

O may the virtues, which adorn
 With modest beams his rising morn,
 Unclouded grow to perfect day!
 May he with bounty's brightest ray
 The natives chear, enrich the soil,
 With arts improve, reward their toil,
 Glad with kind warmth our northern sky,
 And generous Lonsdale's loss supply.



E P I S T L E

TO THE

Right Hon^{ble}. the Lord Viscount BEAUCHAMP.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXV-VI.

BY THE SAME.

MY LORD,

“WHAT is Nobility?” you wish to know,
 The real substance stripp’d of all its show:
 And can you then the honest freedom bear
 Of truths I ought to tell, and you to hear?
 Or shall I say—“Such beauty, birth, estate,
 “Must make their owner lov’d, and make him great!
 “Above

" Above the mean restraint of vulgar rules,
 " Your will a law, plebeians but your tools,
 " While mingling with your blood each honour flows,
 " And in each pulse a Percy's ardor glows?——

Not so the muse: she teaches you to know,
 How vain those honours you to others owe!
 Who rise to glory, must by virtue rise,
 'Tis in the mind all genuine greatness lies:
 On that eternal base, on that alone,
 The world's esteem you build, and more——your own.

Tho' Percy, Seymour, mighty names! combine
 To swell your blood, to dignify your line;
 For you tho' fortune all her stores has spread,
 And beauty points to pleasure's rosy bed;
 Yet what avail birth, beauty, fortune's store,
 The plume of title, and the pride of power,
 If deaf to virtue, deaf to honour's call,
 To tyrant vice a wretched slave you fall?
 To vice, paternal laurels you must yield;
 Revers'd each triumph, lost each purple field;
 Your fires no more their captive foes detain,
 You pay the ransom, and you break the chain;
 No more your high-descended fame we view,
 No Hartford fought, no Percy bled for you.
 I know, my lord, ambition fills your mind,
 And in life's voyage is th'impelling wind;
 But at the helm let sober reason stand,
 And steer the bark, with heaven-directed hand:

So shall you safe ambition's gales receive,
 And ride securely, tho' the billows heave;
 So shall you shun the giddy hero's fate,
 And by her influence be both good and great.

She bids you first, in life's soft vernal hours,
 With active industry, wake nature's powers;
 With rising years, still rising arts display;
 With new-born graces, mark each new-born day.
 'Tis now the time young passion to command,
 While yet the pliant stem obeys the hand;
 Guide now the courser with a steady rein,
 Ere yet he bounds o'er pleasure's flowery plain:
 In passion's strife, no medium you can have;
 You rule a master, or submit a slave.

“ For whom these toils, you may perhaps enquire;”

First for yourself: Next nature will inspire
 The filial thought, fond wish, and kindred tear,
 Which make the parent and the sister dear:
 To these, in closest bands of love, ally'd,
 Their joy or grief you live, their shame or pride:
 Hence timely learn to make their bliss your own,
 And scorn to think or act for self alone;
 Hence bravely strive upon your own to raise
 Their honour, grandeur, dignity, and praise.

But wider far, beyond the narrow bound
 Of family, ambition searches round;
 Searches to find the friend's delightful face,
 The friend at least demands the second place.

And

And yet beware: for most desire a friend
 From meaner motives, not for virtue's end:
 There are, who with fond favour's fickle gale
 Now sudden swell, and now contract their sail;
 This week devour, the next with sickening eye
 Avoid, and cast the fully'd play-thing by;
 There are, who, tossing in the bed of vice,
 For flattery's opiate give the highest price;
 Yet from the saving hand of friendship turn,
 Her med'cines dread, her generous offers spurn.
 Deserted greatness! who but pities thee?
 By crowds encompass'd, thou no friend can'st see:
 Or should kind truth invade thy tender ear,
 We pity still; for thou no truth can'st hear.
 Ne'er grudg'd thy wealth to swell an useless state,
 Yet, frugal, deems th' expence of friends too great;
 For friends, ne'er mixing in ambitious strife,
 For friends, the richest furniture of life!
 Be your's, my lord, a nobler, higher aim,
 Your pride to burn with friendship's sacred flame;
 By virtue kindled, by like manners fed,
 By mutual wishes, mutual favors spread,
 Increas'd with years, by candid truth refin'd,
 Pour all its boundless ardors thro' your mind.
 Be your's the care a chosen band to gain;
 With them to glory's radiant summit strain,
 Aiding and aided each, while all contend,
 Who best, who bravest, shall assist his friend.

Thus

Thus still should private friendships spread around,
 Till in their joint embrace the public's found,
 The common friend!—then all her good explore,
 Explor'd, pursue with each unbiass'd power.
 But chief the greatest should her laws revere,
 Ennobling honours, which she bids them wear.
 A British noble is a dubious name,
 Of lowest infamy, or highest fame:
 Born to redress an injur'd orphan's cause,
 To smooth th' unequal frown of rigid laws;
 To stand an isthmus of our well-mix'd state,
 Where rival powers with restless billows beat,
 And from each side alike the fury fling
 Of maddening commons, or incroaching king.
 How mean, who scorns his country's sacred voice!
 By birth a patriot, but a slave by choice.
 How great, who answers this illustrious end,
 Whom prince and people call their equal friend!
 “ Yes, there I'll rest; ambition toils no more,
 “ That goal attain'd, sure her long race is o'er.”
 Alas! 'tis scarce begun; ambition smiles
 At the poor limits of the British isles;
 She o'er the globe expatiates unconfin'd,
 Expands with christian charity the mind,
 And pants to be the friend of all mankind.
 Her country all beneath one ambient sky;
 Whoe'er beholds yon radiant orbs on high,

To whom one sun impartial gives the day,
 To whom the silver moon her milder ray,
 Whom the same water, earth, and air sustain,
 O'er whom one parent-king extends his reign,
 Are her compatriots all; by her belov'd,
 In nature near, tho' far by space remov'd;
 On common earth, no foreigner she knows;
 No foe can find, or none but virtue's foes;
 Ready she stands her chearful aid to lend,
 To want and woe an undemanded friend;
 Nor thus advances others bliss alone;
 But in the way to theirs still finds her own.
 Their's is her own. What, should your taper light
 Ten thousand, burns it to yourself less bright?
 "Men are ungrateful."—Be they so, that dare!
 Is that the giver's, or receiver's care?
 Oh! blind to joys, that from true bounty flow,
 To think, those e'er repent whose hearts bestow!
 Man to his Maker thus best homage pays,
 Thus peaceful walks thro' virtue's pleasing ways:
 Her gentle image on the soul imprest
 Bids each tempestuous passion leave the breast:
 Thence with her livid self-devouring snakes
 Pale Envy flies; her quiver Slander breaks:
 Thus falls (dire scourge of a distracted age!)
 The knave-led, one-ey'd monster, Party-Rage.
 Ambition jostles with her friends no more;
 Nor thirsts Revenge to drink a brother's gore;

Fury-Remorse no stinging scorpion rears;
 O'er trembling Guilt no falling sword appears.
 Hence Conscience, void of blame, her front erects,
 Her God she fears, all other fear rejects.
 Hence Just Ambition boundless splendours crown,
 And hence she calls eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd ^z Scipio past his glorious days,
 Blest with his kindred's, friend's, and country's praise.
 Nor ended there the human hero's thought,
 Nor in the Roman was the man forgot;
 In the deaf battle hearing nature's call,
 He doom'd with tears a rival empire's fall,
 The world's great patriot he!—by fame inspir'd,
 His youth each art adorn'd, each virtue fir'd;
 He thro' Rome's sons the brave contagion spread,
 Now led to conquest, now to wisdom led;
 Pleas'd, or to still the forum's civil roar,
 Or muse, Cajeta, on thy bending shore;
 Free from affairs, unfetter'd with parade,
 To taste a friend amid the rural shade:
 There deigns to mingle in immortal lays,
 There deep thro' time his country's fate surveys,
 While from his tongue sublimest precepts flow—
 “ How man but sojourns on this spot below,
 “ How mortal fame is to a point confin'd,
 “ Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal mind;

^z Scipio Africanus Æmilianus.

" For heaven, how virtue can alone prepare,
 " And vice wou'd find herself unhappy there."
 Hence, loos'd from earth, his pure affections soar
 Where sensual pleasure cheats the soul no more.
 Beneath his feet do nations treasures lie?
 Millions he views with unretorted eye.
 His country's manners does corruption drown?
 He, blameless censor! stems them by his own.
 Did kingdoms groan? he bade oppression cease,
 Stern tyrants aw'd, and hush'd the world to peace.
 Did justice call? he car'd not what became
 Of life, or of life's sweetest breath, his fame:
 For her he dar'd the nobles, peoples hate,
 For her he liv'd, for her resign'd to fate.
 These were his honours, his high triumphs these!
 Oh! how unlike the slaves of wealth and ease:
 With plenty curst, to make their life a void,
 Too great, too noble, to be well employ'd,
 They seek some livery'd friend to drag away
 The heavy, cumberous, miserable day.

There are, my lord, that with unfeeling ear
 A Scipio's, Sydney's, Falkland's glory hear,
 Unmov'd a Lonsdale's spotless honour see,
 Wise, studious, generous, loyal, just, and free!
 Are proof to every lure of honest fame;
 And yet of sycophants would buy a name;
 Hence birds of throat obscene, and greedy maw,
 The chattering magpye, the tale-bearing daw,

Rooks, vultures, harpies, their vile board surround,
 While frighted merit flies th' unhallow'd ground,
 Flies to the private shade, the pure retreat,
 And to their flatterers leaves the proud and great.
 What, tho' their hands ne'er hold Britannia's reins,
 Nor swords e'er seek her foes on crimson plains?
 Yet, Blount shall own they drive six horses well,
 And Mordington's their bolder courage tell,
 Their name with Mordaunt's Pope disdains to sing,
 Yet with their triumphs does Newmarket ring:
 What tho' (ye fair!) they break thro' honour's laws;
 Yet hence they gain a modish world's applause:
 Receiv'd, repuls'd, their boast is still the same,
 And still they triumph o'er each injur'd name.
 Their vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping state,
 But rescu'd operas from impending fate.
 Their bounty never bids Affliction smile,
 But pampers fiddlers with the tradesman's spoil.
 No Goth to learning e'er was foe so fell,
 Yet their bought praises dedications swell;
 Yet White's allows them, in a length of years,
 The first of sharpers, tho' the last of peers.

In vain for such may domes on domes arise,
 With heads audacious, and invade the skies;
 In vain dishonour'd stars dart mimic rays,
 To give their fordid breasts a borrow'd blaze;
 In vain with lordly rule, their wide domains
 Swell hundred hills, and spread an hundred plains:

If mean, still meaner by their lofty state,
 (So statues lessen by a base too great)
 With birth ignoble, poor amid their store,
 Obscur'd by splendor, impotent with power,
 By titles stain'd, with beauty unadorn'd,
 Courted by flattery, but by merit scorn'd,
 The slaves of slaves, corruption's dirty tools,
 The prey of villains, and the gaze of fools.

Rise then, my lord, with noble ardor rise!
 And whilst your fires before your ravish'd eyes
 Pass in a grand review, oh! pant for fame,
 And by your actions dignify their name,
 Transmitting thence, with heighten'd lustre down,
 Honours, that may your future offspring crown!

That fight the muse with pleasing hope surveys,
 While to the blissful hour her fancy strays,
 When in the Hertford of another age
 The same fair virtues shall your soul engage;
 The same soft meekness and majestic mien
 Shall char the private, grace the public scene.
 From her, to glad at once your ears and eyes,
 A fair Eliza shall with spirit rise,
 With lively humour, yet devoid of blame,
 And be, with sweet variety, the same;
 O'er some blest heart confirm her lasting sway,
 With reason sprightly, and with goodness gay.
 When to another Beauchamp you shall owe
 Those joys, that with your dawning virtues grow,

In him again be born, again shall live,
 And take that happiness, which now you give.
 Heaven has on you pour'd down his kindest shower,
 Health, riches, honours, blest'd your natal hour;
 At once an elegance of form and mind,
 To please, to serve, and to adorn your kind;
 In manners gentle, but in genius strong;
 Tho' gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.

These bounteous heaven bestows! 'tis your's to raise
 His gifts, and from their use derive your praise:
 His the materials, your's the work must be;
 Your choice, my lord, is fame or infamy.

Oh! should your virtues in pure current flow,
 And wealth and pleasure all around bestow,
 Till earth no more their length'ning stream can bound,
 Nor sinks their fame in time's vast ocean drown'd,
 Say, might the muse to future age declare,
 They were her early honour and her care?
 That by her hand the bubbling fount was clear'd,
 That, following where the mazy rill appear'd,
 She form'd their channel, and their course she steer'd?
 Might then this fond ambitious verse pretend,
 She taught the pupil, yet preserv'd the friend;
 First twin'd the wreaths, that shall your temples crown,
 Still in your glory happier than her own?