

Revised 1887
THE

POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES HAMMOND.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Where art thou, HAMMOND! thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover, of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue, lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?-----
Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THOMSON.

L O N D O N :

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BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1787.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF 743
JAMES HAMMOND.

CONTAINING HIS
LOVE ELEGIES,
C. C. C.

All that of Love can be exprest
In these soft Numbers see.

LYTTELTON.

What heart, by Heav'n with gen'rous softness blest,
But in thy lines its native language reads?

Where hapless Love, in classick plainness drest,
Gracefully mourns, and elegantly bleeds.

MISS TALBOT.

LONDON:
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as Mr. Hammond hath been represented to his economical concerns, he was far from indifferent to the education of his children. James, his second son, born about 1710, and who partook much of his father's disposition, was sent to Westminster young. At this school he was continued till he had not only made a considerable proficiency in classical knowledge, but, from studying the great masters of Antiquity, had acquired a correctness of taste much beyond the attainments usual at his age. Whether prompted by the example of his father, who frequently indulged himself in sacrificing to the Muses, or else incited by the suggestions of his own genius, it is certain that young Hammond was early distinguished for his poetical talents, which, together with his amiable manners and other accomplishments, procured him, before he had arrived at the age of eighteen, the notice and esteem of the late Earl of Chesterfield. The extreme caution of this penetrating nobleman in forming his connections, affords the strongest attestation to Mr. Hammond's merit, while it served him as a passport to the familiarity and friendship he afterwards enjoyed with the first characters of the age; in which number were included Lord Cobham, Lord Lyttelton, Gilbert West, George Granville Earl Temple, the Earl of Chatham, Pope, and Thomson, the last of whom most pathetically lamented his death. But in this constellation of distinguished genius and patriotick integrity, there is no reason to presume

that the splendour of Hammond was dimmed by the superiour lustre of the rest.

Drawn by a congenial temper, political principles, and a narrow fortune, he seems to have attached himself to Tibullus not only as to a writer but a friend: and it is not to be wondered at that the same love of ease, united with great sensibility, and embarrassed in its pursuits by a contracted income, should have suggested to both a similar mode of description and complaint. We naturally expect that the compositions of such men should breathe the same sentiments and soul. From whom Mr. Hammond received the first impressions of love we at this distance cannot discover; but from the picture he has drawn of Neera there is no great reason to suspect his want of success, notwithstanding it occasioned the long indisposition under which his fourth Elegy was written. Lord Chesterfield speaks of his Mistresses: it will not be thought strange that a heart susceptible like his should have been often attached before it was absolutely engaged. The supreme object however of his devotion was his Delia; by which appellation he distinguished Miss Catharine Dashwood, a lady of singular beauty, who died the 17th of February 1779, in the office of Bedchamber-woman to the Queen. Mr. Hammond's acquaintance with Miss Dashwood seems to have arisen from the common friendship of another lady; whom he styles Cælia, and who interested herself warmly with Miss Dashwood in his favour. To the un-

timely death of this lady his failure was probably owing. During this courtship, which was by no means a short one, he appears to have experienced every emotion of love, and to have no less faithfully described the passion than he strongly felt it. Lord Lyttelton, to convey to his Lucy a full idea of his own heart, availed himself of his friend's Elegies, which for that purpose he sent to her with this inscription ;

All that of Love can be express
In these soft Numbers see ;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

To what, after the many marks of approbation with which Mr. Hammond's importunities had been favoured, his disappointment ought to be ascribed it is perhaps not possible now to determine. The most probable account is that Lord H——, Miss Dashwood's guardian, opposed their union. It has been alleged for his Lordship, that the incompetence of Mr. Hammond's fortune, and also the lady's, would by no means authorise him to yield his consent: and from the same motive he is said to have written the Answer to an Elegy of Mr. Hammond, which till now hath never appeared with the rest. There is notwithstanding reason to suppose that Mr. Hammond's political principles, and his intimacy with the leaders of a party to which this nobleman was by no means a friend, were the real grounds for refusing his suffrage. But how-

ever this might have been, it is certain that Mr. Hammond considered his Lordship's verses as expressive of Miss Dashwood's sentiments, and resolved upon reading them, from the most generous of motives, to renounce for ever the object of his heart. The struggle which this resolution occasioned was unhappily too powerful for both his body and his mind. Being reduced to the last state of dejection, he is said to have terminated at once his misery and his life. To this event, which happened June 7th 1742*, together with the considerations that have been suggested as deciding the conduct of Lord H——, Lord Chesterfield in his Preface seems to allude. Mr. Hammond's untimely fate was deeply felt and sincerely lamented by his friends in general; but the effect it produced on Miss Dashwood was such as remained to the close of her life. Upon his account she declined the most advantageous proposals of marriage; and though she survived him so long, his name was never mentioned in her presence without calling forth emotions of the tenderest regret. The writer of this Narrative hoped, about three years ago, to have drawn from her, by means of a lady her friend, a more satisfactory account;

* Mr. Hammond, at the time of his death, was Member of Parliament for Truro in Cornwall, and Equerry to his Majesty's father, an appointment which Lord Lyttelton probably procured him.---He died at Stowe, the seat of his friend and patron Lord Cobham.

but she entreated that no questions might be asked her on so distressing a subject.

Besides the Elegies published by the Earl of Chesterfield *, and that to Miss Dashwood, a few other poems have been attributed to our Author. One on the Union is given to him, which Dr. Johnson certainly wrote †; while another has been printed as Lord Lyttelton's which probably came from his pen ‡. As a Writer the subsequent pages (though they never were intended for the publick eye) will

* The Editor of Mr. Hammond's Elegies observes, that he composed them before he was twenty-one years of age; "a period," says he, "when fancy and imagination commonly riot at the expence of judgment and correctness."

† As this elegant little piece hath always been printed with a blunder which destroys the spirit of it, it is here subjoined for the purpose of correcting it.

On a Lady's presenting a Sprig of Myrtle to a Gentleman.

What hopes, what terrors, does thy gift create!
 Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
 The Myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
 (Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
 Not less capricious than a reigning fair;
 Oft favours, oft rejects the lover's care.
 In Myrtle groves oft sings the happy swain,
 In Myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain,
 The Myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
 Th' unhappy lovers' graves the Myrtle spreads.
 Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
 And cure the throbbings of an anxious heart:
 Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
 Adorn Philander's head or grace his tomb.

‡ The Epilogue to Lillo's Elmerick, inserted at the end of these poems.

sufficiently assert his merit, whilst as a Man the following lines of one who well knew him will amply evince his worth;

Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover, of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue, lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit, that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THOMSON.



PREFACE,

BY LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the publick nor injurious^o to the memory of their Author. The reader must decide whether this determination was the result of just judgment or partial friendship; for the editor feels and avows so much of the latter that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The Author composed them ten years ago, before he was two-and-twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot at the expence of judgment and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart: he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write: it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poeti^o fancy to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore speaks here

her own proper native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender passions: the true elegiack dignity and simplicity are preserved and united, the one without pride, the other without meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the model our Author judiciously preferred to Ovid, the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the Author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the Ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them; for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue he formed not only his genius but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity, of thought and expression, which have distinguished and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroick and social virtues which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome when Wisdom, Virtue, and Liberty, formed the only triumvirates, ere Luxury invited Corruption to taint, or Corruption introduced Slavery to destroy, all publick

and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived even in these times; in these sentiments he died—but in these times too—
Ut non crepta a diis immortalibus Vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.

WRITTEN BY

MISS TALBOT,

ON READING THE LOVE ELEGIES

The Year before they were published.

HITHER your wreaths, ye drooping Muses! bring,
The short-liv'd rose, that blooms but to decay,
Love's fragrant myrtles that in Paphos spring,
And deathless Poetry's immortal bay. 4

And oh! thou gentlest Shade! accept the verse,
Mean tho' it be yet artlessly sincere,
That pensive thus attends thy silent hearse,
And steals in secret glooms the pious tear. 8

What heart, by Heav'n with gen'rous softness blest,
But in thy lines its native language reads?
Where hapless Love, in classick plainness drest,
Gracefully mourn's, and elegantly bleeds. 12

But vain, alas! thy fancy, fondly gay,
Trac'd the fair scenes of dear domestic life;
The sportive Loves forsook their wanton play
To paint for thee the mistress, friend, and wife. 16

16 ON READING THE LOVE ELEGIES.

One caught from Delia's lips the winning smile,
One from her eyes his little soul inspir'd;
Then seiz'd thy pen, and smooth'd thy flowing style,
Then wept and trembled, and with sobs admir'd. 20

O luckless Lover! form'd for better days,
For golden years and ages long ago;
For thee Persephone impatient stays;
For thee the willow and the cypress grow. 24

LOVE ELEGIES.

ELEGY I*.

On his falling in love with Neæra.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave;
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
I saw Neæra, and, her instant slave,
Tho' born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain. 4

Her usage well repays my coward heart;
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame:
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame. 8

Oh! that to feel these killing pangs no more
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the wat'ry roar,
And in the vast Atlantick stood alone. 12

Adieu, ye Muses! on my passion aid;
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing. 16

* This Elegy is almost entirely translated, but with great spirit, from the fourth of the second book of Tibullus.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain;
Adieu, ye Muses! if she will not hear.

20

No more in useless innocence I'll pine;
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

24

Deceiv'd by thee I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires;
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But Love must act what Avarice requires.

28

Unwise who first the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains crost
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep.

32

These costly toys our silly fair surprise;
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight;
Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise:
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

36

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thoughts beneath a heav'nly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

40

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear;
 Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long;
 Hence tears and sighs; and hence the peevish fair,
 The froward lover.—Hence this angry song. 44

ELEGY II*.

*Unable to satisfy the covetous Temper of Neæra, he
 intends to make a Campaign, and try if possible to
 forget her.*

ADIEU, ye walls that guard my cruel fair!
 No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound;
 My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear;
 My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound. 4

Few are the maids that now on merit smile;
 On spoil and war is bent this iron age;
 Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
 Unsated vengeance and remorseless rage. 8

To purchase spoil ev'n love itself is sold;
 Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care;
 And I thro' war must seek detested gold
 Not for myself, but for my venal fair: 12

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
 The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien,
 And art mistaken make her beauty less,
 While still it hides some graces better seen. 16

* This Elegy is, for the most part, imitated from the
 third and fourth of the second book of Tibullus.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
 Her's be the wealth of 'Tagus' golden sand;
 Her's the bright gems that glow in India's soil;
 Her's the black sons of Africk's sultry land. 20

To please her eye let ev'ry loom contend;
 For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed:
 But where, alas! would idly Fancy tend,
 And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head? 24

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
 In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart. 28

Thus warm'd by pride I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
 In vain—tho' Reason fly the hated door,
 Yet Love, the coward Love! still lags behind. 32

ELEGY III*.

*He upbraids and threatens the Avarice of Neera,
 and resolves to quit her.*

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
 And golden torrents stream from ev'ry part,
 That craving bosom still would heave for more:
 Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart. 4

* This Elegy is principally taken from the conclusion
 of the fourth Elegy of the second book of Tibullus.

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay !
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey ! 3

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom !
And when thou dy'st may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb ! 12

But the deserving, tender, gen'rous, maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
'Tho' ruthless Age may bid her beauty fade,
In ev'ry friend to love a friend shall find : 16

And when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep : 20

With flow'ry garlands each revolving year
Shall strow the grave where Truth and Softness rest,
Then home returning drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie easy on her breast. 24



ELEGY IV*.

To his Friend, written under the confinement of a long Indisposition.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray; 4

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled;
Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought:
Oh! spare, Persephone! this guiltless head;
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault. 8

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd;
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face. 12

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast;
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane;
I ne'er disturb'd the gods' eternal rest
With curses loud—but oft' have pray'd in vain. 16

No stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand? 20

* This Elegy is copied, in a masterly manner, from the fifth of the third book of Tibullus.

Ye Gods! whoe'er in gloomy shades below
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
 Now wand'ring view the paleful rivers flow,
 And musing hearken to their solemn sound; 24

Oh! let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
 Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
 Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
 And tell how much we lov'd ere I grew old. 28

But you who, now with festive garlands crown'd,
 In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
 By quick enjoyment heal Love's pleasing wound,
 And grieve for nothing but your absent friend. 32

ELEGY V*.

The Lover is at first introduced speaking to his Servant, he afterwards addresses himself to his Mistress, and at last there is a supposed Interview between them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
 Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast;
 Let not a whisper stir the silent air
 If hapless Love a while consent to rest. 4

* This Elegy is translated from Tibullus, and affords an exception to Lord Chesterfield's assertion, that "Mr. Hammond sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write."

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal :
May lightnings blast whom Love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel ! 8

Ah, gentle Door ! attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray ;
So all my curses far from thee shall fall :
We angry lovers mean not half we say. 12

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave
When first I told thee of my bold desires ;
Nor thou, O Cynthia ! fear the watchful slave ;
Venus will favour what herself inspires. 16

She guides the youth who see not where they tread ;
She shews the virgin how to turn the door :
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor. 20

The fearless lover wants no beam of light ;
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way :
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray. 24

I scorn the chilling wind and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd. 28

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight—
Rash Man, beware! and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight. 32

But should'st thou see, th' important secret hide,
Tho' question'd by the Pow'rs of earth and heav'n;
The prating tongue shall Love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiv'n. 36

A wizard-dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magick charm has deaf't thy husband's ear;
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career. 40

I saw her stamp and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till scar'd at day they sought their dreary home. 44

At her command the vig'rous Summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year;
At her strong bidding gloomy Winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear. 48

She gave these charms which I on thee bestow;
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind;
For me they make a husband nothing know;
For me, and only me, they make him blind. 52

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
 She boasted that her skill could set it free;
 This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies:
 How could it venture to abandon thee? 36

ELEGY VI*.

*He adjures Delia to pity him by their Friendship
 with Cælia, who was lately dead.*

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
 And in that harbour shun the storm of care;
 Officious Hope still holds the fleeting breath;
 She tells them still—To-morrow will be fair. 4

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain;
 But can I listen to her Syren song, [chain,
 Who sev'n slow months have dragg'd my painful
 So long thy lover, and despis'd so long? 8

By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
 Let not her once-lov'd friend unpity'd burn;
 So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
 And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn. 12

To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame;
 She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue:
 She still would pity what the wise might blame,
 And feel for weakness which she never knew. 16

* Almost all the materials of this Elegy may be found
 in Tibullus, B. II. El. vi.

Ah! do not grieve the dear lamented shade
 That, hov'ring round us, all my suff'rings hears!
 She is my saint—to her my pray'rs are made,
 With oft' repeated gifts of flow'rs and tears. 20

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
 And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
 I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire;
 The marble image seems to hear my moan. 24

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
 And stand before thee all in virgin white:
 That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
 And call forth pity from eternal night. 28

“Cease, cruel Man! the mournful theme forbear;
 “Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
 “Ah! to recal the sad remembrance spare;
 “One tear from her is more than all thy pain.” 32

ELEGY VII*.

*On Delia's being in the Country, where he supposes
 she stays to see the Harvest.*

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
 Dull are the hearts that still in Town remain;
 Venus herself attends on Delia there,
 And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train. 4

* Consult Tibullus, B. II. El. iii. B. I. El. i. B. II.
 El. ii.

Oh! with what joy, my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield' the weighty prong,
Guidetheslow ploughshare thro' the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along! 8

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdu'd to Love's supreme command. 12

No healing herbs could sooth their master's pain;
The art of physic lost and useless lay;
To Peneus' stream and Tempe's shady plain
He drove his herds beneath the noontide ray. 16

Oft' with a bleating lamb in either arm
His blushing sister saw him pace along;
Oft' would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song. 20

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain?
Where are his Delphi, his delightful isle?
The god himself has grown a cottage-swain. 24

O, Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's chaerful pomp, my fair detain—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain. 28

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown;
 Their food was acorns, love their sole employ:
 They met, they lik'd; they staid but till alone,
 And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy. 32

No wakeful guard, no doors, to stop desire:
 Thrice happy times!---But oh! I fondly rave.
 Lead me to Delia: all her eyes inspire
 I'll do.—I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave. 36

ELEGY VIII*.

He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.

AN! what avails thy lover's pious care?
 His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain:
 Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r;
 For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain. 4

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
 Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
 Then with old love insensibly decay,
 And on thy bosom gently breathe my last. 8

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
 And all the vulgar charms of human life;
 I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
 And when I long have serv'd her call her Wife. 12

* The ground-work of this Elegy is contained in the third of the third book of Tibullus.

I only ask, of her I love possest,
 To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose;
 To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
 And kiss her weary'd eyelids till they close. 16

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear;
 Attend, gay Venus! parent of Desire;
 This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
 Oh! let me with this sigh of love expire. 20

ELEGY IX*.

He has lost Delia.

HE who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
 And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
 Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
 The lover still, who dy'd not of despair. 4

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
 And mimic virtue with the paint of art!
 I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
 And boast the graceful weakness of my heart. 8

The more I think the more I feel my pain,
 And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize,
 While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
 And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise. 12

* Mr. Hammond hath availed himself in this Elegy of
 Tibullus, B. III. El. ii

Sad is my day, and sad my ling'ring night,
When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone:
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan. 16

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
Where are those hopes relentless Fate denies? 20

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
Delia may come and see my poor remains—
Oh, Delia! after such an absence past
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains? 24

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then slowly sinking by degrees expire? 28

To sooth the hov'ring soul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand! 32

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year;
Give them the treasures of the farthest East,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear. 36

Dying for thee there is in death a pride :
 Let all the world thy hapless lover know ;
 No silent urn the noble passion hide,
 But, deeply graven, thus my suff' rings show : 40

“ Here lies a youth borne down with love and care ;
 “ He could not long his Delia's loss abide ;
 “ Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
 “ And when he durst no longer hope he dy'd.” 44

ELEGY X*.

On Delia's Birthday.

THIS day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
 Shall more than all our sacred days be blest ;
 The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
 Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast. 4

By all our guarded sighs and hid desires,
 Oh may our guiltless love be still the same !
 I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
 If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame. 8

Thou happy Genius of her natal hour,
 Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind !
 But let her court in vain thy angry pow'r
 If all our vows are blotted from her mind. 12

* See the beautiful little Elegy addressed by Sulpicia to Cerinthus, and inserted in Tibullus as the fifth of the fourth book.

And thou, O Venus! hear my righteous pray'r,
 Or bind the shepherdess or loose the swain:
 Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
 And let them die together in thy chain. 16

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
 But virgin-fears her nicer tongue restrain:
 The secret thought which blushing Love inspires
 The conscious eye can full as well explain. 20

ELEGY XI*.

Against Lovers going to War, in which he philosophically prefers Love and Delia to the more serious Vanities of the World.

THE man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
 How fell' and deadly was his iron heart!
 He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
 And death grew stronger by his fatal art. 4

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose;
 'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life:
 Nature is free to all; and none were foes
 Till partial Luxury began the strife. 8

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
 While I, inglorious, neither hope nor fear:
 Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
 Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear. 12

* This Elegy is imitated from Tibullus, B. I. El. x, B. I. El. i. &c.

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home
 In search of danger on some foreign ground,
 Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
 And risk in every stroke a doublewound? 16

Ah! better far beneath the spreading shade
 With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
 To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
 And on the sweet idea feast my soul : 20

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
 And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
 Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire
 Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest. 24

ELEGY XII*.

To Delia.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise;
 This solemn league did first our passion bind:
 Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes;
 Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind. 4

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me!
 Displease all others, and secure my rest.
 No need of envy—Let me happy be;
 I little care that others know me blest. 8

*Is chiefly translated from another of Sulpicia. See Tibullus, B. IV. Carm. 13.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground.
 Thou, light of life! all darkness canst expel,
 And seem a world with solitude around. 12

I say too much—my heedless words restore;
 My tongue undoes me in this loving hour.
 Thou knowst thy strength, and thence insulting more
 Will make me feel the weight of all thy pow'r. 16

Whate'er I feel thy slave I will remain,
 Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear:
 In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane;
 She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r. 20

ELEGY XIII*.

*He imagines himself married to Delia, and that
 content with each other they are retired into the
 Country.*

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
 And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
 Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terrour hold,
 And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound: 4

While calmly poor I t'ifle life away,
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
 No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
 But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire. 8

* This Elegy is almost entirely taken from the first of
 Tibullus, B. 1.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land. 12

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam. 16

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest! 20

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away! 24

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know! 28

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with Fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown,
Content with what I am, not what I seem.
I live for Delia and myself alone. 32

Ah ! foolish man ! who thus of her possest
 Could float and wander with Ambition's wind,
 And if his outward trappings spoke him blest
 Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind. 36

With her I scorn the idle breath of Praise,
 Nor trust to happiness that's not our own :
 The smile of Fortune might suspicion raise,
 But here I know that I am lov'd alone. 40

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
 May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
 With steady rein his eager wit confine,
 While manly sense the deep attention draws. 44

Let Stanhope speak his list'ning Country's wrongs,
 My humble voice shall please one partial maid ;
 For her alone I pen my tender songs,
 Securely sitting in his friendly shade. 48

Stanhope shall come and grace his rural friend ;
 Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
 And for her husband's patron cull the best. 52

Her's be the care of all my little train
 While I with tender indolence am blest,
 The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
 By love alone distinguish'd from the rest. 56

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock. 60

Ah! what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And while they murmur strive in vain to sleep? 64

Delia alone can please and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight:
With her enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows thro' ev'ry night. 68

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy and to fix the mind:
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd. 72

On her I'll gaze when others' loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand. 76

Oh! when I die my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill:
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair.
Tho' I am dead my soul shall love thee still. 80

Oh! quit the room; oh! quit the deathful bed;
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart:
Oh! leave me, Delia! ere thou see me dead;
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part. 34

Let them extended on the decent bier
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate. 38

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd
In some lone spot with Peace and thee retir'd!
Tho' reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
I still believ'd what flatt'ring Love inspir'd. 4

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind
To dang'rous bliss no longer to pretend;
In books a calm but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys! that on ourselves alone depend. 8

With them the gentle moments I beguile
In learned ease and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each diff'rent style,
Each various ray of Wit's diffusive light. 12

D ij

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
And earliest innocence enchants the heart. 16

Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author thro' his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song. 20

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,
And reason fix its empire e'er my heart,
My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
And glow with love where weakness has no part. 24

Thy heart, O Lyttelton! shall be my guide;
Its fire shall warm me and its worth improve:
Thy heart! above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's sense and soft as woman's love. 28

And you, O West! with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With Learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
Glad to escape from Love to such a friend. 32

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah! still I love in pride and reason's spite:
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat this Elegy I write. 36

ELEGY XV.

To Delia.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast!
Where now's my boasted liberty and rest?
Where the gay moments which I once have known?
O where that heart I fondly thought my own?
From place to place I solitary roam, 5
Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more:
Unmov'd I hear them speak or see them fair,
And only think on thee—who art not there. 10
In vain would books their formal succour lend;
Nor Wit nor Wisdom can relieve their friend:
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And Wisdom shews the ill without the cure.
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day, 15
A thousand schemes I form and things to say;
But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
My heart's so full I wish but cannot speak.
And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
Till now not studious of the art to please, 20
Could I, at woman who so oft' exclaim,
Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,
Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind, 25
And thou reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;

Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain;
In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain:

My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence shall be my tears. 30

And now for more I never must pretend)
Hear me not as thy lover but thy friend:
Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair;
But wisely chuse who best deserves thy flame, 33
So shall the choice itself become thy fame:
Nor yet despise, tho' void of winning art,
The plain and honest courtship of the heart.
The skilful tongue in Love's persuasive lore
Tho' less it feels will please and flatter more, 40
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuse a fond unthinking maid.
And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe;
And since their tears, in false submission drest, 43
Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe:
Caught by the beauty of thy outward show
Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem;
Like me—with passion founded on esteem. 50

ANSWER TO ELEGY XV.

BY THE LATE LORD HERVEY.

Too well these lines that fatal truth declare
Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.

But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love?
 What can it hope tho' mutual it should prove?
 This little form is fair in vain for you, 5
 In vain for me thy honest heart is true;
 For wouldst thou fix dishonour on my name,
 And give me up to penitence and shame?
 Or gild my ruin with the name of Wife,
 And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life? 10
 Couldst thou submit to wear the marriage-chain,
 (Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)
 No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
 His torch inverted and his face in tears.
 Tho' ev'ry softer wish were amply crown'd, 15
 Love soon would cease to smile where Fortune
 frown'd:

Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
 And blame what it solicited before;
 Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
 And say I had undone thy blinded youth; 20
 That I had damp'd Ambition's nobler flame,
 Eclips'd thy talents and obscur'd thy fame;
 To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd
 That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
 Gloriously active in thy country's cause, 25
 Asserting freedom and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that negatively kind
 You only mourn'd and silently repin'd;
 The jealous demons in my own fond breast
 Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest, 30
 And all that sense must feel, tho' pity had suppress. }

Yet added grief my apprehension fills
 (If there can be addition to those ills)
 When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
 " 'Twas thy own deed; thy folly on thy head!" 35
 Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
 Nor pities tenderness nor honours truth;
 Holds it romantick to confess a heart,
 And says those virgins act a wiser part
 Who hospitals and bedlams would explore 40
 To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
 Who, legal prostitutes, for int'rest sake
 Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
 And if avenging Heav'n permit increase
 People the world with folly and disease. 45
 Those titles, deeds, and rentrolls, only wed,
 Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed;
 And the grave aunt and formal sire approve
 This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
 But if regard to worth or sense be shown, 50
 That poor degen'rate child her friends disown,
 Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
 From her great name's hereditary vice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind
 Of all the storms and quicksands I must find 55
 If I embark upon this summer sea
 Where Flatt'ry smooths and Pleasure gilds the way.
 Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
 Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
 I might upon that score thy heart receive, 60
 And with that guiltless name my own deceive.

That commerce now in vain you recommend;
 I dread the latent lover in the friend:
 Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
 And know I both must take or both refuse. 65

Hear then the safe the firm resolve I make,
 Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
 Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
 Neither to int'rest nor to honour true,
 And proud to swell the triumph of their eyes 70
 Exult in love from lovers they despise,
 Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
 And tho' I like the lover quit the love. 73

ELEGY XVI.

To Mr. George Grenville.

OH! form'd alike to serve us and to please;
 Polite with honesty and learn'd with ease;
 With heart to act, with genius to retire;
 Open yet wise; tho' gentle full of fire:
 With thee I scorn the low constraint of art, 5
 Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart:
 Hear then from what my long despair arose,
 The faithful story of a lover's woes.
 When in a sober melancholy hour,
 Reduc'd by sickness under reason's pow'r, 10
 I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
 And Love himself could flatter me no more,
 My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
 But whom my passion hurt thro' friendship leave.

I chose the coldest words my heart to hide, 15
And cure her sex's weakness thro' its pride.
The prudence which I taught I ill pursu'd;
The charm my reason broke my heart renew'd.
Again submissive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my passion by my shame; 20
While she, secure in coldness or disdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain;
Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise.
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail, 25
And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale;
Believ'd the grossest arts that Malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's side.
Oh! where were then the scenes of fancy'd life?
Oh! where the friend, the mistress, and the wife? 30
Her years of promis'd love were quickly past;
Not two revolving moons could see them last!—
To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care;
Nor fear that he my weakness should despise, 35
In nature learned, and humanely wise.
There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
With mild advice my list'ning grief shall charm:
With sense to counsel and with wit to please;
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease. 40
Nor you, my Friend! whose heart is still at rest,
Contemn the human weakness of my breast.
Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,
And pains which long we scorn'd we oft' endure.

5 Tho' wiser cares employ your studious mind, 45
Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity by its own*. 48

0 * It would give the Editor great pain should any one
suppose that the preceding References to Tibullus were
inserted with a view of depreciating Hammond. There
is no Ancient whose writings are so hard to be translated
as those of this elegant Roman, nor is there any translator
who has done his original so much justice as our Author.
25 His Love Elegies are the standard of their kind
c; in our own language; and as they have not hitherto been
equalled, so it is probable they will never be excelled.

PROLOGUE

TO LILLO'S *ELMERICK*.

No labour'd scenes to-night adorn our stage;
Lillo's plain sense would here the heart engage:
He knew no art, no rule, but warmly thought
From passion's force, and as he felt he wrote.
His *Barnwell* once no critick's test could bear, 5
Yet from each eye still draws the nat'ral tear.
With gen'rous candour hear his latest strains,
And let kind Pity shelter his remains.
Depress'd by want, afflicted by disease,
Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please. 10
Oh! may that wish be now humanely paid,
And no harsh critick vex his gentle shade.
'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave. 14

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME:

*Said to have been written by Lord Lyttelton, but
more probably by Mr. Hammond.*

You who, supreme o'er ev'ry work of wit,
In judgment here unaw'd, unbias'd, sit
The Palatines and Guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No useful sense, no gen'rous warmth, convey; 5

If fustian here thro' each unnat'ral scene
In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;
If lofty Dulness for your vengeance call,
Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall:
But if Simplicity with force and fire, 10
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words, inspire;
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If masterstrokes the nobler passion move,
Then, like the King, acquit us, and approve. 15

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THE END.

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