

VI.

The Man that has his Countries Sacred Tears
 To drop upon his Herse, has liv'd his Day :
 Thus, *BLACKBOURN*, we should leave our
 Names our Heirs ;
 Old Time and waning Moons sweep all the rest
 away.

TO

Mr. Robert Atwood.

THE

Kingdom of the Wise Man.

PART I.

THE rising Year beheld th' Imperious *Gaul*
 Stretch his Dominion, while a hundred Towns
 Crouch'd to the Victor : But a steady Soul
 Stands

Stands firm on its own Base, and reigns as wide,
As Absolute ; and sways ten thousand Slaves,
Lusts and wild Fancies with a Sovereign Hand.

We are a little Kingdom : But the Man
That chains his Rebel Will to Reason's Throne
Forms it a large one, *ATWOOD*, whilst his Mind
Makes Heaven its Council, from the Rolls above
Draws his own Statutes, and with Joy obeys.

'Tis not a Troop of Well-appointed Guards
Create a Monarch, not a Purple Robe
Dy'd in the Peoples Blood, not all the Crowns
Or dazzling Tiars that bend about the Head,
Tho' Gilt with Sun-Beams and beset with Stars.
A Monarch He that Conquers all his Fears
And treads upon them ; when he stands alone,
Makes his own Camp ; four Guardian Virtues wait
His Nightly Slumbers and secure his Dreams.
Now dawns the Light ; He ranges all his Thoughts
In square Battalions, bold to meet th' Attacks
Of Time and Chance, himself a numerous Host,

All Eye, all Ear, all wakeful as the Day,
Firm as a Rock, and moveless as the Centre.

In vain the Harlot Pleasure spreads her Charms
To lull his Thoughts in Luxuries fair Lap
To sensual Ease, (the Bane of little Kings,
Monarchs whose waxen Images of Souls
Are moulded into Softness) still his Mind
Wears its own Shape, nor can the Heavenly Form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild Decrees
Of the mad Vulgar, that unthinking Herd.

He lives above the Crowd, nor hears the Noise
Of Wars and Triumphs, nor regards the Shouts
Of Popular Applause, that empty Sound,
Nor feels the flying Arrow of Reproach,
Or Spite, or Envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his Tower, and Conscience is his Shield,
His Peace all Inward, and his Joys his Own.

Now my Ambition swells, my Wishes soar,
This be my Kingdom; sit above the Globe

My 'Rising Soul, and dress thy self around
And shine in Virtues Armour; Climb the height
Of Wisdoms lofty Castle, there reside
Safe from the Smiling and the Frowning World.

Yet once a Day drop down a gentle Look
On the great Molehill, and with pitying Eye
Survey the Busie Emmets round the Heap
Crowding and Bustling in a Thousand Forms
Of Strife and Toil, to purchase Wealth and Fame,
A Bubble or a Dust: Then call thy Thoughts
Up to thy self to feed on Joys unknown,
Rich without Gold, and Great without Renown,

PART II.

OR

The Bold Stoick.

Honour demands my Song. Forget the Ground
 My Generous Muse, and sit amongst the Stars;
 There sing the Soul, that Conscious of her Birth
 Lives like a Native of the Vital World
 Amongst these dying Clods, and bears her State
 Just to her self: How nobly she maintains
 Her Character, Superiour to the Flesh,
 She weilds her Passions like her Limbs, and knows
 The Brutal Powers were only born t' obey.

This is the Man whom Storms could never make
 Meanly complain, nor can a flatt'ring Gale
 Make him talk proudly: He hath no Desire
 To read his Secret Fate; yet unconcern'd

And

And calm could meet his unborn Destiny
In all its Charming or its Frightful Shapes.

He that unshrinking and without a Groan
Bears the first Wound may finish all the War
With meer Couragious Silence, and come off
Conqueror : For the Man that well conceals
The heavy Strokes of Fate he bears 'em well.

He, tho' th' *Atlantick* and the *Midland* Seas
With adverse Surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the Winds, then rush amain
Mingled with Flames upon his Single Head
And Clouds and Stars and Thunder, he would stand^d
And from the lofty Castle of his Mind
Sublime look down and Joyfully Survey
The Ruins of Creation ; he alone
Heir of the Dying World : A piercing Glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing Lids
To reach his Birth-place, then without a Sigh
He bids his batter'd Flesh lie gently down
Amongst its Native Rubbish ; while his Soul

Breaths and flies upward, an undoubted Guest
Of the third Heaven, th' unruinable Sky.

Thither when Fate has brought Our willing Souls,
No matter whether 'twas a Sharp Disease,
Or a sharp Sword that help'd the Travellers on,
And push'd us to our Home. Bear up my Friend,
My *ATWOOD*, and break thro' the Surging Brine
With stiddy Prow ; Know, we shall once arrive
At the fair Haven of Eternal Blifs
To which we ever steer ; whether as Kings
Of wide Command we've spread the Spacious Sea
With a broad Painted Fleet, or Row'd along
In a thin Cockboat with a little Oar.

There let my narrow Plank shift me to Land
And I'll be happy, thus I'll leap Ashore
Joyful and fearless on the Immortal Coast,
Since all I leave is Mortal, and it must be lost.