

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

**D**E E P in a grove by cypress shaded,  
Where mid day sun had seldom shone,  
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,  
Save some afflicted Muse's moan;

A Swain towards full ag'd manhood wending,  
Sat forrowing at the close of day,  
At whose fond side a Boy attending,  
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,  
But on the smiling prattler hung,  
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,  
These accents trembled from his tongue.

“ My youth's first hopes, my manhood's treasure,

“ My prattling innocent, attend,

“ Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure,

“ A father's loveliest name is Friend.

“ Some truths, from long experience flowing,

“ Worth more than royal grants receive,

“ For truths are wealth of heaven's bestowing,

“ Which kings have seldom power to give.

“ Since



“ Since from an ancient race descended  
“ You boast an unattainted blood,  
“ By yours be their fair fame attended,  
“ And claim by birthright to be good.

“ In love for every fellow-creature,  
“ Superior rise above the crowd ;  
“ What most ennobles human nature  
“ Was ne'er the portion of the croud.

“ Be thine the generous heart that borrows  
“ From others joys a friendly glow,  
“ And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows,  
“ Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

“ This is the temper most endearing ;  
“ Tho' wide proud Pomp her banners spreads,  
“ An heavenlier power good-nature bearing,  
“ Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

“ Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain,  
“ The peace-destroying streams that flow ;  
“ Nor from Ambition's dangerous mountain,  
“ Look down upon the world below.

“ The princely pine on hills exalted,  
“ Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,  
“ By winds long brav'd, at last assaulted,  
“ Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie ;

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“ Whilst



“ Whilst the mild rose more safely growing

“ Low in its unaspiring vale,

“ Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,

“ Exchanges sweets with every gale.

“ Wish not for Beauty's darling features,

“ Moulded by Nature's fondling power ;

“ For fairest forms 'mong human creatures,

“ Shine but the pageants of an hour.

“ I saw, the pride of all the meadow,

“ At noon, a gay Narcissus blow

“ Upon a river's bank, whose shadow

“ Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

“ By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,

“ The waters as they pass'd, complain'd ;

“ At eve its glories all were blasted,

“ And not one former tint remain'd.

“ Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory

“ Lead you from Wisdom's path astray :

“ What Genius lives renown'd in story,

“ To happiness who found the way ?

“ In yonder mead behold that vapor,

“ Whose vivid beams illusive play,

“ Far off it seems a friendly taper,

“ To guide the traveller on his way ;

“ But



\* But should some hapless wretch pursuing,  
“ Tread where the treacherous meteors glow,  
“ He’d find, too late his rashness rueing,  
“ That fatal quicksands lurk below.

“ In life such bubbles nought admiring,  
“ Gilt with false light, and fill’d with air,  
“ Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,  
“ To peace in Virtue’s cot repair.

“ There seek the never-wasted treasure,  
“ Which mutual love and friendship give,  
“ Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,  
“ And bless’d and blessing you will live.

“ If Heaven with children crowns your dwelling,  
“ As mine its bounty does with you,  
“ In fondness fatherly excelling  
“ The example you have felt pursue.”

He paus’d—for tenderly caressing  
The darling of his wounded heart,  
Looks had meanly of expressing  
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now Night her mournful mantle spreading,  
Had rob’d with black the horizon round,  
And dank dews from her tresses shedding,  
With genial moisture bath’d the ground :



When back to city follies flying,  
Midst Custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,  
His face array'd in smiles, denying  
The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying  
Each character in youth and age,  
Of fools betray'd and knaves betraying,  
That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself and undefigning)  
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,  
And felt each secret wish inclining  
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,  
Obediently he bow'd his soul;  
For, what all-bounteous Heaven created,  
He thought Heaven only should controul.

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