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The Fall of Four in Hand.

THE crime by which the Angels fell  
Who aim'd at HEAVEN and sunk to HELL,  
Is known on Earth—nor does it fail  
In human bosoms to prevail  
With the like Influence, and extends  
Its wish to Earth's remotest ends:  
Nay, if its fierce, subduing Sword,  
Like that of Macedonia's Lord,  
Should make th' affrighted world turn pale  
And many a nation weep and wail,  
Would weep itself, when all was won,  
For other realms to be undone.

'Tis strange, alas, 'tis wond'rous strange  
That mortal man should wish to change





The heart-felt pleasures that await  
On Virtue's all ennobling state  
And risk his goodness to be great ;  
Uncertain that he e'er shall gain  
The point he wishes to attain,  
Or if attain'd, that in an hour,  
Fate may not by its deadly power  
Destroy the labours of his pride,  
And lay him breathless by their side.

The man to whom is handed down  
Through many an age the regal crown,  
And bears within his scepter'd hand  
The power a nation to command,  
Possesses, from his Royal Birth,  
The means to be a God on earth ;  
Honour and Justice to maintain,  
By wise, protecting Laws to reign ;  
To cherish Industry and Arts,  
And live within the grateful hearts  
Of subject millions, who can boast  
The Sov'reign in the Father lost.

Is there on earth so bright a state  
 As his on whom a people wait  
 For ev'ry good that Life can give,  
 And from his pow'r that good receive?  
 What sounds so grateful to the ear  
 Can a wise, patriot monarch hear,  
 As when a Nation's voices raise  
 The song of Universal praise?  
 Thus may a Sov'reign truly prove  
 Vice-gerent of the Power above,

Say, is it Glory's nobler aim  
 To win by War a Conqueror's name?  
 And is it Honour's highest meed  
 To make a Nation's bosom bleed;  
 To mount Bellona's armed car,  
 And plunge into the thickest war;  
 Or is it for a people's good  
 To seek for Laurels steep'd in blood?  
 Is it the guerdon of the brave  
 To murder, ransack, and enslave?

A monarch gains not fair renown  
Nor gives true Lustre to his Throne,  
By seizing countries not his own,  
That Diadem's the brightest far  
Which bears no type of bloody war;  
But where sweet peace is seen to shed  
Its mild beams round the Sov'reign's head.

But should some hostile Neighbours dare  
To force him to reluctant War;  
Should they with bold, ambitious aim  
Announce in arms the lawless claim;  
Or, tempted by the rich domains  
Where Fortune smiles and plenty reigns,  
Should pointed spears and plumed helms  
Invading threat his peaceful realms,  
He will assume his martial pride,  
With Courage stalking by his side:  
Then will he sound the loud alarms  
To call his faithful bands to arms;  
Each Peasant then will quit his field,  
Gird on his sword, and poise his shield;



And ev'ry heart with ardor glow  
T' obey the call and meet the Foe:  
Then will he find no Bulwarks prove  
So strong, as is a Nation's Love.  
Thus as he ev'ry right defends,  
Just Heaven its fav'rite's cause befriends;  
Nor will the heroic contest cease,  
Till the Foe, humbled, sues for peace.  
Thus ev'ry passion of the mind,  
As 'tis to good or ill inclin'd,  
Advances or recedes in price,  
And forms a virtue or a vice:  
Nay, sometimes, as it yields its claim,  
Is even found to change its name.  
Thus the fervent, bold desire  
That does to arduous deeds aspire,  
Which, in its eager progress warm,  
Ne'er suffers dangers to alarm;  
With Fate and Fortune will contend,  
To gain some great, momentous end,  
Is call'd Ambition;—but applied  
To common things, that, on the tide

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Of ev'ry hour we floating see,  
 'Tis Love of Praise or Vanity:  
 And these, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
 Glow more or less in ev'ry heart;  
 In ev'ry form and shape appear,  
 That Folly or Caprice can wear.

Look round, and view the various ways  
 Mankind employ to purchase praise;—  
 The fulsome Offering to secure,  
 What will not Vanity endure:  
 The sleepless night, the daily toil,  
 The pale lamp and the midnight oil,  
 Are borne or lighted up to gain  
 The flatt'ring tale, th' applausive strain  
 Which Int'rest offers to the vain. }  
 'Tis not his darling Country's cause,  
 Or Freedom's violated Laws;  
 'Tis not the poor who suffering stand,  
 Scourg'd by Oppression's Iron Hand:  
 'Tis not the vengeance to arrest  
 Which rankles in the angry breast;

'Tis not to check with words austere  
 The cunning Lie, or taunting Jeer,  
 That Paulo, of his talents proud,  
 Seeks to address th' assembled croud;  
 At Democratic Feasts to dine,  
 And mingle Speeches with his wine,  
 Or in the social circles play,  
 The self-same game another way :  
 No, 'tis to court the loud Huzza ;  
 To hear the plates and tables rattle,  
 At his success in wordy battle ;  
 Or, sitting round the wintry fire,  
 Where Witlings, and fair Dames admire.

Thus have I seen a branchy tree  
 Show its fair form and symmetry,  
 That rises stately from the root ;  
 Though not a bough is deck'd with fruit.  
 —But still some talents are required  
 To make these Orators admir'd ;  
 And with the *Hear-hims*, common Pride  
 May feel itself quite satisfied.



But there are those, and often seen,  
Who feel a pride in being mean ;  
And chuckle at the very thought  
How cheap a stinking Mack'rel's bought ;  
While others, proud to be profuse,  
Buy costly Blacking for their Shoes,  
And give what ten poor folks would dine,  
To make their daily Buskins shine.  
—Now, of all those who proud of sinking,  
And of the Art of never thinking,  
SAM JEHU was, 'tis said, well known  
As the best Whip about the Town :  
His Father had been proud of thriving,  
But SAM was proud of nought but driving ;  
And all his old Dad's Will bestow'd  
Was nobly spent upon the Road.  
Whate'er *Long-Acre* could devise  
Of Curricles and Tilburys ;  
Barouches, Gigs, and Phaetons,  
With every Machine that runs,  
Form'd, in their turns, SAM's darling Pride,  
At once their Owner and their Guide.

To-day he drove his matchless Greys,  
 To-morrow, his fast-trotting Bays;  
 And, in the way of common Hacks,  
 He had a famous set of Blacks.  
 He knew Horse Language to the Letter,  
 Not Gulliver could speak it better:  
 Could swear, drink drams, and chew a Quid,  
 Proud to do all that Coachmen did,  
 And calmly did his teeth displace,  
 That he might spit with better grace;  
 Delighted that no one could scan  
 He had been bred a Gentleman.  
 And as he drove his steeds along,  
 This was the burden of his song:

When House and Land are gone and spent,  
 DRIVING will be most excellent:  
 And when all other Fortunes fail,  
 Thank Heaven, I can drive a MAIL.

But Fate, 'tis known vain Fools to humble,  
 Will sometimes give such fools a tumble.



SAM, one fine day, in all his pride,  
With a fair Doxy by his side,  
Was trotting on to leave behind  
The common coursers of the wind,  
In more than Phaetonic state,  
For every horse had won a Plate:  
Nay, out of compliment to FAN,  
He was dress'd like a Gentleman.  
Now, to avoid the Coachman's ken  
Or jeering Quiz of Turnpike-men,  
He left the common-road, afraid  
Thus to be seen in Masquerade.  
Through a long range of Lanes he went  
On the rough roads and ruts intent,  
Nor was Miss FANNY satisfied  
Thus to be jolted side from side;  
Though, to beguile the shaded way,  
She made her Hat with Hawthorns gay.  
At length SAM saw an awkward Bridge;  
Beside him was a stony ridge;  
And, in the rocky Vale below,  
A rapid stream was seen to flow:

The hurrying Eddies hoarse resound ;  
 Th' affrighted Steeds snort, fling and bound,  
 And threaten to refuse command,  
 E'en from their skilful Master's hand.  
 For the first time, the Charioteer  
 Felt his heart palpitate with Fear.

—He cried, what can the Cattle mean?

And, as by no one I am seen,  
 I do declare I should be glad  
 That I a tight Postillion had,  
 To check those Leaders, who are mad.

“Thou hast thy Longing,” DEATH replied ;

“I'll quickly mount, and be your guide :

The useless reins resign to me :

I'll lead you to your Destiny.”

—He spoke, when strait the wheels upflew,

And from his seat the Coachman threw ;

Who rolling round, and round and round,

Flounc'd in the water—and was drown'd.

Poor screaming FANNY, in a tree,

Was sav'd by dint of Drapery :



She, for a while, suspended hung,  
 And to the prickly branches clung.  
 A Cottage gave a week's relief,  
 To cure her scratches and her grief;  
 And, when she came to Town agen,  
 She sorrow'd—and turn'd Magdalen.

But Vanity will oft extend  
 Beyond our Life's extremest end,  
 Will nod in many a sable plume,  
 And flatter on the marble Tomb.  
 Thus SAM had will'd in solemn guise,  
 The order of his obsequies;  
 And, punctual to his wishes, they  
 Were marshall'd in this sad array.

His gloves and whip, in due parade,  
 Were on his sable coffin laid :  
 The Coffin, on the traces slung  
 Of his Barouche, suspended hung,  
 His four unrivall'd Arab Greys,  
 With trappings deck'd, his corse conveys :

His fav'rite Coachman had the Pride  
To drive it to the Church-yard side ;  
And, having done that duty, swore  
He ne'er would mount a Coach-box more.  
The Parson who before him rode,  
Was left the Mare which he bestrode.  
His Horses, in black cloathing led,  
Add to the Honours of the dead :  
His Grooms conduct them, clad in sables,  
With the young Genii of the Stables ;  
Who, having sung a solemn stave,  
Throw all their Whips into the Grave.

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