star!
 The BRITISH FAIR shall then your praise proclaim,
 And with soft gratitude pronounce your name;—
 By them a pleasing meed shall be prefer'd,
 The beauteous NOOREE—FANCY's favourite bird!
 CHAMPAC, (7) with intermingled ROSLS plac'd,—
 Harmonious OVID of the GENIAL EAST!

Come forward ye, whom rosy FLORA loves,
 Whose labours all that blooming Queen approves:

(4) See his Lordship's elegant Latin Poem on the threatened Invasion, with a Version of it in my late Publication of Translations; also his Ode to the Oak, (translated by Dr. Hunter) which shews from his early youth a noble spirit of patriotic pride.

(5) John Herbert Harrington, Esq.—Vice President of the Asiatic Society.

(6) His elegantly tender Translations are in the Asiatic Miscellany.

(7) Michelia Champaca.

See ROXBURGH first the high assembly grace,
 To him just judgement gives a prior place.—
 ROXBURGH! for you the long hair'd GOPIA spread,
 IND'S odorous NARD(8) to deck your honour'd head.
 Go, favour'd man, the blue-ey'd Goddess greet,
 Go, lay JONFISIA(9) sprigs before her feet!
 At her command bright BUTLA(10) buds unfold,
 Whose vivid pigment vies with burnish'd gold.
 Go, studiously explore the flowery fields,
 And taste the bliss the pleasing study yields!

In zealous ANDERSON(11) we see conjoin'd,
 To skill profound, a persevering mind.
 SON OF THE SWEDE! The POWERS OF VERSE present,
 To you all luscious fruit of fragrant scent,
 Or aught in Nature pleasing to your sight,
 Say will ALPHONSO MANGOES give delight?
 On you the gaudy garden Nymphs have smil'd,
 And FLORA ranks you as a darling child.

Next comes a votary of equal powers,
 Adorn'd with D, HAWRY and MORINDA flowers!(12)
 FLORA emits on him her musky breath,
 And bids MALAVIAN shepherds twine his wreath!
 But, not the garden only claims his care,
 Each Muse for HUNTER myrtle sprigs prepare,

(8) Valeriana Jatamansi.—See A. R. vol. 4th, page 433.

(9) The Russuk of the Bengalese.—See A. R. vol. the 4th, page 355.

(10) Butea Superba.—The Tigu Madaga of the Gentoos.—See A. R. vol. the 3d, page 469.

(11) Dr. James Anderson, of Madras.

(12) The Aal of Malwa, where it is cultivated to a great extent—the Atchy of Oude.—See A. R. vol. 4th, pages 35 and 42.—D, hawry is a shrub, which grows wild in the hills and on the banks of the Ganges,—the flowers are of a beautiful red colour. (Grislea Tomentosa, Roxb.)

He pleases when he treads their laurel bower,(13)
 Or when we join him in the instructive Tour. (14)
 Behold him Learning's every path pursue,
 He shew'd the force of the Mechanic's Screw :(15)
 Explain'd by him, we see its power increas'd,
 It makes elastic bodies more compress'd.
 Labour's rough sons may now with manual ease,
 A mighty mass of ponderous matter raise,
 Which in a dark unletter'd age would foil,
 The common impetus of human toil.
 Th' ingenious man in this refin'd pursuit
 The nice Micrometer made more minute,
 The index turn'd to cause its fall or rise
 Will take the smallest measurement precise.
 His hours are now(16) to heighten COMMERCE given,
 And now(17) to trace th' expanse of starry Heaven!

HARDWICKE! to you we give a double crown,
 Who made the little MELOE(18) our own,
 Who boldly dar'd adventurously to go,
 And cut the BOORANSS(19) from the mountain brow.

(13) See his very tender and affecting Poem of the Spanish Husband.

(14) Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Oujein, which will form an Article in the 6th vol. of the A. R.

(15) His Essay "On a new Method of applying the Screw," was presented to the Royal Society of London, by Lieutenant General Melville, in the year 1780, and published in the 71st volume of the Philosophical Transactions.—There is an abstract from it in the Encyclopædia Britannica, vol. the 10th, part the 2d, page 742.

(16) See his account of Pegue, chap. the 8th.

(17) Alluding to the three papers of Astronomical Observations, in the A. R. and one on the Astronomical labours of Jayasingha.

(18) By this discovery (says Dr. Munro) Captain Hardwicke has certainly made a most useful addition to our Asiatic Materia Medica.—The Meloë Cichorei, described by Capt. H. is found in Bengal, Bahar and Orissa, and possesses all the blistering qualities of the *Cantharides*.—See A. R. vol. the 5th, page 231.

(19) A large and beautiful tree discovered by this gentleman, in the mountains near Sirinagar.

The renovating Queen allows your fame,
And bids LINNÆUS chronicle each name.

So GREAT YOUR HONOURS! men of kindred powers,
Who know the gaudy progeny of flowers!

Peculiar favours be'to FRANKLIN paid,
Ye SHIRAUZ girls fix chaplets round his head; (20)
And maids of DELHI, cull to deck his brow,
The sweetest sprigs in SHALIMAR that grow!
HISTORY, all seeing, palm crown'd Queen, commands,
This mark of Merit at your tender hands.
His faithful pen records the painful strife
Of MODERN PRIAM'S(21) variegated life.
Unhappy Monarch! pre-ordam'd to feel
The dire extremities of human ill.
I read—and issue sympathizing sighs—
Compassion's pearls float trembling in mine eyes;
Imperial miseries our hearts impress
As much as BEAUTY in extreme distress;
A sight which makes the finer passions roll,
Which, while a man can feel, must touch his soul.

(20) This gentleman has published a pleasing account of his Tour to Persia.

(21) Captain Franklin has lately obliged the world, with an account of the life of the present Emperor, Shah Allum, whom I have styled the modern Priam. I thought, when I wrote the following lines, that there was a similitude in the destiny of the Trojan and Mogul Monarch.

Where DELHI smiles on JUMNA's holy flood,
SHAH ALLUM reigns—a second Priam he—
His counterpart in kingly misery!
Both broke with sorrows—bow'd with weight of years—
Both truly venerable with silver hairs—
Both doom'd alike—so heaven's severe decree,
Their kingdom's fall, and children's end to see.

Successive ills conspir'd to overwhelm,
 This hoary remnant of his plunder'd realm,
 Who, when he pays th' inevitable debt,
 THE SUN OF TIMUR shall for ever set.

Merit's gold medal is to GLADWIN due,
 Who gave imperial ACKBAR to our view,
 His prudent laws—his sentiments on things—
 This living portrait of THE FIRST OF KINGS.(22)

PERSIA! thy lore was early GLADWIN's care,
 The GRACES saw—and bad him PERSEVERE.(23)

GILCHRIST with Odes conveying tender truth,
 Smooths the rough path of Science for our youth;
 INDIA to him such commendation owes,
 As on her JOHNSON, ENGLAND now bestows,
 While he in ASIAN Learning dives so deep,
 Ye Scribblers o'er your *Moorish Jargon* sleep,
 Long since your treatises neglected lie,
 And ere yourselves are dead, your *grammars* die; (24)
 Unlike those works of universal praise,
 Which more than emulate meridian rays,
 Stamp'd with the signet of immortal fame;
 Such bear a GILCHRIST'S OR KIRKPATRICK'S name;
 Or such fair TOMES as SCIENCE now demands,
 From BLAQUIERE'S one, and one from FORSTER'S hands.

(22) The Ayeen Ackbery, translated by Mr. Gladwin. His name (says Colonel Dow) lives and will ever live the glory of the House of TIMUR, and an example of renown to the Kings of the world.

(23) Mr. Gladwin projected the Asiatic Miscellany, in which many elegant little productions are preserved from the fate attendant on fugitive publications.—He still continues his plan on a smaller scale, under the title of the Oriental Miscellany. The first volume of which has been lately published.

(24) I here allude to Hadley and Fergusson.

Poetic eyes with pleasure can survey,
 Of the PURE HINDEE tongue the rising day!
 The youths assembled!—THE LYCEUM FRAM'D!—(25)
 And to preside o'er these a GILCHRIST nam'd!
 Patron of ASIA's long neglected lore,
 Like the fam'd MEDICI in days of yore,
 O MORNINGTON! yourself of ARTS the grace,
 Encourage LLARNING with a fond embrace,
 Cherish her toilsome sons—a drooping train!
 And call the days of LEO o'er again!
 Go, be his favour, GILCHRIST! your reward—
 Enjoy the honours which you earn'd so hard,
 Or when you por'd in Study's orient bowers,
 Or fix'd the pauses of the fleeting HOURS.(26)

He who endeavours well deserves applause,
 More, if he labours in the public cause,
 Balfour, observer nice, then come receive,
 The just encomiums, which the MUSES give,
 Early you learn'd and op'd the precious store,
 Of knowledge chronicled in PERSIAN lore.(27)

(25) The good—the persevering GLADWIN, thus concludes the Preface to the late edition of his *Persian Moonshee*, “With these improvements I presume to hope, that the book may be used with advantage in the Oriental Seminary, lately established by Government at this Presidency, under the superintendance of Mr. GILCHRIST, so eminently distinguished by his laborious and useful publications on the Hindoostany language.”

“The great encouragement which Oriental Literature now experiences under the auspices of the Earl of MORNINGTON, by exciting a general spirit of emulation, cannot fail of effecting its rapid advancement, and we may reasonably promise ourselves, that the influence of his Lordship's patronage, will form an illustrious epoch in the History of Learning in this Country, like what the MEDICI accomplished in Italy through their Munificence, Erudition and Taste.”

(26) Alluding to his paper on Horometry in the 5th vol. of the A. R. to which is affixed an Hindoostanee Horal Diagram.

(27) Dr. Francis Balfour was one of the first in this country, who endeavoured to facilitate the study of the Persian language, by the publication of the *Insha-y-Heikern*, with an English translation.—He is also the author of a paper in the A. R. on the introduction of Arabic into Persian, and has laboured in the improvement of his own profession by several treatises, wherein he illustrates the influence of the Moon in Fevers.

Whenever Fever in his baneful chace,
 Shall dull the bloom on BEAUTY'S lovely face,
 Be yours the bliss,—O scientific fage!
 To check the progress of his savage rage—
 To sooth the Fair—alleviate her pain—
 And bring her smiles and dimples back again.
 Pleasure refin'd the feeling man must know
 Who eases mortals on the bed of woe.

Hear SCOTT in modest words the power impart,
 Of NITRIC ACID in the healing art.
 Ye giddy youths, who spend nocturnal hours,
 In sensual pleasure's gay, lascivious bowers,
 Whose limbs enfeebled, scarcely can sustain
 Your bodies, half consum'd with rooted pain,
 Hear SCOTT a milder remedy proclaim,(28)
 Than that strong metal(29) which impairs the frame!
 Rejoice, ye youths who tread in folly's round;
 Ye men of riot, hear the silver sound!
 The NITRIC ACID will your strength restore,
 And kill *that* subtle poison's direful power.

But deep learn'd men—ye sage Physicians say,
 What can the Asthma's smothering pain allay?
 Say, what can ease me by its might oppress'd,
 This slow consuming tyrant of my breast?
 Whene'er yon golden Sun shall next embrace,
 The Heavenly Lion in his annual race,
 And watery monsoons cover every plain,
 With copious torrents of descending rain,

(28) Dr. Helenus Scott's paper on the use of the Nitric Acid, with an account of the success attendant on it, is to be found in the 2d vol. of Dr. Beddoes's Collection of Medical Cases, and Observations on Factitious Air, published at Bristol in the year 1796.

(29) Mercury.

Faint and afflicted then, in torture dire,
 I'll catch for breath and scarcely shall respire.
 But should a peeping Sun one hour make fair,
 I'll pant and labour then in steamy air.
 Ye sages say, when I those pangs endure,
 What from the Mines or from the Fields can cure?

WILFORD! to you be most exalted praise,
 You great Mythologist of modern days ⁽³⁰⁾
 To public view the truth your labour brings,
 And clears th' obscure from antiquated things.
 In vain has scythe-arm'd Time consign'd to dust,
 The letter'd stone and imitative bust:
 Your piercing eyes with nice exactness pore,
 Each venerable record o'er and o'er;
 Whether you write of mystic SAMOTHRACE,
 Or at the urns of NIL Papyrus place.

MARSDEN! your work the tedious hours beguiles,
 Which speaks SUMATRA Queen of SUNDA Isles!
 A work which pleasure exquisite affords,
 Wrote with such ready energy of words!
 How can SUMATRA'S Nymphs your brows adorn?
 What their Historian give in just return?
 Will dark green TANJONG give to him delight?
 Or SANDAI MALLAM—Harlot of the Night? ⁽³¹⁾
 Or may they MANGUSTLEN, of grateful scent,
 Or their own favourite DOOREAN present?

(30) See A. R. vol. 1st, page 369,—vol. 3d, page 295,—vol. 4th, page 363,—vol. 5th, pages 241 and 297.

(31) So called from the circumstance of its blowing only at that time.

Or in soft whispers may he be address'd,
 By girls who jisp th' Italian of the East?(32)
 Go, ye Brunettes, if children of the LOVES,
 Bestow him from CANANGO scented groves,
 Your far fam'd ARGOS pheasant—first in place,
 For beauteous plumes, of all the feathery race.
 Then shall your MARSDEN resume the pen,
 And charm us with expression's flow again,
 In study's bower, the polish'd work extend,
 And bring his splendid volumes to an end.(33)

See patient WILKINS to the world unfold,
 Whate'er discover'd SANSKRIT relics hold,(34)
 But he perform'd a yet more noble part,
 He gave to ASIA typographic art.(35)

The great Translator of the HINDU LAWS,
 Succeeded him and mighty his app'ause!
 IND's modern BLACKSTONE(36) in dark SANSKRIT veil'd, (37)
 Just Commentator! might have lain concealed,

(32) "The Malay language has been celebrated, and justly, for the smoothness and sweetness of its sound, which have gained it the appellation of the Italian of the East. This is owing to the prevalence of vowels and liquids in the words, and the infrequency of any harsh combination of mute consonants. —These qualities render it well adapted to Poetry, which the Malays are passionately addicted to."

See Marsden's History of Sumatra.

(33) This gentleman has promised the public a continuation of his most valuable History of Sumatra.

(34) See the 1st vol. A R.—"Mr. Wilkins," says Sir WILLIAM JONES, "by decyphering and explaining the old Sanscrit Inscriptions lately found in these provinces, has performed more than any other European has learning enough to accomplish, or than any Asiatick had industry enough to undertake."

(35) To this celebrated Sanscrit Scholar, Asia is indebted for the preparation of types, for the Oriental Languages.

(36) Jagannâtha Tercapanchânana.—This Commentator's voluminous work, has been translated by Henry T. Colebrooke, Esq. at the desire of the late Governor General Sir John Shore.

(37) "The Hindee and Mussulman laws are locked for the most part in two very difficult languages, Sanscrit and Arabick, which few Europeans will ever learn, because neither of them leads to any advantage in wordly pursuits."

Sir William Jones, to the Supreme Council.

If COLFROOKE'S knowledge had not given such light,
 As brought the venerable Code to sight,
 Obsc'rd no more the sacred volume lies,
 Or to vernacular, or alien eyes.
 COLEBROOKE in plain familiar ENGLISH dress'd,
 The Jurisprudence of the gentle East.
 Our Sires (38) misled by prejudice or pride,
 Thought INDIA'S people an unletter'd tribe,
 Till JONES arose, bright Sun! and beam'd such day,
 As drove the superficial mist away.
 Men more enlighten'd since can plainly trace,
 IND'S old progenitors a letter'd race,
 When BRITONS were —— (now lords of science deem'd)
 By JULIAN ROML (39) a barbarous race esteem'd,
 But BRITAIN now, monastic darkness pass'd,
 Learning's fix'd polar star shall ever last.

Another COLFROOKE next inspires the lays,
 Whose various talents claim distinguished praise,
 Whose mental power pre-eminent appears,
 Or when he studies the bespangled spheres, (40)
 Or in description's faithful words portrays,
 Yon neighbouring Islands, (41) people and their ways.
 Now see him to unsullied white impart,
 The grandest views for imitative art.
 O'er the wove sheet see HYDER'S dome expand!
 Work of the pencil in his master hand!

(38) *Barbarous Ganges.* POPE.

(39) *Vitam Britannas hospitiis feru.* HORACE.

And another writer says, —— *Toto divites orbe Britannos.*

(40) Alluding to Captain Robert H. Colebrooke's *Astronomical Observations* in the 4th vol. A. R.

(41) See his description of Nancowry, Comarty, and the Andaman Islands.—A. R. vol. 4th.

Nature's stupendous scenes he gave to sight,
Exciting awful, but extreme delight!(42)

Whoe'er expounds the sacred SANSKRIT tongue,
Which to the world has been abstruse so long,
And perseveres in such industrious toil,
Of Science surely will deserve the smile.
HINDEE, laborious GILCHRIST has made plain—
Who can the SANSKRIT equally explain?
A work immense—but if I justly view,
The task, O BLAQUIERE! is reserv'd for you (13)

PHILOLOGERS! one language yet remains,
BENGAL! the language of thy passive swains.
Hearken, O FORSTER!(44) and your work display,
And add a star to LEARNING'S MILKY WAY.
Your perseverance henceforth shall produce,
Some great Thesaurus for scholastic use;
Then shall your soul that conscious pleasure feel,
Which conscious merit ought not to conceal,
When Fame on topaz-tinctur'd wings shall tower,
To sound you worthy of the smiles of POWER.

(42) The six latter lines allude to his views in Mysore, most of which are awfully grand, but the Mausoleum of Hyder, pleases me most.

(43) William Coates Blaquiere, Esq. a profound Sanscrit Scholar. He has presented to the public in the 5th vol. A. R. a translation of one of the Purans on the Sanguinary sacrifices of the Hindoos, and from him we may hope for a Dictionary of the Sanscrit language.

(44) Henry Pitts Forster, Esq.—To whom Mr. Gilchrist, in the Dedication of the Oriental Linguist, to Sir John Shore, thus alludes:—"The intended philological work of one gentleman alone, if finished on the grand scale, at present projected of an Oriental Thesaurus, must prove a stupendous literary monument in the Honorable Company's annals of the truth of this verse—

"Sint Mæcenases non derunt Placeo Maronis."

Mr. Forster is the supposed author of the Letters of Agricola, which display his knowledge in the finance of this country, and his abilities as a politician.

In yonder Empire where the BURMAS reign,
Lies an extensive populous domain,
On which Inquiry's dawn has seldom shone,
Their learning, language and their ways scarce known:
Return, BUCHANAN! to their regions go,
Explore whatever BURMA. Sages know!
Remark what minerals their country yields,
And, lovely study, read their flowery fields!(45)
This page of Nature view'd with Learning's eye,
Exhibits treasures—shall they hidden lie?

So long as stars shall twinkle in the night,
And favour Mortals with their silvery light,
So long, O studious DAVIS!(46) shall your name,
Rank with those men of literary fame!
Is there no other spends enquiring hours,
In sacred CASI'S(47) consecrated bowers?
Yes—WILLIAMS! you—your praise is surely great—
WILLIAMS!—men snatched from death your name repeat,
You check the progress of envenom'd pain,
And make the poison of the adder vain!(48)

Who are yon maids array'd in heavenly white,
Whose beauteous aspect shines divinely bright?
Yes!—'tis the lovely VIRTUES I behold,
(I know their tresses of loose floating gold,)

(45) "Botany," says the great Father of the Society, "is the loveliest and most copious division in the History of Nature."—For this study Dr. Francis Buchanan is peculiarly adapted as well for ability as from inclination.

(46) Samuel Davis, Esq. author of a most valuable paper on Hindoo Astronomy.—Mr. Davis (says Sir William Jones) of all men living is the best qualified to exhibit a copious and accurate History of Indian Astronomy.

(47) Casi—the ancient name of Benares.

(48) His remarks on the use of Caustic Alkali, against the bite of snakes, are published in the 2d vol. A. R.

In sweet assemblage seated to proclaim,
 How much they reverence their KIRKPATRICK's name!
 But first see CHASTITY—that blushing fair—
 The doves of INNOCENCE for him prepare.
 In ready concord all the sisters join,
 To celebrate the man in songs divine;
 Whose genius plan'd the charitable' dome—
 Who bad th' ungarded houseless Orphan come.(49)
 Eternal Echoes shall his name repeat,
 In yon green groves round HOWRAH's sacred seat,
 O man of sense refin'd!—how justly due,
 The thanks of rising Virgins given to you!
 Sweet blooming black ey'd girls, of shapely forms,
 Whose speaking looks my melting bosom warms.
 To Virtue form'd, by your paternal care,
 And more preserv'd from the Seducer's snare.
 Could Mortals trace whence every matter springs,
 And penetrate the secret source of things,
 Or dive into Futurity's dark womb—
 Or prophesy of people yet to come—
 Hence, ASIAN's born, may rise of deathless fame,
 To make States tremble at the BRITISH name!
 Perhaps I owe from hence (in chaste embrace)
 Two smiling Infants now before my face.
 From lower origin and meaner birth,
 Sprang the proud ROMANS—Rulers of the Earth!
 KIRKPATRICK GONE TO CLIMES OUR ARMS SUBDU'D,(50)
 WILL TEACH ANOTHER PEOPLE TO BE GOOD.

(49) Colonel Kirkpatrick was one of the most active promoters of the Orphan Institution.

(50) When this Poem was written, Colonel Kirkpatrick was one of the Commissioners for managing the affairs of Mysore.

Then shall his God in holy radiance shed,
 Perpetual blessings on his honour'd head,
 Give him to slumber each revolving night,
 Entranc'd in pleasing dreams of soft delight ;
 Then shall his years unknown to care be spent,
 In one eternal round of true content.
 And when the awful messenger of death,
 Shall wave the flaming sword and snatch his breath,
 On silver wings shall vigil angels fly,
 And gently bear him to the realms of joy. (51)

FATHER OF INDIA! SAVIOUR OF THE EAST!
 In what exalted class can you be plac'd?
 HASTINGS! say do you now from toils of State,
 Enjoy repose in your paternal seat?
 Posterity your semblance shall behold,
 (Like your own spotless self) in virgin gold!
 The Medals mix'd with Roman coins shall lie,
 Your face shall then catch each researcher's eye,
 Who'll say (with thoughts of former times impress'd)
 " BEHOLD THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF THE EAST!"
 But yet you live,—yet shall your SOVEREIGN'S ray,
 Emblaze the eve of your declining day!
 Although long since the wide ATLANTIC past,
 Your name yet trembles on each passing blast ;
 I hear it now,—it vibrates on my ear,
 I hear it,—and I shed a pearly tear,—
 I can no more,—YE POWERS OF VERSE! I find,
 That feelings exquisite impress my mind!

(51) I might equally have celebrated Colonel Kirkpatrick as a great Orientalist, but I chose this more splendid part of his Character.

Calcutta, October 30, 1799.

ERRATUM.

Page 4, Line 6, *For tidings of the Nymphs,—Read, tidings to the Nymphs.*
