

REFLECTIONS
OF
KING HEZEKIAH,
In his Sickness.

WHAT! and no more?—Is this, my soul, said I,
My whole of being?—Must I surely die?
Be robb'd at once of health, of strength, of time,
Of youth's fair promise, and of pleasure's prime?
Shall I no more behold the face of morn,
The cheerful day-light, and the spring's return?
Must I the festive bow'r, the banquet leave,
For the dull chambers of the darksome grave?
Have I consider'd what it is to die?
In native dust with kindred worms to lie;
To sleep in cheerless cold neglect! to rot!
My body loath'd, my very name forgot!
Not one of all those parasites, who bend
The supple knee, their monarch to attend!
What, not one friend! No, not an hireling slave
Shall hail great HEZEKIAH in the grave.
Where's *he*, who falsely claim'd the name of *Great*?
Whose eye was terror, and whose frown was fate?
Who aw'd an hundred nations from the throne?
See where he lies, dumb, friendless, and alone!

Which grain of dust proclaims the noble birth?
 Which is the royal particle of earth?
 Where are the marks, the princely ensigns where?
 Which is the slave, and which great David's heir?
 Alas! the beggar's ashes are not known
 From his, who lately sat on Israel's throne!

How stands my great account? My soul, survey
 The debt ETERNAL JUSTICE bids thee pay!
 Should I frail Memory's records strive to blot,
 Will Heav'n's tremendous reck'ning be forgot?
 Can I, alas, the awful volume tear?
 Or rase one page of the dread register?

"Prepare thy house, thy heart in order set:
 "Prepare the Judge of Heav'n and Earth to meet."
 So spake the warning Prophet.—Awful words!

Which fearfully my troubled soul records.
 Am I prepared? and can I meet my doom,
 Nor shudder at the dreaded wrath to come?
 Is all in order set, my house, my heart?
 Does no besetting sin still claim a part?
 No cherish'd error, loth to quit its place,
 Obstruct within my soul the work of grace?
 Did I each day for this great day prepare,
 By righteous deeds, by sin-subduing pray'r?
 Did I each night, each day's offence repent,
 And each unholy thought and word lament?
 Still have these ready hands th' afflicted fed,
 And minister'd to Want her daily bread?
 The cause I knew not, did I well explore?
 Friend, advocate, and parent of the poor?
 Did I, to gratify some sudden gust,
 Of thoughtless appetite, some impious lust

Of pleasure or of pow'r, such sums employ
 As would have flush'd pale Penury with joy?
 Did I in groves forbidden altars raise,
 Or molten gods adore, or idols praise?
 Did my firm faith to Heav'n still point the way?
 Did Charity to man my actions sway?
 Did meek-ey'd Patience all my steps attend?
 Did generous Candour mark me for her friend?
 Did I unjustly seek to build my name
 On the pil'd ruins of another's fame?
 Did I abhor, as hell, th' insidious lie,
 The low deceit, the unmanly calumny?
 Did my fix'd soul the impious wit detest?
 Did my firm virtue scorn the unhallow'd jest;
 The sneer profane, and the poor ridicule
 Of shallow Infidelity's dull school?
 Did I still live as born one day to die,
 And view th' eternal world with constant eye?

If so I liv'd, if so I kept thy word,
 In mercy view, in mercy hear me, Lord!
 For oh! how strict so'er I kept thy law,
 From mercy only all my hopes I draw;
 My holiest deeds *indulgence* will require;
 The best but to *forgiveness* will aspire;
 If thou my purest services regard,
 'Twill be with pardon only, not reward.
 How imperfection's stamp'd on all below!
 How sin intrudes in all we say or do!
 How late in all the insolence of health,
 I charm'd th' Assyrian* by my boast of wealth!

* This is an anachronism. Hezekiah did not shew his treasures to the Assyrian till after his recovery from his sickness.

How fondly with elaborate pomp display'd
 My glitt'ring treasures! with what triumph laid
 My gold and gems before his dazzled eyes,
 And found a rich reward in his surprise!
 Oh! mean of soul! can wealth elate the heart,
 Which of the man himself is not a part!
 Oh, poverty of pride! Oh, foul disgrace!
 Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face.
 Mortal, and proud! strange contradicting terms,
 Pride for death's victim, for the prey of worms!
 Of all the wonders which th' eventful life
 Of man presents; of all the mental strife
 Of warring passions; all the raging fires
 Of furious appetites and mad desires,
 Not one so strange appears as this alone,
 That man is proud of what is not his own!

How short is human life! the very breath
 Which frames my words, accelerates my death.
 Of this short life how large a portion 's fled!
 To what is gone I am already dead;
 As dead to all my years and minutes past,
 As I, to what remains, shall be at last:
 Can I past miseries so far forget,
 To view my vanish'd years with fond regret?
 Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat?
 Indulge fresh hope? solicit new deceit?
 Of all the vanities weak man admires,
 Which greatness gives, youth hopes, or pride desires,
 Of these, my soul, which hast thou not enjoy'd?
 With each, with all, thy sated powers are cloy'd.
 What can I then expect from length of days?
 More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health, or praise?

More pleasure! hope not that, deluded king!
 For when did age increase of pleasure bring!
 Is health, of years prolong'd, the common boast?
 And dear-earn'd Fame, is it not cheaply lost?
 More Wisdom! that indeed were happiness;
 That were a wish a king might well confess:
 But when did Wisdom covet length of days?
 Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
 No:—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
 All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
 The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
 Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
 A spark, which upward tends by nature's force:
 A stream diverted from its parent source;
 A drop dis sever'd from the boundless sea;
 A moment, parted from eternity;
 A pilgrim panting for the rest to come,
 An exile, anxious for his native home.
 Why should I ask my forfeit life to save?
 Is Heav'n unjust which dooms me to the grave?
 Was I with hope of endless days deceiv'd?
 Or of lov'd life am I alone bereav'd?
 Let all the great, the rich, the learn'd, the wise,
 Let all the shades of Judah's monarchs rise,
 And say, if genius, learning, empire, wealth,
 Youth, beauty, virtue, strength, renown, or health,
 Has once revers'd th' immutable decree
 On Adam pass'd, of man's mortality?
 What—have these eyes ne'er seen the felon worm
 The damask cheek devour, the finish'd form?
 On the pale rose of blasted beauty feed,
 And riot on the lip so lately red?

Where are our fathers? Where th' illustrious line
 Of holy prophets, and of seers divine?
 Live they for ever? Do they shun the grave?
 Or when did wisdom its professor save?
 When did the brave escape? When did the breath
 Of Eloquence charm the dull ear of Death?
 When did the cunning argument avail,
 The polish'd period, or the varnish'd tale;
 The eye of lightning, or the soul of fire,
 Which thronging thousands crowded to admire!
 E'en while we praise the verse the poet dies;
 And silent as his lyre great David lies.
 Thou, blest Isaiah! who at God's command,
 Now speak'st repentance to a guilty land,
 Must die! as wise and good thou hadst not been,
 As Nebat's son, who taught the land to sin.
 And shall I then be spar'd? Oh monstrous pride!
 Shall I escape, when Solomon has died?
 If all the worth of all the saints were vain—
 Peace, peace, my troubled soul, nor dare complain!
 LORD, I submit. Complete thy gracious will!
 For if Thou slay me, I will trust Thee still.
 Oh! be my will so swallow'd up in thine,
 That I may do THY will in doing *mine*.

SENSIBILITY:

AN

EPISTLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MRS. BOSCAWEN.

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ACCEPT, BOSCAWEN! these unpolish'd lays,
Nor blame too much the verse you cannot praise.
For you, far other bards have wak'd the string,
Far other bards for you were wont to sing,
Yet on the gale their parting music steals,
Yet your charm'd ear the lov'd impression feels;
You heard the lyres of LITTLETON and YOUNG,
And that a Grace, and this a Seraph strung.
These are no more! but not with these decline
The Attic chasteness or the vig'rous line.
Still, *sad Elfrida's Poet** shall complain
Still, either WARTON breathe his classic strain:
While, for the wonders of the Gothic page,
OTRANTO's fame shall vindicate the age.
Nor tremble lest the tuneful art expire,
While BEATTIE strikes anew old SPENSER's lyre;
He best to paint the genuine minstrel knew,
Who from himself the living portrait drew.

* Milton calls Euripides *Sad Electra's Poet*.

Though Latian bards had gloried in his name,
 When in full brightness burnt the Latian flame ;
 Yet fir'd with loftier hopes than transient bays,
 See *LOWTH** despise the meed of mortal praise ;
 Spurn the cheap wreath by human science won !
 Borne on the wing sublime of *AMOS*' son !
 He seiz'd the mantle as the prophet flew,
 And with his mantle caught his spirit too.

To snatch bright beauty from devouring fate,
 And lengthen nature's transitory date ;
 At once the Critic's and the Painter's art,
 With *FRESNOY*'s skill and *GUIDO*'s grace impart ;
 To form with code correct the graphic school,
 And lawless fancy curb by sober rule ;
 To shew how genius fires, how taste restrains,
 While, what both are, his pencil best explains,
 Have we not *REYNOLDS* † lives not *JENYNS* yet,
 To prove his lowest title was a wit † †

Though purer flames thy hallow'd zeal inspire,
 Than ere were kindled at the Muse's fire ;
 Thee, mist'd *CHESTER* ! § all the Nine shall boast ;
 And is not *JOHNSON* ours ? himself an host !

* Then Bishop of London.

† See Sir Joshua Reynolds's very able notes to Du Fresnoy's Poem on the Art of Painting, translated by Mr. Mason.—Also, his Series of *Discourses to the Academy*, which, though written professedly on the subject of Painting, contain the principles of general art, and are delivered with so much perspicuous good sense, as to be admirably calculated to assist in forming the taste of the general reader.

‡ Mr. Some Jenyns had just published his work *On the internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*.

§ Afterwards Bishop of London.—See his admirable Poem on Death.

Yes, still for you your gentle stars dispense
 The charm of friendship and the feast of sense :
 Yours is the bliss, and Heav'n no dearer sends,
 To call the wisest, brightest, best, your friends.
 And while to thee I raise the votive line,
 O let me grateful own these friends are mine :
 With *CARTER* trace the wit to Athens known,
 Or view in *MONTAGU* that wit our own :
 Or mark, well pleas'd, *CHAPONÉ*'s instructive page,
 Intent to raise the morals of the age :
 Or boast, in *WALSINGHAM*, the various power,
 To cheer the lonely, grace the letter'd hour ;
DELANEY too is ours, serenely bright,
 Wisdom's strong ray, and virtue's milder light :
 And she who bless'd the friend, and grac'd the lays
 Of poignant *SWIFT*, still gilds our social days ;
 Long, long, protract thy light, O star benign !
 Whose setting beams with milder lustre shine.

Nor *BARBAULD*, shall my glowing heart refuse
 Its tribute to thy virtues, or thy Muse ;
 This humble merit shall at least be mine,
 The Poet's chaplet for thy brow to twine ;
 My verse thy talents to the world shall teach,
 And praise the genius it despairs to reach.

Yet what is wit, and what the Poet's art ?
 Can genius shield the vulnerable heart ?
 Ah no ! where bright imagination reigns,
 The fine wrought spirit feels acuter pains ;
 Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,
 There keener anguish rankles in the mind ;
 There, feeling is diffus'd through every part,
 Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart ;

And those whose generous souls each tear would
keep

From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep.
Can all the boasted powers of wit and song,
Of life one pang remove, one hour prolong?
Fallacious hope! which daily truths deride;
For you, alas! have wept, and GARRICK dy'd!
O shades of Hampton! witness, as I mourn,
Could wit or song elude your fav'rite's urn?
Though living virtue still your haunts endears,
Yet buried worth shall justify my tears.
Who now with spirit keen, yet judgment cool,
The errors of my orphan Muse shall rule!
With keen acumen, how his piercing eye
The fault, conceal'd from vulgar view, would spy!
While with a generous warmth he strove to hide,
Nay, vindicate the fault his taste had spy'd.
So pleas'd, could he detect a happy line,
That he would fancy merit e'en in mine.

His wit so pointed, it ne'er miss'd its end;
And so well temper'd, it ne'er lost a friend.
How his keen eye, quick mind, and ardent heart,
Impov'rish'd nature, and exhausted art,
A *Muse of fire* has sung,* if Muse could trace,
Or verse retrieve the evanescent grace!
How rival bards with rival statesmen strove,
Who most should gain his praise, or win his love!
Opposing parties to one point he drew,
Thus TULLY's Atticus was CÆSAR's too.

Tho' Time his mellowing hand across has stole,
Soft'ning the tints of sorrow on the soul;

* See Mr. Sheridan's Beautiful Monody.

The deep impression long my heart shall fill,
And ev'ry fainter trace be perfect still.

Forgive, my friend, if wounded memory melt,
You best can pardon who have deepest felt.
You, who for Britain's Hero* and your own,
The deadliest pang which rends the soul have known;
You who have found how much the feeling heart
Shapes its own wound, and points itself the dart;
You, who are call'd the varied less to mourn;
You, who have clasp'd a son's untimely urn;
You, who from frequent fond experience feel
The wounds such minds receive can never heal;
That grief a thousand entrances can find,
Where parts superior dignify the mind;
Yet would you change that sense acute, to gain
A dear-bought absence from the poignant pain;
Commuting every grief those feelings give,
In loveless, joyless apathy to live?

For though in souls where energies abound,
Pain, through its numerous avenues, can wound!
Yet the same avenues are open still,
To casual blessings as to casual ill.
Nor is the trembling temper more awake
To every wound calamity can make,
Than is the finely fashion'd nerve alive
To every transport pleasure has to give.

Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain,
Their jests the tender anguish would profane.
Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,
Whose low enjoyments never reach the mind;

* Admiral Boscawen.

Who ne'er a pain but for themselves have known,
 Who ne'er have felt a sorrow but their own :
 Who deem romantic every finer thought
 Conceived by pity, or by friendship wrought :
 Whose insulated souls ne'er feel the pow'r
 Of generous sympathy's ecstatic hour :
 Whose disconnected hearts ne'er taste the bliss
 Extracted from another's happiness :
 Who ne'er the high heroic duty know,
 For public good the private to forego.
 Then wherefore happy ? Where's the kindred mind ?
 Where the large soul which takes in human kind ?
 Yes,—'tis the untold sorrow to explain,
 To mitigate the but suspected pain ;
 The rule of holy sympathy to keep,
 Joy for the joyful, tears for them that weep :
 To these the virtuous half their pleasures owe,
 Pleasures the selfish are not born to know ;
 They never know, in all their coarser bliss,
 The sacred rapture of a pain like this.
 Then take, ye happy vulgar, take your part
 Of sordid joy which never touch'd the heart :
 Benevolence, which seldom stays to chuse,
 Lest pausing prudence tempt her to refuse ;
 Friendship, which once determin'd, never swerves,
 Weighs ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves ;
 And soft-ey'd pity, and forgiveness bland,
 And melting *charity with open hand* ;
 And artless love, believing and believ'd,
 And honest confidence which ne'er deceiv'd ;
 And mercy stretching out ere want can speak,
 To wipe the tear which stains affliction's cheek :

These ye have never known—then take your part
 Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.

You who have melted in bright glory's flame,
 Or felt the grateful breath of well-earn'd fame ;
 Or you, the chosen agents from above,
 Whose bounty vindicates Almighty love ;
 You who subdue the vain desire of show,
 Not to accumulate but to bestow ;
 You, who the dreary haunts of sorrow seek,
 Raise the sunk heart, and flush the fading cheek ;
 You, who divide the joys, and share the pains,
 When merit triumphs, or, oppress'd, complains ;
 You, who, with pensive Petrarch love to mourn,
 Or weave the garland for Tibullus' urn ;
 You, whose touch'd hearts with real sorrow swell,
 Or feel, when genius paints those sorrows well,
 Would you renounce such energies as these
 For vulgar pleasures, or for selfish ease ?
 Would you, to 'scape the pain, the joy forego,
 And miss the transport to avoid the woe ?
 Would you the sense of actual pity lose,
 And cease to share the mournings of the Muse ?
 No, GREVILLE,* no ! Thy song, though steep'd in
 tears,

Though all thy soul in all thy strain appears ;
 Yet wouldst thou all thy well sung anguish chuse,
 And all th' inglorious peace thou begg'st refuse.

And while Discretion all our views should guide,
 Beware, lest secret aims and ends she hide ;
 Though midst the crowd of virtues, 'tis her part,
 Like a firm centinel—to guard the heart :

* See her beautiful Ode to Indifference.

Beware, lest Prudence self become unjust,
 Who never was deceiv'd, I would not trust;
 Prudence must never be Suspicion's slave,
 The world's wise man is more than half a knave.

And you, BOSCAWEN, while you fondly melt,
 In raptures none but mothers ever felt;
 And as you view, prophetic, in your race,
 All LEVISON'S sweetness, and all BEAUFORT'S grace;
 Yet dread what dangers each lov'd child may share,
 The youth, if valiant, or the maid, if fair;
 You who have felt, so frail is mortal joy!
 That, while we clasp the phantom, we destroy;
 That perils multiply as blessings flow,
 That sorrows grafted on enjoyments grow;
 That clouds impending dim our brightest views,
 That who have most to love, have most to lose;
 Yet from these fair possessions would you part,
 To shelter from contingent ills your heart?
 Would you forego the objects of your pray'r,
 To save the dangers of a distant care?
 Renounce the brightness op'ning to your view,
 For all the safety dulness ever knew?
 Would you consent to shun the fears you prove,
 That they should merit less, or you less love?

Yet while we claim the sympathy divine,
 Which makes, O man, the woes of others thine;
 While her fair triumphs swell the modish page,
 She drives the sterner virtues from the stage:
 While FEELING boasts her ever tearful eye,
 Fair truth, firm faith, and manly justice fly:
 Justice, prime good! from whose prolific law,
 All worth, all virtue, their strong essence draw.

Justice, a grace quite obsolete we hold,
 The feign'd Astrea of an age of gold:
 The sterling attribute we scarcely own,
 While spurious Candor fills the vacant throne.
 Sweet SENSIBILITY! Thou secret pow'r
 Who shedd'st thy gifts upon the natal hour,
 Like fairy favours; art can never seize;
 Nor affectation catch thy pow'r to please:
 Thy subtle essence still eludes the chains
 Of definition, and defeats her pains.
 Sweet SENSIBILITY! thou keen delight!
 Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
 Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
 Thou quick precursor of the lib'ral deed!
 Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
 Instinctive kindness ere reflection's born!
 Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
 The swift redress of unexamind' wrongs!
 Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untry'd,
 But always apt to chuse the suffering side!
 To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
 And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
 She does not feel thy pow'r who boasts thy flame,
 And rounds her every period with thy name;
 Nor she who vents her disproportion'd sighs
 With pining *Lesbia*, when her sparrow dies:
 Nor she who melts when hapless *Shore* expires,
 While real mis'ry unreliev'd retires!
 Who thinks feign'd sorrows all her tears deserve,
 And weeps o'er WERTER while her children starve.
 As words are but th' external marks to tell
 The fair ideas in the mind that dwell;

And only are of things the outward sign,
 And not the things themselves they but define ;
 So exclamation, tender tones, fond tears,
 And all the graceful drap'ry FEELING wears ;
 These are her garb, not her, they but express
 Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress ;
 And these fair marks reluctant I relate,
 These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.
 There are, who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
 If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage ;
 There are, who for a dying fawn deplore,
 As if friend, parent, country, were no more ;
 Who boast, quick rapture trembling in their eye,
 If from the spider's snare they snatch a fly ;
 There are, whose well sung plaints each breast inflame,
 And break all hearts—but his from whom they came !
 He, scorning life's low duties to attend,
 Writes odes on friendship, while he cheats his friend ;
 Of jails and punishments he grieves to hear,
 And pensions prison'd virtue with a tear ;
 While unpaid bills his creditor presents,
 And ruin'd innocence his crime laments.
 Not so the tender moralist of Tweed,
 His generous *Man of Feeling* feels indeed.

O LOVE DIVINE ! sole source of Charity !
 More dear one genuine deed perform'd for thee,
 Than all the periods FEELING e'er could turn,
 Than all thy touching page, perverted STERNE !
 Not that by deeds alone this love's express'd,
 If so, the affluent only were the bless'd ;
 One silent wish, one pray'r, one soothing word,
 The page of mercy shall, well pleas'd, record ;

One soul-felt sigh by powerless pity giv'n,
 Accepted incense ! shall ascend to heav'n !

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our misery from our foibles springs ;
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And though but few can serve, yet all may please ;
 O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness is a great offence.
 To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,
 Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain ;
 To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
 With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
 Our little lot denies ; yet lib'ral still,
 Heav'n gives its counterpoise to every ill ;
 Nor let us murmur at our stinted pow'rs,
 When kindness, love, and concord, may be ours.
 The gift of minist'ring to others' ease,
 To all her sons impartial she decrees ;
 The gentle offices of patient love,
 Beyond all flattery, and all price above ;
 The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
 The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought ;
 Subduing and subdu'd, the petty strife,
 Which clouds the colour of domestic life ;
 The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
 From the large aggregate of little things ;
 On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
 The almost sacred joys of *Home* depend :
 There, SENSIBILITY, thou best may'st reign,
 HOME is thy true legitimate domain.
 A solitary bliss thou ne'er could'st find,
 Thy joys with those thou lov'st are intertwin'd ;

And he whose helpful tenderness removes
The rankling thorn which wounds the breast he
loves,

Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But clears th' obstruction which impedes his own.

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire or imply'd dislike;
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart,
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase, whose meaning kills, yet told,
The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;
Small slights, neglect, unmixt perhaps with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight.
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease.
AS FEELING tends to good, or leans to ill,
It gives fresh force to vice or principle;
'Tis not a gift peculiar to the good,
'Tis often but the virtue of the blood:
And what would seem compassion's moral flow,
Is but a circulation swift or slow:
But to divert it to its proper course,
There wisdom's pow'r appears, there reason's force:
If, ill-directed, it pursue the wrong,
It adds new strength to what before was strong;
Breaks out, in wild irregular desires,
Disorder'd passions, and illicit fires;
Without deforms the man, depraves within,
And makes the work of God the slave of sin.

But if RELIGION's bias rule the soul,
Then SENSIBILITY exalts the whole;
Sheds its sweet sunshine on the moral part,
Nor wastes on fancy what should warm the heart.
Cold and inert the mental pow'rs would lie,
Without this quick'ning spark of deity.
To melt the rich materials from the mine,
To bid the mass of intellect refine,
To bend the firm, to animate the cold,
And Heav'n's own image stamp on nature's gold;
To give immortal MIND its finest tone,
O SENSIBILITY! is all thy own.
This is th' ethereal flame which lights and warms,
In song enchants us, and in action charms.
'Tis this that makes the pensive strains of GRAY*
Win to the open heart their easy way;
Makes the touch'd spirit glow with kindred fire,
When sweet Serena's Poet wakes the lyre:
Makes PORTLAND's face its brightest rapture wear,
When her large bounty smooths the bed of care;
'Tis this that breathes thro' SEVIGNE's fair page,
That nameless grace which soothes a second age;
'Tis this whose charms the soul resistless seize,
And gives BOSCAWEN half her pow'r to please.
— Yet why those terrors? Why that anxious care?
Since your last hope† the deathful war will dare?

* This is meant of the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*: of which exquisite Poem *Sensibility* is perhaps the characteristic beauty.

† Viscount Falmouth, Admiral Boscawen's only remaining son, was then in America, and at the battle of Lexington.

Why dread that energy of soul which leads
To dangerous glory by heroic deeds ?
Why mourn to view his ardent soul aspire ?
You fear the son because you knew the sire.
Hereditary valour you deplore,
And dread, yet wish to find one hero more.

THE END.