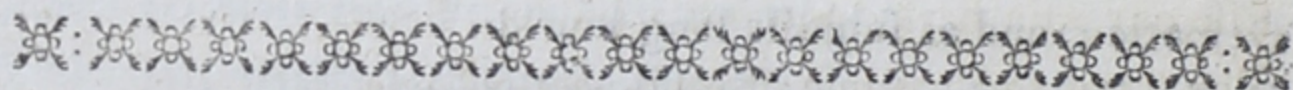


But such the tenure of our earthly state !
 Riches and fame are Industry's reward ;
 The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
 And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.

Think what you owe your country, what yourself:
 If splendor charm not, yet avoid the scorn
 That treads on lowly stations. Think of some
 Assiduous booby mounting o'er your head,
 And thence with faucy grandeur looking down :
 Think of (Reflection's stab !) the pitying friend
 With shoulder shrug'd, and sorry. Think that Time
 Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd :
 And if some sad example, indolent,
 To warn and scare be wanting — think of me.



To the Reverend T — T —, D. D.

— **F**rench pow'r, and weak allies, and war, and want—
 No more of that, my friend ; you touch a string
 That hurts my ear. All politics apart,
 Except a gen'rous wish, a glowing prayer
 For British welfare, commerce, glory, peace.
 Give party to the winds : it is a word,
 A phantom sound, by which the cunning great
 Whistle to their dependents : a decoy
 To gull th' unwary, where the master stands

Encouraging

Encouraging his minions, his train'd birds,
 Fed and caress'd their species to betray.
 See with what hollow blandishment and art
 They lead the winged captive to the snare!
 Fools! that in open æther might have soar'd,
 Free as the air they cut; sip'd purest rills,
 Din'd with the Thames, or bath'd in crystal lakes.

We wear no badges, no dependence own:
 Who truly loves thee, dearest Liberty,
 A filken fetter will uneasy fit.

Heav'n knows it is not Insolence that speaks!
 The tribute of respect to greatness due
 Not the brib'd sycophant more willing pays.
 Still, still as much of party be retain'd,
 As principle requires, and sense directs:
 Else our vain bark, without a rudder, floats
 The scorn and pastime of each veering gale.

This gentle ev'ning let the sun descend
 Untroubled, while it paints your ambient hills
 With faded lustre, and a sweet farewell.
 Here is our seat: that castle opposite,
 Proud of its woody brow, adorns the scene.
 Dictate, O vers'd in books, and just of taste,
 Dictate the pleasing theme of our discourse.
 Shall we trace Science from her Eastern home
 Chaldæan; or the banks of Nile, where Thebes,
 Nursing her daughter arts, majestic stood,
 And pour'd forth knowledge from an hundred gates?

Thee

There first the marble learn'd to mimic life,
 The pillar'd temple rose, and pyramids,
 Whose undecaying grandeur laughs at Time;
 Birth-place of letters, where the sun was shewn
 His radiant way, and heav'ns were taught to roll.
 There too the Muses tun'd their earliest lyre,
 Warbling soft numbers to Serapis' ear;
 'Till chac'd by tyrants, or a milder clime
 Inviting, they remov'd with pilgrim harps,
 And all their band of harmony to Greece.
 As when a flock of linnets, if perchance
 Deliver'd from the falcon's talon, fly
 With trembling wing to cover, and renew
 Their notes; tell ev'ry bush of their escape,
 And thrill their merry thanks to Liberty.
 The tuneful tribe, pleas'd with their new abode,
 Polish'd the rude inhabitants, whence tales
 Of list'ning woods, and rocks that danc'd to sound.
 Hear the full chorus lifting hymns to Jove!
 Linus and Orpheus catch the strain, and all
 The raptur'd audience utter loud applause.

A song, believe me, was no trifle then:
 Weighty the Muse's task, and wide her sway:
 Her's was religion, the refounding fanes
 Echo'd her language; polity was her's,
 And the world bow'd to legislative verse.

As states increas'd, and governments were form'd,
 Her aid less useful, she retir'd to grotts

And

And shady bow'rs, content to teach and please,
 Under her laurel frequent bards repos'd ;
 Voluble Pindar troll'd his rapid song,
 Or Sappho breath'd her spirited complaint :
 Here the stage buskin, there the lyric choir,
 And Homer's epic trumpet. Happy Greece,
 Bless'd in her offspring! Seat of eloquence,
 Of arts and reason ; patriot-virtue's feat !
 Did the sun thither dart uncommon rays !
 Did some presiding genius hover o'er
 That animated foil with brooding wings !
 The sad reverse might start a gentle tear——
 Go, search in Athens for herself, enquire
 Where are her orators, her sages now :
 Her arsenal overturn'd, her walls in dust,
 But far less ruin'd than her soul decay'd.
 The stone inscrib'd to Socrates, debas'd
 To prop a reeling cot : Minerva's shrine
 Possess'd by those who never heard her name.
 Upon the mount where old Musæus sung,
 Sits the grim turban'd captain, and exacts
 Harsh tribute ; on the spot where Plato taught
 His heav'nly strains sublime, a stupid Turk
 Is preaching ignorance and Mahomet.
 Turn next to Rome : is that the clime, the place,
 Where once, as Fame reports, Augustus liv'd ?
 What magic has transform'd her, shrunk her nerves ?
 A wither'd laurel, and a mould'ring arch !——

Cou'd the pure crimson tide, the noblest blood
 That ever flow'd, to such a puddle turn ?
 She ends, like her long Appian, in a marsh ;
 Or Jordan's river pouring his clear urn
 Into the black Asphaltus' slimy lap.
 Patrons of wit, and victors of mankind,
 Bards, warriors, worthies (revolution strange)
 Are pimps and fiddlers, mountebanks and monks.
 In Tully's beehive, magazine of sweets,
 The lazy drones are buzzing or asleep.

But we forgive the living for the dead ;
 Indebted more to Rome than we can pay.
 Of a long dearth prophetic, she lay'd in
 A feast for ages.— O thou banquet nice,
 Where the soul riots with secure excess !
 What felt delight ! what pleasing useful hours
 Repeated owe we to her letter'd sons !
 We by their favour Tiber's walks enjoy,
 Their temples trace, and share their noble games ;
 Enter the crowded theatre at will,
 Go to the forum, hear the consul plead,
 Are present in the thund'ring Capitol
 When Tully speaks ; at softer hours attend
 Harmonious Virgil to his Mantuan farm,
 Or Baian ; and with happy Horace talk
 In myrtle groves by Teverone's cascade.

Hail, precious pages ! that amuse and teach,
 Exalt the genius, and improve the breast.

Ye sage historians all your stores unfold,
Reach your clear steady mirror——in that glafs
The forms of good and ill are well portray'd.

But chiefly thou, divine Philosophy,
Shed thy bless'd influence ; with thy train appear
Of graces mild, far be the Stoic boast,
The Cynic's snarl, and churlish pedantry.
Bright visitant, if not too high my wish,
Come in the lovely dress you wore, a guest
At Plato's table, or at Tusculum,
The Roman feasting his selected friends.
Tamer of pride ! at thy serene rebuke
See crouching insolence, spleen, and revenge
Before thy shining taper disappear.
Tutor of human life, auspicious guide,
Whose faithful clue unravels ev'ry Muse,
Whose conduct smooths the roughest paths ; whose voice
Controuls each storm, and bids the roar be still :
O condescend to gild my darksome roof :
Let me know thee —— the Delphic oracle
Is then obey'd—and I shall know myself.

