In MEMORY of the

Rt. Hon. Lord *Aubrey Beauclerk*,

Who was ſlain at CARTHAGENA.

(Written in the year 1743, at the requeſt of his Lady.)

SHALL ſo much worth in ſilence paſs away,
And no recording muſe that worth diſplay?
Shall public ſpirit like the private die,
The coward with the brave promiſcuous lie?
The hero's toils ſhould be the muſes care,
In peace their guardian, and their ſhield in war;
Alike inſpir'd, they mutual ſuccours lend;
The Muſes His, and He the Muſes friend.

To me the ſolemn lyre you reach in vain,
The ſimple warbler of ſome idle ſtrain.
What tho' the hero's fate the lay demands,
What tho' impell'd and urg'd by your commands;

Yet

LLANIES.

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Yet, weak of flight, in vain I prune the wing,
And, diffident of voice, attempt to ſing.

What dreadful ſlaughter on the weſtern coaſt!
How many gallant warriors *Britain* loſt,
A *Britiſh* muſe would willingly conceal;
But what the muſe would hide, our tears reveal.
Penſive, we oft recal thoſe fatal ſhores,
Where *Carthagena* lifts her warlike tow'rs.
High o'er the deep th' embattl'd fortreſs heaves
Its awful front, its baſis in the waves;
Without impregnable by nature's care,
And arm'd within with all the rage of war.

Deep in oblivion ſink th' ill-omen'd hour,
That call'd our legions to the baneful ſhore!
Where death, in all her horrid pomp array'd,
O'er the pale clime her direful influ'nce ſhed.
Want, famine, war, and peſtilential breath,
All act ſubſervient to the rage of death.
Thoſe whom the wave, or fiercer war would ſpare,
Yeild to the clime, and ſink in ſilence there:

No

No friend to close their eyes, no pitying guest
To drop the silent tear, or strike the pensive breast.

Here *Douglas* fell, the gallant and the brave!
Here much-lamented *Watson* found a grave.
Here, early try'd, and acting but too well,
The lov'd, ennobled, gen'rous BEAUCLERK fell.
Just as the spring of life began to bloom,
When ev'ry grace grew softer on the tomb;
In all that health and energy of youth,
Which promis'd honours of maturer growth;
When round his head the warriour laurel sprung,
And temp'rance brac'd the nerve which valour strung;
When his full heart expanded to the goal,
And promis'd victory had flush'd his soul,
He fell!—His country lost her earliest boast;
His family a faithful guardian lost;
His friend a safe companion; and his wife,
Her last resource, her happiness in life.

O ever honour'd, ever happy shade!
How well hast thou thy debt to virtue paid!

Brave,

Brave, active, ur
Compos'd, intrep
When half thy li
Of life, thy valo
Gave the last sign
And, dying, seal

Say, what is Li
What the design
Was it in lux'ry
To raise the ani
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To tell the tale,
Then shoot away,
Arise no duties f
No kindred virtue

* After both his l
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E L L A N I E S.

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Brave,

Brave, active, undiſmay'd in all the paſt;
Compos'd, intrepid, ſteady to the laſt.
When half thy limbs, and more than half was loſt
Of life, thy valour ſtill maintain'd it's poſt:
Gave the laſt ſignal * for thy country's good,
And, dying, ſeal'd it with thy pureſt blood.

Say, what is Life? and wherefore was it giv'n?
What the deſign, the purpoſe mark'd by Heav'n?
Was it in lux'ry to diſſolve the ſpan,
To raiſe the animal, and ſink the man?
In the ſoft bands of pleaſure, idly gay,
To frolic the immortal gift away?
To tell the tale, or flow'ry wreath to bind,
Then ſhoot away, and leave no track behind?
Ariſe no duties from the ſocial tie?
No kindred virtues from our native ſky?

* After both his legs were ſhot off. See the account of his death in the proſe-inſcription in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, written by the author, under his Lady's directions. The verſe by Dr. *Young*.

No

No truths from reaſon, and the thought intenſe?
Nothing reſult from ſoul, but all from ſenſe?

O thoughtleſs reptile, Man!—Born! yet aſk why?
Truly, for ſomething ſerious—*Born to die.*
Knowing this truth, can we be wiſe too ſoon?
And this once known, ſure ſomething's to be done—
To live's to ſuffer; *act*, is to exiſt;
And life, at beſt, a trial, not a feaſt:
Our bus'neſs virtue; and when that is done,
We cannot ſit too late, or riſe too ſoon.

"Virtue!—What is it?—Whence does it ariſe!"
Aſk of the brave, the ſocial, and the wiſe;
Of thoſe who ſtudy'd for the gen'ral good,
Of thoſe who fought, and purchas'd it with blood;
Of thoſe who build, or plant, or who deſign,
Ev'n thoſe who dig the ſoil, or work the mine.
If yet not clearly ſeen, or underſtood;
Aſk the humane, the pious, and the good.
To no one ſtation, ſtage, or part confin'd,
No ſingle act of body, or of mind;

But

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But

But whate'er lovely, juſt, or fit we call,
The fair reſult, the congregate of all.

The active mind, aſcending by degrees,
Its various ties, relations, duties ſees:
Examines parts, thence riſing to the whole,
Sees the connexion, chain, and ſpring of ſoul;
Th' eternal ſource! from whoſe pervading ray
We caught the flame, and kindled into day.
Hence the collected truths *coercive* riſe,
Oblige as nat'ral, or as moral ties.
Son, brother, country, friend demand our care;
The common bounty all partake, muſt ſhare.
Hence virtue in its ſource, and in its end,
To God as relative, to Man as friend.

O friend to truth! to virtue! to thy kind!
O early call'd to leave theſe ties behind!
How ſhall the muſe her vary'd tribute pay,
Indulge the tear, and not debaſe the lay!
Come, fair example of heroic truth!
Deſcend, and animate the *Britiſh* youth:

Now, when their country's wrongs demand their care,
And proud *Iberia* meditates the war:
Now, while the trumpet ſounds her ſhrill alarms,
And calls forth all her gen'rous ſons to arms;
Pour all thy genius, all thy martial fire
O'er the brave youth, and ev'ry breaſt inſpire.
Say, *this* is virtue, glory, honour, fame,
To riſe from ſloth, and catch the martial flame.
When fair occaſion calls their vigour forth,
To *meet* the call, and vindicate its worth:
To rouſe, to kindle, animate, combine,
Revenge their country's wrongs, and think on Thine.

Go, happy ſhade! to where the good, and bleſt
Enjoy eternal ſcenes of bliſs and reſt:
While we below thy ſudden farewel mourn,
Collect thy virtues, weeping o'er the urn;
Recal their ſcatter'd luſtre as they paſt,
And ſee them all united in the laſt.

So the bright orb, which gilds the groves and ſtreams,
Mildly diffuſive of his golden beams;

Drawn

LLANIES.

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Drawn

Drawn to a point, his ſtrong concenter'd rays
More fulgent glow, and more intenſely blaze.

And Thou! late partner of his ſofter hour,
Ordain'd but juſt to meet, and meet no more;
Say, with the virtues how each grace combin'd!
How brave, yet ſocial! how reſolv'd, yet kind!
With manners how ſincere! polite with eaſe!
How diffident! and yet how ſure to pleaſe!
Was he of ought but infamy afraid?
Was he not modeſt as the bluſhing maid?
Aſham'd to flatter, eager to commend;
A gen'rous maſter, and a ſteady friend.
Humane to all, but warm'd when virtuous grief,
Or ſilent modeſty, imply'd relief.
Pure in his principles, unſhaken, juſt;
True to his God, and faithful to his truſt.

BEAUCLERK, farewel!——If, with thy virtues warm'd,
And not too fondly, or too raſhly charm'd,

I ſtrive the tributary dirge to pay,
And form the pinion to the haſty lay;
The feeble, but well-meaning flight excuſe:
Perhaps hereafter ſome more gen'rous muſe,
Touch'd with thy fate, with genius at command,
May ſnatch the pencil from the female hand;
And give the perfect portrait, bold and free,
In numbers ſuch as *Young*'s, and worthy *Thee*.

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