

POETICAL WORKS.

THE ROSE.

Within thy bell this pearl shall rest,
 Which seems a lucid tear,
 The only gem that Pity loves
 To tremble in her ear.
 Then let Health make the blooming Rose
 The favourite of her bower;—
 The eye may woo the flow'ret gay,
 The heart shall own thy power.

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## MAY NOT THE LOVE OF PRAISE

## BE AN INCENTIVE TO VIRTUE?

“ All *praise* is foreign, but of true desert,  
 Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart;”<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet may a maid for love of praise contend,  
 Though Pleasure’s votary, not less Virtue’s friend.  
 May not she strive around her sacred shrine  
 The wreath of pleasure gaily to entwine?  
 To strew the path with many a fragrant flower,  
 And sweetly decorate the playful hour?  
 To tempt e’em Time to loiter on his way,  
 And feel a wish to lengthen out the day?  
 Could we not Worth and Pleasure reconcile,  
 Why wears the sun that universal smile?  
 Fountain of life! to him all power is given  
 To gild and ornament the works of heaven;  
 Its various gems to tinge with varying dyes,  
 And with new beauty strike th’ admiring eyes,

<sup>1</sup> Pope’s Essay on Man, Epistle IV.

While deeper shadows gently fall behind  
To heighten objects that draw near the mind.  
Those let us grasp, nor send th' inquiring eye  
To draw the curtain of a future sky ;  
Nor see the cloud that some sad hour may shed  
In floods of sorrow o'er the drooping head ;  
The present hour is all that man can boast,  
And happy they who love the stranger most.  
In future prospects let fond hearts rejoice,  
Hear then the present hour's small whispering voice.  
Low is the note, and silver'd is the sound,  
When soft Persuasion winds the ear around ;  
Hark ! how she sings :—Trust not the coming day ;  
The flowers of Autumn meet not those of May ;  
The present hour in present mirth employ,  
And bribe the future with the hope of joy !  
Hope still can please midst scenes of deep distress,  
Can change the mourning to a fancy dress,  
Can tread through brake, through thicket, and through  
thorn,  
Without a mantle, or a garment torn.  
What though the Palace in our distant view  
The erring guide may ne'er conduct us to ;  
The potent spell shall shed its mists around  
And mimic views swim o'er the fairy ground ;  
Stealing from thought the disappointment past,  
By prospects opening fairer than the last ;  
O kind deceiver ! do thou still deceive,  
And teach this heart most firmly to believe !

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The ills of life spring up where'er we tread,  
Where'er we walk the Gorgon rears her head ;  
With spells surrounded should the traveller go,  
And wear a charm for every sting of woe ;  
Hope, Love, and Friendship furnish not a few,  
Guarded by these what heartaches dare pursue !  
Friendship, with cordials in her hands and eyes,  
The want of health, the want of ease supplies ;  
The want of all things firmly may be borne,  
If from the foot she draws the rankling thorn ;  
If she supplies the balm the wound shall close,  
And weary eyelids sink in calm repose.  
Sacred to her the ills of life bow down,  
Kneel at her shrine and her mild empire own ;  
Then to the heart in different forms are sent,  
First seem Submission, and next grow Content,  
Advice, Reproof, with gentle Pity joined ;  
All tend to strengthen and restore the mind :  
The mind restored can see the change of things,  
In equal fetters bind the throne of kings ;  
All nature find submitted to one law,—  
A certain portion of destin'd woe.  
But to give ease to man's distracted frame,  
The healing goddess watchful Friendship came ;  
To feel the sudden downcast of an eye,  
And long before anticipate a sigh ;  
To see what would the present calm destroy,  
When fond Remembrance paints some long lost joy.  
The long lost joy, if never to return,  
Asks the sad heart to cling around its urn ;

But listening Friendship hears the low request,  
And silent guards the inroad of the breast ;  
By slow degrees draws back the present scene,  
Till gayer thoughts come gliding in between,  
Till Hope again her flattering tints lets fall,  
That lend some comfort, and that promise all.

Such was the cordial that kind heaven bestow'd  
When the dire cup with every ill o'erflow'd,  
One drop of hope clung to the poison'd side,  
Or man had bow'd his languid head, and died.  
If then we've left us by divine command  
Those cordial drops to stay the trembling hand,  
Shall we 'gainst heaven essay an impious skill,  
If by some other means we cure the ill ?  
If love of praise should tempt us to endure  
With patient calm those ills we cannot cure ;—  
Should prove the stimulus, and lead the way  
To noble actions,—should the Censor say  
No merit follows—though great good ensue ?  
If you are serv'd, sure it is good to you !  
And actions guarded by the sense of shame,  
Will struggle hard to bear an honest name.  
For me, I own, that hope of praise can charm  
This little heart, and all its feelings warm ;  
Can bid me throw the selfish wish aside,  
And for a weaker frame than mine provide :  
Not but compassion may, to me unknown,  
Give praise that merit which was all her own.  
If custom is to man the foster nurse,  
Strengthens good habits, and makes bad men worse,

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May I not hope, whatever is the cause,  
Custom may teach me to deserve applause !

Grafted on stocks inferior to the fruit,

The apple tasted we forgot the root.

The love of praise this privilege may claim,  
And rank as equal with the fear of shame.

Both have their use ;—the one is to impel,

The other to restrain, or check, or quell,

The rising Passions as they grow too loud,

To raise the humble, and depress the proud.

If then to good or ill our passions tend,  
Why not conduct them to their proper end ?

Virtue, too plain to strike voluptuous sight,

Barely can touch the heart with true delight,

Till dress'd in garbs more flattering to the sense,

The eye grows pleas'd and sanctifies expense :

Not but her native loveliness would do,

Were man but perfect, and his judgment true ;

But as it is, e'en she herself must bend,

And ask assistance from a humble friend.

If man, proud man ! although the lord of all,

Now on his fellows, now his creatures call,—

Assistance wants, however high his sphere,

It is to prove nought's independent here.

So Virtue found, when she forsook the sky,

Passions must oft her better aid supply;

And Love of Praise the foremost passion came,

And claim'd, and won, the loudest trump of Fame ;

If not for this our virtuous deeds might tire,—

Praise fans the flames of the celestial fire ;

And watchful keeps it glowing in the breast,  
At once to melt and purify the rest.  
If o'er the mind meek diffidence has spread  
Her everlasting glow of blushing red,  
The conscious tinge steals o'er the crimson cheek,  
And leaves a blush for every wish to speak ;  
The mind thus check'd grows dubious of its powers,  
And careless wastes the all-important hours :  
If cold despair the rising genius quell,  
And chain the trembler in her icy cell,  
The wish to please will soon forsake the heart,  
And one by one the talents all depart ;  
Had this blessed wish stood foremost of the throng,  
The heart enraptur'd had not tarried long ;  
O ! had sweet Praise but met them on their way,  
Her smile had sooth'd the labours of the day,—  
Each thorny path reveal'd the blushing rose,  
And prov'd midst tangling brakes the destin'd floweret  
blows.

Pride is a phantom self-conceit has rear'd,  
By Reason hated, and by Fancy feared ;  
A flattering painter, that with nicest art  
Hides each defect of judgment and of heart ;  
Sees little virtues swell before his eye,  
As man through glasses sees the smallest fly !  
Yet the two evils, Diffidence and Pride,  
As foes to Virtue, nearly are allied ;  
I mean, when each extreme affects our end,  
And to one purpose both the feelings tend.

What matters it, if Virtue droop her head,  
From what contagion the dire sickness spread ;  
Whether from Pride the malady first sprung,  
Or round Humility the languor clung !

For me, may fate, propitious to my prayer,  
Still give a friend to see things as they are,  
To chide my errors, and my worth approve,  
With all th' encouragement of partial love ;

So shall this wish rise warmest in my breast,—  
To bless another as myself am blest,—

To please—to serve—to animate, and cheer,  
And prove that Praise can turn reformer here !

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THE BOWER OF ELEGANCE.
ADDRESSED TO A VERY ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN.

The sultry Sun had spread along the sky,
Then bade the gales his sacred presence fly,
Descend to earth, and wander by the stream,
Till they should mark his last departing beam ;

Or till some fleecy or benignant shower
Dropp'd a fresh essence on the thirsty flower,
Moisten'd the eye of every opening bud,
And let them see their image in the flood ;

Then dip their wings, and through the soften'd air
Waft the fresh sweet, and every perfume bear.