

nd,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

ON HIS LATE RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

BY THE REV. WALTER HARTE.

*Sed nihil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere,*

*Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena,*

*Despicere unde quæcas alios, possimque videre*

*Errare atque viam palentes querere vita.*

LUCRET. l. ii. v. 6.

**A**T length, in pity to a nation's prayer,

Thou liv'st, O STANHOPE, Providence's care:

"Life's sun, we read, when heaven a respite lends,

"Ten degrees back against the shade descends x."

By wisdom purify'd, by age inspir'd;

For twice nine years in Greenwich groves retir'd;

Rapt like Elijah in the aerial car,

Thou wisely mark'st this busy world from far:

TO

<sup>u</sup> See the story of Hezekiah, and the dial of Ahaz, Isaiah, ch. xxxviii ver. 8.

Confederate.

ried,

Where Avarice and Ambition vainly run,  
 This to undo, and that to be undone. —  
 Considerate truths are now thy favourite themes;  
 Age may see visions, tho' our youth dream'd dreams;  
 Hail truly wise, and good! O happier thou  
 Than if state diadems had grac'd thy brow!

Like sage *ÆNEAS*<sup>y</sup>, mantled in a cloud,  
 Unseen you see the falshood of the crowd:  
 Brother his brother cheats, and friend his friend: —  
 Life's vain wise men prove blockheads in the end. —  
 Thou see'st, like *ADAM* <sup>z</sup> by the archangel led,  
 The many peopled earth beneath thee spread;  
 (Thy eyes much purg'd with euphrasy and rue <sup>a</sup>,  
 For even a *CHESTERFIELD* has much to view)  
 Thou see'st like him the plagues of human strife,  
 The snares of greatness, emptiness of life,  
*Abner's* sincerity, and *Joab's* heart,  
*Achitophel's* deep schemes, and *Zimri's* part;  
*Shimei's* ill-nature, and (to mark the times)  
 The flattery of *Og's* and *Doeg's* rhymes.  
 O still contemplate, look thro' Reason's eye, —  
 For hours are precious ages when we die!

Thus, even in Pagan times, the chosen few,  
*Pomponius*, *Scipio*, *Atticus*, withdrew:  
 Thus *Dioclesian*, with true greatness fir'd,  
 From lordly Rome to *Spalatro* retir'd;

<sup>y</sup> Virgil's *Æneid* IV.      <sup>z</sup> *Paradise Lost*, l. xi. v. 270.  
<sup>a</sup> *Ibid.* p. 412.      *Exchang'd*

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Exchang'd the imperial fasces for a spade,  
And left court sunshine for the sylvan shade ;  
Lord of himself, monarch of fields and plains,  
By Nature call'd to rule, and crown'd by swains,

EPITAPH ON MRS. SARAH MENCE.

BY THE SAME.

PEACE to the ashes, and the virtuous mind,  
Of her who liv'd in peace with all mankind !  
Humbly religious, silently sincere,  
Humane to others, to herself severe.  
Learn'd from the heart, unknowing of disguise,  
Truth in her thoughts, and candour in her eyes ;  
Who sacrific'd no faith to private ends ;  
Without reserve devoted to her friends,  
Stranger alike to party and to pride,  
Good sense her light, the word of God her guide ;  
She gave to piety her early days,  
And breath'd in dying hours her Maker's praise.  
Happy, who thus the soul to Heaven engage,  
Their youth's first choice, their last desire in age.

N 4 K Y M B E R,