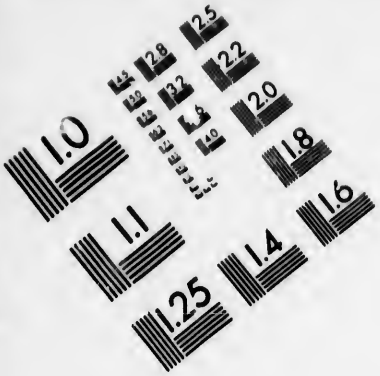


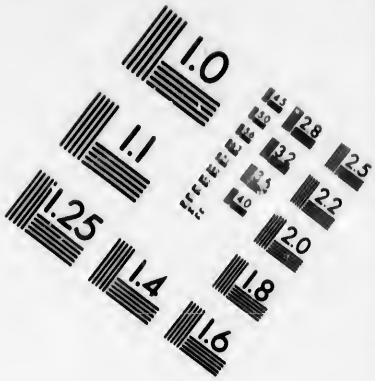
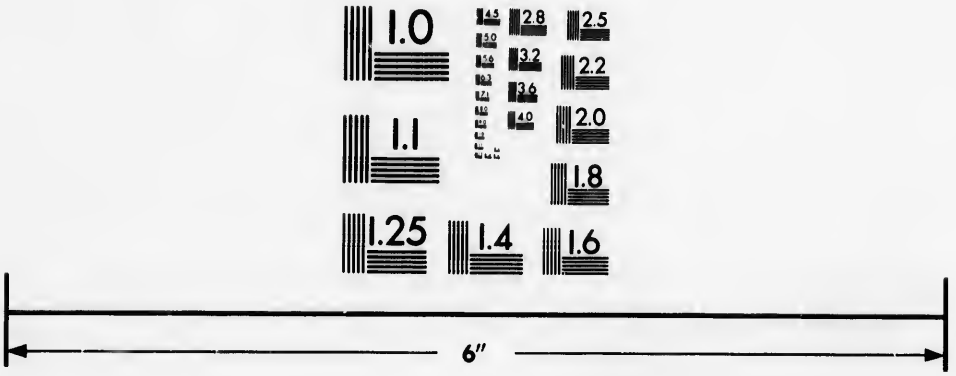
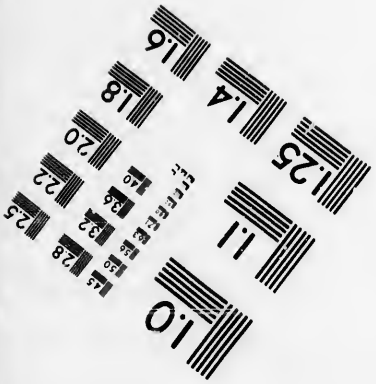
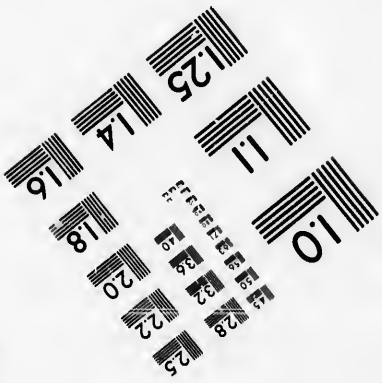


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☑ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to tha generosity of:

MacOdrum Library
Carleton University

The imeges eppearing here ere the best quelity possible considering tha condition end legibility of the originel copy end in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Originel copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with tha front cover and ending on tha last pege with a printed or illustreted impression, or tha back cover when appropriete. All othar original copies ara filmed baginning on the first page with a printad or illustratad impression, and ending on the last page with e printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on eech microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever appiias.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at differant reduction ratios. Those too lerga to be entirely included in one exposure ara filmad baginning in the upper laft hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrata tha method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut raproduit grâce à la générosité de:

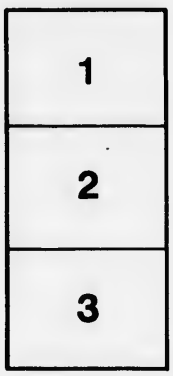
MacOdrum Library
Carleton University

Les imeges suivantes ont été reproduites evec le plus grend soin, compte tenu de le condition et de le netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et an conformité evec les conditions du contrat de filmege.

Les exemplaires origineux dont la couverture en pepier est imprimée sont filmés en commançant par le premier plet et en terminant soit per le dernière paga qui comporte une empreinta d'impression ou d'illustretion, soit per le sacond plat, selon le cas. Tous les autras exemplaires origineux sont filmés en commençant par la première pege qui comporte une empreinta d'impression ou d'illustration et an terminant par la dernière page qui comporta une taile empreinte.

Un des symbolas suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière imaga da chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifia "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Las cartes, pianchas, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux da réduction différents. Lorsqua le document est trop grand pour être raproduit an un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir da l'angla supériaur gauche, da gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en pranant la nombre d'imagas nécessaire. Las diagrammes suivants illustrant la méthoda.



SPI

WIT

"O
Bach
I ple
Hold
Inge
Swee

THE

SPRING OF LIFE:

A DIDACTIC POEM,

IN FOUR BOOKS,

WITH HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE

NOTES.

BY J. G. WARD.

"O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleased remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail."

COWPER.

MONTREAL:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1834.

J. C. Ward, Printer, corner of Notre-Dame and McGill streets.

PREFACE.

Had this poem been published in England, where the larger portion of it was written, it would have required but a short preface. In a country were the majority of the population is ill educated and literature is divided into two languages; where the press does not produce annually a tithe of the reprints including school books, nor more original works, than a provincial town of twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants of the mother country; and where I believe was never before offered to the public a poem of the like length and of the same kind, I feel that I ought not only to explain its nature, but to advocate and advance the cause of literature in general and poetry in particular to the utmost of my power.

The quiet pursuits and pleasurable recreations of literature, from a view of its state on this continent, one would think are incompatible with the noise of business and the bustle of commercial enterprise. As air is the medium of light and the vehicle of harmony, so is literature the medium of knowledge and the vehicle of civilization. That is the food of the body, this of the soul; that is the breath of mortal life, this of immortal fame. Literature is a beneficial relaxation from the toils of active life, and is as necessary to refreshen and invigorate the wearied mind as sleep is the fatigued body. Literature has ever received the most encouragement from a commercial people, among whom it has always most vigorously flourished. Venice, when the mart of all the luxuries and merchandizes of the east, was one of the first cities at which the press was established, and which was most famed for the neatness of its productions. When Holland could dispute the empire of the ocean with Great

Britain, she poured so rich a stream of classic works throughout Europe, that to this day we cannot look at the title of a Virgil or Horace without seeing on it the name of one of her once great and wealthy cities. Nor is she less famed for her commerce than for her having been the nurse of literature, arts, and sciences. In France, Prussia, Germany, and the whole of enlightened Europe, a man of genius, a man of knowledge, is a recognized power; to him the most distinguished courtesies are paid, to him the highest honors are awarded. He diffuses intelligence, intelligence is power, and power creates property. He only can control the most powerful and available engine for the destruction of ignorance and prevention of its consequent physical inconveniencies and moral evils.

The newspaper is the literature of America; at once the map of busy life and almanac of the closing year. The circulation of periodical publications of various kinds is greatly and beneficially enlarging. They are the germs of historical details; they catch events as they rise and note them down with strict fidelity and truth, from which they cannot deviate without immediate detection or refutation from cotemporaries. They are epitomies of the Belles Lettres of the day; in which the real merit of authors is displayed by a just, liberal, and enlightened criticism; promoting a lively relish of their beauties, distinguishing from them what is faulty, and teaching to censure and commend with judgment, good sense, and refined taste. They are the mirrors of the arts and sciences of the age; they reflect the newest discoveries and inventions and freely discuss their merits; in them are seen every new theory and new position, by which every step in the march of science is minutely investigated and its truth or fallacy is permanently established. The plurality of the subjects which they embrace and the variety of the discussions which they contain render them universally

attractive. From these circumstances, I am of opinion, they form a pretty sure criterion of the estimation in which literature is held in any country. In the United States their progress appears to be rapidly increasing. Literature, though now the dimmest star in the resplendant diadem of their glory, is beginning to shine forth in all the brightness of meridian splendor. Periodicals must languish and die unless they are continually nourished and fed by original productions. Hence their numerous reprints of European works, from which they gather their rich harvests of intellectual food But, I am of opinion, that these exotic harvests tend rather to diminish than increase the growth of the native soil. Who can be fed with the spontaneous fruits of the earth, or by the labors of others, is not likely to clear the forest himself and to till and sow the ground for his support. Mankind generally are not so fond of labor; and most need a spur to excite them to action. The subject of the most numerous class of original writings of the United States is Education, which embraces elementary books for youth. Theology holds a conspicuous place, and is nearly equalled by History and Biography. Works on Law and Medicine bear a fair proportion with the other branches of literature and science; but Fictitious History and Works of Art and Imagination are indeed at a very low ebb.

I turn now to the land of my adoption. As in the United States, the newspaper is the principal vehicle of literature of the Canadas. Every place of any note in the sister provinces has a journal; but, I believe, she has not at present a single periodical. Were the comparative numbers of the population of both provinces considered, Lower Canada would be much the inferior both as to the number and the circulation of its papers. But in this province by far the larger portion of the people, to say nothing of their want of education, speak the French language, in which there are three or four journals.

from the other portion the newspaper press receives perhaps more encouragement and patronage than from any like numerical body anywhere. This province has had at various times a periodical or two, which it appears to have long endeavoured to support.

The importance of education and the consequent importance of literature are here daily making deeper impressions on the minds of all classes. But there appear yet a seeming slowness and apathy which I cannot commend. The few original works which have been here published, were patronized, read, and are forgotten. Though they be of a mediocrity of merit, if they are thus thrown aside it will be long ere Canada will boast a literature of her own.

The culture of the human intellect is a matter of such primary importance to the well being of society, and is so closely connected with the good government of its members, that all civilized nations have taken especial care to cherish and advance learning, to confer and extend the blessings of education. This is the subject which engrosses the attention of the most numerous class of writers in the United States, and this is the subject, in an enlarged sense, of the following work.

As pictures were the origin of written language so was poetry the origin of prose. Poetry is the language of passion or enlivened imagination. It is an imitative art, which copies nature and life, paints the forms of matter, and represents the operations of intellect. Its aim is to please, to move, and to instruct; therefore it addressed the passions and calls imagination to the help of reason. It supplies life with its highest intellectual pleasures; it elevates the fancy, enlarges the comprehension, and impresses the mind with just sentiments and illustrious examples. I have heard some men say they did not like poetry; but such men have no knowledge of what they do not like. As the man in

Moliere's play, perhaps they speak prose and do not know it; if they do and if they read the Scriptures, probably they read and like poetry and do not know it. "Hence," says Dr. Blair, "arises a most invincible argument in honour of poetry. No person can imagine that to be a frivolous and contemptible art which has been employed by writers under divine inspiration, and has been chosen as a proper channel for conveying to the world the knowledge of divine truth." Poet and prophet were anciently nearly synonymous. The Songs of Moses, Deborah, and Hannah, Job, the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Sung of Solomon, Lamentations, and all those books called the Prophets are all poetical compositions of various kinds, distinguished by the highest beauties of strong and concise, bold and figurative expression. Though verse be its usual dress, and by which some persons distinguish it from prose, yet verse is not essential to poetry. From the analogy of the Hebrew and English languages, our version of these compositions, though in prose, still retains much of the poetical style of the original. There is every reason, however, to believe, that they are written in verse or some kind of measured numbers; whose movement, as in our own language, probably depended upon some peculiarity in the pronunciation of Hebrew which is now lost. The most remarkable and prominent feature of Hebrew poetry might be called Antithesis, which is the contrast or opposition of two objects that each of them may appear in a stronger light. The Chinese have a similar kind of poetry, and such is said to be the copiousness of their language, that they can as easily contrast words as we can rhyme them, hence they have long poems written with continued Antithesis. In the first member of the period a sentiment is expressed, and in the next the same sentiment is amplified or contrasted with its opposite. Numerous examples could be given, for we need only to open the Scriptures; these will suffice:—"Reprove

not a stranger, but to hear thee; to be a wise man, and he will love thee." "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."

Poetry has been, in every age, cultivated and esteemed by all civilized nations. But it is not confined to them; the American Indian has his songs, the Hottentot the rudest vocal of all languages, and the Arabs are said to have more poems than all the world beside. Because he was supposed to write under divine influence, the person of a poet was by many of the ancient nations deemed sacred. Genius, the faculty of invention, is that power which now constitutes a poet. Imagination is the inventive or creative faculty of the human mind, hence it is imagination that produces genius; the other intellectual faculties lend their assistance to rear the offspring of imagination to maturity. Without genius, both penetrating and solid, judgment is cold and knowledge inert. Without judgment, imagination would be wild and extravagant; and without imagination, judgment could not be supplied with materials on which it is to work. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent and combine, a great calmness to judge and correct; one tree at the same time must bear both blossoms and fruit. If a man shows invention, no intellectual defects his production may betray can forfeit his claim to genius. A bright and vigorous imagination with a moderate judgment will produce genius, wild and undisciplined it may be, but the nicest judgment without imagination cannot bestow a spark of genius. Good sense and good taste may enable a man to perceive in others' productions all their defects or errors, but cannot qualify him to supply or correct them. The man of genius employs his reason on subjects supplied by himself, the man of mere judgment can employ his only on the production of others. The former designs and paints the picture, the latter frames and varnishes it.

Taste, the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and of art, though not an essential, is a very necessary qualification of a poet. Without wit, poetry may be flat and languid; without delicacy and force of expression it will want beauty and sympathy. Poetry should always speak a universal language, and expression should ever be in unison with the average capability of sympathy. Poetry claims pre-eminence over all the sister arts. Music excites agreeable sensations in the mind, powerfully appeals to the feelings, arouzes and fires or calms and sooths the passions; but it is a passing breath, being once uttered, by possibility may never be repeated. Sculpture can represent the appearance, stature, attitude, and complexion of objects; painting adds to them drapery, color, and can express some of the passions. Poetry goes farther than both; when the one sister has laid down her chisel and the other her pencil, she presents to the mind images, breathing, moving, and animated; men of like passions with ourselves, undergoing all the changes of actual existence; she copies their characters and manners and describes the operations of their intellect. "Music," says Dryden, "is inarticulate poetry." When conveyed in sweet and melodious verse, poetry has almost all the powers of music and many to which music cannot aspire.

There are several kinds of poetry, each of which has various degrees of excellence. The following is DIDACTIC, the only kind that I now think necessary to notice, which I shall do by extracts from some of our best writers. "The ultimate end of all poetry," says Dr. Blair, "indeed of every composition, should be to make some useful impression on the mind. This useful impression is commonly made in poetry by indirect methods; as by fable, by narration, by representation of characters; but didactic poetry openly professes its intention of conveying knowledge and instruction. It differs, therefore, in the form only, not in the scope and substance,

from a philosophical, a moral, or a critical treatise in prose. At the same time, by means of its form, it has several advantages over prose instruction. By the charm of versification and numbers, it renders instruction more agreeable; by the descriptions, episodes, and other embellishments, which it may interweave, it detains and engages the fancy; it fixes also useful circumstances more deeply in the memory. Hence it is a field, wherein a poet may gain great honour, may display both much genius and much knowledge and judgment." "The highest species of it, is a regular treatise on some philosophical, grave, or useful subject." "As instruction is the professed object, its fundamental merit consists in sound thought, just principles, clear and apt illustrations." Pope's Essay on Criticism, Dr. Johnson says, "exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition, selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression." Here are summed up in a few words "every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify" a didactic poem. But one thing more is required by the same learned critic, "A poem frigidly didactic, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse." From these criteria every reader may be able to form an opinion for himself of the merits and defects of the following production. Didactic poetry teaches the arts, sciences, and morals; but I know of no poem, in any language that will embrace all these heads, nor any one that will not come under some one of them. In my humble opinion the following poem will be found to comprehend the whole of them, or at least a much larger portion of them than any other.

The most ancient specimens of the didactic species of poetry are some of the Psalms, particularly the hundred and nineteenth. The book of Proverbs, the first nine chapters of which is highly poetical, is of the same kind; it contains

rules for every period and every station of life. The book of Ecclesiastes is a perfect didactic poem. Thus has didactic poetry been the pursuit of the most illustrious princes and the wisest of men. Hesiod, who was probably cotemporary with Homer, is the most ancient Greek didactic poet; the subject of his work is Husbandry. Virgil's Georgics is a perfect model of a didactic poem. This poethas written on Agriculture and has exhibited clearly to the reader a connected train of instruction. Horace's Art of Poetry is remarkable for its ease and gracefulness, for its good sense and just criticism. The French have many excellent didactic poets among whom Boileau is celebrated. In our own language are so many productions of this kind of poetry that I might well excuse myself from noticing any of them. But Pope's Essay on Criticism and his Ethical Epistles deserve to be mentioned with signal honor, as models of it next to perfect. His works among other beauties, are remarkable for what I would call condensation of thought. No English poet ever brought so much sense into the same number of words with equal smoothness, ease, and poetical beauty. In Young's Night Thoughts there is much energy of expression, powerful reasoning, and several pathetic passages; but I have always regretted when reading it that it was such wretched versification. Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination is the richest and most poetical form of didactic writing in our language. The just regard for the honor of God, the glowing sentiments of religion, the keen perception of truth, and the exquisite feeling which characterize the writings of Cowper will ever endear them to the Christian's bosom. I regret the unfinished state of no work so much as that of Beattie's Minstrel. Many other productions of this species of poetry are perhaps equally deserving of notice, but these I hope will now suffice. With such works as these for models, I have endeavoured to con-

struct the following poem; which, sensible that it retains several inaccuracies and is not without perhaps many imperfections, I now present to the reader and leave him to form his own opinion of its merits. I shall not attempt to excite his sympathy either by narrating the difficulties which I have had to surmount in its execution, and which have even attended its progress through the press; and on the eve of its publication the sickness of myself and the decease of a dear and most affectionate wife; or by exposing the risque I incur by having printed and published it solely at my own expense. From a liberal and enlightened public, I feel sure I need not crave indulgence, but may rather anticipate praise, because

> Not to me hath God's good Providence
> Given studious leisure, or unbroken thought,
> Such as he owns—a meditative man.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed—Invocation, ver. 9—The Babe, 25—The natural and unnatural mother, 33—Parental love, 65—Maternal duties, 93—Habit and custom, 145—Childhood, 175—Education, 233—Spoiled child, 345—The tutor 365—Rise of society, 443—Rise of arts and sciences, 473—Education of the ancients; containing moral maxims, &c. from their laws and writings, 545—Including Egypt, 585—China, 611—Persia, 653—Judea, 675—Greece, 769—Rome, 809—Conclusion.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK I.

The Spring of Life, the season of our joys,
Our friends' support and parents' cares employs,
The smiling babe, the ever-playful child,
The teenless boy with sports and books beguiled,
The rising youth some art or trade is taught,
To know himself and study man is brought;
Then ends the Spring of Life, and all our cares
And all our joys roll on with rolling years.

Of childhood first, then youth, and then of man
I sing: Oh God of Truth! aid me to scan
Their virtues, vices, failings of their heart,
The education which their friends impart,
With maxims just to guide their feeble days,
To glow their bosoms with thy love and praise!

Give me to quaff some yet untasted spring,
Aloft through new-discovered skies to wing,
The secret paths of genius to explore,
To cull fresh wreaths where none was culled before.
Oh thou! who didst a Jesse's son inspire,
Who touchedst blest Isaiah's lips with fire,
No Aonian maid of fabled shade or brook,
Thy aid alone, Great Spirit! I invoke;
Awake my ravished soul and bless my strain,
In faith I ask, then shall I ask in vain?

See! sweetly smiling on his mother's breast,
The tender pledge of love—the heir caressed;
His dimpled cheek and curling mouth invite
Thy glowing lips, that press them with delight;
His beaming eyes and lovely countenance
Clothed with the lily robe of innocence;
His hands outstretched implore protecting care,
Couldst thou refuse had he no mother near?
Nature, alike in every breast, ordains
That she her offspring nurtures and sustains,
Not she alone all creatures on the earth
Cherish the young to whom they gave their birth;
Can woman trust to others' fostering hands
Those tender duties nature's self commands?
Extatic joy her feeling heart ne'er throbs,
Herself of his endearing smiles she robs,

Weans his affection and neglects his school,
Then sees him reared a cripple or a fool.
Rome pious claims that charitable design,
Founded with good intent by Constantine,
Where in the dark the helpless babe is thrown,
To live confined, uncherished, and unknown;
To veil her shame its cruel mother feigns,
Her paler blots o'ershades with darker stains.

But you, maternal love! supply each want,
From every danger shield the tender plant;
You guide its early course as slow it grows,
Cheered with fresh beauties as each blossom blows,
Culture with kindness, with correctness prune,
Too fondly-nurtured plants oft wither soon:
You rock the cradle when thy cherub sleeps,
While watch with o'erspread wing an angel keeps;
Or in thy arms his head slow rose and fell,
To thy glad palpitating bosom's swell,
If pain or sickness droops thy infant's head,
In sadness sit and tears of sorrow shed;
When blooming health her wonted sway resumes,
Joy thrills thy breast, thy beaming eye illumes;
By such fond cares thy youth and bloom decay,
Thy buoyant spirits steal unmarked away.

Parental love! that every bosom warms,
Endears to life—from death his sting disarms,

Extends to every child an equal share,
Not favors this, from that restricts its care,
Directs to virtue and religion's plan,
Informs the duties both to God and man,
To fit for life's affairs in various states,
By wise preceptors early educates;
Obedience taught, with modesty regard,
Credit with truth, with gratitude reward;
With emulation fame, with prudence wealth,
Strength with diversion, temperance with health,
Knowledge with power, with learning diligence,
Content with peace, with labor competence;
Hope with reliance and with fear repent,
Charity with love and faith with argument;
With education and religion blessed,
Active in life, in death eternal rest.
The love of parents equal warmth retains,
Lives without end, without a rival reigns;
Its power divided with unweakened force,
Its ardor constant from exhaustless source,
Though ever wandering ever fixed its care,
Like the sun's rays diffused from sphere to sphere;
Secret their joys, their sorrows they conceal,
Those cannot utter, these will not reveal;
Oft are their troubles, many are their fears,
For children sweeten life, increase its cares.

Blithesome fair Hygeia trips the village green,
Grace in her steps and beauty in her mien,
Smiles curl her lips, her cheeks with roses glow,
Around her feet her simple garments flow,
Sprightly she moves and skims the daisied plain,
To ease the toil and bless the laboring swain,
Or hastens home to cheer his humble cot,
Where, like the heather flower, she blooms forgot.
Mothers! to her your child I would commend,
And may she ever on his steps attend;
Practice her rules and follow her advice,
Nor let affection from her ways entice;
Nurse thy own offspring at thy balmy breast,
But cuckoos leave them in another's nest,
Pelicans feed them with their bosom's blood,
The tender turtle rears and loves her brood:
Ne'er give thy milk by angry passions boiled,
The ruffled current may convulse the child.
Some, hot or cold, unvaried clothing wear,
While others shift each season of the year,
Avoid extremes, in early age begin,
Not thick in winter, nor in summer thin;
All free and easy, unconfined the chest,
Nature alone will fashion as is best.
Inure to heat and cold, and wet and fine,
Scythia and Afric's sons in yours combine;
In winter wash with heaven's strengthening rain,
Cold as it drops; in summer swim the main;

Thus was the sturdy Latian race of old
Nerved in the stream and hardened in the cold;
Thus Erin bathes her sons in shine and freeze,
And Scotland's heroes daily wash their knees;
Who rides the billow and beneath it dives,
May save his own and rescue other's lives.
Some feed their children with high-seasoned meats,
Some please their palates with nice drinks and sweets,
Both these and those their tender frames impair,
Hence simple, plain, and fleshless be their fare;
Abstain from spirits and intemperate wine;
On ripe and stoneless fruit in season dine;
Beware of sudden change in usual food,
Fast not with rigor nor with meals o'erload.
On downy couch the child of luxury lies,
Untired at night, at morning loth to rise;
Unsoft the child of labor rests his head,
Up with the lark and with the lamb abed;
While night o'erspreads her sable pinions wide,
Tired innocence absorbs the cordial tide,
That rolls its opiate essence through each vein,
Freshens his body and relieves its pain,
And o'er his mind invigorating glows,
While he like a young verdant olive grows.

These are maternal duties infants need,
For which through youth blithe Hygeia will plead;

Impressed at early age they will at length
Grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength.
If slow neglect attend infantile years,
The golden grain is choked with noxious tares;
Then oft are set prolific seeds of vice,
That from the laws of God and man entice;
Would you reap virtue seeds of virtue sow,
For few good qualities spontaneous grow.
But early customs, whether good or ill,
O'ercome our nature and reverse our will,
Settled to habits rarely are erased,
By good exalted and by bad debased:
By these in summer's heat or winter's blast
On some high rock the anchorite's life was passed;
The Bonze or Bramin bleeds with penance just;
The blazing pile unites the married dust;
While at the stake the vanquished warrior roasts,
Defies his foes, of battle's glory boasts;
The Arab welcomes all to homely cheer,
His friends and foes alike partake his fare;
The drunkard drains his oft-replenished can;
The glutted cormorant embrutes the man.
Since habits, therefore, nature can subdue,
With only good the spotless mind imbue;
They turn it pliant in what course you will,
E'en the most difficult with ease fulfil;
Fix but one ill it galls all life's concerns;
This nature banished soon again returns.

Sweet childhood! peaceful are thy happy days,
Flowery thy paths and heavenly thy ways,
Why changed so soon for those where thorns arise?
Thus our first parents lost their paradise!
What innocence! what happiness divine!
What matchless bliss to thee unknown are thine!
Thy vernal bloom devoid of summer's cares,
Of autumn's toils and winter's silver hairs;
Thy dawning skies no noisome breath impures,
No cloud o'ercasts, no gathering storm obscures;
No former ills thy memory retains,
Thy fancy fabricates no future pains;
Thy sportive looks of love ensnare the heart,
Unconscious of their charms and free from art;
Sport follows rest and smiles succeed thy tears,
Blossomed thy hopes and withered all thy fears.
In thoughtless ease you frolic through the day,
Each varied scene can charm for all are gay;
No pleasures cloy for all are new to thee;
With tottering steps you play, or on the knee
Of thy fond mother dance, she shares thy joy,
Her sole delight to nurse her blue-eyed boy;
In nature's miniature print to trace
The manly lineaments of his father's face;
The semblant features claim her sweet behalf,
She smiles—he gives a sympathetic laugh
And turns on her his dark-blue rolling eyes,
Soft as the dove's, as bright as summer skies:

Then down he springs, and like a hare he bounds,
He hears his grandsire's well-known foot-pace sounds;
He holds his finger and beside him walks,
Inquires his health and simply prattling talks;
Borrows his walking-staff and o'er it strides,
Then round the room in stately triumph rides;
Well-pleased he capers many a wavering course,
Till the rough carpet throws both him and horse,
Quick gushing forth his pearly tears fast flow,
Glistening on earth like morning dew on snow;
His aged sire disports him on his knee,
Banishes sorrow with his antique glee;
Down and up, up then down again he goes
In restless play; or treads his corny toes,
Looks in his buttons or unties his strings,
Listens his watch or pulls its seals and rings,
Affects to read or view the printed gay,
Downfolds the leaves or flings the book away.
Thus different sports amuse his tender age,
While other things his grandsire's mind engage:
This book was late, like thy unlettered mind,
A blank retentive sheet for thought designed;
Now, like my own, is stamped with virtuous laws,
Wise precepts, pleasures, and religion's cause,
For every day a lesson I received,
Accumulating lore the volume leaved,

With memory's ken I every page peruse,
This yields instruction and that may amuse,
Each leaf collected and with skill compiled,
Religion, learning, truth shall teach my child.

Important task! the tender thought to rear,
For life's wide checkered scenes the child prepare,
His parent's duty and their chief concern,
With care to culture and with ease to learn,
To choose the shortest and the surest plan,
To form a virtuous, wise, and useful man.
Like painted canvass, gay with light and shade,
Virtue and vice the human life pervade,
But this or that, so nicely intermixed,
Was more or less by education fixed
First on the tender but retentive mind,
This causes the great difference of mankind!
For like to all at birth impartial Heaven
The germs of virtue, truth, and bliss have given,
A sense to feel, a memory to retain,
Conscience to warn and judgment to restrain;
Alike the vigour of a soul possess
To reach the heaven of earthly happiness.
To good or ill, as education bends,
A nation's future weal or woe depends,
Its public character is loose or chaste,
Corrupt its manners or refined is taste,

Religion's luminaries wax or wane,
Pious the bishop or the priest profane,
Justice is equal or the laws contemned,
Guilt is punished or innocence condemned,
Commerce enriches or the trades deprive,
Sciences languish or the arts revive.

By education, in the various climes,
With local circumstance and changing times,
Man's customs, dress, and characters are fixed,
Laws, politics, religion last unmixed;
Had Georgian beauty on the Seine been born,
Would not she loath a Sultan's harem scorn?
Would Banian merchants up the Chesapeake
Purchase and sell yet neither write nor speak?
Would Persians reared in Spain a turban wear?
Or bearded Jews like Chinese shave their hair?
Would Frenchmen taught in Poland be polite?
Or dusky Russia Germany enlight?
Would Algerines the British laws admire?
Or Mahomet's son, if left him by his sire?
Would ancient Asia a republic love
Could she to young America remove?
Like Japanese were Britons reared and fed
Would hordes migrate and hecatombs have bled?
The Thibet Lama would Caffrees adore,
Had they been taught, or still no god implore?

If Christian truths their infancy endow
Will Indian hordes to fabled Brahma bow?
As various soils give plants a various birth,
Man takes the flavour of his native earth.

With education, man more surely strives,
Nor wealth bequeaths, nor poverty deprives,
No crime destroys, no enemy detracts,
It chastens vice and virtue it directs,
Decreases woe, advances happiness,
Exalts misfortune, and contents success;
The slave is freed, the savage civilized,
The freeman learned his rights and learning prized,
A friend at home, in company a grace,
The chart of business and the key of place,
The soul of government and the nerve of states,
Opinion's veins where knowledge circulates,
Genius a wider-spreading sphere commands,
As heaven's ethereal vault to noon expands.
Without it, what is man? or tamed or wild,
A man in body but in mind a child,
His thoughts contracted and confined his views,
His godlike reason rusting in disuse,
His judgment weak, his prejudices strong,
Easy mislead, and stubborn right or wrong,
Untutored skill, uncultivated taste,
A luminous blank and intellectual waste.

Among enlightened men, deprived this boon,
Obscured by light like candles burnt at noon,
Sinks in the crowd, or others him advance,
Pushed from below as in a country dance;
To rise in life some luck or chance it call,
But six to one the die will highest fall,
As art loads dice so knowledge guides the mind,
Be this to cheat, who sees can cheat the blind;
Though some of wealth obtain their equal share,
The watchful tortoise may o'ertake the hare;
Though some high difficulties escalade,
The backward crabs advance though retrograde.
Some education deem for peer or priest,
The lowest may high, the greatest least;
The brightest silver worthless ores conceal,
But clashing flints electric fire reveal,
As the unpolished gem so humble worth
Needs the kind hand to strike its lustre forth.
As the mechanic tool displays each stain,
Each cloud and variegated curling vein,
Inherent in the dull misshapen mass,
Or carves colossal statues to address,
Like the eternal Being whom we serve,
So education, training every nerve,
With virtue's never-fading charms endues,
With veins of wisdom noble minds imbues,
Reveals the latent beauties of morality,
And fits the mortal for immortality.

To whom shall youth their education owe?
Perchance it best might from a parent flow,
If he have leisure and in one can blend
The father, the preceptor, and the friend;
But great the love a doating parent feels,
Through every vein quick-spreading fondness steals
Which thrills the mother's breast and oft misleads,
Nor his instructions nor her own succeeds;
The wedded tutor dotage must endure,
Paternal love maternal fondness cure.
Pity the child whose mother's weakness spoils,
Whose manners vex and disposition foils,
Debased his parts and all his sense confined,
Subtle his heart and unimproved his mind;
For ever kissing and for ever kissed;
This moment rightly chid the next caressed;
For this he cries while that he throws away,
When called to peace then only noise and play,
She coaxingly entreats, but he replies
With pouting lips and mimic tearful eyes,
She then commands, affecting angry mood,
But soon relents with "kiss me and be good;"
At morn no maid can clean or dress him right,
None but herself can put to bed at night,
Tuck him up warm and give th' expected kiss,
Instead of prayers with senseless jargon bless:
Without just discipline the favorite child
Grows up headstrong, lascivious, and wild;

Vicious in habits, wasteful in expense,
Unknown all pleasures saving those of sense.

A father oft, too busy to attend
A tutor's duties, seeks a well-bred friend,
Prepared with morals, learning, and address,
To form his son and light his happiness,
Beneath his father's roof and by his side,
In paths of virtue, truth, and wisdom guide.
If far removed, parental love may waste,
Filial affection from his mind be rased,
These godlike passions, nature's sacred ties,
Every religion claims, no laws despise;
These families unite and nations bind,
Now and of yore, the savage and refined.

But mostly youth to public schools resort,
Of able masters and approved report.
Indeed! too oft some hungry beast of prey
Sets up a school, whom trades have cast away,
Exceeding anxious that his boys attain
Intelligence that ne'er fatigued his brain;
Vouching no care shall fail, no labour tire,
An usher for himself and youth shall hire;
Boasting for letters and for morals zeal,
Their genuine worth best in his palm can feel;
In long vacations left to run at large,
His charge forget their studies he his charge.

The youth when bearded, worse than if untaught,
His mind a wilderness, devoid of thought,
Regards with scorn the pedantry of schools,
His parents' money waste, his masters fools,
Learns o'er his cups the craft of priests and kings,
Clear comprehensive views of men and things;
No gambling practise is to him unknown,
Nor one distempered strumpet of the town;
Cunning in business if not quite a knave,
Knows how to spend but never learned to save.
Not so the man professionally skilled,
His arduous task and faithful trust fulfilled;
Who, not remote from their parental eyes,
On youth the force of education tries,
For parents his endeavours should promove,
Censure nescience, proficiency approve.
Betimes true notions of a God he learns,
Author of more than human eye discerns,
To love with fear, with reverence to obey,
At morn and night with pious fervor pray,
Religion's sacred truth in Scripture reads,
The prophet's wisdom and the Saviour's deeds;
The woes of vice, the bliss of virtue knows,
But this alone within his bosom glows;
Scorns to equivocate, detests to lie,
Conscious of wrong nor palliates reply;
Nor boasts his knowledge, nor at merit winks,
Not meanly of himself or others thinks;

Respects superiors and the poor relieves,
Generously gives and gratefully receives;
To sweeten study's toils his master's sway
Controls his pleasure, regulates his play,
That oft condusive to improvement turns,
Unbends his mind and from amusement learns;
A noble emulation warms his heart
To know from others and to them impart;
His morals undefiled, informed his mind,
Polite his manners, and his taste refined,
Skilful in arts, in sciences profound,
Quick in invention, and in judgment sound:
Then when no Mentor longer by his side,
Just maxims and true principles his guide,
To some profession ably he attends,
By all respected and esteemed by friends;
Right in accounts and honest in his deeds,
Deals without cunning, without craft succeeds;
His leisure hours no pastimes vain entice,
For idleness is food for every vice,
But manly recreations he pursues,
The useful studies of his youth renews,
Or mazy dance, that sportive pairs can please,
Graces the carriage and gives motion ease,
Or magic pencil, or soft-sighing flute,
Some useful or accomplished pursuit.

When Saturn reigned and Astræa dwelled on earth,
A godlike progeny received their birth,
Their manners simple and their lives unstained,
Whose length of golden years high Heaven ordained
Unknown refined or savage arts of life,
Nor luxury and ease, nor war and strife;
Nature their tutor and their only guide,
Can she alone for human weal provide?
Like autumn's sun she lost her power apace,
For soon base ore allayed the golden race;
Then riot, feast, and luxury began,
To sensual pleasures sank degenerate man;
Then brethren vilely sought each others breath,
And parents ceased to mourn their children's death.
With virtue, truth, and love the Nine inspire
The savage breast; Apollo's trembling lyre
Meekens the horrid heart and charms the soul,
The wolf and lamb listen, streams cease to roll,
The mountains nod, the satyrs dance around,
The ivyed forest fluctuates to the sound;
Then sports amuse the sylvan maid and swain,
The smiles and graces wanton in their train;
They cull laborious sweets each passing day,
At eve the shepherd breathes his amorous lay,
At morn they rise, awoke by crowing cocks,
Attend their lowing herds and bleating flocks;

Or rouse the echoing forest with their yell,
Pursue the bounding hind o'er hill and dell,
Whizzing through air th' unerring arrow flies,
Pierces his throbbing side, he falls—he dies.
Now groans the ox beneath the brightening share,
Which Ceres taught and gave the fruitful year
To labouring man—for labour all o'ercomes;
Which bounteous earth repays in tenfold sums:
The golden field and smiling meadow grow,
Rich milk and honey from her bosom flow;
Blossoms and fruits of gay enamelled hue,
Flowers wide spreading odoriferous dew;
Th' expanded acorn, cedar, fir, and pine,
Aromatic groves and thick-clustering vine
Forth flourish; whose juice, root, or leaf gives health.
While Egypt joys beneath the watery wealth
Of fertilizing Nile, the careful swain,
When it retires, commensurates his plain:
Art thou the parent of sciences and arts,
Egypt! or rearedst the fruit of foreign parts?
By these thy twenty thousand cities rise,
Thy towering pyramids o'erreach the skies,
Majestic temples where thy gods reside,
Gorgeous palaces filled with pomp and pride;
Thy vallies float with grain, fleets crowd thy ports,
And foreign genius to thy fanes resorts.

Use, by degrees, the various arts revealed,
This taught the swain to plough and sow the field,
From veins of flint to clash the latent spark;
Then first the river tossed the hollow bark;
Then pilots named and told eve's starry train,
The Pleiades, Hyades, and bright Charles' wain;
Then sportsmen sought wild beast and birds to snare,
Though forests chased with dogs the bounding deer;
Some caught their prey from streams and some from seas,
Those with their lines, with nets wide-spreading these;
Some softened iron forged, while others chose
To carve the yielding wood; then arts arose:
Letters and figures now the mind endue,
Each day improves old arts, discovers new.
These nerve the judgment and enlarge the mind,
Soften the manners, socialize mankind,
Ennoble vulgar birth, enhance the high,
The want of power and want of wealth supply,
These sweeten life, life's brightest jewels these,
Solace in age, in youth instruct and please,
Inform in action, polish in success,
Delight in ease, and comfort in distress;
Direct the will, the springs of motion sway,
Restrain the passions, and the motives weigh.

See! those who guide the bright mechanic tool,
The jagged saw, deep-scienced square, and rule,
The chisel, pencil, shuttle, plough, and press;
Monarchs! be these your care and ne'er distress
Nor limit them; they are Britannia's dower,
Th' effusive source of freedom, wealth, and power,
And commerce ploughs the broad irriguous plain,
Th' operative hand feeds prince and swain!
So in the hive the laboring bees are seen,
Faithful to laws and loyal to their queen;
All blended firm, no jarring interests reign,
Each knows his rights and knowing dares maintain,
Each does his duty, dignifies his cares,
Builds nectared cells, and rising offspring rears;
From dewy morn till vesper bell has tolled
Industriously hordes ambrosial gold.
Happy are they instruction can delight,
Whom useful arts and sciences invite;
More happy they who virtue's path have trod,
Who live to live eternally with God
Omnipotent; Him whose word from chaos dark
Struck forthwith the world-illumining spark,
And aery-whirling spheres self-balanced hung
At His first fiat; by which order sprung
From uproar wild and vast, and all things move
In the sweet harmony of heavenly love.

To Thee! oh God! my straining thoughts would
climb,
To Thee! that heavenly hosts harp praise sublime,
My orisons on willing knee I raise;
And thy propitious aid my early lays
Invoke; Thou! who didst guide my feeble youth,
Now feed my soul with learning, virtue, truth;
And, oh, Thyself! teach me to love and know,
In charity to live with all below,
In peace to die, in heaven with Thee reign;
To this let knowledge tend, all else is vain.

Where freeborn Arts their graceful skill display,
Sciences, whom angelic light array,
Like Jacob's ladder, gradually rise,
Their foot on earth, their summit in the skies;
Where Genius, mid the sylvan shades reclined,
Pours his sweet influence o'er the thought-throned
mind,
And studious Industry unwearied strives
To spread our bliss and meliorate our lives;
Where Meditation in lone quiet walks;
Friendship unenviously informing talks;
There Education's sacred fanes appear,
To which all ages and all climes repair
Seeking her aid; with smiles and outstretched
hands,
Her coming votaries she commends

Unadulatory; by her sage Discipline,
Whose lank and silvery locks and looks divine
Bespeak experience, in whose meek eye,
Sweet speech, and smile are love and dignity,
Caresses goodness and ingenuous worth
And gives the meed of praise; but stubborn sloth
And frowardness, with frown and eye severe,
Darting rebuke, he checked mid their career;
Thus wins them to his will, or thus o'erawes
Till his lost favors penitence restores:
Around her stand Hope, Fear, Emulation, Shame,
By whom to honor, excellence, and fame,
To virtue, wisdom, piety, and truth,
She faithful leads all her attentive youth.
Prone at her sacred shrine, in ancient times,
Were various nations from remotest climes,
Of whom, from record lapsed ages rase,
A half-glimpsed image gray traditions trace.
Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome repaired
To Egypt's templed realm, where columns reared
Their mouldering heights of mystery and lore,
Whose wafted dust has reached our distant shore:
The broken sculpture that bestrews her plains,
Hieroglyphic painting that contains
Th' illustrious deed and memorable name,
Fameless in undeciphered marks, proclaim
Here an enlightened polished nation dwelled,
Here flourished arts, and navies' canvass swelled,

And gardens bloomed, now naught but desert sand,
The sceptre has departed her base land.
Sages of old their youth with fables taught,
With moral and instructive lessons fraught,
The rules of life in maxims short confined,
To fix them easier on the infant mind:
Whence Solomon his thousand proverbs knew,
Jesus in parables his doctrines shew.
Behold, my son, God's image in your sire,
Let love and fear your youthful breast inspire,
Thy parents' prayers propitiously He hears,
Blessings descend on him who them reveres;
When age appears rise reverent from your seat
Resign the wall and bow whene'er you meet;
Let gratitude within thy bosom glow,
Like fertile lands more than received bestow,
To God give freely nor from man exclude,
What ingrate wretch e'er owned ingratitude?
Respect all callings for they ne'er degrade,
Improve with practice your paternal trade;
Be just to all, at worship always seen,
Simple in manners and sedate in mein;
Pry not in nature nor unveil the skies,
For dust thou art be humble and be wise.

Thus Egypt taught her sons: now China's laws
That trained her youth and bound her conquerors:

The prince who governs with parental sway
Honor with fear, with loyalty obey,
He loves the laws, within their limits keeps,
Protects the innocent, for guilt he weeps,
A noble prize to merit he ordains,
Rewards each virtue and each vice restrains;
The arts improve, the sciences extend,
While plenty, peace, and wealth flow through his land;
One God he serves, all sects he tolerates,
Religion and piety adorn his states:
But education, is a sacred thing,
Revealed in *Syau-hyo* and *Hyau-king*;
Like vernal showers and balmy zephyr's breeze
Wafting abroad the seeds of plants and trees,
Their growth promoting; not like hasty rains
And lashing storms, wide laying waste the plains,
Each careful parent teaches and corrects,
To law responsible for his children's acts;
First to the Heaven supreme devoutly bow
Author of all, whence all our blessings flow;
Honor thy parents and thy friends revere,
Their manes respected and their memories dear,
Thy injuries forget, thy foes forgive;
As were this life's last hour so always live;
Assist thy neighbor and regard thy friend;
Reprove with gentleness, with truth commend;

Virtue for vice nor truth for lies exchange ;
Kindness for kindness give, no wrong revenge ;
All human weal and woe do thou make thine,
Knowledge is good and good diffused divine :
Such are the maxims Chinese morals grace,
Which good Confucius taught her ancient race ;
Whose laws sublimely beauteous speak her fame,
Whose life divinely spent exalts her name,
To turn corruption's torrent rage devoted,
Virtue in loveliest colors decked promoted,
Hideous vice expelled ; the patriot sage
Within his bosom glowed ; he lashed his age,
Rife with idolatry and nobly strove
One God supreme, omniscient to prove.

Far famed was Persia for that tender care,
Which offspring need, and whom she sought to rear
In Zoroaster's and her Magi's laws ;
In scales of equity the great First Cause
Weighs good and evil deeds, he who does well
In heaven shall live, who ill shall writhe in hell ;
Consider well your actions e'er you do,
Defer the doubtful and the good pursue ;
Thy hand, thy tongue, thy thought from sin be clear ;
Praise God in health, thy sickness patient bear;
To worth thy gifts diffuse with liberal hand,
Relieve the poor and the oppressed defend ;

Who in discourse pollutes his lip with lies,
He shrinks from man and Deity defies;
Lie not in trade, be honest and be just,
For without trust no trade, nor truth, no trust;
Teach not thy children mysteries and tales,
One word of truth o'er thousand lies prevails;
All friends and strangers courteously treat,
To dogs give food, to beggars drink and meat;
As generous trees o'ershade the feller's head,
So e'en to foes with cheer thy table spread.

When Abraham left his idols, friends, and land,
Obedient to Jehovah's high command,
At Sichem's oak to Him an altar raised,
Forsook false gods, and sacrificed and praised;
His seed by whom all nations shall be blessed
In Goshen spread, though guests as slaves oppressed,
Till plagues had humbled Pharaoh's subborn heart,
To let sojourners from his land depart;
Who passed on dry the Erythræan main,
That whelmed the king and his embattled train;
Through Etham's wilderness their prophet led,
Moses, their great deliverer and head,
Wise as a serpent, as a turtle meak,
Glorious as Sinai's God-encircled peak;

Whence, while his thunders roared and lightnings flamed,
Jehovah laws to Israel proclaimed;
" I am the Lord thy God ; I am who broke
Thy grievous bondage and Egyptian yoke ;
Adore no other gods before my eyes,
Nor worship shapes and forms that men devise;
I hold it guilt to take my name in vain,
Labor six days, my sabbath ne'er profane ;
Honor thy parents to prolong thy life,
Thou shalt not kill, shalt know no other's wife ;
Thou shalt not steal, nor witness bear untrue,
Nor covet what doth not belong to you ;
Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God above,
And as thou lovest thyself, thy neighbor love."
These laws Jehovah to his sons imparts,
Bind on your fingers, write them on your hearts;
Converse with Job, the Psalms of David sing,
Study the Proverbs of the sapient king ;
Read o'er each book and meditate the whole,
Drink deep the sacred spring and feed thy soul.

Oh, thou ! that sportest o'er the hills and dales,
Where maids and shepherds tell their amorous tales,
Oh, thou ! that soarest mid the azure skies,
Carroling sweet thy early harmonies ;

Oh, thou! that prowlest through the forests green,
Strong as a storm, as lightning fierce and keen;
Oh, thou! that burrowest th'irriguous plain,
Huge as an isle or smaller than a grain,
Sweet Liberty adored! The noble mind,
Firm as an oak and chainless as the wind,
Where'er thy shrine, expands and strives to clasp
All but infinity in its finite grasp;
And where thy shrine is not misery assails,
The fear of God and all true virtue fails:
O'er polished Greece thy sceptered hand was spread,
Her statesmen counselled and her heroes bled,
For love of thee; which glowed in every breast,
Which poets sung and every sage impressed.
Sweet Liberty! thou sapient nurse of arts,
That Greece to unenlightened worlds imparts,
In language clear and full; her power, her fame,
To thee she owed, which future times proclaim
In praises just; how many famed thine own,
Who, like the moon, in borrowed lustre shone;
Yet penetrative genius struck new light,
O'er arts and sciences long veiled in night,
Diffusing mental day to following years,
Of which the western world received their shares.
Lycurgus, Sparta's pride, severely wise,
Taught men their lives to love and death despise,

Beneath his laws all human passions bowed,
Raising the low and levelling the proud;
Each private vice and sensual pleasure staid,
The barbarous race his rigorous laws obeyed;
To justly equalize, for public weal,
...inating gold must yield to steel;
...ght only merit should advance in state,
But martial virtue be entitled great;
One common hall displays their frugal cheer,
Fatigue and hunger seasoning their fare,
Nor festive boards, nor golden goblets smile,
Vice these enthrone and virtue those exile.
Youth's education was this legislator's care!
E'en in the womb were mothers taught to rear
An offspring blessed with beauty, strength, and health,
For these alone give nations power and wealth:
For tender age no choice of drink or meat;
Naked they fought and ran with shoeless feet;
Or plunged amid Eurotas' icy wave,
Sporting when calm, when angry boldly brave;
Nor friend nor foe, nor light nor darkness fear;
Nor change their clothing with a change of year;
One third of life a rigid discipline,
Fatigues and labours bear, at nought repine;
To action prompt, short pithy in reply,
For state and liberty were born to die!

An active, brave, and noble-minded race,
In war at ease, but more austere in peace,
Were Sparta's sons; from whom take power and war,
What is there excellent in any law?
Now, rival Athens! reared by Cecrops' hand,
Lauded by fame, while freedom walked her land;
Freedom, interest, and glory were her love,
Yet oft ambition and caprice would move
To acts ignoble and degenerate,
Which, corruption joined, enslaved her state.
For hardened crime or unintended ill,
Draco decreed, with sanguinary quill,
Base death, who thought that guilt had no degree,
Though blessed with wisdom, mercy, piety;
All wrongs attoned with death, like blood for blood,
Is justice tomb, too ghastly to be good;
Nor gave reprieve, nor sought he to reclaim,
But wielded Justice sword with slaughtering aim;
This Athens saw, and to revise his laws,
With legislative rights she then empowers
Solon, the patriot sage, the poor man's friend,
The best of those styled fathers of their land;
Taught by Minerva and the Muses' song
To circumscribe the bounds of right and wrong,

Raise grievous want, and cruel wealth depress,
Such laws, more to observe, than to transgress
It would be her interest, for her he framed,
The best she could receive; which were so famed
That Rome transcribed a part to rule the world.
Science and liberal arts were then unfurled
To every mind ambitious to excel;
A host of sages rose, who, to impel
The vigorous youth to climb the toilsome heights,
Where beauteous virtue dwells and fame invites,
Their godlike lives gratuitously spent:
Foremost, in a corrupted state, intent
To urge the pliant step in virtue's track,
From vice's tempting path to turn it back,
Was Socrates, the wisest of mankind!
Grave Plato and the Stagorite combined
To shew his truths by reason's glimmering ray,
Fair nature's never-fading charms display,
His words to prove by deeds, his life to scan,
To teach to youth what they should do when men.

Of rougher front were Latium's heroic race,
Who boldest virtues and their birth would trace
From ancestors divine; by Ilia's son
Famed Rome's aspiring walls were first begun,
The arts of peace the stratagems of arms,
He taught the sons of Sabines' ravished charms;

A senate he convoked crude laws to frame,
His empire spread by terror of his name!
Numa was pious, just, and moderate,
Virtue to love, the gods to venerate,
And harmony to reign, with him were law,
By arts of peace more potent than by war.
Brutus, revenger of chaste beauty's cause,
Relentless doomed his offspring to the laws;
Camillus' arms a second Troy soon bowed,
And Cincinnatus' "fields were left unploughed."
Fabricious, nobly poor and sternly bold,
His honor prized, and virtue more than gold.
To arts of peace and war, brave Scipio joined
A noble genius with a philosophic mind.
Maternal love and care a verse demand;
Cornelia, noblest of her native land,
Gave this reply to her proud friend's request—
"The brightest jewels that e'er decked my breast
Are these my sons!" the patriotic pair
Were victims of a factious senate's fear.
Cesar at her own breast Aurelia showed,
Rome's foes he tamed, her patriots he subdued;
Lavish to friends and placable to foes,
Liberty fell as the Dictator rose:
Nor power nor wealth allays the thirst of fame;
Nor heaven nor earth can quench ambition's flame.

Augustus, to whom Attia gave birth,
Appeased Rome's civil broils to rule the earth
Patron of letters and of arts a friend,
Subtle his heart, but liberal his hand;
He ruled with justice, and in peace he reigned,
The monarch was adored, the empire chained!
Now Saturn reigns and Astræa returns,
Nor crimes remain, nor Janus' altar burns;
The wilds and deserts as a rose shall bloom,
The oak yield honey and the pine perfume;
The flocks with wolves the herds with lions lie,
The poisoned herbs and speckled serpents die,
Swords into scythes and spears to hooks shall bend,
And Earth, untilled, her golden harvests send;
Echo, ye rocks! ye joyful hills rebound!
A God! A God appears! through earth resound;
The Messiah lives! ye nations, hear his voice;
See him ye blind; ye who were dumb rejoice;
Be calm ye storms; take up your beds ye sick;
Be fed ye hungry; and ye dead be quick;
PARDON to all, who shall his words believe,
And EVERLASTING LIFE they shall receive;
A PARDON bought with blood, for sins most foul,
That load enormous that bows thy guilty soul,

Not thine alone! but thy whole rebel race!
This bliss, by faith, do ye, oh Earth, embrace!
This boon which Christ, thy Saviour, has assured:
For this he lived blasphemed; a death endured,
Shamefully accurst! a death? the gorged tomb,
O'er HIM no victor, bursts its marble womb,
Delivered of the dead; the sky divides
As high on clouds the KING of GLORY rides!
The mists of heathen error now disperse;
No more shall Homer's gods in Virgil's verse
Be taught by freedmen as most sacred truth;
No more shall they attend the Roman youth
To school with *codex*, *calculi*, and *style*;
Nor laws nor camps their early years beguile.
Now shines the sun of truth from east to west;
Though darkening clouds his noon-day beams invest,
Yet with increasing splendor he appears,
Spreading his glory through both hemispheres!
Letters and figures British youth are taught,
Sciences sublime expand their tender thought,
Factures and arts their riper age employ;
A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION they enjoy.

NOTES.

BOOK I.

Note 1, ver. 9—24.

Although it may not become a Christian to invoke the aid of Heathen fabulous divinities, otherwise than under the name of Muse to pray the genius of poetry, I must be permitted to think an Invocation indispensably necessary for several reasons. The poet owes to his readers such an example of piety and religion, which ought to be the sole foundation of the morality and instructions conveyed in his fable. If the heathens Homer, Hesiod, Musæus, and even Ovid in his Metamorphoses, omitted not this piece of devotion, "Christianity," says the learned and pious Watts, "so much the more obliges us by the precepts of Scripture to invoke the assistance of the true God in all our labours of the mind, for the improvement of ourselves and others."—Improvement of the Mind, chap. 1, sec. xvi.

Note 2, ver. 43—48.

The Hospital of San Spirito, near St. Peter's, at Rome, where natural children are sent at night by their mothers, who unwilling to own them might be tempted to destroy them. Such Hospitals were unded by Constantine the Great. These six lines and note the author had some thoughts of suppressing, fearing, though they allude to the abandoned, they might be deemed severe and indelicate by the female sex; but being assured there is such an Institution in this country, he has retained them, without wishing to convey offence but rather moral reflection.

Note 3, ver. 111—144.

The reader will bear in mind that the greater portion of this Poem was written in England, and to preserve uniformity, what has been done in this has been adapted to that country. It is therefore probable that some of these precepts may not be applicable to the Canadas, although they appeared when written sufficiently general for all temperate climates.

Note 4, ver. 116.

Nature alone will fashion as is best.

This the great philosopher Locke emphatically enjoins. He says, "Let your son's clothes be never made straight, especially about the breast. Let nature have scope to fashion the body as she thinks best. She works of herself a great deal better and exacter than we can direct her." Again, "I have seen so many instances of children receiving great harm from straight lacing, that I cannot but conclude there are other creatures, as well as monkeys, who, little wiser than they, destroy their young ones by senseless fondness and too much embracing. Narrow breasts, short and stinking breath, ill lungs, and crokednessare the natural effects of hard bodice and clothes that pinch."—Thoughts concerning Education, sec. 11

Note 5, ver. 121—126.

Thus was the sturdy Latian race of old
Nerved in the stream and hardened in the cold.

Virgil represents Numanus speaking of the Rutulians, a very ancient people of Italy, thus.—

Natos ad flumina primum
Deferimus, saevoque gelu duramus et undis.—lib. ix. 604.
Our new-born children in the stream we lave,
And harden in the rigid icy wave.

And Turnus, a king of the same people, is made to escape from his enemies by swimming the river "omnibus armis"

with all his arms. The Romans thought swimming so necessary a part of education that they ranked it with letters. It was a common saying among them to mark an illiterate person, "Nec literas didicit nec natare," he had neither learned to read nor to swim. In a well-watered country like Canada, it is surprising there are so few opportunities for youth to acquire an art which is during the heat of summer so conducive to health, and is often the means of preserving life. It is well known how much Dr. Franklin esteemed and recommended this art. Lord Byron, who tested the truth of the classic story of Hero and Leander by swimming across the Hellespont, thus beautifully describes his own dexterity and skill.

> How many a time have I
> Cloven with arm still lustier, heart more daring,
> The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke
> Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair
> And laughing from my lip the audacious brine
> Which kissed it like a wine-cup.

Note 6, ver. 145—148.

"Many examples may be put of the force of custom both upon mind and body: therefore, since custom is the principal magistrate of a man's life, let men by all means endeavour to obtain good customs. Certainly custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call Education, which is, in effect, but an early custom."—Bacon's Essay of Custom and Education.

Note 7, ver. 152.

The blazing pile unites the married dust.

History affirms that, in 1710, forty wives of the prince of Marava, threw themselves upon his corpse into a flaming pile of wood. On the death of two princes of the same country, in 1717, thirteen wives of one and seventeen of the other devoted themselves to a similar death. This unnatural and

cruel custom was practised much more among the higher than the lower casts, because of the beatific glory annexed to it by the Brahmins, who derived from it a lucrative profit. Happily this custom is now nearly or wholly abolished.

Note 8, ver. 271—272.

If Christian truths their infancy endow
Will Indian hordes to fabled Brahma bow?

The answer to this as well as to the other questions is left for the decision of the reader; who, though he undoubtedly knows of the abject idolatry of the Brahmins, may not be acquainted with the ground on which it was opposed by their learned countryman Rammohum Roy. In the sketch of his life written by himself a short time previous to his decease, he says, "The ground which I took in all my controversies, was not that of opposition to Brahmanism, but the perversion of it; and I endeavoured to shew that the idolatry of the Brahmins was contrary to the practice of their ancestors, and the principal of the ancient books and authorities which they profess to revere and obey." That this ground was tenable appears from the translations made by this erudite Brahmin from their ancient books. I submit an extract from each of the four Oopunishuds of the Vedant:—"By him who knows all things collectively and distinctly, whose knowledge and will are the only means of his actions, Brahma, name, and form, and all that vegetates, are produced."—Mooduc, c. i. sect. 1. "God is eternal among all the parishable universe; and is the source of sensation among all animate existences, and he alone assigns to so many objects their respective purposes."—Kuthu, c. v. "Hence no vision can approach him, no language can describe him, no intellectual power can compass or determine him; we know nothing how the supreme Being should be explained."—Kenopunishuds, v. 3. Where may be found a clearer and more simple and at the same time more sublime idea of Deity than the following? "He

overspreads all creatures, is merely spirit without the form either of a minute body or of an extended one, which is liable to impression or organization. He is pure, perfect, omniscient, the ruler of the intellect, omnipresent, and self-existent. He has from eternity been assigning to all creatures their respective purposes."— Ishopunishud. The following is quoted as a curious specimen of the figurative language of the Vedant, speaking of which Rammohun Roy says, "It also represents God sometimes in a manner familiar to the vulgar, 'Heaven is his head, and the sun and moon are his eyes; space is his ears,' &c."—Mooduk, c. 7, sec. 1. After reading such language from books deemed sacred, it is scarcely credible that the Brahmins should more than any other people on earth need "a beacon set upon a hill to warn them from idolatry;" more than any other people on earth need and are susceptible of receiving the important truths of Christianity. What will the reader, unacquainted with Hindoo literature, now think of the following passage from the same learned Hindoo Christian professor, advocate, and controversialist? "Debased and despicable as is the belief of the Hindoos in THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILLIONS OF GODS, they pretend to reconcile this persuasion with the doctrine of the unity of God; alledging that the three hundred and thirty millions of gods, whom they ENUMERATE, are subordinate agents, assuming various offices in preserving the harmony of the universe under one Godhead, as innumerable rays issue from one sun."—Appeal to the Christian Public in Defence of the Precepts of Jesus.

The Veds, it appears from the same learned writer, is the most ancient and most sacred book among the Hindoos; the Vedam, from which the above extracts are made, is an abridgement, or as it is called a resolution of all the Veds, and is said to have been compiled about a century before the Christian era. The Ezour-Vedam or Commentary on the Vedam, was composed by Choumontou much later.

The Education of the people has for two thousand years

past formed a prominent part of the political system of Hindoo government. A certain portion of the produce of the land is appropriated to the support of a schoolmaster; whose mode of teaching is said to be similar to that adopted under Dr. Bell's system. The Hindoos, like the Chinese, regard education with a sort of religious veneration, and their children are presented to the schoolmaster with as much solemnity and ceremony as ours are to a clergyman to be baptised. They have perhaps a larger proportion of their innumerous population educated in their manner than any of the most enlightened nations.

Note 9, ver. 365, 366.

These families unite and nations bind,
Now and of yore, the savage and refined.

Many a father has to blame himself for not having early cherished the affections of his offspring. Engrossed with the business or pleasures of life, he keeps them, not unfrequently under the plea of education, three-fourths of their early life at a distance from home; and when they have arrived at manhood, a mere sense of duty attaches, instead of that influence which, more secret and powerful than the magnet, attracts and binds heart to heart. The most endearing familiarity and the most unreserved communion should ever subsist among all the members of a family. I would have every son truly and feelingly say with Fenelon's Telemachus, "J'aime mieux obeir à mon père Ulysse et consoler ma mère Penelope, que de regner sur tous les peuples de l'universe." I would rather obey my father Ulysses and console my mother Penelope, than reign over all the people of the world.

Note 10, ver. 589—594.

As parables and fables were anciently used by wise men to convey some moral lesson to the infant mind, so were the great rules of life contracted into short sentences that they might be

sooner impressed on the memory and the more easily be remembered. The learning of these fables and sentences, and the practise of the virtue and morality which they inculcated, were the chief employment of the children of the ancients. Hence, among the Chinese, one of the works of Confucius on Education is merely a collection of short sentences; among the Hindoos, the celebrated work, entitled CURAL, written in Tamul poetry by Tiruvalluvan, is simply on ethics; they are both numbered among the sacred books of these nations, and are more in use by them for the purpose of education, than is by us the Proverbs of Solomon, which were likewise written to give "to the young man knowledge and discretion." Even now, notwithstanding the extensive progress of knowledge, as Dr. Johnson says, "He may be justly numbered amongst the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind." These reasons have induced me to insert moral maxims from the laws and writings of the ancients, selecting those which appeared most to characterize the nation to whom they were taught, and at the same time be not inapplicable to our own ethics. I have not sought to embellish them with the language of poetry, but have endeavoured to express them in a clear and perspicuous style and in smooth and correct versification.

Note 11, ver. 596—606.

Herodotus says, "The Egyptians surpass all the Greeks, the Lacedæmonians excepted, in the reverence which they pay to age: if a young person meet his senior, he instantly turns aside to make way for him; if a senior enter an apartment, the youth always rise from their seats. When the Egyptians meet they do not speak, but make a profound reverence, bowing with the hand down to the knee."

"The great virtue of the Egyptians, and wherein they pretended to excel all mankind, was gratitude; which they

esteemed to be of the greatest service in life, as the only encouragement to beneficent actions."—Universal Ancient History, vol. i. p. 488.

In ancient Egypt, no profession nor trade, however mean, was thought ignoble; husbandmen and those who fed cattle in particular were much considered. The laws of Egypt obliged the son to follow his father's vocation, without applying himself to any other; and that he might be useful to society by being proficient in his paternal art, he began very early to receive instruction from his father or some near relation.—Universal Ancient History, vol. i. c. 3.

Note 12, ver. 616.

Protects the innocent, for guilt he weeps.

The Chinese emperor has the power of life and death not only over all his subjects, but even over all the princes of the blood. In repealing a law which involved the innocent relations in the punishment of the criminal, the celebrated emperor KANO-HI made the following beautiful remark:—"These wise princes, the ancient (Chinese) emperors, often descended from the majesty of their throne to bewail and weep over the guilty. How unreasonable is it to include, in the punishment of a malefactor, his father, his mother, his wife, and children."—Universal Modern History, vol. viii. p. 166.

Note 13, ver. 618.

Rewards each virtue and each vice restrains.

The Chinese is perhaps the only nation in the world that has instituted prizes for virtue, the laws of all others only punish vice.

Note 14, ver. 621, 622.

One God he serves, all sects he tolerates,
Religion and piety adorn his states.

If we may believe the modern writers of the history of the ancient Chinese, they neither deified their kings and heroes

ner practised unnatural rites or idolatrous worship. Their canonical books, called the Five Kings, and their great philosopher Confucius, who studied them from his infancy, taught the most exalted ideas and the purest worship of One God. Although the sect of Lau-Kyun had early promulgated many extravagant and impious opinions mixed with excellent maxims yet idolatry was not established till after the doctrines of Fo or Foe were introduced from India by the emperor Mentt, about A. D. 65; when transmigration of the soul with other superstitious and atheistical notions, which fill some of the Indian books, were greedily received by the ignorant multitude. Such as it is, religion is now sufficiently abundant in China. The most prominent figure on board of every junk is the image of the goddess of the sea, Ma-tsoo-po, called also Teenhow, 'queen of heaven.' She is usually carried in procession to a temple before a vessel departs, where offerings and prostrations are made before her. Every morning a priest burns incense and performs certain ceremonies. When sailing offerings of paper are continually thrown near the rudder, and of red cloth and gilt paper are made to the compass. In a calm, gilt paper made in the form of a junk is set adrift; if no wind blows it, the goddess is unpropitious and illhumoured, and recourse is had to the demons of the air; if unsuccessfully, the offerings cease and the pious seamen wait with indifference the pleasure of their idol.

It is true there are men in our days who dare to dispute the existence of a deity and to impute to the superstitious Chinese their own wickedness. If millions of idolaters feel themselves dependent on numerous superior beings, to whom they look up for protection and support, and to whom they confess their transgressions, if they can see a deity in every flower that blooms and every breeze that blows, how much more ought those enlightened by revelation and the doctrines of Christ to acknowledge their dependance on that almighty power who is the author of all good. If heathens are regular in their offerings, constant in their burning of incense, and attentive to hewn blocks and graven stones, how much more ought we

to reverence the name, rely on the gracious protection, submit to the just dispensation, and offer devout prayer and humble thanksgiving in the worship of the one living and true God.

Note 15, ver. 624.

Revealed in *Syau-hyo* and *Hyau-king*.

Two works written by Confucius; SYAU-HYO, or the School or Science of Children, is a collection of sentences and examples, extracted from the then ancient and modern authors. Hyau-king treats of the reverence due from children to parents. Although the greatest authority is allowed to his other works yet they have had but few admirers among the degenerate Chinese. These two are so universally received throughout the empire, that it may be truly affirmed there is not a country in the world where parents are more respected, both during their life and after their death.—Universal Modern History, vol. viii. p. 107.

Note 16, ver. 653—674.

In Voltaire's Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations, is an extract from the Sadder, which is said to be a digest of the principal dogmas of the religion of the Magi, as promulgated by the first Zoroaster. It is divided into a hundred articles called GATES. The following is a translation of those which I have imitated—

I.—The decree of the most just God is, That men be judged by the good and evil they have done; their actions shall be weighed in the scales of equity; the good shall dwell in light, faith shall deliver them from Satan.

II.—If the virtues weigh down the sins, heaven is thy portion; if thy sins are most weighty, hell will be thy punishment.

V.—He that gives alms is truly a man; it is the highest merit of our religion.

XXX.—It is certain God said to Zoroaster, He who shall be in doubt whether an action be good or bad, let him not do it.

XXXIII.—Let great liberalities be poured on the most worthy; what is entrusted to the undeservin lost.

XXXV.—But as to what is necessary, when thou eatest, give dogs also something to eat.

LXVII.—Let no lie ever come from thee, that is infamous, even though the lie might be beneficial.

LXXII.—Thy hand, thy tongue, and thy thought shall be clear from all sin; in thy afflictions offer to God thy patience, and in prosperity pay him thanksgivings.

Note 17, ver. 670, 671.

Teach not thy children mysteries and tales,
One word of truth o'er thousand lies prevails.

The Persians are commended by Xenophon for the prudent education of their children, whom they would not permit to learn amorous stories and idle romances, being sufficiently convinced of the danger of adding weight to the bias of corrupt nature.

Socrates, to mortify the haughty and ambitious Alcibiades, in Plato's first dialogue named after him, opposes the manner of his birth and education to that of the kings of Persia. After stating that their nativity was annually celebrated by the whole empire as one of its greatest festivals, while that of Alcibiades was scarcely known to his nearest neighbors, Socrates continues thus—"When a king of Persia is born, he is nursed under the conduct of the most virtuous eunuchs, who shape and fashion his body. When he is about seven years old, they begin to let him see horses, and to put him under the care of querries. He performs his exercises till he is fourteen, when they give him four of the greatest and most virtuous lords of the country. The first teaches him piety;

the second forms his mind to truth and justice; the third instructs him to be free, and to subdue his passions; and the last teaches him to despise dangers and death; for if a king should be fearful he would become a slave. Whereas you, Alcibiades, have been brought up by a vile Thracian slave, who was good for no other office, because of his extreme old age."

Note 18, ver. 765.

From whom take power and war,
What is there excellent in any law?

This censure, although in my opinion just, is not mine. Speaking of the laws of Lycurgus, Aristotle says, "In praising the government of the Lacedæmonians, some commend the design of the lawgiver, because the whole establishment tended to power and war; which may be easily confuted by reason, and is now confuted by fact."—Polit. vii. c. 14. But before Aristotle, Euripides, in Andromache, had observed,

Take from the Spartans glory, sword, and war
And nothing excellent possess they more.

Note 19, ver. 802—806.

In his Dialogue, entitled Theages or Wisdom, which treats of the Education of children as the foundation of Philosophy, Plato makes Socrates say, "Advice is a sacred thing; and if it is sacred on all other occasions of life, how much more so in this; for of all things on which a man can ask advice, there is nothing more divine than that which regards the education of his children."

Note 20, ver. 819

Brutus, revenger of chaste beauty's cause.

Drawing the poniard reeking from her bosom and lifting it up towards heaven, Brutus, who had been considered as an

idiot, cried—"Be witness, ye gods, that, from this moment, I proclaim myself the avenger of the chaste Lucretia's cause; from this moment, I profess myself the enemy of Tarquin and his lustful house; from henceforth this life, while life continues, shall be employed in opposition to tyranny and for the happiness and freedom of my much-loved country."

Note 21, ver. 825.

To arts of war and peace, brave Scipio joined,
A noble genius with a philosophic mind.

Scipio Africanus, uniting courage with tenderness, was superior to Hannibal in the arts of peace, and not much his inferior in those of war. Cornelia was his daughter, the wife of T. S. Gracchus, and the mother of the two Gracchi.

Note 22, ver. 827—839.

In a work ascribed to Quintilian, these celebrated ancient Roman matrons are thus mentioned.—"Sic Corneliam Gracchorum; sic Aureliam Cæsaris; sic Attiam Augusti matrem præfuisse educationibus, ac produxisse principes liberos accepimus." We find that Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; Aurelia, of Cesar; and Attia, of Augustus, undertook their children's education and producing these brave princes. The same writer tells us, that the ancient Romans reared their children in the lap and bosom of their mother, whose chief praise was to keep her house and attend to her maternal duties. If a nurse was employed, she would neither permit her charge to speak ill language nor to do ill actions; her care was directed as well to their diversions as to their exercises and employments.

Note 23, ver. 875.

To school with *codex*, *calculi*, and *style*.

It is generally believed that there were no public schools at Rome till three centuries after its foundation; parents

teaching their children the little they knew. After the establishment of schools the teachers were generally slaves or freedmen; and a slave always accompanied the boys of rank to school, carrying a box containing books, paper, tablets, and instruments for writing. The porticoes of temples were common places for schools. The tablets were usually thin slices of wood, fastened together and forming a book, called Codex from its resemblance to the trunk of a tree cut into planks. The style was made of metal, ivory, or bone, and was used for writing; one end was pointed and the other smooth for the purpose of erasing. The calculi, or counters, were used for arithmetic.

THE END OF BOOK I.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—The village schoolmistress, ver. 7; her character, 17—Sheridan's method of teaching the alphabet advised, 31—First reading and spelling lessons, 47—Infantile amusements, whence the digression of a walk in a garden, 59—Rise and progress of written language, 145—The English language, with remarks on its alphabet, 199; spelling, the preparatory books censured and others proposed, 254; reading, is now universally pursued, 333; books proper for children, &c. 428—Prose compositions considered; including History, 487; and a brief sketch of English history and historians, 505—Chronology and geography as necessary to history, 605—Eminent philosophical writers, with an invitation to the study of some of the branches of philosophy, 648—A prevalent class of fictitious history censured, 712—Apology for fiction, including mythology, 734—The rise of poetry and several of its kinds, 803—Its progress from Greece to England, 843—The most eminent of the British poets, 859.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK II.

How sweet the picture of our teenless years,
That memory paints; bright rolling azure cheers
The day-spring of our cloud-encircled life;
Pale withered care, and worldly woes and strife,
Unheard, unknown; a cherub train of joys,
In varied ease, soft-gliding time employs.

In yonder white-washed cot, embowered by trees,
Well-skilled to rule and knowing well to please,
A village matron dwells, whose tender cares,
In alphabetic lore, instruct young years;
Gentle in heart and modest in her mein,
Rustic her garb, yet whole and nicely clean;
Enthroned in elbow chair, with cushion big,
Her hand ensceptred with a birchen twig,

Whose direful shake strikes terror in the breast
Of each unruly wight; but she caressed
The plodding pattern to some riper age,
When true he lisped the large-lettered page;
Right well she knows the seeds of vice to rase,
The proud to check, and the submiss to grace,
The obstinate correct, the tractile raise,
The idle blame, and th' industrious praise;
E'en all their rogish pranks, when absent played,
By little whispering bird to her conveyed,
She chides with good advise; but ne'er o'erawed
With threats of goblins and old men abroad:
To steal forgiving kiss when e'er she scolds
Affection's little arm her neck infolds,
And pleased would rise, when she should mildly ask,
If yet prepared to say his morning task?

From opened leaf, in lucent horn confined,
She fixed the letters on his tender mind:
The six long vowels first, as now improved,
All rānked in scāle or schēme one nōte remōved,
She taught him to prolong; three vowels short,
Just utterance to give, bŭt less ĭmpŏrt;
In nineteen consonants with vowels prefixed,
Six mutes and thirteen semivowels are mixed,
Those pure and impure sounds he can't prolong,
These vocal and breathing like vowels long,

Each consonant from different organs flows,
The lips, the teeth, the palate, or the nose;
By fervid lips, four labials he expresses;
The *breath* and *teeth*, 'gainst *which* his tongue's *edge* presses,
Form eight; four sounds his palate *gravely* makes;
In *naming* three nasals, more care he takes.

Now little words of similar sounds he spells,
Speaks plain the mutes, on semivowels dwells;
The labials first, the dentals next he knows,
The rest in order full and clearly flows.
Some easy pleasing tale he tries to read,
Speaking each word with slow and thoughful heed;
Minding each pause, his voice and breath relieves,
Each chosen word due emphasis receives;
With native tone, his voice he modulates,
Glows with the sense, the subject penetrates;
The consonant accents when short the word,
The swelling vowel sounds are sweetly heard.

A kiss rewards his alphabetic toils;
While folding close his book well-pleased he smiles,
And to the village-green his eyes he turns,
Where rolling Phœbus' zenith beams now burns;

Well-known the look, and soon the dame complies,
Quick to the wood-latched door the urchin hies;
But turns him round, and bows with sudden thought,
Then skips the threshold, hastens to his sport.

Now Liberty unbars the prison door,
While the clock speaks the hour of labor o'er;
Now rush, like huntsmen, to the village-green,
Where busy sports, and lusory games are seen,
A little noisy throng; a younger few,
Fond of the dame, with her their play pursue.
Before the door, her spinning wheel she whirls,
While the white fleece is strengthened as it curls;
The labors of her loom with pride were shown,
Native the flock, the spinning was her own,
The rose's red the lavender's azure bloom
Had crowned her weaving with their rare perfume.
On velvet turf, enamelled green and white,
She oft would view young age with gay delight,
Glowing with health and warm with exercise
Culling wild flowers or chasing butterflies;
Playful as lambs, as innocent as doves,
Fond as the kisses of commutual loves.
When tired of sport, they sit beside the door,
Embowered by mantling woodbine's honied flower;

Here varied prattle wings the lingering noon,
Some boast new toys, a kindred's keepsake boon;
Some talk of him who said his lesson well,
Warmly debate which best can read or spell;
Some tease the dame to see her garden ground
With shaggy hawthorn bushes fringed around;
The dame consents and quits her spinning geer
To shew life's spring the early-blossomed year;
No useless plant spreads there its gaudy hue,
Balmy each herb, each flower some moral shew;
The primrose here her modest charms unbinds
Nursed in the storm and cradled in the winds;
So virtue blooms, when life's bright skies o'er-
cast,
Calm in each storm, superior to each blast;
Here snowdrops fair, and purple violets glow,
The polyanthus vies with Iris' bow;
Rosemary, fringed with early glittering bloom,
Now wreaths our brow, to-morrow balms our
tomb;
Here marjorum sweet, and salutiferous baum;
The graceful lily's virgin beauteous form,
Modest her mien and innocent her smile,
Elegant her dress, yet neither spin nor toil;
We grant her charms, that tacitly deride
The vile attire, that would conceal our pride;
E'en David's Son, in regal pomp arrayed,
Shone with less glory than this flower displayed:

Here lavender scents the warm cerulean sky,
On tulips sports the painted butterfly;
Arabian sweets, from stocks the zephyr blows;
Smiling on every bush the damask rose,
At morn a bud, just opening to the skies,
It blooms at noon, at evening fades and dies;
So smiles the blossoms of life's transient day,
At morn are buds, at evening mouldering clay,
But green the leaves, ambrosial the fruit,
Immortal the stem when virtue is the root:
Here savory, thyme, and wild melliferous flowers,
Around new hives, employ their people's hours;
Studious of honey, to and fro they rove,
Some spoil the mead and some the flushing grove;
Employed at home, some waxen cities rear,
Palaces of state and magazines prepare;
Their luscious wealth, that swells their treasuries,
Winter congeals, and summer liquefies,
Hence, fearing both extremes, with viscous wax,
Some ceil the vaulted roof, some stop the cracks;
Some laws enact and state affairs debate,
Some, sweeter task, their offspring educate;
As weary-pinioned carriers reach their home,
With their rich gleans, some fill the nectared comb;
Industrious emulation warms each breast,
Their labor common, common is their rest.
Ye little youthful train! be ye inclined
With useful knowledge to enrich your mind,

In arts be great, in science eminent,
Labor like bees, like bees be deligent;
Let not your godlike reason rust henceforth,
Be yours deserved praise and sterling worth.

In early times, by nations now unknown,
Th' impressed brick and hieroglyphic stone,
Sought to convey e'en to this distant age,
Deeds of the brave and wisdom of the sage,
Oblivion's prey: then marks for ideas stand
Recording lore of China's ancient land,
And all the west one mathematic language teach:
In wonderous characters, the sounds of speech,
Some happy genius fixed; dark time entombs
The fame of him who other's fame illumes.
Pliant but firm, the alphabet he taught
To give ideas shape, to mould ærial thought;
Imagination's phantom forms retain,
In beauty robed; with inexpressive strain,
Enchanting sense, the passions calm and rage;
To speak of God, in his inspired page,
That man well lives, and unreluctant dies;
His mind, embalmed, corruptive years defies
And intellect transmits. The Hebrew tongue
In which God wrote commands, and Moses sung,
Through life's rough sea, conducts to promised lands
O'erwhelming hosts of errors; and still stands

Solid and fast, like Horeb's smitten rock,
Pouring miraculous streams to Jesus' flock
And sinners thirsting grace. To Grecian shore
Phenician Cadmus sixteen letters bore,
Of Hebrew stock or growth of Palestine;
With these sage Homer strung th' harmonious line;
Athens, with these, her flexile language framed,
In which one vocal sound each letter claimed,
Concise or flowing, luminous or dull,
Rich without pomp, without exuberance full;
Borrowed from her, these, varied, retain,
Rome's boundless mind and songs of Mantua's swain.
Venerate the men from whom we books derived,
Whose deathless works our buried arts revived;
With letters flamed the barbarous sons of north
And roused a darkened world from slumbers forth.
While Goths shoke Rome and Vandals spread dismay,
Our sea-girt cliffs, grey beams of mental day
Enlightened; desolate are Albion's halls,
Through her wild harps, suspended on their walls,
Sigh desert blasts, and all her bards are low;
Pale are her heroic youth; the Saxon prow
Rides in her martless ports; a barbarous host
Ravage her fertile plains, and o'er her coast

Divided empire hold; her song endears,
In perished tongue, the memory of past years.
Then Norman William, with his valiant train,
Tames the fierce Saxon and the cruel Dane,
Enthrones on Thames' fair banks, and from him flows
A vein of regal blood; then England grows
Strong from her wounds and glorious from her scars,
Polite in letters, victorious in wars.
From various conquests, and from various race
From various structures, on Teutonic base,
Our living language sprung; in which we yoke,
As many tongues as Christ's apostles spoke;
But this its praise: for as Apelles' brush,
Combining summer's bloom with autumn's blush,
Dipt in the tinctures of th' ethereal bow,
With copied nature bade the canvass glow,
So animating tints through earth we sought,
To paint rich pictures of the English thought.
Those characters which graced th' Augustan age,
Deficient and redundant stain our page;
For letters are representatives of sounds,
In which our speech more expressively abounds
Than polished Rome; for twice twelve smooths she owned,
Ours, near thrice ten, with strength and grace are crowned,

Nor can we cease our alphabet to square,
Expletives join and compound sounds prepare,
To mar all excellence: to spell and read,
Like learning China's tongue, an age we need
Of repetition: some from our public schools,
Fraught with void terms and deep with learned rules,
Nor spell their name nor native town aright,
A twelvemonth passed; nor eloquence enlight
Their busy youth or age; for correct speech
Was, until late, a waste of time to teach.
As gamuts compass every flat and sharp
Of dulcet music played by pipe or harp,
Whence strains from bars, and bars from notes arise,
Till harmonious sweetness charm the skies;
So alphabets complete all notes express,
Conveying vocal thought in native dress;
From letters words, from words the sentence flows,
Its own peculiar note each letter shows;
Several of ours with more we modulate,
A, with full three, we āll ārticulāte,
Four other vowels have at least each three,
But some unlike in shape in note agree;
In single vowels dipthong sounds unite,
Yet here deceitful pairs mislead the sight;
Why two your ear offend—of mulish kind,
Vowels and consonants, or dipthongs, joined

The learned dispute; but these alone retain,
Or right or wrong, th' effusions of our brain.
By these alone explore our labouring youth,
The fields of science and the tracks of truth;
By these alone his fellowmen persuade,
Husband in commerce, and direct in trade;
By these alone, a life of ease employ,
Pleasures of taste and rolls of time enjoy;
By these alone diffuse a brightening ray,
Convex'd with more, like Phœbus, lights our day.
Since these the keys of knowledge of all kinds
Possess yourselves of them and store your minds
With all her treasures rich as eastern king's,
Walk in her groves and drink Pierian springs.

Elaborate task to sow the mind with thought
For with defective books the child is taught;
Long ranks in alphabetic order stand,
With 'abbot' they begin, with 'zany' end,
There vowels long and short are intermixed,
With nasals first and labials last prefixed;
There dipthongs false with dipthongs guised are found
Confusion halts! for Babel tongues resound.
When these are learned, to use the schoolboy's phraze,
Broad piles of polysyllables amaze;

Without regarding where the accent falls,
Or whether each long word a thought recalls;
Then dictionary words, with meanings bright,
Defining 'right not wrong' and 'wrong not right;'
As consonants are dumb and vowels blind,
Directing speech its clumsy type is joined.
Here abstract terms and obsoletes will pose,
Concluding with hard proper names in rows.
From this rude stock the child assorts the seeds,
Pregnant with plants commixed with worthless weeds,
From which his elementary knowledge shoots:
Then leaves his school to follow life's pursuits,
With splendid ignorance an ample store,
Rich in big words, but in ideas poor.
Our tongue defective and our primmers all,
Are old complaints which passing years recall:
Our learned have strove to cleanse these barbarous stains,
Much has been done, much to be done remains;
Their track let me successfully pursue,
Spreading fresh light, display a brighter view.
I follow then the genius of our speech,
Describe the book from which preceptors teach;
Supposing that the alphabet is known,
First learning vowels long, as elsewhere shown,

Each labial, dental, and each palatine,
Successively to them in order join,
Throughout the primmer; each familiar name,
Were dipthongs false and vowels are the same,
Together class; while learning these by rote,
Shew to the child the things that they denote:
Now dipthongs pure and vowels blind unite,
With thought the mind not sound the ear delight,
Correctly-hyphened nouns should then succeed,
The accents first, where vowels long should lead,
With labials prefixed; this rule is changed,
Where accents fall, and words by them are ranged;
Adnouns and verbs, a few, perchance, might mix;
Thought-tinctured polysyllables affix;
For words, or long or short, a thought confine
Our words are human, but our thoughts divine.
Hence let familiar useful terms be sought
With definitions full, perspicuous, and short,
In columns as proceeding rules direct;
The terms of arts and sciences select,
Instead of rare-occurring proper names,
Defined and whence derived, have studious claims;
For these, well known, immediately start
The bars of science and the bolts of art.

Ye innovators, hence! the critic cries,
Foul not the spring, but draw your rich supplies
From Johnson's 'wells of English undefiled;'
He fixed our tongue, our spelling reconciled;
The innovator's foe, but innovation's friend,
From his firm base our columns proud ascend;
Let leaden ignorance no part efface,
But let wise time improve, repair, or rase.
The poet owns his laws, but he disclaims
All innovation, seeking nobler aims:
On this broad base analogy of sounds
And letters' native course, his rules he founds.
The living speech corruption first infects;
As affectation or caprice directs,
As country brogue or city cant degrades,
As ignorance or pedantry invades,
It sinks, like life diseased by pestilence,
Hence give pronounciation perminence;
Leave coming years to fix or innovate,
Our spelling square, our letters regulate.

To read with ease, to spell correct provides,
For words to syllables the voice divides
And flows pronouncing every letter true,
Keeping the stops and emphasis in view;
Read as you speak, and borrow passion's tone,
The author's sense and spirit make your own.

Though stained with indolence and darkening rust,
What mind ere owned that reading can disgust?
So high its praise so laudable its aim,
The steps to honor and the path to fame;
Its beams on all like summer's sun it spreads
The potentate as well as peasant reads.
In deep retirement and solitary cells,
Where contemplation and religion dwells,
Still memory her pensive vigils keeps,
On human weal intent; while mankind sleeps
The studious eye, by glimmering taper led,
Pores o'er the sacred volumes of the dead.
Where summer's darkening eve or brightening morn
Invites a rural walk on dasied lawn;
Where humming bees collect their luscious food,
And thousand warblers charm the whispering wood;
Where watered vales and hills with forests crowned,
Beneath the spreading beech, on flowery ground,
Recumbent soft, with classic page regaled;
Where the chaste eye all nature's charms unveiled
Surveys; or where the lone embowered seat;
The poet and philosopher retreat.

Where busy city's gilded turrets rise,
And manufactures dark the ambient skies;
Where clamorous crowds and bells' incessant peals,
Slow-groaning cars and rattling carriage wheels;
Where workshops dull, unwholesome and confined,
With wearied body, but invigored mind,
The blithe mechanic constantly appears,
Where learning's sacred temple awfully rears
Her thousand columns, on eternal base,
To aggrandize and meliorate our race
By Birkbeck laid; that more percipient man
May nature's harmony and order scan,
Creation widen, range of power extend,
The earth commeasure and the skies ascend:
To him is given no meditative hours
No studious leisure, but capacious powers
Of mind, by labour nerved; and sharpened sense
Quick rolling round its wide and vast expanse,
And piercing knowledge deep; his life to bless
With comfort, safety, wealth, and happiness;
Though doomed by heaven to live by sweat of brow
Sweet is his life, for sweet it is to know,
With fruitful knowledge plant your Eden soil,
Improve your moments snatched from hour's of toil.

From swarming marts and trafficked wharf or quay,
The active merchant, captain late from sea,
And sons of commerce hasten to perruse,
The market prices and the daily news;
Tradesmen at evening hour, to tavern's led,
In weekly journal politics well read,
With senatorial dignity debate,
On peace and war, distress and weal of state;
While words and smoak voluminously roll,
They banish care and quaff the genial bowl.
But see the statesman's breakfast table spread
With papers, pamphlets, and his daily bread;
Reads while he eats and while he drinks dictates,
Reflects on last, prepares for next debates;
Wise, strennous, and firm, he grasps the helm,
Stearing to happy port his sea-laved realm;
Loyal and patriotic, he commands
The sail extend, the plough enrich our lands.
Slow and dejected industry he cheers
Exalts the peasant, the mechanic rears;
Preserving pure, those blessings we possess,
Religion, Liberty, and Happiness;
While o'er the globe our state triumphant reigns
Powerful in arms, in arts, and fertile plains.
Unskilled in land, devoid of honied tongue,
Fain would my plain and modest muse have
sung

The studious labours and the irksome cares
Of Church and state, our much loved Monarch bears;
When every hand is his and every breast,
With heart, firm as our oak, the mountain's crest
And ocean's sceptre, can a virtuous muse
To him the tribute of a verse refuse?
When diverse millions cease to own him king,
And all the climes their bounteous produce bring;
When wealth shall cease to flow from every stream,
And justice, bribed, shall hold th' unequal beam,
When arts shall sink, and idleness shall rise,
And British factures foreign marts despise;
When foreign foes shall fight on Briton's shore,
Her thunders and their lions vainly roar;
When Freedom's sons in galling chains shall groan,
Cease then our isle a Guelph to enthrone:
For people thus degenerate and base
Should ne'er be ruled by such a virtuous race.

Diverse the growth of reading's fertile field;
Here spots religion's fruits immortal yield;
Here hardy broad-stemmed plants of science bloom;
Here flowers of fancy breath their rare perfume;
Here ardent youth may wonder unconfined,
Cull tasteful pleasures, gratify the mind.

But first the books that teach the infant age,
Phædrus or Æsop, with a pictured page;
Or easy lessons, and instructive tales,
Where vice or folly shames, or truth prevails;
With artless piety the bosom glow,
The mind with seeds of noble actions sow.
Up the first steps of history gently lead,
From tyrant's crimes, intrigues, and slaughter freed;
From error pruned, with useful knowledge frought,
Be learning, pleasure, and amusement sought.
Praise those who shew with biographic truth,
How men, self-taught and eminent, their youth
Employed; exciting emulous pride, disclose
How Newton, Ferguson, or Herschell rose;
How some for pastime sweat in folly's mine;
Some rest from labors vast at wisdom's shrine;
Some rise by vice and some by virtue fall,
That a just God will mete rewards to all.
An infant tongue invoking him to hear
Is sweeter music to His listening ear
Than hymning Seraphim; his Holy page,
Propitiously is lisped by early age,
Not long genealogies nor Israel's wars,
Not mysteries, prophecies, nor Moses' laws,
Nor first to end promiscuous to read,
Nor choke the mind with principle and creed;
Why should a child be subject to rebuke
Because unknown his dog's-eared Pentateuch?

Select such themes as are within his reach,
Christ's holy life, his prayer, his sermon teach;
The king's and patriarch's lives that God approved,
Their words and deeds, exemplars to be loved.
Maturer age must search the book alone
Serious to learn and know, invoking prone
Heaven to illume his soul; read and revere!
Thy God himself here speaks and bends his ear
Listening propitious; read and believe!
Pardon and everlasting life receive:
Faith it enlightens, wakens dormant zeal,
The cure of woe, the source of human weal;
Hope it enlivens, in charity unites,
In life's panged hours, it comforts and delights:
Here rest thy soul, here build thy faith secure,
Immortal life and endless joys ensure.
Then for its style—each page, each line admired;
Historic, moral, poetic, and inspired,
Transcendent all; no tongue, no age compared,
By wisdom, virtue—folly, vice revered!
Then for its scope—to turn corruption's tide
In paths of virtue, truth, and honor guide;
Like Horeb's bush, each leaf divinely bright,
A God to know, and knowing worship right.

The sun of truth and polar star of life
Is History's page; or dusk with vice and strife

Or bright with peace, with arts, with virtuous names;
She forms the heart, the unruly passions tames;
Wisdom imparts at all mankind's expense,
Cloaths the green head with grey experience;
Man, ages passed, states sunk and raised, she draws,
With manners, customs, governments, and laws;
Builds monuments to folly, genius, and birth,
Contemplates heaven, commemorates the earth;
She shows great commonwealths preserved, and thence
By laws immutable rules Providence.
Drink at the fountain head, some knowing say,
But high the brim and difficult the way;
Truth is the truth, in Greek or English dress,
Truth but pursue, the useful but impress;
How needless then to waste improving hours,
In climbing hills when vales abound with flowers.
Barbaric states, in fabulous years enrolled,
And dubious lore, leave critics to unfold;
Study th'enlightened days of Greece and Rome,
Rove round the ancient world, then journey home
To walk with thoughful sires, with glories crowned,
For wisdom, virtue, valor, worth, renowned,
With genius and substantial knowledge blessed;
Hail! brightest gem impearled on ocean's breast

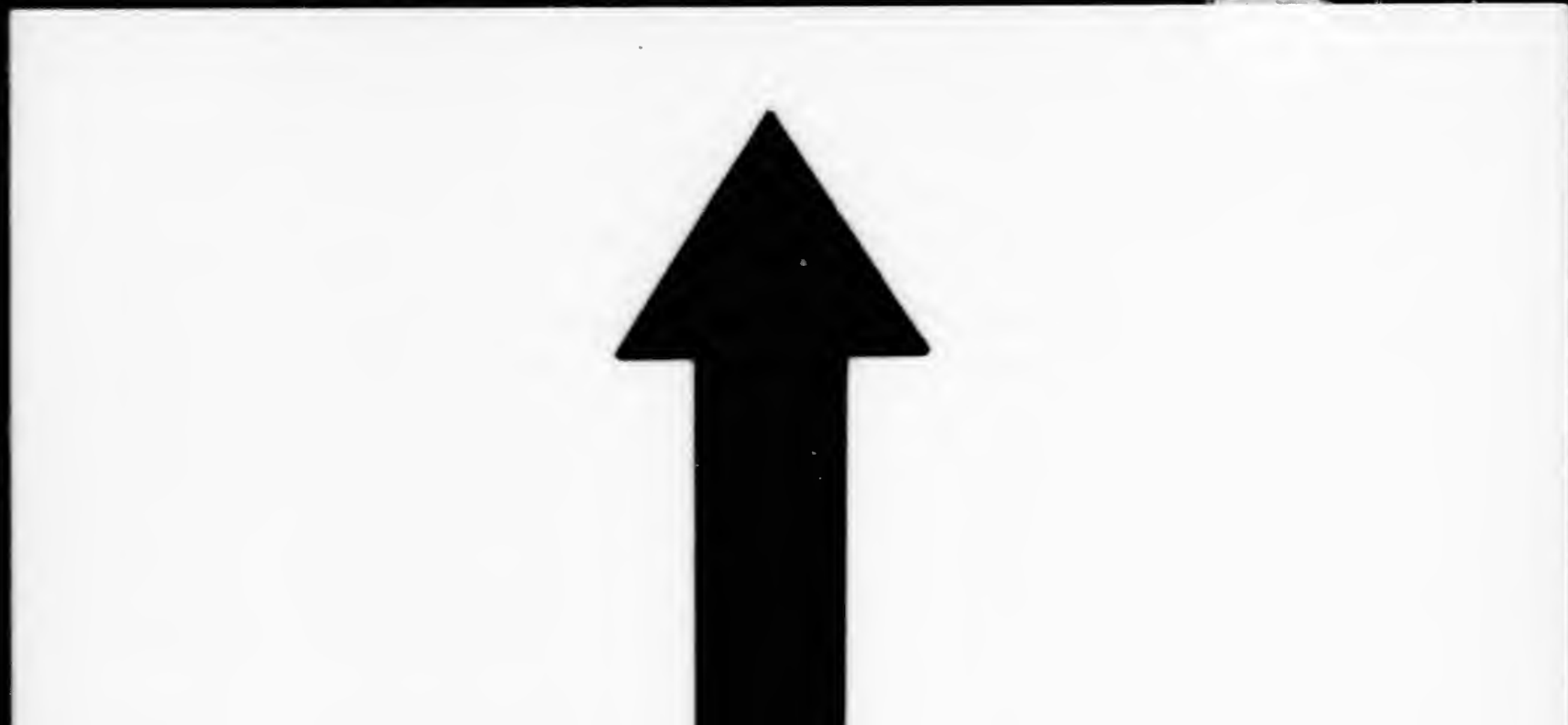
Britannia's happy isle! thy daughters fair,
Thy sons who love to breathe their native air;
Great Alfred thine, who tamed the warlike Danes;
Devout in learning and religion's fanes,
Bright with the glories of the battle field,
Brighter in peace, his country's sword and shield;
He with impartial twelve delinquents tried;
His kingdom, cares, and God full occupied.
Worthies of Norman and of Saxon line,
With bold Plantagenets and Tudors thine:
Of them thy conquering William first enroll
Tyrannic ruler with heroic soul;
Thy Henry first the seeds of freedom sowed;
Him scourged and at the tomb in penance bowed,
Weak Lackland held with trembling hand the helm
Chartered with liberties his vassalled realm;
Thy Edward and his son with sable shield,
Laden with trophies reaped from Crescy's field,
Thy bravery on haughty Gaul impressed;
Fair morn, dark eve, thy Richard's reign invest;
Three Henry's next, the first usurped the crown,
Great Gaulic battles gave his son renown;
While Margaret ruled her husband and the state
Intrigues and civil broils depopulate;
As factions rose or fell each seized the throne,
While Cesar's turrets heard the nightly groan;

Thy Richard strode through kindred infant blood
To Bosworth's field, but heaven upholds the good;
Thy roses red and white together twined
And in one son their regal rights combined;
He threw corrupt religion's bulwarks down
Fixed on his brow the mitre with the crown,
The faith he plead renounced for lust or gold
Its worldling shepherds spoiled and fleeced their fold;
Veil the misdoings of thy bigot queen,
But be the glories of thy Virgin seen,
The armada named 'Invincible' in vain
Dashed on her rocky coast, and leagued Spain
Submissive; prosperous her arts and trade,
While learning, justice, peace, her realm pervade.
Thy James, in plaid, from theologic school,
In every science skilled but how to rule;
Weep martyr Charles, wise but unfortunate;
Hypocrisy's vile self enslaved the state;
The Stuart blood restored and gaily reigned;
The abdicated crown great Nassau gained,
In youth for danger formed, in manhood brave,
Forgave his foes and freed the injured slave;
Thy Ann succeeds; and then the Brunswick race,
Whom warlike and pacific virtues grace;
The Third's long reign, as good as it was long
Already lives in many a deathless song.

Battles well fought, as Nile or Waterloo,
Whence peace and commerce, arts and factur-
new;
In peace or war, thy sons no labor cease,
In war prepare for war, reform in peace;
Hence now our code of wide-mesh laws com-
pressed
Some rights bestowed, some grievances re-
dressed;
No more of office tests and Catholic claims,
Unfettered every mind that nobly aims.
To verse celestial rays thy virtues give,
Immortal that in which thy patriots live;
Philosophy's sure guides, religion's guards,
Thy awful sages and thy revered bards.
Thy Camden's mind, with various learning stored
The obscure cavern of the *past* explored;
With Britain's ancient truths his pages shine
Dug e'en from grey Tradition's drossy mine:
Thy Raleigh, victim of a coward reign,
Whose active mind no fetters could restrain,
A universe, impartially to record,
Sharped his learned quill, when foes had sheathed
his sword.
A Clarenden is thine, though party led,
With probity and dignity he plead:
A Burnet too, perspicuous and bold;
Nor from Rapin his well-earned praise withhold.

The candid page of Lyttelton esteem,
Where Freedom, Truth, and Patriotism beam. .
Graceful in style and specious in dispute,
For classic historic taste in high repute,
Thy Hume's sage works, with every art refined
And noxious charms to captivate the mind.
The well-turned period, the harmonious line,
Sweet eloquence and guileful art combine,
To rank thy Gibbon with his Gaulic friends,
Whose style he copies, and whose creed defends.
And Robertson, who human nature knew,
Each character's strong features masterly drew,
Though grave, not sullen, temperate, not austere,
Learned without pomp, and without zeal sincere.

Contemporary reigns of neighboring nations learn,
Compare with thine exactly to discern
The intrinsic praise of each; let patriot zeal,
Arresting sense, no other's worth conceal,
But like Rapin discharge your curious trust
Be to all nations and all merit just.
As buoys and beacons point the channelled way,
As by the moon at night, or sun at day,
The sons of Neptune latitude the sphere,
Compass directed, to their harbors steer,
Chronology thus, the historian's guide,
Fixes each fact in age's fluctuating tide;



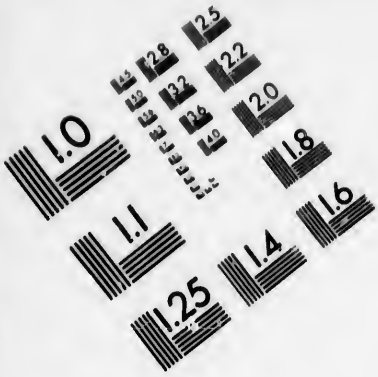
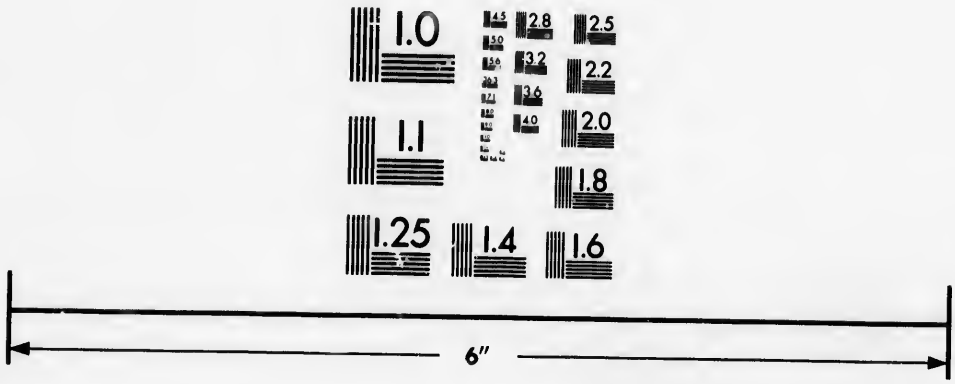
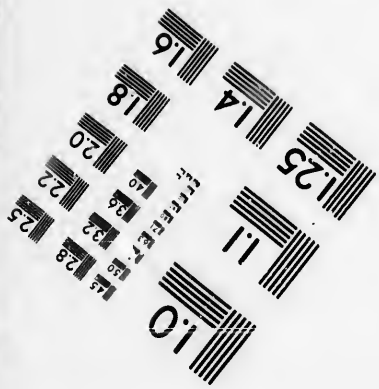
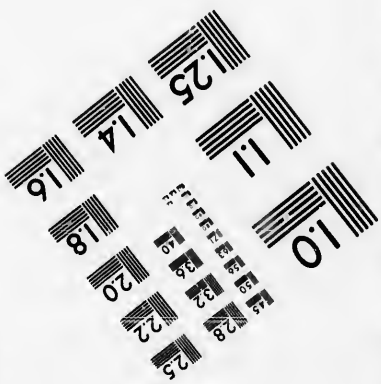


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Contains the current buoying mighty states,
O'erwhelming nations with their potentates;
Points when the great and famed first saw the light,
Bright in their orbs as stars in winter night;
Detects the fraud though artfully designed,
Arranges matter fitter for the mind.

With time's continuous course the historian blends
The aid that geographic wisdom lends;
For place well-known the scene of action lights,
Widens our view, diffuses fresh delights;
Hence when imperial Xerxes' sumless shields
O'erspread Salamis' and Platæa's fields,
We see Thermopylæ's immortal plain
Red with the gore of Sparta's glorious slain;
When Grecian valor Persian hosts defeat,
We trace well-pleased a Xenophon's retreat.
What ruin this, what scite that city crowns,
Towns raised to cities, cities sunk to towns,
We read then twirl the artificial sphere;
Old Memphis, Carthage, Babylon appear,
By crumbling dust revealed; where Neva flows
Immortal Peter's hut a palace rose,
Where Penn with barbarous tribes his charter gains
Migrating man with cities plant the plains;

Byzantium old is now the Moslem's throne
Round which are many Grecian temples strown,
But lo! o'er Greece fair Freedom's banner waves,
Though low her cities and her sons were slaves,
Yet dawns the æra when they shall anew,
With civic virtues and with wisdom true,
Embrace the busy family of arts,
Soften their manners, meliorate their hearts:
When smiling graces and inspiring charms
Shall bind more brows with olives, bays, and palms.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose steps have led
To fame's high temple, whose immortal dead,
Live in their hearts and teach her sons new-born
The arms of all tyrannic lords to scorn,
Exalt their minds with deeds of heroic sires,
And glow their bosoms with the muses' fires.
Sages of yore! descend benign on earth,
Revisit Greece, the spot that gave you birth;
There Socrates thy god-like spirit wing,
From heaven thy philosophic wisdom bring,
To teach man knowledge human and divine:
Tutored by thee, let Plato's pages shine
With conversations real, in beauteous dress,
Where stubborn minds convinced great truths confess
And change a vicious course. Celestial light
Beams from the volumes of the Stagorite,

Who solemn walks Lyceum's studious shades,
Whose thoughtful eye all nature's works pervades,
Catching a clear and comprehensive view,
With one bold stroke pourtrays each image true.
An equal lustre Tully's writings shed,
Graced with the sweetest eloquence e'er plead,
Harmoniously diffuse his periods roll,
Frought with the essence of his vigorous soul.
Each grace in these kind nature's hand combined
In one fine die to cast a Bacon's mind;
Who waked from lethargy the powers of thought,
From wrangling schools and monkful cloisters brought
Philosophy divine, at large to rove
On myrtle margin, or in olive grove
Converse with either sex. With him a Boyle
All nature searched with well-rewarded toil,
From her veiled face confusion disappeared,
Her beauty shone, her secret workings cleared;
He her abhorrent vacuum designed,
From base alloy the chymic art refined,
And truths in unembellished style expressed,
Like beauteous virgins carelessly ill-dressed:
Not thus sage Locke's, perspicuous and chaste,
The model of a philosophic taste,
Who the whole universe of mind surveyed,
Matter and spirit in real forms pourtrayed.

The brilliant lustres of the ethereal bow,
Spanning the earth, to me more pleasing glow,
Since Newton's finger pointed out the ways
The trickling shower reflects the solar rays;
And while they strike in diverse lines the gaze,
His watery prism, from one white mingling maze,
Unbraids the twine of colours to the view,
From the deep rose to the pale violet's hue.
Wilt thou with him thy god-like mind exalt,
Who scanned the wonders of the azure vault,
Mid clustering worlds and countless systems soared
Sunk with amaze and Nature's God adored?
Or wilt thou dart through number, time, and space
An eye inquisitive? or upward trace,
From fact to fact, the world-producing cause?
Or urge thy heart to practice virtue's laws?
Or aid thy erring head with logic's art,
Thy knowledge to extend or to impart?
Or wilt thou twine, in sweet instructive lay,
A Plato's olive with a Homer's bay?
Or deemest thou inglorious rest thy lot,
To live unuseful and to die forgot?

Heedless of sleep, with Fiction's figment frought,
Love, murder, rape, and marriage sickening thought,

Prone o'er the midnight lamp the virgin pale
Pursues the labyrinths of the marvellous tale,
Now dreams, unmindful of her waning charms,
Each gallant knight will languish in her arms,
While tender passions thrill her softening soul
Pines an enamoured youth; now terrors roll
Around the gory bed their fiery balls,
The spectre grim or dagger-hand appals,
Victims of love or gold; her throbbing heart
E'en at its own pulsations fearfully start:
Now leaps the fleece-clad wolf o'er virtue's fence
Courts like a lamb to ravish innocence;
That man in angel's form should woo for lust
Incredible to her; hence, seeming just,
One beauteous pair, adventurous in their love,
Unveil the mysteries of the Idalian grove;
Enraptured now she gives the book a kiss,
Rests on her back, and dreams Hymeneal bliss.
Such works waste time, the passions vitiate,
Deprave the heart, the mind effeminate.

Not that ingenious fiction basely 'ms
She prompts each virtue and each vice reclaims,
With microscopic eye the truth she views;
Larger than life and robed in dazzling hues
Manners and passions draws; and she contents,
With heroic deeds, astonishing events,

More splendid, good, and just than truth e'er told;
The mind to please, illumine, and unfold.
Fiction beyond this habitation wings
She soars above the natural course of things;
Favored of Heaven! and Pierian Nine!
With Fancy bland and Harmony divine,
Creates new worlds; or with her magic hand
She animates the air, the sea, the land.
Aurora, hence, fair daughter of the dawn,
Scatters with rosy light the dewy lawn,
From Thetis' bosom wakes the King of day,
Whose steeds and golden car the Hours array;
O'er purpling hills he springs, then downward lides,
When Luna chaste in silver chariot rides
With bright Hesperus and his glittering train:
If Neptune's placid brow shoots through the main
The winds he caverns, warring waves he calms,
Floats strarded fleets, with hope their seamen arms;
With joy the opening tide his car propels,
While Syrens sing and Tritons tune their shells;
Zephyr with Flora paint the enamelled ground;
The golden field enfringed with verdant mound
Was first by Ceres tilled; when Bacchus smiles,
He glads our hearts, our steeping cares beguiles:
Pan's fattened flocks a plenteous feast afford,
Pomona desserts our autumnal board.

E'en to its base, the heaven of amorous gods,
Olympus trembles when the thunderer nods,
Confirming his decrees; on either hand
The goddesses, immortal beauties, stand:
Here youthful Hebe with her nectar waits;
Here Ilion's fall, implacably debates,
On golden throne, the sister-wife of Jove;
Beauteous as when she charmed to sleep and love,
On flowery bed of Ida's cloud-capped peaks,
The sire of gods, while Neptune led the Greeks.
Here in the midst the laughing Cyprian queen
And her arch son with quivered bow are seen,
Her waving hair ambrosial sweetness breathes,
Down o'er her breast in graceful ringlets wreaths,
Her neck inclined with charms celestial glows,
Around her feet her radient garment flows,
The sports and graces wanton in her zone,
And all the goddess in her manners shone.
Here modest, noble, grave Minerva stand,
Her ægid raised, her brilliant lance in hand;
Her locks around her casque the air perfume,
Fresh on her cheeks the rose and lily bloom,
Soft as a bird she treads the peopled skies,
Celestial sweetness lights her azure eyes,
Her strong melodious voice persuades the mind,
And o'er her mail her mantle falls behind.
Daughters of Jove! who guide the mazy song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong;

Whose polished foreheads wreaths of palm entwine,
Whose lyres enchant with harmony divine,
With living colors let my verses glow,
With artful ease my sweetest numbers flow,
Dwell in my breast, inspire my youthful lays,
While, sacred theme! I strive to sing thy praise,
Sweet Muses! teachers of my life's short spring,
Hear me, propitious, while thy praise I sing.

As passion's or imagination's tongue
Spoke measured prose or sweetest numbers sung,
The savage breast a wild enthusiasm fired,
He joyed, or wept, or prayed as it inspired:
Ye taught him, Muse! to soften war's dire voice,
To praise his god and in his works rejoice;
At festive sports, with heroic deeds elate,
His own exploits, or country's, celebrate;
Then tamed his cruel heart, informed his mind;
To rural life and manners lead mankind.
Then cities rose where social man retired,
But when his mind, that pastoral scenes admired,
Looked back on nature innocent and gay,
Ye drew her charms in short and simple lay;
When stained with selfish aims, ye poured in song,
From Solon's lips, the bounds of right and wrong:

When friendship, freedom, peace, and civil rights
Attuned the soul to relish pure delights,
The kindred heart with sympathetic tear
Slowly and melancholy left his bier,
Whose long and well-spent life, whose patriot aid,
The marble pyramid had long repaid,
Now ruin's prey; but him, O Muse! ye loved,
In living Elegy your friendship proved.
When human folly, vanity, and crime,
Scorned good advice and spread through every clime,
A faithful monitor, a gentle friend,
With virgin smiles, chaste mien, and winning hand,
Striking Didactic strains, ye lead each youth
Back to the paths of virtue, wisdom, truth.
When freedom's sons the tyrant's fetters spurned
Ye siezed the lyre, with ardor bosoms burned,
Enthusiasm spread, like thunder's bursting roll,
Flashes of genius lightened through the soul;
The nations' shouts, the brazen trumpets' roar,
Patrocles dead, Achilles armed for war,
Here gods, there men, here Ilion's bristled towers,
Chariots, horses, pikes and arrowy showers,
The wounded, dying, dead, bestrew the plains,
Ye made immortal in Mæonian strains.
O'er flowery vales, adown the verdant hills,
Through balmy groves, ye poured melodious rills

From your Pierian spring; whose current flows
Like rapid Hebrus swelled by Rhodope's snows,
Or softly murmurs as a stream that laves
Its landscape margin shadowed on its waves;
To farthest climes the spreading music floats
In deep, majestic, smooth, or solemn notes;
The Delphic woods, that crown Parnassus' steep,
The clustering isles that stud the Ægean deep,
Theban retreats and Pella's studious shades,
And Athens' groves the wafted strain pervades;
From rock to rock the tuneful echoes bound,
The Mantuan shepherd startles at the sound
That sooths the empassioned breast in Laura's bowers
And charms the ear reclined on Avon's flowers.
O Muse! here nature nursed thy favorite child,
Powerful in genius, but in fancy wild,
Whate'er his age or country held to view,
Each diverse scene of life, impartially drew,
The living draught the sage and swain confessed
As unresisting passions fired their breast,
The bounded reign of light thy Shakespeare spurned
Exhausted worlds then new from no hing turned;
His countrymen, O Muse! his songs inspire
They quaff thy springs, to thy fond haunts retire.
A Milton struck with wonder and delight,
When seraph-winged he soared 'no middle flight;'

Chaos, and earth, and heaven, and hell unveiled,
Rebellious fiends that man and God assailed,
The loss of Eden, the forbidden tree,
Messiah's triumph, terror-struck we see;
His plan so vast in majesty arrayed,
His lofty thoughts in aptest words conveyed,
His numbers suited to his daring flight,
Awe the profhane and the devout invite;
Bold and sublime he sung a theme divine
Where Virgil's taste with Homer's genius join.
In softer strains and numbers sweet and smooth,
Elegant and gay a Waller's verses sooth;
But correct Dillon, Denham's nervous lays,
Cowley's and Butler's wit exacts thy praise;
Genius their guide, these early poets shone,
Unskilled in art, the critic's laws unknown,
Till Dryden taught with taste to criticise,
Each fault to censure and each beauty prize;
Exuberant wit and wild conceit to prune,
Refine our language and our numbers tune,
In happy words our sentiments condense,
That have their sounds a comment on their sense,
To make their movement with our thoughts accord,
To fire the mind and o'er the passions lord,
To varied pauses rhymes exact provide;
Himself a model and a faithful guide.
Tutored by him, a Prior's writings please,
By correct lines and unaffected ease,

But Pope his works admired, his rules imbibed;
His greatest beauties to his own transcribed;
By equal judgment and surpassing pains,
With every grace appear his polished strains;
His glowing thoughts are vigorously compressed,
In elegant and even style expressed;
"Than the smooth stream his numbers smoother flow;"
Like gold and jewels strung alternate glow;
"Blessed with a taste exact," a wit refined,
"A knowledge both of books and human kind."
Then Thomson came, who made the rolling year
All beauty to the eye and music to the ear,
Pleasing as Spring, as gay as Summer's bloom,
As Autumn calm, or dread as Winter's gloom.
To tasteful pleasures Akenside invites;
Whate'er in art the poet's eye delights,
Whate'er in nature painter's hand pourtrays,
Whate'er in both the ingenious mind surveys,
With beauteous imitations copied thence,
A luscious feast, he gratifies the sense.
The native wit and style of Burns we praise;
Listen Beattie's "Minstrel's" artful lays;
To moral rules and sacred truths attend,
When Young or Cooper is our bosom friend.
But pious Watts, in high seraphic strain,
Taught man and boy their native skies to gain,

His lyric notes the soul devout enflame,
To sing her maker's praise, adore his name.
From Mason's hand receive a garland gay;
A Pindar's fire commend in classic Gray.
Thee, gentle Goldsmith! saw the swain oppressed
Fear steelled thy pen and pity swelled thy breast;
Resolved against his foes fierce war to wage,
The tyrant crush, in virtue's cause engage,
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Scott, fancy's favorite son, while yet a child
"Nurtured in many a bard's traditions wild,"
Who knew so well o'er past events to throw
His noble spirit's "wild romantic glow,"
The fields of truth and regions of romance
Skilfully blend with fiction's magic glance;
Life, color, beauty, shape new worlds derive,
Decked with fresh charms creation's old revive.
Byron, an heir to riches, rank, and fame,
Yet not content with ancestorial name,
To high Parnassus' loftiest top aspired;
Nature with kindling breath his bosom fired,
Gave inward melody, a thirst for praise,
All that a soul, refine, expand, and raise;
He swept his harp, all nations heard amazed,
On his high flights the prostrate critics gazed;
Like rapid Lawrence swelled by melting snow,
Exhaustless, deep, and smooth his numbers flow;

Nature by his own eyes alone surveys,
Nature from his own self alone pourtrays;
Proud, sullen, dark, no sympathy imparts,
Nor can an echo find in virtuous hearts,
The mind revolts from noblest poisoned strains,
From brightest beauties hiding darkest stains.
By generous Southey's, noble Byron's aid,
Soars to immortal fame thy martyr shade,
Oh White! your death now fills my tearful eyes,
Why not the sting of keen neglect despise?
Genius' favorites, wo and penury, brave,
" To gain the meed of praise, when mouldering
in the grave."
Nor, White, like thee, am I with studious rest,
Unbroken thought, or meditation blessed,
Save what is wrung from toil; but why repine?
Or tax God's providence or will divine?
Though clouds o'ershade, buoy up and onward
steer,
If dull to-day, to-morrow may be clear;
The checkered past cannot my mind depress,
It ran not out in sleepy idleness;
Through my short life unwearied I have striven,
In virtue's path, to urge my steps to heaven;
In God I trust, who blessed the checkered past,
Neither with hope elate nor fear downcast;
Though by each lettered muse I die forgot,
No sculptured marble marks my resting spot.

A life unblemished and an honest name
Supply the place of elegy and fame.
Who asks of man his monument to raise,
As genius prompts or else the lust of praise,
Shall envy, wo, and penury be the price,
And comfort, health, and life the sacrifice?
If keen neglect or disappointment stings
Rest on the solid truths religion brings,
Rise, like a Phœnix, from your dust erect,
Superior to disappointment or neglect;
The love of fame to noble deeds has pressed,
That heavenly breath that glows in every breast,
Spurs on the patriot, nerves the hero's arm,
Calls merit forth, and gives to toil a charm.

NOTES.

BOOK II.

Note 1, ver. 26.

But ne'er o'erawed
With threats of goblins and old men abroad.

The general growth of knowledge and the consequent decay of superstition have nearly exploded the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed. Credulous servants and ignorant old women even now too frequently awe children and keep them in subjection by apprehensions of something terrible and hurtful of which they have reason to be afraid when alone and especially in the dark. Instead of a mind early impressed with the belief of the immediate presence of an all-seeing and protecting Providence, on whom it should have the firmest reliance, the imagination, haunted with strange visions and phantoms that were excited in tender age, makes many men, myself of the number, who were frightened when young and whose matured reason has corrected all such wrong impressions, start unreasonably at their own shadows and listen fearfully to the echoes of their own footsteps. Reason and philosophy can well account for all the marvellous and seemingly well-authenticated tales of superstitious and ignorant ages. Grief for a departed friend, love to a faithful wife, remorse for a wronged testator, as well as weaker and more powerful passions, bearing relation to some person deceased, are, with concurrent circumstances, more than sufficient to exhibit the dead to the fancy of the living. Optics demonstrate that so numerous are the delusions of our vision, both as to form and colour, that a reasoning man, who may imagine he has seen spectres, ought rather to believe them the chimeras of unhealthy senses and disordered passions, than real and unearthly beings.

Note 2, ver. 31—46.

"Nothing retards the progress of children so much in their endeavours to articulate, as the present mode of teaching the alphabet in that confused order into which chance had originally thrown the letters; for many contiguous letters, as they now lie, are performed in such different seats, and with such different exertions of the organs as for a long time to baffle all the efforts of the noviciate tongue. Whereas if we follow the order of nature, beginning with the labials, and so proceeding through the dentals to the palatines, the work will be accomplished with ease and certainty. That this is the natural order, and that the lips are the first organs of speech exerted by children, may be known from this; that the words papa or baby, and mamma, are the terms used by children for father and mother, in almost all the languages of the world."—Sheridan's Art of Reading.

Note 3, ver. 146.

The impressed brick and hieroglyphic stone.

There are several of this species of brick in the library of the East India company, two or three in the British museum, and three in Trinity College, Cambridge, a rough sketch of one of which I have before me. It is about thirteen inches square and three inches thick. Neither in the centre nor parellel to its sides, is impressed a parellelogram, which measures six inches and one-eighth by three and five-sixths. This space is divided lengthwise into six parts by five parellel lines, between which are perhaps the never to be deciphered characters. These are called by some arrow-headed, by others javelin-headed, and by the French charactères à cloux, nail-headed; and they are much like the nails used for shoeing horses and for the tire of wheels, arranged in various shapes. Sir W. Jones says of them, "They appear to be regular variations and compositions of a right line, each line towards the top becoming an angular figure." There is one character

that bears a resemblance to our figure 4, but more angular at the foot and transverse line. The same occurs twice with twelve other angular-bottomed tapering strokes crossing the perpendicular and hanging from the foot which stands on one protruding to the left. The others are too complicated to be described in writing. In the library of the same college is a curious little article, composed of a like substance to that of the bricks, and impressed with similar characters between vertical lines, but much smaller and more regular. This curious little relic of antiquity is shaped like a wine pipe, and measures seven inches in height and three inches in diameter at each end, thence gradually increasing in circumference to the middle. No one can reasonably doubt that this was one of the ancient modes of recording objects of national concern and propogating and conveying to posterity the memorable actions of eminent persons. Whether the characters on these antient relics were signs by analogy, as the Egyptian hieroglyphics; or signs by institution, as the Chinese characters and the Arabian ciphers; or whether they were signs of vocal sounds, which might be either an alphabet of syllables, as used at present in Æthiopia and some parts of India, or an alphabet of letters as used by ourselves, the labors of the learned, to the best of my knowledge, have never been able to discover. I am inclined to believe that they are signs by institution, as the Chinese characters; and, farther, because the angular part of almost all the characters are turned probably upward, that they were read from the top to the bottom.

It is said that with these bricks were built the original city and the celebrated tower of Babylon. If this be admitted as a fact, it will afford much matter for the speculation of the linguist. According to Archbishop Usher, Babylon was founded by Belus, whom the learned have identified with Nimrod of Scripture, about B.C. 2,233, and the tower of Babel about 16 years after the founding of the city. Before this period "the whole earth was of one language and one

speech." Their design, in building this city and tower, was to prevent their dispersion to replenish the earth and to make to themselves a FAMOUS character. This would account for the impressions on these bricks, which are evidently intended to convey and preserve to posterity some special and important fact; and this is an argument that they are a remnant of those immense walls which are said to have been 87 feet thick and 350 feet high. But as these building materials must have been made, and are said to have been preparing during three years, previous to the commencement of the city, which with the tower is supposed to have been carried on 22 years before language was confounded, when these works were stopped by the dispersion of mankind, the characters on these bricks must represent the primitive language spoken by man, and the original method of retaining and transmitting knowledge by writing.

Hieroglyphics are certain symbols which are made to stand for invisible objects, and which were at first supposed to bear to these objects an analogy or resemblance. Thus an eye, was the hieroglyphic symbol of knowledge; an ant, of wisdom; a fly, of impudence; a hawk, of victory; a circle, of eternity, among the Egyptians; but among the ancient Chinese, it repesented the sun, which they called *Ge*, an appellation this luminary still retains, though represented by a different character.

Note 4, ver. 150.

Then marks for ideas stand,
Recording lore of China's ancient land.

The Chinese in the beginning of their monarchy communicated their ideas by drawing the natural images of the things they would express, which answered to the rude picture painting of the Mexicans. Afterwards they used enigmatical figures and symbols which correspond with the hieroglyphic characters of the Egyptians. As numerous objects, such as the passions, virtues, and vices, could not be represented by drawing, to express them they by degrees composed and

invented more simple, which were mostly formed from the hieroglyphical and symbolical figures. At first they were only outlines of these characters, but afterwards received considerable alteration. In speaking the Chinese vary each of their words on no less than five different tones, by which they make the same word signify five different things. The Japanese, Tonquinese, and Coreans, though they speak different languages from one another, and from the Chinese, all use the same written characters and correspond intelligibly with each other in writing. In a Chinese work which I have seen, each page was divided horizontally into two columns, so that the reader began at the top of the right-hand page and read half way down, and when the top column was read, he commenced at the top of the bottom column to the right hand reading to the left. They observe the same rule with respect to the order of their pages, so that the farthest towards the right is always the first.

Note 5, ver. 151.

And all the west one mathematic language teach.

Our arithmetical figures, which we have received from the Arabians, convey the best idea that can be given of the Chinese characters, being precisely of the same nature. These figures have no connection with letters, the representatives of sounds, and have no dependance on words; but each figure denotes an object, the number for which it stands. Immediately on being presented to the eye, these figures are equally understood by all the nations by whom they are used, however different their languages may be, and however different they may be called in their respective languages. They are perhaps in more extensive use among mankind than any other written character, and to them we owe many of our improvements and discoveries in the mathematics.

Note 6, ver. 163—164.

The Hebrew tongue,
In which God wrote commands and Moses sung, &c.

It is estimated that there are at present about 4000 different languages and dialects in the world. These are believed to have a common origin; for previous to the building of Babel the whole earth spoke the same language. The Hebrew has made claim to this distinction. I am aware that in treating of this tongue I tread on ground which is deemed sacred, I therefore will not speak rashly, and though I may differ from others, yet will I say what is to my mind the truth. The Hebrew alphabet, containing twenty-two letters, is unquestionably the most ancient extent. But the very circumstance of its being an alphabet, in which each letter is the representative of a certain sound, is a proof that it is not the original written language. Farther, there are still remaining many traces of the hieroglyphic origin of its characters. This fact will hold good in most of them, and although there are some in which it is now difficult to be perceived, yet there can be little doubt that they are derived from the same source. As instances, the character *he*, which signifies behold or here is, is the hieroglyphic of time; the letter *vav*, which is translated a hook, bears a resemblance to a hook or a shepherd's crook; the letter *Mem*, signifies water, which the Egyptians called Mo, and wrote I believe by a not unlike character. The remnants of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the known origin of the Chinese and Japanese characters, with other collateral facts, prove that the origin of written language was hieroglyphics; which were at first pictures of visible objects, then symbols of invisible things, and then simple arbitrary marks representing objects without any analogy or resemblance. Of this latter class I consider the impressions on the Babylonian bricks, the Persepolitan arrow-headed obeliscal characters, the present Chinese, Tonquinese, and Coræan languages, and our arithmetical figures. The invention of letters is attributed by Plato, in Phædro, to Theuth, the

Egyptian, who is supposed to be the Mercury of the Greeks' These arguments only militate against the Hebrew written language, to which the oral must have been anterior. But some of the arguments urged to prove that this was the original and universal speech would also prove the same of some of the American Indian languages. It is most probable that the Hebrew letters were derived from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, whence Moses carried them into the land of Canaan, where they were adopted by the Phenicians, and were afterwards transmitted into Greece. But as these letters were similar to those used by the Syrians, and the writer of the book of Job is supposed by some to have been contemporary with Abraham, it is possible that this patriarch learned them of the Syrians, and that his posterity carried them into Egypt. Of the similarity of the Hebrew and Syrian letters, Josephus writes, "The character in which they (the Jewish books) are written, seem to be like to that which is the proper character of the Syrians, and that its sound when pronounced is like theirs also; and that this sound appears to be peculiar to themselves."—Antiquities of the Jews, b. xii. c. 2.

Note 7, ver. 170—171.

To Grecian shore
Phenician Cadmus sixteen letters bore
Of Hebrew stock or growth of Palestine.

The Greeks themselves admit that they received their alphabet, as well as much of their learning, from other nations. Herodotus, their earliest historian, says in his Terpsichore, "The Ionians had their letters from the Phenicians, and used them with very little variation; which afterwards appearing, those letters were called Phenician, from the Phenicians bringing them into Greece." Josephus says of the Greeks, "It was also late and with difficulty that they came to know the letters they now use; for those who would advance their use of these letters to the greatest antiquity, pretend that they learned them from the Phenicians and from Cadmus. yet is

nobody able to demonstrate that they have any writing preserved from that time, neither in their temples nor in any other public monuments."—Against Apion, b. i. s. 3.

Because of his having carried the letters from Phenicia, I have called Cadmus Phenician; but several ancient writers affirm that he was originally of Thebes, in Egypt.

Note 8, ver. 172.

With these sage Homer strung the harmonious line.

There was a tradition among the ancients that the poems of Homer were not written down by him, but that they were committed to memory and like ballads sung in parts, which were afterwards collected and compiled in their present shape. If there were any writing in Greece in his time, if there were any person that could write there it was Homer, than whom Greece had never a more learned man. That the Greeks had writing in his time may be proved by the famous Sigean Inscription, which is contained in a tablet that was disinterred upon a promontory called Sigeum, situated not far from the scite of ancient Troy. This tablet is of beautiful white marble, nine feet high, two feet broad, and eight inches thick, on the top of which had been a bust probably of Hermocrates, whose name it bears. It is thought to be not less than 3,000 years old. The letters of the inscription are all Greek capitals, which bear a much greater resemblance to Hebrew than the same characters which we now print. The Chinese language is read from the top of the page to the bottom, the Hebrew from the right hand towards the left, but this inscription begins on the left side of the tablet and proceeds to the right, the next line commences on the right hand and reads to the left, and is thus continued alternately to the end.

Note 9, ver. 174.

In which one vocal sound each letter claimed.

In a perfect language every simple sound would be represented by a distinct character which would have no other.

If ever there were languages thus perfect they were the ancient Greek and Roman. All true critical skill in the sound of language must have its foundation in its simple elements or letters. So much was this study pursued and honored by those ancient nations, that the honors of Greece were decreed at the Olympic games to Apollodorus for some discoveries in this part of Grammar; and Messala immortalized his name among the Romans by writing a treatise on a single letter. The invention of the three Greek letters, epsilon, psi, and theta, is ascribed to the poet Simonides. While we have such words as night, plough, though, and a thousand others in which unheard consonants obscure the sweetest vowel sounds, who can say that the English language does not need an Apollodorus or a Messala?

Note 10, ver. 209—254.

By adopting the Roman alphabet to represent the vocal sounds in the English language, we have laid in the very elements of our speech the foundation of perpetual error. A perfect standard of pronunciation is hardly to be expected in a living language; but when the best English dictionaries differ from each other, in several hundred words, where are we to seek for undisputed rules? how are we to attain a perfect uniformity? The Romans, like the Hebrews, had but twenty-two letters, the k, y, z being found only in words originally Greek. The w added to these twenty five letters compose the English alphabet, which, like most others, is both deficient and redundant; in some cases the same letter express different sounds and different letters express the same sound; some single characters are compound sounds, and some compound characters are simple sounds. Of our twenty-six letters two are superfluous, the c has the power of k or s, and q which is used only before u that of k. As h is merely an aspiration, and j and x are compounds, we have only twenty-one characters to express probably twenty-eight simple sounds. For some, however, we use compound characters,

as th, sh, and ng. The Latin is now a dead language, and we know but very few of the sounds of its letters. But those which we do know are not those which our characters represent; for instance, our i and u in the word unite were sounded by the Romans like our ee and oo. Virgil tells us that Camill'a, mutate parte, with small variation, was made Camilla; this could not be done in English without wholly dropping the sound of the letter s.

Note 11, ver. 255—312.

No works can be more defective, in my opinion, than a large portion of the English spelling books. I have given a sketch of one in most extensive circulation at the time I left England. Little did I expect to find on this side of the western ocean, works of this kind incomparably superior to those in the mother country. Little did I expect to find primers not dissimilar to the one which is recommended. Among others which I have seen, I am not in the least surprised that five millions of copies of Webster's American Spelling Book had been printed five years ago. It is a well-digested system of the elements of language, spelling, and reading. It is furnished with extensive lists of words of similar sound, and a due attention is paid to correct accentuation. Its primary defect is, in my opinion, that the labials are not made, as they are naturally, the first letters of our alphabet, and that they do not commence the various columns of words. Though it be granted that a perfect uniformity in speaking may not be attainable in any living language, yet I may be permitted to believe that the English speech can arrive at a much higher degree of perfection than it is at present. A man of Kent can better understand a Frenchman than his own countryman of Yorkshire. A native of Northumberland would comprehend the Gaelic of a Scott, as easy as the English of the man of Cornwall. In no place is our language spoken with so much affectation and pedantry, and at the same time so incorrectly and ungrammatically, as by the middling classes of the metro-

polis. The Greek probably the most perfect of all languages had various dialects. Attica was indebted for the high degree of refinement of her language to her colonies; whom she soon surpassed by selecting what was excellent from each and blending it with her own. So in all probability will England owe to her colonies, and those who have been her colonies, much refinement of her tongue. It is folly to talk of the English language being fixed, when we had not a dictionary of it till half a century ago, and much later than that a good grammar; when daily improvements in sciences, arts, and manufactures, both native and foreign, are continually enriching it with lucid pearls and luminous gems.

Note 12, ver. 343—344.

Its beams on all like summer's sun it spreads,
The potentate as well as peasant reads.

Give a man a taste for useful reading and the means of gratifying it, and you will quicken his sense of duty, excite his love of virtue and piety, strengthen his principles of religion, put within his reach an exhaustless source of amusement and pleasurable gratification, confirm a habit of thinking and reflection, secure him from many temptations to which others are exposed, and will teach him to regard with disgust all that is low, vulgar, and vicious. "You place him," says Sir W. Herschell, "in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other."

Note 13, ver. 487—504.

History is one of the most natural and most rational pursuits of the human mind. Every one must feel an inclination to know by what means things were brought into the state in which they now are; and desire to be informed concerning the generations of mankind in ages passed; whether they were more or less moral, more or less enlightened than ourselves, and what good or ill we may have inherited from their actions, laws, and institutions. History is not only level to the capacities of youth, but is well adapted to the frame and constitution of their minds. It not only instructs and increases experience but amuses and entertains. It excites curiosity which it gratifies. It creates an appetite for knowledge which it satisfies. It supplies motives to virtue, and begets a detestation of vice. It presents examples of ambition, avarice, and folly; and furnishes maxims of prudence, liberality, and wisdom, for the conduct of life in both a public and a private capacity. While it forms the heart, enlarges the understanding, and enlightens the judgment, it proves the best security against the prejudices and false impressions which may be contracted by education, by intimate connexions, or by the follies and vices of the times. History is a true representation of mankind in the various ages, circumstances, and conditions of life. Its object and end is to record truth for the instruction of man. It presents to our view the world rising out of nothing; relates how it was governed in its infancy, how its kingdoms and commonwealths were first established, and how they rose, flourished, and decayed. It introduces to a kind of intimacy and correspondence with the wisest, the bravest, and the most celebrated characters of every age and of every clime. It travels into distant countries and traverses vast regions of the universe to inform of their manners, customs, politics, religions, and various pursuits. It makes us citizens of all nations and contemporaries of all ages.

Note 14, ver. 538

While Cesar's turrets heard the nightly groan.

The tower of London, the building of a part of which is attributed to Julius Cesar.

Note 15, ver. 541.

Thy roses red and white together twined.

The well-known devices of the houses of York and Lancaster, which were united by the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth, the heiress of the house of York. Henry VIII. their only surviving son succeeded to the throne.

Note 16, ver. 772—776.

See Homer's Iliad, b. xiv.

Note 17, ver. 852.

The clustering isles that stud the Ægean deep.

Seven cities contended to be the birth-place of Homer, but perhaps he was of Chios, an isle of the Ægean sea. Simonides calls him "the poet of Chios;" Theocritus "the singer of Chios;" and in a hymn to Apollo, attributed to himself, it is said "he is the blind who lives at Chios." His birth-place is quite uncertain.

Note 18, ver. 853.

Theban retreats and Pella's studious shades.

Pindar, the chief of the Greek lyric poets, was a Theban, he flourished B. C. 435. Euripides, an excellent tragedian, was "Pella's bard," he flourished B. C. 407.

Note 19, ver. 856.

The Mantuan shepherd startles at the sound.

Virgil was born at Andes, a small hamlet in the Mantuan

territory, about three miles from the city. He finished his education at Milan, under the philosopher Syro. Probably his poems were written on his paternal estate, which his Georgics prove how well he knew to cultivate.

Note 20, ver. 857.

That sooths the impassioned breast in Laura's bowers.

Petrarch was born in 1304, at Arezzo. His works have rendered the fountain of Vaucluse, Laura, and his own name immortal. Were it not for his passion for that lady, he would have been less celebrated.

Note 21, ver. 885, 886.

Genius their guide, these early poets shone,
Unskilled in art, the critics laws unknown.

On account of a defect in their tongue, which rendered it incapable of numbers formed by poetic feet, the French, whom our early poets followed, measured their verses by the number of syllables which composed them. Boilieu says of the early French poets,

La caprice tout seul faisoit toutes les loix.
Caprice alone made our first poet's laws

Milton was well acquainted with the laws of versification and the powers of numbers. But "Dryden," says Dr. Johnson, "may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merits of composition. Of our former poets, the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled, and rarely deserted him. Of the rest, those who knew the laws of propriety neglected to teach them." As Boilieu says of Marot, it may be truly said of Dryden,

Et montra pour rimer des chemins tout nouveaux.
He shew new ways to build the lofty rhyme.

THE END OF BOOK II.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—The seat of a school and the character of its master, ver. 11—Play games, 63—Writing, 89—Grammar, 111—Versification, 125—The French, 207; Latin, 259; Greek, 313; and Hebrew languages, 369—Drawing, 403—Geography, 419—Praise of the Mathematics, 607—Arithmetic, 645—Geometry, 663—Algebra, 693—Trigonometry, 709—Mechanics, 753—Optics, 833—Astronomy, 888.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK III.

Our memory's eye we often backward cast
On sports of childhood and on pleasures passed
With playmates dear, now busy on life's stage;
And with their parts performed in ripened age
Compare the bias of their infant mind;
Some were to studies, some to sports inclined,
Some busy merchants trafficing in toys,
Some must command a regiment of boys:
Thus in green age a native tinge appears,
That marks the color of their future years.

A pleasant seat that crowns a rising ground,
With pitchy pales and hawthorns circled round;
Below a bark-ploughed stream majestic rise,
Afar the ocean laves the ethereal skies;

Slow glides a fleet, the zephyr swells its sails,
Fans the warm noon, with healthful breath regales,
There curling smoak proclaims a distant town,
And hills and vales with budding beauties strown;
Here the smooth-shaven plat, with daisies gay,
Where scholars hold converse and pupils play;
The hedge-row elms around and new-blown flowers,
Shade the calm walk and scent the studious bowers;
A Gothic painted shed a play-house forms,
Shelters from summer's rains and winter's storms:
Here dwells the man, preceptor of our youth,
Who learning's rugged paths well knows to smooth,
Fluent in speech, in converse grave or light,
Graceful in mien, and naturally polite;
Skilled in the world, its ways, and vicious arts;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts.
But anxious only that his pupils learn,
Their morals, minds, and manners his concern,
Piety he fixes in the tender breast,
By constant practice, more than rules, impressed;
Virtue with pleasure, vice with pain he blends,
Truth, sacred truth, inculcates and commends;
The chart of human life he slow unrolls,
Points the unerring course and threatening shoals;

Unmasks its follies and its wiles sets forth;
To love and copy excellence and worth.
Graceful demeanour and discourse refined,
With well-bred airs, give lustre to the mind:
Courteous himself his pupils are the same,
Ne'er rudely bold, nor whelmed with bashful shame;
Discreet if gay, if gentle yet discerned,
Grave without dullness, without boasting learned.
The tide of speech in modest bounds restrained,
Ne'er by lewd jests impured, by oaths ne'er stained;
Nor foppish dress, nor flattery and pride,
Which, like gold tinsel, baser metals hide.
Each branch of letters, sciences, and arts,
With skilful ease he faithfully imparts;
A taste for each in every mind excites,
Perfects in those in which it most delights,
Not wrests its will, but gentle guiding tries,
Fixes the base whence noblest structures rise;
The minor band no o'ergrown captain leads,
Master himself no usher's aid he needs;
Slave to no custom nor new-fangled plan,
He blends the scholar with the useful man;
Knows learning's toils with pleasures to combine,
Hence, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Study join.

When noontide sun the bordering elms reflect,
On the gay plat his joyous school collect;
They all such sportful exercises chuse,
As please them most or most to health conduce;
Some junior youth disport in emulous race,
Pursue untired the hoop's revolving pace;
Some shoot the marble through the chalky ring;
While others from the grampus' jawbones swing;
These whip their tops, whose winged flight they prize;
Those on a see-saw board alternate rise;
High, like a lark, his kite majestic soars;
These sport with shittlecocks and battledores;
Those pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or dexterous waft it with the shoe and bat;
Some senior youth at manly crickets play,
Drive from the wicks the bounding ball away;
Some nimble-footed jump each others backs;
Or hunt the self-made stag with steeds and packs;
Here one with clasp-knife carves the shapely ship,
Another there adjusts his broken whip;
Thus to contrive, the ingenious hand intent,
Spurs genius on to fashion and invent;
But some at ease on the soft turf reclined,
With classic treasures richly store their mind;

While others walk, conversing with a friend,
Impart instruction or attention lend.

But still their master's dictates have their sway,
Control their studies, regulate their play;
Hence at the stated hour each leaves his sports,
With willing mind to school again resorts;
In silence they around their master stand,
Waiting their pen and copy from his hand;
Then to their desk, where each his rules he tells,
Commends him who in penmanship excels;
A hand for business employs their quill,
Then curious ornament improves their skill.
Important art, most useful men possess;
Clothes their ideas in a graceful dress,
Transmits the accumulated lore of time
To farthest ages and remotest clime,
Holds converse sweet with dear and severed friends,
The lover's vows, the sage's reasons sends,
Records the past, the present propagates,
Whence man to man his thoughts communicates.
Hence, if thus useful in our life's affairs,
It needs no common skill, no common cares;
An elegant clean letter claims respect,
The writing neat, the grammar wrote correct.

Hence study grammar well, whose rules will teach
The strict proprieties in every speech,
Instruct to read with grace, to spell aright,
To speak exactly, and correctly write.
But first acquire your simple mother tongue,
In which a Newton wrote and Milton sung;
No conjugated verbs, nor nouns declined,
Nor varied adjectives fatigue the mind;
Articles modify the sense of names,
Whose genders are but such as nature claims;
Some particles the voices, modes, and tenses teach,
Express relations and connect the speech.
By a few simple rules our Syntax shows,
How we with ease may sentences compose;
Our Prosody the laws of verse contains,
And accent, quantity, and emphasis explains:
We have no Prosody some learned advance;
Then flow my smoothest lines by art or chance?
While others verse with poetry confound,
From whom for sweetest strains most praise redound.
Who, like the sun emerging from the east,
Surveys all nature with a fervent breast,
Her every scene, her every charm illumes,
Pourtrayed in every hue the sky assumes;
A soul exalted, a superior mind,
That eyes the characters that form mankind,

Catches the present, compasses the past,
Searches the deep, and penetrates the vast,
Blends freedom, strength, and fluency of thought,
In harmonious verse and words well sought;
Such is the man who claims a poet's name,
Whom but to draw, we more than need his flame.
Who rhymes with words may think he writes in verse,
Rhyme may be hobbling prose though e'er so terse;
For accent makes the movement of a line,
Or an emphatic impulse some define;
Thus in ūnīte both syllables are long,
The accent last, though each has a dipthong;
In ed'ūcāte the impulse first must lie,
Though the two last are long by quantity;
By which, like Latins, we could scan our feet,
If vowels always were the accent's seat,
But consonants this impulse oft obtain,
Hence duplicates of feet enrich our strain;
Those move with graceful ease and noble port,
With ruggid harshness step the latter sort:
Iambic verse admits, by art confined,
Some vowel feet and all the other kind;
Sprightly in front the Trochee loves to play,
Stretched out in length the slow-paced Spondees lay,
Into a line the Pyrrhic skips with ease,
But verse composed of pure Iambics please;

A Dactyl oft delights our listening ears,
While Anapæstic notes arouse unawares,
Amphabrachic movement flows with lively grace.
Melodiously the Tribrach finds its place;
The various feet, by happy art combined,
Will storm or calm the passions of the mind;
Enrage, compose, with terror rend the heart,
And what is feigned or felt to all impart;
The poet paints with all their glowing hues,
With all their powers expressively endues;
If undulating seas loud tempests form,
The roaring forest fluctuates to the storm;
When to its stretch with strength Pandarus drew
Rapidly from his bow the whizzing arrow flew;
Slow move deep streams that bear fraught fleets to town,
The impetuous torrent rushes thunders down.
The final pause each verse's measure bounds,
Cesuras vary and enrich its sounds;
Thus,' like a child," was poetry' at first,
Naked' at birth," then after' dressed and nursed;
Cloathed' with exactness," with attention' reared,
Restrained' by custom," by each grace' endeared,
Corrected' with judgment," with art' improved,
Esteemed' for native worth," for virtue' loved.
But some have censured rhyme, as Gothic chains,
That binds the fancy and the sense restrains;

For when they would express their thoughts precise,
Reason says virtue and the rhyme says vice; 190
Hence these free minds such fetters spurn; their rhyme
By clip'd and mangl'd words reduced to time,
Or half completed, expletives do appear;
While oft the open vowels tire thine ear:
Sometimes we prosper and sometimes we fail,
But genius, art, and labor will prevail.
Though couplet rhyme the fluent sense confines,
It sweetens, strengthens, and compacts our lines,
Each moral thought, in fewest words imparts,
It charms our ears and captivates our hearts. 200
Hence for Didactic strains is rightly used,
Where in the mind instruction is infused;
But he who soars on eagle's pinions strong,
Needs not its chiming aid to raise his song,
His lofty thought and varied verse combined
Convey important truths and please the mind.

Skilled in the language of their native soil,
By friendly converse and by studious toil,
Our youth some living foreign tongue are taught,
Which, adding words, extends the bounds of thought, 210
Widens the views of theirs and other states,
Their science, arts, and lore communicates.

Our commerce oft embarks to Gallia's shore,
And travellers oft her beauteous scenes explore,
Her tongue is copious, elegant, polite,
Hence learn to read it, speak it, and to write.
The plainest rules let memory embrace,
Of noun the gender, number case,
Whose article and adjective with it agree;
A hardy race of pronouns next we see;
Though these fatigue yet all impatience curb,
Boldly attack the conjugated verb;
A regular conjugation daily write,
For rules with practise always should unite;
Hence clothe some easy tale in English dress,
In foreign words your native thoughts express:
A copious syntax then will claim your cares,
Which idioms of both the tongues compares;
Most adnouns follow nouns, the pronouns stand,
According to their kind, on either hand;
The place and government of other specch,
Negations and the rest its rules will teach.
No varied pause and lofty epic strains,
Nor strength nor ease its rhyming verse sustains,
Hence Latin poets speak their songs in prose,
O'er Homer, stript of numbers, we repose;
Yet works of genius every age adorn,
In every age were noble poets born.
Malherbe first, the Dryden of his clime,
Refined his language and improved its rhyme;

His cadence just, his graceful verses glide,
All know his laws, their model and their guide.
Then Corneille walked in majesty the stage;
Racine exact with sweetest verse engage;
A Moliere's comic, Voltaire's tragic muse,
Each virtuous principle of the heart infuse:
In heroic strains great Henry's virtues live,
"Mighty and mild to conquer and forgive."
Ulysses' son, wrecked on Calypso's isle,
Braves Cupid's arts and scorns the goddess' smile,
Filial affection glows his youthful breast,
Through earth he wanders of his sire in quest;
Hence realms appear, the shades of death disclose;
Described in harmonious poetic prose.
Boileau unfolds the poet's art divine,
To precepts just his own example join;
With ease of Horace, Juvenal's force and fire,
He tortures vice with numbers and satire.

Time was when Rome, the empress of the world,
Her sacred eagles in each clime unfurled,
Her brave Camillus, Fabricius poor and great,
Scipios or Cesars saved or ruled her state;
Nor Ganges' flood, nor Medias' forests high,
Bactra nor Ind, with her in fame could vie;

Hers was each lettered sage, each muse that sings,
Walk then her shades, unlock her sacred springs;
To feed with knowledge and reward our pains,
Her tongue majestic ample wealth retains.
Learn first its nouns, in cases six declined;
With conjugated verbs impress the mind;
Then be the varying adjectives acquired,
In correct Latin daily themes attired;
Find roots of verbs, trace nouns though every case,
All useful general Syntax rules embrace:
But shall we still with Latin Syntax tease,
Like Hebrew taught in unknown Portuguese?
And shall we still require our youth to quote,
Words without thoughts, as parrots prate by rote?
Oh! ye who path all learning's heights with flowers,
Spare youth such toil, employ such wasted hours;
E'er classic garlands the young breast adorn,
Free the sweet rose from the obnoxious thorn.
The flowers that bloom in the Ausonian field,
Transplanted thence less lively colours yield,
Lose their rich scents in a less genial bed,
As subtle essences evaporate when shed.
We love the charming song of Mantua's swain,
In old Ascræan or Maonian strain;

If native rural scenes our steps invite,
His simple shepherds' easy lays delight;
Or would we till or plant the fruitful tree,
Raise clustering vines or rear the frugal bee,
Learn both the poet's and the farmer's arts,
He fixes them indelibly on our hearts;
Or reach Parnassus' crown on epic wings,
"Arms and the man," the best of poets sings.
Great faults and beauties Lucan's poem contains,
Ardent and bold for liberty in chains.
Horace supreme in judgment and good sense,
Reproves with smiles, delights with negligence;
Juvenal sedate, the truth with satire arms,
Censures with frowns, with glowing beauties charms;
Be some of Ovid from the classics rased,
Wanton in morals and impure in taste;
Tibullus tender, easy, and correct;
From Phædrus' fables early tasks select,
These, more than these, the relics of her fame,
The genius and the taste of Rome proclaim;
Who would speak well or elegantly write,
Read them by day and study them by night;
Not vain of language, nor of learning proud,
Rise o'er the middling and o'ertop the crowd.

A wider field now opens to our view
While we a nobler higher theme pursue.

Parent of sciences and nurse of arts,
Greece in her tongue transmits these northern parts
All the accumulated lore of years,
All that refines, enlightens, and endears.
A Homer's "Iliad," a Xenophon's "Retreat,"
A Socrates wise, an Alexander great,
A Saviour's death, his actions, and his words
Her tongue imparts, perpetuates, and records:
Rich, comprehensive, flexible, and strong,
In a broad stream of harmony flows along;
To learn it then devote each leisure day,
Profit and pleasure will your toil repay.
In Greek, like Latin, nouns have change of case,
But here a dual number claims a place;
Its adnouns and article with it agree;
With numerous branches grows the verbal tree;
Time, everflowing, tenses subtly quote,
Which augments and inflections will denote;
Optative moods, and middle voice has each,
Contractions, dialects, and forms of speech.
Latin and Greek construction near incline,
Here singular verbs with neuter plurals join;
No ablative shews the instrument or cause;
Peculiar lustre shine in various laws.
With this Thrasybulus made the tyrants cower,
Demosthenes opposed a Philip's power;

With this the breath of freedom was infused;
The longest flourished and the noblest used!
In this Achilles' wrath great Homer sung
Happy his age and happy in his tongue;
Sweet fictions and sweet truths his strains unfold;
Whate'er is splendid shines in gems and gold,
Whate'er is plain with native beauty glows,
Whate'er is little noble diction grows;
His muse melodious charms the listening skies,
Lovely as Venus as Minerva wise.
Then Hesiod taught to till and nurture trees
Hung up his plough to sing and live at ease.
Aloft sublime the Theban eagle springs;
Anacreon inspires the love he sings;
A Sappho's tender strains alarm the breast;
Theocritus nature's rustic beauties dressed.
Ye who enjoy the pleasures of the stage,
Sophocles was admired in every age;
Æschylus or Euripides survives;
Menander still in Roman Terence lives.
But ye who love the book of sacred truth,
Drink at the fountain's source in quiet youth;
The text original if carefully read,
Clings to the heart and fastens in the head;
Enables, when our judgment waxes strong,
To test our creeds, distinguish right from wrong;
Candid and learned, to search, from bias free
In what they differ and in what agree.

Hence yet another field, though less explored,
Of ancient facts rich harvests would afford;
Who doubts these tasks to life's affairs conduce,
For his profession none or little use,
Toiled years [illegible] the Greek or Latin tongue,
Forgets in prime what he acquired when young;
On sabbath days his worldly labors rest,
When Christian studies warm his pious breast,
Could he pursue them upward to their spring,
Converse with Moses, with Isaiah sing,
What latent glories open to his eyes,
Revealing awful fiats of the skies;
For Hebrew names are pregnant oft with thought
That in no version, howe'er good, is brought.
First learn the radical and servile signs,
Those form each theme which these inflections joins;
Of nouns, their genders, numbers, cases know,
That chosen augments and affixes show;
Likewise two tenses and two genders note,
Of conjugations of the verbal root;
From right to left your daily lesson pen;
Learn without points, their aid may perfect then.
This noble easy language taught our youth,
Would light religion and confirm its truth;
The Bible, in its native dress attired,
Were it more known could be but more admired,

Its style so energetic, simple, strong,
So bold, concise, and figurative its song,
Its history sacred, poetry divine,
Pronounce no less than God in every line.
Job incomparable poetry contains;
David's was chanted in alternate strains;
His son's didactic wisdom mends the heart,
And all the prophets joined the poet's art.

The sister art—the painter's magic powers
Diffuse his borrowed hues o'er plants and flowers,
That live on canvass with unfading charms;
The dear resemblance of the dead embalms,
The distant living to our eye displays,
Feeds amorous flames and brightens friendship's rays;
Lovely the mimic works of the artist's hand,
Whose pencilled scenes pourtray my native land,
Import a foreign country into mine,
Correct its manners and its taste refine.
This imitative art makes science clear,
Delineates the circle, cube, and sphere;
Through pointed rocks, quick sands, and dangerous shoal,
Directs the seaman to his distant goal;
Figures the earth with kingdoms, seas, and capes;
Charts our white coast, our countied island maps.

Of daily use is geographic lore,
To every seaman and to him on shore,
Read what thou wilt, or poetry or prose,
Be this unread thy native town may pose:
Where stood old Troy, or where stands Athens famed;
Where fallen Rome with provinces new-named,
Strabo may tell and fit for classic page;
But late Geography should youth engage.
For this is history's eye, the merchant's hand,
That bears his laden keel from land to land;
The telescope through which we see at home,
The distant regions peregrinators roam.
A continent unknown till Behem's sail
Spread its broad bosom to the western gale,
Whose track Columbus with success pursued;
Cabot and others this New World reviewed.
Gama first doubled Afric's hopeful cape,
Where storms contend and gulphs terrific gape;
Bold and secure he furrowed Indian seas,
Whence Europe trades in eastern luxuries:
A Drake o'er Spain Britannia's thunder hurled,
And bore her fame in triumph round the world.
A Cook, great geographic truths resolved,
Thrice, like the sun, around the earth revolved.
As gathering bees from mead to orchard rove,
From flowery garden to the juicy grove,

From every plant nectareous sweets to glean;
So travellers roam through every devious scene,
Some burning wilds, some ruin-scattered plains,
Some buried cities, some antique remains,
Whose manners, customs, science, arts, and lore
Liberally contribute to their store;
In every clime they hive intelligence;
Returned, their spread repast regales our sense:
While fancy soaring on excursive wing,
Rove as they roved; hence where Nile's sources spring
A Bruce's joys we share; or rolls her flood
Westward and east, where Noph or Aven stood,
Whence Pharaoh followed with perfidious slaves
Goshen dismissed, to drown in weedy waves,
O'er stately ruin stalk; with kindred hearts
We travel Africa's interior parts
And share the woes of Park; for Guinea's ore
The shark-like wretch will rob Nigratia's shore
Than him of better kind, whose painful tale
With Christian sympathy our eyes bewail:
Ill-fated race! worthless thy golden floods,
Thy shining ivory, odoriferous woods,
Rich gums, rare fruits, and treasures deep concealed;
No music to thine ear thy songsters yield,
In gaudy plumage robed; the muses' strain
And softening arts unknown; no laws sustain

Thy equal rights; but slavish base desire,
Revenge, and lustful love thy spirit fire.
Now by the hand she leads through climes late found,
Where falls Niagara with thundering sound,
And Andes prop the skies; we expatiate
O'er Montazuma's semi-barbarous state,
Potosi's silver hills and Maule's rich soil,
Cortez and Pizarro's blood-bought spoil;
Aghast, we turn to Lusitania's plains,
Where Cabral foundered and Braganza reigns;
With peaceful Raleigh nurse Virginia mild,
Aid Delawar to rear the eldest child
Of British birth; who, now mature and free,
Wealthy in state and noble in degree,
Is wooed by every prince; in India west,
With vast savannas, gardens, orchards, blessed,
Beneath a fanning tamarind recline,
Quaff cocoa's milk or palm's refreshing wine.
Now see accumulated riches send
The industrious peasantry of our land,
And our ingenious artists cross the seas;
Ye wealthy lords! will you, deprived of these,
With blistering hands, manure and plough the field,
Drive the smooth plane, or clashing trowel wield?
These, scourged by famine from their native soil,
On Lawrence banks begin their hopeful toil;

See grain the field and cities plant the plain,
And saped by pampered vice and luxuries vain,
Their much-loved country sink; yet they aspire
Hear weal, wealth, glory with a patriot's fire.
Now mimic fancy spreads her daring flight
Where marble ruins of the east invite
The traveller's steps; here bloomed Elysium first,
Here man, immaculate, with God conversed,
And, sinless, sung his praise; but sinning won
From death and hell, by God's beloved son,
Who, robed in flesh, a shameful death endured;
Immortal life and joy to man secured!
Now real and suppositiitions relics shown,
With Moslem's mosques and temples not her own,
Calvary red, and ploughed-up Sion's hill,
Israel dispersed, one people yet, fulfil
Prophetic writ; the prophet false adored,
Here and Mecca, stablished by his sword
His world-rewarding creed; through deserts lone
The pilgrim wades to kiss the sable stone
Witnessing faith; or round the Kaaba turn
Seven times devont; for now Medina's urn
Is ruin's prey. A vain degenerate race
We visit now, that occupies the space
Of Cyrus' ample realm: to dust consumed
Lie Babylon and Persepolis entombed,

No more to rise; now Ispahan's broad site,
Circled with hills and villas joined delight.
The snow-clad mountains, verdure-covered hills,
Rich cultured plains, and fertilizing rills,
Of latent Cabul tread, or Cashmere's vale:
Thence on to Indus' smiling banks, or sail
On Ganges' sacred plenty-spreading flood,
Cleanser of sins; where fanes have ages stood
For gods innumerable, of whom to purge
The Sicks with generous zeal one Godhead urge.
Thence wind though Tibet, source of streams, high raised,
To jealous China, boasting age and praised
For youthful arts and science young and vain;
Yet industry is hers; the furrowed plain,
The vine-clad hill, the vegatative brook,
Fair culture's toil repay; the printed book,
Rich porcelain, figured silks, and factures wise,
With inland traffic, yield her swarms supplies;
Just laws are hers; but ceremonious guile
Lurks half concealed beneath her winning smile.
The Carthaian wall outbars the frigid wild,
Where Tartar hordes and sturdy Russ exiled
Contented roam; here winter holds his court,
And banished spring with banished day resort
To climes more joyous; undissolving lies
Snow spread o'er snow, and Alps on Alps arise

In frozen horrors clad; storm follows storm;
Winds sweeping north the brine to mountains form,
Or adverse driven the liquid islands rend;
In furry garb here men with cold contend;
The wintery gloom the blazing embers cheer,
Immersed in caves, with nature's coarsest fare,
Envious nor envied live; at twilight day
With quiver, bow, and nets they seek their prey.
Thence on beyond where Oby's waters roll
And Greenland, cased in ice, to northern pole,
The lamp of life, fast waning, there expires;
Here Geyser's jet, and snow-clad Hecla's fires,
A lava deluge spout; here nature's child
Unblemished dwells in the Lapponian wild,
His streams support, his fairy lakes bewitch,
Fond of his mountains, with his rein-deer rich.
When cancer reddens with the solar beam
Straight hills with fruit and vales with verdure teem
In Sweden's realm, though late with winter drear:
The hardy Dane resists the inclement year.
Gigantic Russia strides o'er half the earth,
To one vast mind her greatness owes its birth,
Immortal Peter's! who, in foreign parts,
Culled seeds of civil wisdom, arms, and arts,

To sow at home; made savage deserts tame;
Now power despotic blights her budding fame;
The hapless Pole bravely his fetters shakes,
And the stern Moslem at her sceptre quakes.
O'er fallen Rome the sacred mitre reigns,
While bigot Spain, that poured Peruvian gains
O'er half the world, in poverty is proud:
Lusitania to tyranny has bowed.
Not so the robust Swiss, in Alps secure,
Enjoy their vineyards, seas of ice endure,
And love their checkered scenes; here flows the Rhine
Down their steep mountains, branched in many a line
Through German, French, to the Batavian states;
These sweep in circling poise, on fleetest skates,
Its crystal pavement; those its banks adorn
With factured towns, rich meads, and ripening corn;
Those are ingenious men, industrious these;
Those rich in commerce, these in fisheries.
Our native isle! whose very name inspires,
Expands the mind, the youthful bosom fires,
Green are her hills, her watered vallies fair,
Fertile her meads, salubrious her air;
Fruitful her orchards, fishful are her streams,
With flocks, with herds, with swiftest coursers teems;

Stately her cities, works of art her pride,
Forests of masts in every harbour ride;
Her fleets at sea, her armies brave on land,
Her foreign millions own her potent hand;
Freedom is hers; and where her banners wave
She rights the injured, liberates the slave;
Genius she nurtures, merit she requites,
Extends her arts, her artisans incites;
By Cam or Isis walk her studious youth,
With learning, virtue, piety, and truth.

The mathematics number stars or grains,
Measure Egyptian pyramids or plains:
Assault our reason, opposition quell,
Reign without pomp and without force compel.
Prove this position false, its adverse true,
Triumph with art, with science self subdue;
Employ our leisure and secure our health,
Lessen our labour and increase our wealth:
By these we build commodious abodes,
Cities for men and temples for their gods;
By these our armies skilfully array,
Defend our country and our foes dismay;
By these our navies plough the watery plain,
Enthrone Britannia empress of the main;
By these in trade we readily compute,
Our blighted harvests and our labour's fruit;

Weigh with just beam, with lawful measure mete,
Buy without fraud and sell without deceit;
By these in art we nature's works excel,
Resist a torrent or a rock impel,
Useful machines ingeniously design,
To fashion factures or exhaust the mine;
By these a keener vision we contrive,
Scale the high mountain, the deep valley dive,
Illume the dark, on the concealed encroach,
Enlarge the small, and the remote approach;
By these in solemn choirs we praise the Lord,
Attune the brass, the shapeless block accord;
By these foreknow the length of day and night,
Revolving seasons and eclipsed light,
Eye the vast fabric, comprehend the plan,
Weigh the hugh spheres, and their wide orbits span,
Follow their motions and establish laws,
Admire their grandeur and adore their Cause;
By these we prove, unanswerably refute,
Solidly judge, and strenuously dispute,
Steady our fancy, intellect unbind,
Sharpen our wit, and elevate our mind;
If this their praise—our manners they correct,
Soften our passions, and our life direct.

Perchance, a half-formed arithmetic art
Was prized of old in the Phenician mart;

Now, elegantly shaped, we early try
To add, subtract, divide, and multiply;
Values to less or greater name reduce,
Practice those rules that we in commerce use:
Hence readily compute a vessel's freight,
Its worth, its bulk, its duty, or its weight;
Insure, commission, barter, or exchange,
And with our partners our affairs arrange;
The love of wealth increasing with our gold,
Oft compound interest is in vain foretold;
Our hopes dispersed, our counted profits drowned,
With pain we pay the fractions of a pound.
The prince, the swain, the statesman, and the boy,
And every artisan its rules employ;
Which, more or less, in every age were known,
Now every clime will claim them for its own.

With annual pomp o'erflows the wealthy Nile,
While Egypt joys and all her deserts smile;
His waves retired, her ancient rural swains,
By geometric skill reclaimed their plains;
To marble grandeur and colossean pride
Its narrow rules her sons of art applied:
Then Greece arose and shone in borrowed light,
With her full beams illumed our northern night.
This science first the spacious field surveyed,
In right-lined figures on papyrus laid;

The plan aroused the speculative mind,
Its wonderous latent properties to find;
Hence Thales, when he for lore sought Memphis' aid,
Compared his staff's with the high column's shade;
Hence the famed lines Pythagoras devised,
For which in joy an ox he sacrificed:
Hence too the "Elements" with Euclid's name;
Hence sage Archimedes' immortal fame;
Hence mensurate the line, triangle, square,
Capacious circle, solid cone, and sphere.
When forests fall beneath the axe's strokes,
Their quartered girt, vast length appraise the oaks;
Whose stems are hewn to waft the merchant's freight
Curved with the circle, with the angle straight;
When Syracuse resists superior foes,
She fires their fleet, their nescient works o'erthrows;
E'er the proud dome or splendid city rise,
Its art-drawn plan the architect supplies;
Then artists ply the bright mechanic tool,
Genius their guide and science is their rule.

The mind to soar above terrestial things,
With new-discovered truths dispreads her wings,
When mathematic logic frees her flight,
Her bounded course extends to infinite:

This science general, comprehensive, clear,
Furnishes rules or makes their truth appear;
With literal symbols and peculiar signs,
Reasons on numbers, quantities, and lines;
Compound equations equipoised resolves,
Sums endless series and all roots evolves,
This recent science wonderous truths has found;
Fluxions to Newton's envied fame redound;
A logarithmic canon to invent
Was noble Napier's lasting monument,
Whose sines and tangents, an elaborate chain,
Mensurate angles spherical and plane.

In life's affairs important science here,
It grasps the earth and spans the farthest sphere.
Hence from this station readily is found,
How far that tower those battlements surround;
Hence counties, isles, and empires are surveyed;
The sites of cities on a map displayed;
From plains remote, or distant vales below,
Compute the height of the high mountain's brow;
Or when it elevates our wearied feet,
We mark the spot where sky and ocean meet,
Then on the arc the gradual index slide,
The downward angle skilfully provide,
Whence find the upward, formed by sloping lines,
Proportioned to their adverse angles' sines,

Which through the chiliads trace, and measure thence
The earth's vast axis or circumference.
Hence too the magnitude of planets, moon,
Or sun, in the full majesty of noon,
Scarce bigger than a bowl to erring sight;
Yet could we look from his meridian height,
If visible, this great terrestrial sphere
Would not so large as our own eye appear.
Hence too their wide elliptic orbits' round,
Their dim eclipses and their periods found:
The unnumbered stars that sow the evening sky,
Sublime and beautiful to the wondering eye,
In fancied figures formed, positioned true,
A small celestial globe depicts to view.
Hence too the mariner, by night or day,
Computes his course and steers his trackless way,
Corrects the mystic needle's devious aims,
His erring watch to certain time reclaims,
For while he sails the counted hours include,
His travelled leagues of western longitude;
Sun, moon, and stars, by nautic rules, define
The polar height, his distance from the line:
When Afric's pirates strike the British flag,
Plunder the freight, the crew to slavery drag,
The art-projected shells unerring soar,
Down on their fortress bursting thunders roar,

When keen ambition or the thirst of gold,
Leads Cook some new creation to unfold,
Though naught but sky and flood he can survey,
Yet art informs and science lights his way.

Stupendous monuments of ancient days
That now e'en era-proud mechanics praise,
That still on Nile's or Ganges' banks remain,
On rich Carthaian or Salisbury plain,
Could feeble man, such vast and ponderous weights,
Raise by unaided arm to Alpine heights?
Perchance, long ere their theories were known,
Mechanic powers o'erpoised the massive stone,
Practice alone compounded the machine,
Hence ruined works, not subtle words, are seen;
But genius soon the laws of motion proved,
Showed the effect of powers or forces moved;
Then various useful instruments designed,
The lever, wheel, wedge, screw and plane inclined.
By these, to arts and manual trades applied,
The noble ship first drinks the briny tide:
Here busy wrights the greasy slope secure,
Then groaning weights the heavy load endure,
Some wedge her firm, some rive the under blocks,
Suspended now she totters on the stocks;
Some fix Archytas' screws beneath her prow,
Whose levers bend, hard heaved by sweating brow;

Now jupping feet, now thundering hammers dash,
Now trembles earth, now ropes and timbers crash,
The land recedes, down plunge a grove of oaks,
Wallowing deep, the pitchy bottom soaks,
The dancing fleet and rolling billows joy,
While loud huzzas resound from man and boy;
Then rise her masts, two tall Norwegian pines,
With rattling pullies rigged and thousand lines;
Wide on her yards and stays the canvass swells;
Now steam against the wind and tide propels;
Prodigious engine, modern years designed,
Noblest invention of the ingenious mind,
In commerce, carriage, arts, and factures plied,
Britannia's boast, and her mechanic's pride.
Oft splendid works progressively improved,
Praise followed those who blemishes removed,
But that superior mind obtained renown,
Which justly claimed a fabric for its own;
Savary performed what Worcester had planed
Newcomen, Watt, and more their labors scaned;
The expanded vapour from the boiler flies,
Through opening valves the cylinder supplies;
Rushing at top the piston pressed by steam,
Descends attached to moving see-saw beam,

Then up it springs the watery power reversed,
And that above condensing pipes dispersed;
While up and down alternate the piston drives,
The whole machinery with motion lives;
Hence a grand engine wings the potent press,
That guards religion and relieves distress;
Hence jetty fuel from the pit it throws,
A wholesome stream through thirsty cities flows,
Weaves the fine silk and saws the knotty tree,
Smoaks o'er the land and rushes through the sea.
The sage with these mechanic powers invents
Curious philosophic instruments;
Of old the measured stream announced the hour,
Or dials shadow on the temple's tower;
Now the just pendulum's alternate swing,
Or wheels and pinions with the spiral spring,
As moments, days, and years unceasing roll,
Moves on our being nearer to its goal.
The hollow glass of vital fluid drained,
The long-concealed pneumatic laws explained,
The silent bell within the vacuum proves
What wafts the music of the harmonious groves,
The lifeless lamp what vivifies its fire,
The breathless breast what panting lungs respire.
From the chafed cylinder the lightening flies,
Mimics on earth the tempests of the skies;
True to the pole the needle points her hand,
Empaths the deep like Moses' mystic wand.

The chymic sage terrestrial things explores
His labratory with apparatus stores;
While some in physics skilled will measure right,
With quadrant, sextant, or theodolite,
Look through creation with telescopic eye,
Unveil phœnomena of earth and sky.

Its creator said Be light, and there was light,
Ere Phœbus shone or Cynthia ruled the night,
But long the vital lustre flowed on man,
Ere he its wonderous properties could scan;
Then Newton lived and color-making rays,
More lovely to the sight, illumed his days,
Now unappalled, but not with less amaze
On once portentous aerial shapes we gaze;
Oft from the north a blazing meteor gleams,
First sparkling low, than upward quickly streams,
It shrinks, it spreads, it falls, it reascends,
Its vivid radiance with all ether blends.
More rare the full-orbed moon the ethereal bow
Faint-coloured paints on evening's dewy brow.
We hear that fleets inverted sail the clouds,
That sieged cities and embattled crowds,
On crystal plains, commix in phantom war;
Such scenes the superstitious mind o'erawe;
Not so the more enlightened sage inquires,
Why these illusions and electric fires;

Why through the crooked tube he nought surveys;
Why glass obstructs the heat while pass the rays;
Why septenary hues the prism refracts;
Why the plane mirror images reflects;
Why pants the world within the torrid zone;
Why shines the sun and why opaque the moon?
Amusing views and moving figures pass,
In darkened chamber through the convex glass,
On the white sheet are hills and vallies fair,
Flocks play in meadows, birds disport in air,
The forest waves, the distant windmill twirls,
And mirthful lads attend their lively girls.
When Herschel's tube reflects the ethereal sky
A flood of glory bursts upon the eye;
Innumerous twinkling stars the azure sow,
Like tulip beds, with every color glow;
Each lamp, a source of light, a central sun,
Round which, in their appointed periods run,
Obsequious spheres, where life and food subsist;
Hence countless systems like our own exist!
The microscope our bounded vision frees,
Grains rise to mountains, drops dispread to seas;
Those swarm with insects clothed with gems and gold,
These teem with fish in scaly armor rolled;
Had they ne'er breathed, nor vegetation sprung,
Nor ocean roared, nor groves melodious sung,

Nor gemmy stars, nor silver moon had been,
Man's eye within itself a God had seen;
Who raised it high in the imperial head,
With tunicles of finest texture clad,
Fenced round with bones, the pupilled iris died,
The microscopic crystal juice supplied,
Curtained with lid o'erarched with pendant hair,
Bade outward objects on the brain appear;
To weep with grief, with soft affection roll;
The mirror of the heart and window of the soul.

On level plains and under skies serene,
The Chaldee shepherd gazed the starry scene;
To know its laws and orderly dispose;
Perchance celestial science thence arose.
Egyptian priests then marked the starry zone,
From Aries to the Fish; to sun and moon,
With other five, revolving round this sphere,
Motions and aspects gave; in sextile, square,
Malignant opposite, conjunt, and trine,
Ascribed sweet influence or unbenign;
For noting hours of birth and following years,
Compared man's checkered course with wandering spheres,
Judged like results from similar incidents,
Predicting thence or good or ill events;
Thus the precisive moment I was born,
The rising sun illumed a summer's morn

To cheer life's eve; but moon's afflicted rays
Dulled the quick sense and sickened infant days;
Urged to foreknow they searched the starry chart,
Revealed to others the celestial art:
Hence Thales the sun's eclipsed beams foresaw,
That gloomed the Median and the Lydian war;
Pythagoras then humbled human pride,
Sublimer systems to the world applied,
No more the earth her satellites surveyed,
Herself became bright Phœbus' waiting-maid;
Though Ptolemy her lofty state revived,
Pythagorus again in Newton lived.
Great in the midst of orbs enthroned in light,
The potent sun exerts attractive might,
That binds the system which around him roll,
Their sovereign, parent, animating soul!
While he revolves, which spots rotating show,
His vital lucid founts unceasing flow:
Perchance, progressive in an orbit twirled,
He forms but part of the universal world;
For stars are suns, some vanish and return,
Withdraw their beams and pour them from their urn;
Some fixed appear, and though no motion proved,
All are in motion, by a God first moved!
Nor sapient man, with earth's whole orbit through,
Real magnitude nor parallax can know,
Nor art can span, nor sum their distance speak;
A bee computing the height of Andes' peak!

Shine they alone to cheer our loss of day,
Lamps to direct a shepherd's homeward way?
Shine they alone our evening's walk to guide,
To gem our crown and sceptre human pride?
So far from us, so brilliantly they glow,
As wide and distant as from us below,
Though fixed they move, though few their number frights,
Whole constellations may be satellites;
Concealed in that vast space we call the sky,
Myriads of suns, and earths, and moons may lie;
Turned in their circles far beyond our ken,
With vegetation bloomed and stocked with men.
Nearest our sun, therefrom twelve million leagues,
Which ample line, him scarce a month fatigues,
Winged Mercury resists his burning noon,
Seven times more fierce than flames our torrid zone;
Though rarely seen, sometimes at twilight eve,
His bright white disk descending we perceive,
First, veiled in light, he peeps, then twinkling shines,
Rolls to the utmost verge and down declines;
Lost in the effulgence of the solar blaze,
Save his last glance, on earth disdains to gaze:
Sometimes he proudly leads the rising morn,
Gilds the green hills and gems the dewy lawn.
While airs invite the cool sequestered walk,
Empassioned hearts renew their tender talk,

Fresh from the deep or from the myrtle grove,
Sweet Venus leads the silent hours of love;
Brilliant with twice our share of Phœbus' light,
Unrivalled reigns the lovely queen of night;
Rarely, obscured by his superior grace,
Within his rays she hides her darkling face:
But then the sage, with astronomic art,
Computed how far are sun and earth apart;
Near five score million miles he easily found,
Thrice which results her annual journey's round;
Whence bright autumnal skies and vernal showers,
Winter in snows and summer clad in flowers;
She daily on her poles obliquely turns,
Whence shade and light alternate cools and burns;
But while the sun twice yearly cuts the line,
He slow recedes towards the westward sign,
Hence the earth's axis round a vertex rolls,
Forming two cones opposed, with circling poles;
An age of ages shall continuous flow
Ere winter's robe is flowers and summer's snow,
Ere tropic signs succeed the Ram and Scales,
Ere vernal harvests and autumnal gales.
Sublime emerging from the glittering deep,
The full-orbed moon with silver tips the steep,
Around her throne bright sapphires gild the skies,
The swelling waters by her influence rise,
Now stoops beneath a cloud, now up she soars,
Her peerless radiance glides along the shores,

Shines in the vale and glistens in the stream,
While rocks and hills reflect the quivering gleam:
Beside the marge as the curled wave unwinds,
Discourse the friends with philosophic minds;
Turned to the sun her bright and livid face,
Where, through the telescopic tube they trace
Volcanic mountains rough with lava waves,
Diversified with vallies, hills, and darksome caves,
Illumines night on earth, which she repays,
Waxing and waning nearly fourteen days,
For near a month her equal light and shade;
While her whole year perpetual springs pervade;
Though four score thousand leagues her course appear,
With disk unchanged, around our larger sphere;
While in her annual round the darkening moon,
Eclipsing solar light, o'ershades our noon;
More rare she looks when in her splendor full,
Half blotted from the sky, obscured, and dull.
Without a moon to cheer his doubled years,
With sanguine brow the God of War appears;
Not half the rays that here for day suffice,
Pierce his dense air and melt his polar ice;
More like the earth than all the solar train,
Like length of night, like change of seasons reign:

Not so imperial Jove, within ten hours,
Sees light and shade, while spring with fruits and flowers
Unwaried blooms through twice six years his one;
For near five hundred million miles the sun,
The asteroids beneath his throne appear,
Each long unseen and smaller than this sphere;
While round to cheer his quick returning nights,
Attend his four refulgent satellites,
Whose oft eclipsed beams, in every clime,
Inform the seaman of his travelled time.
Pale Saturn, circled with broad lucid rings,
Wheels his wide circuit of near thirty springs,
Ten times our distance from the source of day,
Moon beyond moon reflect the solar ray.
Lastly the orb, by Herschel's labor found,
Slow moving in the system's utmost bound,
Shrinks from our view enveloped in the sky,
Twice in one place ne'er seen by mortal eye,
So long his year, so tardily his speed;
While through the signs his satellites recede;
True to great Kepler's law revolve all spheres,
Their distance cubed is as their periods' squares.
Since, therefore, nor spontaneous motion reigns,
Nor chance can guide the planets with their trains,
But fixed their periods and unchanged their laws,
It follows an intelligent First Cause

Arranged their order, equipoised their force,
Impels, directs, and circumscribes their course;
Who comets in eccentric orbits twirled,
Concentric moved the planetary world;
Adapting each to its peculiar end,
Lightened with glory, and with wisdom planed;
Who bade their changeful yearly circuits bring
To Mars the seasons and to Jove the spring,
While their diurnal varied round arrays,
Their nights with darkness and with light their days;
Their ample surface flows with ambient air,
Or lucid or opaque, or dense or rare,
To animate those lungs with vital food,
That range their fields or cleave their sky and flood;
To waft their clouds that drop prolific rain,
Producing herbs, fruits, flowers, and golden grain:
But what are these compared with all He made,
With all the orbs the universe pervade?
Like spreading circles on the crystal lake,
Which sinking stones or sportive insects make,
Wide and more wide the solar system flows,
But this compared with all is small as those!
Through the whole universe as through this earth,
All matter lives or quickens into birth;

Vast chain of Being! with which all is fraught,
From infinite to man, from man to naught;
Small parts of one stupendous whole we see,
Confess in them a God and bend our knee;
Whether in earth or in the frame above,
He smiles around with universal love,
Lives in all life, and animates the whole,
From brute instinct to man's immortal soul;
Thou Good Supreme! deliver us from ill,
Be done on earth, as heaven, thy holy will;
Save us from vice and feed with virtue pure,
Pardon our sins, our endless bliss secure;
Oh God! on Thee alone may we depend,
Blessed with a pious life, a Christian's end.

NOTES.

BOOK III.

Note 1, ver. 143—166.

I do not know any subject on which grammarians have more confusedly written and which is more generally misunderstood than English versification. Before the time of Milton our poets adopted the French method of putting in every line a certain number of syllables, whose movement was probably regulated by the ear, with little or no regard either to quantity or accent; consequently, as Dr. Johnson says in his life of Cowley, "the modulation was so imperfect that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables." I regret that I am unacquainted with the rules of Italian versification, but I have read that Trissino, a famous Italian poet, writing on the measures of his verse, says "that as the ancient were determined by the quantity of the syllables, in his language they are determined by the *accent*." Milton was well versed in the Italian poets and borrowed much from them. Before his time, excepting plays, we had but a few short poems in blank verse. "These petty performances," says Dr. Johnson in his life of this poet, "cannot be supposed to have much influenced Milton, who more probably took his hint from Trissino's 'Italia Liberata;' and finding blank verse easier than rhyme, was desirous of persuading himself that it is better." Throwing aside his predecessors' French method of counting syllables, Milton adopted not only Trissino's blank verse but probably his whole art of versification; for it is certain the measure of his "Paradise Lost" is determined by accent, and not by quantity nor by a

stated number of syllables. In a Sonnet to Mr. H. Laws, Milton has these lines:—

> HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
> First taught our English music how to span
> Words with just note and accent, not to scan
> With Midas' ears, committing short and long.
> .....
> Thou honourest verse, and verse must lend her wing
> To honour thee, &c.

Here the poet appears to me to censure the method of scanning English verse by the rules of quantity, and to commend Mr. Laws for his skill in setting English music to words not scanned "with Midas' ears, committing short and long," but "with just note and accent."

To Fairfax's translation of the celebrated Italian poet Tasso, Waller owned himself indebted for that softness and smoothness of numbers to which he owes his reputation. Dryden was personally acquainted with Milton and probably learned of him or from the study of his works that accent determined the movement of numbers. In the preface to his translation of Virgil, the knowledge of an art of versification, not then in general use, was boasted by Dryden, who seems to have wished it to be considered as acquired or perfected by his own exertions. It must be admitted that he not only greatly refined and enriched our language, but smoothed, softened, and added harmony to its numbers, which Milton had borrowed from the Italians.

After this view of the rise and establishment of our versification, who cannot but be surprised that some critics, even to this day, should assert that we have no Prosody; or confound the Latin with the English, and learnedly write of verse composed of long and short or acute and grave syllables variously disposed, and actually apply the rules of Latin Prosody to English versification? It cannot be expected that I can comprise a treatise on this subject, which would fill a volume, in a note, even which probably I should not have written were I not resolved as far as I am able to explode the false and absurd system of applying Latin rules of Prosody

to criticise English verse. From a mere perusal of Latin Prosody by any person, though unacquainted with that tongue, it must be perceived that the letters were wholly or to a very great extent the representatives of the sounds of that language. On the other hand many consonants in our words are silent; and many vowels are either silent or actually represent several sounds, for some of which other vowel characters are generally used. Much more might be said on this subject, but I shall now apply to our language a rule or two of Latin Prosody.

The first rule of the quantity of syllables is:—A vowel before two consonants is every where long by position. On the contrary, in the English language, where two or more consonants are sounded after a vowel it is most frequently short; as, transform, thirst. And we have many words that have a long vowel before two or three consonants, one or two of which are silent; as, talk, thought. Another rule of Latin Prosody is.—A vowel before another vowel in the same word is every where short. The reverse is much nearer the truth in English; generally there is an accent in that case on the former vowel; as, being, poet, ruin. The last rule which I shall now notice, and which has been frequently applied to English verse, is:—Every diphthong is long. A diphthong is the union of the sounds of two vowels uttered in one breath or articulation. The Romans had five diphthongs. We have two which are each properly represented by two characters, as in noise, thou; two more expressed by the letters i and u, the former, which is the same sound as *y* in defy, is composed of the vowel *a* in all and *e* in me, the latter of the vowel *e* in me and *o* in lose; and several others formed by w and y. Hence most of what appear diphthongs in our language are simple vowels, which I have called "diphthongs false," and which some of our grammarians have named improper diphthongs, and have improperly given them a definition absurdly opposed to that of diphthongs. Though, I admit, most of them

are long, I deny the conclusion that therefore they must be the first syllable of a trochee or dactyl and the last of an iambic or anapæst of English verse, whose movement I contend is regulated by accent of which they are not invariably the seat. The last syllable of a dissyllable may contain a dipthong and the first be accented or the contrary; as, vir'tue, vouchsa'fe both syllables may have a dipthong and the last be accented, as, uni'te; or either first or last, as, downright. In other polysyllables the seat of the accent may be yet farther removed from the dipthong, and even in monosyllables a consonant is not unfrequently accented in preference to the dipthong; as, ground', joint'.

After all, it is not improbable that the movement of both Greek and Latin verse depended, like our own, on accent or emphatic impulse. In his Essay on the Elements, Accents, and Prosody of the English language, Mr. Odell says that "the governing principle of rhythmus is not to be found in the *length* either of notes or syllables, it can be only in their emphasis." Again, "Rhythmus was felt before syllables were measured, and it was always governed by the emphatic pulsations; but in every language it is natural to give an emphatic utterance to a long syllable rather than a short one, when the place of the syllabic emphasis is not otherwise determined. None but an emphatic syllable, except in particular cases, can occupy an emphatic place in the rhythmical pulsation. A long syllable, therefore, would occupy that place to the exclusion of any unemphatic short one. But short syllables, in position, were, by that circumstance, rendered emphatic, or susceptible of emphasis, and therefore qualified for the same place." After adducing several arguments to prove that the movement of Greek and Latin verse depended on this impulse, he concludes "It is an error to suppose that the ancient prosody was constructed solely on the distinction of long and short syllables. It is also an error to suppose that distinction of itself sufficient for ascertaining the metrical structure of any verse or sentence

ancient or modern." And he thinks that, from his observations, "it is clearly manifest, that metre is always subordinate to rhythmus; and that the governing principle of rhythmus is universally one and the same, namely, the pulsations of alternate emphasis and remission."

One language cannot communicate its rules to another, nor is a knowledge of Greek or Latin Prosody of any use to the English versifier. Some of our grammarians, perceiving that accent regulated the movement of our verse, laid down the rules, under the head Quantity, that a vowel or syllable is long when the accent is on the vowel, and short when on a consonant. These rules, whether true or untrue, are inapplicable to versification, because the same syllable which is here called short occupies the same place in a verse as that which is here called long. Of what use these rules are I know not; if they be intended to distinguish between long and short vowels they are not true, for we have not only many dipthongs but thousands of long vowels which are not accented. We have many nouns distinguished from verbs by being accented on the first and the verbs on the last syllable; as, a con'test, to contest'; is the *e* long and *a* short in a pre'sage, and the *e* short and *a* long in to presa'ge? Mr. Marray and some others add to these rules, that the accent occasions the vowel in the former instance "to be slowly joined, in pronunciation, to the following letter;" and in the latter rule, accent "occasions the vowel to be quickly joined to the succeeding letter." This may be true, but I doubt it. I am of opinion that accent does not prolong the sound of letters, because it often falls on the impure mutes, *b*, *d*, and *g*, whose sound only with difficulty is prolonged, and what occasions those vowels to be long which are unaccented? Accent is a certain stress or impulse of the voice on a letter or syllable, distinguishing it from others in the same word. Instead of this stress or impulse affecting the length of a vowel, I apprehend it retards the voice or forms a sort of pause on a certain letter a length of time proportionate to the difficulty or ease of its pronuncia-

tion; hence the unaccented vowel or rather accented consonant can take the same place in a verse and will occupy about the same time in pronunciation as the accented long vowel. Accent falls mostly on that letter or syllable of a word which renders the articulation most easy to the speaker and agreeable to the hearer. In pronouncing long polysyllables, the ease of speaking requires usually a secondary accent of less forcible stress than the primary.

The essense of numbers consists in certain impressions made on the mind through the ear at stated and regular distances of time, with an observance of a relative proportion in those distances. In the Greek and Latin languages these impressions were made by long vowels or syllables at stated and regular distances of time; besides which they recognized a tone which has been confounded with our accent and was marked by what we call accents, and denoted the rising and descending of the voice in a manner peculiar to the pronunciation of those tongues. In measuring their feet and verses, the short syllable is assumed as the unit, and the long syllable is regarded as double the short. These impressions in our language are made on the mind by a certain impulse of the voice, called accent, on letters or syllables at stated and regular distances of time. Hence English verse, composed of feet formed by accent only, may have as just measurement of time as those formed, like the ancients, by quantity. Further, since in many of our words a long vowel is the seat of the accent, an English verse can be composed precisely the same as the Greek or Latin; as in this example,

And thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain.

These lines consist of pure iambics by quantity as well as by accent; and each foot is equal to three times, the same as a Greek or Roman iambic. In these languages, a heroic verse, called an Hexameter, consists of six feet, the first four may be either dactyls or spondees, the fifth a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee. The English heroic verse consists of five iambics, for any one of which, except the fifth, may be substi-

tuted, after the manner of the four first feet of an Hexameter, a trochee, spondee, or pyrrhic, as in this couplet of Dryden;

A milk- | white hind, | immor | tal and | unchanged,
Fed on | the lawns, | and in | the for | est ranged.

The second foot of the first line is a spondee and the fourth a pyrrhic; in the second verse, the first foot is a trochee and the third a pyrrhic. But, for several reasons, our heroic verse will admit of each of the other four kinds of feet to be substituted, "by art confined," for any one of the four first iambics. The dactyl may commence a line as in this from Paradise Lost:—

Fluttering | his pen | sons vain | plump down | he drops.

Notwithstanding the first being a dactyl, the fourth foot is made, for expression, a spondee. "As there are evidently words in English poetry," says Shenstone, "that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inserted, have no small beauty on that account, it seems absurd to contract or print them otherwise than at length,

The loose wall tottering o'er the trembling shade.
Ogilvy's Day of Judgment.

'Trembling' has also the force of a dactyle in a less degree, but cannot be written otherwise." To which I would add, that "tottering," the dactyl, seems rather to form an anapest with o'er as trembling does with shade, which last foot, the same poet says, "is a vast beauty." The amphibrach may have place in any part of a heroic verse, in the following are no less than three;—

O'er many | a fro | zen many | a fie | ry Alp.

The anapæst finds admittance in every part of a line, and is the only foot that can be well substituted in rhyme for the last in the verse. It is then mostly formed by the last syllables of a dactyl; as,

And lonely woodcocks haunt the wa | tery glade.
With slaugh | tering guns | the unwea | ried fow | ler roves.

The last line may be scanned with three anapæsts. The tribrach is mostly used in the second or third foot, and is

formed of a polysyllable; as, "Indis | solubly firm." It may be objected that the introduction of these feet necessarily alters the measure; and that one verse having an amphibrach or anapæst must exceed in time another consisting wholly of iambics. This might be true were all our feet formed by accented vowels; but perhaps in the larger portion of them the consonant is the seat of the accent. Pronouncing these feet, we invariably make a short pause after the consonant or syllable which is accented. But, I have only space to say here, though this pause of the accent be of the same length on both the vowel and the consonant, this of itself is not equal in time to a long vowel. Take these examples—

> For fame they raise the voice and tune the string.
> Then rushing, cracking, crashing, thunder down.

In the first line, the accent with the long vowel doubles the length of each second syllable; but in the other, the pause after the accented consonant does not increase the time of pronouncing the syllable till it is double that of one which is unaccented. Hence we have duplicates of feet; and all those formed of trisyllables accented on a consonant may be substituted in any part of a heroic verse for an iambic. But trisyllabic feet, whose accent is on a vowel, must be sparingly and skilfully used, as they will sometimes require that the time of the verse be equalized with a pyrrhic, with which, except the tribrach, they are equal to two iambics. The precepts in the poem itself will be found to contain a number of examples. Hence English verse is composed of feet like that of the ancients, but with this difference, our feet are formed by accent and theirs by quantity; which we have also, but ours is variable and theirs immutably fixed.

In composing verse, several things require particular attention. I shall first notice Melody, which is to please the ear with a smooth and agreeable flow of verse. Secondly, our numbers are capable of vast Variety, which relieves the ear and prevents it from being satiated or disgusted with a continual repetition of the same melody. Thirdly, the highest

ornament of versification arises from disparity in the members and equality in the whole, which is the result of what may be called the Harmony of verse. It is an effect produced by the action of the mind in comparing the different members of a verse, melodiously constructed, with each other, and perceiving between them a due and beautiful proportion. And, fourthly, Expression, which is to consider what disposition of numbers or even movement of the verse is best suited to convey the sentiments or images to the mind in the clearest and most forcible manner, whether such disposition coincide or not with the laws of the finer melody.

Note 2; ver. 171—178.

Representative metre is not merely a fancied resemblance, as some have been of opinion, but may be accounted for satisfactorily enough to my mind. It arises from an appropriate arrangement or movement of expressive words. It is admitted that most or all languages have words whose combination of sounds bears a very near affinity to the sounds which they signify; these therefore will be chosen and adapted to such a movement in the verse as shall best describe the object the writer has in view. When the sounds of words are employed for representing any kind of motion, such words are selected and arranged in such a manner as shall cause a similar motion in their formation by the organs of speech as is intended to be conveyed. Thus, for example, these celebrated lines of Pope, describing the labors of Sisyphus;

> With many a weary step, and many a groan,
> Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
> The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
> Thunders impetuous down, and smoaks along the ground.

Every one will perceive the slow motion of the stone "up the high hill," and the violence with which it returns. But how has the poet thus happily described this motion? The second and last feet of the second line are spondees, which delay the voice in reading, whence is produced the effect of slow motion,

by the movement; the illiteration of the letter *h*, followed in each successive foot by vowels that gradually increase in length, causes a difficulty in the formation of these words, and the voice or rather breath is step by step borne up from high to hill, from hill to heave, and from heave to hugh, which admirably conveys the idea of ascending with difficulty "up a high hill." The rapidity of the return is caused by the length of the last line, which our organs easily express, and the voice moves on quickly particularly at the conclusion "and smoaks along the ground." Read the couplet with emphasis and observe how the tongue bounds from the teeth in pronouncing the word thunders. That it is the difficulty or ease and quickness or slowness of the action of the organs of speech in forming the words that describe the motion of the object may be easily shown by substituting some other words. Thus, Dr. Johnson, who says "beauties of this kind are commonly fancied," gives these lines—

> While many a merry tale, and many a song,
> Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long,
> The rough road then, returning in a round,
> Mock'd our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

As he states "we have surely lost much of the delay and much of the rapidity." They retain now only that portion of delay and rapidity which is the effect of movement, for his feet are very nearly the same as Pope's; hence we perceive the share that the arrangement of the words has in representing the motion, the rest arises from the choice of words. Thus if the second line reads,

> Up a high hill, he rolled a hugh round stone.

The organs of speech would have had less difficulty in getting up the height, but still the *hi* and dipthong *u* immediately before a spondee accented on vowels remain. Let the line read thus—

> Up a high hill, he rolled a large round stone.

Now I think there is no more delay in the motion than in Dr. Johnson's second verse, the effect of movement. If we had

another happy word beginning with an *h* followed by a vowel sound in length between that in heaves and the dipthong *u* in hugh, the line could be made yet more to represent slow laborious motion up a high hill. If there were such a word Pope would have found it and probably have used it; so that for example suppose the following verse good sense—

Up a high hill, he heaves a hewn hugh stone.

Now it appears to me that we must rest a little for breath after hewn, before we can adjust our organs of speech to pronounce the word huge, by which the line is yet more retarded and the labour increased. Such are some of the experiments the versifier makes on the powers of numbers. As another instance, take this celebrated couplet from Pope—

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours and the words move slow.

Here the laborious slow motion is less the effect of movement than of the choice of words. In Ajax are our two double consonants, which exact a difficult and forcible pronunciation; and between the *x* and *str* we are obliged to make a pause, which gives to the second foot the effect of a spondee. In the word rock's again occurs the double consonant *x* or *ks*, immediately before a spondee, formed by the very strong and forcible word vast followed by a smooth dipthong that gives it yet more energy. It is thus the poet may at least imitate sound and motion. This was attempted so long ago as the time of Cowley, who has this line which is merely the effect of movement—

Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall run on.

Note 3, ver. 179.

The final pause each verse's measure bounds,
Cesuras vary and enrich its sounds.

The final pause is used to bound the measure of every line and without it blank verse would be merely poetical prose. Cesuras divide the line into equal or unequal parts, whence

arise what is called the harmony of verse, but they are by no means essential to it, and our shorter measures are mostly without them. Generally speaking, a cesura after the fourth syllable makes the briskest and sweetest melody and gives the most spirited air to the line. After the fifth, the verse becomes smoother, more gentle, and flowing; after the sixth, slower, graver, and more solemn; and after the seventh, which is rare and mostly for expression, the cadence of the verse becomes yet graver and more solemn. Besides this division of the line by the cesura, it may be subdivdied by the semi-cesura. Examples will be found in the verses following those preceding this note. In the Italian heroic verse the pauses are of the same varied nature as those now used in the English, and mostly fall after the same four syllables. A few instances of their use may be found in Milton, which was perhaps more the result of a musical ear than of a correct knowledge of their powers. In Paradise Lost is this line,

Love' without end," and without measure' grace.

Sir John Denham introduced them and Dryden, especially in his translation of Virgil, established their use.

Note 4, ver. 235—236.

Hence Latin poets speak their songs in prose,
O'er Homer, stript of numbers, we repose.

I should not wish to be thought severe on the predominant language of this province, but this couplet contains too much truth. Many of the ancient poets are translated into French prose. Constrained by rule and fettered by rhyme this language rarely attains a sufficient degree of elevation for the highest kinds of poetical writings, to which also its versification seems but ill adapted. Voltaire's Henriade, the most celebrated epic poem, is frequently languid and abounds with prosaic lines. But it must be admitted that the French eminently excel in dramatic poetry. Both the Iliad and Odyssey were translated into French prose, at the beginning of the

last century, by Madame Dacier, who has added to them numerous and copious notes. In her preface she says, "Il faut donc nous contenter de la prose pour traduire les poets, et tascher d'imiter les Hebreux, qui n'ayant pas de poesie, c'est à dire une diction astrainte à un certain nombre de pieds et de syllabes breves ou longues, ont fait de leur prose une sorte de poesie par un langage plus orné, plus vif, et plus figuré." We must content ourselves with prose for translating the poets, and endeavour to imitate the Hebrews, who, having no poetry, that is to say a diction confined by a certain number of feet and of short or long syllables, have made their prose a sort of poetry by a more embellished, lively, and figurative language. This last remark is erroneous; there is no reason for doubting that Hebrew poetry is written in verse, although, the ancient pronunciation being lost, it be now difficult to ascertain its nature. However her translation deserves much praise; and, as she says, "ce n'est pas Homere vivant et animé, je l'avoue; mais c'est Homere." I own it is not Homer living and animated; but it is Homer.

Note 5, ver. 431—432.

A continent unknown till Behem's sail
Spread its broad bosom to the western gale.

Of the discovery of America it is said that a Portuguese vessel, going to the East Indies, was driven by stress of weather upon the coast of Ponant, and she found herself near that country. The crew perished through hunger and want, except one pilot and four sailors, who being returned to a port of the island of Madeira, full of fatigue and misery, died a short time after at the house of Christopher Columbus, a Genoese by birth and a sailor in that island; to whom they gave an account of their voyage and of the country they had discovered. Martin Behem, or Behaim, who was born at Nuremberg in 1459, was employed by John II. of Portugal, on a voyage of discovery. In 1484, about eight years before

Columbus set out on his first voyage. Behem is said to have discovered Brazil and the straits of Magellan; from whom Columbus obtained at Madeira his information respecting a western continent. The proof of Behem's previous discovery is founded on his own letters in the archives of Nuremberg, the public records of that city, and the Latin Chronicle of Hartman Schedl.

Note 6, ver. 705—708.

Lord Napier, or Naper, a Scotch Baron, is universally allowed to be the inventor of Logarithms, of which he published tables at Edinburgh in 1614. Arithmetical operations in large numbers are easily and expeditiously performed by them; they point out the product of two numbers by the addition of their logarithms, the quotient of their division by the subtraction of their logarithms, and their powers or roots by multiplying or dividing their logarithms. The application of this invention to Trigonometry is of incalculable use to the navigator.

THE END OF BOOK III.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Introductory—College Education, 7—Abuse and want of Discipline, whence the corruption of the Clergy, 47—The good Preacher, 69—Law, 79—Physic, 107—Agriculture, 127—Praise of a Country Life, 169—Commerce, 229—Fisheries, 307—Mechanics, Arts, and Manufactures, 481—Conclusion.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK IV.

PREPARED for action on life's dangerous field,
With wisdom's armor and with virtue's shield,
Well pleased the youth scholastic duties change
Expecting soon a freer sphere to range,
Unconscious of the labors, cares, and pains,
That wait increasing on our young campaigns.

But some professions deeper study need,
To preach from pulpits and from rostra plead,
On land or water to defend the state,
Council the king, in senates legislate:
Hence bearded youth on Cam and Isis dwell,
Proud to acquire, ambitious to excel,
Full up to climb the highest steep of fame,
To serve their country and sustain her name:

Their sacred fanes I saw—polluted saw!
Amazed that vice had not fled thence with awe.
Oft by unlettered Yare I studious roved,
With shipping, like a leafless forest, groved,
Where active commerce crowds the busy mart,
Gain and corruptive gold enslave the heart;
What wonder were noisome breath to harm,
For youth are giddy and their blood is warm,
But when I saw the tasselled cap and gown,
A cloak for ignorance, for vice a crown,
Where reach no venal trade or artful gain,
Where virtue, piety, and learning reign,
I wept—for stupid wealth and titled sloth,
Excluded merit and ingenious worth!
A lordling with his money-sharing friend,
Who to his midnight broils assistance lend,
From loathsome cell and drowsy lecture freed,
Sly to the oft-frequented tavern speed;
Good Port is ordered and the cards to play,
To find who shall for the first bottle pay;
Then rattling dice leap thundering from the box,
The lordling swears his friend o'erreaching knocks,
The luscious glass their lecherous blood inflames,
Each with a wanton kissing servant games,
Sports unbeseeming, brawls incentive songs,
As ne'er disgraced or pimp's or strumpet's tongues:
Then wallows forth to seek impurer sports,
Riots in streets, in common stews resorts;

His heart polluted, and his cultured mind
Swims in a skull with Greek and Latin lined;
Vicious in pleasures, in expense profuse,
Winning in manners but in morals loose.
Then raise him unto a bishop's see,
Doctor of Divinity his right degree,
Christian in name, but atheist in creed,
Sacred in office, but profane in deed,
A slave at court, a stranger to the poor,
Swallows ten livings, holds in gift ten more;
Exceeding anxious how his clergy teach,
Exact their tithes and borrowed sermons preach;
That errors spread his charges loud proclaim,
Publish his own and lukewarm clergy's shame;
The heavenly function in his hand is made
A lucrous sinecure and juggling trade.
We venerate the man whose bosom glows
With truth divine, whose life his doctrines shows;
Who thirsts with zeal to be by God approved,
Revered by man, and by his flock beloved;
Knows to inform the rich, the poor relieve,
Confirm the wavering, and the weak retrieve,
Console the wretched, with the guilty pray,
Allure to heavenly worlds and lead the way;
Then see him stand the legate of the skies,
Meek as a dove and as a serpent wise,
Sincere and honest in the sacred cause,
Thundering forth Christ's violated laws,

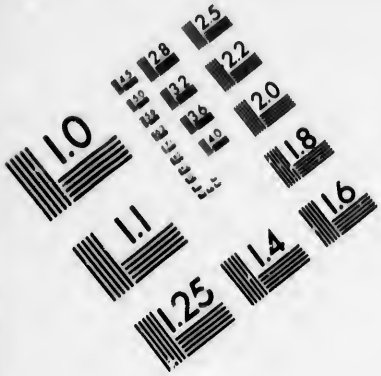
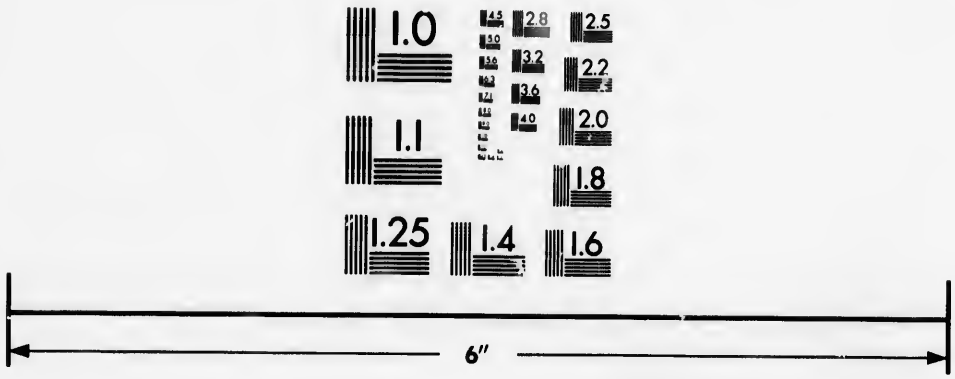
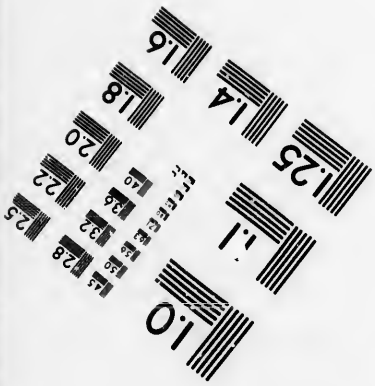
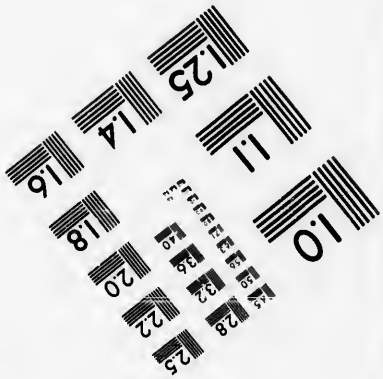


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Or preaching gospel truths in seraph's strain,
Glowing as he persuades in language plain,
Grave with his subject, with its import warm,
Though warm not light, though grave not uniform;
Tender his look and feeling his address,
Pure doctrines only anxious to impress,
Liberal his creed and charitable his plan,
The messenger of grace from God to man.

Who crimes and virtues weighs in righteous scale,
Condemns or saves as these or those prevail,
Protects our persons, properties, and rights,
With justice to be merciful delights,
Needs more than human wisdom, human skill,
To execute the laws and them fulfil;
But curse the wretch whose hand dares take a bribe,
To cover guilt and innocence proscribe,
Who sells our lives or traffics with our store,
While from the oppressor justice we implore;
Law is a trade, and lawyers are a crew
Shunned by the virtuous and the vicious too;
With venal hands, learned heads, and honied tongues,
Chicane our rights and add tenfold our wrongs,
In the worst causes harangue long and loud,
Of what condemns them most they most are proud,

For any action fees can buy the slaves,
Though robed for justice yet are arrant knaves;
Half the wise code our ancestors revealed,
Is misapplied, forgotten, or repealed;
Hence rather suffer wrong, than in dispute
Loose a just cause and pay a Chancery suit:
In Lincoln's, Fernival's, or Temple bar,
May many live who justice path prefer,
More worth than gems of rich Golconda's mine,
Bright as the stars of summer's evening shine,
Who plead like Cicero a Milo's cause,
Practise and know, like Hale, their country's laws.

Though we might think that the medicinal art,
Incompassionates the mind and steels the heart,
Yet we perceive o'er every surgery door
"Advice given gratis daily to the poor;"
If some there be who quack about for fees,
To mangle wounds and lengthen out disease,
No faculty more arduous duties fill,
More famed for learning, liberality, and skill;
Experienced, studious, dexterous, and kind,
Clear sight, quick thought, and brave ingenious mind;
With curious eye, but pious breast, they scan
How fearfully, how wonderfully made is man;
Mixed bodies to their simples they reduce,
Know all their virtues and prescribe their use;

Of all the produce of the fruitful year,
What food, what hane, what medicine declare,
Aid the internal healing power by art,
Turn for a time aside death's levelled dart,
Rebrace the nerves, allay the feverish breath,
Ease the sharp pang, and soothe the bed of death.

Most ancient art, most beneficial known,
Whence woods are cleared, wastes ploughed, and harvests grown:
At first in Paradise, man's blissful walk,
Where hung all seasons ripe upon the stalk,
He pruned the plant, set wholesome seed and root,
Trained the young twig, and culled ambrosial fruit,
Wedded the ivy, wove the woodbine bower,
On roseate beds reclined at noontide hour;
But thence ejected by Almighty will,
The earth accursed for sustenance to till,
Now, when young spring unbinds the frozen soil,
He yokes his oxen and begins his toil,
All day, incumbent o'er the brightening share,
Draws the fresh parallel and goads the steer;
With measured stalk then liberal strews the grain,
Which the harsh harrow buries in the plain;
To bounteous heaven he prays, his part now done,
For genial showers, soft dews, and quickening sun;

Then sees with joy the green blades break the ground,
Fit for the scythe the mead with harvest crowned,
The ruddy maid, brown youth, and hoary locks,
Spread the rich swath and heap the russet cocks;
O'er floods of corn with gratitude he sees,
In gentle billows rolls the ruffling breeze;
Now nature's self invites the reaper's hands,
Who, by his lass, with the keen sickle stands,
Bends o'er his work, the sultry hours defies,
Prone at his feet the golden treasure lies,
She cheers his toil and wipes his sweating brow,
While blooming full her virgin beauties glow;
Gladly the farmer grants his neighboring poor
Ear after ear to glean their scanty store,
As his full waggons crowd his bursting barns,
Where winter's food and fire the thrasher earns.
Now gathered in, from raging storms secure,
All loose to festive joys and pleasures pure,
Around the country laughs; forgot their toils
While on her love the village beauty smiles;
Taught by the sense of music's quickening sound
Dance with wild grace a light fantastic round;
Now serious years his mirthful tale repeats,
Garrulous age recounts his youthful feats.
Happy the man, his happiness who knows,
From whose well-cultured farm a plenty flows,

Whose kine his milk, whose flocks his clothes afford,
Whose fields and gardens crown his frugal board;
What though he wants a hall, at whose proud gate
Daily a crowd of cringing flatterers wait,
What though nor flesh nor fruit from foreign realms,
China nor golden cups his board o'erwhelms;
What though nor glittering robe nor costly bed,
Nor peer by birth, nor by ambition led;
Yet peace is his; a simple life unstained,
A face of pleasure, and a heart unpained,
A soul serene, an educated mind,
A neighbor just, firm friend, and husband kind:
Round him his smiling family he sees,
Unsullied Beauty, Youth whom little please,
Love ever-glowing, ever-blooming Health,
Age, Labor, Friendship, Innocence, and Wealth!
Rich in content, with nature's bounties blessed,
Of herds, flocks, crops, and fertile plains possessed;
With tuneful groves, pure streams, and gardens fair,
Delightful prospects, and salubrious air.
What though no flowery solitudes restore,
Man's innocence and golden years of yore,
Yet, far from riot, luxury, and vice,
Temptations nor examples foul entice:

Here virtue dwells, mild, generous, and kind,
By culture tamed, by liberty refined;
Here dwells true worth, though full with many a day,
His brow scarce furrowed and his hair scarce gray,
His path of life primeval ages trod,
When dwelt with man archangels and his God.
What though he hears the wars of potentates,
The crush of nations and the fall of states,
The rage of senates, factions of the great,
Safe and unmoved he likes his still retreat,
Of honors, fame, nor pensioned place he dreams,
Inglorious he loves his vallies, groves, and streams,
Nor slothful he, but various his employs,
Should he be idle who so much enjoys?
Friends, books, alternate labor and repose,
With nature's loveliest works familiar grows;
He studies culture, meliorates his lands,
Sows the unlike with seeds that each demands,
Grows flowers of every hue, plants fruitful trees.
Trains sprightly steeds, and tends mellifluous bees,
Reclined in shade, or sat in fragrant bower,
The tuneful muse delights his leisure hour;
Or truths divine exalt his pious mind,
Sedulous for the welfare of mankind.
Not commerce, gold, nor can dominion wide,
Subsistence for a populous realm provide.

For cultured plains a population mete,
Not swarms of poor with a few cormorant great;
For trade to flourish, agriculture thrive,
The laboring class must comfortably live;
The more to till, the more earth's blessings grow,
From happy numbers power and plenty flow:
Venerate the plough, improve this useful art,
The soul of trade and body of the mart.

As ebbs and flows the moon-attracted sea,
Earth's treasures fluctuate by a commerce free;
As waves o'er waves roll on the bellowing shore,
Quays piles with wealth that springs of commerce pour,
As sun-drank brine refreshens thirsty plains,
Impoverished man his wants by commerce gains.
The deep that severed once those distant lands,
Whose nations each in others' clime shake hands,
Links isle to isle and opes a thoroughfare
To countries fruitful and to deserts drear,
Bears the rich freight, impelled by favoring gales,
The orbit that star-guided commerce sails.
The navigating art, though known of old,
Was left for modern genius to unfold;
The mystic needle, logarithmic lore,
Graduated arch now guide from shore to shore;
Imperfect yet, is zealously pursued
Search to attain time-changing longitude;

Our artists may chronometers improve;
Or the eclipsing satellites of Jove
Shine in a mirror curiously designed;
What cannot well-rewarded genius find?
Calms follow storms, smooth seas a war of waves;
Yet seamen brave sink in their watery graves,
Ships are ingulphed, on shelves and rocks are riven,
Their cargoes lost, or on strange shores are driven:
Though dangers, toils, and difficulties impede,
Hence wealth, intelligence, and power proceed;
It raised low Holland o'er the whelming sea,
Made Venice wealthy and Genoa free,
Bade daring Gama circle Afric's shore,
And bold Columbus a new world explore;
Gave Britain navies and mercantile fleets,
Supplies her marts, and crowds her busy streets;
For education, honesty in trade,
Wisdom in the senate, virtue in the shade,
For public spirit, love of native land,
Liberal mind, kind heart, and generous hand,
For prudent enterprise and vast designs,
Conspicuous the British merchant shines,
His flag in every port, his sail on every main;
Whence Britain's sons o'er Neptune's empire reign!
Commerce, by intercourse and mutual trade,
Gives unproductive regions plenteous aid;

Supplies the wasted crop, the famished feeds,
Sends this clime's surplus to that clime which needs,
Feasts luxury with foreign rich and rare,
With eastern splendor robes the western fair,
Wafts to the poles the treasures of the sun,
Weds earth's numerous families in one;
Regions untrod implants with human race,
Whence flocks wild beasts and crops vast woods displace;
Then commerce, where man never dwelt before,
Launches the skiff and plies the feathered oar,
Lies the strong keel, the bellied sail unbends,
From once drear wilds a lucrous produce sends;
Digs the canal, with arches strides the stream,
Rail-roads and rivers navigates with steam;
Draws foreign merchants from their native skies,
Sure of their profits on your merchandize,
Protection of person, property, and right,
Candor, good faith, free trade, and customs light;
Who bring what others have invented well,
Excite your own to equal and excel,
Extend your trade, encourage men of parts,
Perfect your factures, and improve your arts.
Hence from old nations a new nation grows,
Those rise or fall as commerce ebbs or flows;
Hence Afric's deserts, Asia's varied states,
America from Europe populates;

Hence Spain for wealth and cruelty was famed;
Vast shipless Russia, half the globe, scarce named;
Hence London proud, the world's chief glory now,
Of commerce drained, as Tyre shall sink as low;
Hence will unanticipated cities rise,
Beneath cool Lawrence or hot Niger's skies,
In Australia, by human foot scarce trod,
Mansions be built for man and fanes for God.

All waters, from an ocean to a stream,
With finny, shelled, and reptile races teem;
E'en every drop has life of various sort,
Or food or spawn and mankind's prey or sport.
For man pisciverous, with his nets or lines,
While on the flowery brink he soft reclines,
Beneath a pendent oak, that shades from beams
Of vernal sun, which pierce the dark brown streams,
His watery game with fly delusive guiles;
Or on the sabulous shore his meshy wiles,
E'er light has silvered the green billowy deep,
Slowly along its shelving margin sweep.
The fisher thus no hours of pleasure finds,
Cradled in tempests and upreared in winds,
Forgot his dangers, his fatigues o'ercome,
He brings the luxuries of the ocean home;

From burning line to frozen poles he sails
To catch or silvered sprats or blubbered whales;
Hence stout and brave our navy's canvass furls,
On Britain's foes the British thunder hurls.
Oft on the eastern coast of our fair isle,
When on their new-reaped ricks her farmers smile,
I saw the fisher's knotted toils prepared,
Launched on the deep and all his dangers shared.
Above the mills and spires slow rose the seas,
As lightly wafted by the western breeze,
Our gallant bark approached the fish-famed sound
Where finny swarms and scaly shoals abound;
Here, while the wearied crew in slumbers light
Provided for their sleepless toilful night,
The sturdy boy his murderous tackle plied,
Down sunk his baited chop-sticks o'er the side,
The trembling line some worthless victim shew,
Back to the deep a beauteous codling threw;
Now nobler game quick twitchings indicate,
Two puppy dogs, the objects of his hate,
On deck convulsive wreath, while leaps mid air,
Flounces and desperate bites the barbed snare,
Their furious mother piteous of her young;
But he remorseless on a splinter hung,
Thrust through their bleeding breasts, and finless thrown
To tell their race man's cruelty and drown!

Just as on ocean's verge the sun depends,
From the white cliffs the crescent moon ascends,
The winds blow light, then strong and stronger swell,
Deceitful fluttering coming ills foretell;
The threatening clouds obscure the evening sky,
To leeward troops of sportive porpoise hie,
That upward bound then down the billows curve,
Their wakes awhile the flashing waves preserve;
The fin-backed whale, like a proud frigate, glides
Spouting a sea, from his enormous sides
Wide and more wide the foamy circles spread,
Then down he dives, the surges far recede;
But up, convulsive towering, shoots on high,
The crew, fixed in amaze, his bulk descry
Wreathing in air, then in a graceful sweep
Plunges precipitant in the opening deep,
While round and round the fluid vortex whirls,
O'er screaming fowls each roaring billow curls.
Now by the side his nets the master tells,
Meandering graceful as the surface swells,
Stretched out a mile; beyond the astonished sight,
Like Milkyway or gleaming Northern light,
The silver scales of shoals of herrings beam,
In brilliant blaze the luminous waters seem.
Soon as the quivering bowls sink with their load,
Lo! a black sea afar the war forbode;

Now hastes the crew each to his lotted toil;
Quickly the warps on clanking capstan coil;
Some stow the nets and ropes, untie the bowls,
Some by the side, that high o'er billows rolls,
Fixed in the mesh their glistening game receive,
Some safe below their sickened treasures heave.
Short-lived their sport; soon shoals on shoals arrive,
Cods, porpoises, and dogs for herrings strive;
With wide distended jaws those snatch their prey,
Wallowing in food well-pleased the others play;
With bellies up, that mouths voracious arm,
Blackening the deep the sharklike dogfish swarm,
Worry the nets, the fisher's spoil devour,
On deck the warm life-blood of thousands pour;
One thrusts his fin-bone in the master's hand,
Once deep in wreathing finny foes we stand.
Fresh horrors seize the crew, unknown to fear,
Surcharged with worthless shoals the meshes tear;
Clouds veil the moon, the flitting breezes rise,
Winds war with waves and uprolled waves with skies,
The boat immersed in the o'erwhelming brine,
Now shoots ahead dragged by the net-fraught line,
Uplifted behind o'er topmost sea she rides,
Then headlong launched she down the billow glides.

The watery mountain shews, blood streaked afar,
The vengeful meal—the piscatory war:
The distant tempest growls, the lightnings flash,
Loud and more loud the rattling thunders crash,
The wide-rent clouds a pelting deluge pour,
Shrill shrieks the wind and hoarse the surges roar:
Aghast all stand! from fish their nets to save
Confused they strive, and selves from watery grave.
Round whirls the capstan, piles of foes on deck,
Commixed in slaughter, breaking seas wash back;
A grampus, splashing in the tangling maze,
Scintillates in the electric fluid's blaze;
Erring the master hurls the barbed lance,
Enraged he plunges from its harmless glance,
Breaks the strong warp, the fragile meshes tears,
Drags to the bottom half our fishing gears.
The mournful fishers to their cabins creep,
Till morn gray glimmers o'er the foamy deep.

But those who traverse hyperborean seas,
Hardships and toils endure surpassing these:
No friendly shore, an unfrequented main,
Where endless winter holds his tyrant reign,
Here brews his tempests, arms with frost his winds,
Moulds the sharp sleet, with ice the surges binds,
A night of months the vivid moon illumes,
Redoubled lustre every star assumes;

Refracted light and streaming meteors play,
But brighter suns rejoice the lengthened day,
Eternal frost their glowing splendor spurns,
Drained of its moist the gelid air burns;
Hence snows on snows an undissolving heap,
Field stretched by field and bergs o'er bergs outsteep,
Sheet crushes sheet, projected one ascends,
Prone that submerged and this impelled upends;
Hence glittering towers, pellucid pillars rise,
Grot within grot the noonday sun defies;
The sparkling tree bedropped with crystal leaves,
The statue hewn from glassy waves deceives;
Fantastic forms which well-known objects claim,
As lively fancy gives them shape and name.
Immersed in fur here prowls the polar bear,
Whose thundering roar afar alarms the ear;
In watchful troops here basks the hairy seal,
Or smooth glides o'er the sea, the darted steel
Soon strikes him through, on deck he wreathes in pain,
But for his rich warm skin by man is slain.
Laid large on floating ice the walrus sails,
Whose bulk immense elastic leather mails,
From his cleft lip long tusks of ivory grow,
Unctious streams from his fat layers flow.
Man, proving empire o'er earth, sea, and sky,
Here hugest created slay, that slumbering lie

Stretched like a promontory, or prone skull
Quick plunging like a war-ship's launching hull;
Or gaily sailing watery columns spout,
That rush like steam through safety valves forced out.
Afar discerned the ready boats are manned,
The whale enormous falls by human hand;
"Stand by, prepare!" the bold harpooner cries,
Swift as the lightning's flash his weapon flies;
Aroused and stung he diving flaps his tail,
Returned to breath his foes again assail;
Fast o'er the gunwale run the burning line,
In vain he shuns and downward cleaves the brine,
He flounces, plunges, opes capacious jaws,
From deep lanced breast his life's warm current pours;
Lashed to the bark, with whose vast bulk he vies,
Surrounding blubber copious oil supplies,
His palate rough with bone elastic lined,
His ponderous carcase to the deep consigned.
To other seas or new-found shores we bend,
Where will not gold the bold adventurer send?
In Persia's gulf he seeks the oyster pearls,
To shine on beauty's neck and auberne curls;
For her he finds the variegated shell,
On Indian coasts where beauteous tortoise dwell;
Spreads epicures a luscious turtle feast,
Fish, flesh, and fowl in one amphibious beast,

From the warm gulf that laves Darien's shore
And reeks in gelid seas of Labrador,
Whence Cabot's new-found banks thick fog obscures,
Where he rich meals of foodful cod procures.

Mechanics, arts, and manufactures vast
Spread for young genius a rich repast,
No partial feast, no unreplenished treat,
Here commoner and princely merchant meet;
They all the sons of industry regale,
Unfold their crafts, their mysteries unveil.
Come, just in teens, what curious work decoyed
From gayest sports and childhood's hours employed?
What grand machines engage your wondering sight?
What imitative skill inspires delight?
What hand ingenious urges to excel?
What aims your breast with emulation swell?
Hence make your choice as inclination sways,
That choice must sour or sweeten future days.
By friends advised, the seven-year bond subscribe;
To perfect practise theory imbibe;
Your skilful master of unblemished name,
Shall fit you to succeed his trade and fame;
Integrity of heart, veracity of tongue,
Your talents, service, time to him belong.

As nature's works perfection slow acquire,
Mechanic genius leisurely aspire,
While toilful hours and wise experience teach,
Creative power and faultless piece to reach.
The patriarchs old with tabernacles roved,
Then man to huts and mud-walled dwellings moved,
Then polished marble palaces were built,
And fanes for gods with roofs of cedar gilt;
Then guided by the architectural chart,
Superbly rose the mason's noble art.
Hence Egypt's pyramids that time defy,
Her cities, temples, gods, that ruins lie;
Hence China's wall, her famed pagodas grand,
Canals and bridges join her farthest land;
Hence dwelt Jehovah on Moriah's hill,
And all the mysteries of masonic skill,
That to this day no tongue has ere revealed,
By moral symbols, signs, and oaths concealed,
To rectify the heart, inform the mind,
Morals promote, originally designed;
Hence Greece her just-proportioned pillars drew,
In lifeful stone immortal patriots hew;
Hence Rome's stupendous piles, Colosseum vast,
Subterrean ways, and works herself outlast.
Whether advanced or has been retrograde,
Each now improves his separate branch of trade;

Some learn to form amid the clayey swamp,
Material strong, the smoaking hardening clamp;
Some from the deep-wombed quarry marble blast,
Or chalk from pits or lime from kilns outcast;
Some rear the walls to a proportioned height,
In parallelograms of red and white;
Polish the rugged block and artful pile;
The imbricated roof securely tile;
Some wind the stairs and lay the joists and floors,
Frame mitred sashes and empannelled doors;
While others curious cabinet work prepare,
The polished table and soft-seated chair,
The sleeping couch and lazing sofa build;
Carve the rich cornice and the moulding gild;
Some hoop the bellied cask; while others learn
Amusing toys and useful wares to turn;
Some fix the brightened share and spoke the wheel,
While others forge the sparkling softened steel,
Leaf ductile gold or fashion silver plate,
Shape the tinned sheet or brazen forms create,
Metallic ores unbury from the mine,
In furnace blast, in crucible refine;
Set the bright jewel, burnish precious stone,
Inform the ivory, tortoiseshell, or bone.
There are who lay the flood-disparting keel,
Whose thundering maul, redoubling peal on peal,

Trundles elastic planks, that smoaking bend
Round as the art-constructed ribs extend;
Hence floating magazines and castles proud,
That spread the ocean and our harbors crowd,
Those fraught with merchandize from every shore,
These hurl o'er vassal waves the storm of war.
The axe has laid old England's forests low,
No more her boasted "hearts of oak" will grow,
Her peopled hills metalic ore produce,
Her artizans appraise its boundless use;
E'en now on Niger steams the iron boat,
Perchance ere long more metal hulls will float,
Whose air-fraught tubes on water lightly dance,
Unsunk by winds, unscathed by lightning's glance.
Oft civil life some art from savage drew,
The feathered paddle and South Sea canoe,
That whirled by steam may this ere long propel,
Which now glides swiftly down the Hudson's swell:
How many principles by man are known,
Will future genius with invention crown;
Ore unproductive, ungenerated gas,
May timber boats and estuate steam surpass;
Atmospheric pressure or elastic air,
May on a vacuum alternate bear;
The small may larger watery columns urge,
That press the sheet, devouring flames submerge,

Expansive forces scarcely now applied
May many new and vast machines provide.
Indented stones yet grind in tapering mill,
And fickle sails exert pneumatic skill,
Though mighty moving powers may be designed,
Swifter than vanes, more certain than the wind;
Mechanics soon, as seiences enlight,
Will sweep barbaric remnants from the sight,
Apply known powers, discover others strive,
Perfect the old and new machines contrive.
Hence agricultural implements designed
To sow, to thrash, to winnow, and to grind;
Hence wheels revolved by fall or rapid stream
Ere long may rattle to unchanging steam;
So running water used the hour to show,
That now by force of weight or spring we know,
Curiously fixed the pendulum swings the time,
Tells true the longitude in every clime;
The warning shadow on the dial's face
The ingenious mechanism of our watch displace;
Hence too, the wonders of the present age,
Steams o'er rough roads the locomotive stage,
Swifter than wind, upon the level rails,
Burthened with tons the breathing waggon sails,
Raised from the mine, subterraneous water pours,
The mineral fuel, and metallic ores.

Now that mechanics arts and factures aid,
It is more hard to part their mingling shade,
To every art an engine is applied,
For every facture some machines provide.
The million wheels, that once by hand were turned,
The rich amused, the poor their living earned,
Now by a single piston rapid run,
Whence cotton, wool, or silk is finely spun.
That factures our commercial wealth increase,
May solve the fable of the golden fleece;
Yet Job had clad with his flock's wool the poor,
Solomon bought Egyptian yarn before;
Tyrus imported cloths of purple die,
Embroidered work that would with modern vie.
Now cloths of every web the shuttle weaves,
Of every hue and smooth like tulip leaves,
As soft as cygnet down, than fur more warm,
Adapted to every climate, age, and form;
Fine cassimeres, and flannels white and red,
Blankets the savage clothe and prince's bed,
Hose of Merino wool our feet infold,
Highland and Tartan plaids resist the cold,
Crimson moreen excludes the solar rays,
Spread o'er the floor the gorgeous carpet lays,
That Kidderminster skilfully wove and died,
Pictured and tinted with the garden's pride.
Four ages passed the woollen dress was worn
Where now the silk or cotton garb adorn;

Hatched by the quickening sun the tiny grub
Creeps from its shell and feeds the viscid shrub,
A crawling caterpiller contemplate
That lives preparing for a future state,
Ere dying spins and weaves its silken shrond,
That robes the monarch and the pauper proud,
Then dies, save that quick germ which never dies,
Bursts from its tomb and wings the ethereal skies,
Its yellow treasures leaves for man below
To warn his course, his final goal to show:
This worm, the sun, yea all creation prove,
For man, immortal man, are realms above!
The sun he sets, but sets to rise again,
Noon, gravelike night, celestial morn of men;
Or through the signs he runs his annual course,
Of changeful seasons, youth to age, the source,
But verdant spring succeeds to winter gray,
Immortal glory follows man's decay;
He fades and flourishes like the forest's chief,
Strong as its stem but fragile as its leaf,
The calm, the storm, and time's unceasing change
Perfect his stately form and slow derange,
Then sinks to dust, whence was the acorn grown,
Raised incorrupt, though in corruption sown;
His earthy body shall celestial spring,
O grave! where is thy victory? death! thy sting?
Ye vainly wise! who deem the ravenous tomb
For our corrupting carcase to consume,

To sink in matter's fluctuating sea,
All living forms by nescient chance to be;
To look on high for future happiness
Learn from the worm that spun your silken dress.
The ermined velvet robe that princes wear;
Lutestring or satin rustles on the fair,
Reticulated gauze half veils half shows her breast,
That pants in stomacher or broidered vest;
Her pining cares the rich brocade arrays,
Gay ribbon bows her giddy head displays;
Elegance and neatness please, but oft we find
A woman's dress reflects her naked mind.
Like fields of nettles grows the fibrous flax,
That under garments makes for either sex;
The smooth and snowy sheet from Erin's looms,
The checkered tick that wraps the bed of plumes,
The flowery damask, figured huckaback,
The finest laces, and the coarsest sack.
Bahamas boast their pods of cotton down,
As light as gossamer by zephyrs blown;
Which the steam-rattling loom for shirting weaves;
Cambrics embossed with eyelets, sprigs, and leaves;
Whence various textures of innumerous tints,
In fancied shapes, the rolling press imprints;
Transparent lenos, muslins pure as air,
Tastefully wrought as bridal virgins wear;

Fast-colored ginghams, nankeens yellow died,
Tapes, laces, nets, and trims of female pride.
If silken warp alternate treadles rise,
And wool or cotton in swift shuttle flies,
Bright bombazines thus Norwich skill designs,
In clattering Spitalfields smooth lustring shines.
Oft through the card the hempen bunches trail,
Till finely dressed they float in shaggy tail,
The whirring wheel then twists them into threads,
As down the walk the spinner backward treads,
Or turns with toil the sinewy yarns to rope,
When anchored rides his bark the seaman's hope,
Or when the winds the lashing surge uproll,
Thunder astounds, flame darts from pole to pole,
Down swoops his bark, that seas aloft upbore,
Hurled from high billows dashes on the shore,
Sails split, masts shatter, riggings spread each wave,
Destruction terrible! a cormorant grave!
On scattered wreck, each shrieking tar expects;
Manby serene! with godlike hand directs
His saving gun, whence shoots the hooked line,
On which he draws the seamen through the brine,
Who jump astonished on the sable shore,
Shake Manby's hand and Providence adore.

Not all the metal wealth of Javan old,
Nor Tarshish silver plate, nor Ophir gold,

Potosi's hills, nor dust of Guinea's shore,
Are worth Great Britain's mines of iron ore.
But worthless this without mechanic skill,
To blast and superhuman toil fulfil;
Involved in dross, that fiercest flames defies,
Lime, flint, and clay the furnace liquefies,
Like molten glass, while roar infuriate gales
From bellows engine wrought; then heat prevails;
Carbon with lime dissolve the iron stone,
Ores melting ores that would not melt alone,
Up floats the dross, the metal sinks below,
The sows and pigs in sandy furrows flow:
From this cast metal in the furnace thrown,
The softening carbon by the blast is blown,
Then ponderous hammers thunder on the mass,
Or through vast engine-turning rollers pass;
Now malleable the bar and ductile sheet;
But keen-edged steel demands peculiar heat;
Welding and cast their properties acquire,
Hardened in water, softened in the fire.
Could Britain's strength in single arm unite,
It would be weak compared with Sheffield's might:
Here cogged wheels revolve by potent steam,
Immense machines are quickened by the stream;
Here, sharp and dull, is made for foreign marts,
The bright mechanic tool of trades and arts;

The spade, the scythe, the sickle, and the share,
To reap the harvest and the soil prepare;
The chisel, hammer, gimlet, saw, and file,
To tame the block and raise the noble pile;
The grappling anchor and the griping press,
The seaman's hope, and patriot's, in distress;
While quick she plies her needle keen and shears,
Our blazing stove a female's converse cheers;
Diverse utensils for domestic use
To comfort, health, and cleanliness conduce:
Here miles of pipes for water or for gas,
Railroads o'er which steam-breathing waggons pass,
The vast suspension bridge the flood to stride,
The tubed iron boat to dance the tide,
The screw, nut, plane, and levers of each kind,
Machines with all mechanic powers combined;
As that vast engine which the ocean swells,
Drags the swift barge and rapid ship propels,
On rail or road quick drives the laden car,
Arms fleets and forts with vaporous storms of war:
Here, for here foreign nations come to buy,
Is the whole world's and Britain's armory;
Pointed with death the keen gem-hilted blade,
That leaps in glory forth when foes invade
To drench with kindred blood our native plains,
On foreign ground our country's rights maintains,

Drawn but for justice and with victory sheathed,
Hung up with olives, palms, and myrtles wreathed;
The jewelled spur, to urge the steed's career,
The buckler, lance, mailed coat, and ruthless speer;
The two-edged bayonets, in battle's brunt,
On firelocks fixed, present a bristled front;
Here stands of arms with barrels clean and bright,
To shoot as swift and straight as rays of light,
With curious lock to clash the flint and steel,
Lighten the grain and burst the thundering peal;
Foul-gorged bombs, infuriate fire pots,
Pyramids of balls, chain bullets, and grape shots;
When rammed down the hollow cannon's throat,
With air, that will in wider volumes float,
Condensed in powder black, that showers the ball,
Before which cities, fleets, and armies fall.

Where Tyne's gigantic flood meandering rolls,
Beneath whose bed is worked the mine of coals,
Whose sable keelmen row their boats along,
With many an oar attuned to many a song,
On whose high banks the rustic castle stands,
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands,
Northumbrian shades and ancient woodlands green,
The coal-piled wharves and railroad waggons seen;

Here, in the potteries of earthen ware
Some the coarse earth to fine soft clay prepare,
Some mould the vessels that with China vie,
Paint on them scenes and flowers of every die;
Hence now our boards, at every time we feed,
With splendid earthen services we spread,
As clear as crystal, bright with burnished gold,
That roast or boiled or tea's infusion hold.
Like burning craters, here cleft chimneys smoke,
That, top to bottom, fires vehement broke,
Like hissing lava poured o'er Etna's snows,
The molten glass within the furnace glows;
Half-naked men on tubes soft globules take,
Blow hollow spheres that diverse figures make,
Or run on tables the pellucid sheet,
Like the sheer slab unscathed by skater's feet;
Hence various luxuries for domestic use,
The close-corked bottle fraught with generous juice,
The sparkling tumbler and the jelly cup,
Sweetmeat cut dishes to dessert and sup;
The polished mirror that quicksilver lines,
Clear as a lake on which bright Phœbus shines;
Hence burning lens collect the solar rays,
Melt hardest ores, or Roman navies blaze;
Through Herschell's tube the eye far pierces space,
Life, health, and beauty sees in Cynthia's face;

Nights, days, and seasons as the planets roll,
Gases to feed and animate the whole;
Systems on systems, worlds on worlds appear,
This day may give our sun another sphere;
With microscopic globes and curious eye,
In grains of sand we peopled isles descry,
In drops of water shoals of fishes swim,
In grain or drop see God and worship Him.
Hence too the Gothic window's brilliant stains;
In abbey, hall, or lofty-steepled fanes,
Which the rude rustic, when his toil is done,
By horizontal rays of setting sun,
Darting through panes, on which our Saviour's face,
Beams with celestial light, and colors trace
His saints, his cross, his finger pointing heaven,
Stops, views, and fervent prays, "Lord! thou hast given,
This day may daily bread, with health and peace,
Thy will be done, my faith and hope increase;
Shield from all ill my children, self, and wife,
Bless us on earth and grant immortal life."

There are who tan or dress the hairy hide,
Soft glossy leather and tough sole provide;
Who clothe the feet with polished boot and shoe,
Exact to nature and to fashion true;

Who with the skin of hare or beaver crown,
Formed warm, elastic, smooth of shining down;
Who make the suit with elegance and ease,
Fit every shape and every fancy please;
Dress is the outward index of the mind,
Tasteful or gaudy, foppish or refined:
There are who various merchandize dispose,
Whose counter sat ns, silks, and laces shows,
Who praise their quality and defend their price,
By winning arts a customer entice;
Who China's leaves and Turkey's berries sell,
Whose casks with wines and maddening juices swell
Whose stalls are loaded with the plenteous year,
The tender lamb, fresh fowl, and fattened steer;
Whose shelves are piled with warm nutricious bread,
With pastry and preserves their boards are spread,
Who ope their door to wearied travellers wide,
Refreshments, converse, news, and rest provide,
As slow and tired we joyous reach an inn,
Our journey done, we leave this world of sin;
Who vend the drug and know the chymic art,
Which with kind master I partook a part,
The garden, field, and forest's growth he prized,
Minerals mixed and liquids analyzed,
Metals dissolved or burnt, their dust reclaimed,
Froze the warm fluid and the cold enflamed,

Knew mortar, press, alembic to command,
Water by cold and air by heat expand,
Exhaust receivers, galvanic batteries fire,
Bring from the clouds upon the electric wire
Lightning, that flashes from the clashing stone,
Bursts through the quaking earth, whence towns o'erthrown,
Lives in the magnet, points it to the poles,
Round the dark prow in billows fiery rolls.
There are who measures the vibrating string,
Attune the pipe and chiming metals ring;
Through tubes the air in varied volumes floats,
In deep, majestic, brisk, and solemn notes,
Expressing every temper of the mind,
Enraged, becalmed, delighted, and refined.
There are whose chisel Tam O'Shanter hews,
Embodied in marble fiction's fabrics shews,
Figures in lasting stone the honored dust,
Gigantic statue, animated bust.
There are whose pencil nature's scenes pourtrays,
In liveliest colors works of art arrays,
Draws beauteous figures, picturesque retreats,
Contending armies and embattling fleets;
There are whose graver copies them on plate,
Copper or steel, whose lines true imitate,
Who raise the signet or cornelian sink,
To seal the letter or impress the ink,

Blocks in relievo for the print design,
The principles of the printer's art divine.

To live unknown, nor trumpeted by fame,
To leave on earth no whispering of a name,
No monument nor labor of the mind,
No wreck nor vestige of us left behind,
That we had been to following years reveals,
Chills the warm heart, the ardent blood congeals;
That wish, that zeal, which every bosom move,
To live eternal, man immortal prove:
Hence to convey adown the tide of time
To future race and undiscovered clime,
The memorable deed and mighty act,
The grand discovery and important fact,
Diffuse his knowledge and embalm his mind,
Man, in all ages, curious arts designed.
Some cut the rock and poured in molten lead,
Some linen stained and wound it round the dead,
Some towers and cities with stamped bricks began,
Built pyramids for deified beast and man,
Carved the sarchophagus in vain with praise,
Sought for ambition a monument to raise,
On lettered stones their heroic deeds proclaim,
With leaden books extend their poets' fame;
Some wrote on leaves and some papyrus died,
Then skins of beasts their manuscripts supplied.

Some read their laws engraved on brass or stone,
On ivory tablets Roman edicts shone;
Some heroes wrote their wills on sheath or shield,
Lovers their wooden correspondence sealed,
Sealed with a mottoed stamp; such seals impart
The embryo ideas of the printer's art.
Then China made of bamboo's finest bark
Soft silken paper to receive each mark,
That holds o'er unsubstantial thought control,
Fixes the essence of the immortal soul;
Glued on the block the page transcribed aright,
Upraised the writing and cut deep the white,
Then on its lettered surface spread with ink,
Sheet after sheet the sable liquor drink;
This graven block could stamp the Babel clay,
On card or paper intelligence convey,
Print Bibles for the poor without the text,
And books of images with words annexed;
Unchanging could but to one subject tend,
One task perform, and answer but one end.
O Mentz! proud city, deathless be thy fame,
A Guttemburg is thine, immortal name!
Who with much labor, loss, and talent taught
The solid block to mimic written thought;
But genius oft his whole estate exhauts,
Without Mecena's aid or liberal Faust's,
The multitude will gaze and feed with praise,
When starved to death his monument will raise;

Thus Guttemberg oppressed his ills endured;
His lofty mind the new-born art matured:
Perchance his letters vainly moved on wood,
Then with vast labor cut on metal stood;
Unbounded joys his oft-panged breast expand,
The Word of God now owned his skilful hand.
Schœffer and Faust, his partners discontented,
Obtained by law the works he had invented;
Pursued his traffic and his art improved,
No sordid aim their active genius moved;
Hence Schœffer then, whose craft will ever last,
Struck the fine die and fusil letters cast,
That some new station, some new office sought,
To stamp in characters the winged thought.
Britons! your lasting gratitude confess,
To Caxton, founder of your enlightened press;
Who learned in foreign realms, with cost and toil,
That noble art, to bless his native soil;
Whence bigotry is scorned and ignorance despised,
Piety increased and knowledge patronized;
Whence Freedom healthful breathes, upheld your rights,
And man it meliorates, instructs, delights:
How then can you a Caxton's boon repay?
See history's page and see the poet's lay!
Reflect what ages mental night have seen,
See now bright day diffused by that machine,

The press! its demons and its gentlemen,
Strong arms and fingers quick for type and pen;
See on that spot where Caxton set that tree
Whose fruit is knowledge, stem is liberty,
That spot where Britain's parliament debate,
For weal or wo of millions legislate,
There the quick pen the fleeting breath enchains,
The artful hand in moving type retains,
The snowy sheets receive the sable die,
Then through the world as swift as lightning flie;
Hence now compositors, with finger quick,
Type after type from well-known boxes pick,
The copy's right-spelled words in order place,
Dividing each with equidistant space,
Line joined to line the thoughtful page complete,
Then curious art imposes the perfect sheet;
Laid on the press, by noble Stanhope made,
Improved by Ruthven, Smith, or Clymer's aid,
A Foster's roller sable stains supplies,
Light o'er the form the sheeted tympan flies,
The lever's ready gripe the type receives,
Successive stamps ten thousand lettered leaves.
Then Konig, for the screw or lever's beam,
To this machine applied the power of steam,
Beneath inked rollers to and fro move type,
Which take from sheeted cylinders the gripe,
Revolving swift the hourly thousands spread,
That in a day the distant millions read:

All nations read, all nations hear the voice,
Lament their ills or for their boons rejoice,
Imbibe the principles, the breath inhale,
When free the press as heaven's enlivening gale:
Where factious parties clash, whate'er it seem,
The liberty of the press is but a dream;
Applied to base pursuits and servile use,
Its hireling scribes but libel, lie, abuse,
Advocates of their own self righteous cause,
Inglorious martyrs to their country's laws.
As on the spot where poisonous roots are found,
By mercy great, their antidotes abound,
So can the press, by its own moral force,
Expose their folly and arrest their course;
It needs no Pitt to ticket, tax, and stamp,
To fine, imprison, and our reason cramp;
The mind of man is free! and though a page
With treason teem and democratic rage,
A single mind, a people whole may err,
But many minds will truth and right prefer;
Let a free press a corrupt press assail,
Religion, truth, and knowledge will prevail;
Imprison him who public morals taint,
The vicious savage then becomes a saint,
His lies and libels sympathy excite,
And half his readers in his cause will write:
Power to a writer readers only give,
Though Carter bled yet still his readers live,

Can to remotest time his treason hand,
With worse than Egypt's plagues may scourge the land;
Wield his own weapon, turn on him the press,
His life is death, his readers daily less.
There are anonymously pollute the page,
The vicious mode of our enlightened age,
Stab public worth and virtue in the back,
And private fame and innocence attack,
The printer then must take the writer's place,
Publish his name or suffer his disgrace.
What though the press mischievous works produce,
Judge not its aim by arguing from abuse,
What has it done and what may it effect?
What good has man received or may expect?
Bright as the pillar rose at God's command,
To guide his people to the promised land,
A heavenly flame from pure religion blazed,
That bigotry and superstition razed;
Then manuscripts were had with search and cost,
Slow published, few, scarce spread, and easy lost;
Now books are numerous, ready, cheaply bought,
Whence studious millions to research are brought,
Buoy up the fabric of the human mind,
Expanding large, more copious, and refined;

Whence fame's swift flight and reason's equal course,
The stream is quaffed from virtue's purest source,
Whence vice is quelled and winding error stayed,
Truth, learning, wit, and wisdom are conveyed;
Whence sciences are taught, new arts are known,
Discoveries learned and new inventions shown;
Whence knowledge flows continuous from the press,
Knowledge is power, wealth, pleasure, happiness!
When despot tramples on his people's rights,
The press the torch of liberty relights,
Brandishes the flame throughout the fettered land,
And wrests the iron sceptre from his hand,
Enthrones the prince who loves his country's laws,
Him freely serves and advocates his cause;
Defends the constitution of the state,
Establishes schools its youth to educate,
Raises their character, meliorates their hearts,
Improves their moral and intellectual parts.

Thus have been traced the infant, child, and boy,
Youth's education, playgames, and employ,
Parental cares and pleasures been described,
Unlocked the springs whence knowledge is imbibed.

Youth from the course of rectitude may stray,
Briars and thorns beset their future way,
Then onward let their parents' counsel guide,
For life's career before they start provide.
Some with vain Pleasure seek their life to spend,
A treacherous charmer and a faithless friend;
Bold is her mien, unguarded roves her eye,
Flushed is her cheek with borrowed blushes' die,
Her loose thin robe her pampered shape conceals,
Seeming to shade, her heightened charms reveals;
Her smiling lips oft kiss the maddening bowl,
That sickens the body and pollutes the soul,
Demoralizes, wastes, embitters life,
Robs father, mother, children, self, and wife;
Her breast exposed to harlot's arms allures,
Captivates the mind, the heart impures;
Her graceful brow no e'ergreen wreath entwines,
She to inglorious sloth her life resigns;
Her giddy feet direct to game and sport,
Frequent the course, to ball and route resort;
Her idle hand nor arts nor arms engage,
Her youth enervate and diseased her age;
Her thoughtless mind no sciences pursues,
Soft scenes and luxuries all her hours amuse.
The youth who courts this gay and wanton maid,
Has his health, peace, and competence betrayed,

Vice wastes his vigor, ease his mind impairs,
Shortened his prime and early gray his hairs,
Grieved with the present, of the past ashamed,
He lives unhonored and he dies unnamed.
With Virtue walk, she moves with graceful ease,
Her ways are pleasantness and her paths are peace,
Light is her tread and modest is her air,
Sprightly her bloom and unadorned her hair,
Health on her cheek and lustre in her eye,
Bright with perception, mild with modesty;
Clear as her skin, more white than falling snow,
Around her feet her artless garments flow;
With Genius, Worth, and Piety she dwells,
In works both human and divine excels;
She arms the patriot, she refines the bard,
And love, esteem, and fame their toils reward;
She smooths the flinty couch where labor sleeps,
Succours the poor and o'er affliction weeps;
With God and godlike beings she resides,
Earthly and heavenly cares her time divides,
Her counsels arm, her dictates mend the heart,
The love of God and love of man impart,
A boundless love that comprehends the whole,
From brute instinct to the eternal soul;
Vain is the sparkling bowl, rich viands vain,
The couch of beauty, and incentive strain,

Health, exercise, and hunger cheer her feast,
Labor prepares the weary limbs to rest;
Virtue alone the bliss of heaven bestows,
The path through life to heaven she only shows,
Guides down the stream of life till age content,
Looks back with transport on a life well-spent,
In which no hour flew unimproved away,
Some generous deed distinguished every day;
And when the numbered years at length expire,
The sons shall boast the glories of their sire,
Whose praise is sounded by eternal fame,
In sacred song for ever lives his name.

NOTES.

BOOK IV.

Note 1, ver. 11.

Hence bearded youth on Cam and Isis dwell.

The former river is the seat of the University of Cambridge and the latter the University of Oxford.

Note 2, ver. 23—58.

To my own testimony of the extravagance, licentiousness, and want of discipline at the English Universities, I could easily add that of many other writers. In a letter to the Duke of Gloucester, Beverly says, "But extravagance is not the vice of the under graduates only; the Dons also are themselves very Sybarites in luxury. The general bearing of the resident Fellows and Tutors is sensual to a high degree. Their dinners and wine parties are frequent, their entertainments costly and superb." "An inspection of the apartments of a Tutor or a Fellow would at once satisfy your Royal Highness, that no slender purse must be required for the display of luxury that there offers itself. In some, a costly apparatus of alabaster vases, representations of naked Graces, Venuses, Calipyges, sleeping Cupids, bathing nymphs, brisk satyrs, and all the hieroglyphics of the Lingam-Yoni, manifestly declare that these venerable hermits have not forgotten their classical theology. One of the monks has or had no long time ago, a large collection of impure books, Latin, French, Italian, and English; and this erotic store was in high request amongst the Dons who were in the secret. This same person had his concubine and natural children, and was a faithful minister of 'the oracle of the bottle'."

"Before a parent resolves to make his son a clergyman, he should be fully convinced that he has those natural talents that are suitable to the character of a divine, a clear apprehension, a lively imagination, solid judgment, a tenacious memory, and a happy elocution; to these should be added, an unfeigned love of truth and virtue, a rational piety, a soul overflowing with love and benevolence, and a communicative disposition.

Note 3, ver. 893—1058.

Of all modern inventions the art of printing has been found the most useful and beneficial to man. But the history of the origin and progress of this art has been until very lately veiled in so much obscurity, that Lemoine could write but a short period since, "It is wonderful, but it is true, that the only art which can record all others should almost forget itself." The fifteenth century was the age of discoveries and inventions, and gave rise to the compass, oil-painting, copper-plate engraving, and printing. To investigate properly the origin of letter-press printing, it would be necessary to carry our research to a period far more remote than that century; but of this the limits of a note will not admit. I must, therefore, confine myself to the statement, that the principles, on which this art is founded, were known to man in the earliest ages. Immediately after the deluge, there are convincing proofs that the art of forming impressions was practised; and most probably with a view to propagate science, to inculcate special facts, and to preserve to posterity certain useful memorials. For such purposes, it is reasonable to conclude, the Chaldeans stamped or printed their tiles or bricks with figures, hieroglyphics, or inscriptions. The Babylonian bricks and other specimens of clay printing, show to what an extent this principle was in practise among the ancients. There is no reason to doubt that these specimens were used to communicate and transmit ideas to posterity, and may be justly called the first step towards the art of printing. The

Chinese affirm that this art has been practised by them from time immemorial; but Du Halde says it was not invented till about A.C. 50, and that paper was not manufactured till near a century afterwards. To my mind, the transition from clay stamping, so anciently known to the Chaldeans, to that kind of printing or staining in use in China even to this day, is far more easy than that from block printing to moveable metal types; because the same block that would impress the clay might also be used to stain paper or a similar substance, in the same manner as the Chinese, which is as follows:— After the copy of the work intended to be printed is well and correctly transcribed by a good writer, every page of it is glued on the smooth surface of a separate block of hard wood; an engraver then cuts away with a sharp instrument all the wood that lies under the white paper, leaving all the black strokes untouched, which present a prominent surface to receive the ink. The printer fixes one of these pages on a table for the purpose, with the engraved surface upwards. He then dips a soft brush into ink and rubs it lightly over the block with one hand and immediately after with the other covers it with a sheet of paper, which being of a bibulous nature imbibes the ink on the prominent parts of the block, and hence is stained with all its characters. Sometimes he rubs a stiffer brush, on the end of the former, over the paper, lest any part of it should not touch the block or freely take the ink. Though this method of printing has been practised in China full eighteen centuries, yet our art, excepting a newspaper printed by the British merchants, is still unknown in that country. Whether this art was introduced into Europe from China, at what period, and by whom, I am not aware have ever been satisfactorily developed. It has been supposed that the famous Marco Polo might have brought it into Europe in the fourteenth century; or that it was suggested by what he says of the Chinese paper-money, which "the principal officer, deputed by the cham, smears with cinnabar the seal consigned to him, and imprints it upon the money, so that the figure of the seal, coloured in cinnabar, remains impressed

upon it." It does not seem to have occurred to writers of this opinion, that all this passage could suggest was known to the ancient Romans, and in use by them even in Britain. For instance the metalic signet in the British museum, on which is this inscription in two lines of Roman capitals:—
C.I.CAECILI
HERMIAE.SN. which is, as we should now print it, C. I. CÆCILII HERMIÆ SIGNUM, the Signet of Caius Julius Cæcilius Hermias. Even being a person of no historical notoriety, it is presumed he could not have ranked very high among the public characters of his time, and that he used this signet either to save himself the trouble of writing or more probable to supply his incapacity to write. Since this stamp, like which there are others extant, is capable of producing an effect by impression similar to that of printing types, it is plain that the very essence of printing was known to the Romans. In Cicero is a passage from which it has been supposed the moderns took the hint of printing. That author orders the types to be made of metal and calls them formæ literarum, the very words used by the first printers to express them.

In his History of Engraving, Ottley states "that engraving on wood was practised as early as the thirteenth century in those parts of Italy which border on the Gulph of Venice." But I believe we have no public document till a century later, which is a decree of the government of Venice, dated Oct. 11, 1441, from the matter of which it may be fairly inferred that engraving wood blocks and printing from them were practised at Venice in the latter part of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. This art was addressed to two objects of a very opposite character—playing cards and books of devotion. These, which were at first painted, were known in Germany in the beginning of the fourteenth century; in France before the reign of Charles VI. for whose use fifty-six sols are charged for three packs, supposed to have been printed, in an entry in a register, dated 1392. The representations of saints and of scriptural histories, which the

limners of the monasteries had for several centuries been painting in their missals and Bibles, were highly popular and had a more extensive demand than could be supplied by the brush. This gave rise to printing from engraved wood blocks. Books of Images were of two kinds, with or without text. In the collection of Earl Spencer there is a curious print from a wood block, representing St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour. It is dated 1423 and was discovered by Heineckin in an old convent in Germany, pasted on the cover of a Latin MS of the year 1417. It has this inscription at the bottom.—

Christopheri faciem die quacunque tueris,
Illa nempe die morte mala non.
Millessimo cccexx tertio.

In whatsoever day thou seest the likeness of St. Christopher,
In that same day thou wilt at least from death no evil blow incur.

The Bible, it is well known, could only at that time be obtained in manuscript at a very great price, as much as would have purchased a considerable estate. It was therefore inaccessible to young persons and the common people; for whom, about 1430, some pious writer selected subjects from the sacred volume with appropriate texts and caused them to be engraved on wood and printed. This celebrated work is entitled Biblia Pauperum, the Bible of the Poor, and consists of forty leaves of a small folio size, each of which has a cut on wood with extracts from the Scriptures and other illustrative sentences. "Of all the ancient Books of Images," observes Mr. Horne in his Introduction to Bibliography, "which preceded the invention of printing, the Speculum Salutis (the Mirror of Salvation) is confessedly the most perfect both in its design and execution." It is ascribed to a Benedictine monk styled Brother John, and was translated into several languages and frequently printed. Two Latin editions are extant without date. The impressions in each are sixty-three in number and are executed from the same blocks; but in that which is reputed to be the more ancient, the explanations of twenty-five of them, not in regular suc-

cession, are printed from entire wooden blocks, while the remaining thirty-eight and five leaves of preface are wholly executed from fusil types. This circumstance proves that fusil types were invented during the progress of this work through the press, which shows it was printed about 1456.

It is unnecessary here to enter into the details of a long controversy amongst antiquarians as to the inventor of the art of printing. Had they been better acquainted with the practise of the art and observed its slow and gradual progress to perfection, they must have perceived that it is neither the result of a single age nor the invention of a single mind. The improvement from the manner in which Books of Images were executed to moveable wooden characters seems obvious and not difficult. Consequently it has strenuously been contended by several antiquarians that they were invented and used by Lewis Coster, of Haarlem, and that he was therefore the original inventor of the art of printing; which is thus confined to a single improvement in principle, even to which his claims cannot stand the test of investigation. In support of their opinion a solitary passage is quoted from the Dutch historian Adrianus Junius, who published a History of Holland, in Latin, about 1578, a hundred and twenty years after the circumstance narrated. He tells us "As Laurence Zanssen Koster was walking in the wood contiguous to the city (Haarlem), which was the general custom of the richer citizens and men of leisure in the afternoon and on holidays, he began to cut out letters on the bark of the beech, with which he enstamped marks upon paper in a contrary direction in the manner of a seal; until at length he formed a few lines for his own amusement, and for the use of the children of his brother-in-law. This succeeded so well he attempted greater things; and being a man of genius and reflection he invented with one and of his brother-in law, Thomas Pieterison, a thicker and more adhesive ink, as the common was too thin and unable of bind metals. With this ink he was able to print pages and figures, to which he added letters. I have seen

specimens of printing in this manner. This was a Dutch book intituled Spiegal enser Behoudenisse." The fable with which this passage concludes of Faust having stolen Coster's types and other articles, on a Christmas eve, and carried them to Mentz, would be sufficient to prove the whole a fable, had not all that is ascribed to Coster's ingenuity been known before. There is no proof, not even in this passage, that moveable wooden types ever were used; they never could have been used as practical printers well know.

The first person who seized upon the idea that the text or legend of the Books of Images might be composed of separate letters capable of rearrangement after the impressions were thrown off, so as to be applied, without new cutting, to other texts and legends, was John Guttemberg, of Mentz. About the year 1435, he entered into partnership with three citizens of Strasburg, binding himself to disclose a secret which would enrich them all. One of the partners dying, and, perhaps what give rise to Adrianus' fable, some of the most important implements having been stolen from the workshop, a lawsuit took place. In the course of this lawsuit, five witnesses, among whom was Guttemberg's confidential servant, proved that Guttemberg was the first who practised the art of printing with moveable types. The document containing an account of this trial, together with the sentence of the magistrates of Strasburg, dated Dec. 1439, is published in the original German with a Latin translation. After this, Guttemberg returned poor and disappointed, but not dispirited, to his native city. It is doubtful whether he had hitherto really printed any thing. Heinecken, who has investigated this subject with great diligence and labor, is of opinion that he had ruined both himself and his partners, without being able to produce a single clean and legible leaf. He then entered into partnership at Mentz, in 1450, with John Faust, who was to supply the necessary capital. To the Abbot Trithemius we are indebted for the contemporary history of this important event, in two passages in his Chronicle, the shorter

of which follows;—"That about this time (1450) the art of printing and casting single types was found out anew, in the city of Mentz, by one John Guttemberg, who having spent his whole estate in this difficult discovery, by the assistance and advice of some honest men, J Faust and others, brought his undertaken at length to perfection. That the first improver of this art was Peter Schoeffer de Gernsheim, who afterwards printed a great many volumes. That the said Guttemberg lived at Mentz, in a house called Zum-jungken, but afterwards known by the name of the Printing-office." In the other passage the Abbot says—"Having therefore begun with cutting characters of letters upon wooden planks in their right order and completed their forms, they printed the vocabulary called 'Catholicon.' To this succeeded a more ingenious invention, for they found out a way of stamping the shapes of every letter of the Latin alphabet, in what they called matrices, from which they afterwards cast their letters, either in copper or tin hard enough to be printed upon, which they first cut with their own hands. It is certain that this art met with no small difficulties from the beginning of its invention, as I heard thirty years ago from the mouth of Peter Schoeffer de Gernsheim. For when they went about printing the Bible, before they had worked off the third quire, it had cost them already above four thousand florins." To these testimonies might be added that of John Schoeffer son of the inventor of letter-founding.

The idea that matter might be composed of separate letters capable of rearrangement after the impressions were worked off, and the extending of this principle from a line to a whole page, and from one page to many so as to form a book, was the noble invention of John Guttemberg. He probably at first, after having practised the art with engraved wood blocks, vainly attempted with moveable wooden letters, and afterwards with moveable metal types, each singly engraved by hand, with which he printed the celebrated Bible. Every one must perceive the immense labor and expense of cutting

this time (1450) the art of
was found out anew, in the
emberg, who having spent
iscovery, by the assistance
Faust and others, brought
ction. That the first im-
neffer de Gernsheim, who
volumes. That the said
house called Zum-jinghen,
e of the Printing-office."
says—"Having therefore
letters upon wooden planks
their forms, they printed
on.' To this succeeded a
found out a way of stamping
atin alphabet, in what they
lterwards cast their letters,
to be printed upon, which
It is certain that this art
the beginning of its inven-
from the mouth of Peter
n they went about printing
off the third quire, it had
usand florins." To these
John Schœffer son of the

omposed of separate letters
e impressions were worked
iple from a line to a whole
so as to form a book, was
temberg. He probably at
vith engraved wood blocks,
wooden letters, and after-
each singly engraved by
celebrated Bible. Every
por and expense of cutting

so many separate letters upon small pieces of metal, and their imperfect and irregular execution; consequently another step was necessary to render the art more perfect. This step consisted in the ready multiplication of these separate letters by casting them in moulds; this was the improvement of Schœffer, who, as described in an ancient document, "privately cut matrices for the whole alphabet; and when he showed his master the letters cast from these matrices, Faust was so pleased with the contrivance, that he promised to give him his only daughter, Christina, in marriage; a promise which he soon after performed." "This conclusion," says Hansard in his finely-printed Typographia, "may be satisfactorily drawn, that to Guttenberg is due the high appellation of Father of Printing; to Schœffer, that of Father of Letter-founding; and to Faust, that of the generous Patron by whose means the wonderous discovery, 'The Nurse and Preserver of the arts and sciences,' was brought so rapidly to perfection."

In consequence of the great expense incurred by Faust, who supplied the capital, in printing the Latin Bible, he commenced a suit against Guttemberg, who was obliged to give up his apparatus to Faust, and their partnership was dissolved. Faust then entered into partnership with Schœffer, from whose press numerous works were issued. Guttemberg, though deprived of the fruits of his genius and labor, was not discouraged; he established a new printing-office and practised the art until 1465, when he obtained a situation, with a good salary, under the Elector Adolphus. In 1465, he printed the first almanac which is the first book with a certain date. At the sacking of Mentz by the Archbishop Adolphus, in 1462, the workmen of Faust and Schœffer were dispersed into different countries and the invention was publicly divulged. Their apprentices, Conrad Sweynheim and Arnold Pannartz, were the first printers at Rome, where many beautiful editions of the Latin classics issued from their press. In a petition to the Pope, in 1471, after stating they were the

first who introduced this art into the territories of His Holiness, they say—"If you peruse the catalogue of the works printed by us, you will admire how and where we could procure a sufficient quantity of paper, or even rags, for such a number of volumes. The total of these books amounts to 12,475—a prodigious heap—and intolerable to us, your holiness' printers, by reason of those unsold. We are no longer able to bear the great expense of house-keeping, for want of buyers; of which there cannot be a more flagrant proof than that our house, though otherwise spacious enough, is full of quire-books, but void of every necessary of life." The celebrated Spiras, also Germans, were the first printers at Venice, they are remarkable for the beauty of their type and elegance of their impressions. The famous Aldus Manutius established an office at Venice, in 1490. He invented that type which is called Italic; added the simicolon to our punctuation; and was the first who produced beautiful and correct editions of Greek works. In the wealthy Lord Randlesham's library, of which I wrote a Catalogue after it was saved from the flames of his hall, is a copy of Anacreon printed by Aldus, beautifully adorned with small original paintings. It is printed on vellum of about a pot folio size, and the Greek type is full as large as what is now called Great Primer. This rare and ancient specimen of art will vie with the finest printing of the present day. It has many notes, and its estimated value is £750. This library is far more valuable than extensive and contains many of the finest specimens of ancient and modern printing. Addison's works, 4 vols. by Baskerville, the father of modern printing; Bulmer's Milton and Shakespeare; Roscoe's Life of Leo X. by M'Creery, author of that finely-printed Poem, the Press; Didot's Theatre choisi de Corneille, and many others. Coberger was styled by his cotemporaries of the fifteenth century, the prince of booksellers and printers; he settled at Nuremberg and employed daily twenty-four presses and an hundred men. The earliest work published at Paris is dated 1470,

he territories of His Holi-
he catalogue of the works
v and where we could pro-
, or even rags, for such a
f these books amounts to
intolerable to us, your
hose unsold. We are no
nse of house-keeping, for
annot be a more flagrant
therwise spacious enough,
every necessary of life."
ns, were the first printers
r the beauty of their type
s. The famous Aldus
Venice, in 1490. He in-
alic; added the simicolon
st who produced beautiful
ks. In the wealthy Lord
wrote a Catalogue after it
ll, is a copy of Anacreon
rned with small original
of about a pot folio size,
ge as what is now called
ent specimen of art will
resent day. It has many
750. This library is far
ntains many of the finest
nting. Addison's works,
modern printing; Bul-
coo's Life of Leo X. by
inted Poem, the Press;
and many others. Co-
s of the fifteenth century,
s; he settled at Nurem-
presses and an hundred
at Paris is dated 1470,

which was printed by three Germans from Colmar. Nicolas Jansen, a Frenchman, is said to have been sent by Lewis xi. to Mentz, to learn the art of printing. But, owing to civil dissensions in his kingdom, Jenson settled at Venice from 1470—80. He planned and reduced to their present proportions the characters called Roman, so that his works are justly deemed very highly finished in every respect.

That Caxton introduced the art of printing into England, and practised it there, was never doubted till 1662. A dispute at this time arose between the company of Stationers and some persons respecting a patent for printing, in which the claim of Caxton was questioned, but, it is said, was clearly proved. Then comes the Lambeth Record, which has never been seen since nor was never heard of before the publication of Atkin's book, entitled "The original and growth of printing, collected out of the history and records of this kingdom; wherein is also demonstrated that printing appertaineth to the Prerogative Royal, and is a flower of the Crown of England. By Richard Atkyns, esq. London, 1664." It sets forth, among other things, that Robert Turnour, a favorite of Henry vi. and William Caxton enticed to England one Frederick Corsellis, an under workman at Guttemberg's office, at Haarlem (stupid error!); that he was sent to Oxford, under a guard, where he printed this Record in 1468. In Tooke's Philosophical Experiments is a letter, dated 1691, from Dr. Willis to Dr. Bernard, respecting a case at Serjeant's Inn involving some rights claimed by the University of Oxford, in which it is said—"The art of printing was first brought into England by the University and there practised many years before there was any printing in London." There is abundance of cotemporary evidence that Caxton was the first printer of England, by which title he is called by the famous John Leland who lived near his time. I consider the testimony of Theoduric Rood, Caxton's journeyman and the first printer at Oxford, in a Latin volume, dated 1485, decisive,

Quam Jenson Venetos docuit vir Gallicus artem,
Ingenio didicit terra Britannia suo.

A man of France, named Jenson taught the Venetians this fair art,
Which Britain, by her industry, did to herself impart.

This must have reference to Caxton, who has no rival in England to dispute the honor with him. Thus Oxford itself furnishes a testimony that overthrows the date of its own book.

Many improvements have been effected in this noble art, especially during the last half century. J. Van der May was the inventor of stereotype, which, though a retrograde movement in the art, is of some value for printing standard works. It is now much less in use than it was a few years ago, and is wholly discontinued at the Oxford University press, where it was much practised for printing religious works, which are now set in new type and kept standing. Presses were originally like the common cheese press, but have nowadapted to them various machinery to accelerate their movement and increase their power. The invention of elastic adhesive rollers by Foster, was preparatory to cylinder printing, which was long attempted before steam power was applied by Konig, a Saxon printer in England. On the 28th November, 1819, the Times newspaper announced "that the sheet the reader held in his hand, was one of many thousands thrown off by steam." By this machine 2880 impressions of a newspaper have been printed in an hour, but 1000 copies from a single form is a medium rate. Printing in gold and silver, and with types of various metals and inks of various colors have lately been practised. The art of Lithographic printing, or taking impressions from stone by a chemical process, was lately invented by Senefelder. Great improvements have been made in letter-founding, to which machinery has been adapted. There is every reason to believe that the art of printing is yet susceptible of many great and important improvements.

The Carter alluded to in the poem, published "The innocency of the Queen of Scots" and "a Treatise on Scism," in Elizabeth's reign, for which he was indicted, arraigned, and condemned of high treason, and sentenced to be "hanged, bowelled, and quartered." The first martyr of the Liberty of the Press.

FINIS.

ght the Venetians this fair art,
to herself impart.

xton, who has no rival in
him. Thus Oxford itself
ows the date of its own book.
effected in this noble art,
tury. J. Van der May was
though a retrograde move-
for printing standard works.
t was a few years ago, and
rd University press, where
religious works, which are
ling. Presses were original-
ut have nowadapted to them
eir movement and increase
ic adhesive rollers by Foster,
, which was long attempted
by Konig, a Saxon printer
vember, 1819, the Times
sheet the reader held in his
thrown off by steam." By
f a newspaper have been
ies from a single form is a
d silver, and with types of
us colors have lately been
ic printing, or taking im-
al process, was lately in-
rovements have been made
hinery has been adapted.
at the art of printing is yet
ortant improvements.

m, published "The inno-
"a Treatise on Scism," in
s indicted, arraigned, and
sentenced to be "hanged,
first martyr of the Liberty