

M O R A L H I N T S

T O T H E

R I S I N G G E N E R A T I O N .

P R I C E O N E S H I L L I N G .

C+P
31

TO THE
RISING GENERATION
MORAL HEROES
OF THE FUTURE

TO THE
RISING GENERATION
OF THE FUTURE
MORAL HEROES
OF THE FUTURE

THE ONE SHINING

M O R A L H I N T S

T O T H E

R I S I N G G E N E R A T I O N ,

A n E P I S T L E o f H O R A C E .

T H E S E C O N D O F T H E F I R S T B O O K ,

A P P L I E D

T O T H E I N S T R U C T I O N O F A S O N ,

A T W I N C H E S T E R S C H O O L .

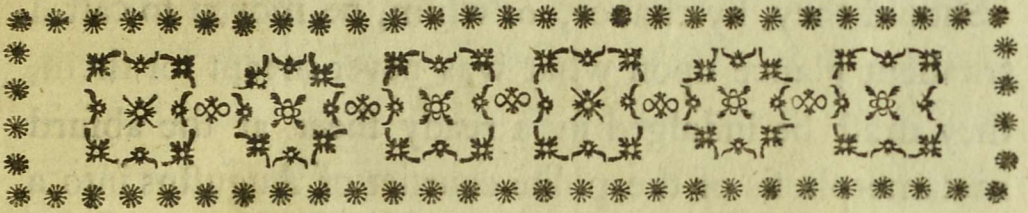
L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D F O R T . C A D E L L I N T H E S T R A N D ,

M D C C L X X X I I I .

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ:
Yet, if it prove of use to thee,
The scandal I enjoy, —
“*But sing no more*”.—No more I sing,
Or reassume the lyre;
Unless vouchsafed an humble part,
Where Raphael leads the choir.

DR. YOUNG'S RESIGNATION.



INTRODUCTION.

THE following hints, intended to be privately applied, among many other familiar modes of moral instruction, to the sole use of a son, at a public school, require an Apology for their being thus permitted to appear in print. The Writer was not so ignorant of what is requisite to gratify the taste of the town, as to fancy a feeble effort to excite the industry, and regulate the sentiments of a school-boy, had any chance of engaging it's favourable attention. With respect to the great patrons especially of the poetry, now in chief request, the fashionable dealers in loose and scandalous, factious and libertine productions, he had nothing better to hope than to escape the honour of their slightest notice. Since, however, an untoward circumstance has compelled him to throw this trifle in their way, he begs leave to anticipate a slender compliment or two, which the tribe of critics now in vogue may possibly condescend to pass upon the work.

*Apology for
the English
Paraphrase.*

Should they, by chance, or whim, be moved to cast a transient glance upon what was never meant for them, they must be indulged in a ready sneer at the absurd metamorphosis of the polite courtier of Augustus into a humdrum preacher, drawling out his dull comment upon a spirited text, to so wearisome a length, as to make his hearers and himself lose all sight of it. There will be no baulking their momentary laugh at the supposed pretence of passing current a motley composition of old standard gold, with more than treble the weight of new base metal; and for want of fire, strong enough to blend them properly, the recourse to a pitiful shift of foldering both together, so clumsily performed, that the vile folder strikes the eye in every part of it.

To ridicule, a sterner censure will probably succeed, pronouncing the translator utterly unable to reach a single grace of the original, or of those literal translators, or closer imitators of Horace, whom they perchance may be able to name; though, in fact, equally unnoticed by them. But, as the nature of the piece, thus acutely criticized, will not have been rightly attended to, it may not be amiss to obviate the small mistake, by a direct avowal that this *thing* makes no pretence to bear any resemblance to those English versions, which they are pleased to favour with their preference. Let it then be regarded as a rambling paraphrase. It evidently assumes an unbounded latitude, in varying and extending, for a particular object

ject of a private concern, the concise and general maxims, which the most delicately keen of all poetical moralists drily intimates to a person, then exalted to great dignity, in public life; and upon that account stiled *maximus*, the favourite of the Emperor, who made him chief commander of his armies in Germany, Thrace, and Asia, governor of his grandson Caius Cæsar, and consul. To such a man the slightest hints were exactly proper, as the ideas they conveyed to him were compleat and full. But to the mind, as yet not half informed, of a lad at thirteen, it was thought requisite to develop, and display them in a variety of obvious lights.

The effusions of a fond Father, thus piteously rhyming at threescore, in compliance with an apparent bent of genius, in such a lad, whose improvement alone they regarded, and to whose peculiar situation, and turn of thought and temper, they were therefore studiously conformed, most undoubtedly disclaim all title to the indulgent reception of the fastidious critics above-mentioned. The writer may, however, not regret his exposing to their contempt a lesson to his son at school: if in a single instance, a parent, equally anxious to quicken the diligence, and give a right direction to the moral character of a young student, in like circumstances, shall find it, in any measure, subservient to this purpose. By the indiscretion of some person, to whom a sight of the first rough draught was intrusted, several

several scraps of it have been inserted in the public papers, from a copy so incorrect, as to induce the Author to submit to the publication of one, somewhat less imperfect, which at least has undergone his last revival.

*For the ad-
mission of
Politics.*

In modernizing the passages, at the beginning of this Epistle, alluding to the causes and effects of war, the politics of the day naturally cast that part of the Paraphrase into it's present form, which is not exactly relative to the purport of the poem. The lines, addressed to the *Marquis of Rockingham*, though now out of date, were suffered to remain, from a supposition that the time may come, when the youth, for whom the whole was written, may not be displeas'd to be reminded what were his father's thoughts of the state of the nation at that critical juncture. These are plainly signified by the wish, implied in those lines, for the success of the Marquis, then at the head of an opposition to measures, which the writer had long deplored in silence, without the slightest personal ill-will to those, whom a different judgment, or other views of their imagined consequences, had led to contend for their expediency. Heaven has been pleas'd to protract the determination of the desired event, and to assign the accomplishment of it to a Nobleman, whose principles, alike pacific, and allow'd, by envy itself, to be so far auspicious to the general interests of humanity, have been exerted with greater effect.

Though

Though driven, by the rage of party, from the helm, may Lord Shelburne generously support, with his superior abilities, whoever shall at length be permitted to conduct it, in the establishment of wise regulations for the improvement of the blessing of peace.

Whilst the shameless intrigues of factions in parliament, contending for power and places, with every insidious art of address to royal favour, or popular prejudice, continue to drown the voice of reason, and discredit the respectable names of loyalty and patriotism, this great work must remain at a stand. But let not the more disinterested, the only true friends of this country, despair too soon. Before her doom to anarchy and confusion shall be finally sealed, an administration, generally approved, as faithfully devoted to her service, may yet interpose in time to save her. Their unanimity, and well-directed steadiness will alone be wanting to enforce those salutary measures. Britain will then soon forget to grieve for the emancipation of her western colonies. Many latent sources of public felicity, arising from her excellent form of government, and her national character, will be continually opening to her view on every side. She may then be taught to establish her wealth and grandeur on the solid basis of domestic industry, not on the precarious tenure of a remote extent of territory, and her future security on her reputation, throughout the world, for a strict regard to universal justice, and the uncorrupt integrity of counsellors duly elected to the guardianship of her ho-

nour and welfare. She will then, with a fuller conviction of her past folly, return thanks to Providence, for having defeated her ill-conceived, and worse-conducted purpose of subjugating, and maintaining dominion, by force of arms, over reluctant millions of her free-born sons, at the distance of three thousand miles. The retrospect at present is, in truth, not a little dispiriting. But let her, at last, with recovered sight, look forward. Let her, with all the most unbiassed assertors of her dearest rights, rejoice at her preservation from a triumph, the effects of which would have proved fatal to her own liberties, driven her to utter distraction, and precipitated her impending ruin.

*For the use of
a Scripture
Phrase.*

May it be permitted to add one paragraph more to an apology already exceeding all due proportion to so slender a subject? It is in vindication of a phrase, at verse 181, which has been condemned as a *verbum ardens*, or too emphatical, without recollecting that it has the sanction of Scripture. *The praise of God*, is the forcible expression of St. John for the applause of a good conscience. The character he gives of *the chief rulers of the Jews*, who had understanding to discern the truth, but not the heart to own it, is summed up thus: "For they loved the praise of men more than *the praise of God*." Cr. xii. ver. 43. This is a very natural explication of the too general conduct of statesmen, in republics, as well as in monarchies, and in all other countries as well

as in Judea. For the shameful purchase of unmerited honours, or retention of ill-gotten power, they are tempted to slight the approbation of conscience, the voice of God, in the mind of man. But the extreme vileness of the men of eminent rank, whom the Apostle had in his eye, may well appear astonishing, even to those who have been much conversant in that line of life, where the brightest ornaments to human nature have been ever contrasted by numerous characters, equally disgraceful to it. “*They believed,*” it seems, in Christ: They revered the purity of his life and doctrine: They felt the importance of his awful commission: They acknowledged, in their hearts, his divine authority. Yet could these very men flatter the prejudices of the multitude, and join the cry of the prevailing party in reviling the only perfect pattern of moral excellence this world has ever seen, as an unprincipled impostor, a traitor to Cesar, and blasphemer of God.

If the Reader’s patience is not quite exhausted, by this apology for the English paraphrase, his indulgence will not be denied to a concluding remark, upon a more welcome subject, in favour of the Latin text. Notwithstanding the habit of gross flattery, justly imputed to court-writers in general, and the Roman Poets in particular, there may be discovered some unquestionable marks of a singular generosity, and sincerity of friend-

For the Character of Horace.

ship, in the several addressses of *Horace* to this *Lollius*, for which his commentators have not thought fit to give him credit. They have, on the contrary, and with some colour of reason, taken occasion from thence to charge him heavily with the opposite vices. Yet, surely, the two Epistles, and the Ode, inscribed to the same person, are quite out of the ordinary mode of address, used by flatterers, feeding the vanity, and varnishing the guilt of an eminently worthless great man. The repeated dissuasives against avarice and rapacity, in this Epistle, and at verse 98, and 102 of the XVIIIth Ep. of the same book, are insinuated with a careless air, and seemingly without any direct application. But if we attend a little to the history of the man, to whom they are inscribed, we can hardly help thinking they were levelled, with discernment, and a certain aim, at the vicious tendencies in a very splendid, but most atrocious character, which this consummate statesman long concealed from the eye of the public. The immense wealth, he accumulated by his peculations and extortions, during his government of the Asiatic provinces, his duplicity and treachery, the disgrace, and tragical end he brought upon himself, are noted by *Suetonius*, *Paterculus*, and *Pliny*. His pernicious projects of ambition were, for a long time, conducted with great cunning, under a mask of rigid virtue. His perfidy in fomenting dissensions between Tiberius and Caius Cæsar, to effect the ruin of each successively, whilst he severally

rally put on the appearance of the most absolute devotion to the interests of both, began at length to render him suspected; when the secret correspondence he carried on with the Parthian King, to retard the conclusion of the peace, was compleatly brought to light, at the conference, held by C. Cæsar with that king, in an island of the Euphrates. Universally detested, and dreading the punishment due to his crimes from the awakened resentment of Augustus, he dispatched himself by poison.

But what are we to think of the strange applause bestowed upon this despicable wretch, in the IXth Ode of the IVth Book, for a liberal and disinterested spirit, for inflexible justice and integrity? Is it possible to regard, without indignation and regret, such an apparent prostitution of the finest talents? No, certainly; if we must needs suppose Horace to have been actually apprised of these enormities in the character of the man. But why must we imagine that he knew more of the infamous transactions of Lollius, than his Imperial Master, whose confidence, at that time, he does not appear to have forfeited, nor the general esteem of the public? It has indeed been collected from a single epithet, (*lividas*, at v. 33, of this Ode, though tacked to the substantive, *obliviones*, which seems to invalidate the conclusion,) that some smart attacks had already been made upon the reputation of this hateful favourite. That his friend might believe

them

them unwarranted, or overcharged, is more than probable.

Our good-humour'd Poet was, in those days, no meddler in state affairs. Engaged, in early youth, in the party of the unsuccessful champions for the freedom of his country, he had lived to see it sunk, never to rise more, under the most absolute despotism, then mild indeed, and soothing to the prevailing temper of the degenerate Romans, and by that means too successfully established. It was not the defeat of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi that confirmed it, but the extreme corruption which pervaded all ranks of men, from the highest to the lowest, that rendered them as utterly incapable, as unworthy of the enjoyment of liberty. These he foresaw, *nequiores parentibus, mox daturus progeniem vitiosorem*. What hope, alas! that the spawn of such as these should ever entertain a wish for the recovery of it? He must henceforth have regarded the loss as irretrievable. Resolved, for the rest of his days, (however he might foolishly grieve in secret,) to wear the appearance at least of being merry and wise, all unavailing debate about matters of government he consigned to the winds, to waft *in mare Creticum*, or left to dunces, who had nothing pleasanter to think or talk upon.

To return to the exceptionable compliments, he paid to one, of whose unworthiness, he certainly had not the evidence, which we are now possessed of: It
must,

must, after all, be confessed, that his harping so repeatedly upon the same jarring strings, in all he writes to Lollius, seems to indicate a certain insight into the constitutional frailties of the man he loved. The glaring panegyric he bestowed on the excellencies directly opposite to these, compelled the person, upon whom it was thus shrewdly misapplied, to a silent scrutiny of his own conscience. Could a more dextrous method have been used of probing him to the quick?

S—th W—rmb—r—b,

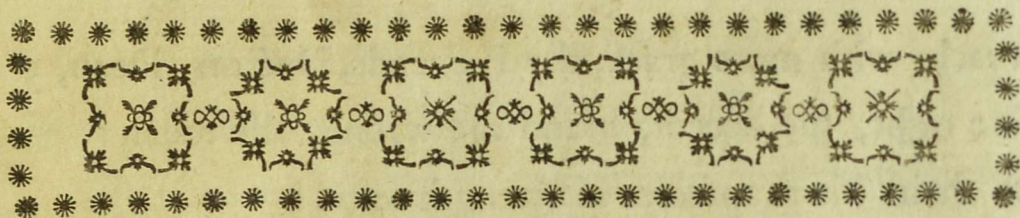
March 7, 1783.

E R R A T A.

Page 10. line 6th from the bottom, for *melis*, read
melius.

Page 12. Note at the bottom, for *two last paragraphs*,
read *paragraphs mark'd, for the admission of*
politics.

M O R A L



M O R A L H I N T S

F O R T H E

R I S I N G G E N E R A T I O N .

THE matchless Bard, who sings the war of Troy,
Con thou at Winton, well, sagacious boy,
At W—rmb'r—gh I, with fresh delight, peruse
The heart-felt lessons of his moral muse.

Preach,

Q. H O R A T I I F L A C C I ,

L I B . I . E P I S T O L A I I .

A D L O L L I U M .

Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi;

B

Qui

Preach, with more grace, thy Prebends, Doctors, Dean, 5
 The right, the decent, brand the wrong, the mean?
 Do theirs his rhapsodies in strength excel?
 Let thy lov'd Master's taste unerring tell.

Instruction, beaming from the Grecian lay,
 Lightens the gloom of *Britain's* evil day; 10
 Discloses the dark fount of human woes,
 Whence o'er devoted realms perdition flows;
 What havoc war, the lust, the rage of Kings,
 Or caught from theirs, a nation's frenzy brings.
 Thy voice, Antenor, *Conway*, thine in vain 15
 Against the deaf'ning din ye feebly strain.
 Thou, mild as Priam, *George*, wouldst fain repress
 The cause ill-starr'd of popular distress.
 Canst thou,—could Nestor,—or can *Shelburne* quell
 The strife of madd'ning chiefs, or factions fell? 20
 Would Paris deign, possess'd of scepter'd sway,
 Or patriot cits, or common-sense obey;

Consent,

Qui quid sit pulcrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
 Pleniùs ac melùs Chryssippoet Crantore dicit.
 Cur ita crediderim, nisi quid te detinet, audi.
 Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
 Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
 Stultorum regum et populorum continet æstus,
 Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.

Quid

Consent, at their petition, to be blest
 With fair domain, and honourable rest?
 “ * Shall earth’s vile scum, cries *North*, our councils awe,
 “ Remonstrate, and give US, their Lords, the law; 25
 “ Their sturdy † pray’r for peace his wrath control,
 “ Whose thunders shake the center to the pole?”
 The Western Forest rages: *Wentworth*, cease
 To dream it’s Congress yet can hear of peace; 30
 Or pliant, as thy Peers, to notes prescrib’d,
 Attune their jarring voices, yet unbrib’d;
 Till Freedom burst th’ unnat’ral ties, that bind
 Their friendship to the foes of all mankind;
 Till *Gaul*, the Dæmon of perpetual fray, 35
 Unmask’d, of Atè sink the destin’d prey;
 Till

Quid Paris? ut salvus regnet, vivatque beatus
 Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites
 Inter Peleiden festinat, et inter Atreiden:
 Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.

B 2

See

* This was written a few weeks before Lord North’s resignation.

† A petition to Parliament from the City of London, against the American war, was just then (in February 1782) presented by the Sheriffs.

Till happier *Albion*, taught by heav'n and thee *,
 Hail all her firm allies, who dare be free ;
 Till Justice, in her senate, Concord greet,
 Harmonious Truth, and meek-eyed Mercy meet. 40
 Here party-rage, rank pride, and senseless ire,
 There mad misrule, and licence fan the fire.
 Party, curs'd engine of th' intriguing Few,
 Thy ruthless gripe the Many sorely rue.
 Alike in fraud, sedition, rapine, sinn'd 45
 Troy, Greece, the *British* isles, and either *Ind*.

Again, what emulative transport swells
 Thy youthful breast? The muse immortal tells
 How Valour, Wisdom, in Ulysses try'd,
 With might superior, Fortune's shafts defy'd. 50
 Like *Anson*, ranging long, the victor fought
 His best-lov'd isle, still present seen in thought.
 Search round thy globe, thrice tenfold in extent,
 The *Briton's* track prescrib'd retrace intent.
 Toss'd thrice the term, the fam'd Ithacian held 55
 His live-long course, as winds and waves impell'd,
 With

* See the two last paragraphs of the introduction.

Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.
 Seditioe, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, et irâ
 Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.

With aim perplex'd, yon scanty seas to scour,
 Ere Art had imp'd her wings with mystic pow'r.
 Prompt each the manners, commerce, laws to scan
 Of sunder'd nations, deeply studied man ; 60
 Led on, by patriot ardour, to engage
 Men, monsters, Neptune's, and the Thund'rer's rage,
 Each met, unmov'd, the darkest frowns of Fate,
 Death's direst menace brav'd, with front sedate ;
 By perseverance crown'd, with foreign store 65
 Each heap'd his long-despairing native shore.

Like these to triumph in the varied strife,
 As wise, as brave, be temp'rate too, through life.
 By Pleasure courted, in the sanguine flush
 Of young desire, on danger prone to rush, 70
 Hark ! thy good Genius checks thee, hov'ring nigh
 In perils, heaves a deep heart-thrilling sigh :
 It speaks his dread, lest o'er thy hopeful dawn
 Untimely night, by lust impure, be drawn,
 Disease,

Rursus quid virtus, et quid sapientia possit,
 Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulysses ;
 Qui demitor trojæ multorum providus urbes,
 Et mores hominum inspexit ; latumque per æquor,
 Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
 Pertulit, adversis rerum immerfabilis undis,

Sirenum

Disease, with shame, cut short thy bright career, 75
 Th' Enchantress whelm with guilt thy youthful bier :
 Exulting, with the foe to heav'n and earth,
 At virtuous fame, thus blasted in the birth.
 Mark how the Greek his step suspends, aware,
 Eyes, at one glance, her charms, and deadly snare, 80
 Eludes the warbling Siren. Circe's draught
 Envenom'd had the vanquish'd hero quaff'd,
 How tame the cullion, termagant the punk !
 His bestial mates had seen the monster drunk,
 A kennell'd hound, full-gorged with carrion, lye, 85
 Or grunter, groveling in a ranker sty.

Lo ! such our high-bred vulgar, born to swill,
 Penelope's lewd suitors, revel still,
 Fops, loungers, fribbles, a Phæacian race,
 Their form the tailor shapes, friseur the face. 90
 What now remains of heav'n created-man ?
 Proud to confound harmonious Nature's plan,

At

Sirenum voces, et Circes pocula nosti :
Quæ si cum fociis stultus cupidusque bibisset
Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis et excors :
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto fus.
Nos numerus fumus, et fruges confumere nati ;
Sponsi Penelopes, nebulones, Alcinoique
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juvenus :

Cui

At masque, ball, cotterie, club, green-room, rout,
 They slouch, yawn, smirk, prate, gamble, caper, spout ;
 By wax-light all : Day's odious glare they shun, 95
 Shrouded in sleep, to the declining Sun ;
 Half-waked to fiddling, wake at length to cards :
 These, the sole Deities the race regards,
 To Whist recal each bubble school'd to bite,
 To Whist, the regent of unblushing night. 100
 Blind would-be rooks, unconscious dupes to play,
 They cast their substance, honour, life away.

Thine eye, where honest warmth, and spirits high
 Yet speak pure Nature, thine indignant eye,
 Keen-glancing, questions thus the thriftless crew : 105
 " Ye reptiles, what, on earth, have you to do ?"
 To some dire end from day-light skulk, as they,
 Night-roaming felons ; for their nightly prey :
 To what end these ? Remorse, and ruin wait
 The loit'ers. Rouse ; bestir thee ; shun their fate. 110
 Like Ithaca's dread Lord, forth-flaming stands
 The God, they scorn'd, and blasts their impious bands.

Youth

*Cui pulerum fuit in medios dormire dies, et
 Ad strepitum citharæ cessatum ducere curam.
 Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones :
 Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris ? atqui*

Youth wings, and fires thee. On; resolve to thrive;
 Age palsied, cold, and cramp'd, shall pant, shall strive;
 Too late, if hopes fresh-blooming, honours green 115
 Were faint incentives, in life's opening scene;
 Too late, if recreant now thy zeal relents;
 Nor at thy welcome task the dawn prevents;
 Thy drowsy soul, at learning's labour slack,
 Shall restless want, and spleen, and envy rack. 120
 How flies thy rapid thought, relief to find
 For aching sense? Ah! why neglect thy mind?
 Untended long, it's rankling sore shall spread,
 Thy manners foul infect, thy heart, thy head.
 Toil, from terrestrial ill restorer sole 125
 To mortal man, must raise, and keep thee whole,
 Toil, Nature's law, not penalty, of food,
 Of life dispenser, of all earthly good.
 Rouse then, exert thy talents, neither weak,
 Nor 'mid the sons of dulness doom'd to sneak. 130

Get

Si noles sanus, curres hydropicus: et ni
 Posces ante diem librum cum lumine; si non
 Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis,
 Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquebere. Nam cur
 Quæ lædunt oculos festinas demere: si quid
 Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?

Dimidium

Get learning : 'tis the grace of Science fair,
 That gives the lib'ral mind it's noblest air.
 Get Knowledge : it ensures enjoyment true,
 Fit self-esteem, a claim to rev'rence due.
 Get Wisdom : in her train the virtues shine, 135
 Thy guides, with Hope and Faith, to bliss divine.
 Get Wisdom.—Arduous aim !---Not hopeless. Run.
 Begin. Half-ended is the race begun.
 Fleet, ev'n at starting for the victor's meed,
 Fly, the whole course is glowing ; fleetest speed. 140
 The stripling drone, for life a driv'ler, ends
 A shame, a burthen to himself and friends.
 Blank as decrepitude shall youth flit by,
 Manhood, unmark'd by one slight merit, dye.
 Lo ! yon dull clown, bends o'er his fork, demurs, 145
 Yawns, listless eyes the gliding stream, nor stirs ;
 But waits it's gliding off, that gliding still
 From ages, to succedent ages will.

As idly toil these dolts, in chace as vain
 Of air-gilt bubbles, pleasure, grandeur, gain. 150

III

Dimidium facti qui cæpit, habet, sapere aude :

Incipe : vivendi recté qui prorogat horam,

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis : at ille

Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Ill does an earth-worm's offal, thy pursuit,
 Base worldling, a celestial spirit suit;
 Born to hold commerce with it's kindred skies,
 From strength to strength to glory born to rise.—

“ Who talks of spirit? All corporeal grown, 155
 “ Each thinks of seeming now, of being none,
 “ A brilliant equipage, a modish wife,
 “ The flutter, noise, and outside glare of life,
 “ In building, gard'ning, sordid is the plan,
 “ That suits the rank and fortune of the man; 160
 “ Abject the taste, that stoops to things of use,
 “ Poor the best-order'd board, if not profuse.”——

Rare nostrums these, to heal a fev'rish heart!
 Act thou the rational, the decent part,
 Which truth, pure nature, and religion trace, 165
 With moral dignity, with manly grace;
 Fair Virtue's offspring * Pleasure, lovely ward
 Of heav'n-taught Wisdom, shall thy truth reward,

With

Quæritur argentum, puerisque beata creandis
 Uxor, et incultæ pacantur vomere sylvæ.

* This is no theological rant. The Pleasure, here commended, differs from that, condemn'd, at verse 150, “ *as the sensations of an oyster from the felicity of a God.*” Thus spoke true Philosophy, or sound Reason, from the mouth of *Socrates*, whose moral conceptions, always precisely just, were often express'd with peculiar strength and dignity.

Quod

With Grandeur, Gain, unfullied as the ray,
 That gilds yon sky-topt dome in cloudless day; 170
 While sadd'ning damps, and low-born vapours drown
 The revels, pomps, and traffic of the town.
 Above dependance rais'd by gentle fate,
 Pity the slaves, condemn'd to court the great,
 They blush to own. The genuine great revere, 175
 Whose high deserts adorn their stated sphere.
 Be thine deserts as high, the gen'rous aim
 From man to merit, not solicit fame,
 Be thine the triumphs of a soul serene,
 The smile of Reason, and a golden mean. 180
 Be thine the * praise of God: nor stoop to rail,
 If humbler projects of ambition fail.

“ Friend, keep your *Roman* courtier still in sight;
 “ Be civil, as your text, to ears polite.
 “ Religion! Wisdom! pshaw,—your sermon cloys.
 “ A golden mean what modern wight enjoys? 185

* See the Paragraph mark'd (*for the use of a Scripture phrase*) in the Introduction.

“ For

Quod satis est cui contingit nihil amplius optet.

Non

“ For homespun virtues ranfack hift’ry now :

“ Back to young *Rome’s* Dictator, at the plough.”—

From Fashion’s taint, and diffipation free,
 With fuch plain puts retired, as * * * *, and me, 190
 Shun random commerce, to refpect mankind.
 Keep found and ftrong thy native health of mind :
 The found fhall feek thee ; few, indeed, but fuch,
 As need no caution to frequent too much ;
 While fots and foplings fly thy facred fhade, 195
 Nor Fortune’s fools it’s halcyon eafe invade.

The hoodwink’d Goddefs gives not mental health :
 It fhuns the dull parade, and pride of wealth.
 To mar her minion’s leifure to be wife,
 What flutt’ring fwarms of cares, and wifhes rife ; 200
 What fears and wants, to Nature’s child unknown,
 Unreal, vaft as ev’ning fhadows grown ?
 Where haunt thefe fiends, magnificent in vain,
 His marble palaces, his gorgeous train

Strike

Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et auri,
 Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres ;
 Non animo curas : valeat poffeffor oportet ;
 Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
 Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum fic domus, aut res,
 Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram,
 Auriculas citharæ collectâ forde dolentes.

Sincerum

Strike the vex'd owner, as an ulcer'd ear 205
 Seraphic *Linley's* trill; as optics blear
 The breathing forms, which, thy creative art
 Evoking, *Reynolds*, from thy canvas start.
 Is not prosperity enjoyment? No:
 From springs unclean bid limpid currents flow. 210
 When foul thy cask, thy palate fouler, say,
 How relish the best growths of rich *Tokay*?
 Pleasure the rake, the coxcomb strive in vain
 To taste, and sick'ning fret to find it pain.
 These, Nature, at thy feast, unask'd, intrude, 215
 With frontless shame, disgust, and manners rude.
 The wise, the decent guest thy smiles invite
 To genial cheer, enjoy'd with pure delight.
 Let guilt or folly dash the cup with gall,
 From *Hebe's* hand would *Jove's* own nectar pall. 220

How bless'd, in blessing, wealth aright employ'd,
 Possess'd, when spent, in death itself enjoy'd;
 Then most, when cherubs to the closing eye
 Present it, stored for ever in the sky!

The lib'ral spirit, from a thousand hearts 225
 Sublimed, receives the gladness, it imparts:

Thine

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis, acescit.
 Sperne voluptates. Nocet empta dolore voluptas.

Semper

Thine, miser, shrunk, benumb'd with chilling dread
Of penury, to joy lies senseless, dead.

It's rage insatiate for unbounded pelf
Confirms the sullen grudge, it bears itself. 230

What horrors shake thee? Whence that frantic stare?
Or thieves, or less terrific murd'ers scare.

A ghastlier image turns thy brain with fright;
The muse presents a mirror to thy sight.

In splendid wretchedness the squand'rer pines, 235
His pomp some wealthier son of pride outshines.

Be no vain man, through life, thy luckless mate:
His glare disastrous bodes his gloomy fate.

As Ostentation's raging plague prevails,
Debts, crimes, disgrace, perdition it entails. 240
Of ruin careless, he contends in vain:

Faint-struggling now with agonizing pain,
Eclips'd, extinguish'd, from reproachful day,
Self-doom'd, he sculks in Envy's cave, the prey
Of her heart-rending snakes. No dæmon fell 245
Than Envy can inflict a direr hell.

From avarice, envy, pride, abhorrent start:
Thou dost. The mention pains thy gen'rous heart:

Unnat'ral

Semper avarus eget, certum veto pete finem

Invidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis.

Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni

Unnat'ral these. With caution stricter, shun
 One failing, too congenial to my son. 250
 Though gentler than the waft of zephyr's wing
 Thy temper, blither than the jocund spring ;
 I've mark'd it, boy, enchas'd at slight offence,
 To sudden tempest swell ; decorum, sense
 In passion lost. No longer, 'mid the storm, 255
 I trace thy laughing eye, thy placid form.
 Yet soon, in love revered, a father's frown,
 Like *Neptune's* trident, awes the surges down.
 Ingenuous Nature straight recurs, relents
 In blushes, tears ; her sallies rash repents ; 260
 And owns the fightless wretch, whom wrath enslaves,
 In frantic fit, the voice of Reason braves.
 Ah ! flight no more that warning voice, my child :
 Ardent in spirit, be in manners mild.
 That warmth of heart ordain'd for noblest ends, 265
 Shall bless, shall charm, shall fix mankind thy friends,
 Sublime, above thyself, thy pow'rs shall raise
 To deeds of worth, transcending vulgar praise.

But

Majus tormentum. Qui non moderabitur iræ,
 Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaferit et mens,
 Dum pænas odio per vim festinat inulto.

Ira

But check it's rage; uncheck'd, it masters thee.
Now, now's the time to be for ever free. 270

Thy *Jet*, so pliant to thy guiding hand,
John train'd a colt, obedient to command,
Ere her stiff neck disdain'd it. *Stawell's* hound,
At reynard wont o'er hill and dale to bound,
A whelp, on kennel-door the scented brush 275
Snuff'd, bark'd at, ere let loose in woods to rush.
New scenes, in life's gay spring, thy fancy fire;
Thy young blood riots with unknown desire.
Lest wayward humour start from Truth astray,
Implore that sacred guide to point thy way. 280
Her presence from caprice shall guard thy soul,
From error, fraud, and passion's mad controul;
Shall order, shall maintain thy steps aright.
Directed by her clear and steady light,
Thy character consistent, firm and bold, 285
Shall thus an even, manly tenor hold;
Thus fix'd, it shall obtain, severely just,
Nay more, shall merit universal trust;
Shall, rais'd from earth, and evanescent fame,
To Truth's eternal throne thine eye reclaim. 290

Now

*Ira furor brevis est, animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
Imperat: hunc frænis, hunc tu compeſce catenâ.
Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magiſter*

Now flexible to good, thy tender breast
 Receives her stamp of precepts pure impress'd.
 From good to better, to the best at length
 I see thy mind advance, with growing strength,
 Fond Hope anticipates the recent bloom, 295
 The bud, the fruit of genial * months to come.
 Not thine more wishful than thy parent's eye,
 O'erleaps the spring, foresees the solstice nigh ;
 When Wykeham's wholesome rule remits my boy
 From labour, sweeten'd with expected joy, 300
 To join the dear domestic circle, gay
 As smiles the season then, in bright array.
 When dart thy glowing looks from face to face,
 And quick returns of heart-felt rapture trace,
 In each lov'd Sister note the grace refin'd, 305
 That beams from an improv'd, yet modest mind.
 These

*Ire viam, quam monstrat eques. Venaticus ex quo
 Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,
 Militat in sylvis catulus. Nunc adhibe puro
 Pectore verba puer : nunc te melioribus offer.*

* Written at the beginning of March 1782.

These shall a matchless Mother's temper'd praise,
 And censure, to her own resemblance raise:
 With eyes to thine uplifted, straining still,
 Thy Brother treads the bramble-skirted hill; 310
 In hopes ere long to climb, with hardier stride,
 * The laureate God's best delegate his guide.

Joy to thy toils surmounted! Now survey
 Delights in progress o'er a smoother way:
 Nor faint, though Alps on Alps in prospect rise. 315
 Each summit brightens, as it meets the skies.
 At each exertion, habit stronger grows;
 Till second nature far the first out-goes.
 Well-principled in virtue, persevere.
 My choice well-flavour'd pipe,—from *Chalie's* here, 320
 Fresh at thy birth, did I that pipe import,—
 Retains it's flavour still of genuine port.

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
 Testa diu.

* To whom this title is justly given, the intelligent reader need not be told, who will gratefully recollect the excellent critic, to whom he is indebted for an accurate idea of the Writings, and Genius of the most correct and elegant of all our English poets.

Of all behind regardless, on, proceed :

Eye still the foremost, and o'ertake their speed.

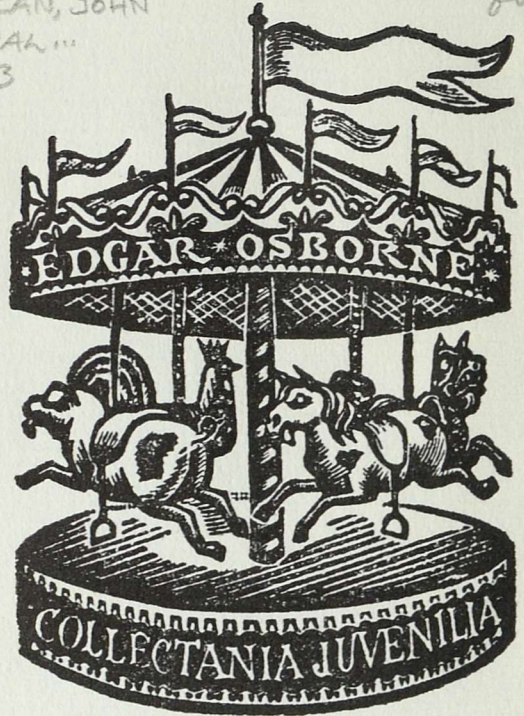
Quod si cessas, aut strenuus anteis,

Nec tardum operior, nec præcedentibus insto.

F I N I S.

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DUNCAN, JOHN
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