Hath not your God impressd by nat[illegible]
His sovereign will; bidding your bosom [illegible]
With the salubrious fluid, when alo[illegible]
Your beauteous offspring, needs i[illegible]

AFFECTION,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

By HENRY SMITHERS,

OF THE ADELPHI.

Though my distracted senses should forfake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head,
And as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

OTWAY.

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1807.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Princess

CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA

OF WALES,

THESE POEMS

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Princess

CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA

OF WALES.

I DEDICATE the following Poem on AFFECTION to your ROYAL HIGHNESS, having, with great satisfaction, witnessed, on several occasions, how highly you exemplify the virtue of filial attachment.

In making you the first offering of my Muse, I approach you with no venal strains—I heap no incense on the altars of flattery. The period in which we live is of a nature to teach even Royalty the vanity of adulation.

In the course of human events, it may be expected that you will one day sway Britain's sceptre.—Then may you, like England's Elizabeth, reign in the hearts of a brave and free people, the protector of your subjects, and the terror of your enemies.

Anxious that your growing years may be marked by your distinguished virtues,

I subscribe myself, most respectfully,

Your Royal Highness's

Obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Although a life of active business is unfriendly to the Muses, they have often occupied a leisure hour with delight; and among the evanescent moments of past existence, next to those which have been devoted to the discharge of duties, there are none which I recal with more pleasure than those employed in literary attainments; nor have they been without benefit: whilst my imagination has penetrated human nature with Shakespear, or soared sublimer heights with Milton, I have found my judgment matured, and my heart corrected.

On no occasion have I suffered the pursuit to interfere with more important duties. But "the "most busy man, in the most active sphere, can- "not be always occupied by business. He who "is so happy as to have acquired a relish for the "entertainments of taste, or the study of polite "literature, is not in hazard of being a burden

"to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low "company, or to court the riot of loose plea- "sures, in order to alleviate the tediousness of "existence."

Philip of Macedon, who was not less fond of wine than dominion, being at table with Dionysius, spoke of the odes and tragedies which his father had left behind him with an air of raillery and contempt, and seemed unable to comprehend at what period of his life he had leisure for such compositions: Dionysius pointedly replied, "Why "he composed them at those hours which you "and I, and many others, employ in getting "drunk."

I am aware, by those who consider the attainment of wealth as the desideratum of life, these sentiments may be denominated romantic; but so fully am I convinced of the truth of them, that in the superintendance of the numerous family with which Providence has privileged me, next to the cultivation of the heart and the duties of religion, I have endeavoured strongly to inculcate the importance of attaining eminence in some ornamental or useful art or science,

either as an employment for those leisure hours which would otherwise be in danger of being spent in inanity or dissipation, or as a most valuable resort in the hour of misfortune; to the female sex in particular I would urge this, for reasons innumerable. And it is with considerable pleasure I notice, that long after having written the above observations, I find the sentiments contained in them fully confirmed by the opinion of that illustrious character Sir Thomas More. From an entertaining and ingenious life of him just published by Mr. John Macdiarmid, in his Lives of Eminent British Statesmen, I select, with permission, the following extracts.

"His opinions respecting female education, "which are distinctly related by Erasmus, and "to the following purport, differed very widely "from what the comparative rudeness of that "age might have led us to expect. By nothing, "he justly thought, is female virtue so much "endangered as by idleness and wanton amuse-"ments; nor against these is there such an effec-"tual safeguard as an attachment to literature. "Some security is indeed afforded by a diligent

"application to various sorts of female employ-
"ments; yet these, although they employ the
"hands, do not wholly occupy the mind. But
"well chosen books at once afford full occupa-
"tion to the thoughts, refine the taste, elevate
"the fancy, strengthen the understanding, and
"confirm the morals. Female virtue, informed
"by the knowledge which they impart, is placed
"on the most secure foundations, while all the
"milder affections of the heart, partaking in the
"improvement of the taste and fancy, are re-
"fined and matured: for vain indeed is the ex-
"pectation that ignorance renders the disposi-
"tion of women either more virtuous or more
"tractable. How many have been ruined by
"want of knowledge, by inability to penetrate
"the arts employed against them! And how, in-
"deed, can that virtue which rests upon igno-
"rance be accounted secure any longer than it
"is kept beyond the reach of a dexterous tempter?
"Equally absurd is it to imagine that knowledge
"will render women less pliant: nothing is so
"untractable as ignorance, nothing so obstinate
"as those who cannot be made sensible of their

" prejudices. But as, on the other hand, a well
" informed woman will be most apt to perceive
" the force of reason, and to discover what con-
" duct is most consistent with decency, propriety,
" and prudence; it is in such a wife that a hus-
" band must ever find most ready compliance,
" unless he requires her to do what decency,
" propriety, or prudence, command her to for-
" bear. Although to manage with skill the ordi-
" nary detail of feeding and clothing a family,
" be an essential portion in the duties of a wife
" and a mother; yet, in order to secure the af-
" fections of a husband, during the continued
" and permanent intercourse of a married state,
" it is no less indispensable to possess the quali-
" ties of an intelligent and agreeable companion,
" fitted to comprehend the means of increasing
" domestic enjoyments, and of promoting the
" future welfare of her children; nor ought a
" husband, if he regards his own happiness, to
" turn aside, with fastidious negligence, from the
" task of repairing the usual defects of female
" education. Never can he hope to be so truly
" beloved, esteemed, and respected, as when his

" wife confides in him as her friend, and looks " up to him as her instructor."

The plan of the following Poem was sketched out some years ago, the outline has been filled up during occasional intervals of leisure. I have endeavoured throughout to avoid any peculiar elevation of language; the subject is in its nature of a softened tone; the expression should partake of the same character, and be an appeal to the heart rather than to the head.

The second part is of a religious nature; a Poem on Affection would be incomplete which did not attempt to express the benevolence of the Deity, which shines so conspicuously through all existence; the grandeur of this part of the subject overpowers all combinations of language.

It will be observed that the notes extend to some considerable length; but as they contain several facts illustrative of the most engaging circumstances in animated nature, it is presumed that they will not be read without interest.

It would be unjust not to express my acknowledgments to my friend J. J. Masquerier, for his attention and success in his designs for

the Vignettes; but most particularly for the allegorical representation of Christianity first descending to bless our Globe—the eagerness with which she appears welcomed by a young female—her splendour dazzling the eyes of hoary age, whilst that part of the World which had not received her happy influences, is represented by a sleeping figure thrown into shade—are so beautifully expressive as to need no comment.

The fond Mother's Address to her sleeping Child, and her prayers for its happiness, are so well delineated in the painting of Guido, that had the design been taken from the Poem, it could not have been more suitable.

INVOCATION.

Ye dwellers in the Isles of Ocean's waves,
Bold as the storms that burst upon your shores;
Ye swarthy tribes of scorching Afric's plains,
Whose bondaged children yield to foreign lands
That culture which should meliorate your own;
And ye who rove Columbia's infant realms,
Her lofty mountains, or her green retreats,
Join, with the polish'd sons of Europe's courts,
And ancient Asia's thousand peopled towns,
In one enkindling song with nature join,
To him who bids each varied bosom glow
With sweet Affection's countless throbs of joy:
Whether its flame two faithful hearts cements,
Resplendent in the filial feelings shines,
Or warms the bosom of fraternal love;
Sparkles with pleasure in a parent's eye,
Illumes the altars of pure friendship's flame,
Or glads the martyr 'midst tormenting fires.

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AFFECTION.

PART I.

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Is there a passion of the human mind,
That lifts to rapture, or that sinks to wo,
Which more inspires the muses' harmonies,
Than sweet affection? Plant imperishable!

That in profusion, round the throne of God
Immortal bloom'd; long ere yon radiant sun
Had dawn'd on Paradise; and rich will bloom,
When worlds shall burn, and time shall cease to roll.

Fain would I trace thy universal sway
Through nature's wide domain; or known to man
Or yet beyond his penetrative search:
Thou vital principle pervading all,
By goodness and by power supreme, design'd
To give to life its most endearing charm.

Ev'n in the vegetable world, we find
Some traces faint of this primordial law:
So polish'd Darwin sings the loves of plants,
To ancient song unknown, or darkly told
In Theophrastus', or in Pliny's page

An emblem of affection, there behold
The sportive Woodbine twine round every shoot
That near it grows, and to the summer's gale
Spreads its gay blossoms: while its rich perfume
Refresh the traveller on his weary way.

Yon Ivy too, with its encircling arms
Enfolds the sturdy oak, and braves the storm;
Winter may rage, and spend its utmost force
In angry tempest, or descending snows;
Meridian suns may dart their fiercest beams,
Nor storm, nor sunshine parts what nature joins.
Thus have I seen, in youth's enchanting hour
A happy pair, who in each other view'd
All that young fancy gives to warm desire:
Ruthless misfortune, with her angry blast,
But binds them closer in the ties of love.

Ascending in creation's ranks, observe
The feather'd race: at each returning spring,
Mated by strong instinctive power, they fly,
And with invigorating bursts of love,
In tuneful carols, hail each opening morn.

But hark! what notes of wo assail the ear?
Why, lovely Philomel, those plaintive strains?
Sweet chauntress of the solemn midnight hour,
I love to hear thy song mellifluous flow;

But why complain? Ah! thou hast cause to mourn;
Robb'd of thy mate, and of thy unfledged brood,
Affection wakes in thee those heartfelt tones,
The farewell anthem to thine own decease.

Nor be that useful animal the Horse
Forgotten in my song. Patient and fond,
And to thy master's well known voice attach'd.
But ah! how much by man abused and urged,
Beyond all proper speed; unjust return.
Yet one has met a better, worthier fate,
Esteem'd when living, honour'd in his dust;
Who, having born with step firm and secure,
His wandering master over lofty Alps,
Ausonian plains, and Pyrenean heights,
Return'd to roam at large the beauteous wilds
Sweet Vectis' isle displays; till, worn with age,
He sunk in death, and there his cold remains
Lie heap'd beneath the sod he living cropt.

See too the faithful Dog, a hardy race,
Whose tried fidelity and fondling arts,

Demand returns of grateful tenderness.
Whether we seek thee on the scathed heath,
Of Scotia's mountains, guardian of the flock,
And sole companion of the shepherd swain;
Or in the nobler form, and loftier mien
Of Newfoundland's majestic, generous breed,
Whose bold exertions in the cause of man
Deserve the note of praise. Poor mariner!
'Twas thine, when wreck'd by overwhelming storm
On England's eastern coast, to trust thy store
To no unfaithful friend: no force could tear
The treasure from his grasp, till, midst the crowd,
By sympathy impell'd, or instinct bid,
He yielded to a chosen hand his trust;
And thence return'd to watch with anxious eye,
The scatter'd fragments of the floating wreck—
Would he had found his struggling master there.

Beasts, that still roam untameable by man,
Acknowledge this great law: the silver Bear,
Inhabitant of Greenland's frozen clime,
Protects her young with almost human care;

Such her affection, to her surly race,
Each wound, that tyrant man unfeeling gives,
But more unites them to her parent heart;
Attachment strong scarce ceasing ev'n in death.

Unwieldy Elephant! sagacious beast,
Connective link to man's intelligence,
And liable to passion's strong extremes;
When first by art surrounded and entrapp'd,
Kindness and care must prompt thee to obey,
Then to thy master ever faithful found,
And mild and temperate as the summer's breeze;
But, once incens'd, the tempest in its rage
Bursts not with greater fury to destroy,
Than darts thy vengeance on thy feeble foe.
A hungry elephant, his food withheld,
Angry, and worried to a savage state,
The offender seized in his resistless grasp,
And life's sustaining pulses beat no more.
The widow'd wife—the mother all forgot,
Impell'd by frenzy, seized her orphan babes,
And bade him glut his horrid vengeance there:

As if relenting, straight he raised the boy
With tenderness upon his lofty trunk,
And thence became his servant and his friend.

Ask of Batavia's sons, they can attest
Some dreadful instance of such stern revenge.

By nature social form'd: and seemingly
Of dignity, and consciousness possess'd;
When, roaming Africa's or Asia's wilds,
Some new discover'd pasture is enjoy'd:
Not like the glutton, greedily devour'd
A solitary, covetous repast,
But instantly the well-known signal given,
That others may partake the grateful feast.
And when subdued to man's imperious rule,
Obedient found; and fondling to the hand
That feeds and tends thee: alive to shame,
And sensible of benefits conferr'd;
Partaking too of man's infirmities,
Proud of the gaudy trappings, and of state.

But most in man, Affection doth unfold
Its choicest sweets: for him it truly blooms
An amarathine flower of richest hues,
Diffusing fragrance through the wastes of time.
Not only where the sun of science shines;
Amid the deep impenetrable shades,
The tangled brakes of Aveyron's thick woods,
Ev'n there some glimmerings of affection's flame,
The untaught lesson of the savage life,
Have kindled towards some well remember'd haunt.

Nor shall thy shores, Pelew, remain unsung,
Thy hospitable shores: when tempest driven
The hapless Wilson and his suffering crew
Were shipwreck'd on thy strand, no demons there
Rush'd forth to plunder: blush! Oh England, blush!
All was benevolence and active aid,
And welcomed every stranger to thy isle;
Land of affection and heart-felt delight!
When from the fragments of the shatter'd wreck,
A bark was built, and bore thy guests away,
How swell'd the surges with the parting tears?

Hail Abba Thulle! Nature's genuine child!
Oft have mine eyes bedew'd the melting page,
The record of thy worth; and by thy side
Have number'd o'er the knots—the note of time
Allow'd to absence; oft with thee have felt
Keen disappointment's sting, and wept with thee
Lee Boo's lamented fate; whose tender heart
O'erflow'd with kindness, to the faithful friends
Who bade his gentle spirit rest in peace.

Nor the dark tint of inmost Afric's clime,
Has power to shade Affection's vivid ray
Which shines resplendent mid her sooty race;
The burning influence of meridian suns
But calls her purer virtues into bud,
And bids them bloom the ornament of man:
Not the loved monarch, to his throne of state
Was e'er received with warmer welcome home,
Than the poor menial of adventurous Park
To Jumbo's plains, and her uncultured sports;
His drooping mother, feeble, aged, blind,
Retraced with tender hand his well known form,

Well pleased to fold him in her arms again;
The music of his voice, made rapture play
Around her heart, and gladden life's decline.

E'en things inanimate have power to charm,
Recalling to the heart affection's sweets:
How beats the bosom at the sight of Home,
That home, by time and absence long endear'd.
And if perchance our early days were spent
Amidst the calm of happy rural scenes,
What joy to find again some favorite tree,
Beneath whose branching shades we lost fatigue,
Or sportive pass'd youth's buoyant hours away,
Nor fear'd the clouds or storms of future life:
What leads the mariner, who wings his way
Through every sea that laves this nether globe,
To seek his wealth 'mid elemental strife?
What but the hope that fortune once attain'd;
At home delighted he may rest at last?

This strong desire in joyous youth is felt,
And thoughts of home and its attaching joys

Sustain the school-boy in his daily task ;
The needle to the magnet not more true
Than to the human breast the love of home.

And who that long hath trod the path of life,
Whether his walk be scatter'd o'er with flowers,
And happiness companion of his way,
Or thorny mazes cross him at each turn,
But sometimes backwards casts a sorrowing view
On scenes once loved, and still to memory dear?
Who but can heave the deeply painful sigh
O'er the sad relicks of a friend entomb'd ?

Thus pensive Petrarch mourn'd his Laura's fate,
And oft by moonlight, musing he would rove
The cloisters' bounds, where first she met his sight,
And many a rural scene, or welcomed thought
Whisper'd of interviews and pleasures past ;
Pure were their loves, as angel spirits pure
Unmix'd with sensual, and of higher birth.

Say what affection fills the Patriot's breast

For his dear native land? Possess'd of all
That fame or affluence, could of joy impart,
What urged our Hampden to the tented field?
'Twas patriot worth, 'twas injured England's weal
And love of liberty that called him forth,
To dare each danger in the ranks of death:
Departed Spirit! Shade! admired, revered,
Thy country owns the boon thy courage sought,
While she laments thy fate; and bids her sons
To time's remotest day, by thee inspired,
Nurture the sacred flame with pious charge,
A bright example to the Nations round.
And thine too, Sydney, be the laurell'd wreath
Verdant through changing seasons as they roll,
And ever blooming. Thy undaunted mind
Disdain'd tyrannic power, nor valued life
Unless endear'd by freedom's holy flame.

In England now, the attemper'd law defines
Alike the monarch's and the hireling's claims,
And Life, and Liberty, are sacred held,
And guarded with a reverential care;

No despot dares assume illegal sway
Or wrest the law to purposes of wrong;
E'en the dark robber's, and the traitor's arm
Are cover'd with a panoply complete,
Till, by a verdict of their peers condemn'd,
They lose with infamy their forfeit life.
Glorious pre-eminence in Britain's code!
Her justly honour'd boast. Ye gallant youths!
Protect it with unenervated arm,
Long as your Isle emerges from the waves
Which beat your shores, and waft your best defence.

Helvetia! at thy fate my bosom burns
With warmth indignant; though I never trod
Thy smiling plains, or scaled thy snowy heights,
Yet have I loved thee with a patriot's love,
And mourn thy abject fall. Oh! where were flown
Those spirits brave, who erst in freedom's cause,
Uprear'd their banners and repell'd each foe,
When Gallia dared with bold and impious hand
Prophane thy altars and subvert thy laws?
Was it in envy of thy simple charms,

Thy manners bland, thy dear domestic joys,
Deep contrasts to the restless tyrant's soul,
That thus he bade the minions of his power
Tear up thy furrows, and despoil thy homes?

So prize I freedom, I would not confine
One little wing'd inhabitant of air:
From infancy my heart was taught to love
And venerate the cause of liberty;
And since she hath become of power to choose,
Reason hath well confirm'd, what precept taught.
I love the feather'd race, and gladly hear
The Aviary of Heaven. Sweeter far
The wildest warblings of the woodland choir,
Untaught by human art, than all the airs
Which avarice and cruelty educe.
And do you wish variety of song,
Make it your pleasing task from earliest spring,
In some secluded, unfrequented spot
To strew a daily and a plenteous store,
Nor suffer aught to give your guests affright:
Primeval confidence, thus surely won,

Will well repay each kind assiduous care,
With the sweet harmonies of grateful song,
And Eden's garden seem to bloom anew.

Nations can weep, and shed the public tear
O'er the cold ashes of their Heroes fallen.
When Chatham died, Britons bedew'd his hearse,
O'er Abercrombie's grave they duly mourn'd,
And who that droopt not when brave Nelson fell?
What though the rocky shores of Trafalgar
Resound with victory to a wondering world,
Great in effect beyond the muses' ken,
Yet Britain deem'd that victory bought too dear
With the rich purchase of her Nelson's Life.

When will sweet peace, her silvery flag unfurl'd.
Visit the nations with her cheering smiles,
And cruel war prostrate beneath her power,
Gorged with the full repast, recumbent crouch?

My Country! Oh my Country! whilst the muse,
The fond, the partial muse records thy worth

And dwells delighted on the pleasing theme;
Wrapt in prophetic dream she trembling reads
Thy future fate: What though thy shores are wash'd
With Ocean's waves; what though thy gallant sons,
Triumphant there, fill the astonish'd world
With deep amazement at thy deeds in arms
That well compeer with Greek or Roman fame?
Yet hath she cause to dread, lest luxury,
The insidious foe of kingdoms, as of men,
Debase the spirits of thy noble race,
And all thy dread exploits, be only known
To future ages, and to unborn realms
In poet's numbers, or the historic page.
So read we now, in Homer's lofty song,
Of mighty Hector and his Trojan bands,
Of fierce Achilles and the flower of Greece,
And of devoted Troy: so history tells
Of Hannibal in arms, Carthage destroy'd,
And what remains of Macedon and Greece
In later times: what of imperial Rome,
The mistress and the tyrant of the world,
Renown'd in arms, nor less in glorious deed?

Nought but the classic page: So shall it be,
Some distant day, but be it distant far,
That England's foes shall triumph o'er her fate,
And hail her fallen.—The Muse too weeps,
And feels the crimson blush suffuse her cheek
At recollection of thy monstrous crimes;
The rising sun dawns on thy eastern shores,
Marking thy conquests, and thy tyrannies;
And redden'd his descending western beams
With indignation at the scenes of wrong,
Of rapine, cruelty, and slavery,
Which thy misguided senates have confirm'd.
These dim the lustre of the brightest gem
That radiates from thy crown; 'tis these invoke
Heaven's wrathful chastisements upon thy head,
Bid thee to groan beneath th' oppressive weight
Of strong exactions, and defensive war:
And crimes like these, must hasten thy decay.

Ye brave defenders of your country's cause,
Ye Tars of Britain, nursled in her storms,
I own your valour, and your high desert,

And with the general voice would mingle mine
To testify the gratitude we owe.
But I would have you brave in other cause,
Bold in the ranks of virtue, foremost there
As now where glory leads, you eager press,
And the small pittance which your courage earns,
And earns so well by honourable toil,
By high disdain of comfort, and of death,
Not lavish'd in the lavish wanton's arms,
But stored for pleasures round your social hearths:
The founders of a band endear'd indeed,
A band of warriors ready at the call
Of Britain's danger, to protect her cause.

I praise the Hero, venerate him high,
And would on adamant record his worth,
Who not impell'd by lawless thirst of power,
By mad ambition, or dire love of fame,
But in affection to the righteous cause
Unsheaths his sword to guard a nation's rights;
And thus, O Washington, thine honour'd name,
Graved on the rock of liberty, shall stand

Posterity's bright land-mark and appeal:
And thus too, Alfred—eagle daring soul!
With England's welfare glowing at his heart,
Rush'd fearless to the conflict's thickest rage,
Turning the tide of battle with his arm;
By adverse fortune undismay'd, he seized
The happy moment to regain his crown.
Nor less renown'd in council, and in peace
The honour'd founder of our envied code,
The peerless monarch of Britannia's realm.

But richer fruits Affection's blooms produce.
View the young nursling in the dawn of life,
See with what eager, with what fond embrace
It clings delighted to the parent breast,
And bids its playful fingers tell its joy:
Repeated kindness, daily, hourly given,
Binds the loved child with firm but welcomed chains
In strong Affection; and early thus implants
The noblest feelings of the human soul;
As years increase, love's wilder passion burns,
Whence spring the charities of social life.

But call not by Affection's sacred name
The enfeebled love, taught in the modern school
Of affectation or pretended lore,
Which melts in sorrow at the slightest tale
Of airy fiction; but withholds the tear
Or helping hand when real misery calls:
Nor prostitute her pure ethereal fire
To illume the couches of licentious love.
Affection's altars yield a steady flame,
And cast a radiance o'er the paths of life.

How adamantine are the chains that bind
Hearts in connubial love, when kindred souls
As years advance entwine with firmer band?
Serena saw each season as it chang'd
Come franght with blessings: Stranger to care,
Not covetous of wealth, rich in content,
And happy in the husband of her choice.
Blest with few friends, those few to virtue dear,
The peaceful pleasures hover'd round her home,
Till the fell blast, commission'd to destroy,
Struck comfort dead—for Henry was no more.

No warning given, no sickness to subdue,
Or mellow grief; she heard the dreadful tale,
Summon'd her energies to tend his corse,
To see Affection's last sad office done,
Then, as the flow'ret blighted by the storm,
She droopt, and sought a refuge in the skies.

Ye, who have tasted true connubial love,
Tell a fastidious world that dares to smile,
And almosts doubts the joys of married life,
That you have drank of pleasure at its fount:
How grateful to enfold in pure embrace
Our early choice, by faith and love approved,
And long tried virtues more and more endear'd.

And see yon polish'd marble seems to say
What once was great and honourable on earth
Is now beneath that earth consign'd to dust,
But not forgotten. So I read the care
And neatness that the scene impressive speaks,
And speaks aright: a happy wedded pair
Asunder torn by death's resistless arm,
The weeping widow to the tomb convey'd

The partner of her life, in manhood's bloom.
Successive years have lingering roll'd away,
Though bless'd with title, and with wealth in store
To banish sorrow, still she constant pays
The nightly tribute of a falling tear.

Time, as thou tak'st thy circuit to destroy
The stately palace or the lofty dome,
Spare, spare yon antient cross,—if it must fall,
Oh, let it fall the last beneath thy stroke!
To conjugal affection dear, it stands
A proud memento to each married pair.
When Henry, influenc'd by mistaken zeal
Summon'd his warriors to the holy land,
Eleanor, high in virtue as in birth,
By perils unappall'd, follow'd her lord
Where'er the battle raged. Her Edward piereed
By poison'd weapon, felt the rankling wound
Baffling all aid—one only hope was left—
Those lips, on which enamour'd he had hung,
With unremitting constancy applied,
Drew from the venom'd hurt its deadly power,
Saved a loved life, and more endear'd her own.

And from amidst the scenes that flit around,
Is there a sight more welcome to the heart
Than a fond mother hovering o'er her babe,
And with a joy, to mothers only known,
Chasing away each cause of slightest ill?

Oh how can language paint the troubled mind,
The trembling hope, the dark foreboding fears
Which in a mother's breast alternate strove,
When to the mercy of the floating stream
She dared commit the offspring of her womb,
The future saviour of the Hebrew race?
And say, what lustre sparkled in her eyes
When, Heaven directed, Pharaoh's daughter sought
The sweet refreshment of the cooling wave,
And saw the lovely infant struggling there?
Compassion, inmate of the female breast,
Prompted to save, what tyranny condemn'd.

Maternal love! sweet source of boundless good,
How dost thou shed through all the hours of life
Rays that illumine to its latest day,

Though scarcely seen amid a bustling world?
How many heroes that adorn her page?
How many minds intent on human weal,
Were form'd beneath the tender fostering hand
Of a fond mother's kind, unwearied care?
Who saw the opening foliage promise well,
And with solicitous emotions fraught,
Nursed the young plant to vigour and to fame.

Bright gem of sorrow, blest maternal tear,
That fond affection urges from its source,
And bids adown the rustic cheek to flow;
I've seen thy briny currents sparkle there,
And thence emit as clear, as pure a ray,
When a griev'd parent wail'd a child in death,
As e'er bedew'd the eye of wealth or power
Mourning an only son, an heir entomb'd:
'Twas in a vale, where art with nature join'd
To pour its richest stores, its choicest sweets,
And oft the loved resort of me and mine,
But more of one, whose amity is fame,
Who taught me first to seek this calm retreat;

A rustic pair from year to year had lived
Blest with small competence, and that obtain'd
With industry and care: pleased they beheld
A numerous progeny around them rise;
Till death, relentless, bent his fatal bow,
And call'd a maid of fairest promise home.
I well remember, I would ne'er forget
How the fond mother told the piercing tale,
And forced the springs of sympathy to flow.

Injured Matilda! Denmark's murder'd Queen,
Whose hapless fate awakes each Briton's tear:
Thy home invaded at the midnight hour,
The lovely decencies of life infring'd;
Forced from the splendors of thy rightful throne,
To the dank vapours of the prison's bound,
The solitary tenant of a cell:
Yet through the gloomy horrors of the scene
How did thy bosom leap with rapturous joy
At the known sound of thy Louisa's voice;
Prest to thy bosom in the fond embrace,
And all the mother sparkling through thy tears,

Then didst thou taste a luxury in grief
Which only the unfortunate can know.
But short thy transport, short thy span of life,
And swift thy progress to the darksome tomb.
Thus oft the blossom'd rose, the garden's pride,
The acknowledged sovereign of the gay parterre,
Nipp'd by a frost, a sharp, a killing frost
Its beauties scatter'd, and its fragrance gone,
Torn from its flowery empire, fades forlorn,
Or dies neglected on the barren waste.

Mothers of Britain! highly honour'd names,
The muse invokes you by the dearest ties,
The ties of nature, to protect your babes;
And, in despite of fashion's murderous voice,
To yield to them that precious nutriment
Your lovely breasts in copious draughts afford.
Hath not your God impressively made known
His sovereign will, bidding your bosoms swell
With the salubrious fluid, when alone
Your beauteous offspring needs its milky stores.
Nor is the lovely task without reward;

Unless where weakness or disease invade,
It generates to both an healthful state;
Sows the first seeds of sweet affection's bloom,
Which, well matured, yields fruit of grateful taste.

And who, that love as mothers ought to love,
Can trust their treasures to the hireling's arms;
Or how expect from her maternal care,
Who, by necessity or avarice urged,
Can violate the prime of nature's laws?

Nor burns the fire of true parental love
With languid heat, or with less ardent flame,
In the firm purpose of a father's breast;
Who in his children feels young life renew'd,
And seeks their welfare far above his own.
With tortur'd bosom and with bleeding heart
Zaleucus found the virtuous law transgress'd
Which, more than others, he was bound to guard,
His son the sad offender; horrid thought—
What could a father do? How bid the day
No longer burst upon the darken'd sight,

The usual sentence for the adulterer's crime:
He felt the deep, unutterable wo,
And to preserve the righteous law unbroke,
And guard a son from darkness worse than death,
Shared with that guilty son the sentence due.

Ye rich, ye gay, ye votaries of joy,
Who pleasure seek in every varied form,
And, ever seeking, run the countless round
Unsatisfied, approach this clearer spring;
O dare to taste, and tasting, to partake
The true delights of sweet domestic bliss:
Where eye meets eye, with pleasure ever new.
Nor disregard, ye parents, when I say
If you would see your race around you blest,
Welcome with open arms each loved return,
And climb about you with sincere embrace,
From tried experience, I advise you well,
Make home delightful; and your cheerful hearth
The scene of all your best, your richest joys;
With books well suited to the several tastes
To entertain, and cultivate the mind:

Nor think it takes from manly dignity
To join your offspring in each varied sport
Of childhood or of youth; so shall you find
Affection grow, progressive with their years.

And in a world allow'd so deep in crime,
Revelling in blood, where war and carnage dire
Have reign'd so long, commission'd to destroy
In the divisions of this peopled earth,
That scarce a family has 'scap'd a wound,
As Parents, Widows, Orphans, weeping tell;
It sure were wise in such a general wreck
To cultivate domestic bliss with care,
And fan th' expiring charities of life.

In the young bosom this bright virtue burns,
Where the well regulated mind displays
The fond regard, and duty sweetly prompts.
Nor need we call some bright example forth
To testify the force of filial love:
How many parents with delighted tongue,
And sensibility's bright starting tear,

Will own the rugged road of life's decline
Is smooth'd indeed when children faithful prove,
Their fond attentions banishing each care?

Sweetly the cultur'd mind of Pope has told
How much a filial fondness had endear'd
The sacred dust near his high groves entomb'd.
And when his mother's picture met his sight,
" A mother loved, a mother lost so long,"
Oh how melodiously did Cowper strike
His pensive lyre, and bid its melting tones
Vibrate the deep regrets his bosom felt!

Rich the example of fraternal love
In patriarch Abram's highly favor'd race,
When threatening famine rear'd its meagre front
Around their home, and Jacob's sons went forth
To Egypt's happier plains, and plenteous stores,
Where Joseph reign'd with merited command;
How yearn'd his bosom for the dear embrace,
Their enmities forgot: beneath his state
He saw them prostrate bend; but well restrain'd

Each tender feeling of his generous heart
Till they had brought the brother of his love :
Then from their deep recess the briny tears
Burst their imprisonment, and forc'd their way
In copious torrents down his manly cheek.

And what is purest friendship's ardent flame,
But strong affection for the mind we love ?
How stedfastly its sacred altars burnt,
By England's patriot band illumed, when Charles,
For bold resistance 'gainst despotic power,
Bid Russell bleed beneath the rugged axe;
How did he soar indignant 'bove his wrongs !
Fearless of death, his noble soul refus'd
The generous offers of the faithful friends,
Who would have shared his ignominious fate.

Monarchs were sent to guard the race they rule,
To form the great design, and give it force;
But when, unmindful of such high intent,
They sway an iron sceptre, and pervert
The honour'd forms of law to vilest end,

Resistance then becomes the virtuous deed,
The noble struggle, and the lofty aim.

And with what ardour burnt the patriot flame
In Britain's sons, when Gallia's vaunting voice
Proclaim'd aloud her purpose to invade
Our happy land, despoil our peaceful homes,
Deface our altars, and insult our God!
Europe seem'd trembling o'er our threaten'd fate;
Then sudden and alert the nation rose,
And with united force rush'd to the field,
Resolv'd to conquer or to perish there.
Insolent tyrant! where is now thy boast?

Where'er affection's standards are uprear'd,
Her votaries, strangers to all sordid cares,
Seek first the happiness of those they love,
Content, although they sacrifice their own;
Here female worth unrivall'd ever shines;
What though not form'd to dare the lofty heights,
To scale the heavens, to trace the comet's path,
With mathematic skill to measure stars.

Or dive with keen and metaphysic power
In all the deep research of human lore?
Yet who can range like them creation's bounds,
With fancy revelling midst her wild domains,
Or boast like them the impassion'd soul, constant
Through every changing scene of chequer'd life,
And faithful e'en to death? Whether we rove
Siberia's desart plains, or Libya's wastes,
Woman, endearing Woman, has been found
Prompt and compassionate; and form'd to sooth,
And mitigate the woes of human life.

With undiminish'd force affection clings
Towards some loved object of a cherish'd hope,
Though all of mortal borders on its change,
And languid droops and falls.—When grieved of late,
I long and anxious watch'd a parent's bed,
Where deep disease assail'd each vital power,
How, 'midst the burning of the fever's rage,
Attachment strong burst from the feeble frame
With the firm vigour of enliven'd youth!

And ask of sick beds whence, and what their joys?
Nor deem disease an ever-joyless state:
No; the attentions which the heart inspires
From those we love, by mutual love endear'd,
Who bending o'er our couch, with anxious care
Watch every look, and would prevent each wish;
Can brighten all the languors of disease,
Smooth the tired pillow of declining age,
And death itself of half its sting disarm.

And when enfolded in the circling arms
Of a loved child, whose native sympathies
And fond caresses urge the close embrace,
How hath my happy bosom felt the swell
Of sacred rapture; and the ecstatic thrill
Fleet through my veins, with such soft ravishment,
That I have almost seem'd to taste and know
Heavenly delight, though habitant on earth
Thus sooth'd, I have to pleasing slumbers sunk,
Fearful lest life's realities should break
Such dear delight, such welcomed sweet illusion.
And thus when travelling my onward road,

Amidst the tangles and the hidden paths
Of mazy life, no flower has more beguiled
My weary way, or charm'd my ruffled sense
To a forgetfulness of anxious care,
Than the simplicity, and joyous sports
Of happy youth: oft have I join'd with them
In every infantine or boyish play,
Seeming to live my childhood o'er again.

Whilst thus, Affection, roving I have mused
With pensive melancholy on thy sweets,
Diffused through every link of being's chain;
And found each glowing feeling of my soul
Absorb'd in thee, and thy loved harmonies,
I've on my waking pillow breath'd a prayer,
That all who bear the high and honour'd form
Of their original, might feel impress'd
To increase the sum of bliss. Not that I join
The general cry of the unthinking crowd
Against the enormities of modern time;
I grant that vice too high uplifts its head,
Flaunting with titles to the mid-day sun,

And with its broad and bold unfeeling stare,
Runs riot, and oft shocks the virtuous heart.
But human nature, always thus depraved,
And prone to wander, ever has been found,
As now, inclined to trample virtue down.
And I dare estimate among mankind
No small amount of piety and worth,
Which, stealing silently and unperceived,
Asks not the trump of fame to sound its praise,
But yet obtains its tribute of applause;
And though but little known or valued here,
'Tis fairly written in the book of Heaven
Against a judgment day, a bless'd record.

Sometimes indeed a hero will stand forth,
Bold for his God, and zealous in his cause:
Taught by his great exemplar, Howard strove
To mark his way with traits of happiness.
Where pride, or affluence, or ambition reigns,
The darksome cell is but at distance view'd
Contrasted with the bright and blissful state;
But Howard's ardent mind, intent on good,

Burst every prison bar. No cell too dark,
No dungeon too obscure, but he would bid
The sun of consolation dart its beam;
Nor loathsome taint, nor desolating plague
Deterr'd his daily visits—these to sooth
His joy in life, his solace when in death.

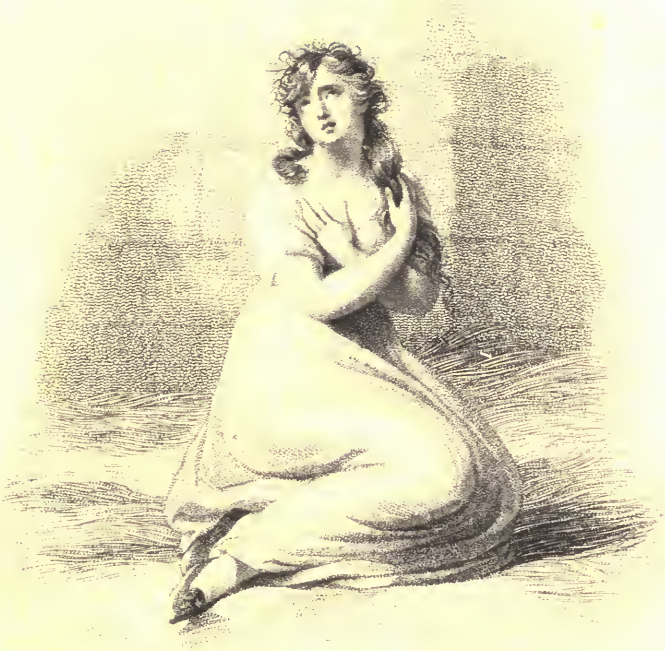
E'en when ambition plans the deadly deed,
And hellish rancour points the fatal steel,
When all the softness of the woman's lost,
Religion, honor, every tie forgot,
Some hidden spring of strong affection's power
Unnerves each sinew in the trembling hand,
And bids the uplifted dagger harmless fall.
Thus nature's poet, matchless Shakespear, search'd
With eye intuitive the assassin's soul.

Oh the fine fibres of the hidden frame!
With vast design and wondrous power arranged,
To serve the purposes of human life,
And yet so nice "the balance at the beam,
"That oft affection proves the spring of wo!"

See! yon poor Maniac! shivering in her cell,
With hair dishevell'd, and with bosom bare;
Once bless'd with innocence, each hour was gay,
Till in her breast convulsing passions strove,
And raised a dark and wild tornado there,
That in its progress burst the slight barrier,
Which in each fine wrought mind but feebly guards
The seat of intellect: all, all was then
A splendid ruin, and an awful wreck.

Mark her, ye gay seducers! mark her well!
For who like you should feel the awful change?
And tell me if the transient joys you knew
When virtue sunk the victim of your art,
Can e'er compensate your atrocious guilt
Or wipe away the bitter, bitter tears,
Which prostrate virtue sheds when reason dares
Resume, at interval, her desert throne,
And points the happy heights whence she has fallen?

Go, bid imagination's magic power
Roll back on time, and tell what once she was—



Mark her, ye gay seducers, mark her well!
For such like you should feel the awfull change.

Form'd to delight the circle where she moved,
Esteem'd, admired by all; Olivia bloom'd
In the rich garden of parental love,
And promised fairest fruit: nursed in delight,
Each charm or grace her opening mind display'd,
Was cultured with a fond assiduous care,
And, as her growing virtues burst on view,
She reign'd unrivall'd 'mid her blooming plains;
In sweet simplicity her youth roll'd on,
Till in a ruthless hour a plunderer came,
All skill'd to lure her unsuspecting soul,
And win her heart, ere he betray'd his own.
Great was the conflict in her struggling frame
'Twixt duty and affection—long she strove
To tear his favour'd image from her breast,
And oft resolved to fly her peaceful plains
To escape a passion now so deep infixt;
But what in absence had assumed resolve,
On his return, became resolve no more,
And virtue sunk beneath his baneful arts.
Thus fell Olivia! Ye proud in virtue,
Say not you could like Alpine snows have stood

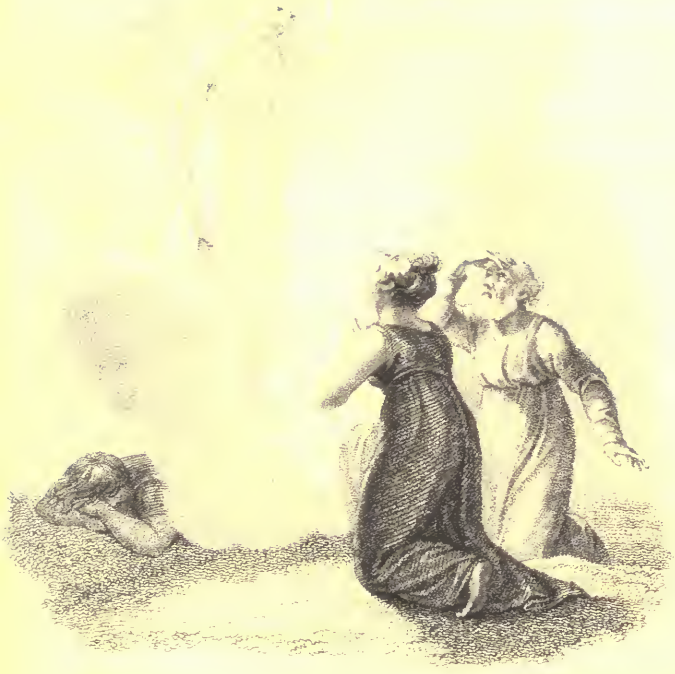
Spotless and pure beneath such burning sun.
Wound not her bleeding mind, nor dare to boast
Till you have triumph'd in temptation's hour:
Her soul untainted, shudder'd at her fall;—
She on the sacred records solemn swore
Never again to see the human fiend
Who thus despoil'd her virtue and her peace;
She fled her native scenes, and long retired
'Mid solitude and shade, repentant, strove
To sooth her mind, and long lost calm restore.
Deep solitude and shade—reflection's darts
But swifter urged, and with impetuous force,
To frenzy's rage. With quick and hurried step,
With heaving bosom, but with stedfast eye,
She sought the flood, and instant plunging there
A dark oblivious stream had hoped to find.
Snatch'd from the watery death by pitying hands,
Stretch'd out to save in desperation's hour,
She woke to life—just felt its fever burn.
Affrighted reason fled—and all was void.

END OF PART I.

AFFECTION.

PART II.

CONTENTS OF PART II.



O THAT the muse could mount eternal heights,
And to its primal source affection trace!
Which, when the councils of Almighty power
Had fix'd the blest resolve, and bid yon sun,

With every planet that around him burns,
Burst into birth—enstamp'd upon the whole
Marks of his love, and Paradise appear'd.

Beasts, that are now the terror of mankind,
Then frolick'd round their calm and happy home,
The loved companions of their daily walk;
And all around was joy, unmingled joy,
How wide diffused; and oh! how great the sum;
From the ephemera flattering into life,
Whose being closes with the close of day,
Through the extended scale of nature's tribes
That wing the air, that float along the stream,
Or tread the verdant mead: Creation all
Then teem'd with life, with cheerful happy life,
And man supremely blest, he nobly lived
To triumph in existence, free to sport
And revel as imagination led,
Or, with superior reason for his guide,
Gifted with power to choose or to reject,
The proffer'd pleasure or the wary snare.
Form'd in the image of his God; endow'd

With faculties of sight to range at large
The horizon's bound, or dart the aspiring eye
Into the starry sphere; alone possess'd
Of speech, sweet speech—communion intimate
Of kindred souls, and infinite delight.

Say, ye bright orbs, as lucidly ye roll,
What harmony pervades your glittering spheres?
And thou, great source of day, impart to man
Thy glorious purpose from creation's birth.
What were the lustre of the finest eye
Without thy beams? Darkness had cover'd all,
Earth had withheld the bounties of her womb,
And kindred elements refused to bless.
But vivified by thee, this globe retains
Of Paradise some lovely traces still;
And every atom of our circling sphere
Enkindles at thy smiles. And thou, pale Moon,
And ye resplendent stars, that, hung on high,
Guide the bold mariner through untried seas,
Or lead the soul, on contemplation's wing,
In holy musings to the mercy seat;
Ye tell distinctively of love divine.

The Elements their share of bounties yield;
The Air, with gentle and salubrious breeze,
Invigorates and nurtures all around;
Conveys the Sun-beam and the genial rain;
It drives the vessel through opposing seas,
Assists the lark in her ascending flight,
And bears the eagle to the blaze of day.
Earth teems with grateful produce, and returns
A thousand fold the tribute she receives.
She guards the embrio plant from wintry storms,
And when reviving spring expands the germ,
Gives from her bosom liberal supplies,
And clothes creation in its rich attire.
The waters flow with blessings; they supply
The cheap and wholesome aliment, and join
Far distant lands in one contiguous chain.
Fire, the great vital principle of life,
Keeps the empurpled stream in healthful flow.

Mark how for man the Elements combine
Exalted uses: for him the air becomes
Saturate with odours; echoes the lute,
Or vibrates to the harp's melodious sound:

By its rare fluid it diffuses wide
The glorious light of day; and when oppress'd
By vapours, or by pestilential taint,
How bursts the storm, or hurricane to clear
And bid life glow again with rosy health.
By reason led, man o'er creation reigns,
Classes her various tribes, assigns to each
Its proper soil, its aspect, and its clime:
He can behold in nature's tender green
Charms which the browsing animals ne'er know,
And from the fruitful vine extract a juice
To cheer and brighten dark and wintry days.
He rules the Ocean, draws the unwieldy whale
From his deep haunts o'ercanopied with ice
In rocks enthroned: He builds those moving worlds
Which traverse pathless seas, no pilot there
But the benignant gems that shine around
And the unerring magnet,—certain guides
That waft the daring soul on safety's wing
Through untrack'd ways to new discover'd lands.
Ev'n the portentous and destructive flame
By man directed serves for noblest ends;

Condensing steam he gains a powerful force:
By science, and by long experience taught,
He dares to call the forked lightnings down.

What adaptations vast and wonderful
Nature exhibits! View her in her works.
The insect tribe, who, ever on the wing,
Flit through their summer life, have each their food
Appropriate; mark the industrious bee
Seek the wild thyme, or from the loaded flower
Extract its sweets, which born on busy wing
To her ingenious, and compact domain,
Becomes a treasure to sagacious man;
Who, oft ungrateful for the bounteous feast,
Rewards the giver with untimely death.
Oh! spare thy benefactor, and thy shame,
And spare the portion of their honey'd store
Which winter life requires; Spring will return,
And well repay thy care.—In warmer skies
The silkworm spins its soft, encircling web
Uninjur'd by the storms, and chilling cold,
Which, in our rougher clime, full oft deform
The gilded radiance of a summer's day.

Who arms the finny race in coated mail,
Conforming all their habits to the stream?
Who in their plumage decks the feather'd tribe,
Adapts each wing to sail the yielding air,
And gives them by the music of their song
To cheer the solemn silence of our groves?
Who guides the swallow in her distant flight
Soon as the falling leaf the signal gives?
Who bids the robin hover round our homes,
From every harm secure? The corvorant
'Habit the cliffs, and from aerial heights
Dart on its prey? Who clothes the quadruped,
Instructs the patient sheep to seek their food
On the bare mountain, fits their fleecy sides
To yield to man the warm habiliment?
Whilst with her beverage the domestic cow
Affects the meadows and the peopled haunts.
Who bids the chamois climb the mountain's side,
Bounding upon the dangerous precipice?
The useful camel traverse desart plains
With hoofs prepared to tread the scorching soil
And brouse the thorny shrub, unhurt by thirst?
He who could wake creation with a word,

And circle it with his love; twas he conform'd
All various nature to its various end.

The hours their blessings give: Lo, morning comes
Fragrant with freshness; then the rising sun
Rouses the senses, animates the soul,
And wakes the world to vigour; when his rays
Dart their meridian heat, O then how sweet
To seek the coolness and solemnity
Of some embower'd wood, some calm retreat!
Till his descending beams array the west
And welcome Evening in; hour of delight,
Whether enjoy'd mid social sympathies,
Or on the margent of some winding stream
The solitary wanderer silent roves
Contemplative.—Man can illume the night,
Chase midnight darkness, or dispel her glooms,
And in the absence of the lights of heaven
Create a mimic day: he can adorn
And more resplendent make the diamond blaze;
He bids theatric art amuse and charm,
With comic power to wake the lightsome mirth,
Or rouse the CONSCIENCE of the guilty soul.

But faint the splendors of the midnight rout,
Though thousand tapers shed their feeble rays,
To heaven's magnificence. I envy not
The crowded domes, the gay, the rich attire;
Give me the rural scene, give me to soar
On philosophic wing: whether we seek
To name each sparkling star, at distance set,
And each the sun of some surrounding worlds;
To mark the changing planets in their course
Attended by their satellites, or trace
The blazing comet in its devious way
Through heaven's expanse, as yet beyond the reach
Of mortal calculation. Who can dwell
On themes like these, and rest contented there?

To cheer the darkness of the polar realms
The lengthen'd twilight and the Aurora gleam,
And to allay the fever's raging fires
Amid the scorchings of the torrid zone,
The water lemon, and the coated gourd,
The fragrant orange, and the luscious pine,
Offer their cooling stores: whilst the full ear
Ripens in every clime, and freely gives

A banquet form'd to please and nourish all.—
And when, o'erpower'd, man's weary senses sink,
Night mounts her darken'd throne, and silent reigns
In sullen empire suited to repose.
How doth the eyelid guard the tender eye,
Close it in balmy sleep, and when refresh'd,
Wake it to hail the day!—Thus nature gives
Her growths, her habits, and her wonderous powers,
All for man's use; he tills the stubborn earth,
Knows when to impregnate with the golden grain,
And when to reap the harvest; not content
With the rich produce that her surface yields,
He digs her hidden treasures from the mine,
Extracts the buried heaps of minerals,
And bids them minister to all his wants.

Nor earth alone explored, he upward mounts—
He only knows to raise the lofty hymn
Of Gratitude: he only can aspire
To mansions of celestial residence.

Not only at Creation's mighty birth

The Deity appears; in Providence
Conspicuously he shines the God of love!
I call the common bounties we partake
To prove his strong affection for our race:
Yon genial sun emits no kindlier ray
T' illume the monarch on his throne of state,
Than to salute the peasant of the rock,
Who hails his rising from the mountain top:
Nor is the air which cherishes all life
Charg'd with more healthful powers than it instils
Into the mere plebeian's lusty veins:
The crystal stream that meets him on his way
Yields to the desart traveller a draught,
Welcome as rich Falernian ever gave
In purple streams to cheer the festive board;
And the same blade which gives the tyrant food
Supplies the labourer with his daily bread.
What though above the cottage in the vale
Rises the mansion of the wealthy great?
Yet oft beneath that lowly cottage roof
Dwells truest happiness, connubial love,
The sweet affections of a rising race,

Health and content, the conscious duty done,
The firm reliance on directing Heaven.

O, what beneficence to man is shewn—
Endued with powers to trace his Maker's works,
And drink rich pleasures from exhaustless stores!
Whether in beauty's lovely form array'd,
They seize and charm each fine adapted sense,
Or awful in majestic grandeur tower,
And force the soul to rapt'rous applause.

And where the ear by nature is attuned
To music's harmonies, how they delight,
Rivet the soul with syren blandishment,
Fold the rapt sense in strong enchantment's power,
Or softly lull it to a sweet oblivion.

Nor less conspicuous beams Almighty love
Implanting in the restless soul of man
Desire of happiness: What though the goal,
Receding ever as we seem to gain
The destined pleasure, still eludes our hope,

And leaves us only to renew the chace:
Not unimportant, or of trivial worth,
Is the pursuit; it gives the present bliss,
Invigorates the soul for nobler aims,
And bids it in its flight attempt the skies.

And welcome too to weary wo-worn man
The blest appointment of a day of rest.
The world, its cares, its sorrows all forgot,
To tread the temples of our God below,
And hear the message of salvation given:
But far avaunt the dark forbidding frown,
Remnant of superstition's gloomy reign,
Unlike the sabbath of the christian's God.
Let that be welcomed with the cheerful smile,
And though the tear of penitence should flow,
The uplifted voice of praise and gratitude,
The animating hope, the steady faith,
And the angelic deed of charity,
Should chase each fear and every doubt dispel.—

In deep distress, when sorrow's heavy clouds
O'ercast the brow, and weigh the spirit down;

In trouble's day, in sickness of the mind,
Say what the solace? Welcome then the friend
Whose tender hand with skill withdraws the shaft
In me infixt. And welcome too the tear
That glistening in his eye he strives to hide;
And O! the heavenly music of his tongue
That bids religion calm the ruffled soul.

O blest Religion! gift of the Supreme,
Foretold of prophets in the morn of time,
That to the poor, the wretched, the forlorn,
Salvation's song should through the earth resound,
To raise the monarch press'd beneath the load
Of mighty empire and the ponderous weight
Of regal state; the refuge too and hope
Of misery's outcast child, and sorrow's heir.
When poverty's stern grasp unnerves the frame,
When disappointment rends the bleeding heart,
What joy to think that in a better world
The troubled rest, the sad for ever smile!

Where'er religion's banners are upheld

By men who dignify her holy cause,
The plumed conqueror 'midst the carnaged field
Can bow in homage. Great Marlborough, thus
With honours crown'd, taught his elated bands
To reverence Cambray's worth; a virtuous deed,
And gilds the victor's triumph.—Fenelon,
To piety a name for ever dear,
Though thy pure spirit walks the fields of heaven,
It lives on earth revered to bless mankind.

Listen, ye young, ye innocent, ye gay,
Attend th' experienced pilot's warning voice
Who points the beacon while the sky is clear.
In early life, my sentiments unfix'd,
Driven by the gales on unbelief's dark shoals,
And nearly sunk in shipwreck and in storm,
Till Heaven in mercy bade the clouds disperse,
And firm conviction, like the ardent blaze
Forcing e'en persecuting Saul to yield,
Burst on my sight, and all was sweet serene.
Faith's steady gales wafted my trembling bark
To Hope's strong fortress, and her haven of rest.

Turn to yon hero in religion's cause.
Dear is the circle of the friends we love,
And dear the spark of life to human kind;
But not the chain which links us to our race,
Nor warm attachment to existence here,
Can tempt the sufferer to deny his Lord,
Forsake his altars, or profane his name.

The tortured Indian, writhing on the rack,
Frowns dark on his tormentors, his proud soul
Disdains complaint, and stubborn meets its fate,
With his last accents breathing dire revenge.
O! how unlike the martyr at the stake!
He smiles at death, and for his murderers
Can call forgiveness down. Elijah like,
He views the coming flame with steady eye,
And in a chariot of celestial fire
Ascends to meet the God in whom he trusts.

O England! I lament thy trophied page,
Resplendent with each noble generous deed,
Should thus be sullied with atrocious acts

Unknown to Bramin, or to savage rites;
Shew me within the holy Christian code
One line to justify the barbarous rage
Which Mary's impious reign records in blood,
That moment I abjure the christian faith,
Subvert its altars, lay its priesthood low,
And only look through Nature to my God.
I love Religion, love her holy laws,
Her solemn rites, the music of her choir;
But much I blush, that man, mistaken man,
Hath stain'd her altars, and profaned her cause
With bigot wrath, and mad anathema.
Not to the narrow bounds of sect confined,
Religion, like the high meridian sun,
Sheds its bless'd influence and consoling power
Through every region, and o'er every clime;
But shines with most serene and cheering ray
Where Christ is known, and the one God adored.

When I review the holy Christian faith,
Pure as its author gave the boon to men,
I feel my bosom beat with sacred love:

He bids no more the blazing altars burn,
Or bleeding victim fall beneath the stroke,
He but demands the service of the heart,—
Whether it flow in full, and swelling tones,
From congregated man, or silent rise
In fruitful valley, or in desart waste,
From the lone bosom of the worshipper.

Redemption, highest note of mortal song,
Who shall dare raise the lofty theme unblamed?
Man placed in Paradise, was there enthroned
In innocence; no conscience then had roar'd
Its mighty thunders to the troubled soul,
Within the chambers of the spotless mind
No impure thought, no unrestrain'd desire,
Had entrance found, till dire ambition sprung,
And Eden ceased to smile:—Then he became
Outcast from bliss, and pleasures unalloy'd;
But ere he left the garden of his God,
Its balmy odours, its refreshing streams,
Its cheerful haunts, the home of his delight,
Mercy, the brightest attribute of heaven,

Temper'd his banishment ; and angels brought
The gracious message to the fallen race,
'The woman's seed shall break the serpent's head.'
Primeval promise, kindly, freely given,
Was but the dawning of a glorious day
Of restoration. Patriarchs and Seers,
Enraptured at the theme, have lived, and died:
Time, as he swiftly flew on eagle wing,
Saw the inspired page more richly fraught.
In Abraham, and his seed, the tribes of earth
Shall hail the blessing.—From Judah's throne
The sceptre shall not pass till Shiloh come,
Gathering his willing tribes.—In distant time
Ezekiel saw the mountain cedar yield
Shadows to all beneath.—Holy Isaiah,
With pious lips touch'd by a spark divine,
From heaven's high altar led the promised morn
With gladsome tidings.—Sion, behold thy King!
Lift up thy voice, Jerusalem! O earth,
Break into songs, for your deliverer comes!
Ye mountains! echo back the lofty tones
Till earth's remotest verge shall catch the sound

And hail with glad response. In those bless'd days
The leafless desart with the rose shall bloom,
The lion with the lamb shall sportive play,
And nations learn war's horrid art no more.
Thus the rapt prophets sang through many an age,
Reviving oft the spirits of their race
With the bless'd presage, and the glorious hope.

Hail, Son of God! thou great Immanuel, hail!
Enthroned in happiness, diffusing bliss,
Archangels sounding all their harps to praise,
And every seraph wing'd at thy command,
What could induce thee from the heights of heaven
To bear the scourge, and bleed upon the cross?
'Twas human weal which urged thy downward flight,
Delighted with the sons of earth to dwell.
Well might the shepherds sing the illustrious song,
"Glory to God on high, good will to men;"
Midnight forgot her glooms, and all was light:
The kneeling virgin, and the dazzled sage,
Welcomed alike the heavenly harbinger,
And distant lands, which yet in darkness sleep,
Shall wake to rapture, and partake the joy.

Angels! and ye seraphic hierarchies
Who, ever prompt to execute his will,
Oft through creation dart your boundless way,
Charged with some high commission from his throne;
E'en ye astonish'd gaze with raptured eye,
On this deep mystery of transcendent love:
Eager to search, and happy to proclaim,
The lofty miracle; with guardian wings
Hovering around the chosen heirs of heaven,
Their happiness your most peculiar care.

Blest habitant of earth, the Saviour came
Fraught with benevolence, and rich in love;
Mark what affection through his actions ran,
How pure his precepts, his commands how kind:
Go, heal the sick—Go, comfort the distress'd—
Bid the bright day burst on the darken'd sight,
And death's stern monarch yield his captives back—
Were the blest mandates of eternal love
When earth received her heavenly visitant:
Well skill'd in every entrance to the heart,
And touch'd with man's infirmities, his life

With genuine sympathy and feeling shone.
If festive gladness bless'd the happy board,
His generous spirit shared the social mirth,
And wrought a miracle, to add to joy.
But was the sinking heart with guilt oppress'd,
How the rich stream of consolation flow'd.

And O, what love, what undissembled love,
Fill'd his pain'd bosom, when fatigued, o'erpower'd,
His faithful followers sunk in deepest sleep:
Could ye not watch with me one passing hour?
Was all the slighted master's mild rebuke;
And, lest such soft reproof might sound too harsh,
His honied accents pour'd the healing balm:
Full well I know your willing minds would bid
A prompt obedience to my every wish,
But human frailty weighs your spirits down.

Sweet too the drop that fell from Jesus' eye
When o'er the grave of Lazarus he wept:
Oh, 'twas a lesson from the school of heaven.
To teach affection to the sons of men.

And as the soft refreshing dew of eve
Revives the plant scorch'd by meridian sun,
The sacred influence of a Saviour's tear
Bid the flown spirit to its earthly clay
Return, and animate its form again.

Through life unchang'd, unwearied, undismay'd,
The suffering Saviour, true to human weal,
Bore stedfast on—the ignominous cross
Witness'd his conquest, and his dying love:
Ah! well might Mary droop beneath her wo!—
In many a page the gracious promise shone,
That she should bear a son of high import;
And from the cradle, to maturer age,
His life had every bright assurance given
Of all fulfilment: but when most she thought
To see the child of every cherish'd hope,
Pre-eminent in glory and renown,
Sorrowing, she saw him stretch'd upon the cross,
And weeping, to his lifeless corpse perform'd
The mournful offices that nature claims.

But boast not, Grave, thy momentary reign;
The third, the appointed day, had scarcely dawn'd,
Ere rising from the tomb he burst thy bands,
Regain'd his empire, and resumed his throne.

Born on prophetic wing, the muse would point
The distant glories of Immanuel's reign.
What though we view not yet those precious fruits,
Pendent from every tree which blooms around,
Sweet is the promise of the opening bud
That bursts upon our sight, and cheers our way:
Witness, ye Charities for human weal,
That sooth the wretched, succour the distress'd;
Trace the learn'd legends of the heathen world,
The great and glittering empires of the East,
Where wealth, and grandeur, in profusion blaze,
To pamper greatness—not relieve the wretch;
In vain ye seek within their ample bounds
Those emanations of almighty love
Which grace our empire, and adorn our isle.
Exults the Christian, he may well exult,
For who around this habitable globe

Can boast a faith so pure, humane, sublime,
To God so glorious, or to man so kind?
Does fortune frown? or poverty intrude?
The Christian hath inheritance divine
Endurable as Heaven's enduring love.
Or does he follow to the silent tomb
Some form in life entwined around his heart?
Full well he knows the animating soul
Which gave that form its sympathetic charm,
Now ranges through illimitable space;
And some few moments past, again they meet
Where separation's pang is felt no more.

Go, search the brightest page of pagan worth,
How drear, how comfortless, the parting hour?
The virtuous Socrates, whose towering soul
Rank'd high in intellect, but dared to hope,
That in some better world, he free might range,
'Mid philosophic bowers and learned ease.
Compare with this the death-bed of the man
Who lives the Christian, 'midst opposing strife,
Visit his chamber,—'tis the porch of heaven;

Conscious in whom he trusts, his spirit waits
Calm and resign'd, the summons of his God.
The raging tempest, or the bursting storm,
But waft him sooner to untroubled rest.
See Addison stretch'd on his dying bed—
He could invite the infidel to view
His hope and triumph in the arms of death.
For him the tyrant smil'd—an Angel sent
To guide him safely to celestial thrones.

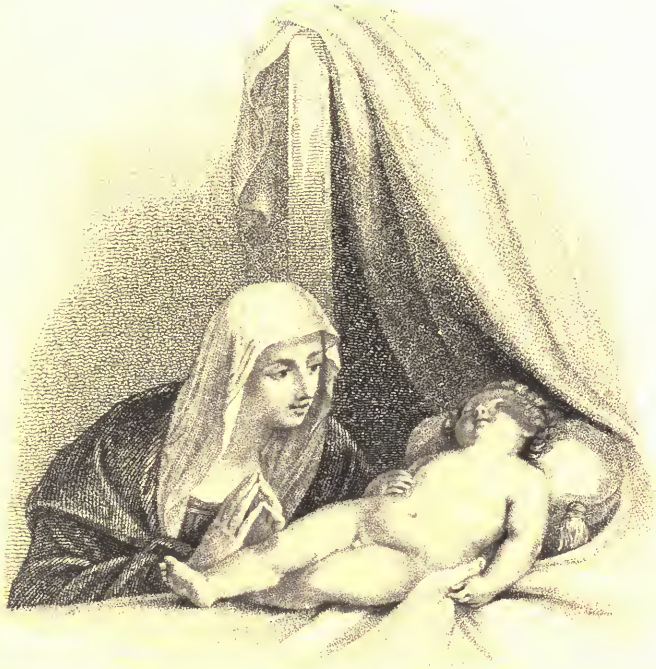
Bright were the beams of mercy as they rose,
More bright the radiance of the opened morn;
But who can paint the splendours of the day,
Salvation's glories bursting all around?

There, 'midst the throne, the risen Saviour reigns;
No more the man of sorrows, and of grief,
But high exalted, and alone declared
Worthy to loose the sealed book of God;
While each angelic, each seraphic host,
Join in accordant strains of lofty praise.
There all is purity, temptation's soft,

But syren voice unknown: each sense
Exulting feels itself in boundless range,
There tremblingly alive, the touch imparts
Sensations new, and every touch is joy.
Each soften'd zephyr of the ambient air,
Impregnate with celestial balm, conveys
To the charm'd ear the sweetest melodies:
Whilst to the sight extended views are given,
To gaze where beauty in perfection shines,
And shapes immortal endless rise to view.
Hunger and thirst in those bright realms unfelt,
The sense of taste would be in vain bestow'd,
Unless by love, and wisdom infinite,
It there receives some happier mode to please,
Or, in exchange, some nobler power conferr'd;
Perchance the privilege to range through time,
From its remotest, to its latest bound,
Viewing, as in a picture, at one glance,
Each changeful scene, that pass'd in earthly life,
Unravel all the deep and wond'rous maze
In which the paths of providence were hid,
And justify the ways of God to man.—

And am I urged on angel wing to aspire
To these bright regions of inheritance:
There let my soul to every joy expand,
Gaze with uninjured eye on central suns,
Mingle with seraph forms that shine around,
Share in the freedom of the sons of God,
And sing their hallelujahs!—Ecstatic thought!
Sure this is love, and love beyond degree!
Let infidels refuse the proffer'd gift,
Mine be the pious boast, the glorious hope,
To live the Christian, and receive his Crown.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



A MOTHER'S ADDRESS

TO HER

SLEEPING CHILD.

Sleep on, dear babe—with joy I trace
That smile upon thy infant face,
And in a parent's loved embrace
Enfold thee round;
Nor let the fond endearment chase
Thy slumbers sound.

May Heaven its choicest influence shed,
Cherub, on thee! O may it spread
With flowers the path which thou may'st tread,
Ev'n to the tomb;
And virtue's laurel, on thy head,
For ever bloom.

Whilst thus for thee the anxious prayer
To Heaven is raised, that it may spare
Thy youthful heart from every snare,
Of weal, or woe,
O cherish for this guardian care
A grateful glow.

Thy filial love my life shall cheer,
And o'er my dark funereal bier,
Say, wilt thou drop the bitter tear,
Vain though it be!
To all I wish my memory dear,
But most to thee.

AN

EMBLEM OF INDUSTRY.

Go, learn from yonder tribe of bees
The way to affluence and ease;
In summer, with unwearied care,
For dreary winter they prepare;
Their honey cull from every flower,
And husband well each fleeting hour;
Stores to provide which food shall yield
When dies the flower, and droops the field.

Learn hence, ye youths, whilst in your prime,
Well to improve important time,
Remember it flies swiftly on,
And, once elapsed, is ever gone:
Engrave instruction on your mind,
Let wisdom's paths your presence find,
That so, when youth has fled away,
Old age may smile in its decay.

ON AN OAK.

Mark yon Oak, and note its birth,
Hardy, vigorous, noble tree,
Rooted to thy parent earth
Long ere I began to be.

When within the mouldering tomb
Cold, and senseless, I am laid,
Fresh and verdant thou shalt bloom,
Proudly to the tempest spread.

But, when time has wither'd thee,
And thou art sinking to decay,
Then may the germ that lives in me
Flourish in eternal day.

TO

JOHN HOPPNER, Esq. R. A.

ON

OBSERVING ALL HIS PICTURES IN THE EXHIBITION OF 1803 TO BE PORTRAITS.

Hoppner, I mark the progress of thy mind,
And would to nobler ends direct thy power:
Thy magic pencil never was design'd
To immortalize the insects of an hour.

The page of history open to thy view,
Displays the noblest passions of the soul.—
Dare with undaunted energy pursue,
Nor suffer aught thy ardour to controul.

Go, bid thy colours tell to distant day
Of Acre's well-fought fields, or Egypt's plains;
Where British valour shone with noon-tide ray,
And well demands each muse's grateful strains.
So unborn ages shall record thy name
Coeval with thy country's well-earn'd fame.

WAR SONG,

WRITTEN FOR THE

LOYAL SOUTHWARK VOLUNTEERS,

1803.

HARK! the threats of Invaders resound through the air.
See! a vengeful and menacing foe—
Already the Warriors for conquest prepare,
Our Riches, our Beauty, already they share,
Our Cities and Commerce lie low:

But conquest and plunder, by Britons withstood,
Shall sink with the boasters in waves;
Or the soil which our Forefathers nurtured in blood
Shall drink from our bosoms the rich vital flood,
Ere Britons submit to be slaves—

No! it never shall be,—to a man will we rise
Round the King whom we love and admire.
See the phalanx we form all danger despise,
And, with hand lifted high, we make oath to the skies,
To succeed in this cause, or expire.

No! it never shall be,—that the Fair, our delight,
Shall dishonour'd go down to the grave;
All the Charities mingle, and urge to the fight,
In such cause e'en the darkness of death appears bright,
And sacred's the dust of the brave.

No! it never shall be,—that they dare to defile
The fanes of the God we adore;
He for ages has guarded our much beloved Isle,
Has bid it with Freedom and Plenty to smile,
And revered be his name on our shore.

View the noble assemblage!—a Nation in Arms!
Should legions escape us at sea,
We'll rush on the foe, in thick danger find charms,
United—exulting in War's deep alarms,
Determin'd to die, or be free.

Then, Britons, arise! 'tis our Country demands
That we guard the loved Isle of the Waves!
'Tis the soil which our Forefathers nurtured with blood,
And each vein in our bosom shall pour its rich flood
Ere Britons submit to be slaves.

TO INCLUDE THE WORDS

ASIA, ARTIFICE, and WATER,

GIVEN AS

A TASK.

That *Artifice* in *Asia* first began
Is plain, for woman there seducing man,
Did by that direful act such guilt convey
As floods of *Water* cannot wash away.

TO

HENRY KEENE, ESQ.

WITH A

DRAWING OF A FAVOURITE TULIP

FROM NATURE.

When Winter's frosts to Summer's suns succeed,
And chilling snow o'erspreads each verdant mead,
Then may the colours Art doth here disclose,
Recal the pleasures that from Nature 'rose.

THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.[a]

Prostrate before the shrine Constantia kneels,
And thus the sorrows of her heart reveals.

Hail messenger of God! in mercy sent
To cheer the wretched, sooth the penitent;
Behold, by agonizing passions torn,
A child of misery, wandering and forlorn:
Still warm in youth, still fresh in healthful bloom,
Who sees no refuge but the silent tomb;
Sad to the gay, and dreaded by the blest,
But ah! how friendly to the wretch distrest!

Imploring Heaven's all free restoring grace,
I come repentant, and with sighs confess
How much I need thy ardent, pious prayer,
Thy sharp reproof, thy constant watchful care:
With poignant grief these lips shall now reveal
What still suppress'd they dare no more conceal;

[a] Vide Spectator, No. 164.

Long has it reign'd the tyrant of my breast,
And though a tyrant, still a welcomed guest.
Oft, when amid these sacred walls I rove,
And seem to yield to Heaven my virgin love,
An earthly object twines about my heart,
And robs devotion of her purer part.
In the young dawn of life's unclouded day,
While sportive pass'd each fleeting hour away,
As wandering through the verdant meads we stray'd
He pluckt sweet flowret's for his happy maid;
With these, well pleas'd, he'd wreathe my flowing hair,
Or deck my bosom with assiduous care:
Delighted thus, from day to day we'd roam,
Nor thought of anguish in the hour to come:
As rolling years their stated circuit ran,
And gave the promise of the future man,
The kindling passion that had yet no name,
Each gentle zephyr fann'd into a flame:
To welcome the returning spring we'd rove,
Or seek in summer's heat the sheltering grove:
By Iller's mountain stream together stray,
And watch the fervid sun's departing ray:

See the bright moon assume the sovereign power,
Gild the pale night, and give the cooler hour.
How sweet, but ah! how soon thus pass'd our youth,
Endear'd with mutual vows of lasting truth,
While all unskilled in deep, prophetic lore,
We form'd bright plans of happiness in store.
We own'd our loves, and hoped each parent's hand
Would aid our joys, and join the nuptial band;
But hoped in vain, no sympathies could move,
For age, alas! forgets what 'tis to love.
And pride of wealth, with pride of birth combined,
To chase the native feelings of the mind:
In vain we urged affection's magic power
Could cheer misfortune in her darkest hour;
For when I press'd my father's once kind hand,
He chid me from him with a stern command;
No tears could melt, no arguments prevail,
No friend his firm resolve could e'er assail:
He bid me for the hymeneal rites prepare
With one who in my heart possess'd no share;
Thus, thus impell'd, what could Constantia do?
One choice was left—to bid the world adieu:

Her faithful lover, by report misled,
Had from that hated world indignant fled.
Ah! could he think that his Constantia's charms
Should be polluted by a rival's arms!—
One parting line of wo he left behind,
The faithful index of his tortured mind;
That line I wear intwined about my heart,
And from the relic but at death will part.
But all in vain I bid the world adieu
If his loved image meets my raptured view;
In vain my orisons to heaven would rise,
While words, half uttered, mix with swelling sighs.

Here tears resistless force their briny way,
And on her lips the faultless accents play;
The lovely mourner, struggling with her pain,
Continued thus the melancholy strain—
Oft, when on holy musings bent, alone,
I thus break forth in solitary moan:

'Ah! why this silence in the vaulted air,
'Why do my lips refuse themselves to prayer?

'Why still regret the path I long have trod,
'Sweet path of peace that leads unto my God?'

Yet sometimes my freed spirits mount on high,
And to the throne of God exulting fly,
Join in the notes with which heaven's arches ring,
And only seem to want an angel's wing;
Rapt in full vision of the blissful scene,
Why do earth's pleasures dare to intervene?
Why, with celestial glories in my view,
Can I not bid terrestrial joys adieu?—
When trembling at the holy fane I stand,
To yield to heaven my half devoted hand,
Whilst the loved sisters ranged around the shrine,
Their bosoms strangers to a flame like mine,
Sing their loud anthems of acknowledged praise,
Aid me, like them, my grateful voice to raise;
Nor let my Theodosius' image dare
Rush to my view, and rend my bosom there.
And grant, oh God, at that sad solemn hour
Eternal love may beam with brightest power;
Bid my aspiring spirit eager rise,
And join the harmonists of yonder skies.

Constantia thus unburdened all her grief,
And felt a momentary sweet relief.—
But who can paint her Theodosius' soul,
Which manly fortitude could scarce controul?
When whelm'd in tears, he heard Constantia tell
What prompted first to bid the world farewell;
That flattering world rush'd full upon his sight,
Blest with Constantia—teeming with delight,
How did he struggle with the rising sigh,
How check the tears that fill'd each glistening eye,
Ere he could frame the sweet reply of peace,
And bid the anguish of her bosom cease?
Then soaring with his theme—sublime as true—
He raised Religion's banners to her view,
Banners of love, by grace divine unfurl'd,
To shield the wretched, and to save a world.
By each persuasive power he urgent strove
To wean her heart from every earthly love;
Then shew'd a Saviour's wounds, for sinners given,
And pointed all the bright rewards of heaven.

TO JAMES LOSH, ESQ.

OF NEWCASTLE.

A FAREWELL.

Though time has driven his rapid car along
O'er many a hope in early life indulged,
Since last we met, my Losh, I joy to think
That we have met again: how sweet to sail
Back on the tide of time, and on its wave
Retrace the pleasures of life's opening morn;
Talk o'er the friends, the associates of our youth,
Not spent in folly's maze.—The friends we boast
Are friends of science, and of worth approved;
Nor few the pleasures my warm bosom feels
To see the man in youth I loved so well,
So happy in his choice, and in his race.
Domestic bliss, sweet plant of paradise,
Cultured with care, it scatters rich perfumes,
And yields celestial fruit: long be it thine
To taste it pure, unblighted by the storms
That ofttimes overcast serenest skies.
Adieu! Adieu! if here we meet no more,
Congenial spirits join on yonder shore.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

AN UNFORTUNATE

ON

HIS ADMISSION INTO MORDEN COLLEGE.

Ye venerable walls, I bid ye joy,
Toss'd on the waves of a tempestuous world,
And shipwreck'd on the hidden, dangerous shoals,
Of a false friend's profession;—how I hail
Your peaceful shores and harbour of repose!
Adieu! thou busy world, a long adieu;
I trust your false alluring gales no more,
But anchor'd safe, the skies all clear around,
And nature's gifts, in rich profusion spread
Here in the midst of rural smiling scenes,
Contented will I roam, and joyful pay
To Heaven my vows of ardent gratitude,
And heartfelt praise; and Providence adore
For planting in the breast HUMANITY.

INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR

AN ARBOUR AT BLACKHEATH,

Erected on the Grounds of Sir Gregory Page, and in view of the Ruins of his Mansion.

STRANGER or friend, whose steps have reach'd this spot,
To nature dear, pause, and, ere you approach,
Banish corroding care and anxious thought,
Which in this calm retreat no welcome find;
For rural quiet here hath fix'd her home:
The yellow primrose, the sweet Virgin's bower
In all its various hues, the trailing woodbine,
The modest violet, and each gaudy rose
That scents the summer, or the autumnal scene,
Offer their choicest sweets; the feather'd choir
Make vocal every spray; the country round,
So rich in verdure and so distant spread,
Delights the kindling eye; yon fallen fabric,[a]
Once the resort of grandeur and of wealth,
And splendid e'en in ruin, speaks a truth,
Howe'er discordant to the ear of man,
That he should welcome—powerfully it declares
All human greatness hastens to decay,
Virtue alone an amaranthine blooms.

[a] The mansion of Sir Gregory Page Turner, now in ruins.

SONNET TO SPRING.

I LOVE to scent the early vernal air,
To seek the violet in its deep recess,
To tear the primrose from its humble bed,
And bid them shed their beauties round my home;
Or if perchance the bubbling brook is near,
I haste and pluck the cool refreshing cress.
What though the atmosphere be damp and chill,
And moist the yielding soil beneath my feet,
Brisk exercise can chase these ills away:
And then, how sweet the choristers of air
Strain every note to hail returning spring!
Thus every sense regaled, to Heaven I raise
The notes of praise, of thankfulness. and love,
Who form'd my soul to joy in nature's charms.

MOONLIGHT SKETCH

FROM

THE PIER OF RAMSGATE,

1806.

How sweetly on the surface of the sea,
Fann'd by the gentlest breeze that nature yields,
The moon-beams sparkle on the rippling wave,
As though the lustrous diamond cavern'd there,
But fleeting as the momentary ray,
That brilliant gem emits;—the flowing tide
Urges its silvery wave along the sands
Like liquid ore pour'd from the melted mass;
The light-house throws its broad and dazzling light,
A friendly beacon to the tempest-tost,
Benighted mariner; it seems to say,
From dangerous seas here calm and safety dwell.
The Pier, a vast, stupendous work of art,
Expands its bold and wide encircling arms,
A refuge or from shipwreck, or from storm

ON ADVERSITY.

Misfortune's hand may tear away my wealth,
Despoil my fields, and lay my gardens waste,
Yet not bereave me of loved nature's charms.
The verdant meads, the yellow waving corn,
The new mown hay, the melody of birds,
The pomp of groves, the sweets of early morn,
The rural walk at eve, or the more calm
And solemn hour of night: she cannot shade
Spring's early blossoms, summer's gay attire,
Or autumn's richer hues: she cannot hide
The moon's mild radiance, or the brighter beams
Of yonder setting sun: she cannot veil
The spangled firmament, through which the mind,
Upborn on meditation's wing, will soar,
Sublime, to untold worlds—to nature's God:
She cannot rob me of my hopes of heaven.

SENT TO THE LATE

MRS. S. PARSONS OF MELKSHAM,

WITH AN EDITION OF

ROGERS'S 'PLEASURES OF MEMORY,'

NEATLY BOUND IN WHITE CALF.

Go! little book! unadorned as thou art, and insensible of thy happy destiny: oft may thy chaste page recal to remembrance of my absent friend the pleasing incidents of hours long past, which, tenderly treasured in memory, possess more than the energies of present pleasures. Should any inquire, why sent on such an embassy in so plain an attire? Why you were not gorgeously decorated and covered with the crimson mantle? Tell them, that she whom you are destined to charm, regards not the tinselled exterior, too often the substitute of internal worth; tell them, that she whose hours you occasionally may beguile is herself an example, how preferable are the adornings of a meek and quiet spirit, to the gaudy trappings of fashion's favourite daughters.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A

MONUMENT

TO THE

MEMORY OF COWPER THE POET.

THERE needs no marble monument to tell
To distant ages Cowper's raptured mind—
'Tis only placed to guard his sacred dust.

NOTES.

P. 2, l. 13. *So polish'd Darwin sings the loves of plants.*

Obscure and visionary as are many parts of the Poem of the "Loves of the Plants," it must be admitted that Darwin possessed very considerable poetical powers, had he directed them well; from numerous affecting passages I select the following:

Oft o'er thy lovely daughters, hapless *Pierce!*
Britannia heaves her sighs and dews their hearse.—
With brows upturn'd to heaven, "*We will not part!*"
He cried, and clasp'd them to his aching heart.—
Dash'd in dread conflict on the rocky grounds,
Crash the shock'd masts, the staggering wreck rebounds;
Through gaping seams the rushing deluge swims,
Chills their pale bosoms, bathes their shuddering limbs,
Climbs their white shoulders, buoys their streaming hair,
And the last sea shriek bellows in the air.—

Each with loud sobs her tender sire caress'd,
And gasping strain'd him closer to her breast!—
Stretch'd on one bier they sleep beneath the brine,
And their white bones with ivory arms intwine!

P. 2, l. 15. *In Theophrastus or in Pliny's page.*

The historical æra of botany commences with Theophrastus, the disciple of Aristotle. He was born at Eresium, in the island of Lesbos; and flourished in the third century before the Christian æra, being about 100 years posterior to Hippocrates. His work is entitled "The History of Plants," and treats of their origin, propagation, anatomy, of the construction of vegetable life, and of vegetation. It consisted originally of ten books: but only nine are now extant. In these, vegetables are distributed into seven classes or primary divisions, which have for their object *the generation of plants;* their place of growth; their size, as trees, or shrubs; their use as pot-herbs and esculent grains; and their lactescence, or the liquor of whatever colour, that flows from plants when cut. In this work about five hundred

different plants are described. In the following passage from Pliny may be traced the germ of the Linnæan System.

"Moreover all learned men who are deeply studied in the secrets of nature, are of opinion, and do teach us, that in all trees and plants, nay even in all things that proceed out of the earth, even in the very herbs there are both sexes. But there is no tree whatsoever in which this distinction of male and female appeareth more than in palm trees."—PLINY, Nat. Hist. Bo. 13, ch. 4.

P. 3, l. 1. *Yon ivy too, with its encircling arms.*

An intelligent friend objected to my introducing the Ivy as illustrative of Affection, it being considered a parasitical plant. But it is by no means certain, that the Ivy injures the tree round which it climbs; neither Evelyn in his Silva Critica, nor Martyn in his Botanic Dictionary, asserts that it does.—Evelyn has a remarkable passage.

"The removal of Ivy, if very old, and when it

has long invested its support is attended with pernicious consequences, the tree frequently dying from the sudden exposure to unaccustomed cold."

Strickly speaking, vegetable life does not afford any instance of affection—it cannot; the woodbine and the ivy are only offered here as emblems thereof; and when the habits of their growth are considered, this is surely no great stretch of poetic licence.

P. 3, l. 12. *Ascending in creation's ranks, observe*
The feather'd race:

Numerous instances of affectionate attachment present themselves from among the feathered race.

The affection of the partridge for her young is peculiarly strong and lively: she is greatly assisted in the care of rearing them by her male, they lead them out in common, call them together, point out to them their proper food, and assist them in finding it, by scratching the ground with their feet; they frequently set close by each other, covering the chickens with their wings like the hen: in this situa-

tion they are not easily flushed; the sportsman who is attentive to the preservation of his game, will carefully avoid giving any disturbance to a scene so truly interesting; but should the pointer come too near, or unfortunately run in upon them, there are few who are ignorant of the confusion that follows. The male first gives the signal of alarm by a peculiar cry of distress, throwing himself at the same moment more immediately in the way of danger, in order to deceive the enemy, he flies, or rather runs, along the ground, hanging his wings, and exhibiting every symptom of debility, whereby the dog is decoyed by a too eager expectation of an easy prey, to a distance from the covey; the female flies off in a contrary direction, and to a greater distance, but returning soon after by secret ways, she finds her scattered brood closely squatted among the grass, and, collecting them with haste, she leads them from the danger before the dog has had time to return from his pursuit.

Pigeons are gentle and lively: they are fond of society, and are emblems of connubial attachment, they

are faithful to their mates, whom they solicit with the softest cooings and the tenderest caresses.

A sitting hen is also a lively emblem of the most affectionate solicitude and attention; she covers her eggs with her wings, fosters them with a genial warmth, changing them gently, that all parts may be properly heated: she seems to perceive the importance of her employment, and is so intent in her occupation, that she neglects, in some measure, the necessary supplies of food: she omits no care, overlooks no precaution to complete the existence of the little incipient beings, and to guard against the dangers that threaten them.

P. 4, l. 4. *The farewell anthem to thine own decease.*

Naturalists affirm of the nightingale, that when robbed of its young, it frequently will fly to some tree, and by its mournful tones sing itself to death.

The late Charles Fox thought the nightingale's song an expression of pleasure. Wordsworth has an observation to the same purport. Milton thought

otherwise; and it has occurred to my own observation, that a lady of strong understanding and genuine sensibility, is so affected by the midnight tones of the nightingale, as always to feel oppressed by them. I believe the fact to be, that the song of the nightingale is in such perfect harmony, that it vibrates to the different sensations of those who hear it, and is thought either cheerful or melancholy, according to the state of mind of the person who listens to it.

Though slow in acquiring it, the nightingale is susceptible of an unshaken attachment. It distinguishes the step of its master, and welcomes his approach with the music of joy; and even in the moulting season it idly strains its enfeebled organs to express the warmth of its heart. Sometimes it dies of melancholy at the loss of its benefactor, and if it survives the shock, it is tardy in forming new attachments."—BUFFON, vol. v. Nightingale.

In agreement with the above observations will be found in the sixty-third Volume of the Philosophical transactions, a scale of the comparative merit of British singing birds, in which, supposing twenty the

point of perfection. For mellowness of tone—plaintive notes—compass—and execution, the nightingale stands nineteen.—But for sprightly notes, she stands only at fourteen; much below the sky-lark, linnet, goldfinch, or robin.

P. 4, l. 10. *Yet one has met a better, worthier fate.*

In a meadow at the sweet retirement of St. Boniface, in the midst of the romantic beauties of the southern shores of the Isle of Wight, a rustic seat is erected in remembrance of the long and faithful service of a Calabrian poney, who was named Vesuvius, in consequence of his carrying Mr. Bowdler to an eruption on a part of that mountain, to which no horse was ever known to have ascended. He conveyed the same master across the Simplon and the Gemmi, two of the most difficult passes of the Alps; and after travelling with him above ten thousand miles during ten years, he died of extreme age, in this field, which bears his name; and was buried under the turf in front of this bench, Feb. 9, 1801.

For e'en this turf, (though here no hapless maid
Rouse the fond muse to mourn her early doom),
Shall Mem'ry, with its silken wings o'ershade,
Point the low dust, and consecrate the tomb.

And oft as he whose nurt'ring fondness fed
The humble tenant of this dark abode,
Bends o'er the spot where mingled with the dead,
Sleeps the companion of his weary road.

Shall recollection weave with pensive hand
Gay visions floating in the loom of truth:
As oft near Baia's shore, on classic land
Thy faithful steps sustain'd his wand'ring youth.

With thee secure on Alpine snows he trod,
Climb'd burning mounts, and dar'd the yawning steep,
But here at length beneath a lowly sod,
No more to wander must thy ashes sleep.

Since such the lot of all:—whoe'er thou art,
Learn gentle patience, faithful friendship here,
With firm and cautious steps perform thy part,
And claim the tribute of as just a tear.

WINTONIENSIS.

P. 4, l. 15. —— *the beauteous wilds*
Sweet Vectis' isle displays;

To those who are unacquainted with the romantic scenery of the southern shores of the Isle of Wight, no words can give any adequate idea of its beauties: but to those who have visited them, the following extract from Windham's Tour, must strongly recall them to recollection.

"The distance from Knowles to Bonchurch, which is the eastern termination of the Undercliff, is nearly six miles, but they are such miles as are not, for their singularity, perhaps, to be paralleled in the whole world.

Bold cliffs, low lands, or declining shores, are the usual boundaries of the ocean: but on this extravagant coast, a wall-like, rectilinear precipice of lofty rock extends itself for some miles in length, and at the distance of more than a mile from the sea: in this interval of rock and water, colossal fragments of stone, torn or sunk from the precipice, by some great convulsion of nature, are scattered below in the

most irregular confusion. These solid masses are of such a ponderous magnitude, that they form high eminences of the most capricious shapes, while their intermediate spaces become deep vallies, in which houses are built, and even ashes and elms are seen to flourish, sheltered from the storms and the spray of the sea, by the hospitable and lofty shades of the fragments.

Every spot of this land, that can bear the impression of a plough, is uncommonly fertile and well cultivated; but the fruitful patches are of all sizes and figures, and the huge rocks, covered with briars, frequently arise from amidst a polygon enclosure of two or three acres."

Some faint idea of this country may, perhaps, be conceived from the above description, which, from the towering hills above, appears to the eye like a level plain; but which, when seen from the sea, rises like a series of gigantic steps, that seem to lead from the cliffs of the shore, which are even there of great elevation, to the summit of the grand perpendicular wall. The houses of St. Lawrence are interspersed

between these majestic ruins of nature; and its little diminutive church is erected upon one of its fragments, but which, indeed, contains a surface sufficient for the foundation of a cathedral."

P. 5, l. 17. *Would he had found his struggling master there.*

"During a severe storm in the winter of 1789, a ship, belonging to Newcastle, was lost near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which in all probability was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great care and attention for every thing that came

from the wrecked vessel, seizing them and endeavouring to bring them to land."—BEWICK'S QUADRUPEDS.

The following traditionary ballad is preserved with much care at Bethgellert, in North Wales, and is said to be founded on a fact: it places the attachment and faithful services of the canine species in a most interesting point of view.

BETH-GELERT;[a]

OR,

The Grave of the Greyhound.

I.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewellyn's horn.

[a] Llewellyn the Great had a house here. The Greyhound, Gelert, was given to him by his father-in-law king John, in the year 1205; and the palace to this day is called Beth-Gelert, or the Grave of Gelert.

II.

And still he blew a tender blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
" Come, Gelert, come—wert never last
" Llewellyn's horn to hear.

III.

" Oh where does faithful Gelert roam,
" The flower of all his race,
" So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
" A lion in the chace?"

IV.

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed,
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And centinel'd his bed.

V.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of Royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

VI.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidlings rise,

All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

VII.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chace of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

VIII.

Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal gate,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

IX.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood,
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

X.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

XI.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

XII.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stain'd covert rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent!

XIII.

He call'd his child; no voice replied;
He search'd with terror wild:
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child.

XIV.

"Hell hound! my child by thee's devour'd,"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side!

XV.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,

But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

XVI.

Arouz'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer was waken'd nigh—
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant cry!

XVII.

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd;
All glowing from his rosy sleep
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

XVIII.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

XIX.

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain?
For now the truth was clear
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

XX.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's wo,
" Best of thy kind adieu!
" The frantic blow which laid thee low,
" This heart shall ever rue."

XXI.

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt,
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

XXII.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

XXXIII.

And there he hung his horn and spear,—
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy he would often hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

XXIV.

And till great Snowdon's rocks do mould,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's grave.

P. 6, l. 4. *Attachment strong scarce ceasing e'en in death.*

The white bear brings forth two young at a time. Their fondness for their offspring is so great, that they will die rather than desert them: wounds serve only to make the attachment more violent. They embrace their cubs to the last, and bemoan them with the most piteous cries.[a]

[a] The white bear proves a ferocious and dangerous enemy to those who approach the inclement shores of Greenland; and both from its rude appearance, and from the inhospitable climate which it inhabits, we should conclude it to be among the most hardened of the savage race. Yet even in this animal some remarkable traits of instinctive tenderness have been observed. Some sailors belonging to a Greenlandman, in putting off from the shore, observed a bear, with her cub, stealing away from the place where she had been lurking for them. They fired, and the cub fell. Next day, as they approached the shore in the same place, they were surprised to discover the bear at the very spot where they had fired upon her. By the help of a glass, they could perceive her crouched by the side of her dead cub, licking it with her tongue, and occasionally employing her paw to move it towards her dug, as if she would have tempted it to take its usual nourishment. As they advanced, she made no effort to escape; and when they fired, her writhing and groans gave symptoms of her having received a severe wound; yet still she did not stir from the place where her dead cub lay. A second shot put an end to the sufferings of this savage animal, which had displayed a maternal tenderness that would have been admired in the human race.

"The ferocity of the bear is as remarkable as its attachment to its young. A few years since, the crew of a boat belonging to a ship in the whale-fishery, shot at a bear at a great distance, and wounded it. The animal immediately set up the most dreadful yells, and ran along the ice towards the boat. Before it reached it a second shot was fired and hit it. This served but to increase its fury. It presently swam to the boat, and in attempting to get on board, reached its fore-foot upon the gunnel; but one of the crew having a hatchet, cut it off. The animal still continued to swim after them till they arrived at the ship; and several shots were fired at it which also took effect: but on reaching the ship it immediately ascended the deck, and the crew having fled into the shrowds, it was pursuing them thither, when a shot laid it dead."—Bewick's Quadrupeds.

P. 6, l. 5. *Unwieldy Elephant! sagacious beast,*

Of all the creatures that have hitherto been taken into the service of man, the elephant is pre-eminent

in the size and strength of his body, and inferior to none in sagacity and obedience: when tamed it is gentle, obedient, and docile. Patient of labour, it submits to the most toilsome drudgery, and is so attentive to the commands of its governor, that a word or a look is sufficient to stimulate it to the most violent exertions. Its attachment to its keeper is so great, that it caresses him with its trunk, and frequently will obey no other master: it knows his voice, and can distinguish the tone of command of anger or approbation, and regulates its actions accordingly: it receives his orders with attention, and executes them with eagerness, but without precipitation.

The manner of taking, taming, and rendering these animals submissive, is curious: in the midst of a forest abounding with elephants, a large piece of ground is marked out, and surrounded with strong palisades, interwoven with branches of trees: one end of the inclosure is narrow, from which it widens gradually, so as to take in a great extent of country. Several thousand men are employed on the occasion,

who place themselves in such a manner as to prevent the wild elephants from making their escape: they kindle large fires at certain distances, and make a dreadful noise with drums and various kinds of discordant instruments, calculated for the purpose of stunning and terrifying the poor animals; whilst another party, consisting of some thousands, with the assistance of tame female elephants trained for the purpose, drive the wild elephants slowly towards the great opening of the inclosure, the whole train of hunters closing in after them, shouting and making a great noise, till they are driven by insensible degrees into the narrow part of the inclosure, through which there is an opening into a smaller space, strongly fenced in, and guarded on all sides. As soon as one of the elephants enters this strait, a strong bar closes the passage from behind, and he finds himself completely environed. On the top of this narrow passage some of the huntsmen stand with goads in their hands, urging the creature forward to the end of the passage, whence there is an opening just wide enough to let

him pass. He is now received into the custody of two females, who stand on each side of him, and press him into the service: if he be likely to prove refractory, they begin to discipline him with their trunks, till he is reduced to obedience, and suffers himself to be led to a tree, where he is bound by the leg with stout thongs, made of untanned elk or buck skin. The tame elephants are then led back to the inclosure, and the others are made to submit in the same manner. They are all suffered to remain fast to the trees for several days. Attendants are placed by the side of each animal, who supply him with food by little and little, till he is brought by degrees to be sensible of kindness and caresses, and allows himself to be led to the stable. In the space of fourteen days his absolute submission is completed. During that time, he is fed daily with cocoa-nut leaves, and led once a day to the water by the tame ones. He becomes accustomed to the voice of his keeper, and at last quietly resigns his prodigious powers to the dominion of man.

P. 6, l. 6. *Connective link to man's intelligence.*

"We are now to treat of other living creatures, and first of land beasts, among which the elephant is the greatest, and cometh nearest in wit and capacity to men, for they understand the language of that country wherein they are bred; they do whatsoever they are commanded, they remember what duties they are taught, and withal take a pleasure and delight in love, and also in glory; nay more than all this, they embrace goodness, honesty, prudence, and equity, (rare qualities, I must tell you, to be found amongst men)."—PLINY's Nat. Hist. B. 8. Ch. 1.

P. 6, l 15. *A hungry elephant his food withheld.*

To disappoint an elephant is dangerous, as he seldom fails to be revenged. The following instance is recorded as a fact:—"An elephant disappointed of its reward, out of revenge killed its cornac, or governor. The poor man's wife, who beheld the dreadful scene, took her two infants, and threw them at the feet of the

enraged animal, saying, 'Since you have slain my husband, take my life also, as well as that of my children.' The elephant instantly stopped, relented, and as if stung with remorse, took the eldest boy in its trunk, placed him on its back, adopted him for its cornac, and would never allow any other person to mount it."

Bruce also relates the following interesting instance of the affection of the elephant. Vol. IV. p. 302.

There now remained but two elephants of those that had been discovered, which were a she one with her calf. The Agageer would willingly have let these alone, as the teeth of the female were only small, and the young one is of no sort of value, even for food, its flesh shrinking much upon drying. But the hunters would not be limited in their sport. The people having observed the place of her retreat thither we eagerly followed. She was very soon found, and as soon lamed by the Agageers, but when they came to wound her with the darts, as every one did in their turn, to our very great surprize, the young one, which had been suffered to escape unheeded

and unpursued, came out from the thicket, apparently in great anger, running upon the horses and men with all the violence it was master of. I was amazed; and, as much as ever I was on such an occasion, afflicted at seeing the great affection of the little animal defending its wounded mother, heedless of its own life or safety. I therefore cried to them for God's sake to spare the mother, though it was then too late, and the calf had then made several attacks upon me, which I avoided without difficulty; but I am happy to this day in the reflection that I did not strike it.

P. 7, l. 5. *Some dreadful instance of such stern revenge.*

At the Cape of Good Hope, it is customary to kill the elephants for the sake of their teeth, by the chace. Three horsemen, well mounted and armed with lances, attack the elephant alternately, each relieving the other as they see their companions pressed, till the beast is subdued. Three Dutchmen, bro-

thers, who had made large fortunes by this business, determined to retire to Europe and enjoy the fruits of their labours; but resolved, before they went, to have a last chase by the way of amusement: they met with their game, and began to attack in the usual manner; but unfortunately one of the horses fell down and flung its rider: the enraged animal instantly seized the unhappy man with its trunk, flung him up to a vast height in the air, and received him on one of his tusks.

P. 8, l. 10. *Have kindled towards some well-remembered haunt.*

It is evident from the savage of Aveyron's frequent attempts to escape again to the woods, after so much kindness and attention had been paid to him, that he must have had some inducement to return to those woods, some favourite resort, or some more grateful food or beverage which left on his mind a strong degree of attachment.

This attachment of mankind to their native climate

and habits however uncomfortable, and however rude, is exemplified by so many striking instances, as to render a selection difficult. To the inhabitants of more genial regions, nothing can appear more revolting than the dreary wastes of snow, the nights protracted through half a year, the train oil meals, and the smoky caverns to which the forlorn Laplanders are doomed. Yet such are the attractions which habit infuses into these miserable haunts, that no Laplander is ever known to emigrate; or if any one happens to be forcibly carried to more hospitable regions, he immediately begins to languish, and actually dies of an incurable longing to revisit his native scenes. I need only recount the well-known instance of the Hottentot, who, after having been brought to Europe, and made accquainted with the habits of civilized life; no sooner found himself again at the Cape of Good Hope, than he took the first opportunity to escape into the woods to his countrymen, and exchange his European finery for the entrails of sheep, with which that filthy race ornament their persons

P. 8, l. 18. *Land of Affection and heart-felt delight—*

I never could read the interesting account of the Pelew Islands without tears; nor can I resist to adorn these pages with the following extracts from that narrative, which so forcibly illustrate the power of affection in a state of simplicity.

When Captain Wilson and his crew were about to depart from the Islands, after having experienced from Abba Thulle and his people attentions that would do honour to the most polished state: he introduces his son Prince Lee Boo to Captain Wilson in the following interesting manner.

"That he was henceforth to look upon Captain Wilson as another father, and win his affection by following his advice. Then addressing the Captain, he said,—When Lee Boo got to England he would have such fine things to see, that he might chance to slip away from him to run after novelty; but that he hoped the Captain would keep him as much as he could under his eye, and endeavour to moderate the eagerness of his youth."

After further conversation relative to the confidence reposed in Captain Wilson, Abba Thulle concluded his recommendation in nearly these expressions:—" I would wish you to inform Lee Boo of all things which he ought to know, and make him an Englishman. The subject of parting with my son I have frequently revolved; I am well aware that the distant countries he must pass through, differing much from his own, may expose him to dangers, as well as to diseases that are unknown to us here, in consequence of which he may die:—I have prepared my thoughts for this; I know that death is to all men inevitable, and whether my son meets this event at Pelew, or elsewhere, is immaterial.—I am satisfied, from what I have observed of the humanity of your character, that if he be sick, you will be kind to him; and should that happen, which your utmost care cannot prevent, let it not hinder you, or your brother, or your son, or any of your countrymen, returning here; I shall receive you, or any of your people, in friendship, and rejoice to see you again."

At their departure, loaded as they were by Abba

Thulle's bounty, even to superfluity, with whatever he conceived might be useful or pleasant to his departing friends, yet on either side of the ship were a multitude of canoes filled with the common natives, who had all brought presents from themselves, intreating they might be accepted. It was in vain that they were told that the vessel was so full there was no room to receive any thing more, each held up a little something, "Only this from me,"—"Only this from me,"—was the general cry; the repetition of which was urged with such supplicating countenances, and watery eyes, that this bewitching testimony of affection and generosity almost overcame every one on board. From some of those who were nearest a few yams or cocoa nuts were accepted; and the poor creatures, whose intreaties could not be attended to, unable to bear the disappointment, paddled ahead, and threw the little presents they had brought into the pinnace, totally ignorant that she was to return back.

Abba Thulle accompanied the English in their vessel almost to the reef. Seeing Captain Wilson

busied in giving directions to his people, he stopt till he found him quite at liberty, and then went up to him and embraced him with great tenderness, shewing by his looks and voice how much he was distressed to bid him farewell; he shook all the officers by the hand in a most cordial manner, saying, "*You are happy because you are going home;—I am happy to find you are happy—but still very unhappy myself to see you going away.*"—Then assuring our people of his affectionate wishes for their successful voyage, went over the side of the vessel into his canoe.

Most of the chiefs on board left them at the same time, except Raa Kook, and when the moment of separation arrived, *he was so affected,* that he was at first unable to speak; he took them cordially by the hand, and pointing with the other to his heart, said, "*it was there he felt* the pain of bidding them farewell;" nor were there any on board who saw his departure without sharing nearly the same distress. Our countrymen might with truth say, *they left a whole people in tears;* and so sensibly were they impressed themselves by this interesting scene, that

when Abba Thulle and his train returned back to Oroolong they were hardly able to give him three cheers.

The happiness of his people seemed to be always in Abba Thulle's thoughts; and had his lot been thrown to rule over a great nation connected with mankind, his talents and his natural disposition might have made him the Peter of the southern world!

P. 9, l. 4. *Have numbered o'er the knots—the note of time*
Allow'd to absence—

"The evening before the Oroolong sailed, the king asked Captain Wilson how long it might be before his return to Pelew? and being told, that it would probably be about thirty moons, or might chance to extend to six more, Abba Thulle drew from his basket a piece of line, and, after making thirty knots on it, a little distance from each other, left a long space, and then adding six others, carefully put it by.

As the slow but sure steps of time have been

moving onward, the reader's imagination will figure the anxious parent, resorting to this cherished remembrancer, and with joy untying the earlier records of each elapsing period;—as he sees him advancing on his line, he will conceive the joy redoubled;—and when nearly approaching to the thirtieth knot, almost accusing the planet of the night for passing so tardily away.

When verging towards the termination of his latest reckoning, he will then picture his mind, glowing with parental affection, occasionally alarmed by doubt, yet still buoyed up by hope; he will fancy him pacing inquisitively the sea-shore, and often commanding his people to ascend every rocky height, and glance their eyes along the level line of the horizon which bounds the surrounding ocean, to see if haply it might not in some part be broken by the distant appearance of a returning sail.

Lastly, he will view the good Abba Thulle, wearied out by that expectation which so many returning moons since his reckoning ceased, have by this time taught him he had nourished in vain. But the reader

will bring him back to his remembrance, as armed with that unshaken fortitude that was equal to the trials of varying life. He will not in him, as in less manly spirits, see the passions rushing into opposite extremes—Hope turned to Despair—Affection converted to Hatred.—No—After some allowance for their natural fermentation, he will suppose them all placidly subsiding into the calm of resignation!

Should this not be absolutely the case of our friendly king—as the human mind is far more pained by uncertainty than a knowledge of the worst—every reader will lament, he should to this moment remain ignorant, that his long looked for son can return no more.

At Rome the life of one citizen saved, gave a claim to the civic wreath.—At Pelew, so many of our countrymen rescued from distress, and, by Abba Thulle's protection and benevolence, not only saved from inevitable destruction, but enabled to return in safety to their families and friends, hath a still stronger claim to a wreath from British Gratitude!

P. 9, l. 19. *To Jumba's plains and her uncultur'd sports.*

"Arriving at Jumbo, the native town of a blacksmith in his retinue, he was met by a number of people from the town, all of whom demonstrated great joy at seeing their old acquaintance the blacksmith, by the most extravagant jumping and singing.

The meeting between him and his relations was very tender, for these rude children of nature, free from restraint, display their emotions in the strongest and most expressive manner. Amidst these transports the blacksmith's aged mother was led forth, leaning upon a staff. Every one made way for her, and she stretched out her hand to bid her son welcome. Being totally blind, she stroked his hands, arms, and face, with great care, and seemed highly delighted that her latter days were blessed by his return, and that her ears once more heard the music of his voice. From this interview I was fully convinced that whatever difference there is between the negro and the European in the conformation of the nose,

and the colour of the skin, there is none in the genuine sympathies and characteristic features of our common nature."—PARK's TRAVELS, p. 122, 8vo. ed.

P. 11, l. 10. *Who but can heave the deeply painful sigh—*

And with what unaffected simplicity and true feeling does Gifford, (the elegant translator of Juvenal) in the preface to that work, describe his sensations on the loss of a benefactor and friend!

"I began this unadorned narrative (of his own Life) on the 15th of Jan. 1801;—twenty years have elapsed since I lost my benefactor and friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness: I yet cherish his memory with filial respect; and at this distant period my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name."

P. 11, l. 11. *O'er the sad relics of a friend entomb'd.*

"In China the descendants from a common stock visit the tombs of their forefathers together, at stated

times. This joint care, and indeed other occasions, collect and unite the most remote relations. They cannot lose sight of each other; and seldom become indifferent to their respective concerns. The child is bound to labour and to provide for his parents' maintenance and comfort, and the brother for the brother and sister that are in extreme want; the failure of which duty would be followed by such detestation, that it is not necessary to enforce it by positive law. Even the most distant kinsman, reduced to misery by accident or ill health, has a claim on his kindred for relief. Manners stronger far than laws, and indeed inclination, produced and nurtured by intercourse and intimacy, secure assistance for him. These habits and manners fully explain the fact which unhappily appears extraordinary to Europeans, that no spectacles of distress are seen to excite the compassion, and implore the casual charity of individuals."—Macartney's Embassy, vol. ii, p. 108.

A similar habit of visiting the graves of deceased relatives prevails also in some parts of Wales.

P. 11, l. 12. *Thus pensive Petrarch mourn'd his Laura's fate.*

The death of Laura appears to have had so durable an effect on the mind of Petrarch, as to give a strong shade of pensiveness to his character; he is said to have composed upwards of 300 Sonnets to Love and Laura. It is beyond contradiction that their attachment was of a pure kind—a true congeniality of mind and disposition; and however it may be alleged that Platonic affections are dangerous experiments on virtue, it must be admitted that they have existed with the strictest propriety and purity of conduct; strict principles of morality and religion are necessary foundations of such attachments.

"I bless the happy moment," says Petrarch, "that directed my heart to Laura. She led me to see the path of virtue, to detach my heart from base and groveling objects: from her I am inspired with that celestial flame which raises my soul to heaven, and directs it to the supreme cause, as the only source of happiness."

The affectionate tenderness that subsisted between Cowper and his Mary, might also be adduced;—to this the author could add another instance that subsisted with the strictest purity of conduct till death.

P. 11, l. 19. *Say what affection fills the patriot's breast.*

How sweetly and how forcibly hath Scott, in his Lay of the last Minstrel, described patriotic attachment.

I.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd.
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concenter'd all in self,

Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still as I view each well known scene,
Think what is now, and what has been,
Seems as to me of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in the extremity of ill.

P. 12, l. 8. *Thy country owns the boon thy courage sought.*

Britons may yet congratulate each other that they are not like the fallen kingdoms of Europe, prostrated by treachery or conquest at the foot of a military despotism, more dreadful than has for ages

past tyrannized over mankind. But whilst they triumph in the fact, may they cherish with gratitude the remembrance that they owe it, under a directing Providence, to the wisdom and bravery of their ancestors, who have interwoven into the fabric of the British constitution principles of true liberty and equal laws, which, when endangered, are most valued, and rallied around with the ardour that they demand.

P. 13, l. 12. *Helvetia! at thy fate my bosom burns.*

Who that recollects the noble struggles of the brave Swiss for the preservation of their liberties, and the happy simplicity of manners that prevailed among them, the consequence of their freedom, as delineated by the animated pen of Rousseau, and confirmed by modern travellers, but must lift the sigh of regret at their present degraded situation under the tyranny of Napoleon Buonaparte?

"I could have spent the whole time in contemplating these magnificent landscapes, if I had not found still greater pleasure in the conversation of its

inhabitants. In my observations you will find a slight sketch of their manners, their simplicity, their equality of soul, and of that peacefulness of mind which renders them happy by an exemption from pain, rather than by the enjoyment of pleasure. But what I was unable to describe, and which is almost impossible to be conceived, is their disinterested humanity and hospitable zeal to oblige every stranger whom chance or curiosity bring to visit them."—ROUSSEAU.

"Happy people, the nature of whose country, and the constitution of whose government, both equally oppose the strongest barriers against the introduction of luxury.

"Nothing delights me so much as the inside of a Swiss cottage: all those I have hitherto visited convey the liveliest image of cleanliness, ease, and simplicity; and cannot but strongly impress upon the observer a most pleasing conviction of the peasant's happiness.

"If that sort of government be confessedly the best which constitutes the greatest good of the greatest number in the community, these little states, not-

withstanding the natural defects of a democratical constitution, may justly claim a large share of our approbation. General liberty, general independence, and an exemption from arbitrary taxes, are blessings which amply compensate for a want of those refinements that are introduced by opulence and luxury.

"Such perfect ease and plenty reign throughout these mountains, that I scarcely saw one object of poverty: the natural effects of industry under a mild and equitable government."—COXE'S TRAVELS IN SWITZERLAND.

Montgomery, in his "Wanderer of Switzerland," has well described their present degraded state.

"Aye—'twas Switzerland of yore;
But, degraded spot of earth!
Thou art Switzerland no more.

O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd;
Like the waters of the flood,
Rolling round a buried world."

P. 14, l. 3. *That thus he bade the minions of his power.*

Had the government of France listened to the voice of her philosophers, corrected her abuses, husbanded her finances, and by degrees infused freedom into her laws, Europe would not now have groaned beneath the desolations and tyrannies of Napoleon Buonaparte. Dark and awful is the night with which she is threatened; the mere philosopher can only brood over her fate with terror; it is the peculiar privilege of the Christian, that he can repose with confidence in the reflexion, that the God who rides on the whirlwind, directs the storm.

P. 14, l. 19. *There strew a varied and a plenteous store.*

This is an experiment which has been tried with great success, and might be repeated in almost every country place that affords sufficient retirement.

Dr. Lettsom observes, in a Letter dated Grove-hill, Dec. 9, 1801:

"I am, as an individual, so well satisfied with the visits of the feathered tribe on my premises in the vicinity of London, as not only to discourage their destruction, but in severe weather, of frost or snow, to sprinkle corn in the walks for their preservation; and it might be suggested, from the numbers and varieties that frequent these premises, that they possess some medium of conveying to each other a sense of the security they enjoy. Some, indeed, that are rare in these parts of England, I frequently meet with. Without much water I have the king's fisher. The diminutive and beautiful golden-headed wren is my denizen; the jay enlivens the trees, and creepers and wood-peckers climb their trunks."

P. 15, l. 13. *With the rich purchase of her Nelson's life.*

Who ever fell so regretted as Lord Nelson, though in the arms of victory? Britain looked up to him as her shield against a tyrannic and vindictive conqueror, who had long threatened to desolate her shores, and

steep her fields in blood; and who only desired to be able to conquer her on the ocean, that he might invade her with success, and pour in his innumerable armies, regardless how many would be sacrificed in the attempt. With this view he had concentrated the forces of France and Spain; and had they been successful, Britain would have had to defend herself upon her own shores, and with the price of much of her best blood. At this moment it pleased Providence to give to the undaunted mind of Nelson an opportunity of engaging the enemy; the consequences I need not tell, they are too deeply engraven on the memory of Britons, and are felt wherever Britain's name is known. Nor let the following instance of the affection of British tars to the remains of the hero who had in so many instances led them on to victory, be forgotten.

"It was certainly the intention of Lord Collingwood to have sent the body of Lord Nelson home in the Euryalus, until a very strong reluctance was manifested by the crew of the Victory to part with so precious a relict, to which they felt almost an exclusive claim: they remonstrated through one of their

boatswain's mates against the removal, upon a ground that could not be resisted:—he said, "the Noble Admiral had fought with them, and fell on their own deck; that if, by being put on board a frigate, his body should fall into the hands of the enemy, it would make their loss doubly grievous to them; and, therefore, that they were one and all resolved to carry it safely to England, or go to the bottom along with it themselves!"

It is said of Lord Nelson, that the fire of battle was his native element. Commanders of the most undaunted courage have acknowledged, that at the commencement of an action they have generally experienced sensations of an awful nature till the conflict had begun. But Lord Nelson never appeared more collected, more eager, or more elated, than in the preparation for and commencement of an action. I have this anecdote from the mouth of a nobleman under whom Nelson was trained, and who has himself received the rewards of a grateful country for distinguished naval services.

"How are the mighty fallen!" When we contemplate the death of an Abercrombie—a Nelson—a

Pitt—a Thurlow—a Fox—great public characters, which the Author of existence has called into eternity at the moment when our country most seemed to want their exertions in time, how imperiously are we taught to repose alone in the living God; and resplendent as is every page of our naval history, the achievements of Nelson have eclipsed all former brightness. Yet he, conscious that the battle is not always to the strong, never proceeded to action without imploring protection and victory from the Almighty; and never terminated a conflict without a public service of grateful adoration.

P. 17, l. 18. *And crimes like these, must hasten thy decay.*

That national crimes are followed by national punishments, is a truth which the voice of prophecy, and the page of history, fully prove. He is the true patriot who exerts himself to promote the public virtue of his country, and who directs his powers to deplore and check her vices. With what satis-

faction and gratitude therefore ought we to view the act that has abolished Negro Slavery, which has been one of those national enormities that have rendered us liable to the wrath of the Almighty; may we venture to contemplate it as the dawn of a brighter day for Britain—may it be the commencement of those ameliorations which are yet required, and which effected by the legislature in a gradual way cannot be attended with the convulsions which have subverted a neighbouring country.

P. 18, l. 13. *Of Britain's danger to protect her cause.*

When the dreadful consequences of the present system of impressing seamen are considered, to many of which I have been a witness, in the dispersion and ruin of their families, it is much to be lamented that some system of enrolment is not tried, and an annual income allowed, that sailors might be always at hand when wanted; on this plan their families would be arranged accordingly, and a vast amount of crime and misery prevented.

P. 19, l. 10. *The peerless monarch of Britannia's realm.*

It is to be regretted that we are not furnished with more authentic accounts of the life and actions of our immortal Alfred—a man to whom England owes, under God, her present dignified situation among nations; such monarchs are blessings to the land over which they rule: had the victorious emperor of a neighbouring nation been actuated by similar principles, how might he have diffused happiness around a smiling world, instead of marking his path with desolation, and handing down his memory in detestation to posterity.

P. 20, l. 1. *But call not by Affection's sacred name.*

Benevolence to the whole species, and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors come into contact, form the character of the new philosophy. BURKE.

What has this cold philosophy to offer in competition with the gratifying emotions of Affection? Nothing. The lovely charities of life are so extensively diffused through creation as to load every mo-

ment with blessings; and although no one pays greater respect to high talent, and exalted worth than I do, yet had it been my destiny to be traversing the ocean with one of my children, and George Washington a fellow-passenger, a name that I revere, and overtaken by shipwreck, I had the power to save one only of the crew, in spite of modern philosophy, I would have clasped my child to my bosom, though I had left a Washington to perish.

P. 22, l. 5. *The nightly tribute of a falling tear.*

In the church-yard of the rural village of Lee, in Kent, a handsome monument was erected in 1794, to the Right Hon. Charles Trevor Roper, Baron Dacre, by his widow, "as a testimonial of their distinguished unclouded union for upwards of twenty-one years; their unexampled happiness, and of the unbounded confidence in which they lived:" the monument itself is kept uncommonly clean, the ground about it is neatly gravelled, and his widow, the present Lady Dacre, in all weathers pays her evening visit to the tomb.

P. 22. l. 8. *Spare, spare yon ancient cross,—*

This refers to the beautiful cross near Waltham Abbey, erected to the memory of Eleanor of Castile, first wife of Edward I, who accompanied him when Prince of Wales, in the crusade to the Holy Land. During the campaign the prince was attacked and wounded in his tent by a Saracen with a poisoned weapon. The poison was so potent as to baffle the abilities of his physicians, and he was deemed incurable. At this awful period his amiable consort, anxious to save the life of a husband without whom existence to her was of no value, formed the magnanimous resolution of risking her health and life to preserve his. She therefore applied her delicate lips to the rankling wound, and never ceased night nor day at stated times, in performing her benevolent office, till she had extracted the poison and restored the prince to his accustomed health.

After being a faithful wife for thirty-six years to king Edward, she deceased at Herby, in Lincolnshire,

Nov. 29, 1290, and the king, so ardent was his affection for her memory, erected to her honour crosses and statues, at Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, *Waltham*, and Charing Cross.—Antiquities of England and Wales.

The strong power of conjugal affection has often manifested itself in the female sex, not only by those acts of tenderness which peculiarly belong to them, but also in a fortitude which places them on a level with heroes. At that dreadful period, when Rome, once so free and heroic, fell under the rod of the most cruel despots, virtue became a crime in that city where it had once been so highly honoured. The most distinguished citizens became the earliest victims; and it was only by a voluntary death, that the accused, however innocent, were allowed to save their fortunes from confiscation, and their families from ruin. Among others who fell under a false accusation was Cæcina Pætus, a man eminent for his rank, his philosophy, and his virtue. He knew

that condemnation was inevitable where innocence formed no protection; and he resolved by a voluntary death to make a last sacrifice for his children. But the thoughts of leaving his Arria, his beautiful and beloved wife, in the hands of his inhuman murderers, seemed to perplex his soul, and give real bitterness to death. Arria, perceiving his emotions, and determined to remove his apprehensions, first stabbed herself, and then presenting to him the dagger, said with a smile, "My Pætus, it gives no pain."

The lines of Martial on this subject have been much celebrated:

When Arria from her bleeding bosom drew,
And to her Pætus gave the reeking blade;
"*This* gives no pain," the smiling beauty cried,
"I only feel the wound which *thou* shalt give."

P. 23, l. 4. *And with a joy, to mothers only known.*

Alonzo. The little daring urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. At least

he shares caresses which till his birth were only mine.

Cora. Oh no, Alonzo! a mother's love for her dear babe is not a stealth, or taken from the father's store; it is a new delight that turns with quickened gratitude to him, the author of her augmented bliss.

Al. Could Cora think me serious?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon; then will be the last of the three holidays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

Al. What are those three?

Cora. The ecstasy of his birth I will pass; that in part is selfish: but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did incase them; that is a day of joy: next when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings laughing and delighted to his mother's knee; that is the mother's heart's next holiday: and sweeter still the third, whenever his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of, Father, Mother!—O! that is the dearest joy of all!

P. 24, l. 2. *How many heroes that adorn her page.*

"The mother of king Alfred observing him one day greatly delighted with a little book of Saxon poems, beautifully adorned with capital letters in gold and various colours, said, in the hearing of all her sons, that she would give the book to him who should first learn it by heart.—Alfred applied himself so seriously to the business, that he never left it till he could read and repeat it to his mother."—Bicknell's Life of Alfred.

P. 24, l. 3. *How many minds intent on human weal.*

The care of the education of her son (the late Sir William Jones) devolved upon his mother, who, in many respects, was eminently qualified for the task. Her character, as delineated by her husband with somewhat of mathematical precision, is this: "that she was virtuous without blemish, generous without extravagance, frugal but not niggard, cheer-

ful but not giddy, close but not sullen, ingenious but not conceited, of spirit but not passionate, of her company cautious, in her friendship trusty, to her parents dutiful, and to her husband ever faithful, loving, and obedient."—She had by nature a strong understanding, which was improved by conversation and instruction. Under his tuition she became a considerable proficient in Algebra, and with a view to qualify herself for the office of preceptor to her sister's son, who was destined to a maritime profession, made herself perfect in trigonometry and the theory of navigation. Mrs. Jones, after the death of her husband, was urgently and repeatedly solicited by the countess of Macclesfield to remain at Sherborne Castle; but having formed a plan for the education of her son with an unalterable determination to pursue it, and being apprehensive that her residence at Sherborne might interfere with the execution of it, she declined accepting the friendly invitation of the countess, who never ceased to entertain the most affectionate regard for her.

In the plan adopted by Mrs. Jones for the in-

struction of her son, she proposed to reject the severity of discipline, and to lead his mind insensibly to knowledge and exertion, by exciting his curiosity and directing it to useful objects. To his incessant importunities for information on casual topics of conversation, which she watchfully stimulated, she constantly replied, "*read and you will know*;" a maxim, to the observance of which he always acknowledged himself indebted for his future attainments. By this method his desire to learn became as eager as her wish to teach; and such was her talent of instruction, and his facility of retaining it, that in his fourth year he was able to read, distinctly and rapidly, any English book. She particularly attended, at the same time, to the cultivation of his memory, by making him learn and repeat some of the popular speeches in Shakespeare, and the best of Gay's Fables.

Thus nurtured and matured, what wonder that the fruit became so estimable! The following is a short extract from his character, as delineated by the Bishop of Cloyne, in a Letter to the Dean of St. Asaph, dated Nov. 1795.

"In a word, I can only say of this amiable and wonderful man, that he had more virtues, and less faults, than I ever saw in any human being: and that the goodness of his head, admirable as it was, was exceeded by that of his heart. I have never ceased to admire him from the moment I first saw him; and my esteem for his great qualities, and regret for his loss, will only end with my life."

"Sir Isaac Newton's father dying when he was very young, his mother being a woman of good sense and of an ancient family, did not neglect to take a becoming care of her son's education."—Biog. Brit. 1770.

P. 24, l. 8. *Nursed the young plant to vigour and to fame.*

The fear of God, the thoughts of death, the love of virtue, and those principles of religion, which were inculcated by his mother, preserved Petrarch from the surrounding temptations of his earlier life."—Dobson's Life of Petrarch.

P. 24, l. 9. *Bright gem of sorrow, blest maternal tear.*

"As we crossed the church-yard to return to the inn, we were stopped by the appearance of an interesting young woman, who, with much grief in her countenance, was scattering slips of lilac, and half-blown tulips, and fine sand, from a little basket which she held in her hand, upon a fresh grave, which, from its size, and from her looks, I conjectured to be that of her little infant. It was the custom of the country; and a very affecting one it was."—CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER, Page 38.

P. 24, l. 20. *But more of one whose amity is fame.*

I refer to the beautiful and highly cultivated scenery of the Vale of Mickleham, and Richard Sharp, Esq. M. P. who has a cottage there; a man whom I am proud to call friend.—Were all our senators like him, Britain might rejoice, "I know him well, Horatio."

P. 25, l. 10. *Injured Matilda—Denmark's murder'd Queen.*

At three o'clock a dead silence reigned throughout the palace, the conspirators, with several guards, passed over the bridge over the canal, and surrounded the avenues. Juliana, Prince Frederick, and Ranzau, went to the door of the King's apartment, which at first the fidelity of a page in waiting refused to unlock; they terrified the monarch by their representations of an impending plot, and thrust into his hand for signature the orders for seizing the Queen, Struenzee, and Brandt. Upon seeing the name of Matilda upon the order, love and reason for a moment took possession of the King's mind, and he threw the paper from him; but upon being ardently pressed he signed it, put his head upon his pillow, pulled the bed-clothes over him, and in a short time forgot what he had done. Koller proceeded to Struenzee's room, and being a powerful man, seized the latter by the throat, and with some assistance sent him and Brandt in a close carriage, strongly

guarded, to the citadel. Ranzau and Colonel Eickstadt opened the door of the Queen's chamber, and awoke her from a profound sleep to unexpected horror. These savage intruders are said, upon her resisting, to have struck her: the indecency and indignity of the scene can scarcely be imagined. After the Queen had hurried on her clothes she was forced into a carriage, attended by a squadron of dragoons, and sent off to the fortress of Cronberg; upon her arrival she was supported to her bed-chamber, a cold, damp, stone room: upon observing the bed she exclaimed, "Take me away! take me away! rest is not for the miserable, there is no rest for me." After some violent convulsions of nature, tears came to her relief. "Thank God," said the wretched Queen, "for this blessing, my enemies cannot rob me of it." *Upon hearing the voice of her infant, the Princess Louisa, (who had been sent after her in another carriage) she pressed her to her bosom, kissed her with the most impassioned affection, and bathed her in her tears. "Ah! art thou here," said she, "poor unfortunate innocent? This is indeed some*

balm to thy wretched mother." In the capital a scene of terror, tumult, and forced festivity followed: at twelve o'clock the next day Juliana and her son paraded the King in his state coach, arrayed in his regalia, through the principal streets, but only here and there a solitary shout of joy was heard. For three days the imprisoned Queen refused to take any food, and

" Three times she crossed the shape of sleepless night."

It is said that the King never once inquired for her, and now became the sole property of the infamous Juliana, who guarded her treasure with the eye of a basilisk. The court of Great Britain made a mild but firm communication upon the subject of the personal safety of the Queen: nine commissioners were appointed to examine the prisoners; the following were the principal charges against Struenzee.

1. A horrid design against the life of his sacred majesty.

2. An attempt to oblige the King to resign the crown.

3. A criminal connexion with the Queen.

4. The improper manner in which he educated the Prince Royal.

5. The great power and decisive influence he had acquired in the government of the state.

6. The manner in which he used this power and influence in the administration of affairs.

Amongst the charges preferred against the Count Brandt, was the following ridiculous one:

"While the King was playing in his usual manner with Count Brandt, the Count bit his Majesty's finger."

Four commissioners proceeded to examine the Queen, who, with the wretched Constance, might have exclaimed:

"Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, let Kings come bow to it."

Her answers were pointed, luminous, and dignified: she denied most solemnly any criminal intercourse with Struensee. S——, a counsellor of state, abruptly informed the Queen, that Struensee has al-

ready signed a confession, in the highest degree disgraceful to the honour and dignity of her Majesty. "Impossible!" exclaimed the astonished Queen; "Struensee never could have made such a confession: and if he did, I here call heaven to witness that what he said was false." The artful S—— played off a masterpiece of subtilty, which would have done honour to a demon: "Well then," said he, "as your Majesty has protested against the truth of his confession, he deserves to die for having so traitorously defiled the sacred character of the Queen of Denmark." This remark struck the wretched Princess senseless in her chair: after a terrible conflict between honour and humanity, pale and trembling, in a faultering voice, she said, "And if I confess what Struensee has said to be true, may he hope for mercy?" which words she pronounced with the most affecting voice, and with all the captivations of youth, beauty, and majesty in distress. S—— nodded, as if to assure her of Struensee's safety upon these terms, and immediately drew up her confession to that effect, and put it into her hand to sign. Her whole frame

seemed agitated with the most violent emotions: she took up the pen and began to write her name, and proceeded as far as *Carol—;* when, perceiving the malicious joy which sparkled in the eyes of S——, she became convinced that the whole was a base stratagem, and throwing away the pen, she exclaimed, "I am deceived; Struensee never accused me, I know him too well; he never could have been guilty of so great a crime." She endeavoured to rise, but her strength failed her; she sunk down, fainted, and fell back into her chair. In this state, the barbarous and audacious S—— put the pen between her fingers, which he held and guided, and before the unfortunate Princess could recover, the letters—*ina Matilda,* were added. The commissioners immediately departed, and left her alone: upon her recovering and finding them gone, she conjectured the full horror of her situation.

To afford some colouring to the mock trial which followed, the advocate Uhldal was appointed her defender: his speech on behalf of the Queen was in the highest degree able, pathetic, and convincing.

Hildal discharged such duties as in a few years afterwards devolved upon the eloquent Malsherbes, and with equal effect: the illustrious clients of both were pre-judged: it was the show of justice, not to investigate, but to give a spurious eclat to their fate. How opposite was this tribunal to that which Sheridan, in a blaze of eloquence, apostrophized upon the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. From such "a base caricature of justice," exclaimed the orator, "I turn my eyes with horror. I turn them here to this dignified and high tribunal, where the majesty of real justice sits enthroned. Here I perceive her in her proper robes of truth and mercy, chaste and simple, accessible and patient, awful without severity, inquisitive without meanness; her loveliest attribute appears in stooping to raise the oppressed, and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted."

The grand tribunal divorced the Queen, and separated her for ever from the King, and proposed to blemish the birth of the Princess Louisa by their decree, and reduce the little innocent to that orphanage "which springs not from the grave, that falls

not from the hand of Providence, or the stroke of death:" but the cruel design was never executed. Uhldal also exerted all the powers of his eloquence for the two unfortunate Counts. Humanity revolts at their sentence, which the unhappy King, it is said, signed with thoughtless gaiety: they had been confined from the 17th of January, and on the 28th of March, at eleven o'clock, were drawn out to execution in two separate carriages, in a field near the east gate of the town. Brandt ascended the scaffold first, and displayed the most undaunted intrepidity. After his sentence was read, and his coat of arms torn, he calmly prayed a few minutes, and then spoke with great mildness to the people. Upon the executioner endeavouring to assist him in taking off his pelisse, he said, "Stand off, do not presume to touch me;" he then stretched out his hand, which, without shrinking from the blow, was struck off; and almost at the same moment his head was severed from his body. Struensee, during this bloody scene, stood at the bottom of the scaffold in trembling agony, and became so faint when his friend's blood gushed

through the boards, and trickled down the steps, that he was obliged to be supported as he ascended them: here his courage wholly forsook him; he several times drew back his hand, which was dreadfully maimed before it was cut off, and at length he was obliged to be held down before the executioner could perform his last office. Copenhagen was unpeopled on the day of this savage sacrifice; but although the feeling of the vast crowd, which surrounded the scaffold, had been artfully wrought upon by Juliana and her partizans, they beheld the scene of butchery with horror, and retired to their homes in sullen silence. Nothing but the spirited conduct of our then ambassador, Sir Robert Keith, prevented the Queen from being immolated at the same time.

On the 27th of May, a squadron of British frigates and a cutter, under the command of the gallant Captain Macbride, cast anchor off Helsingfort, and on the 30th every thing was finally arranged for the removal of the Queen. *Upon the barge being announced, she clasped her infant daughter to her breast, and shed upon her a shower of tears. The*

Queen then sunk into an apparent stupor; upon recovering, she prepared to tear herself away, but the voice, the smiles, and endearing motions of her babe, chained her to the spot; at last summoning up all her resolution, she once more took it to her arms, and in all the ardour and agony of distracted love, imprinted upon its lips the farewell kiss, and returning it to the attendant, exclaimed, "Away! away! I now possess nothing here;" and was supported to the barge in a sort of agony which baffles description. Upon the Queen approaching the frigate, the squadron saluted her as the sister of his Britannic Majesty, and when she came on board, Captain Macbride hoisted the Danish colours, and insisted upon the fortress of Cronberg saluting her as Queen of Denmark, which salute was returned with two guns less. The squadron then set sail for Stade, in the Hanoverian dominions; but owing to contrary winds, was detained within sight of the castle the whole day, and in the early part of the following morning its spires were faintly visible, and till they completely

faded in the mist of distance, the Queen sat upon the deck, her eyes rivetted upon them, and her hands clasped in silent agony. Shall we follow the wretched Matilda a little further? The path is solitary, very short, and at the end of it is her tomb. Upon her landing at Stade she proceeded to a little remote hunting seat upon the borders of the Elbe, where she remained a few months, until the Castle of Zell, destined for her future residence, was prepared for her. She removed to it in the autumn: here her little court was remarked for its elegance and accomplishments, for its bounty to the peasantry, and the cheerful serenity which reigned throughout. The Queen spent much of her time alone, and having obtained the portraits of her children from Denmark, she placed them in a retired apartment, and frequently addressed them in the most affecting manner as if present.

So passed away the life of this beautiful and accomplished exile; until the 11th of May, 1775, when a rapid inflammatory fever put an end to her

afflictions, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. Her coffin is next to that of the duke of Zell.

Farewell, poor Queen!"

"Ah! while we sigh we sink, and are what we despair."

CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER.

P. 26, l. 13. *The ties of nature to protect your babes.*

Close to the dizzy edge
Of Crissa's cliff that overhangs its base,
On hands and knees a giddy babe had crept.
Lysippe saw, with agony too great
For utterance. Feeling, as mothers feel, she stood
All motionless with grief. What could she dare?
To stir was death—and not to stir—Great God!
Sure 'twas thyself who didst into her soul
Inspire the sudden thought: she bared her breast,
Still motionless with hope; the well-known sight
Caught the child's eye; Lysippe softly stepp'd
And seized her boy.—Oh! Nature's softest food!
Thou wast a mother's bribe to save her babe.

Translation of a Greek Epigram supposed to be written by ARCHIUS.

P. 27, l. 3. *Sows the first seed for sweet Affection's bloom.*

"My tender mother was the worthiest and most interesting of women, and truly amiable in her family. I never could imagine how with the simple education of our little convent at Bort, she had acquired so much polish of mind, with such elevation of soul, and particularly in her language and style, a feeling of propriety so just, so delicate, so refined, that it appeared in her to be the pure instinct of taste.

"My father had the greatest veneration and love for her. His only cause of reproach was her weakness for me, and this weakness had some excuse: I was the only one of her children that she had suckled."—Life of Marmontel, vol. i, p. 12.

P. 27, l. 1. *Unless where sickness or disease invade.*

I have high medical authority to assert, that nearly in every case in which nature affords strength

to give birth, she gives the ability to suckle, if the mother be properly treated: and many instances have occurred of a strong tendency to a consumption having been long averted from producing fatal consequences, and sometimes the disease eradicated, by mothers suckling their infants, under proper regulations.

P. 28, l. 5. *Shared with that guilty son the sentence due.*

"Zaleucus, prince of the Locrians, made a decree, that whoever was convicted of adultery should be punished with the loss of both his eyes. Soon after this establishment the legislator's own son was apprehended in the very fact, and brought to a public trial. How could the father acquit himself in so tender and delicate a conjuncture? Should he execute the law in all its rigour, this would be worse than death to the unhappy youth. Should he pardon so notorious a delinquent, this would defeat the design of his salutary institution. To avoid both

these inconveniencies, he ordered one of his own eyes to be pulled out, and one of his son's."—ÆLIAN.

I select another instance of parental affection from below what may be called the middle rank of society—similar instances are numerous.

"While the English were observing some of the religious customs of the Chinese, an event took place which gave the latter an opportunity of seeing an European ceremony of religion in the funeral of a person belonging to the embassy, who died during its short stay at Tong-choo-foo. He was an ingenious and skilful artist in brass and other metals. From Birmingham he had settled in London, where he was earning a decent subsistence, when he heard that an expedition was fitting out for China. He had conceived a notion that many improvements in the arts were practised at Pekin which were little known in Europe; among others, that of making a kind of tinsel that did not tarnish. He fancied that were he acquainted with such improvements, he should be enabled to provide handsomely for his fa-

mily. He did not indeed expect to enjoy long himself the benefits of any secret he should discover. He was past the middle age, of a feeble make, and subject to many complaints. But he thought it not too much to shorten his own life in a perilous voyage, for the sake of being able to communicate to his offspring what would be the means of their prosperity. But his constitution, broken down by fatigue and illness, was unable to support him any longer, *and he fell a sacrifice to the affection he bore his children.*"—MACARTNEY'S EMBASSY, vol. ii, p. 104.

P. 28, l. 17. *From tried experience, I advise you well,*
Make home delightful, &c.

"But the principal charm that my native village has left on my memory arises from the vivid impression I still retain of the first feelings with which my soul was imbued and penetrated by the inexpressible tenderness that my parents showed me. If I have any kindness in my character, I am persuaded that I owe it to these gentle emotions; to the habitual happiness of loving and being beloved. Ah!

what a gift do we receive from Heaven when we are blessed with kind affectionate parents!"—LIFE OF MARMONTEL, vol. i. p. 5.

P. 28, l. 19. *The scene of all your best, your richest joys.*

With pleasure I avow that this advice to parents is not theoretical experiment, but the result of a long experience, attended with the happiest effects.

P. 29, l. 14. *In the young bosom too this virtue burns.*

"The little family at our head quarters (the Crossed Foxes) has interested us extremely. It consists of a widow woman, her son, and daughter; the former is a middle aged person, with a cast of melancholy in her countenance, and an humbleness of manners which indicate a knowledge of better days, but at the same time a perfect resignation to her present situation. The daughter, a sweet tempered, modest little girl, about seventeen; the boy, a sprightly and sen-

sible lad of thirteen or fourteen. *There is no surer road, my friend, to the confidence of an honest heart, than by taking a real interest in its feelings.* The poor woman saw that our enquiries were not the result of impertinent curiosity, and therefore told us, without reserve, her short but melancholy story. Two years since, she observed, she was living in credit and comfort, with a kind and tender husband, and a son grown to man's estate, dutiful and affectionate, the darling of herself, and beloved by all the country round. Her husband, who had been brought up in the mine agency business, had just obtained an appointment which cleared him about three hundred pounds per annum, and an establishment of a similar nature was promised to the eldest son. The other children, a daughter, since married, and the two younger ones, were placed in the best schools in the country, and nothing seemed wanting to complete the happiness of the little contented family. In the midst of this halcyon, but deceitful calm, her husband caught a violent cold in one of the mines which he superintended: a fever succeeded, and in

a few days he was judged to be in danger. During the sickness of his father, the elder son, who doated on him, was rivetted to his bed: he nursed and attended him when awake, and watched by his pillow whilst he dosed; administered his medicines, and prepared his food. The physician at length pronounced that all hope was past, and the patient must die. Two days confirmed his prediction, for on the evening of the second the affectionate son witnessed the expiring struggles of his beloved parent. From this moment the youth was never heard to speak. He did not weep indeed, but the deep convulsive sighs which burst occasionally from his bosom, bespoke the unutterable grief with which he was oppressed. Nothing however could prevent him paying the last duties to his parent, and attending the corpse to the adjoining church-yard. But reason was unequal to this effort; the solemn ceremony of interment, the weeping crowd around, and the chilling sound of the earth rattling on the coffin when the body was consigned to is final home, destroyed his poor remains of sense. He uttered a heart-piercing shriek,

and started into a paroxysm of the wildest phrenzy.—WARNER's Second Walk through Wales, vol. ii. p. 252.

P. 30, l. 6. *The sacred dust near his high groves entomb'd.*

The monument erected by Pope to the memory of his mother, will long remain a lively expression of a delicate filial affection, worthy of lasting record: it is placed at one extremity of his tasteful grounds, and consists of a plain stone quadrangular obelisk,—

Inscribed on the South—Ah! Editha.

West—Matrum Optima.

North—Mulierum Amantissima.

East—Vale.

What an appeal to the feelings of our nature?

Alexander Pope and his parents lie buried in Twickenham Church, and on the outside walls thereof is a plain stone with the following inscription.

To the memory of
MARY BEACH,
Who died Nov. 5, 1725, aged 76,
ALEXANDER POPE,
whom she nursed in his infancy,
and constantly attended for thirty-eight years,
in
gratitude to a faithful old servant,
erected this stone.

A notable example both for masters and servants.

The famous and admired weeping willow planted by Pope is at length felled to the ground; it has been long decayed, yet the axe still lingered, but at length the fatal stroke was given. It came from Spain, inclosing a present to the late Lady Suffolk, who came over with George II, and Queen Caroline, and was a favourite of both, particularly so of the king. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off the present; he observed, the pieces of sticks appeared as if there was some vegetation, and added,

"Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England." Under this idea he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow tree that has given birth to so many others. This is said to be the first willow planted in England.

Annual Register, Aug. 27, 1801.

P. 30, l. 11. *Vibrate the deep regrets his bosom felt*

How considerable a share of the "mens divinior," so essential to the mind of a poet, has Cowper exhibited throughout his works, and most conspicuously in his address to his Mother's Picture;—a Poem replete with genuine Affection and filial Piety.

P. 31, l. 15. *Who would have shar'd his honour'd fate.*

Russell's consort, a woman of great merit, finding all applications vain, collected courage, and not only fortified herself against the fatal blow, but endeavoured by her example to strengthen the resolution of her unfortunate Lord. With a tender and decent com-

posure they took leave of each other on the day of his execution. "The bitterness is now passed," said he, when he turned from her.

Lord Cavendish had lived in the closest intimacy with Russell, and deserted not his friend in his calamity. He gallantly offered to manage his escape, by changing cloaths with him and remaining at all hazards in his place. Russell refused to save his own life by an expedient which might expose his friend to so many hardships. When the Duke of Monmouth by message offered to surrender himself, if Russell thought that that measure would in any way contribute to his safety: "It will be no advantage to me," said he, "to have my friends die with me."

P. 32, l. 9. *Then sudden and alert the nation rose.*

However defective the original organization of the volunteers may have been as a system of natural defence, the alacrity with which they flew to arms, when their beloved country was thought in danger, must ever entitle them to the warmest thanks of their countrymen.

P. 32, l. 15. *Seek first the happiness of those they love.*

"Let me now confess a suspicion, which to my shame and mortification I have entertained, it is that you are more capable of love than myself. Yes, my Eloisa, it is on you that my life, my being depends: I revere you with all the faculties of my soul, but yours contains more of love. I see, I feel that love hath penetrated deeper into your heart than mine."—ROUSSEAU.

P. 32, l. 18. *What though not form'd to dare the lofty heights—*

I am well aware that some of my fair country-women may be disposed to contend with me the fact of their inferiority in intellect to the other sex. I should hope they would be satisfied with the more amiable and more honourable characteristic, which from my heart and soul I acknowledge they possess, namely, a decided superiority in the virtues of the heart. But if not content with this acknowledgment,

they wish a more explicit detail, I would observe, that until they can bring forward individuals from among them, who, in the various arts or sciences have reached, as it were, the very bounds of human intellect; till they can produce a Raphael—a Shakespeare—a Boyle—a Bacon—or a Newton—they must be content to range in the powers of the mind one degree only inferior to man.

P. 33, l. 4. *With fancy revelling midst her wild domains.*

"I must not omit to state, for the honour of the female sex, that however we are at a loss to explain ourselves on account of our ignorance of the Danish language, and had exhausted our stock of gestures upon the men in vain, we always found that the women comprehended us with one-third of our pantomimic action; and to the end of my days I shall gratefully and experimentally contend for the superior quickness of female comprehension.—Carr's Northern Summer, p. 35.

P. 33, l. 8. *Whether we rove*
Siberia's desart plains, or Liby's waste.

Numerous are the instances which might be adduced, fully to corroborate the tenderness and humanity of the female sex, in all nations of the world. I shall select only those from countries of which we entertain ideas of their being considerably deficient in civilization: the first is from the Travels of Mungo Park into the interior of Africa; after mentioning several periods in which he was relieved from extreme want and hunger, by the voluntary kindness of female strangers, he proceeds thus:

"About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this miserable manner, and having turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, enquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me

into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said, that she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a fine fish, which having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension), called to the female part of the family, who had stood gazing on me all the while, in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton; in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated were these. "The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man faint and weary came and sat under our

tree. He had no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind him corn. Let us pity the white man, no mother has he, &c. &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation, the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense I could make her.

This natural Air has been rendered into English verse, and set to music.

I.

The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast,
He sat him down beneath our tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he:
And ah! no wife or mother's care
The milk, or corn, for him prepare!

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share,
Alas! no wife or mother's care
The milk or corn for him prepare!

II.

The morn is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low:
The white man far away must go;—
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.—

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go—but with thee bear
The negro's wish—the negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the negro's care!

The intrepid Ledyard also observes, that more than once he owed his life to the compassionate temper of women: his gratitude drew from him the following just character of the female sex:

"I have always remarked, that women in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest: and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty—not arrogant—not supercilious, they are full of courtesy and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man, but, in general, also more

virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency or friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. In Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Russia, and Tartary, if hungry, thirsty, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was thirsty I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

P. 33, l. 19. *Attachment strong burst from the feeble frame.*

Many a chequered year has rolled away since I was called to attend the death-bed of an honoured uncle, and most sincere friend;—his affectionate farewell still vibrates on my ears, and will be felt with gratitude at my heart till that heart too shall cease to beat.

P. 34, l. 10. *And when enfolded in the circling arms.*

Similar sensations to these many a fond parent has experienced.

P. 35. l. 4. *Than the simplicity of joyous sports*
Of happy youth.

The mind and the affections of children, and even of youth, if not too early hackneyed in the ways of the world, are strongly susceptible of the feelings of the heart; I recall to mind with satisfaction the sensations I experienced, when a friend, who visited at my father's, favoured me with particular distinction. I could have done any thing for him.

P. 35, l. 18. *Against the enormities of modern time.*

I think I am fully justified in this opinion by various considerations. Notwithstanding the great increase of the population of Britain, it is a well ascertained fact, that on the average of the last ten

years, the number of trials for criminal charges is very considerably diminished.

And on the other hand, the numerous charitable institutions, which are every day commencing, and receive warm encouragement for the relief of misery, whatever shape it assume, the unwearied pains that is taking to spread christianity, and the general feelings of humanity which prevail, authorise the assertion, that there is yet among mankind

No small amount of piety and worth.

It should be remembered also that the various allusions which our Saviour made to his religion, had all references to a state of gradual progression.

P. 36, l. 15. *Taught by his great exemplar, Howard strove.*

The biographer of Howard relates:—"That before he set out on his last journey, from which he returned not, he and his very intimate and highly respected friend, Dr. Price, took a most affectionate

and pathetic leave of each other. From the age and infirmities of the one, and the hazards the other was going to encounter, it was the foreboding of each of them that they should never meet again in this world; and their farewell corresponded with the solemnity of such an occasion. The reader's mind will pause upon the parting embrace of two such men; and revere the mixture of cordial affection, tender regret, philosophic firmness, and christian resignation, which their minds must have displayed.

P. 37, l. 10. *Some hidden spring of strong Affection's power.*

LADY MACBETH.

Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—

P. 40, l. 20. *Affrighted reason fled--and all was void.*

Oh! that this tale of misery existed only in the coinage of the author's brain;—but, alas! it is verified in the experience of every day, I had almost said, of every hour; of late the cases of it that have reached the public ear have been numerous indeed, how much more so the private instances of seduction have been are unknown. Ye legislators of Britain, look to this; surely there must be somewhat defective in your code, when the man who meets us on the highway, and steals our purse, shall expiate the crime with his life; and the villain who seduces an amiable female, destroys her peace of mind and character in society, and, perhaps, involves a worthy family in irretrievable distress, shall nevertheless go unpunished, or, at most, commute his crime with a paltry fine.

P. 46, l. 4. *Beasts that are now the terror of mankind.*

Man was formed a social being; the confidence which every rank of animated creation exhibited to-

wards him, was not the least of the pleasures of Paradise; he could, fearless, tread among the painted basilisks, and invite the ferocious tyger, or the roaring lion, to be the companions of his way.

P. 46, l. 8. *How wide diffused, and oh! how vast the sum.*

That the happiness of Paradise was supreme will not be disputed. Nor can it be denied that great as is the amount of misery in the world at present, it is preponderated by a sum of happiness: the discussion is too long for a note, each one's reflections, I presume, will be sufficient to decide the point.

P. 47, l. 22. *Ye tell distinctively of love divine!*

Delightful science of astronomy! the more we contemplate thee, the more we discover of the wisdom and omnipotence of the Deity; and what study so amusing or so instructive. It ought to form a component part of every system of education, in every rank of life.

P. 47, l. 18. *And ye resplendent stars that hung on high.*

Tending their flocks by night the ancient Egyptians attained a considerable degree of astronomical knowledge, and previous to the invention of the compass, the polar star became the point of observation, by which the ancient mariners steered their course through the pathless ocean.

P. 49, l. 21. *Ev'n the portentous and destructive flame.*

Man alone, of all the creatures of this globe, is endued with dominion over the element of fire, which, by means of modern improvements, is now become subservient to the most valuable purposes, particularly in the various beneficial applications of the steam engine.

All other creatures fly from fire with alarm.

P. 50, l. 5. *Nature exhibits! View her in her works.*

To the contemplative mind what an expansive view here presents itself of the harmony of creation. Fishes are covered with scales, so adapted to each other, as to accelerate their motions through the element in which they are destined to live, and in their internal structure so formed by gall bladders, and other wonderful contrivances, as to further all the ends of their creation: whoever studies the beautiful œconomy of the birds must be struck with admiration at the wisdom displayed in their construction; among the quadrupeds too, what surprising conformations appear. Goats will skip and play on the very ridges of lofty mountains with security, where any other animal would inevitably perish: and through the sandy desarts of Arabia and Africa, no other animal than the camel can possibly endure the climate, and the necessarily long abstinence that a journey over those desarts requires; whilst the domestic cow, whose milky stores are of such importance to man, is found morning and evening at his door,

soliciting, as it were, to be disencumbered of her salubrious stores. But it is among the rational creation that we observe the highest degrees of wise conformation; the constitutions—the aliments—the habits—the propensities—the complexions—the minds of man, are various as the various climes that he inhabits. Wonderful Counsellor! the mighty God!

P. 50, l. 14. *Rewards the giver with untimely death.*

Policy, as well as humanity, should induce the proprietors of bees to collect their honey without destroying their hives; this art was not unknown to the ancients, it is described by Columella, and is practised in Greece to this day. In our country several plans are adopted with success; consult the Essays of Wilman, Thorley, &c. The œconomy of the bees is so entertaining as fully to compensate the research necessary to understand it.

P. 51, l. 21. *With hoofs prepared to tread the scorching soil.*

The adaptation of the camel for travelling the desarts, is so striking, as of itself to be a sufficient proof of the infinite wisdom of the Creator; and if any thing were wanting to confirm it, we need only remark, that these animals are found in no other parts of the world but where they can be thus beneficial.

P. 51, l. 14. ..... *fits their fleecy sides,*
To yield to man the warm habiliment.

We are not sufficiently aware of the extensive usefulness of sheep. There is no part of these animals but is of essential benefit to man; they not only supply him with the most wholesome animal food, but find employment for various manufactories, at all seasons; they afford him annually a most comfortable and wholesome clothing; their skins supply him with parchment and glue; from other parts candles

and soap are produced; of their horns are formed buttons and other common articles, even their bones are of essential use, and their manure is found to be one of the best means of improving land.

P. 52, l. 2. *All various nature to its various end.*

How extensively might this system of harmonious conformity be carried on; the forms and stings of the several insects to their distinct uses—the shoals of fishes to their various foods—birds to their congenial climates, and beasts to their appropriate haunts; the eye-lid to the eye—morning to freshness—darkness to sleep—hands and feet to their respective purposes; and above all, the mind of man to research into every thing around him, and even to contemplate the Deity.

P. 53, l. 16. *The lengthen'd twilight, and the Aurora gleam.*

In Sweden the winter prevails nine months in the year; the heats of summer immediately succeed

to excessive cold, and the frosts take place in the month of October, without any of those insensible gradations, which, in other countries, usher in the seasons, and render the alteration more agreeable. But nature in return has given them a clear sky, and a pure air. The almost constant heat of the summer produces flowers and fruits in a very short time; and the long nights of winter are tempered by the evening and morning twilights, which last in proportion to the sun's distance from Sweden: and the light of the moon, which is not obscured by any cloud, and is farther increased by the reflexion of the snow which covers the ground, and very often by the Aurora Borealis, makes it as easy to travel in Sweden by night as by day.

P. 56, l. 10. *And where the ear by nature is attuned*
To music's harmonies—

Dr. Beattie relates the following instance of the power of music.

"When Handel's Messiah was first performed,

the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general: but when that chorus struck up "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," they were so transported, that they all, with the King, (who happened to be present) started up and remained standing till the chorus ended; and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same Oratorio, Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His Lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given to the town. "My Lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."—These two anecdotes I had from Lord Kinnoul himself. You will agree with me, that the first does great honour to Handel, to music, to the English nation: the second tends to confirm my theory, and Sir J. Hawkins's testimony, that Handel, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, must have been a pious man.

P. 57, l. 7. *The blest appointment of a day of rest.*

It was the author's intention to have enlarged on this part of the subject, and to have exemplified in how many different ways the Sabbath is beneficial to man; but this has been so well done by Grahame, in his "Poem on the Sabbath," as to render any farther notice thereof unnecessary here.

P. 61, l. 7. *And only look through nature to my God.*

Forcibly as I have expressed myself on this subject, I have not exceeded my feelings. Educated in principles of civil and religious liberty from childhood, I have ever held in abhorrence every degree of persecution for opinion; and the reign of *Bloody Queen Mary* is so stained in almost every page with aggravated barbarity, as to become in the minds of infidels, an argument against Christianity itself: and I much fear that a research into ecclesiastical history will evince that religion has sustained greater inju-

ries from its pretended friends, than from its determined enemies.

But it is not to the stake alone that we must turn for exhibitions of religious persecution; it is to be found in a less, or in a greater degree, in every separate sect; and will continue so to be until *Christianity* is embraced in its original simplicity, as exhibited in the maxims and examples of its great author, and in the practice and simplicities of its first teacher.

P. 61, l. 12. *With bigot wrath and mad anathema.*

In the grand concerns of religion no man has a right to influence or to judge of the conscience of another. In the representations that are given in the Revelations of the Day of Judgment, it is the Judge alone whose garments are stained with blood; the saints are uniformly described as clothed in white robes.

P. 61, l. 13. *Not to the narrow bounds of sect confined.*

Viewing Christianity, divided as it is into numerous sects, and observing, with a sorrowful feeling, the dreadful persecutions with which its professors have stained it, the philosophic mind, on the first view, is disposed to enquire, How can this be? But on a narrow inspection, it may appear probable, that the Almighty author thereof, knowing how prone mankind are to sacrifice all future prospect to present pleasures, may have sanctioned these differences in opinion and in belief, to keep the minds of men alive to the subjects of religion, and prevent its loss to the world. But notwithstanding, differences of opinion might be maintained with moderation and temper.

I would it were in my power by any arguments I could adduce, any authorities I could quote, or any examples I could bring forward, to counteract that unhappy spirit of bigotry and persecution which so extensively prevails among the various denominations of Christians. It was a favourite sentiment

of Dr. Jebb, that "no effort is lost;" perhaps the following observations and facts may have some good effect to promote Christian charity.

"From men of enlightened understanding and sound judgment, who in their researches after truth, have swept away from their hearts the dust of malice and opposition, it is not concealed that the contrarieties of religion and diversities of belief, which are causes of envy, and of enmity to the ignorant, are, in fact, a manifest demonstration of the power, wisdom, and goodness, of the Supreme Being."—PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE TO GENTOO LAWS.

The common people among the Chinese, conscious of the numerous ills to which they are liable, are disposed to seek for safeguards on every side. Their minds being once open to credulity, are ready to accept any supernatural assistance offered to them by a new religion, against the violence of power, or the calamities of nature. Their own has nothing exclusive in it; and they would have embraced Christianity in greater numbers, if it could have been associated with other tenets. The Jesuits, who were

desirous of permitting with it the ceremonies performed by the Chinese in the halls of their ancestors, would have been much more successful than their opponents who condemned them; to whom the principal subject of reproach from a pagan at present is, that "*they neglect their forefathers.*"—MACARTNEY, vol. ii.

"Soon after Frederick the Great ascended the throne, he conceived the sublime idea of building a vast pantheon, in which every description of devotion might at an allotted time find its altar. Policy, if not genuine charity, induced that sagacious prince to think that tolerance was necessary to the interests as well as the dignity of a nation, and he was desirous of not only seeing his subjects and foreigners worship their God in their own way, but that, like brothers, they should prostrate themselves before him in the same temple. On account of the state of the treasury, Frederick was successfully advised to drop his benign plan, and it was never afterwards resumed."—CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER, p. 460.

Cowper wrote occasionally to clerical friends of

the established church, and to others among the dissenters. His heart made no difference between them, for it felt towards both the fraternal sensations of true Christianity.

"The biographer of Howard relates that he was less solicitous about modes and opinions, than the internal spirit of piety and devotion; and in his estimate of different religious societies, the circumstances to to which he principally attended, were their zeal and sincerity."—AIKIN'S LIFE, p. 19.

I cannot better conclude these observations than by the following extract from Gilbert Wakefield, which breathes the true spirit of Christianity.

"Those are the only disciples of the benevolent Nazarene, of him who lived and died for the salvation of his brethren; those alone, I say, are the genuine followers of the Son of God, who have felt the influence, and exemplify the effects of this glorious maxim of their teacher, "The love of our neighbour is the fulfilling of the law." Such men disjoined in opinion, but united in heart, amidst all the varieties of sentiment and profession, may be com-

pared to travellers on their way to the same city, separated for a time by roads which divaricate indeed, but are never very distant from each other, and meet with a quick convergency in the same point at last."

P. 61, l. 16. *Through every region and o'er every clime.*

Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Acts x. v. 34.

This by no means implies that truth in religion is of no importance, or that all religions are alike acceptable to God.

P. 62, l. 19. *Its balmy odours, its refreshing streams.*

It is observable that Aden, in the eastern dialects, is precisely the same word with Eden, which

we apply to the garden of paradise: it has two senses according to a slight difference in its pronunciation; its first meaning is a *settled abode;* its second *delight, softness,* or *tranquility:* the word Eden had probably one of these senses in the sacred text, though we use it as a proper name.

The writer of an old History of the Turkish Empire, says, "The air of Egypt sometimes in summer is like any sweet perfume, and almost suffocates the spirits, caused by the wind that brings the odours of the Arabian spices."—Sir Wm. Jones's Dissertation, &c.

As when to them, who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Bless'd; Milton.

P. 68, l. 20. *Exults the Christian, he may well exult.*

To Christianity is chiefly to be ascribed the abolition of the horrid practices of human sacrifices.

"Among the Carthaginians, particular persons, when they were desirous of averting any great calamity, offered up their children as human sacrifices to their god Moloch. This custom prevailed long among the Phenicians and Canaanites, from whom the Israelites borrowed it, though expressly forbid by Heaven. At first, children were inhumanly burnt, either in a fiery furnace like those in the valley of Hinnom, so often mentioned in Scripture, or in a flaming statue of Saturn. The cries of these unhappy victims were drowned by the uninterrupted noise of drums and trumpets."—Rollin's Ancient History.

This dreadful practice prevailed in almost every nation of the ancient world. The Egyptians had it in the early part of their monarchy. The Cretans had it, and retained it long;—the nations of Arabia did the same.—The people of Dumah sacrificed every year a child. The Persians buried people alive. Phylarchus affirms, as he is quoted by Porphyry, that of old every Grecian state made it a rule before they marched towards an enemy, to solicit

a blessing on their undertakings, by human victims.

The Romans were accustomed to the like sacrifices. They both devoted themselves to the infernal gods, and constrained others to submit to the same horrid doom.

The Gauls and the Germans were so devoted to this shocking custom, that no business of any moment was transacted among them without being prefaced with human victims.

The like custom prevailed to a great degree at Mexico, under the mild government of the Peruvians; and in most parts of America. The early history of Britain is stained with similar atrocities.

But wherever the genius of Christianity has shed its benign and happy influences, all such horrid sacrifices vanish. In the interior of Africa, and in many of the Islands of the South Seas, the custom still prevails, but it is earnestly to be hoped that the Missionaries who have so nobly volunteered themselves to the service, will be able to abolish such practices,

and in their stead erect the glorious religion of the cross.

P. 68, l. 19. *Which grace our empire and adorn our isle.*

"In Surat there is no hospital for human beings, but an extensive establishment of this nature for sick or maimed animals."—NIEBUHR'S TRAVELS, vol. ii, p. 405.

THE END.

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