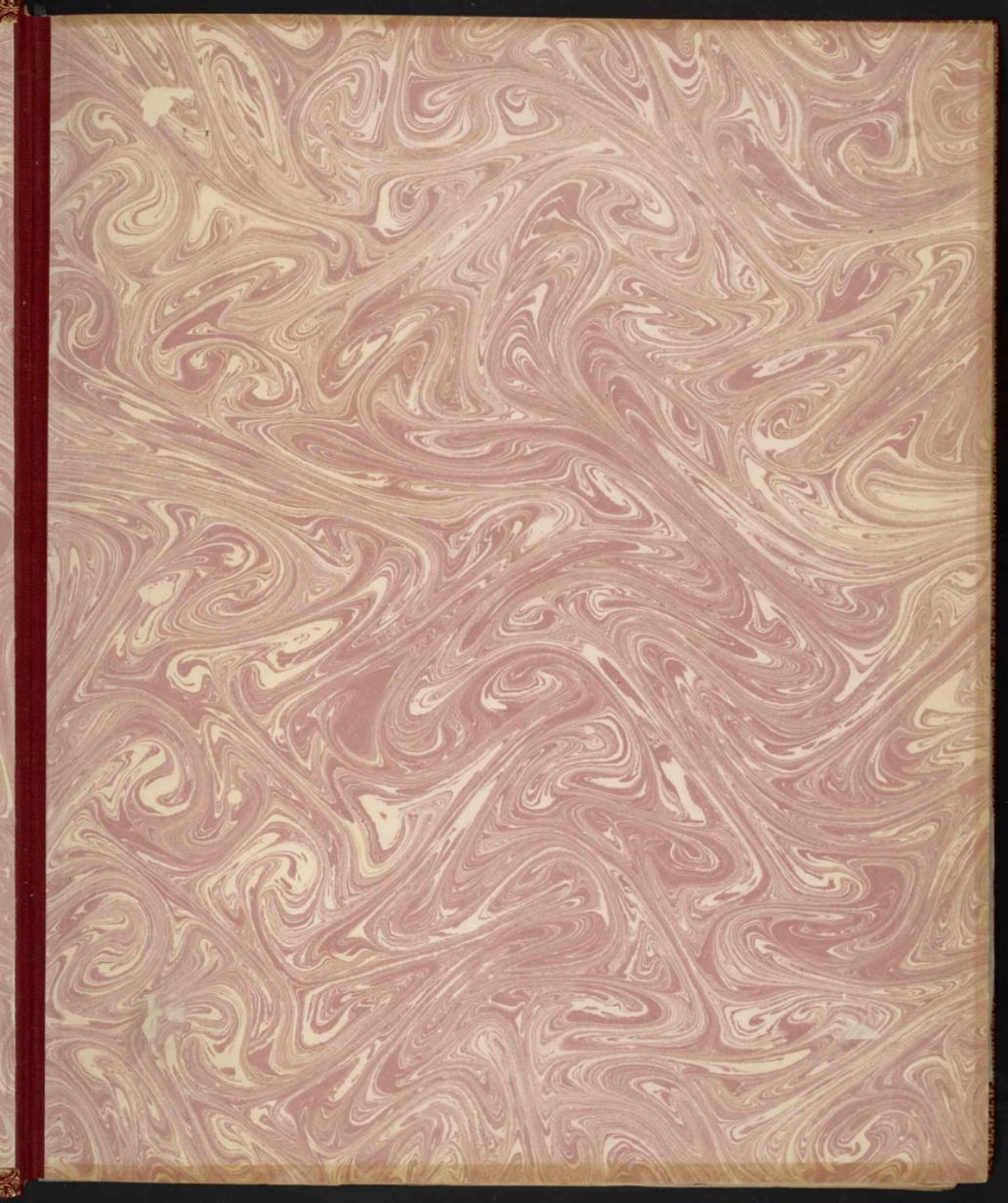
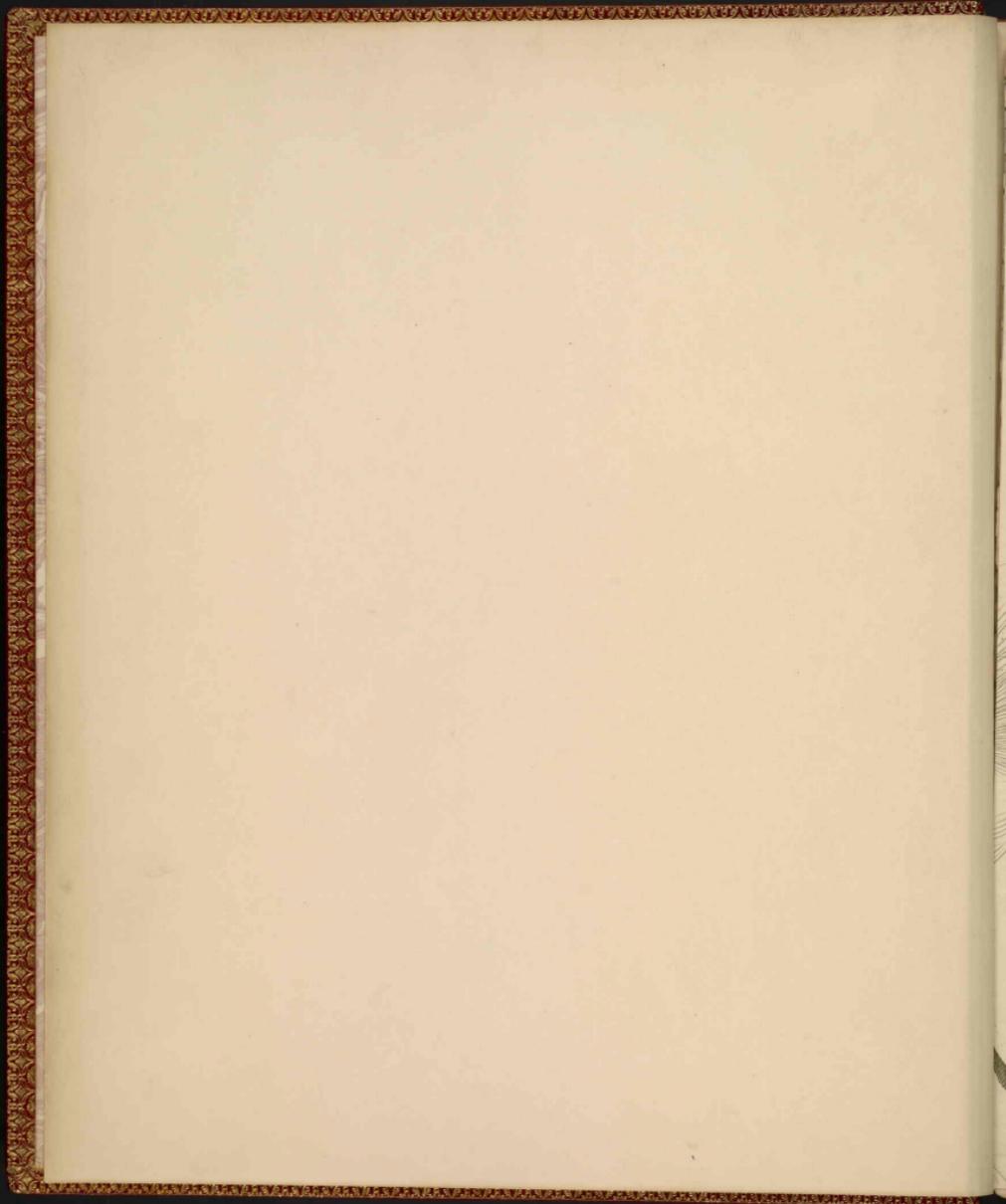
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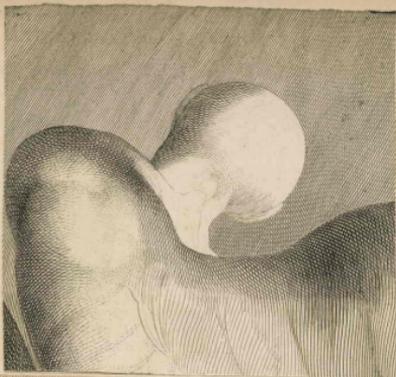


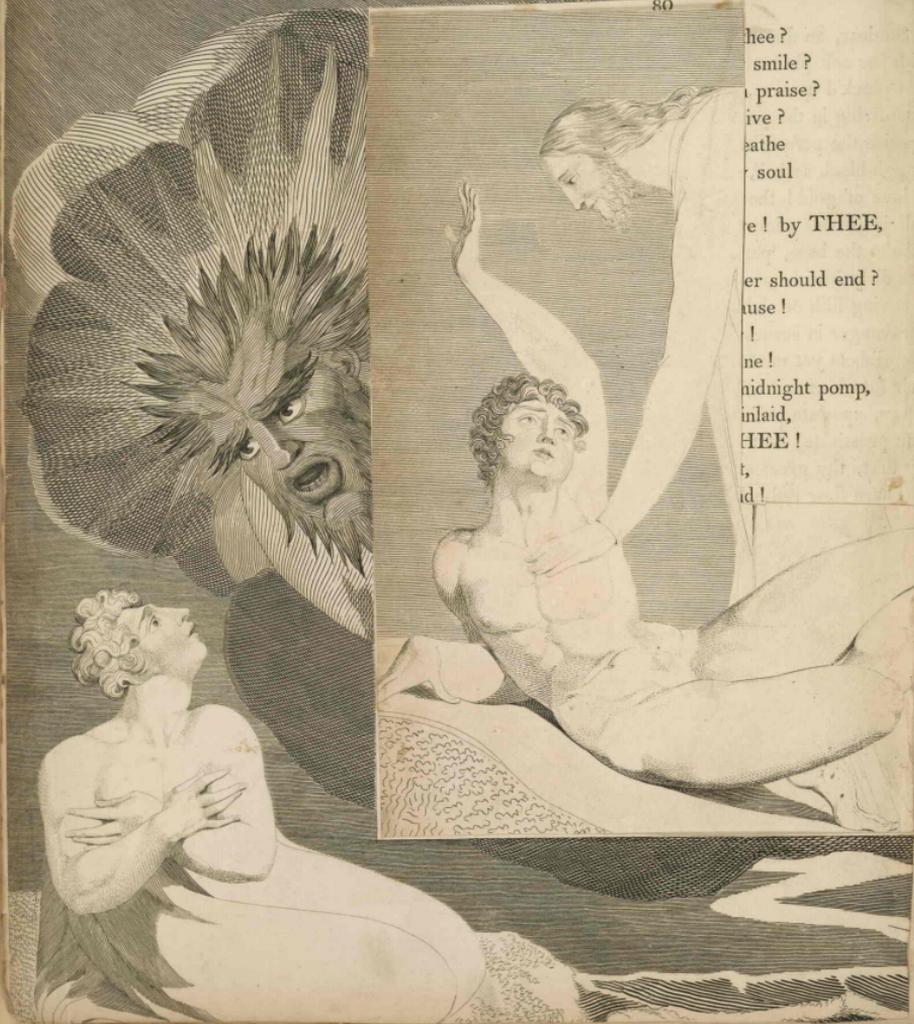




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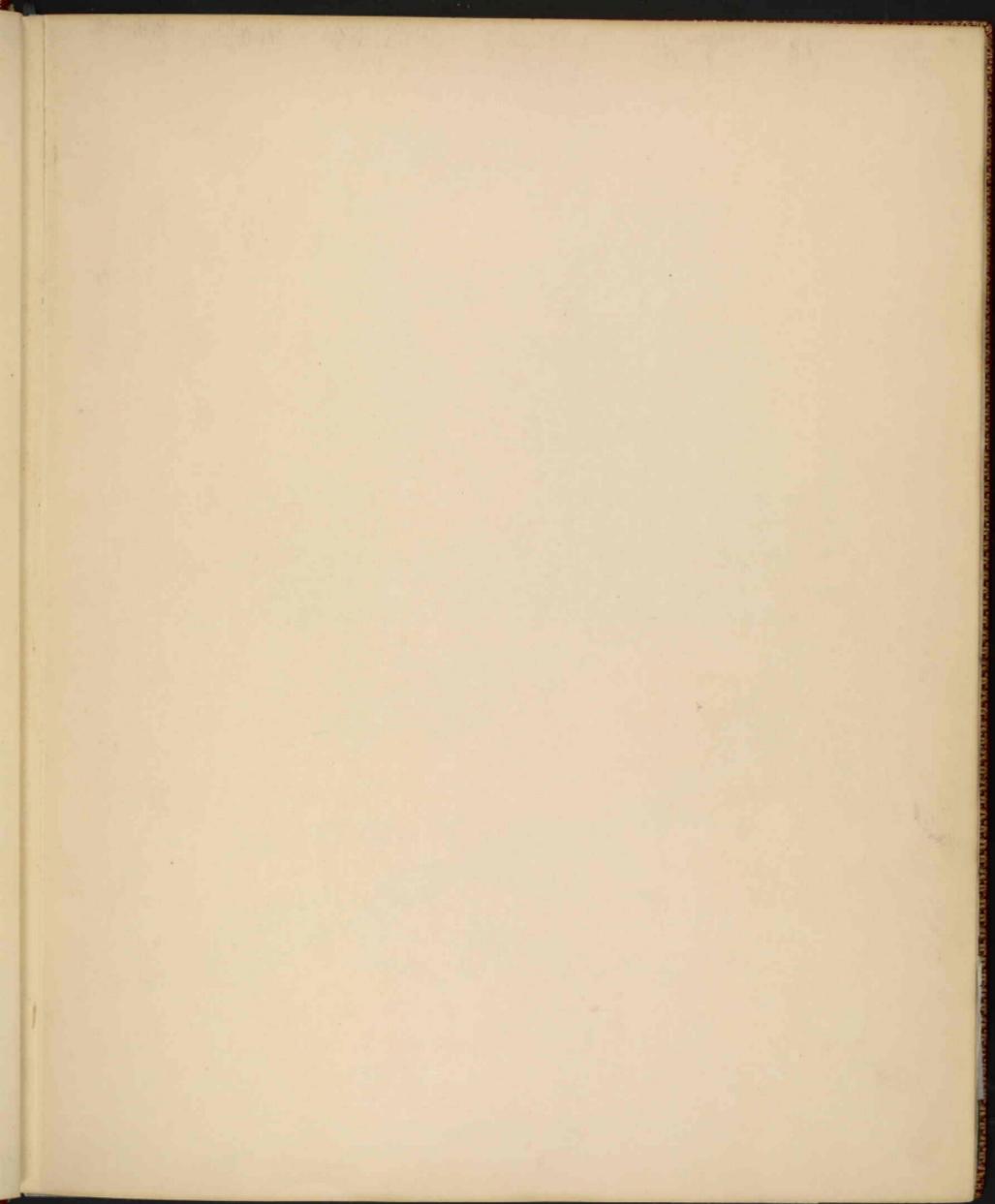
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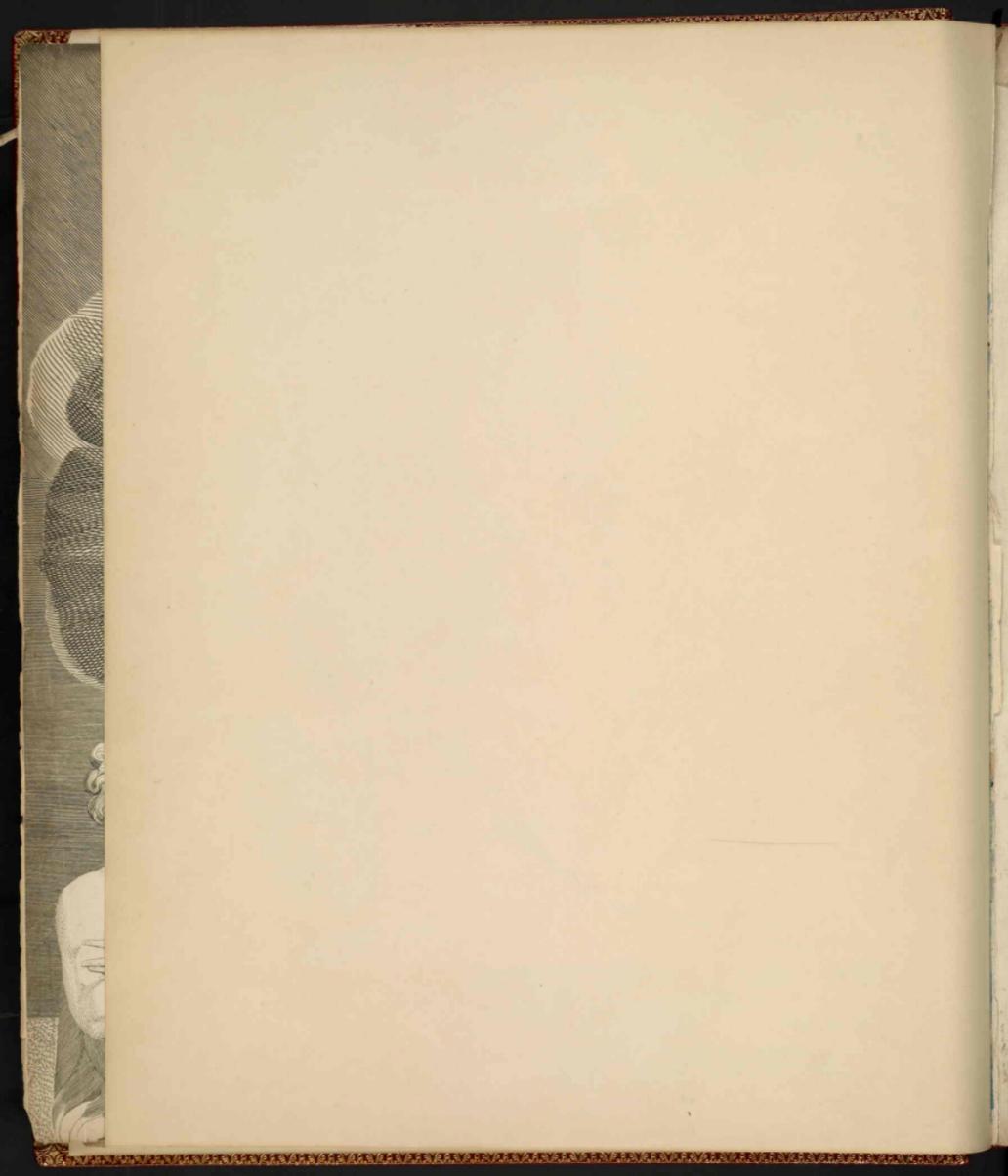
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Painted by T. Phillips, P.A.

Engraved by L. Schiavone, del.

William Blake



THE
GRAVE,
A Poem.

Illustrated by twelve Etchings

Executed

BY

LOUIS SCHIAVONETTI,

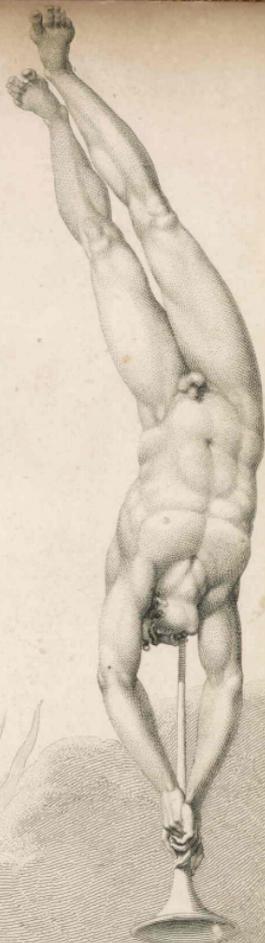
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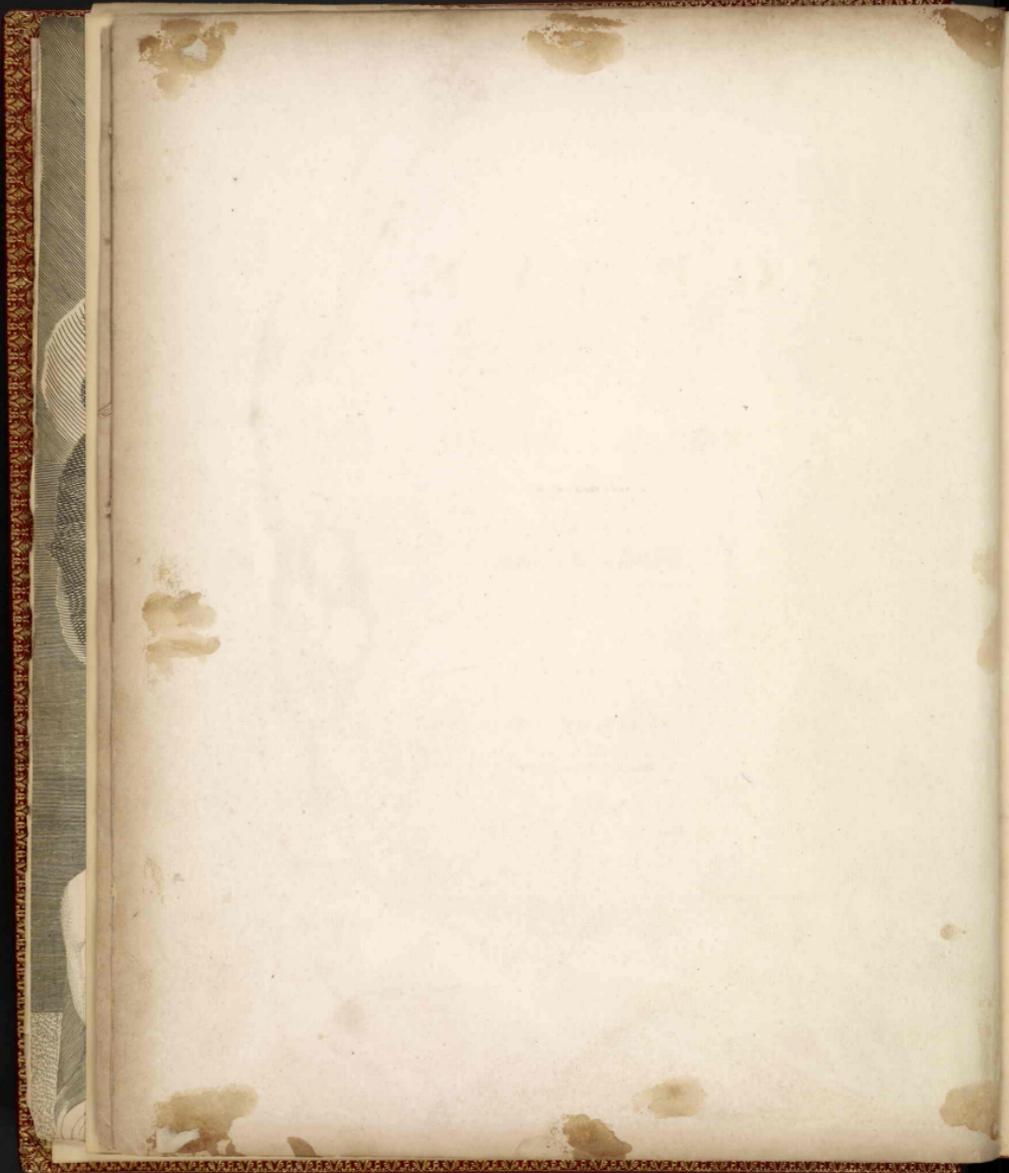
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OF

WILLIAM BLAKE.

1808.





THE
GRAVE,
A POEM.

BY
ROBERT BLAIR.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Twelve Etchings

EXECUTED FROM

ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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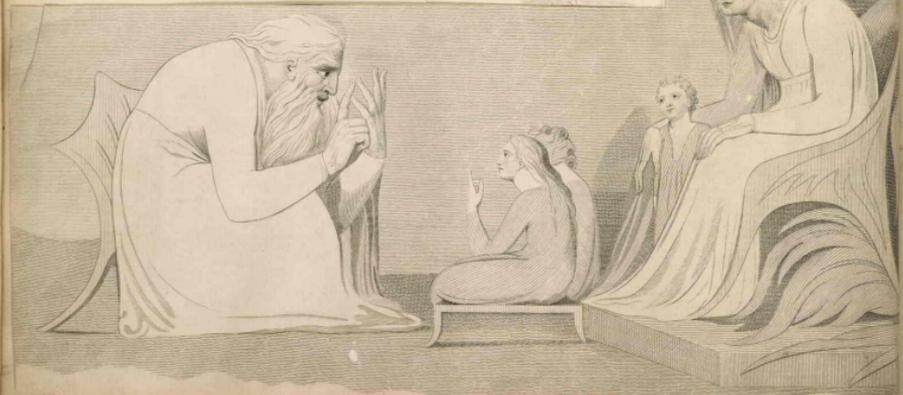


TO
THE QUEEN.

THE Door of Death is made of Gold,
That Mortal Eyes cannot behold;
But, when the Mortal Eyes are clos'd,
And cold and pale the Limbs repos'd,
The Soul awakes; and, wond'ring, sees
In her mild Hand the golden Keys:
The Grave is Heaven's golden Gate,
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's Fold,
Behold this Gate of Pearl and Gold!

To dedicate to England's Queen
The Visions that my Soul has seen,
And, by Her kind permission, bring
What I have borne on solemn Wing,
From the vast regions of the Grave,
Before Her Throne my Wings I wave;
Bowing before my Sov'reign's Feet,
"The Grave produc'd these Blossoms sweet
"In mild repose from Earthly strife;
"The Blossoms of Eternal Life!"

WILLIAM BLAKE.



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To the elegant and classical taste of Mr. FUSELI he is indebted for excellent remarks on the moral worth and picturesque dignity of the Designs that accompanied this Poem. Mr. PHILIPS is entitled to his kindest thanks, for the capitally painted Portrait of Mr. WILLIAM BLAKE, which is here presented to the Subscribers; and to Mr. SCHIAVONETTI he is under still greater obligations for a SERIES OF ETCHINGS which, it is not too much praise to say, no other artist could have executed so ably.

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THE moral series here submitted to the public, from its object and method of execution, has a double claim on general attention.

In an age of equal refinement and corruption of manners, when systems of education and seduction go hand in hand ; when religion itself compounds with fashion ; when in the pursuit of present enjoyment, all consideration of futurity vanishes, and the real object of life is lost—in such an age, every exertion confers a benefit on society which tends to impress man with his destiny, to hold the mirror up to life, less indeed to discriminate its characters, than those situations which shew what all are born for, what all ought to act for, and what all must inevitably come to.

The importance of this object has been so well understood at every period of time from the earliest and most innocent, to the latest and most depraved, that reason and fancy have exhausted their stores of argument and imagery, to impress it on the mind : animate and inanimate nature, the seasons, the forest and the field, the bee and ant, the larva, chrysalis and moth, have lent their real or supposed analogies with the origin, pursuits and end, of the human race, so often to emblematic purposes, that instruction is become stale, and attention callous. The serpent with its tail in its mouth, from a type of eternity, is become an infant's bauble ; even the nobler idea of Hercules pausing between virtue and vice, or the varied imagery of Death leading his patients to the grave, owe their effect upon us more to technic excellence than allegoric utility.

Aware of this, but conscious that affectation of originality and trite repetition would equally impede his success, the author of the moral series before us, has endeavoured to wake sensibility by touching our sympathies with nearer, less ambiguous, and less ludicrous imagery, than what mythology, Gothic superstition, or symbols as far-fetched as inadequate, could supply. His invention has been chiefly employed to spread a familiar and domestic atmosphere round the most important of all subjects, to connect the visible and the invisible world, without provoking probability, and to lead the eye from the milder light of time to the radiations of eternity.

Such is the plan and the moral part of the author's invention ; the technic part, and the execution of the artist, though to be examined by other principles, and addressed to a narrower circle equally claim approbation, sometimes excite our wonder, and not seldom our fears, when we see him play on the very verge of legitimate invention ; but wildness so picturesque in itself, so often redeemed by taste, simplicity, and elegance, what child of fancy, what artist would wish to discharge ? The groups and single figures on their own basis, abstracted from the general composition, and considered without attention to the plan, frequently exhibit those genuine and unaffected attitudes, those simple graces which nature and the heart alone can dictate, and only an eye inspired by both, discover. Every class of artists, in every stage of their progress or attainments, from the student to the finished master, and from the contriver of ornament, to the painter of history, will find here materials of art and hints of improvement !

HENRY FUSELI.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
ROBERT BLAIR.

OF all poets, those who are by profession country clergymen lead the quietest lives. The duties of their profession require much seclusion; and almost the only intercourse they have with mankind arises from the performance of their pastoral duties, and from the practice of the domestic charities. Such a way of life may be considered favourable to the composition of poetry, especially of the serious and contemplative kind. It is such a life that we are about to sketch; and such is the poem to which it refers; a poem written certainly on the most gloomy of all subjects, but so written as to place the author in the rank of British Classics, and to ex-

cite that interest and curiosity which we ever feel respecting the private life of an eminent man. This memoir will be very brief, as the notices respecting BLAIR are exceedingly scanty, for an obvious reason; he performed the journey of life over even ground, well equipped and in good company; and, without having encountered many of the vicissitudes, crosses, adventures, and perils which beset other travellers, he descended to the grave before he had reached his grand climacteric.

ROBERT BLAIR was the eldest son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and Chaplain to the King. His mother was Euphemia Nisbet, daughter of Archibald Nisbet, of Carfin.

He was born at Edinburgh in 1699, received a liberal education in its University, and afterwards travelled on the Continent. In 1731 he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, where he resided the remainder of his days.

He lived in the style of a gentleman, and was much

respected by all the men of rank, talent, and property in his neighbourhood. He enjoyed his independent fortune as a man of learning, elegant manners, and polished taste would choose to do. He distinguished himself in the study of Botany, particularly in the culture of flowers; and was well versed in optical and microscopical knowledge, on which subjects he corresponded regularly with several eminent men of science. In the exercise of his pastoral functions his assiduity was unremitting; pious and fervent in devotion, warm and earnest in preaching, he performed the duties of his sacred office with the seriousness of a divine, and the zeal of a poet.

In 1738 he married Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingston, a lady of uncommon beauty and amiable manners. It appears that this marriage was the result of a family connexion, and a long acquaintance. Her father, who had been Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was his relation, and had

been nominated one of Mr. BLAIR's tutors in his father's will. The fruits of this marriage were one daughter and five sons, of whom the fourth, named Robert, was the most celebrated. He was bred to the profession of the law in Scotland, and for many years held the highly honourable situation of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. In 1810, on the resignation of Lord President Campbell, he was appointed by the King to the high station of Chief Judge of the Court of Session; which station he filled with consummate ability, and to the universal satisfaction of all parties, until his death, which took place in 1812. It is said by many able men that he never was surpassed in sound legal knowledge, or judicial experience and skill, and that, if he had lived, he would have acquired equal fame with a Forbes, a Thurlow, or a Mansfield.

Mr. BLAIR died February 4, 1746, in the 47th year of his age, and was succeeded in his church at Athelstaneford by Mr. John Home, celebrated as the author

of that classic tragedy called Douglas. Mrs. Blair survived her husband nearly twenty-eight years, and died in 1774.

Mr. Archibald Blair, the poet's brother, was minister of Garvald, in the Presbytery of Haddington, and had a son, Robert Blair, M.D. who served as surgeon on board the ship in which Lord Robert Manners was killed. Through the solicitation of the noble family of Rutland, this gentleman was subsequently nominated Regius Professor of Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh. He resided for many years at Merchiston, the birth-place and residence of the celebrated Baron Napier; he wrote some treatises on optics, which were published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

BLAIR, as we have before observed, lived on terms of friendship with several of the most eminent men of his age for piety and learning. Among these were Watts and Doddridge. The one an accomplished scholar, and a devotional poet; and the other one of the most pious,

industrious, and learned commentators that ever expounded the sacred writings. On subjects of natural history he maintained a long, and doubtless interesting, correspondence with the celebrated Baker, whose useful discoveries through the microscope have extended the bounds of our knowledge of nature, and have opened a new field of science to philosophers. The letters of Blair on such a subject, and to a person of such congenial feelings, must have been highly worth preserving, as possessing an infusion of that contemplative spirit so conspicuous in his poetic compositions. Baker's letters to the Poet were in the possession of the late Lord President.

Another of Blair's friends and correspondents was Mr. Callender of Craigforth, as appears by a copy of verses addressed to him in Callender's *Lugubres Cantus*, published in conjunction with his friend Joseph Mitchell, on the death of John Mitchell.* He lived likewise on terms

* Octavo, London, 1719.

of the strictest intimacy with the pious Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain at the battle of Preston-pans, fought on the 21st September, 1745.

As a specimen of his correspondence peculiarly interesting, because it relates to the composition and publication of the following Poem, we may quote a letter from him to Dr. Doddridge, extracted from the correspondence of that Divine, published by Mr. Stedman of Shrewsbury, in 1790.

“You will be justly surprised with a
“ letter from one, whose name is not so much as known
“ to you, nor shall I offer to make any apology. Though
“ I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no
“ stranger to your merit as an author; neither am I al-
“ together unacquainted with your personal character,
“ having often heard honourable mention made of you by
“ my much respected and worthy friend Colonel Gar-
“ diner, and Lady Frances. About two months ago,

“ Lady Frances did me the favour to transmit to me some
“ manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonder-
“ fully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute
“ in any degree to your entertainment, as you have some-
“ times done to mine in a very high degree. And that
“ I may shew how willing I am to do so, I have desired
“ Dr. Watts to transmit to you a manuscript poem of
“ mine, entitled THE GRAVE, written, I hope, in a way
“ not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the
“ Gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed se-
“ veral years before I was clothed with so sacred a cha-
“ racter. I was urged by some friends to whom I shewed
“ it to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I
“ had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have
“ received many civilities, and for whom I had ever en-
“ tertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter
“ from the Doctor signifying his approbation of the piece,
“ in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from
“ him would have done me no small honour. But at the

“ same time he mentions to me, that he had offered it to
“ two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me,
“ did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They
“ can scarce think, considering how critical an age we
“ live in, with respect to such kind of writings, that a
“ person living three hundred miles from London could
“ write so as to be acceptable to the Fashionable and Po-
“ lite. Perhaps it may be so, though at the same time,
“ I must say, in order to make it more generally liked,
“ I was obliged sometimes to cross my own inclination;
“ well knowing that whatever poem is written upon a
“ serious argument, must upon that very account be un-
“ der peculiar disadvantages; and therefore proper arts
“ must be used to make it go down with a licentious age,
“ which cares for none of those things. I beg pardon
“ for breaking in upon moments précieux as yours, and
“ hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion
“ of the poem.”

Many further particulars of the life of BLAIR must

have occurred in his letters to Dr. Watts, and it is to be lamented that they were not given to the public in some form by Dr. Jennings, the friend and biographer of that poet and philosopher. In the past age less regard was paid than in the present to the collection of those private memoirs and incidents which exhibit the real character of eminent men, and furnish those interesting traits which distinguish the sons of genius from each other. Many pieces of biography lately published derive almost their only value from a minute attention to this essential point; and by recording incidents trivial in themselves, they have thrown new light on the philosophy of the human mind, by portraying genius in every stage of progress from its germ to its maturity.

From the above scanty notices enough may be gleaned however to prove that BLAIR was a man equally amiable and enlightened; that his genius was ever devoted to the attainment of the purest ends; that it was refined by the excellent moral qualities of his heart; that it beamed like

the sun on his native vales, enlivening rather than scorching all that it shone upon.

THE GRAVE was first printed in London in 1743; it was reprinted at Edinburgh in 1747, with his version of a pious ode of Florentus Holusenus. A rhymed paraphrase of the Grave by Henry Lemoine was printed at London in 1790; to which a life of the poet was prefixed, which is very erroneous.

Of the merits and peculiarities of this extraordinary poem, various opinions have been given. Mr. Pinkerton (the learned and ingenious editor of the ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEMS,) was the first who subjected it to critical examination. "THE GRAVE," he observes "is worth a thousand common poems; the language is such as Shakspeare would have used; yet he no where imitates Shakspeare or uses any expression of his. It is frugal and chaste, yet upon occasion highly poetical, without any appearance of research. It is unquestionably the best piece of blank verse we have, save that of Milton." Nor

is this encomium overcharged; for though a few lines, and here and there a passage, certainly bear a strong resemblance in structure and cadence, to the bold, and richly varied numbers of Shakspeare, this coincidence may more properly be referred to accidental association arising from a congenial turn of thought, than even to unintentional imitation. It is scarcely possible for two men of kindred genius to write on analogous subjects without occasionally seizing the same ideas and conveying them in nearly the same language. Many passages in *THE GRAVE* are written in the same spirit with the fine melancholy monologues in *Richard II.*, with the sublime bursts of lamentation from Constance in *king John*, with the deep philosophic contemplations of Hamlet, the moody musings of Macbeth, the whimsical sadness of Jaques, and the profound reasonings on human life uttered by the Duke of Austria in *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*. But though the spirit be similar and the diction also, there is no part of *THE GRAVE* on which a charge of direct imi-

tation, much less of plagiarism, can be founded. BLAIR was a man of taste as well as genius; and he would doubtless chuse the best model for the structure of his verse; and what better model could he chuse than Shakspeare? As to the peculiar bent of his fancy, it was originally his own, though it might receive a more decided turn after he had studied the glorious and spontaneous effusions with which our great poet has amply atoned for the desultory wildness of his fancy. In this particular also, it is singular to observe a marked resemblance. THE GRAVE has nothing of regular plan in its composition: it is a series of unconnected descriptions, and of reflections apparently independent of each other, interwoven with striking allusions and digressive sallies of imagination which at times exceed the bounds prescribed by taste, and rigid criticism. One quality in the fancy of BLAIR, is a strong, though chastened vein of ridicule, which displays itself in transitions from melancholic gravity, to irony and satire; and these transitions are occasionally too abrupt.

But we must allow that without them a subject so mournful and lugubrious as this could not have been treated in a way agreeable to the generality of readers. Even under the severest rule of criticism these defects in the poem bear a very small proportion to its beauties, which bespeak a mind of a very superior stamp. He possessed the power of melting the heart, and awakening the conscience, by pathetic description and serious remonstrance. But in effecting these purposes he is never either frigid or tedious, and though he may sometimes exuberantly dilate an image, he is cautious not to weaken its force by ill-judged prolixity. He has the happy talent of blending energy with softness, and of harmonizing the discordant parts of his work by the lofty and sustained poetic spirit through the whole. No reader of taste can rise from the perusal of his writings without wishing he had written more.

To the credit of his heart it must be added, that through the veil of melancholy with which religion shades every

scene he has painted, we constantly perceive an amiable and generous principle, striving to subdue and ameliorate the degeneracy it deplors.

The pictorial embellishments in this edition of the poem are perfectly worthy of its subject. The painter who produced the designs is allowed to possess great powers; his pencil, imbued with the fiery genius and bold correctness of a *Michael Angelo*, is directed by the boundless imagination of a *Dante*.





BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
LEWIS SCHIAVONETTI.

THE desire of posthumous fame may be numbered among those laudable feelings which exercise the most powerful stimulus upon human action, and this principle, so natural to a virtuous mind, invariably urges its possessor to pursue the path to renown, however he may be disregarded by his contemporaries, or however that path may be strewed with thorns.

All nations and all ages have been lavish of praises, and liberal of rewards and honors to the statesman and the soldier. These in their lives have attained to riches, and after death splendid monuments have been raised at the public expense to perpetuate their names and their

achievements. That a country frequently acquires glory, and still more substantial benefits, from the actions of such men, will not be denied; nor can praise when it is due be withheld from those whose public services have added to the greatness, or preserved the independence, of their country. But it has happened, and it may again happen, that the rewards and honours bestowed on men who have filled conspicuous situations, have been owing rather to fortuitous circumstances, than to any intrinsic greatness. It is impossible to suppress a smile at the pompous eulogies inscribed on the sculptured mausoleum for deeds which the next age has condemned, and at the immortality promised by such records to men considered great in their day, but whose names and whose deeds are alike forgotten or unknown by the succeeding generation. The monument so honourably bestowed on the great Marlborough, in the palace of Blenheim, will decay before the reputation of that general shall perish; but even his fame must have its limits. The changes of governments

and politics are daily removing his memory further from recollection, so that his name may be indebted to the records of history alone for perpetuating among posterity the splendor of his victories. The most stupendous monuments that have been raised to the memory of the great, even the pyramids of Memphis and Giza, have, from a very remote period, ceased to relate for whom they were erected. The whole world is full of relics which serve but to shew the impotence of power in its endeavours to immortalize the memory of those who were not actually entitled to the gratitude or admiration of mankind.

It must be highly grateful to the man of genius to know that it depends upon himself to raise the only imperishable monument of his fame, and that the names of the truly great are recorded by their own deeds, which, like the orb of day, are destined to rise on every new generation with undiminished lustre. Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Milton, Racine, Dryden, and Pope; Euclid,

Newton, and Descartes; Phidias, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Reynolds, require no monumental trophies to proclaim that they have lived. As long as the arts and sciences shall be cultivated, so long will the works of these illustrious men, or the reputation of those works, remain a monument of their genius to mankind. Such, indeed, is the honor in which their memories are held by the world, that their reputation increases with years; and Time, who is hourly pulling to pieces all other records of fame, is hourly adding to, and consolidating the pile which commemorates the triumphs of genius.

That ability which is necessary to ensure high celebrity in painting or in sculpture, may be exercised on a branch of art less likely to be long regarded as being bestowed on works more fugitive in their nature. Such is the profession of the engraver: be his merit ever so pre- eminent, the perishable nature of a print must necessarily render his fame less likely to endure for many ages.

It has been too generally the fate of men of genius,

to acquire but little importance in society, amidst the general scramble for wealth and honours: this indifference to art is gradually subsiding, and in proportion as society improves, such men will rise in the opinion of their contemporaries. In the present age the most enlightened of our nobility and gentry are paying ample respect to the manes of our men of genius, by collecting engraved portraits of the most illustrious of them without regard to expense; so that the memory of those who have rendered themselves useful to society will be perpetuated and handed down to posterity.

The engraver possesses the rare advantage of spreading his own fame and leaving behind him a monument commensurate with his deserts: he may be truly said to possess a mint from which he issues coin that is stamped with an unfading attestation of his merit.

The eulogies commonly appended to the lives of private individuals by the partiality of lamenting friendship, however well meant, are often injudicious, since they attach

an importance to the deceased beyond what his life has conferred on him, and pronounce praises which those only who knew him can either deny or confirm. But an artist, whose works are before the world, is to all purposes a public character; he claims a kind of relationship with all who can appreciate them; and in proportion as his merits have been generally acknowledged, his loss will be generally deplored. Such a claim the engraver of the designs which illustrate this volume, has undoubtedly established, if not by the number, at least by the value, of his works, and particularly by his latest productions, among which are these engravings, as they were marked by an extraordinary degree of improvement. Had his life been prolonged, the fruits of this improvement would have been multiplied in abundance; and his premature death affords fresh cause to lament that the patrimony and the acquisitions of genius are unalienable, and cannot be bequeathed; that talents, however rich and however varied, must inevitably perish with their possessor. It is

matter of additional regret, that throughout the whole of his professional career he toiled on uncheered by the sunshine of patronage, and that, ever more solicitous about improvement than profit, he neglected even the legitimate means of introducing himself into notice.

Though the life of this artist is unmarked by any of those extraordinary events which impart the more powerful degrees of interest to biographical narration, it is nevertheless admirably calculated to encourage perseverance and industry in every one who resigns himself to the irresistible impulse of genius under circumstances equally unpromising.

LEWIS SCHIAVONETTI was born at Bassano in the territory of the Venetian republic, April 1st, 1765. His father was a stationer, whose moderate circumstances enabled him to give to his eight children (the eldest of whom was LEWIS) a useful but limited education. From his infancy he had a peculiar taste for drawing; and while his young companions were at play, was often seen in his

father's shop copying prints. Such was his success in these attempts, that Golini, an able painter, to whom some of them were shewn, undertook to instruct him in drawing. At the age of thirteen LEWIS was accordingly put under his care. The youth's proficiency confirmed the favourable opinion which Golini had formed of his genius, and his amiable disposition so endeared him to his master, that he loved him as his own son. After three years of useful instruction, Golini fell sick, and our young artist, who attended him with filial assiduity, had the grief to see him expire in his arms.

After the decease of Golini, who was the only painter at Bassano, SCHIAVONETTI was left to pursue his own course. Bartolozzi and Volpato were then employed in that town in the extensive typographical and chalcographical establishments of Count Remaudini. The works of those artists gave a fresh impulse to the youth's ardour for improvement. About this time he became acquainted with an engraver named Lorio, who was barely compe-

tent to teach the mechanical process of the art, and to him he applied for instruction. The poor man informed him, that, unable to earn a subsistence by his profession, he officiated as sacristan to a church, and could offer him no better accommodation for study than the sacristy. This intimation was not sufficient to deter SCHIAVONETTI from entering upon his new career; his circumstances would not allow him to apply elsewhere, and he remained with Lorio about twelve months, occasionally pursuing his studies among dead bodies. Finding that he had exhausted the instructions of this master, he resolved to seek another situation. A copy of a Holy Family, in the line manner, from Bartolozzi, after Carlo Maratti procured him immediate employment from Count Remauidini, and attracted the notice of Suntach, a rival print-seller. At the house of the latter he became acquainted with a native of Vicenza, a wretched engraver of architecture, but a man of consummate craft and address, who,

taking advantage of the tractable disposition of the young artist, engaged him to work at his house.

Bartolozzi's engravings in the chalk manner were then in high repute at Bassano, and several abortive attempts were made to discover the process by which they were produced. SCHIAVONETTI succeeded better, and imitated some of Bartolozzi's prints to perfection. These were passed off by his employer as his own, and gained the latter an introduction to Bartolozzi, and an invitation to London, where that artist was then flourishing. The wily impostor finding that in this new sphere still more important advantages might be derived from the aid of SCHIAVONETTI, at length, after repeated persuasions, prevailed on him to come to England. On his arrival he resided for a short time with Bartolozzi, before he established himself on his own foundation; from which period till his death, which happened at Brompton, June 7, 1810, he cultivated his talents with a

success that answered the expectations which were first formed of them, and conducted all his affairs with exemplary uprightness and integrity.

In his person SCHIAVONETTI was rather tall; the fine proportions in the divisions of his figure gave him a graceful movement. His manners were gentle; in his address there was sweetness and affability; he was dignified without austerity, and meek without insipidity; his whole deportment was manly. His amiable modesty of character, equability of temper, and promptness to oblige, won the good-will of all who saw and conversed with him. In company with his brother artists, he seemed unconscious of his own superiority; though fitted to rank with the highest, he exacted no distinction of notice, but kept himself on a level with the lowest; and by the deference with which he spoke his opinion, he made every one feel at ease in his society. This urbanity of manners, too commonly an extrinsic accomplishment, was in him the unaffected expression of innate

goodness of heart, and liberality of mind. Among the many acts of his private life that might be adduced in support of what is here said in his praise, one may be selected that exhibits a trait illustrative of his whole character. As soon as he began to derive profit from his profession, he devoted a portion of it to the support of his relatives in Italy, and, during his latter years, he regularly remitted to his aged father a stipend sufficient to ensure him comfort and respectability.

As an artist, SCHIAVONETTI possessed in very high perfection the first requisite either in painting or engraving, a freedom and accuracy of delineation. This power, united to the grace and dignity which were the peculiar characteristics of his style, enabled him to treat every subject with a truth and distinctness of expression rarely to be found in the works of other artists. He exercised it with solid judgment and nice discrimination, never confining himself to that uniformity which begets the vice of *manner*; but adapting his genius with wonderful

felicity to that of the original which he had to represent. By a varied choice of models, and a bold and independent habit of thinking, he enfranchised his mind from the dogmas of school discipline, and stood forth an original, and if not a self-taught, at least a self-informed engraver; yet he chastened the vigour of inherent genius by a refined delicacy which polished whatever was rude, and corrected whatever was inconsistently vulgar. In the works of common artists, we see only the labour of the hand, but in his performances the hand is manifestly directed by superior mental power and capacity, which produces a harmony analogous to that of composition in painting, of numbers in poetry, and of sounds in music.

The energy and simplicity observable in the personal character of SCHIAVONETTI, predominated in all his engravings. No one could behold him, and say that he was capable of producing vulgar works. There needs no further proof of this assertion, than the mention of some of his principal performances: The Madre Do-

lorosa, after Vandyke; the portrait of that Master in the character of Paris; Michael Angelo's celebrated Cartoon of the Surprize of the Soldiers on the Banks of the Arno; the Etchings and Portrait which accompany this Volume; the Landing of the British Troops in Egypt, from Louthembourg; the Etching of the Canterbury Pilgrims, from Stothard, &c. &c.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

ROBERT HARTLEY CROMEK.

MR. CROMEK was born at Hull, in Yorkshire, in the year 1770. He was intended for the profession of the law; but he no sooner commenced his noviciate than he began to hate it, and whenever he witnessed any instance of the miseries inflicted by legal process, he used to return home to his parents half in tears and half in anger, declaring that he never could and never would be a lawyer. They wisely forbore to contend against his antipathy, and suffered him to follow the bent of his genius, which led to literature and the arts. He passed some years of his early youth in Manchester, where he

devoted much time to study; and, in the opinion of a very eminent literary character of that place, displayed the strongest indications of good taste that ever were witnessed in one so young. His collection of books, chiefly poetical, though very small, was one of the most elegant ever formed. It was at Manchester that he first shewed a talent for engraving: in order to cultivate it he went to London, and became a pupil of the celebrated Bartolozzi. Under such tuition he attained a proficiency that qualified him for the highest style of the art, line engraving; and if he did not become very eminent among his brethren, it was not for want of talent, but of personal strength to sustain the fatigues of continued application. His frame was delicate, and his constitution far from strong; his active mind imparted an activity to his body, which, combined with the constant vivacity of his temper, could not brook a sedentary way of life. Besides, he had highly improved his literary taste by the perusal of the best authors, and by conversation with

some of the most eminent literary persons, to whose notice his fine understanding and elegant manners introduced him. But though he never attained a consummate skill in the process of the art, he had a thorough knowledge of its principles, and a delicate perception of its excellences.

He published several good specimens of his own engraving, particularly a head of Dr. Currie, which has been greatly admired.

The first instance in which he displayed an union of his literary with his professional taste, was in the first edition of the present work, with designs by that artist of singular genius, WILLIAM BLAKE, etched by his friend, the celebrated LOUIS SCHIAVONETTI. After its publication, he had occasion to visit Scotland, and during a residence of some months there, his enthusiastic admiration of Burns induced him to make a tour for the purpose of collecting for his private gratification, such fugitive pieces as that great poet had scattered among

the lowly, though romantic haunts of his infant genius. The fruits he gathered in this peregrination amply repaid his toil in search of them; and he was induced by a sense of their beauty to present them to the world in an imperishable form, as the homage of his respect for the Theocritus of Scotland. On his return to London from this journey, he was under the necessity of passing a few hours in Halifax, to wait for a further conveyance. To while away the time, he resorted to books, his usual amusement, and picked up in a bookseller's shop a copy of Chaucer. On perusing the *CANTERBURY TALES*, he was so struck with the picturesque description of the pilgrims, that he conceived the idea of embodying the whole procession in a picture. On his return to town, he immediately suggested the design to Mr. Stothard, who seized the idea with a spirit and feeling entirely correspondent to those of his young friend, and undertook to execute it for him. The multifarious engagements of that eminent artist at times suspended the

accomplishment of the work; but nothing could retard or discourage the perseverance of Mr. Cromek; he made the most diligent researches into all records, whether written or pictorial, which characterized the age of Chaucer, and brought the result of them to Mr. Stothard. The picture, when finished, excited the admiration and interest of all persons of taste who viewed it; and when Mr. CROMEK announced his intention to publish an engraving of it, equal in size, a number of highly respectable names were immediately affixed to his Proposals, which gave him the most encouraging prospect of a reward for his historic and poetical speculation.

The painting was laid before Schiavonetti, in furtherance of Mr. CROMEK's intention of producing a print in every respect worthy of the genius of Stothard, and of his own taste. The undertaking was in a state of considerable forwardness, when CROMEK gave to the world his RELICS OF BURNS, with a Preface and Notes, which testified his honest satisfaction at being

enabled in this way to cast "another stone on the cairn of a lamented chief." In the course of his travels in Scotland, he had culled many other wild flowers of the Lowlands; these he put together in the most tasteful manner, and presented to the public under the title of *REMAINS OF NITHSDALE AND GALLOWAY SONG*. Never was there a work published more interesting, more sentimental, and at the same time more chastely whimsical than this. A poetical friend of his^a who assisted him in distinguishing and gathering these flowers,^b thus happily describes the qualifications of Mr. CROMEK for the task he had undertaken. "Perhaps no Englishman was so well qualified for editing, and particularly for appreciating the *curious* excellences of Scottish

^a Mr. Allan Cunningham; who, in the grand though obscure capacity of a Scottish peasant, a title which he still so proudly owns, has given the brightest proofs that genius may grow in the remote wilds, and derive vigour and hardness from the very elements which seem to threaten its existence.

^b See Mr. CROMEK's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." Cadell, 1810.

poetry. To the ludicrous and the pathetic he was equally alive; and where they were happily blended he relished the combination with all the keenness of a native. Even the humorous allusions and provincial sallies, though arrayed in the most antique garb of the Scottish language, were discovered by him, and admired to a degree equal to that in which a Scotchman revered them.

“Through all this performance,” adds the poet above alluded to, “runs the most chaste and natural taste for the simple, unaffected, and glowing delineations of unspotted nature, which it may with truth be asserted, is no where in British Lyrics to be found in such perfection as in Scottish Song.”

The death of SCHIAVONETTI, while the engraving of the Canterbury Pilgrims was still in progress, proved a severe affliction to Mr. CROMEK, agitated as he long had been with hope and anxiety respecting this his favourite undertaking. He had an incessant activity of mind, which whether directed to its own objects, or

generously bent on furthering the attainment of those which his friends had in view, gradually undermined a constitution originally delicate. Toward the close of autumn, 1810, he felt the approaches of a consumption, slow in its first progress and unalarming. He retired for a while to his native air, but the disorder was too deeply seated to be dispelled by the change. He returned to London in autumn 1811, worn by slow-wasting illness; hence, by the advice of his physician, he meditated a voyage to Madeira, but a sense of increasing infirmity compelled him to relinquish the design.

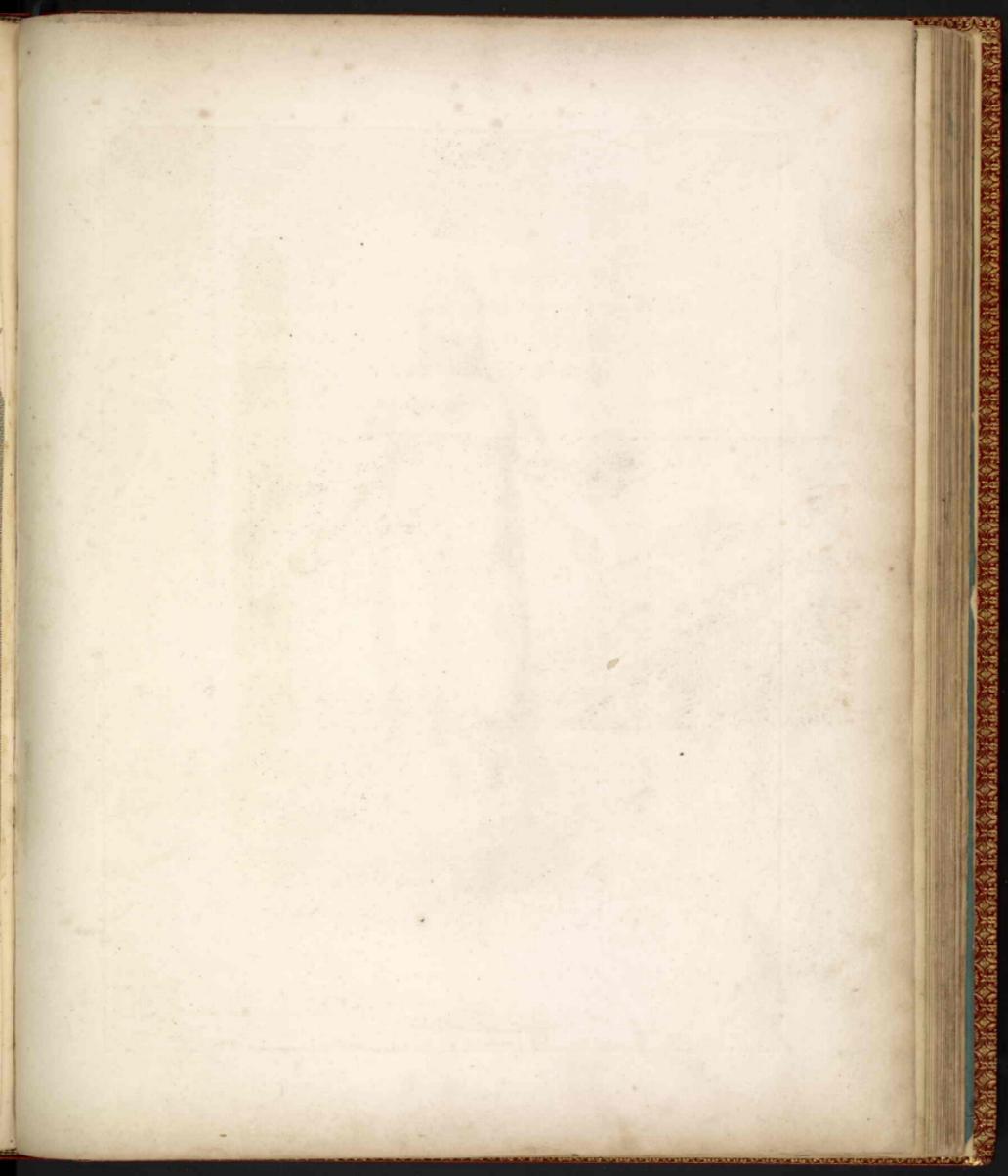
During his last illness, at his house in Newman Street, many friends came to sooth the sufferings, mental and bodily, which exhausted him. Twelve months before he had lost a mother, whom he tenderly loved; he was leaving a wife and two babes, whose future destinies were twined round his heart; he was leaving a sister, who in every vicissitude either of hope or disappointment, of success or of failure in his various undertake-

ings, literary or professional, had deeply sympathized; and whose hopes of earthly happiness centred in his life. Yet even in the depression of spirits caused by these circumstances, the mild hilarity of his disposition would sometimes break forth with a flame, evanescent indeed, like that of a taper in its socket, but bright as when it used to cheer the social circle. Truly has his poetical friend observed, that he possessed a keen discernment of what constituted the strength of other men's minds; and the happy art of making them feel the value of their own talents; of calling them into action, and of directing them to the best of purposes.

Such was he, in the vigour of his health; such did he continue, until illness brought on his last hour. He continued in a state of imminent danger during the winter of 1811; and early in the following spring, he became fully aware of his approaching dissolution. Some

"flashes of his spirit would occasionally glimmer among the dying embers;" but at length the sparks of life gradually subsided; and, on the 14th of March, 1812, he calmly yielded up his spirit, and without a struggle expired.





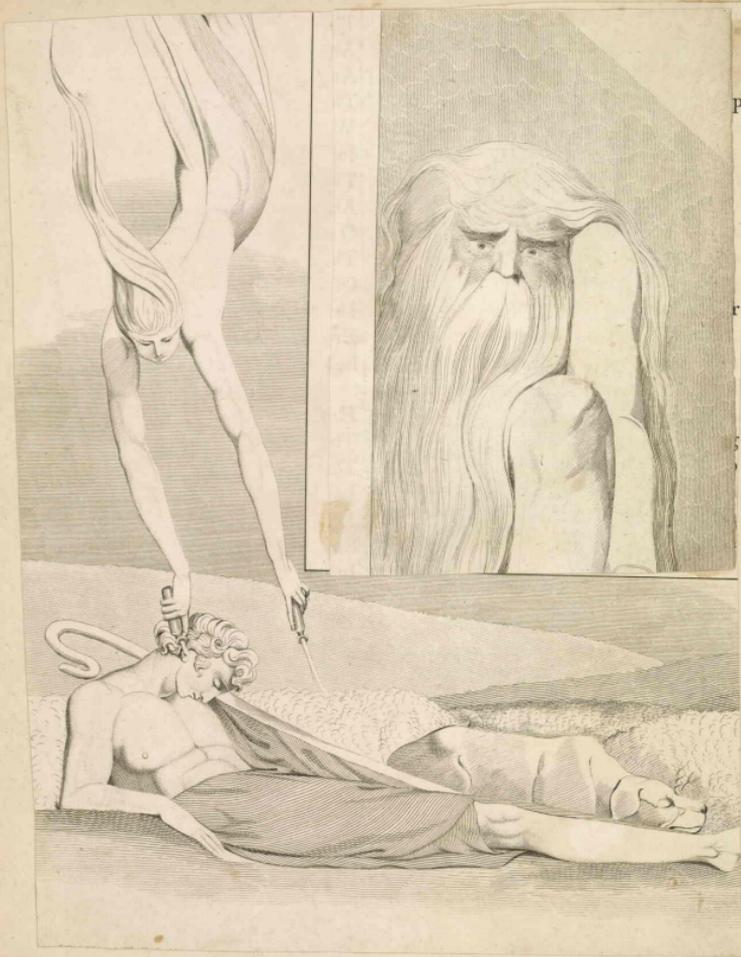


Christ descending into the Grave.

*Eternal King! whose potent Arm sustains
The Keys of Hell and Death.*

London, Published by W. P. Pinckney, at the Theatre.





THE GRAVE.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb*;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes,
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,

Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome!
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark—how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary.
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's fowl bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud! The gloomy ailes,
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,

THE GRAVE.

3

The mansions of the dead! Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grim horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night!
Again the screech owl shrieks—ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds; some rift half down
Their branchless trunks, others so thin a-top
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here.
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd!
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching-time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,

Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels.
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new open'd grave; and, strange to tell,
Evanishes at crowing of the cock!

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
(Sad sight!) slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; while busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up

THE GRAVE.

5

The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,

Sweet murm'ring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a die more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. O! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last! Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose very look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy

To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do it's work?
Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim!—
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name—
Proud royalty! How alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and pow'rless now:
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;

Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave—
Of being unmolested and alone!
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple;
(O cruel irony!) these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honour!
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound, as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the baser born, to rot in state!

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!

How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors and coronation pomps
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements
And houses'-tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste!
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done;
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage! now how little thou appears't!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddling officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death! nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the Grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to overreach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet, spent at last by th' injuries of Heav'n,
Shatter'd with age and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. O lamentable sight!
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins!
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time: her cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them.
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,

Unsteady to the steel, gives up it's charge!
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale!

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injured ghost
Implacable! Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave were not a shred of nature,

Of the same common nature with his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman!
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume!

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The Grave discredits thee. Thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,

THE GRAVE.

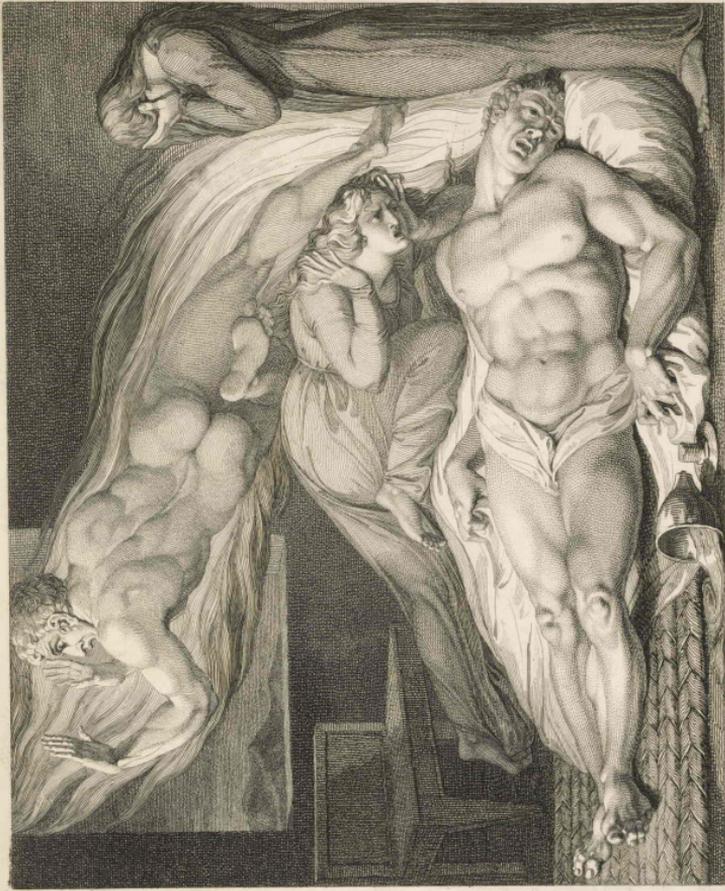
13

Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?
 For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look, how the fair one weeps! The conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
 Honest effusion! The swoln heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on it's distress.

Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
 Of those that loud laugh at the village ring!
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard? Deep groan indeed,
 With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant

To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well spread shoulders?
See, how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! Hideous sight!
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan!
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still! What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

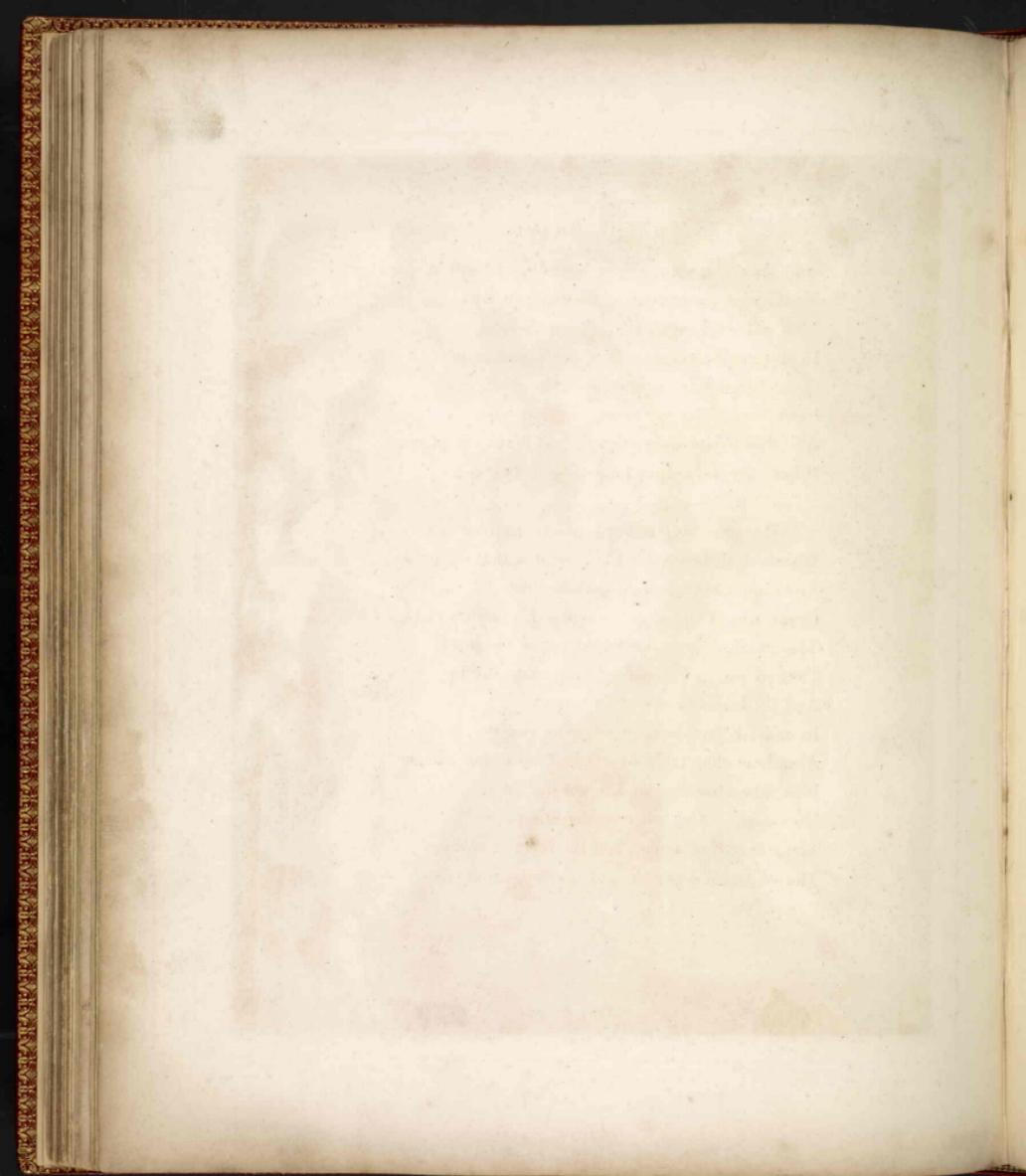
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;



Death of the Strong Wicked Man

*It was his fate
 Hardly you then grieve?*

Illustrated from the story by A. J. S. & Co. London.



And, travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers-by!
Great man of language! whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly Insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,
Alas, how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,

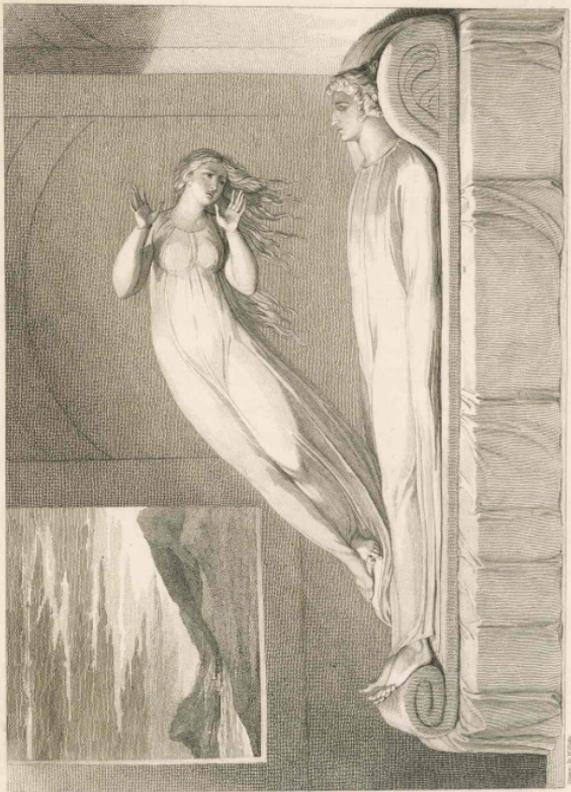
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase!
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along—
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm, with red resentment, the wan cheek!

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate! Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand! From stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire. Nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research!

But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas, thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift,)
From back and belly too their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah, where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye, now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold, when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come!

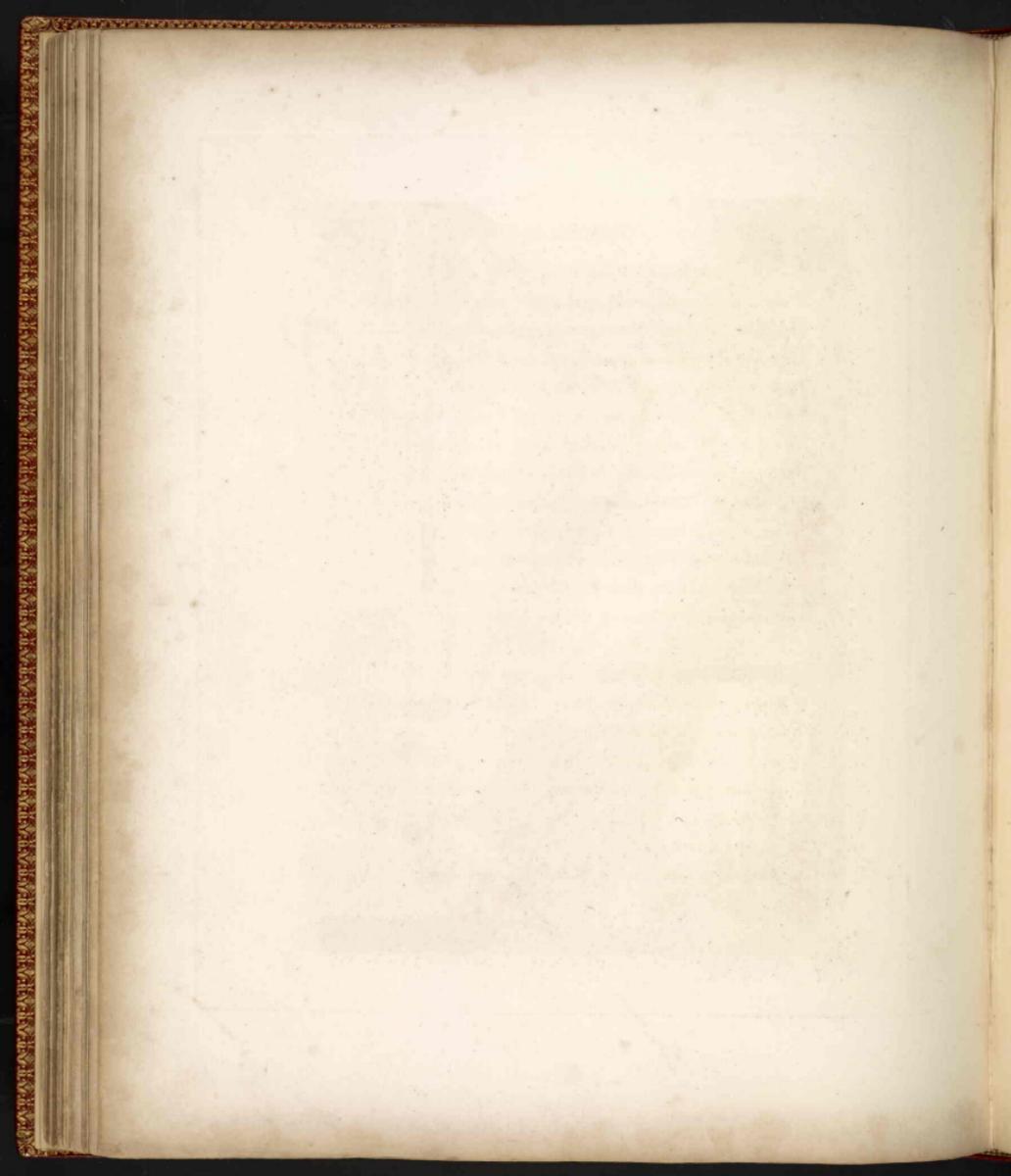
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions,
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood, and every groan
She heaves is big with horror! But the foe,
Like a stanch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin!



The Soul hovering over the Body reluctantly parting with Life.

How wistfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!

London: Published by W. J. M. & G. S. P. 1840.



THE GRAVE.

19

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be when, near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view!
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!
For part they must—body and soul must part!
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings it's way to it's Almighty Source,
The witness of it's actions, now it's judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung! then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the Heavens; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death; then might the wretch

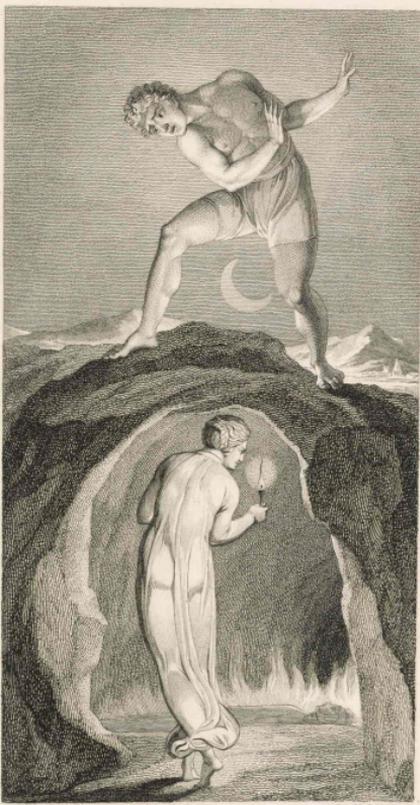
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:—
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But, if there's an *hereafter*—
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man—
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand!
Self-murder! Name it not; our island's shame;
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven! Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord! Dreadful attempt,
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!

As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such : these herd together ;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd !
How long, how short, we know not : this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission :
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick : to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark—'tis mad !
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead ! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret ?

O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death. 'Twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindness
That does it's work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more.
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick. Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority,
Yet, strange, the living lay it not to heart!
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!

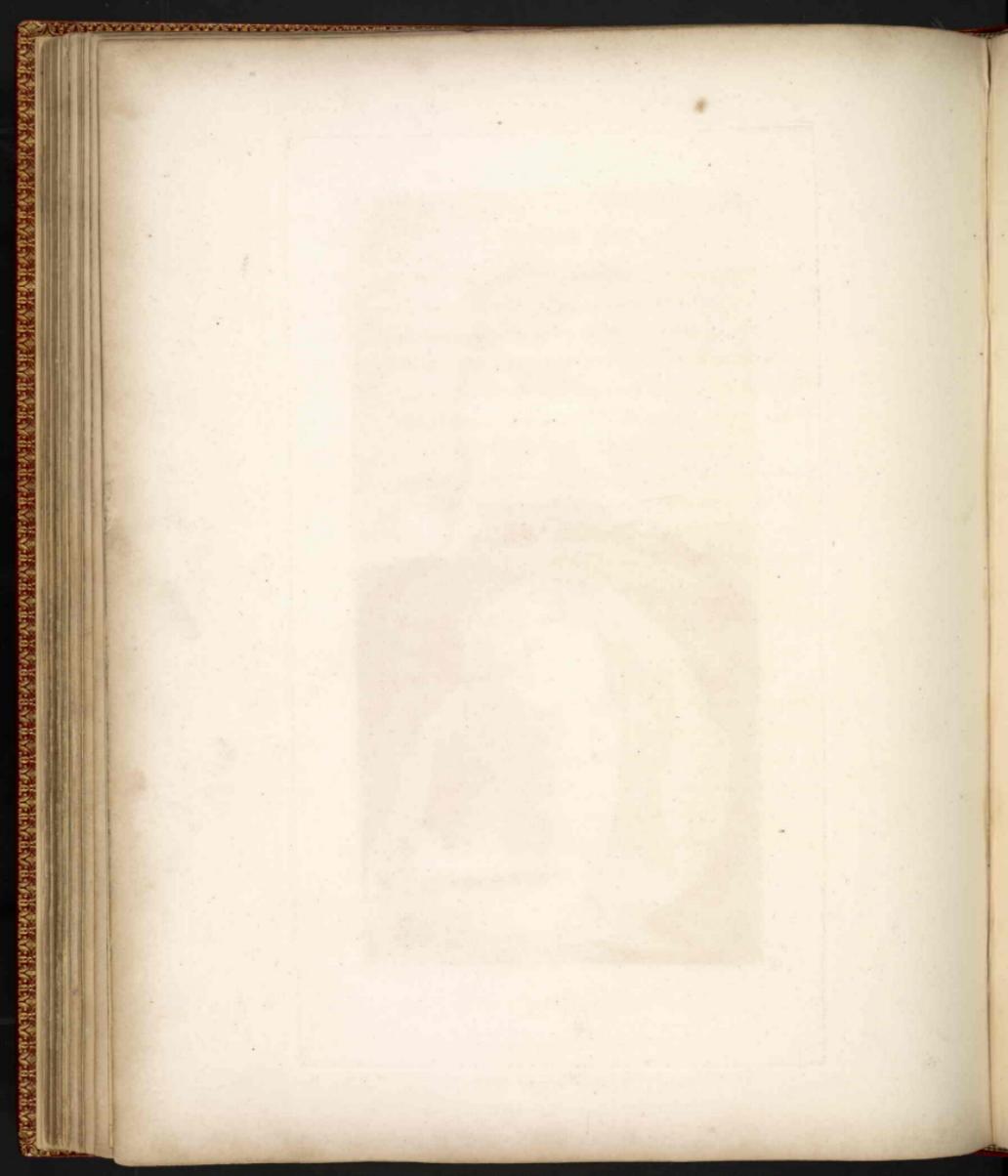


Painted by W. Verelst

Engraved by J. Adams

The Soul exploring the recesses of the Grave.

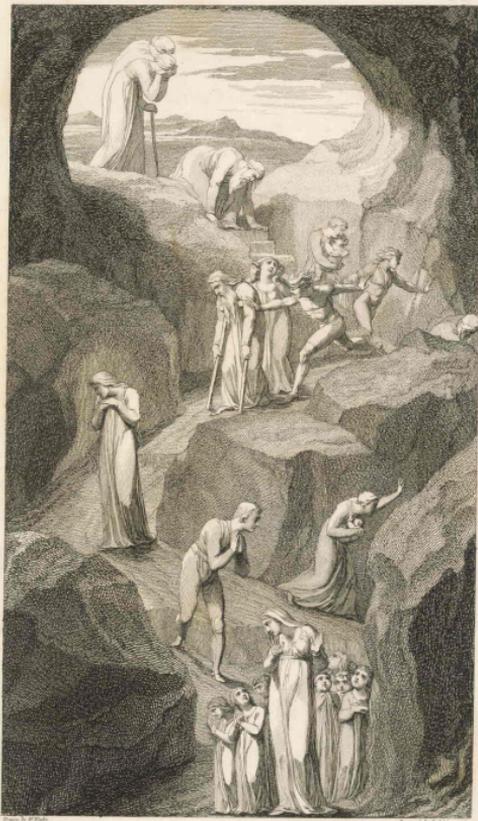
London: Published and Sold by W. Adamson, in Strand.



Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up
But well he knew it's owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of Death and of ourselves
At the same time!—as if to learn to die
Were no concern of our's. O more than sottish!

For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in!
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover their's. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Iclander and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight! Here lie abash'd

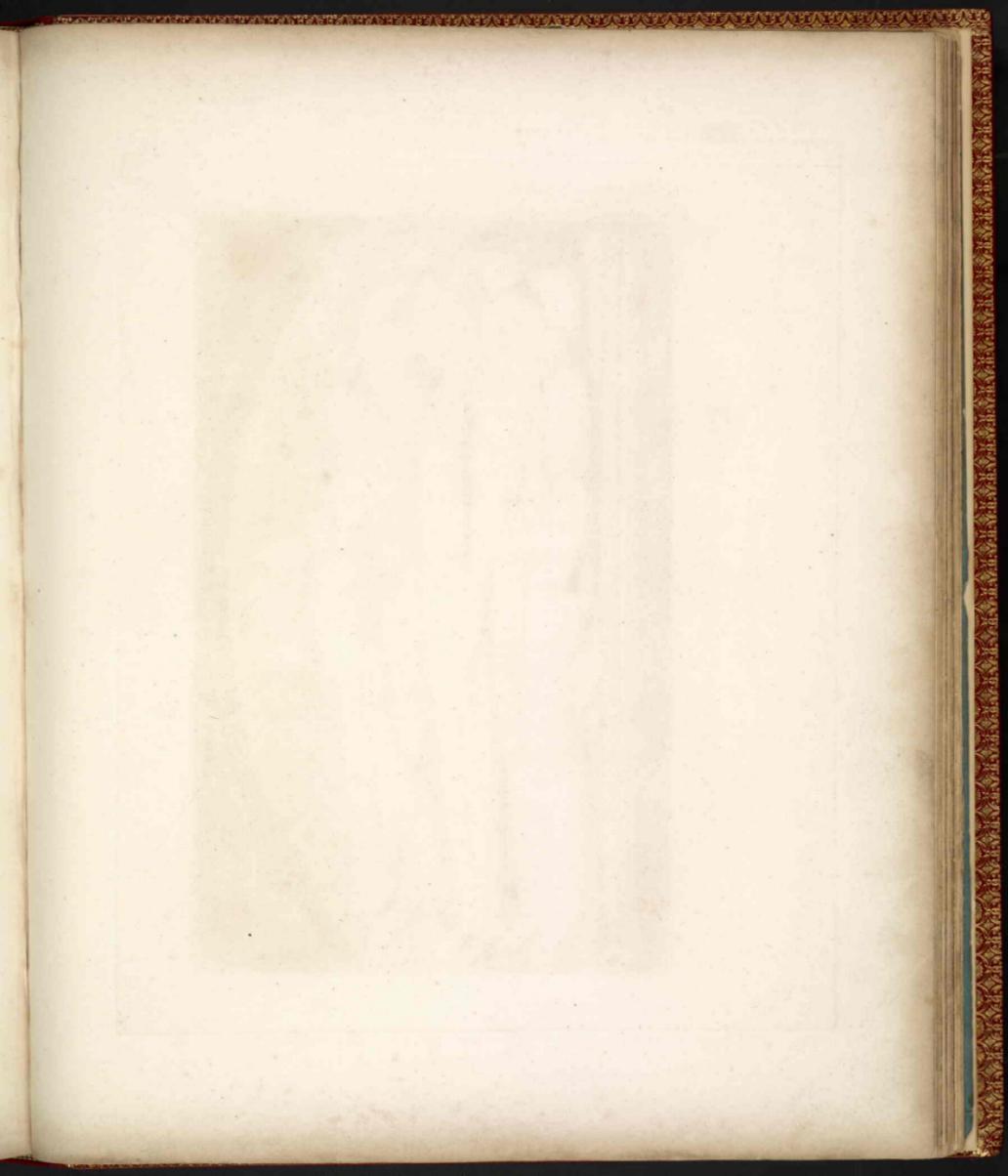


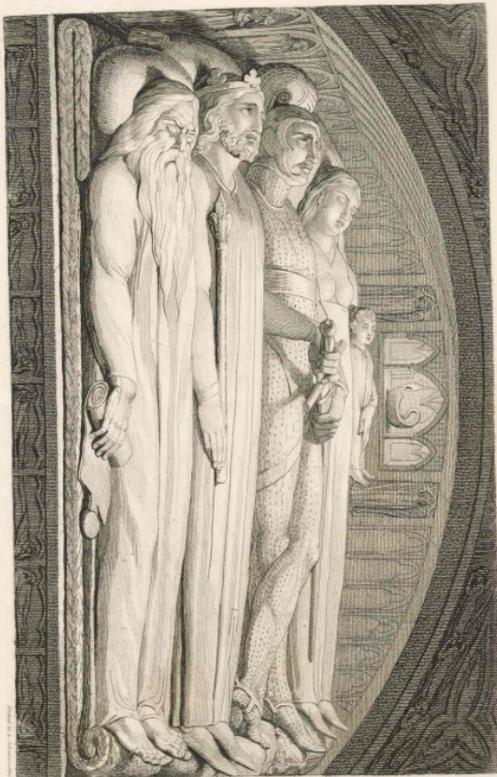
The descent of Man into the Vale of Death.

'Ye have all sinned'

London: Published Nov. 1853, by R. Ackermann & Co.







The Council of King Hervey: Members of Council in the Strand

From the relief of the Council of King Hervey

The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts,
Now vain their treaty-skill; Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and, when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,

Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half it's worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth; the shrill-tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years!

THE GRAVE.

27

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state,
 When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand
 He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd,
 Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
 Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
 Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
 That play their several parts. Nor head nor heart
 Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
 For all was pure within. No fell remorse,
 Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
 Alarm'd his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
 Shew not more smooth when kiss'd by southern winds,
 Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
 The generous soil with a luxurious hand
 Offer'd the various produce of the year,
 And every thing most perfect in it's kind.
 Blessed, thrice blessed days! But ah, how short!
 Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
 But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
 O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns,
 What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,

And ere to-morrow's sun has set most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire; not long h' enjoy'd
His Paradise! Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again! And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man! Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loit'rer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God! If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder—Man has sinn'd!
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment—destructive measure—

Where the worst thing could happen, is success!
Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, it's visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into it's better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And it's vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havock hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.

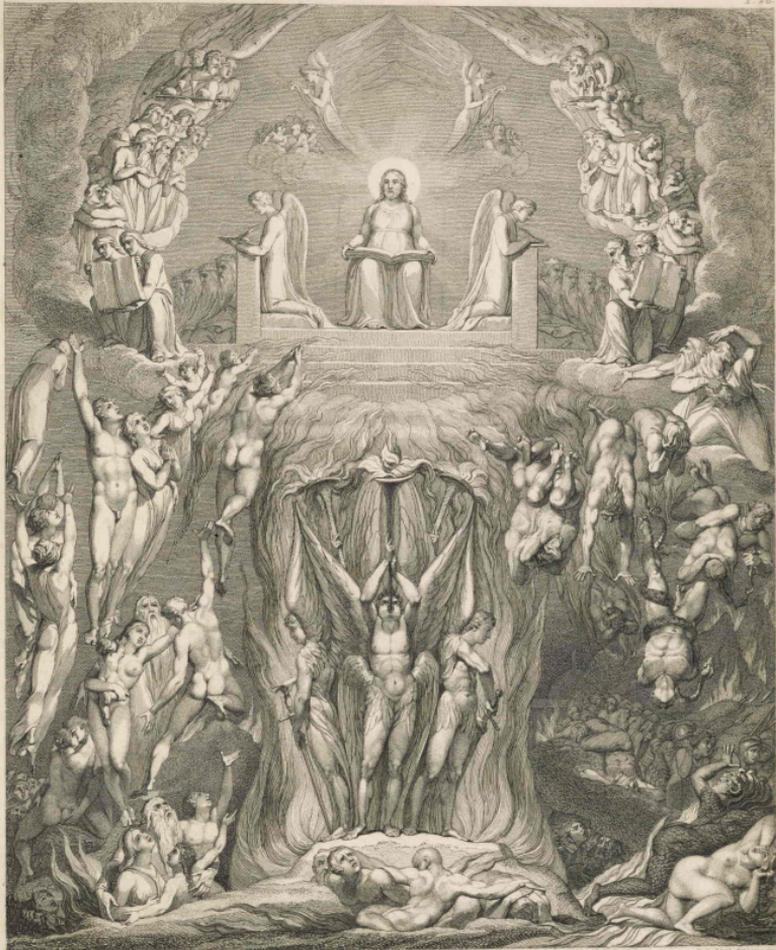
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more:
But that too has it's shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than those, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, and loaded branches,
And marking all along it's way with ruin!
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendantly malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless! Sickneses,
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,

And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind! O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite; thou seekest none!
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious still, thou gasp'st for more;

Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings:
As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine and War, were not thy caterers!

But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.—
Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal
The minds that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know
Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power

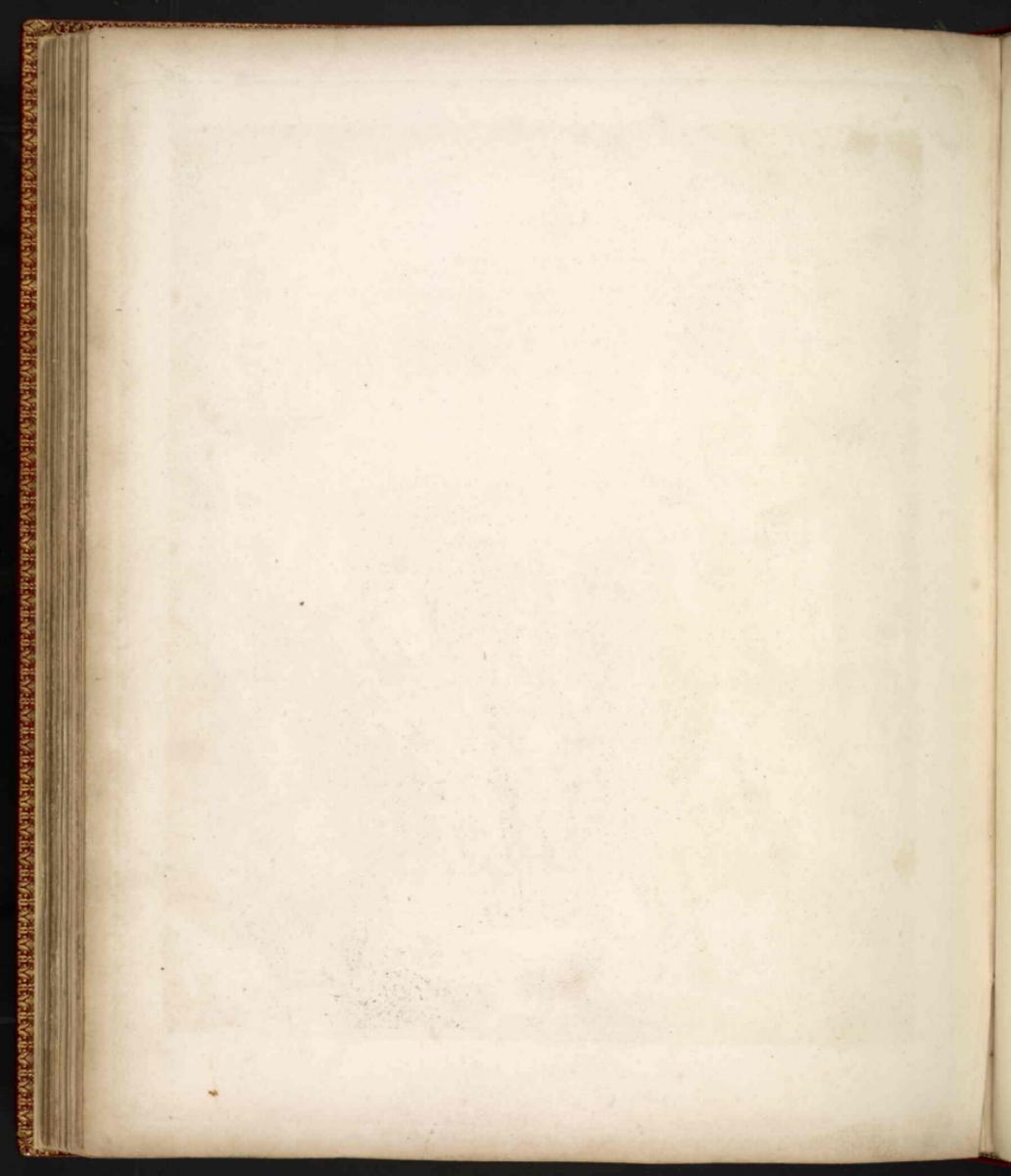


Drawn by W. Blake

Engraved by G. Colclough

The Day of Judgment

LONDON, Published by Messrs. Colclough, 15, Abchurch Lane, in the Strand.



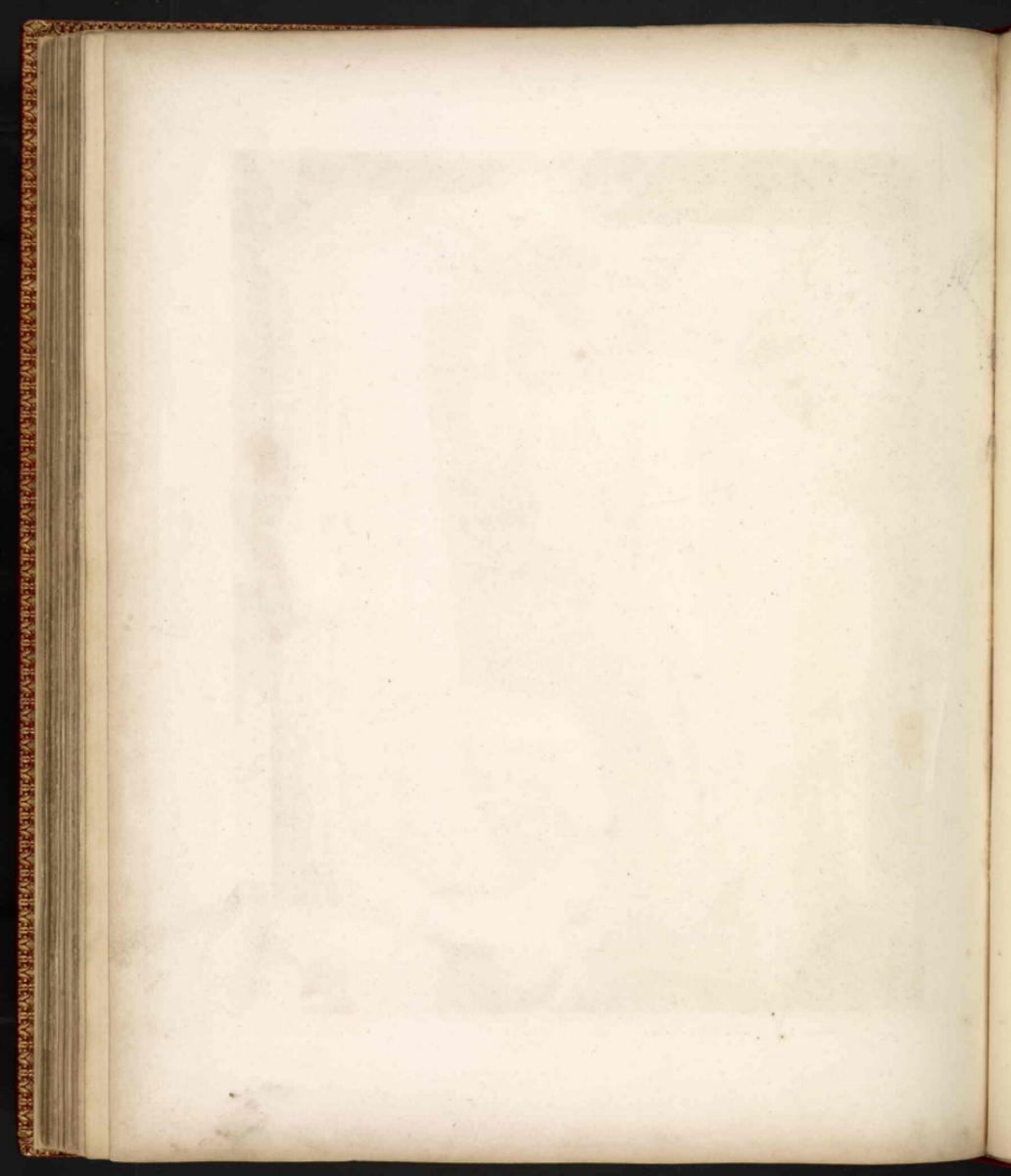
Thou could'st not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shewed himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to Heaven. Methinks I see him
Climb th' aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is there should his followers be.
Death only lies between, a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye-road

To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but, as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing. Death disarm'd
Loses its fellness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!



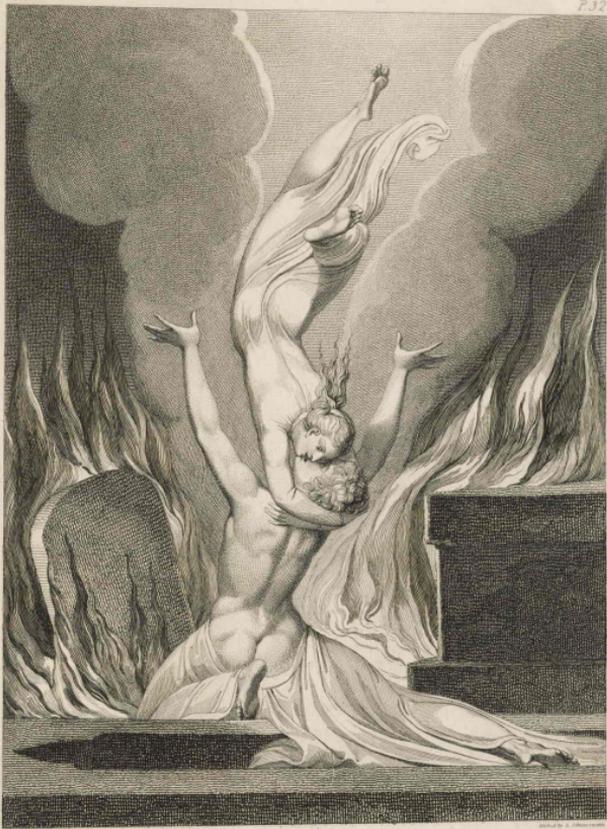
The Death of The Good Old Man.

W. H. B. del. and
 W. H. B. sculp. 1840. The Good Old Man.
 London: Published by W. H. B. at the Antislavery Office.



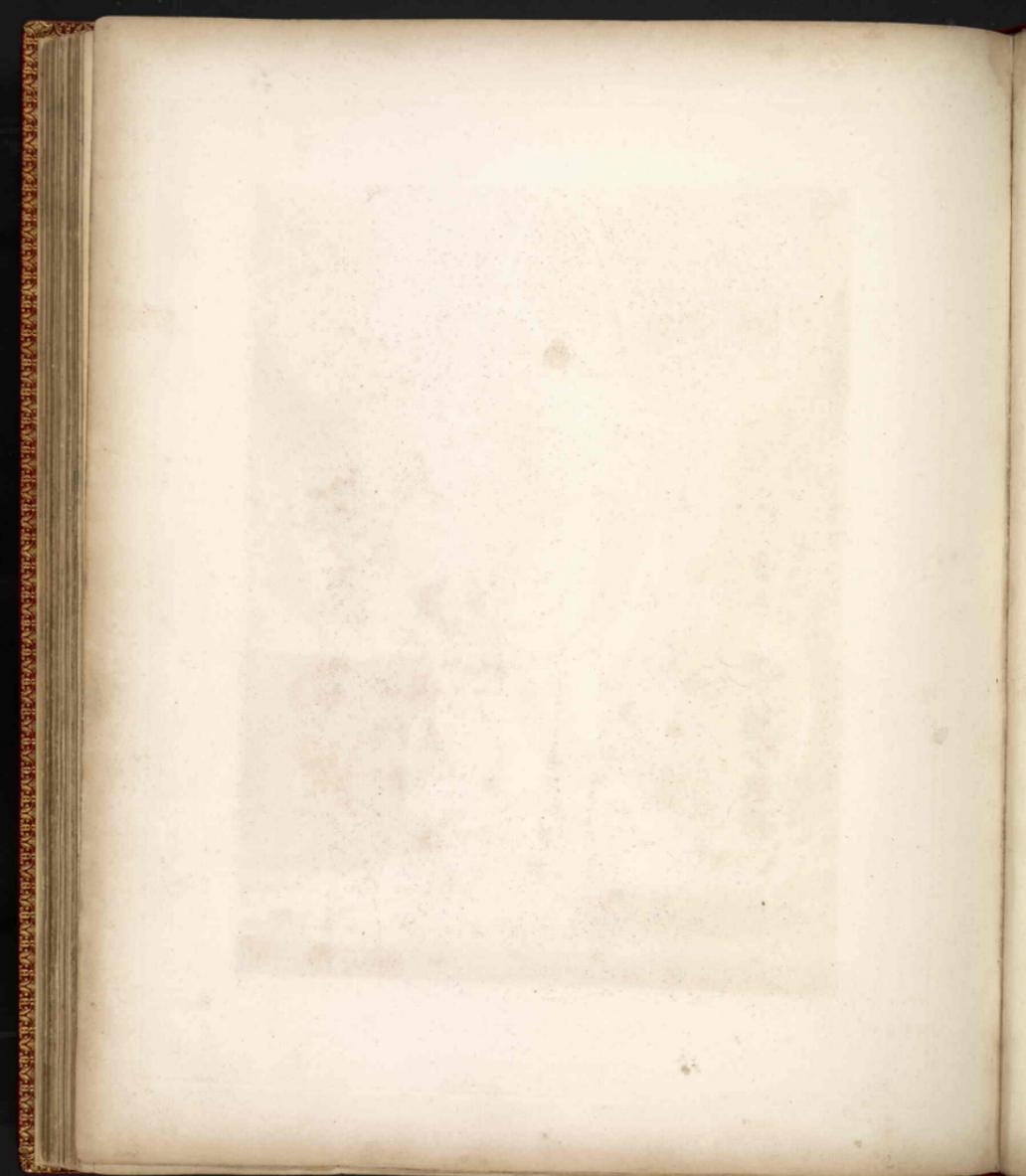
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then—O then
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought! O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done—and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. E'en the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
It's better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,

Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
But must give back it's long committed dust
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale!
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not how this can be? Sure the same power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days; and what he can he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess it's proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To it's first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake it's partner; but, amidst the crowd
Singling it's other half, into it's arms
Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man



The Reunion of the Soul & the Body

London, Published Nov. 1781, by R. D. and W. A. 1780.



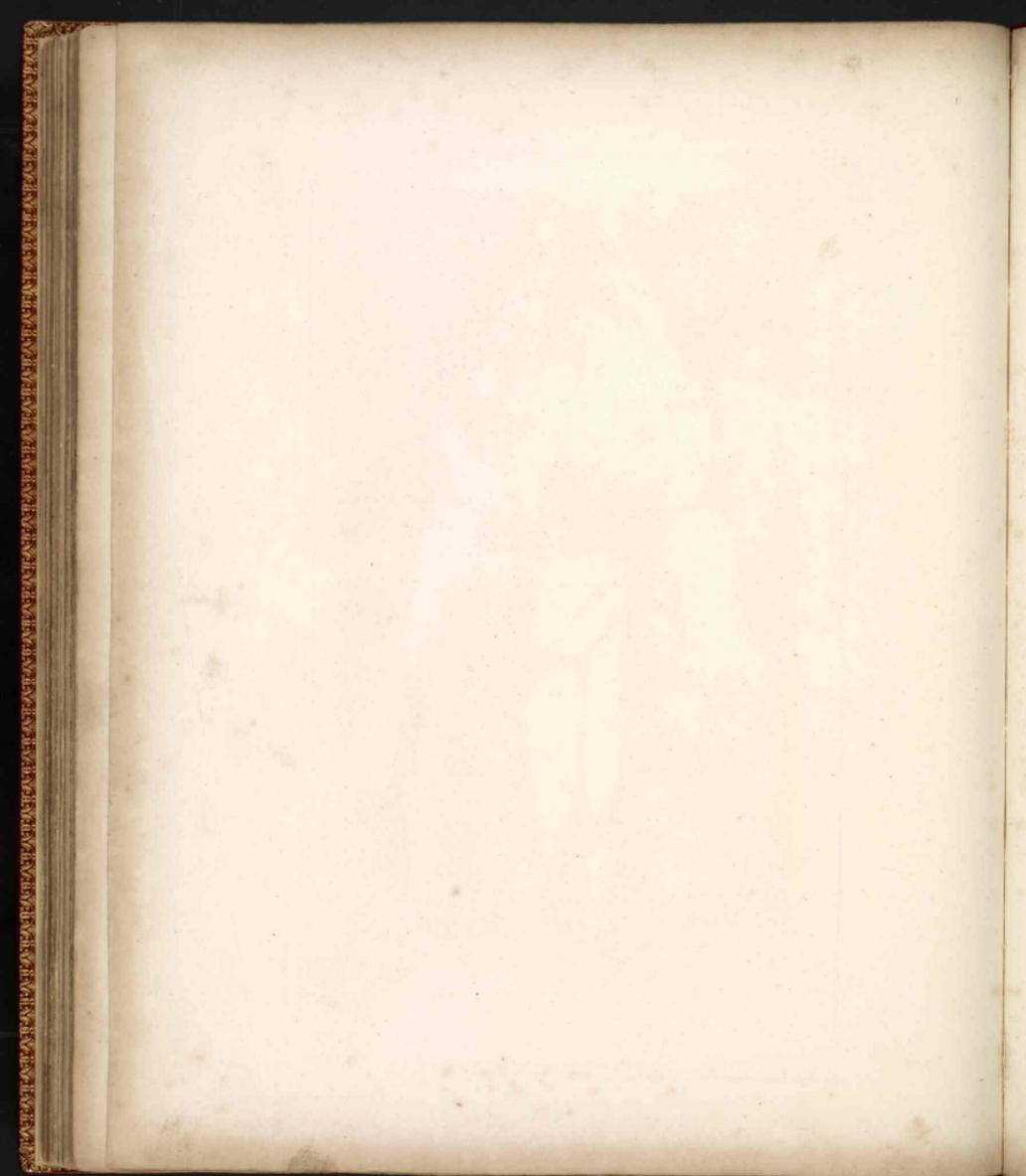


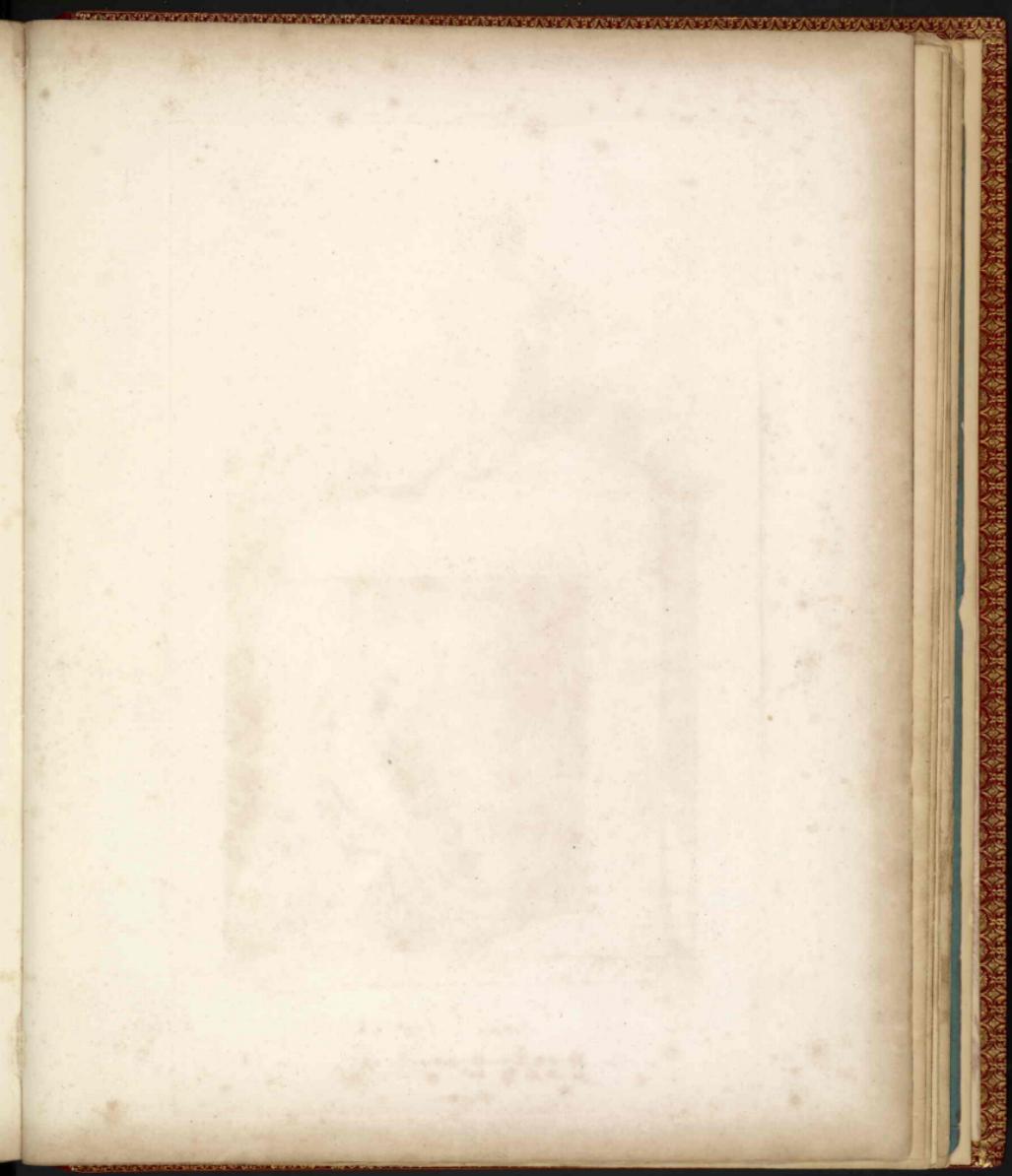
Designed by W. B. Smith

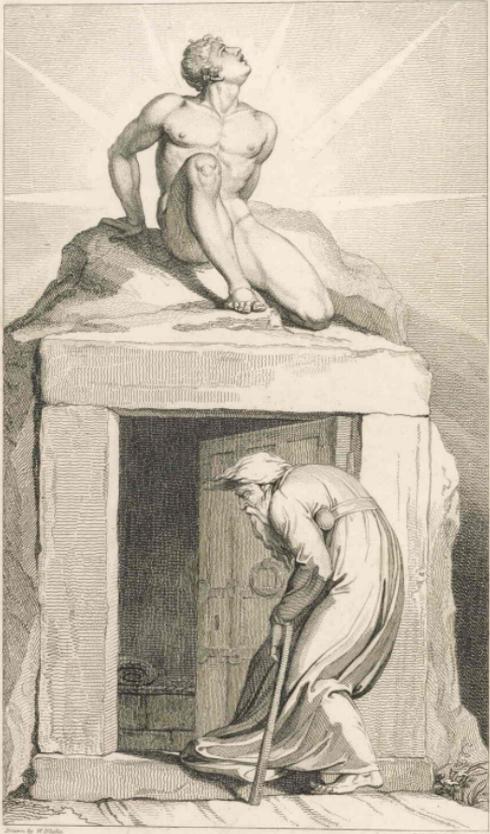
Engraved by C. Johnson

The meeting of a Family in Heaven.

London, Published Nov. 1763, by R. Dodsley in Pall-mall.







Drawn by W. Blake

Engraved by R. Smeathman

Death's Door

*'Tis but a Night, a long and moonless Night,
We make the Grave our Bed, and then are gone!*

London, Published March 1767 by R. Smeathman's Press

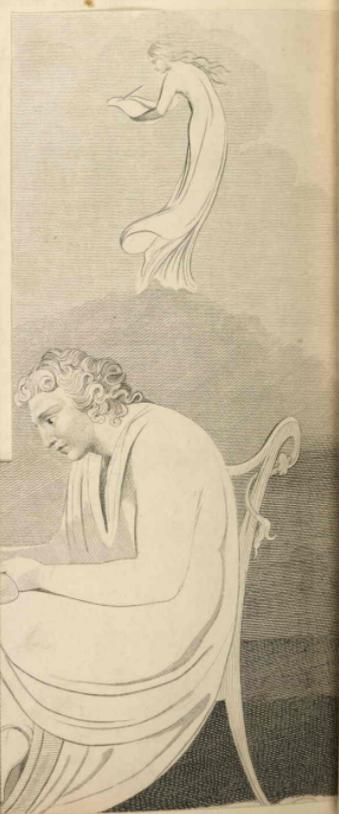
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more!

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!

Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

THE END.





OF THE DESIGNS.

By the arrangement here made, the regular progression of Man, from his first descent into the Vale of Death, to his last admission into Life eternal, is exhibited. These Designs, detached from the Work they embellish, form of themselves a most interesting Poem.

*Note. Not bound
in this order*

✓ I. THE DESCENT OF CHRIST INTO THE GRAVE.

"Eternal King, whose potent arm sustains
"The keys of Death and Hell!"

✓ II. THE DESCENT OF MAN INTO THE VALE OF DEATH.

The pious daughter weeping and conducting her sire onward; age, creeping carefully on hands and knees; an elder, without friend or kindred; a miser; a bachelor, blindly proceeding, no one knows where, ready to drop into the dark abyss; frantic youth rashly devoted to vice and passion, rushing past the diseased and old, who totters on crutches; the wan declining virgin; the miserable and distracted widow; the hale country youth; and the mother and her numerous progeny, already arrived in this valley, are among the groups which speak irresistibly to the feelings.

✓ III. DEATH'S DOOR.

The Door opening, that seems to make utter darkness visible; age, on crutches, hurried by a tempest into it. Above is the renovated man seated in light and glory.

✓ IV. THE STRONG AND WICKED MAN DYING.

Extent of limb, a broad capacious chest, heaving in agony, and prodigious muscular force, so exerted as to portray the excruciating torments of mind and body, all contribute to give a fearful picture of the Strong and Wicked Man in the pangs of Death. His masculine soul is hurried through the casement in flame, while his daughter hides her face with horror not to be resisted, and his frantic wife rushes forward, as if resolved to share his fate.

✓ V. THE GOOD OLD MAN DYING.

Never perhaps were two subjects more happily conceived, and beautifully contrasted, than this and the former. In that all is confusion, hurry, and terror; in this are perfect repose, beatific hope, and heavenly consolation. Peace in his countenance, his hand on the gospel, his soul devoutly ascending to eternal bliss, his affectionate children, some in prayer, others believing, or at least anxiously hoping, that he still lives; all denote how great is the happiness of the Good Man in the Hour of Death.

✓ VI. THE SOUL HOVERING OVER THE BODY.

" ————— How wishfully she looks
" On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!"

✓ VII. THE SOUL EXPLORING THE RECESSES OF THE GRAVE.

The Soul, prior to the dissolution of the Body, exploring through and beyond the tomb, and there discovering the emblems of mortality and of immortality.

✓ VIII. THE COUNSELLOR, KING, WARRIOR, MOTHER, AND CHILD.

All are equal in the Grave. Wisdom, Power, Valour, Beauty, and Innocence, at the hour of death, alike are impotent and unavailing.

✓ IX. THE SKELETON RE-ANIMATED.

"When the dread trumpet sounds, the slum'ring dust,
"Not unattentive to the call, awakes;"

while the world in flames typifies the renovation of all things, the end of Time, and the beginning of Eternity.

✓ X. THE RE-UNION OF SOUL AND BODY.

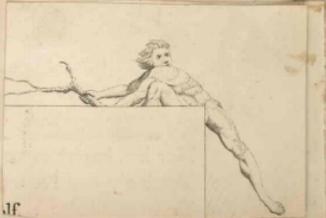
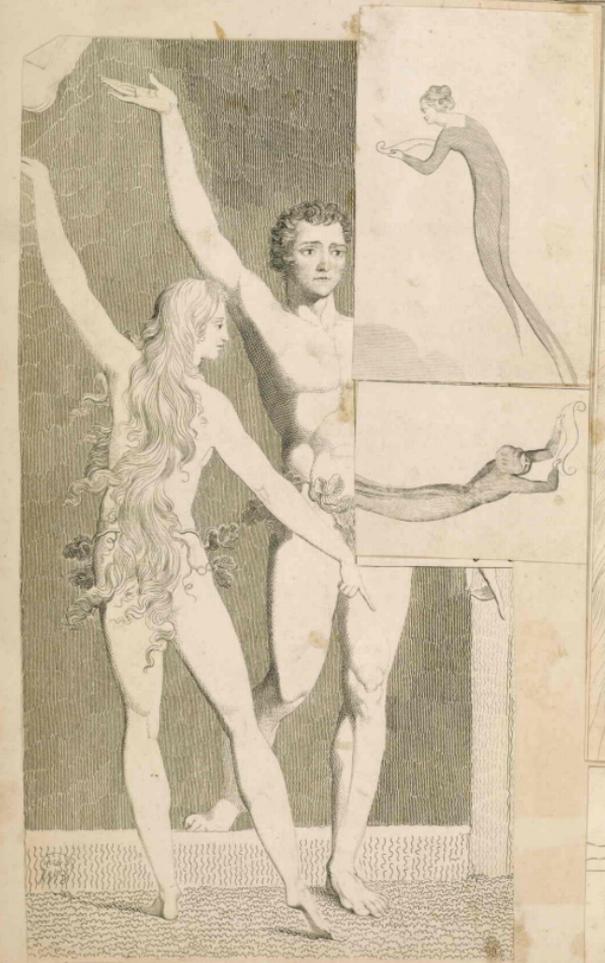
The body springs from the grave, the Soul descends from an opening cloud; they rush together with inconceivable energy; they meet, never again to part!

✓ XI. A FAMILY MEETING IN HEAVEN.

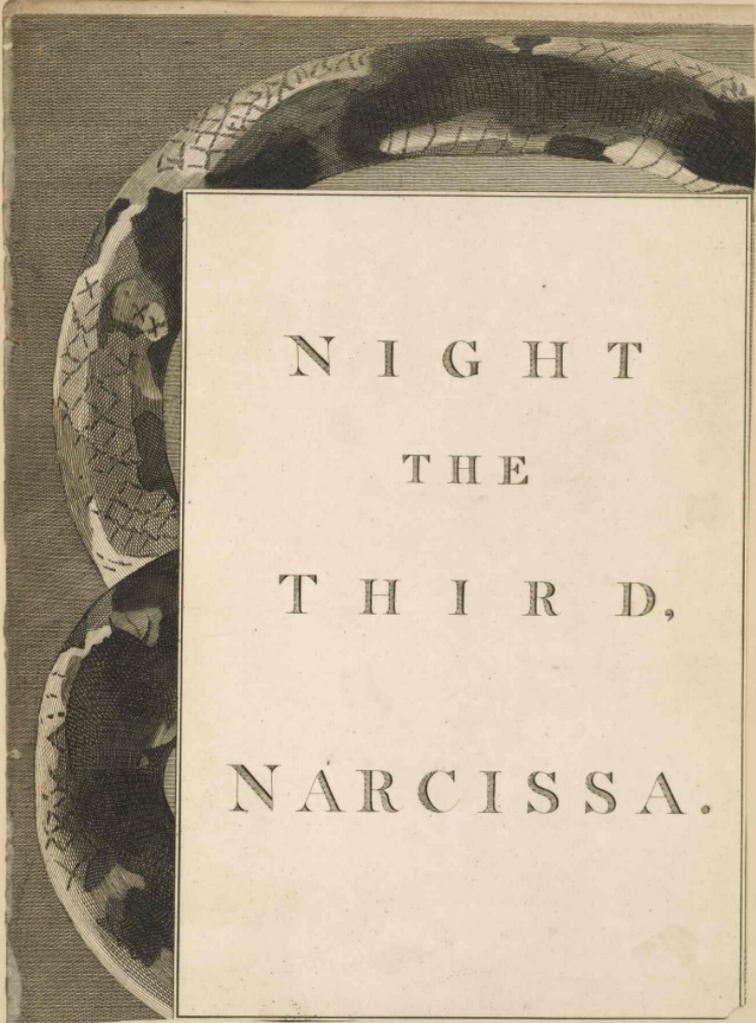
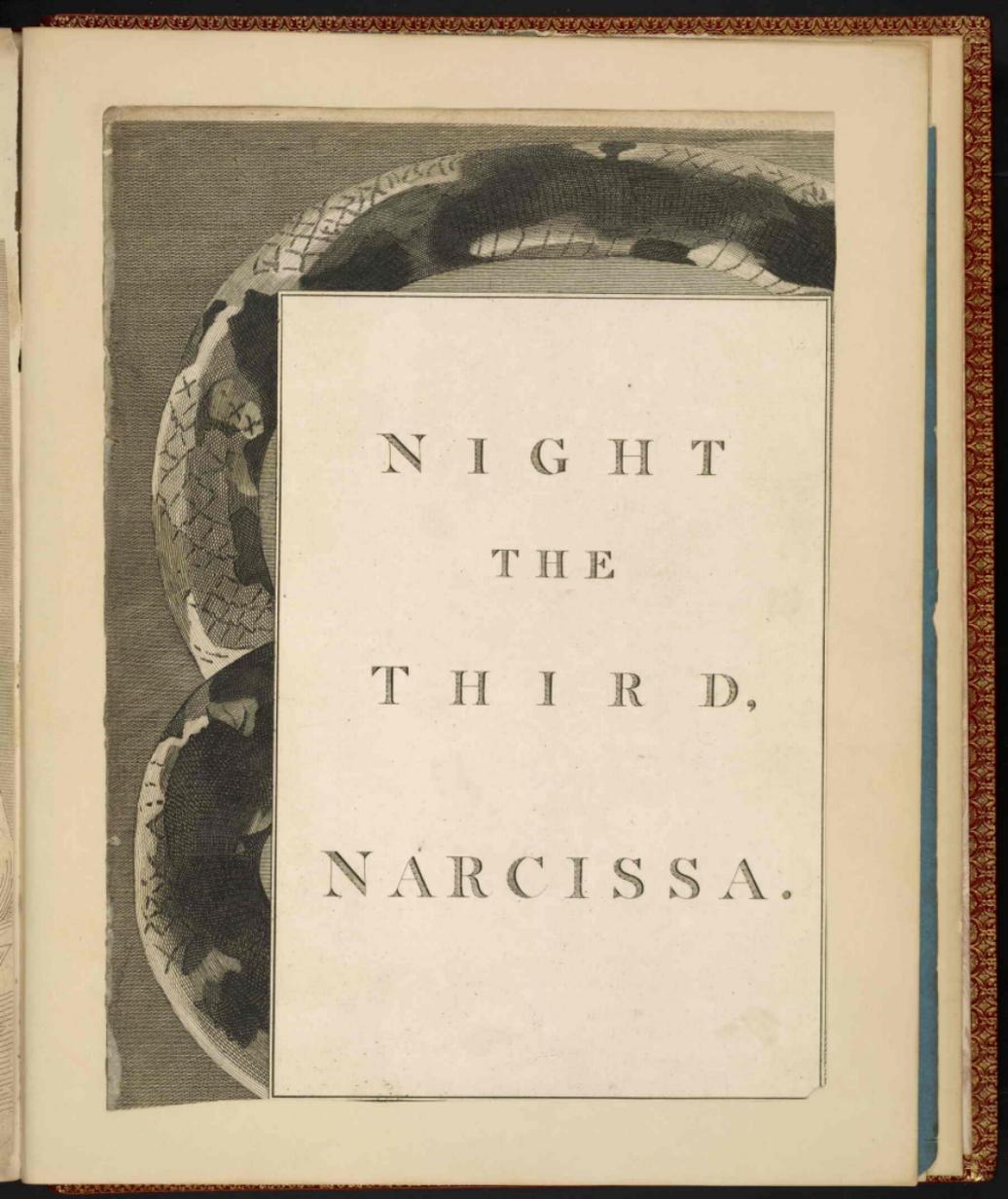
The sweet felicity, the endearing tenderness, the ineffable affection, that are here depicted, are sufficiently obvious. The husband clasps the Wife; the Children embrace; the Boy recognises and eagerly springs to his Father.

XII. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

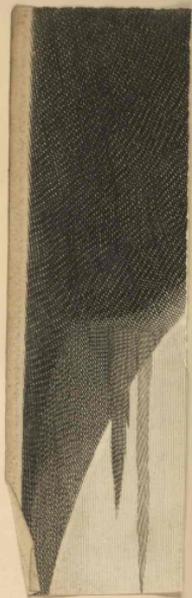
CHRIST coming to judgment in the clouds of heaven, with the "Thrones set, and the Books opened." On his knees lies the Book of Life. The Recording Angels kneel on each side of his throne, and the Elders are also seated on each side of him to judge the world. Surrounding the throne, are the blessed, entering into their joy; and arising from these, on each hand, are two clouds of figures: one with the insignia of Baptism; the other with the insignia of the Lord's Supper, inclosing a glorification of angels with harps. Beneath, on the right hand of Christ, are the blessed, rising in the air to judgment; on the left hand are the cursed: Some are precipitating themselves from the face of Him that sitteth on the Throne (among them is Satan, wound round with the Serpent), others are pleading their own righteousness, and others, beneath, fleeing with banners and spears among the rocks, crying to the "rocks to cover them." Beneath these are represented the harlot's mystery, and the dragon, who flee before the face of the Judge. In the centre, standing on the midst of the earth, is the angel with the last trumpet. On each side of him is an angel: that on the left is drawing his sword on the wicked; that on the right is sheathing his sword on the just, who are rising in various groups, with joy and affection, family by family. The angel with the trumpet, and his accompanying ministers of judgment, are surrounded by a column of flame, which spreads itself in various directions over the earth, from which the dead are bursting forth, some in terror, some in joy. On the opening cloud, on each hand of Christ, are two figures, supporting the books of remembrance: that over the just is beheld with humiliation; that over the wicked with arrogance. A sea of fire issues from beneath the throne of Christ, destructive to the wicked, but salutary to the righteous. Before the sea of Fire the clouds are rolled back, and the heavens "are rolled together as a scroll."







N I G H T
THE
T H I R D,
N A R C I S S A .



And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?
 Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep ;
 Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame :
 Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;
 And on her cheek, the residence of springs,
 Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
 On all that saw, and who would cease to gaze
 That once had seen ? with haste, parental haste
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak boreas blew,
 And bore her nearer to the sun ; the sun,
 As if the sun could envy, check'd his beam,
 Denied his wonted succour, nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
 Of lilies ! fairest lilies not so fair.

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives :
 In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun, which gives your cheeks to glow,
 And out-blush, mine excepted, every fair ;
 You gladder grew, ambitious of her hand
 Which often cropp'd your odours, incense meet
 To thought so pure : ye lovely fugitives !
 Coeval race with man, for man you smile ;
 Why not smile at him too ? you share indeed
 His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

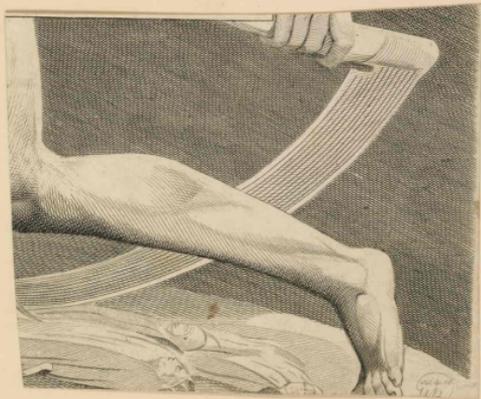
So man is made, nought ministers delight
 But what his glowing passions can engage :

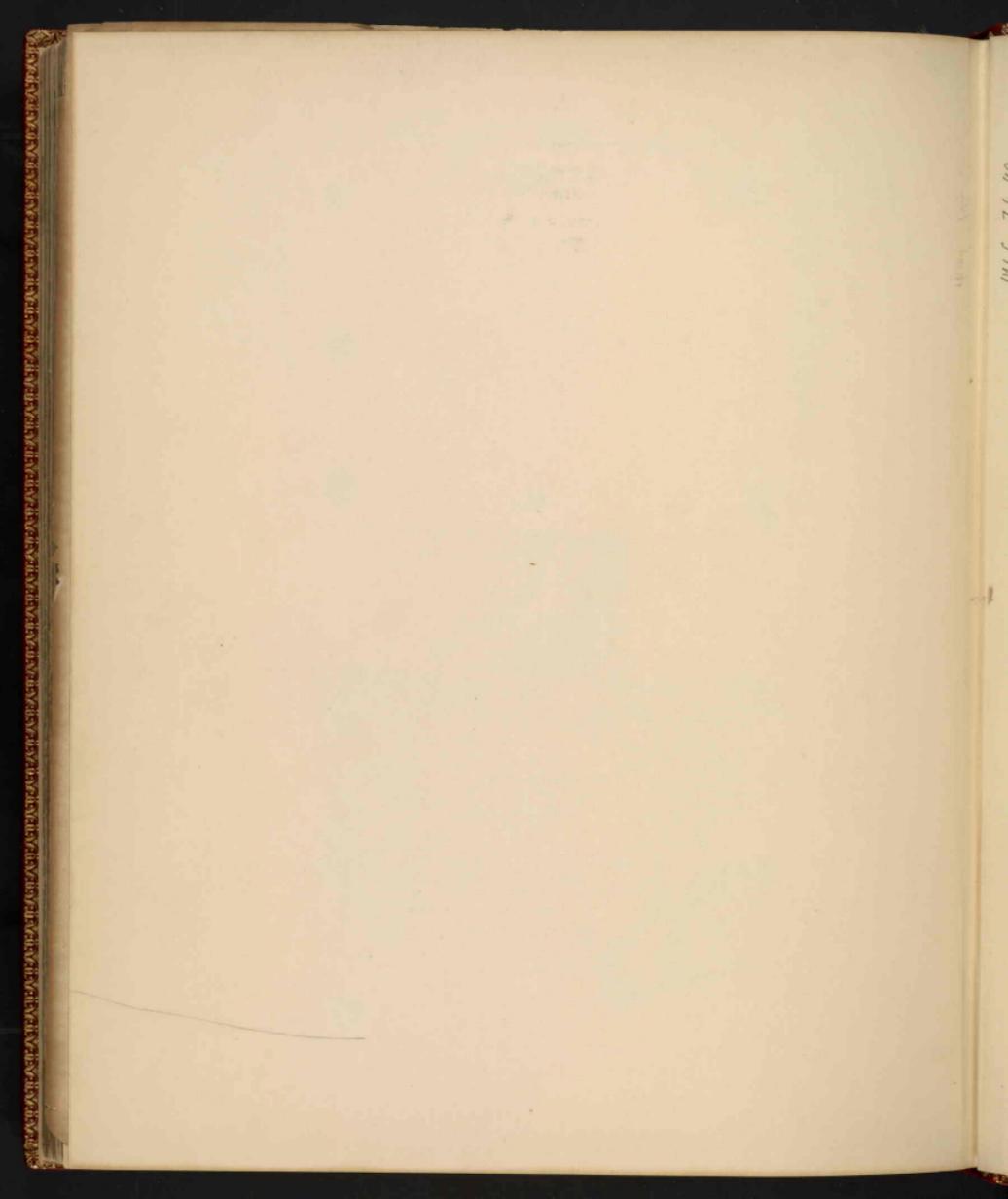


And glowing passions bent on aught below
 Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;
 And anguish after rapture how severe !
 Rapture ? bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine
 By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste ;
 Whilst here presuming on the rights of heaven,
 For transport dost thou call on every hour,
 LORENZO ? at thy friend's expense be wise ;
 Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
 A broken reed at best, but oft a spear ;
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
 Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her : thought repell'd
 Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
 Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
 And when kind fortune with thy lover smiled !
 And when high-flavour'd thy fresh opening joys !
 And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete !
 And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept !
 Strangers to thee ; and, more surprising still,
 Strangers to kindness wept ; their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears, strange tears that trickled down
 From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe ;
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd :
 While nature melted, superstition raved ;
 That mourn'd the dead,—and this denied a grave.
 Their sighs incens'd, sighs foreign to the will !
 Their will the tiger suck'd, out-raged the storm :
 For, oh the curs'd ungodliness of zeal !
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit nursed

This book was given to me
by Mr Wm Thorne, the picture restorer,
with the additional slips pasted
in, - just as it is - Mr Thorne knew
Blake -







Blair, Robert

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