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The Poems and Prose of Elizabeth Moody

Jan Wellington

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POEMS AND PROSE OF ELIZABETH MOODY

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THE POEMS AND PROSE OF ELIZABETH MOODY

by

JAN WELLINGTON

B.A. in English, Glassboro State College (changed to Rowan College of New Jersey), 1990
M.A. in English, The University of New Mexico, 1992

DISSERTATION

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN ENGLISH

The University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, New Mexico

MAY, 1997
To my grandmother,
Anne Monahan Bradley
(1902 - 1962)
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

When so many thanks are due, it's hard to know where to begin. Thus I will start in Elizabeth Moody's neighborhood and thank for their assistance the staffs of the Surrey Record Office, the Kingston Museum, Heritage, and Public Library, and the Twickenham Library Local Studies Collection. In London, my gratitude goes to those at the Parish of Chiswick, the Public Record Office, the Greater London Record Office, the Society of Genealogists, and the National Portrait Gallery Archives, with special thanks to the Guildhall Library's gracious staff. My gratitude is also due to the helpful staffs of the National Library of Wales in Aberystwyth and Oxford University's Bodleian Library.

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ABSTRACT OF DISSERTATION

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M.A. in English, 1992; Ph.D. in English, 1997,
The University of New Mexico

Director - Carolyn Woodward

ABSTRACT

My dissertation is a scholarly edition of the poems, reviews, and letters of Elizabeth Moody (1737-1814), an English writer whose work has been out of print for nearly two centuries and has never been collected. Comprised of 109 poems, 29 reviews, and six letters, the edition contains substantial new biographical information and many heretofore undiscovered texts.

The product of a privileged, upper-middle-class milieu and a locale famed for wit and art, Moody from an early age conceived of herself as a reader, writer, and critic. In the edition’s biographical/critical introduction I examine how her identity and writing were shaped by her background, temperament, and a cultural climate that sanctioned women writers only to the extent that they exhibited ideal femininity. I maintain that Moody—whose satiric impulse and related critical bent were decidedly unfeminine—negotiated the contradictions inherent in her roles as woman/housewife/critic/poet by constructing herself as a writer of playful “trifles” and finding familial spaces for her literary offspring: in short, by existing as a “semi-public” writer.

This edition is aimed at an audience ranging from informed undergraduates to experienced scholars. My editorial goals are to help resurrect an engaging, neglected writer who participated in all the literary/cultural dialogues of her day, and to produce a useful
TWO TROPHIES OR A DISTANT VOLUNTEER

TERRY M. SCHOON

University College, New Taipei

June 14, 1973, 11:30 A.M.

The Exhibition in the Museum

OBSERVERS

TORTOISE - Egypt's Wonders

ARTISTES

The relationships of the two men in the museum are complex. One is an observer, the other an artist. The observer sees the exhibits as static and remote, while the artist sees them as living and changing. The observer is interested in the past, the artist in the present. The observer is satisfied with what he sees, the artist wants more. The observer is content, the artist is restless. The observer is happy, the artist is sad. The observer is real, the artist is imaginary. The observer is true, the artist is false. The observer is sane, the artist is insane. The observer is safe, the artist is dangerous. The observer is ordinary, the artist is extraordinary. The observer is common, the artist is unique. The observer is normal, the artist is abnormal. The observer is dull, the artist is brilliant. The observer is useless, the artist is valuable. The observer is invisible, the artist is visible. The observer is invisible, the artist is visible.
resource for students and scholars. Although the edition is traditional in arrangement, I have attempted, through a network of annotations, cross-references, and textual notes, and through inclusion of poems by members of Moody’s writing circle in dialogue with hers, to convey the highly sociable nature of her oeuvre. During Moody’s lifetime the Augustan model of writing as a social practice was being superceded by a Romantic model of writing as an act of solitary genius. Elizabeth Moody reminds us that, to understand what it means to be readers and writers on the verge of a new century, we must allow all manner of speakers and models to converse.
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INTRODUCTION

In his review of Elizabeth Moody’s collected poems, *Monthly Review* publisher Ralph Griffiths enrolls her in the list of England’s distinguished women poets. Today, though, while her contemporaries Anna Barbauld, Hannah More, Mary Robinson, and Charlotte Smith are the focus of renewed scholarly attention, Moody remains an elusive figure: so elusive, indeed, that until very recently, not even the year of her birth was known. She herself predicted her final resting place would be that “family vault” of poets, the bottom of a trunk.¹ What she didn’t predict was that after generations of regarding the later eighteenth century as one of literature’s profoundest black holes—a void between Augustan and Romantic—scholars would train their eyes on the dark space and begin to perceive there bodies of vibrant, significant writing, or that as part of the process even the contents of her particularly deep trunk would come to light.

The process of recovery has been frustrating and enlightening, leading me a merry chase from New Mexico to England to Wales to Yale and places between; through cobbled backstreets and weedy graveyards, archives actual and virtual, crabbed manuscripts, stubborn vellum, dim light and dust. In the process one learns how the historical mist surrounding women is especially profound, often requiring vision so oblique as to border on the absurd. The search is reminiscent of the one astronomers engage in on the trail of a star whose existence they suspect but can measure only by its influence on the visible bodies around it. The seeker after history’s Elizabeth Moodys learns that these visible bodies are almost invariably men, and learns to be thankful that in Moody’s case, her male celestial companions were visible enough to leave traces of themselves, if only in some cases faint ones. Although by dint of dogged detective work and devoted imaginative weaving, the mists surrounding Moody’s life and writing have significantly cleared, significant work remains.²

The difficulty in recovering women’s lives and work has much to do with the long-standing cultural notion—solidified during Moody’s lifetime—that woman’s place is in the private sphere: that sacrosanct, circumscribed space where she in her god-given weakness may be cherished and protected and in turn may cherish and protect, exerting a power considered both puny and immense through influence rather than action. While scholars of late have challenged the gendered public/private binary as misleading and overly simplistic, rightly observing that women in the eighteenth century found considerable opportunity to participate in the public sphere through the burgeoning medium of publishing—as booksellers, publishers, printers, distributors, circulating library managers, editors, amateur and professional writers—it is also true that throughout the century, in most circles, the more prominent a woman was in the sphere of “publication,” the more unnatural (or
male) she was considered.³

By 1780, when Elizabeth Moody was venturing gingerly into print, encouraging precedent had been set by successful published women such as Anna Barbauld, Hannah More, and Frances Burney. However, a woman playing the publishing game could not escape the spectre of her culture’s ideal of modest, self-effacing domesticity—the “proper lady,”⁴ and no matter how excellent a writer, she could expect to be judged first and foremost on her morals. It has often been observed that such requirements directly oppose the traits essential in a writer: boldness, freedom, and vision ranging fearlessly from the world’s breadth to the self’s depths (traits, indeed, that women were presumed to lack). Women like Mary Wollstonecraft, who refused to be bounded by cultural restrictions, could look forward to the destruction of their personal and literary reputation. More typically, late-century women writers accepted and reproduced the characterization of women as creatures of limited scope. Hannah More, for instance, conflated the biological and the cultural with assertions such as “a woman sees the world, as it were, from a little elevation in her own garden, whence she makes an exact survey of home scenes but takes not in that wider range of distant prospects which he who stands on a loftier eminence commands” (Mahl and Koon 237).

Faced with the conflicting demands of propriety and writing, women writers of Moody’s era reacted with varying amalgams of self-assertion and denial. Frances Burney, for instance, whose social vision was praised by the likes of Samuel Johnson, would nonetheless view exposure as a novelist as tantamount to public nakedness. (And Johnson, for all his supportiveness, would equate women writers with Amazons and dancing dogs.) Anna Barbauld, faced with scathing criticism of her brilliant satire, 1811, would abandon the loved Muse. Elizabeth Moody would respond to the conflict with characteristic doubleness: representing herself variously as the “I who cultivate the Muses lays,/ And pay my homage at Apollo’s shrine” and a harmless scribbler of trifles.⁵

Unlike her better-remembered peers, Moody published late and relatively unprolifically, remaining throughout her life a “semi-public” writer for whom feminine decorum and domestic duties came first. Yet from within the security of her literary, upper-middle-class circle of intimate acquaintance, she was able to exist and flourish as poet, wit, critic, and epistolary genius: as Sappho, the “letter’d maid.”

On April 23, 1737 Elizabeth Greenly was christened in venerable All Saints, parish church of Kingston, an old market town on the Thames southwest of London. In the same year her family moved from Surbiton, a rural hamlet south of Kingston, to Norbiton, an affluent northern suburb, where they lived at Norbiton Hall. Also known as Greenly House, this seventeenth-century brick mansion boasted thirteen hearths which ensured, if not warmth, a tax rate befitting a family of five gentry and their servants (Wakeford,
Little is known about Elizabeth’s father, Edward Greenly. He was loved by his pious wife although, judging from his will, he cared more for the immortality of his property than that of his soul. Edward, born in 1680, was the second son of John Greenly of Titley Court, Hereford and Phoebe Hyde of Hopley Court in Worcester. The landed Greenly family had lived in the area of Titley, near Kington in the hilly Welsh border country, since late medieval times. Greenly was an accomplished lawyer who argued cases before the Arches Court of Canterbury and attained the position of Queen’s Proctor, in which capacity he represented the Crown’s interests in probate, admiralty, and matrimonial matters. Although only a second son, he possessed extensive property in Hereford and Wales, some of which was settled on his wife Mary, whom he wed in 1725.

Mary Greenly, born Mary Shepherd some time around 1700, was a good deal younger than her husband; she was daughter and co-heiress of Henry Shepherd of London and Mary Allestree of Allveston, Derby. Elizabeth’s mother, daughter of Thomas Allestree, seems to have belonged to a branch of the family that produced Richard Allestree (1619-81), a Civil War loyalist who served as King’s Chaplain and Provost of Eton, and whose literary fame rests on his authorship of the popular devotional work *The Whole Duty of Man* (1659). Edward and Mary Greenly’s other surviving children were Mary, born in 1726, Edward, born in 1735, and Anne, born around 1740.

In a poem Elizabeth tells us, “my earliest breath I drew where Thames’s waters glide”; like poets before and after she would fashion herself a child of Father Thames with his brood of literary ghosts, among them Surrey, Denham, Cowley, and—most important—Alexander Pope, still alive in Twickenham when she was born across the river whose “vocal plains/ With sounds angelic rung,” and whose grottoes “inspir’d those strains/ My darling Poet sung.”

Indeed, the area from which Elizabeth hailed was a hot-bed of wit and art. Dramatist George Colman the younger, who grew up a few miles north of Kingston in Richmond, compared his environs to Rome’s Tusculum, enumerating among its “classic” citizens his father and painter Sir Joshua Reynolds in Richmond; actor/playwright David Garrick in Hampton; and poet Richard Owen Cambridge (author of the now-forgotten *Scribleriad*), comic actress Kitty Clive, and witty, letter-writing Gothic pioneer Horace Walpole in Twickenham (Peake 305).

Other local celebrities during Elizabeth’s lifetime included Walpole’s protégées, the literary Berry sisters, and his acerbic friend George Selwyn; poet Edward Lovibond, landscape artist and architect Lancelot “Capability” Brown, sculptor Mrs. Damer; painter Lady Diana Beauclerk, and the novelist Porter sisters, not to mention a bevy of courtiers attached to the King’s brother, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who lived on the
grounds of nearby Hampton Court Palace. George Colman the elder captured the area’s genteel pastoral essence, characterizing its “elegant garden-like surrounding country, and its softness of scenery” as “sweet fairy ground,” and tellingly adding that “all its shepherds were in silk” (Peake 306)

Among those silken shepherds were the Greenlys’ near neighbors, Sir John Philipps, 6th baronet of Picton Castle in Wales, and his family, who lived in opulent Norbiton Place. The families were close in more than physical proximity, for Sir John, a lawyer, M.P., and Gentleman of His Majesty’s Privy Chamber, was married to Mary Greenly’s sister, the former Elizabeth Shepherd. Elizabeth’s Greenly’s close childhood companions and lifelong intimates were the Philipps daughters, her cousins Mary, Elizabeth, Catharine (Kitty), and Joyce: sensible, accomplished young ladies who spent their summers at the family seat in Pembrokeshire, and whose return to Kingston each fall was announced by the parish church bells.

Although scant documentation survives regarding Elizabeth’s early years, we may look to evidence of her cousins’ life for hints of the environment in which she was nurtured. At Norbiton Place, “the pace was gentle and the tone intellectual and artistic. The house was embellished with drawings from antique statues and no doubt with some of the fine pictures, sculptures, bronzes and books sent back from Italy by Sir John.” The Phillips girls, whom eldest Mary described as sober and dutiful, “nor handsome nor gay,” spent typical fireside evenings sewing ruffs and ruffles while their father read and their mother slept. They painted, drew, and wrote amusing, informal verse, and on social occasions played their own and traditional Welsh songs on the harpsichord or read aloud and discussed the latest poetic miscellanies or books about slavery and voyages. A visitor who described one such evening was their cousin-by-marriage Horace Walpole, with whom the girls took Thames-side strolls, no doubt at times accompanied by their cousin Elizabeth.7

Another near and important neighbor was the Reverend Richard Wooddeson (1704-74), master of the Kingston grammar school which as of 1738 was housed in buildings adjoining the Greenlys’ property purchased for that purpose by Kingston neighbor Nicholas Hardinge, a respected classicist, antiquarian, and lawyer whose family would be of great import to Elizabeth. Kingston’s endowed grammar school served the sons of the area’s nobility, gentry, and professional classes; among its alumni were historian Edward Gibbon, Shakespearean editor George Steevens; political and religious controversialist Gilbert Wakefield, and poet William Hayley. Elizabeth’s brother Edward surely also attended the school presided over by Wooddeson, whose Parson Adams-like ingenuousness endeared him to the pupils he instructed in the classics, as well as in a rigorously elegant writing style. Not only was the grammar school’s master locally famous
as a teacher; his home on the school grounds was known for its “social board”; former pupil Edward Lovibond recalls that “In dance, in song, in harmless sports approving,
There youth has frolick’d, there soft maids have lov’d” (198). Woodness’s children, Richard, Dorothy, and Jane, were age-mates of the Greenly and Philipps children and undoubtedly shared their frolics.

While Elizabeth, like other girls of her class, may well have attended a school for fashionable young ladies, there is no evidence that she did so. Certainly her early education in piety and domesticity would have come from her mother, with the help, perhaps, of conduct works like Lord Halifax’s Advice to a Daughter (1688), Lady Packington’s The Lady’s Calling (1673), and ancestor Allestree’s The Whole Duty of Man (1659). Whatever the source, Elizabeth absorbed a profound sense of God as benevolent father dispensing grace in this and the afterlife that would coexist (usually amicably) with her vigorous intelligence and devilish wit. Unlike youngsters of a later age (and many of her own), she would possess that luxury of unquestioned faith that manifested itself in a simple creed which “calls Virtue bliss—if understood./ And Wisdom only—to be good” (“The Temptation”).

In the poem quoted above, Moody humorously aligns herself with that quintessential “accomplished” young lady, Milton’s Eve. As well as practicing un-Evangelical prudence and submission and strict chastity of body and mind, in Elizabeth’s time a gentry daughter would have been expected to acquire accomplishments such as elegant comportment, polite conversation, French and perhaps Italian, a harmless smattering of history, a modicum of music, dancing, drawing, painting, and (most important) fancy needlework. Increasingly, the ability to versify with facility would have been part of this repertoire. With the help of her mother, perhaps a governess, and probably a master or two, Elizabeth undoubtedly acquired such skills. However, it is difficult to imagine her viewing without contempt such superficial accomplishments given her craving for deeper and wider knowledge, and especially given her overriding passion. Elizabeth’s obituary tells us that, “blessed with genius by Nature, she took up at an early age a passion for taste in literature, for poetical ingenuity, for wit, and for the charm of style ....”

We do not know how much early opposition Elizabeth faced in light of a passion that led her to spend countless hours communing with Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne; Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope; Dante, Petrarch, Aretine, Guarini, Tasso, and Ariosto; Molière, de Sévigné, and Boileau; becoming unusually fluent in French and Italian and acquiring (at the least) some small Latin; not to mention keeping up an extensive correspondence and writing her own verse.8

Undoubtedly there was resistance, especially at those times when domestic duties were neglected for the Muse, but just as certainly her passion was amply fed. Leading the
privileged lifestyle of the gentry, surrounded by scholars, wits, poets, and lawyers, and having access to fine libraries like her uncle’s, she used to advantage an environment that stressed—and made accessible to its daughters—culture and learning. Elizabeth no doubt benefited from her brother’s education, and quite possibly from the close proximity of his schoolmaster as well. We must picture her, then, nurtured in a milieu with room for industry and contemplation, scholarship and sociability, feminine virtue and masculine intellect, pious sympathy and genial wit.

In 1750 when Elizabeth was thirteen, life at Norbiton Hall was disrupted by Edward Greenly’s death. Son Edward, of course, inherited the bulk of his father’s wealth. To his eldest daughter Mary he left £4,000 and to Elizabeth and Anne £3,000 each, to be paid on their twenty-first birthday or at the time of their marriage. (These legacies were rather modest sums for a man whose obituarist called him “very rich.”) In the meantime the interest on the girls’ portions was allotted to their mother to be used for their maintenance and education; as was customary, Norbiton Hall and its contents were reserved for Edward’s widow’s lifetime use. The annual amount of Mary Greenly’s jointure is not specified, but as her husband’s will mentions a sum of £6,000 allotted to her under their marriage articles, it is safe to say the family were comfortably, if not extravagantly, provided for.

From Uncle Sir John’s journal, in which he carefully recorded his expenditures, we learn that, despite an annual personal income of more than £100 and a £400 legacy from her grandmother Mary Shepherd in 1758, the year of her majority, Elizabeth’s expenditures exceeded her income. That year Sir John rather testily notes that his niece owes him £20, which she borrowed from one Joseph Lewis—possibly a steward or upper servant—and which debt she transferred to her younger sister Anne to discharge. What might have caused Elizabeth to run into debt? Clothes and accessories, perhaps; gifts to friends and gratuities to servants; charitable dispensations to the neighboring and wandering poor—the gentry daughter’s obligation—and surely, in Elizabeth’s case, books.

After her father’s death, Sir John Philipps acted as a sort of surrogate husband and parent, assisting his sister-in-law in legal and financial matters and taking Mary Greenly and her eligible daughters to town each winter and spring along with his own wife and daughters to enjoy the London season. While in London the extended family stayed in a house in fashionable St. James’s and, in the midst of the Seven Years’ War with France, partook of the typical amusements of the “quality”: visiting, balls, benefits, ridottos, operas, and oratorios, and jaunts to Ranelagh Gardens to drink tea, see and be seen. Certainly one purpose of these trips was to enable the girls to fulfill their earthly duty and fish for husbands. The venture, however, met with only partial success: while Mary and Anne Greenly found acceptable mates—Mary marrying one Edmund Bull in the 1750’s and
Anne wedding a Norbiton and London neighbor, the future courtier Peregrine Fury, in 1762—Elizabeth remained a spinster until age 40, and the Philipps daughters never wed.

Sir John’s journal, which records the family’s comings and goings for the years 1758-63, reveals that while Elizabeth was often present on these London trips, she was often intriguingly absent from parties of pleasure. Although sociable herself, Elizabeth—now “Miss Greenly” by virtue of her elder sister’s marriage—would have had limited patience for the shallow pleasures of a Ranelagh. A portion of her poem “The Temptation, or Satan in the Country,” written two decades later, reveals how Satan, a mischievous trickster who bears a suspicious resemblance to his creator, viewed the temptations of London. Satan declares his reluctance

To saunter in St. James’s Mall,
Or sit spectator at a Ball,
To view the gaudy midnight show,
Or take the air in Rotten-row.

According to Satan, “the languid scene so palls my sense,/ I was not born for indolence”: for after all, “these dronish pastimes ill agree/ With souls of my activity.” Elizabeth, recalcitrant herself in her scholarly leanings, would surely have been better pleased by the visit to the House of Lords with which Sir John treated his family of women in 1763 to hear a speech by the young King George III.

Occasionally part of the London party was Elizabeth’s close friend Mary Goate, daughter of Edward Goate of Brent-Eleigh Hall in Suffolk. The Goates were family friends of the Greenlys, who visited them in Suffolk, and to whose hospitality Elizabeth dedicated her earliest surviving verses. The poem, “On Leaving Brentely Hall,” describes the sort of social scene she undoubtedly preferred to London’s mindless comings and goings: the intimate circle of “social friends” and the “plenteous board” where “wit, the banquet of the mind;/ With purest current flows.” Mary Goate would soon marry John Ranby (1743–1820), natural son and eventual heir of John Ranby, surgeon to King George II and cohort of painter William Hogarth. Ranby junior was a lawyer and occasional journalist whose home in Upper Grosvenor Street—around the corner from sister Anne Fury’s town house—would serve as Elizabeth’s London base of operations during her married life.

A key member of her circle of literary friends was poet Edward Lovibond (1724–75), who lived across the Thames in Hampton. Lovibond, an unhappily-married, middle-aged gentleman whose father’s East India Company profits enabled him to lead a life of literary leisure, engaged in flirtatious poetic correspondence with female friends old and young; his poems and the amused testimony of contemporaries show him to have been passionately (if innocently) enamored of Elizabeth’s cousin Kitty Philipps, whom he
moons over, praises, and titillates as the “Cambrian maid” in his verse. While Lovibond published his verse occasionally, he retained an aristocratic disdain for the marketplace and remained a poetic amateur: “his pieces were generally circulated in private, as he had not the common ambition of an author, and was contented to please those whom he intended to please”—the members of the “societies of intimate acquaintance which he most frequented.”

It was one of those societies, of which he was the poetic nucleus, to which Elizabeth and her Philipps cousins belonged. Other members of the circle included several “Stellas”—one of whom may have been Lady Juliana Fermor, a daughter of art patroness Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret; Lady Pomfret herself; a Mrs. Brown, possibly the wife of architect and landscape artist Capability Brown (resident at Hampton Court and Lovibond’s executor); and a lady known to us only as “Aspasia.” The latter, an accomplished, witty woman who lived in Twickenham’s fashionable Montpelier Row, where she hosted intimate, low-stakes games of Quadrille, was one of Elizabeth’s closest friends and most facile verse sparring partners. These, then are some of the women Lovibond memorialized in a poem praising schoolmaster Woodeson and his female neighbors, the “harmonious maids” who “Dwell in peaceful groves around.” It was in this society of wit, verse, and music that Elizabeth cut her poetic teeth and was christened “Sappho”—possessor of the talents, “though not the Ethics of the Lesbian.”

Lovibond’s posthumous collection *Poems on Several Occasions* (1785) contains many fragments of the verse conversation he and his circle engaged in. A significant point that emerges from his addresses to his women friends is his frustration at the limitations his society placed on male-female friendship. In “To a Young Lady,” for example, he chides a young friend for hesitating, out of over-modesty, to join a mixed-sex party supping at a coffee house; in another yet more telling, addressed to Aspasia, the title tells it all: “On Men being deprived, from Custom and Delicacy, of enjoying social Friendship with the Fair Sex.” It is clear that Lovibond yearned for freer converse with his friends of the opposite sex, and that in fact the verse exchanges these friends engaged in afforded a means of extending that social friendship beyond prescribed bounds. Writing in the ever-shifting personae of Sappho, Stella, Clarinda, Aspasia, and Laura; Cosmo, Sylvander, and Dorimant, its members stretched the parameters of social relationships while playfully changing and exchanging identities, at times switching gender or assuming other members’ names and mimicking their voice and style.

A revealing example is the exchange between Elizabeth and Lovibond concerning a lady friend, an “Asiatick” known as Laura. In several poems Lovibond expounds on the lady’s fulsome oriental charms, going so far as to imagine Laura bathing naked in “Ganges’ stream.” In “To the Same” he envisions the lady’s response to his importunities:
Laura declares that, unlike the languishing Maid of the North, she smiles on all and has no heart to give. At this point Elizabeth enters the conversation with a poem to Lovibond/Dorimant, “On Reading the foregoing Verses,” reproving his passion for “the too undistinguishing fair” and celebrating instead the chaste northern maid with her “temperate mind” to “one tender passion confin’d.” Yet soon afterward, faced with more of Lovibond’s love-sick teasing of Laura—which, obviously, she and the entire circle read—Elizabeth shifts identities to become Laura herself in a poem which worries,

Thy artful lays, which artless seem,
With too much fondness I approve;
Ah! write no more on such a theme,
Or LAURA’S friendship—ends in love. (“Laura’s Answer”)

Context suggests that there really was a “Laura,” who may also have had her part in this verse exchange, and although sadly her part is lost, from what survives we get a sense of how the Lovibond circle, on one level producing conventional “society verse,” was on another engaged in creating fictions that not only cemented the group’s social bonds but pushed the envelope of what was possible in the 1760’s and 70’s between male and female friends.11

While Lovibond directed his lovesickness toward Kittys and Lauras, his poetic relationship with Elizabeth was of a different sort. Rather than an object of physical desire, she is Stella, the “letter’d maid,” or Sappho, with her “Muse of fire.” Their relationship is one of intellectual parity in which Lovibond alternately tries to tease his bookworm friend into a version of his own inflamed sensibility and invites her to share his transcendent flights:

COME, STELLA, let us climb the heights
Where purer spirits flow,
And upward point our mental flights,
And mock the scenes below.

Later in the above poem, “To Miss G—, From Brighthelmstone,” Lovibond assumes Elizabeth’s voice and its imagined response to his metaphysical nonsense. “Her” response is a reproof that exposes his philosopher’s delusions, exhorting,

From clouds descending, let us try
What humbler regions give!
Let others soar to fall and die!
’Tis ours to creep and live[.]}

One gets a strong sense that Lovibond, in one of his few truly vital poems, has abandoned the pretentiousness that mars his verse and captured the essence of his accomplished friend’s attitude and voice—a voice which is also his. It is this same sprightly, disputatious
voice that graces Moody’s finest later prose and verse. In her youth, however, and in this exchange in particular, Elizabeth retreats into a more conventional feminine response. In her reproof of Lovibond’s poem, “Answer to the Foregoing Verses,” she assumes the voice of Christian piety to rein in Lovibond’s dangerous yearning for godlike knowledge and revise his version of her witty, secular self. Despite such momentary departures, however, Lovibond’s protege reveals his influence in her cultured playfulness, and even more so in her attitude toward writing as a relatively private, amateur activity shared amongst a circle of friends: in other words, conversation.

Eventually that circle would come to include another well-bred amateur who shared—and far exceeded—Lovibond’s playfulness. George Hardinge (c.1743–1816), son of Kingston landowner Nicholas Hardinge and inheritor of his Canbury manor estate at the age of 15, was another of Rev. Wooddeson’s grammar-school pupils before attending Eton and Cambridge. The many poems addressed to and about Moody in his posthumous Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse—edited by his friend John Nichols in 1818—reveal that he nourished an early passion for the older Elizabeth, which she for some time may have reciprocated, and that the two maintained a lifelong intimacy and mutual regard. Hardinge, a man of abounding energy and diverse talents, was a lawyer by profession and served in his time as attorney-general to the Queen, senior justice of the Welsh counties of Brecon, Glamorgan, and Radnor, and M.P. for Old Sarum. Immortalized by Byron in Don Juan as the “waggish Welsh Judge, Jefferies Hardsman” (13:88:701-04), Hardinge was also a philanthropist, antiquarian, editor, and poet, and a staunch admirer of women writers who sponsored the subscription to Helen Maria Williams’ 1786 Poems and corresponded with other leading female literary lights.

It is not surprising that Elizabeth and Hardinge were drawn to each other: he is described as a multi-talented eccentric of outstanding parts and scintillating wit—much in demand for his conversation, pleasing manners, and handsome person. Yet in complement to his irreverent side, he cultivated an ardent sensibility and its companion, benevolence. Hardinge is said to have raised over £10,000 for charitable causes—while at the same time given to a love of pleasure whose indulgence left him often wanting funds. As well as social position, literary passion, and critical verve, he and Elizabeth shared the seemingly contradictory character traits of playful, sometimes stinging, wit and melting compassion. While the DNB claims Hardinge’s worst fault was a habit of suffering borrowed books to be lost in his library’s chaos, less laudatory sources point to his lack of ambition and love of ease, not to mention his pandering to the noble and famous—his Twickenham neighbor, Horace Walpole, for instance—who irritatedly characterized his younger friend as “that outpensioner of Bedlam”—and a recklessness which, it is hinted, included a less-than-chaste fondness for lovely young women.12
Hardinge was especially attracted to female artists and was for a time friend and correspondent of Lichfield poet Anna Seward, to whom he once declaimed *Paradise Lost* from atop a table. After several years of correspondence, however, in which they exchanged theory and verse, his persistent strictures led to a breach in the friendship with Seward, who felt his poetics narrow and petty and his attitude, bolstered by his class superiority, overbearing. Another literary woman Hardinge both flattered and antagonized was the spirited playwright and novelist Elizabeth Inchbald, who like Seward was offended enough with his criticism to sever the relationship.

Although Hardinge and Elizabeth too had their personal and literary quarrels—a *contretemps* over Pope’s *Homer*, for instance—their relationship survived and even flourished on debate. In addition to fulsome mutual praise and sympathetic commiseration, their verse correspondence is notable for an affectionate verbal sparring or “tickling” in which he could call her a bluestocking and “Job in petticoats,” and she declare him “lighter than a cork,” an “amusement and a curse.” Yet despite his teasing, Hardinge would characterize Elizabeth as “my genius and my guide” and compulsively celebrate their passion-turned-friendship in the poems of his later life.13

Notoriously reticent on the subject of personal romance, Elizabeth leaves us scant evidence of romantic attachment to Hardinge or, for that matter, anyone. We must remember, though, that the evidence is incomplete, as virtually all of her surviving texts date from her middle and old age—a time of life, as her writing often attests, in which the “inviting paths of fiction” (i.e., romance) must be abandoned in the quest for wisdom, sobriety, and fuel for the next life. However, the very fact that the subject of age’s tradeoffs so preoccupied Moody suggests the real value she placed on passion and romance. In a late poem addressed to her young niece (her brother Edward’s daughter, Elizabeth), she wistfully recalls:

... those halcyon days,

When wand’ring by the lunar rays,

I fondly trod the silent grove,

And gave my thoughts to verse and love.

Perhaps during those moonlight walks her thoughts turned to Hardinge, the poetic Phaon to her Sappho, and some of them involved marriage. But if so, as Hardinge tells us, “Hymen laugh’d and flew.” While there is no question of her fondness for the witty judge, Elizabeth may well have been reluctant to consign her future to a man known as an “erratic star.”14

Elizabeth was destined to end her long spinsterhood at the age of 40 with another man. Interestingly, the one-time lovers Hardinge and Moody were married—to other people—within two months of each other, he to Cambridgeshire heiress Lucy Long in
October and she to an irreverent Reverend in December of 1777. Why at such a late date did she make this dramatic change in her life? For one thing, her mother, for whom she would have been primary caregiver in the latter’s old age, died in August of 1777, leaving Elizabeth both in an unenviable position of dependence on siblings and friends, and free to devote herself to a man whose age, social status, and religion would have undoubtedly pained them.

The man Elizabeth married was the 23-year-old Christopher Lake Moody, baptized in April 1754 in a Presbyterian chapel in Ringwood, Hampshire. Little is presently known about Christopher Moody’s background and youth: the son of William and Mary Moody, he had a younger brother, Samuel, and possibly attended a college for dissenters such as Hoxton or Northampton. What brought Moody to Kingston is unknown; however, as many Moodys lived in the area, it is possible there were family connections. We do know that in 1775 a “Luke” Moody, D.D. (probably a corruption of “Lake”) was ordained in the Kingston Congregational Church. In the same year the Kingston Congregationalists (or Independents) had broken away from the Presbyterian Church, which was on the decline in the area and, indeed, most of England (Robinson 23).

Christopher Moody’s wealth and social standing were inferior to his wife’s. However, the pair adhered to upper-class practice in marrying by license—a document that in 1777 cost the not inconsiderable sum of £200. After marriage the couple lived in a rural cottage at Surbiton Farm south of Kingston, Christopher pursuing the life of a gentleman farmer in addition to his clerical duties, and Elizabeth plunging energetically into her new domestic role, tending her spouse, her home, and the garden for which she would be praised, and, of course, writing letters and verse. While her sister Anne was savoring the perks of a courtier’s life—which included being painted by Gainesborough—and her brother Edward was enjoying his hoard of fine liquors and pair of carriages, Moody was writing that she “to no ambitious heights aspires./ But humbly to a Cot retires:/ The past’ral life well-pleased to lead” (“The Temptation”).

What was it about Christopher Moody that tempted Elizabeth to unite herself with a man seventeen years her junior, possessed of little or no estate? In short, she had found a man who was in every sense a partner. By all accounts the Moodys’ union was one of mutual admiration and affection: a true companionate marriage. Christopher shared his wife’s passion for literature and criticism, as well as her playful wit. While he was serious about his role as a clergyman, and early in his career prompted an observer to declare him a promising preacher, Christopher Moody spiced his solemnity with an impishness that would lead him to sign a letter “A holy Sinner” and take pride in his characterization by Kitty Clive’s brother, Edward Rafter, as having “a little of the devil in him.” Like Hardinge, and like Elizabeth herself, he possessed that paradoxical personality that could
comfortably encompass both eccentricity and propriety, levity and seriousness.

Christopher Moody’s letters reveal an opinionated man of rationality and sense; liberal, practical, yet impassioned in his politics; witty, learned, and far from prudish. A tongue-in-cheek letter printed in the *St. James’s Chronicle* on March 26, 1795 reveals his weakness for handsome women: in a year of war shortages exacerbated by a failed harvest that saw the imposition of a tax on hair powder (which was made of wheat), Christopher argues against a Sunday moratorium on the tax, claiming that the superior charms of powdered female heads in church will distract him from his preacherly duties.

For all his geniality, Christopher Moody possessed an impatient streak; George Hardinge, obviously envious of his early love’s spouse, characterized him as “bilious,” a trait that manifested itself in contempt for Hardinge’s literary talent and persistent irritation at the postal expense of the ongoing correspondence between his wife and the incorrigible judge. While the three seem to have socialized regularly, and Christopher Moody, himself an occasional poet, was absorbed into his wife’s literary circle, it is probable that his feelings toward Hardinge were not entirely free of the demon jealousy. In his defense, however, Christopher Moody suffered from persistent ill health: Hardinge’s description of him as bilious was not only figurative but literal. He was often incapacitated by his “miserable constitution,” laboring under stomach ailments, a back problem exacerbated by hunting, and above all impatient and dispirited at the inactivity imposed by convalescence.16

Christopher Moody’s indulgence in hunting, which his spouse would have only reluctantly tolerated, suggests that despite their modest circumstances the Moodys were able to share in the genteel pursuits of their friends. However, their married life was plagued at times by lack of cash and even transportation. Not only did they lack that genteel prerequisite, a carriage; at one particularly low point their single riding horse went lame and left them stranded on the farm. After a dozen or so years of farming, Christopher Moody would write to Ralph Griffiths, “I condemn my folly in having turned aside from academic groves to dig for felicity in a dung hill.” Not surprisingly, the sociable Elizabeth, despite her poetic declarations of contentedness with rural life, suffered on occasion from the isolation.17 However, she did have in Christopher a mate who vastly admired and actively encouraged her literary talent.

Unlike her early literary mentors and partners, Lovibond and Hardinge, who looked on publication with gentlemanly distaste, Christopher Moody had a keen appreciation for the marketplace of letters—a quality Hardinge parodied by suggesting Moody would have his revenge for the latter’s postal impositions by posthumously publishing (and profiting from) the judge’s letters. Moody not only served his wife in the crucial capacity of the “good critic” she tells us she would have constantly at her elbow; the
fact that all her known publications date from after their marriage suggests he encouraged her to publish. Elizabeth Moody’s initial reticence is revealed in her husband’s statement that “the diffidence of this Lady, though possessing the ability of writing with much taste and elegance, hath ever precluded the Public from seeing her compositions.” This statement was made in 1785: within a few years the situation would dramatically change.

Unable to prosper on the income from his clerical profession and struggling farm, Christopher Moody made a move that enabled him both to expand his literary interests and augment his income: in 1788, for 300 guineas, he purchased a share of the respected tri-weekly newspaper, The St. James’s Chronicle, joining the company of partners such as theatre mavens David Garrick and George Coleman the elder, literary wits Bonnell Thornton and George Steevens (also a respected Shakespeare editor), and Monthly Review publisher Ralph Griffiths. While it is possible that Moody, before his connection with the paper, knew Garrick, who lived in nearby Hampton, it is likely that he gained entrée into the partnership through the influence of Ralph Griffiths, to whose critical monthly he had begun contributing reviews the previous year. Moody may well have met Griffiths through his dissenting connections—his friendship with noted liberal clergyman and editor Andrew Kippis, for instance—and was eventually to become one of the Monthly’s inner circle of liberal dissenters.

Not only did Christopher Moody’s involvement with the Chronicle, which lasted until his death in 1815 and netted him annual profits averaging around £100, prove a welcome supplement to the couple’s income; it also provided both Moodys and many of their friends with a public venue for their literary efforts. Over the next fifteen or so years, the paper would feature many of the Moodys’ letters to the editor, several of Christopher’s poems, and more than fifty of Elizabeth’s. Publishing sometimes anonymously, sometimes as Eliza or Aretina, occasionally as Mrs. Moody, and most often as “Surbiton,” the name of her home town, Elizabeth would have been familiar to the Chronicle’s circle of readers, especially as many were family and friends who themselves became published authors as their share in the circle’s verse exchanges was reproduced in the paper.

Although the surviving Minute Books of the Chronicle reveal much about the paper’s finances, details of the paper’s day to day conduct—especially with regard to content—are scarce. The paper’s printer/publisher and managing editor, Henry Baldwin, delegated overall editorial responsibility to Nathaniel Thomas, who edited the paper from 1761, its first year under Baldwin, until his death in 1795. It is also known that individuals were responsible for managing the paper’s various sub-departments, but their identities remain unknown. Traditionally the paper’s partners contributed their writing and, along with it, the paper’s distinctively droll, literary tone. George Coleman the elder, for
instance, was famous for his series of essays written as “The Genius” in the 1760’s, and George Steevens frequently employed his saturnine wit in lampooning poet laureates and parodying pedants.

Although no external evidence of editorial involvement in the *Chronicle* by either Moody survives, internal evidence strongly suggests that, during much of the 1790’s, the Poet’s Corner, and perhaps the editorial section as well, was a Moody family venture. Not only did the space abound in the productions of their circle and praise of Elizabeth’s verse; hints of a heightened critical presence that points to the Moodys emerge in the section’s headnotes and comments beginning around the time of their connection with the paper, as do some startling examples of nepotism. A common feature of the day’s periodicals was the publication of poems in a foreign language—most often French and Latin, and sometimes Italian—along with an invitation to readers to try their hand at translations. In one case, an anonymous French poem was published on October 10, 1797, and on October 14 there appeared an anonymous translation along with an editorial note insisting that all contributors must concede it the best. Unknown to most readers, both original and translation were penned by Elizabeth Moody.

This is only one instance of the *Chronicle*’s touting of its resident Muse and the superior merit of her verse. It is clear that through publication of poems by friends like Hardinge praising her verse, and via headnotes declaring, for example, that readers will be induced “to wish that the Muse of Surbiton may frequently favor them through the channel of our *Chronicle*” (November 21-23, 1793), a concerted effort was afoot to create a desire in readers for Moody’s verse, as well as a desire to publish in the publicity-shy Moody herself.

Christopher Moody entertained a low opinion of the state of periodical verse, in a 1791 *Monthly* review comparing newspapers to “pleasure gardens badly kept; where more nettles appear than roses, and where a beautiful flower often loses the admiration to which it is entitled in consequence of its being obscured by surrounding weeds”; as a result, he writes, “the proper frequenters of the sacred hill [Parnassus] had almost come to a resolution of altogether disusing this mode of publication.” Yet the quality of the *Chronicle*’s verse during the Moodys’ involvement with the paper was unusually high. In addition to the usual fare of popular playhouse lyrics, war-time epigrams, and obligatory poet-laureate paeans to the King, the *Chronicle* of the 1790’s featured the productions of such highly-regarded poets as Charlotte Smith, Anna Seward, Mary Robinson, Anna Barbauld, Helen Maria Williams, the male Williams—Cowper, Hayley, and Bowles—and Robert Burns. It is tempting to believe that included in Christopher Moody’s decision to involve himself in the paper was a desire to engage in a project of poetic renovation—to cultivate a better garden—in which his wife’s verse would play a part.
Elizabeth Moody’s position as the paper’s resident Muse had an interesting parallel at the Morning Post, where staff writer Mary Robinson was touted by editor Daniel Stuart as a shining poetic star (Pascoe 253). In both cases the presence of celebrated female poets was a sure-fire circulation builder for publishers attuned to readers’—especially women’s—voracious hunger for periodical verse. The difference in the two women’s situations, though—Robinson’s efforts garnered her an essential income, while Moody, like most periodical poets, remained an unpaid amatuer—was a crucial one. Unlike Robinson, whose literary reputation was closely tied to her personal reputation as “Perdita,” actress and Prince’s mistress, Moody was at best a semi-public figure, and although for a time a star in the Chronicle’s ephemeral firmament, she remained the virtuous clergyman’s wife, living safely in the shadow of her husband’s name.

Hidden as it is behind her husband’s obvious if unspecified editorial involvement, Elizabeth’s contribution remains a mystery. We can only speculate as to its extent, and reasonably say that the literary partnership at the base of the couple’s marriage extended to the Chronicle’s pages. It is not unreasonable to surmise that Elizabeth had a hand in selecting Poet’s Corner verses and, like her husband, penned some of the paper’s editorials. As to her feelings about being singled out for preference and praise, surely she was pleased at the chance to please a wider audience and mingle her voice with those of her male and female peers. Yet just as surely she would have remained equivocal about the advantages her close ties to the paper provided and skeptical of a preference that bordered on the immodest. Most important, though, in the Chronicle she found a comfortable, familial forum in which to transplant the nurturing atmosphere of her circle of intimate acquaintance, and in doing so to ease what was for women writers an often painful transition into the public domain.

Both Moodys also contributed letters to the Chronicle’s printer/publisher, Henry Baldwin: letters often critical of social, political and literary trends. Christopher Moody, for instance, aimed a satiric pen at governmental incompetence, deplored the Rousseau-inspired fashion for “tell-all” literature, and defended dissenters against charges of sedition: a matter of which he had first-hand experience, having in 1792 been forced by public pressure to join a local Committee to Proceed against All Republicans and Levellers, an outgrowth of the reactionary fervor that followed the French Revolution and its Reign of Terror. In a letter to Ralph Griffiths, he complains that “to save my barns from conflagration I have been obliged to follow the multitude.”

Politically more conservative than her husband, Elizabeth Moody nonetheless responded angrily to such first-hand experience of reactionary fervor in her Chronicle letters. Although less overtly political than her husband’s letters, Moody’s satiric mini-essays reflect not only her disgust at reactionary paranoia, but her abhorrence of political
vehemence of all stripes; her milder letters, written in some of the late-century periodical’s characteristic epistolary forms, range from a satiric “recipe” for pedantry to a complaint about modern neglect of the Hereafter written in that abstractions’s amusingly disgruntled voice.

Moody’s epistolary stance is that of a witty, well-read-and-bred advocate of common sense, morality, and restraint; her characteristic tone of playful levity palliates her often unladylike subject matter and opinions. Also typical of her letters is their intimate, conversational flavor. Periodical letters of the time were highly conversational, addressing editors and fellow correspondents by their real and fictional names and reading like talk among intimates. In Moody’s case the intimacy was actual: certainly she knew Henry Baldwin, who was later to print her volume of verse, and whom she addresses with the familiarity of an old friend. In envisioning her correspondent, and thus her larger audience, as yet another indulgent, admiring outgrowth of her society of intimate acquaintance, who will affectionately excuse his friend’s excesses of opinion and wit, Moody takes further advantage of the security her expanded coterie offered.

What is more, her Chronicle letters reveal that, despite the prevailing cultural belief that women should be and were uninterested in politics, the women in her circle were every bit as politically impassioned—despite their inferior lung capacity—as the men. Moody reveals this fact most clearly in her 1795 letter, “A Newspaper,” in which she hilariously describes a breakfast-table scene involving a set of well-heeled geriatrics of both sexes whose shared reading of the morning paper results in all-out war. The letter also reveals Moody engaging in an atypical fit of misogyny as she depicts the women combatants supporting their arguments with convoluted reasoning and dubious facts. Her disdain for her sex’s misuse of intellect, however, must be read in the context of her overarching view of humankind as childishly, amusingly petty and ignoble. Her admission of her part in the breakfast-table war and her letter’s signature—“Bagatelle”—attest to the fact that she included herself in this company.

Most of Moody’s prose survives in the form of reviews. Undoubtedly as a result of her husband’s connection with Griffiths—he was one of the Monthly Review’s most active reviewers and would come to take a significant, behind-the-scenes editorial role—Elizabeth Moody in late 1789 began contributing reviews to the journal. At this time, although women had been practicing criticism virtually from its beginnings as a distinct discourse in modern Europe (Folger xiii), and many of Moody’s celebrated female contemporaries engaged in literary criticism in their Prefaces, essays, personal letters, and in their “creative” works as well, professional women reviewers were scarce: Mary Wollstonecraft writing for the Analytical Review was one of the few. Moody, who for years had engaged in exchanges of lay criticism with her coterie friends, was one of a scant
handful of women ever to review for the *Monthly* and the first to do so on anything approaching a regular basis, paving the way for Anna Barbauld’s productive tenure as a *Monthly* reviewer beginning in 1808, the year of Moody’s final contribution. Between December 1789 and August 1791 and January 1800 and October 1808, she published 29 critiques in the *Monthly*—an average of three a year—most of which appeared in the journal’s Monthly Catalogue and, because of her fluency and wide reading in French and Italian, the Foreign Appendix.

At present the eight-year gap in Moody’s reviewing activities cannot be explained. However, her last review before the hiatus appeared shortly after a *contretemps* with Ralph Griffiths in 1791. Griffiths had sent her a copy of Elizabeth Inchbald’s novel *A Simple Story* to review and then, apparently forgetting he had done so, reviewed the book himself (Lonsdale 402). The upshot was an indignant note of April 13 from Moody, who, having taken great pains with the critique and sensing a deception, begged to return the other books she had been sent. On the letter’s outside, her husband loyally insisted that Griffiths had rejected “one of the best articles I ever read on a novel. With all Mrs. M’s genius I will venture to say she has not produced a better”; Christopher Moody adds, “I only send you cat’s meat. Mrs. M had provided a dish which would have delighted the most fastidious of Human beings—No more Novels must be sent to Surbiton.” Immediately thereafter, though, his wife received an apologetic explanation from Griffiths and on April 16 responded with a conciliatory letter assuring him (not without a dose of playful sarcasm) of her forgiveness.

The negative effects of this incident were seemingly short-lived, yet it is not impossible the rejection, albeit accidental, dampened Moody’s desire to risk further slights by continuing her reviewing. Certainly her poetry publications did not slacken during the period in question. Moody, sensitive and insecure about publishing, could have harbored more hurt over the incident than she expressed. In her response to Griffiths’ apology she declares that “my days of vanity, like Mr. Burke’s days of chivalry are gone. Altho perhaps I should once have been mortify’d to have been forgotten on such an occasion, I hope I now conceive more humbly & more justly of myself.” Moody, of course, would have us take her at her word when she assures Griffiths, “I have no regret from the circumstance of your having forgotten me, but that you say you are sorry for it, & you are vex’d; this makes me sorry, & makes me vex’d . . . .” One cannot help suspecting, though, that the effort of conceiving “more humbly & more justly” of her importance cost her more regret than she admits.

Typically, Moody critiqued poetry, novels, tales, and educational works. The dense, periodic prose of her reviews, which makes prolific use of metaphor, parallelism, and allusion, is more akin to the old, ornate journalism of the *Spectator* and Samuel
Johnson than to the more straightforward, pared-down “plain style” emerging at century’s end. However, her opinion of poetry as fallen on hard times has a decidedly fin de siècle flavor. In her review of The Lamentation she observes,

Mythology tells us that, in days of yore, the man who slept on the top of Parnassus became a poet . . . . Now whether this part of the mountain has been swallowed up by an earthquake, or worn out by continual usage; whether the identical spot, the once favored soil of inspiration, be so overgrown by weeds as to be rendered impervious; or whether the would-be Bard now anticipates his nap, and falls into his trance in the middle or at the bottom of the hill;—may be matter worthy of investigation of the speculative inquirer, who feels himself anxiously solicitous to account for the degeneracy of the race of poets.

Moody’s observations, she tells us, stem from “venerable recollection of the sublime worthies of ancient days.” Here she is undoubtedly thinking of Shakespeare, Milton, and her beloved Italians. Like her turn-of-the-century contemporaries, she does not note on the poetic horizon hints of those worthies who would later be declared sublime—the Romantics—but rather looks backward for poetic genius.

Her perspective on that relatively young and budding genre, the novel, however, is decidedly oriented to the present and shows her expectations of the genre grounded in her era’s increasing demand for something approaching realism. In her review of Rev. James Thomson’s The Denial, Moody sets forth her criteria for a pleasing novel:

The story of a novel should be formed of a variety of interesting incidents; a knowledge of the world, and of mankind, are essential requisites in the writer; the characters should be always natural; the personages should talk, think, and act, as becomes their respective ages, situations, and characters; the sentiments should be moral, chaste, and delicate; the language should be easy, correct, and elegant, free from affectation, and unobscured by pedantry; and the narrative should be as little interrupted as possible by digressions and episodes of every kind: yet if an author chooses to indulge, occasionally, in moral reflections, in the view of blending instruction with amusement, we would not wish, altogether, to frustrate so good a design:—but, that his precepts may obtain the utmost efficacy, we would recommend them to be inserted in those periods of the history, where the reader’s curiosity can most patiently submit to suspense.

As this sketch reveals, the novel according to Moody must above all be plausible. She makes a firm distinction between the novel and the romance and, not surprisingly, like many of her contemporaries, held the modern romance—that is, the Gothic novel—in low esteem precisely because of its reliance on the sort of improbable wonders that belong to that altogether different genre—the verse romance—in which her sublime Italians excelled.
For an example of Moody’s strictures against fiction that violated her precepts, we can look to her review of *The Negroe Equalled by Few Europeans* (an anonymous translation of the 1789 French novel *Le Negre comme il y a peu de blancs* by Joseph LaValée). Although she admits the value of a work that pleads the cause of a race enslaved by European greed, she objects to the author’s want of realism in painting his hero:

If Negroes were indeed such as this author represents them, so superior are they in virtue to Europeans, that instead of being our slaves, they ought to be our masters; the picture, however, we fancy is *too highly coloured*. Itanoka, the principal figure, verifies what the title of the book asserts... possessing a portion of virtue that borders on a *monopoly*; and we cannot help wishing that some of it could be brought to our market, and distributed among our *white brethren*.

Half a century later, another critical privilége of realism—George Eliot—would say much the same thing in pointing out a defect of Harriet Beecher Stowe’s work: “the absence of any proportionate exhibition of the negro character in its less amiable phases. Judging from her pictures, one would conclude that the negro race was vastly superior to the mass of whites.”

In the eighteenth century—as, perhaps, always—politics and criticism were seldom separate. Be it 1790 or 1850, slavery was one of the few aspects of politics in which women were allowed an uncensured voice, as consistent with their perceived role as upholders of Christian morality. In her review of *The Negroe*, Moody exercises hers, devoting a long, righteous final paragraph to an anti-slavery polemic that concludes, however men may be induced to suppose themselves authorized by prejudice, custom, and the law of nations, to usurp a dominion over the unhappy Negroes, and to exercise that dominion with injustice—whatever appeal they may make from their consciences to *these tribunals*, let them remember, that an hour will most assuredly come, when they will be judged at a tribunal from which there will be no appeal.

Elsewhere Moody deplores “vehemence shewn in political argument, especially by females,” yet, like other female contemporaries, she often violates her own strictures against ostensibly unfeminine energy. While condemning the inflammatory discourse of revolution and reaction, she is more than once inspired to express her vehement patriotism in print. Such is the case with her review of a French imitation of Milton’s *Paradise Regained*, written shortly after the onset of the French Revolution. In this less-than-glowing notice, Moody’s political and literary loyalty prompt her to write, “we must be candid enough to confess that our English Satan has obtained so much popularity, through the skilful management of our immortal Milton, that we can by no means tolerate French devils.”
The double sens of this statement reveals perhaps the prominent feature of Moody’s reviews: her persistent, fine-tuned irony, which ranges from delicate to acerbic. In fact, her ironic vehemence at authorly incompetence at times produces a degree of sting which is downright unfeminine, as in the case of a review of The Turtle Dove, a tale translated from the French:

The author had probably some meaning, and intended to illustrate some moral, in this poem: but our dulness is at a loss to discover either. The secret, therefore, must remain in his own bosom. As for the translator, his humility deserves encouragement: he should be truly flattered, (he says,) ‘were it permitted him to believe that his copy displayed any of the artless graces of the original.’ It is with pleasure that we assure this humble copyist, that we think full as well of his translation as we do of the original.

Speaking from behind the mock-magnanimous, reviewerly “we,” Moody strikes a plural blow at manglers of sense and language. Given the probable identity of the anonymous translator—Stephen Weston, a St. James’s Chronicle partner—it is likely that she is taking advantage of her own anonymity to indulge in personal pique as well. This, however, is an extreme example of critical disgust: more often Moody takes a self-congratulatory stance with regard to keeping her critical temper in the face of authorial outrages, emphasizing her efforts to remain calm in the face of literary faults and, Hamlet-like, “sprinkle cool patience over the heat and rage of our critical anger.”

The two great faults of The Turtle Dove as Moody reads them—obscurity and artlessness—are two qualities that especially tax her critical patience. Another is revealed in the following quotation from a review of Francis Lathom’s 1799 novel, Men and Manners: “Prolixity is the great fault of this author, and it is indeed too common an error. It is to be wished that writers of all descriptions would study the multum in parvo, and the happy art of compressing. How to begin, and how to finish, are points of difficulty: but when to finish requires the most resolution.” Yet often Moody chafed under the space restrictions of the review format, once noting, “alas! we Reviewers have not the privileges which our poetical travellers enjoy—we are confined both by time and space,” and another time asserting that “compression, though not always our choice, is often with us a law of necessity.”

The characteristic stance of the Monthly reviewer was one of amused irony: what sets Moody off from her reviewing peers is an irony-tinged recounting of plot that results in narratives that highlight the absurdities of the originals and are productive, one suspects, of far more entertainment. For example, in a portion of her abstract of the Rev. James Thomson’s 1790 novel, The Denial,

Mr. Fennel, one of Olivia’s lovers, is jealous of Mr. Wilton, and sends him a
challenge; a duel ensues—Mr. W. disarms and wounds his antagonist; who is so enraged, that he insists on being dead, that Mr. W. may be hanged;—the latter is therefore, with all due formality, ushered into a prison: but Mr. Fennel, having reported falsely of himself that he was DEAD, and being taken alive, Mr. Wilton is released from his confinement, and marries Olivia . . . .

Always an entertaining story-teller, Moody not only finds and produces amusement in the reviewer’s obligatory summary; in addition, her opinionated narratives serve as a way to overcome the genre’s space limitations and convert constraint to maximum effect.

Another such example, which shows Moody’s prose at its allusive, ironic best, comes from her 1804 review of the novel *Letters of Miss Riversdale*: “as it is the natural consequence of abundance to occasion a perplexity on the subject of choice, we perceive our heroine occasionally fluctuating between two opinions; till at last she decides in favor of Colonel Malcolm, who is such an Othello in jealousy that we tremble lest she should encounter a Desdemona’s fate.” Shakespearean allusions are frequent in Moody’s writing, indicating both his currency in late eighteenth-century discourse and the fact that she retains his characters in her memory as paradigms of humanity by which to measure and compare actual and fictional others.

The extract from Moody’s review of *Letters* also reveals her thinly-veiled disdain for the common run of novel heroines. Additional examples reveal her constant pursuit of the balanced view through a process of entertaining opposite opinions. Reviewing Madame de Genlis’ 1801 novel, *The Rival Mothers*, Moody disapproves of a character’s carelessness of her reputation; she writes that “the desire of being esteemed by the world, if it ought not to be the *primum mobile* of our actions, must at least be admitted as a stimulating principle, without which the current of virtue would be liable to stagnate.” Yet her attention to balance is evident as she addresses the flip side of the subject of reputation, decrying “those romantic and self-denying practices, which the writers of novels dignify with the name of heroism”—practices all too typical of sentimental heroines, “who inflict so much misery on themselves, by erecting the standard of virtue on false principles.” Here Moody echoes Mary Wollstonecraft’s strictures on the heroine of Charlotte Lennox’ novel *Euphemia*: in one of her *Analytical reviews*, Wollstonecraft asserts that Lennox’ “notions of female delicacy and reserve are carried as far as any sentimental French writer ever pushed them,” and calls such prudishness, “false, enervating refinement.”

Despite her willingness to criticize other women for their irresponsible reproduction of unrealistic notions of femininity, Moody firmly believed in the ascendancy of women novelists. In a 1790 review of James Thomson’s *The Denial*, she states, “of the various species of composition that in course come before us, there are none in which our writers of the male sex have less excelled, since the days of Richardson and Fielding, than in the
arrangement of a novel. Ladies seem to appropriate to themselves an exclusive privilege in this kind of writing.” What makes this profession all the more interesting is that it emanates from a woman writing in the guise of a man about women’s writing—a position that makes Moody, the reviewer, a kind of cross-dressing double agent. What is more, she is acutely aware of and much amused by her situation.

In the same review Moody writes, “the portraiture of the tender passions, the delicacy of sentiment, and the easy flow of style, may, perhaps, be most adapted to the genius of the softer sex: but however that may be, politeness, certainly, will not suffer us to dispute this palm with our fair competitors.” Having earlier admitted that women excel as novelists, and here suggesting that the novel is perhaps intrinsically a feminine genre, Moody—who, based on her other reviews does not, like many of her contemporaries, consider the novel an inherently inferior genre—gives us a glimpse of the jealous gallantry that must have attended these facts in an era dominated by literary women. In consciously mimicking this gallantry, she infuses into the humble review a commentary on gender dynamics.25

Moody further complicates her dual stance in identifying him/herself as a member of “the harder sex, as men, and of a still harder race as critics.” If her earlier hints were not enough, this statement unequivocally reveals that she revelled in a persona that allowed her to be what women of her time decidedly weren’t: hard. Her statement goes far to explain both her era’s dearth of professional women critics and the cause of her own satisfaction in being one. The Folger Collective on Early Women Critics note that women’s critical discourse “shows a marked investment in the importance of the critical voice,” an investment they believe may be due to women’s participation in “a domain potentially unsettling to their traditional subordination and to the construction of letters as a male preserve” (xvi.). Moody’s markedly playful investment in the male critical voice not only valorizes her opinions but, given her opinion that women are superior novelists, unsettles (or deconstructs) the male-gendered domain of criticism from within.

Another striking instance of Moody’s conscious, critical cross-dressing comes from her review of W.H. Ireland’s Gothic novel, Rimualdo; or the Castle of Badajos. Having expressed her disdain for Gothic novels as a species, she moves on in typical fashion to demolish this particular production in recounting its plot. After a tongue-in-cheek approval of the novel’s eminently frightening ghost, Moody asserts that,

though familiarized very much, lately, to these apparitions, we did not feel inclined to go to bed, till we had puffed away the recollection of this spectre in a whiff of tobacco, and re- animated our fleeting spirits by a double draught of old October: which will not be matter of surprise to the reader, when he learns that the hero himself, the brave Rimualdo, dropped down in a swoon immediately on seeing it!
Amusing as it is when read without knowledge of its author’s real gender, Moody’s admission, when read as a woman’s, becomes yet another revelation of the deliberate pleasure with which she donned forbidden male garb and habits. Speaking as one of the “harder race as critics,” she tops off her double draught of amusement by not only playing hard (with the Gothic), but by allowing her hidden female self to gloat at the spectacle of a male exhibiting a frailty her culture overwhelmingly attributed to women: the ubiquitous swoon.

Although Moody’s reviewing activities were suspended for the bulk of the 1790’s, her poetry publishing continued apace, averaging around four poems a year in the St. James’s Chronicle. In 1796 her ballad “Anna’s Complaint: Or, the Miseries of War” appeared in George Miller’s tract entitled War A System of Madness and Irreligion. It is not known how her poem came to the attention of Miller, a Dunbar bookseller who produced proselytizing pamphlets and an autobiography notable for its strain of Rousseauvian paranoia. “Anna’s Complaint,” whose subtitle tells us it was “Written in the Isle of Thanet, 1794,” provides one of the few extant hints of Moody’s travels beyond London and is the sole piece of evidence regarding her visit to Thanet, a summering spot in the Strait of Dover popular with Britons of quality.

The poem is a pathetic, hybrid ballad featuring an equally hybrid heroine: a “lowly maid” who, looking out from Thanet’s rock to the cliffs of France, laments the loss of her William—a simple youth lured by dreams of martial glory to a bloody death in France—in a vernacular tinged with her creator’s more elevated diction:

Alas! full little didst thou know,
The monster War doth falsely show;
He decks his form with pleasing art,
And hides the daggers of his heart.

It is just such a clifftop vantage point from which Charlotte Smith speaks her poetic protests The Emigrants and Beachy Head: a perspective that belies Hannah More’s claim that “a woman sees the world . . . from a little elevation in her own garden, whence she makes an exact survey of home scenes but takes not in that wider range of distant prospects which he who stands on a loftier eminence commands” (Mahl and Koon 237). Poems such as these by Smith and Moody suggest that a woman’s “home scene” could and did encompass not only the kitchen garden, but all of England. Although Moody’s protest, couched in the innocuous persona of a balladeering rustic, is less trenchant than Smith’s first-person complaints, it is nonetheless an anti-war, anti-government protest written in a political climate that made such expressions highly unwelcome, if not downright dangerous.

“Anna’s Complaint” is one of several poems wherein Moody decries a European
war in which England would be embroiled for sixteen years--poems that with many others would shortly be collected in the course of a banner publishing year for the Moodys: 1798. In that year Christopher and Elizabeth would each publish their only book-length work. Christopher’s production was an edition entitled *A Sketch of Modern France. In a Series of Letters to a Lady of Fashion. Written in the years 1796 and 1797, During a Tour through France. By a Lady*. The Lady in question was a friend of the Moodys, an Englishwoman married to Sir Albanis Beaumont, a Piedmontese painter in the Duke of Gloucester’s employ. Her correspondent was a female courtier “attached to one of the branches of the Royal Family” (vii)—undoubtedly also the Duke of Gloucester’s. Christopher Moody’s Preface regretfully notes that the book’s Ladies insisted upon anonymity, and history has yet to fully remedy the situation.

A letter of Christopher Moody’s to the book’s publishers, Thomas Cadell Jr. and William Davies, reveals that the Beaumonts had authorized the publication of Mrs. B’s letters in order to raise money; the letter also reveals that their hopes were not met. The book garnered a favorable review from the *Monthly*, which termed its author “a woman of probity, benevolence, and worth” whose travel narrative laudably avoided “the additions of the dogmatical theorist,” at the same time hinting at why sales would be disappointing: in a market saturated with travel literature, *A Sketch contains “neither the learning of Mrs. Piozzi, nor the connoisseurship of Lady Miller, nor the spirited sentiments of Miss H.M. Williams.”* Overlooked as the book has been, it provides a revealing glimpse of a patriotic, literate Englishwoman’s keen sense of history in the making and breaking, as well as the nervous delight she took in being part of it.

Cadell and Davies also published Elizabeth Moody’s book, her collection, *Poetic Trifles*, which was printed by *St. James’s Chronicle* publisher Henry Baldwin and advertised in his paper on November 3, 1798. From Christopher Moody’s letter to its publishers we learn that the edition was a small one—probably a few hundred copies—and that Elizabeth apparently financed it herself. Having established herself in print with a decade of periodical publications warmly received by her readers, Moody no doubt had conquered a good deal of her reticence. We can surmise that friendly pressure had much to do with her decision to gather her verse in book form, and that the hope of a profit with which to alleviate the financial stress of wartime was also a factor.

Moody’s collection boasts a Preface distinguished by Ralph Griffiths as “very sensible…fraught with a degree of vivacity not often found in such preliminary discourses….” Like most Prefaces, which contain the usual elements of apology, acknowledgement, and rationale, and like women’s prefaces in particular, which especially tend to spotlight and rationalize the humble writer’s presumptive intrusion upon the public, Moody’s discourse contains an *apologia* that is more than just a gesture. Like all
of her work, Moody’s Preface reveals her persistent efforts to balance the extremes of humility and pride, effacement and self-assertion, in order to achieve the all-important just and fair assessment.

She does this by couching her apology in a historical context in which she is not merely a presuming woman but a poet contending with sociocultural forces. In the opening line she declares with striking immediacy, “I am well aware that this is no period favourable to the Muse,” and then quotes Pope’s Homer to authorize her conviction that, rather than poetry, “War is our business.” Only at the tail-end of this opening paragraph, which boldly paints the atmosphere surrounding her book’s publication as rife with discord, acrimony, and spleen (vices she views with consistent distaste), does she resort to conventional self-denigration with the question, “How I presume to ask, may the compilation of a few harmless numbers be expected to engage the public attention?”

Yet rather than next rationalizing her publishing presumption, as we would expect of a woman poet, Moody again steps back to couch herself in cultural context, propounding her view of modern poetry’s sunken state and asserting that poetry in time of war is and perhaps should be harmless, possessing what she terms an “appropriate character of tameness” and “insipidity.” Thus in a sense she makes a virtue of harmlessness, an attribute she extends beyond the individual woman poet to encompass the species of poets to which she belongs. Moody observes, however, that without the “animating gall” of the pamphleteer’s discourse, the Muse’s fate is to be overlooked and make that oft-lamented, lonely journey from the bookseller’s window to the pastry cooks to “her everlasting rest in the bottom of a trunk.”

This, however, is a fate against which modesty will not prevent her from protesting. Far from calmly submitting to her verse’s possible reversion to the ultimate state of privacy—disappearance—she is compelled to ask, “can I view without deep-felt sensations of mortification, my darling offspring thus deposited?” Metaphors of procreation, of course, are a common way for both sexes to characterize the writing process; but Moody’s trope of the family romance is more than usually compelling given her gender and the fact that, marrying late and having no biological children, her reproductive venture was focused exclusively on writing. Her next statement in a sense leaps over the gap of childlessness and conflates poems not with offspring but with self: Moody writes, referring to the dreaded trunk, “it is true this has been the family vault of many a Poet; but a Poet does not love to think of the death of his verse any more than of his own.”

Nonetheless, Moody assures us (and herself) that, whatever her volume’s fate, she will strive to maintain “that philosophic equanimity of mind, which guards alike against the elevation of vanity, and the depression of humility.” Although equanimity was, by the late
eighteenth-century, a conventional poetic solution to the vaguaries of fate (Greer 247). Moody’s stoic approach to fortune’s whims is especially appropriate to the publishing woman, who could expect both praise and blame to be colored by preconceptions about her sex.

Moody devotes her Preface’s midsection to the obligatory acknowledgment of gratitude, again couching the personal in the general in order to valorize the institution of criticism, for which she entertains the “highest veneration.” A critic herself, she is by virtue of this statement not only acknowledging a debt but implicitly valorizing yet another facet of her own literary endeavors. The structure of this paragraph, like that of the first, revolves around a self-validating inclusion in the general which segues into a moment of modest self-deprecation. Here Moody uses her culture’s notions of women’s dependence to advantage by declaring, “I have long been sensible of the Advantage of having a better appeal than the tribunal of my own judgement.”

Yet in the section that follows, a salute to her poetic mentor, Edward Lovibond, whom she credits with favoring her “poor Muse,” Moody immediately moves toward revaluation, this time by putting herself on a parallel footing not only with the now-forgotten Lovibond, but with the great Dante himself. She envisions a future meeting with her mentor in the Elysian Groves in which she plays the part of Dante acknowledging his mentor, Virgil. Thus when Moody credits Lovibond for being her “master and her author,” she is putting herself in a subordinate position, but the subordinate she identifies with is one of the world’s acknowledged master poets.

Just as Dante acknowledges the influence of Virgil, Moody, reflecting a concern common to eighteenth-century poets, elaborates on the subject of influence in the remainder of her Preface. Herself the product of a legal milieu, she displays a sense of the legalities attending print culture (with its construction of writing as product and therefore property): legalities often at odds with the Augustan veneration of literary borrowing. Also sensible of the not-uncommon charges of plagiarism leveled at women writers whose work reveals suspiciously unfeminine knowledge or competence, Moody explains that if she is guilty of plagiarism, the cause is “inadvertent forgetfulness” and “the puzzles of poetic brains,” which, “being commonly loaded with remnants and scraps that belong to others, may very innocently, though unlawfully, appropriate these as their own,” just as a man might mistakenly walk off with another man’s hat if it fits. For after all, it is “very easy to mistake recollection for invention.” Yet again she validates the personal with the aura of authority that membership in an exalted species confers, this time placing herself in the company of poetic brains that in her Preface alone includes those of Petrarch, Dante, and Pope.

Moody’s Preface pursues its give-and-take pattern of rhetorical development to the
end, concluding with a paragraph that apologizes, valorizes, and finally—in a statement of intention much briefer than might be expected—reveals her writerly purpose. Apologizing for the inclusion of previously-published poems in her collection, she explains that had the Muse not benefited from a gradual public introduction, “she would perhaps be too timid to introduce herself” at such a late date. By confessing timidity, a trademark of the ideal late-century woman, Moody again makes a virtue of weakness—a weakness she effectively demolishes in the next sentence. Having sent out occasional poetic “doves” to test the reading public’s waters, and finding “a tolerable footing,” she, “like the Patriarch of old,” now “ventures to send out her whole family.” Identifying herself with the ultimate father-figure cum life-preserver of Christian myth, Moody crowns her “authorization” of herself and her publications. Read as a whole, her Preface’s conclusion suggests that she envisions the poetic brain, of which she partakes, as the all-important author/preserver of culture’s “scraps,” and that these scraps, “remnants” of a lofty tradition, constitute nothing less than the materials of humanity itself.

Such uncommon self-approbation, of course, must not be merely complemented by humility, but literally enveloped in it, and thus Moody concludes with the hope that her “versifying propensity (for she presumes not on the word talent or genius,)” afford the Reader the blessing it has given her: that is, pleasure. This short exumplum of humility is fraught with interesting ramifications. At Moody’s particular historic moment—one in which the term genius was being applied with outrageous indiscriminacy—to be accused of possessing it was in some circles tantamount to equivocal praise. All her life Moody had heard her friends applaud her genius, but given her critical perspicuity and her reverence for genius on the scale of Dante or Pope, not to mention the problematic nature of modern genius, it is not at all surprising that she would eschew the term.

What is more surprising is the fact that Moody, unlike most writers of prefaces—particularly women—dispenses with nearly all rationale for the existence and appearance of her work: she claims neither friendly pressure nor financial necessity nor the poetess’ trump card—moral value—but nothing more or less than the pleasure reading and writing afford. This is, of course, the same “innocent pleasure” her obituarist tells us writing afforded her throughout her life. Moody concludes as she began with a rhetoric that seesaws its way to an approximation of equanimity through continual movement between proper feminine humility, harmlessness, and self-effacement, and the trickier self-asserting authority attendant on her identity as poet.

*Poetic Trifles* contains 76 poems, including 47 previously published in the *St. James’s Chronicle* and other periodicals. Most are undated, but their periodical publication dates suggest that the great majority were written in the 1780’s and 90’s and are thus the products of Moody’s maturity and old age. The earliest dates from 1760, when she was
23. Although Moody wrote in what is termed the age of sensibility, she is essentially Augustan—the product of a literary culture that valued influence and coterie support and wrote vigorous, satiric, "socializing" verse (Ross 198, 263). Formally, she exhibits the Augustan penchant for couplets while also comfortable with later stanzaic verse, and seems most at home in the easy tetrameter characteristic of mid-century poets such as William Shenstone and, especially, the overlooked Robert Lloyd. Moody’s forms range from epigrams, fables, parodies, ballads, odes, hymns, and songs, to the mighty mock epic; her language is decidedly concrete. While often favoring the polished diction of late-century verse, Moody usually avoids its flowery elevation—unless to parody it.

Immediately noticeable about Poetic Trifles as a whole is its striking sociability—the extroverted concern its author takes in the world of persons, places, things, and events which signals Moody’s roots in Augustan tradition (Doody 119). Typical of coterie verse, the vast majority of her poems are occasional: they celebrate, memorialize, or make light of particular personal and historic events ranging from a friend’s marriage to a local election to Napoleon’s invasion of Egypt.

While critics have traditionally consigned occasional verse—especially when devoted to quotidian events such as the births, deaths, illnesses, gifts, and reading experiences of the lesser-known or lower-class—to a low rung on the scale of literary worth, its persistent widespread appeal suggests an often-overlooked truth about poetry in Moody’s time: that is, its presence as a relatively normal discursive element of the "conversation of [hu]mankind." It is tempting to say of the late eighteenth century that virtually anyone who had a moment to spare from scrabbling for subsistence—and even some who didn’t—sooner or later picked up a pen to capture the everyday events of their lives in verse, and then shared it with family and friends. For most people, and certainly for Moody, poetry was a mode of conversation carried on within and among overlapping circles of intimate acquaintance whose intercourse involved the culture at large and, often, ancestors such as Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope.

Further evidence of the overwhelming sociability of Moody’s verse is its persistently dialogic nature. Of the 76 poems in Trifles, only a handful do not involve some form of dialogue, whether it be in the form of an address to a friend or a public figure; internal monologues and dialogues between characters: people real and fictional, plants, animals, inanimate objects, and abstractions; or companion poems in conversation. Like so much eighteenth-century verse before it took its introverted turn, Moody’s reveals what Margaret Doody terms Augustan poetry’s “urge toward utterance” and the accompanying habit of “person-ification” that makes potential characters of virtually everyone and everything (210, 207). One need only encounter a few of these characters—Moody’s Satan sniffing the Twickenham breeze, or her Time pausing, scythe in hand and
brow furrowed at Beauty’s petulance, or her social-climbing Primrose plotting to exchange her lowly hedgerow for the glamorous parterre, to appreciate how vital the century’s abstractions could be.

These examples reveal the penchant for fanciful, satiric social drama Moody inherited from her favorites, Ludovico Ariosto and Alexander Pope. When in a poem she characterizes her verse as “satyric wild romances,” she is likely paying tribute to the influence of poems like the former’s Orlando Furioso and the latter’s Dunciad and Rape of the Lock. Pope’s poems in particular serve as patterns for the images, language, and rhythms (if not the meter) of Moody’s most ambitious works: poems like “A Dialogue between Beauty and Time,” “The Housewife,” “The Primrose,” “The Temptation,” “Speeches, in the French Convention,” “Myra Petitions Love” and its companion, “Love’s Reply.” Popeian influence is especially apparent in “The Temptation, or Satan in the Country,” in its borrowing from the card-table scene in Canto III of Pope’s Rape of the Lock, in which the guardian sylphs alight on Belinda’s cards:

   Soon as she spreads her hand, th’ aerial guard
   Descend, and sit on each important card:
   First Ariel perch’d upon a Matadore,
   Then each, according to the rank they bore. (31-34)

In Moody’s poem it is Satan himself who takes his seat at a player’s side, and

   Soon as he hovers o’er her hand,
   LYDIA finds aces at command;
   From one known shuffle amply pours
   Sans prendre games and matadores

The Dunciad is another of Pope’s works that looms large in Moody’s imagination. Although the poem’s irritability may have given her pause, she was unquestionably delighted with its wit and language and the grand, mock-epic current in which they flow. In borrowing the poet’s tearful book-burning scene from Book I for her own “Sappho Burns Her Books,” Moody exhibits her own wit, consigning not the products of Dulness, but Pope and his own characters (albeit reluctantly) to the flames. In another instance, she borrows from Pope’s prescription for Dulness in Book IV: “Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,/ And petrify a Genius to a Dunce” (263-64). In her “Love’s Reply,” Love responds to Myra, who has petitioned him to “Inform her where Indifference resides.” Assuring her there is but one way to numb the trembling senses, he instructs her to “seek the MATHEMATIC plains,/ With EUCLID for your guide.” Moody’s poem, a protest against “drowsy apathy” and “torpid dull repose,” reveals that for her Indifference—a quantity alternately praised and reviled by a train of women poets conversing with Frances Greville’s famed “Prayer”30—is nothing less than Dulness’ reincarnation in the age of
sensibility. Moody may have preferred sensibility to Dulness, but in another respect she swam against her era’s current.

In the eighteenth century’s second half, especially its last two decades, poets female and male alike were fashioning themselves as mavens of “literary loneliness”: penning melancholy sonnets and introverted, nature-worshipping odes. Moody, however, eschewed the romantic trend. It has been said that, for late-century poets, participation in the sonneteering craze that ushered in the nineteenth century was a sure sign of Romantic allegiance (Havens 526). Revealingly, Moody’s œuvre is notable for the absence of sonnets, and it is easy to imagine that, had she written them, it would have been in a spirit of parody. Her contempt for fashionable gloom, however, is apparent in her 1802 poem “The Ever Blue,” in which she chastens those spirits of melancholy known as “blue devils” for the pall of despair they cast over minds tinged “for—ever blue.”

Further evidence of Moody’s resistance to Romantic trends lies in the realm of transcendence. While writers such as Mary Robinson in “To the Poet Col[e]ridge” and Ann Yearsley in “On Genius Unimproved” rhapsodized over the poet’s visionary journeys to the ends of the cosmos, Moody, as seen early on in her chastening of mentor Lovibond for just such transcendent yearnings, steadfastly kept her feet on the ground and laughed at her peers’ crazy flights. For her the notion of transcendence was firmly anchored in conventional Christian belief, and all sublime aspirations pointed towards that peerless God whose divine company is only earned by spiritual submission on earth. Her poetical mode for engaging with the sublime is the traditional hymn: “A Hymn of Gratitude,” for instance, where she declares,

Ascend then in a song of love,
My thankful heart to God above!
Be his my voice and his my lyre!
Till voice and song in death expire.

There is one respect, however, in which Moody partook of what is commonly termed a Romantic attribute: that is, self-assertion. This is not to say that she engaged in the “Titanic cosmic self-assertion” of a Shelley or a Byron (Abrams 2:480), but that, like male Romantics, she participated in the move towards representation of the self as the nucleus of verse. That self, of course, was not the vast, isolated Romantic ego but the mundane one centered in the home and nurturance: those domestic regions Moody’s truth-inspired Muse explores in her epic experiment, “The Housewife; or, the Muse learning to Ride the Great Horse Heroic,” which will later be addressed at length.

The women poets of Moody’s generation have been described as transitional figures in the sense that, although rooted in Augustan tradition, they began to reject the Augustan practice of “masculine poeticizing” in order to focus on the relationship between
the female poet and her traditional cultural role. In doing so, it is said, poets such as Moody’s contemporaries Hannah More and Anna Barbauld took steps to redefine women’s poetry, claiming for it its own space. By the 1820’s this redefinition would solidify in the ultrafeminine discourse of a Felicia Hemans, but in the eighteenth-century’s last decades, the Barbaulds and Moodys would and shift back and forth between and even combine Augustan and sentimental modes.32

Typically, contemporary critics would ignore a woman poet’s masculine leanings and focus instead on evidence that “proved” she was that ultrafeminine, ultrasensitive, eminently domestic construct: a poetess. Moody’s collection was noticed in six contemporary periodicals—the British Critic, the Critical and Monthly reviews, the Monthly Magazine, the Monthly Visitor, and the New Annual Register. If one were to characterize her work based on the nine poems her reviewers extracted for their readers, one would be tempted to categorize Moody as a moral/sentimental writer: that is, a woman producing the sort of poetry considered acceptable for a female attempting the pen.33 The extracted poems advocate the feminine virtues of piety, innocence, simplicity, friendship, domesticity, and kindness to animals, and while they fairly represent some of Moody’s concerns (after all, she herself was an advocate of rational female virtue), as well as her poetic intelligence and grace, they misleadingly make her appear to write only about children, flowers, fashion, and friends.

A capsule review in the New Annual Register for 1798 typifies the ways in which male reviewers constructed Moody as a poetess, a move that enabled them to simultaneously praise and dismiss her verse. The aspects of her work the reviewer stresses are those feminine “givens,” modesty, privacy, morality, and emotion, most of which are introduced in his first sentence: “Mrs. Moody’s ‘Poetic Trifles,’ as she modestly terms them, consist of a variety of elegant effusions, some of which have already received the sanction of public approbation, and others are for the first time permitted to escape beyond the circle of her social connections.” Like all but one of Moody’s reviewers, this critic singles out the unassumingness of her book’s title. Yet at the same time his comment that her poems have been “permitted to escape” beyond her social circle suggests a subtle censure of her publishing presumption, which although “sanctioned” is also immodest. That her verse is “elegant” is not necessarily a put-down: elegance was a favored attribute of poetry in general at the time. However, the fact that Moody’s poems are considered “effusions”—effortless outpourings—does reflect cultural notions of women as untutored creatures whose forte is not rigorous thought but unchecked emotion. In Moody’s case the reviewer to some extent palliates the implied dismissal by attributing to her not only “lively imagination” but “good sense.”

However, like the first, his last sentence mixes praise with condescension: “In the
cause of humanity, and of tender feeling towards the brute creation, our poetess is an amiable and commendable enthusiast.” Here Moody’s sensibility, and thus her morality, is commended while that very sensibility is seen to be a matter of enthusiasm: an outgrowth of feminine emotion rather than privileged masculine reason. Moody’s reviewers constructed her in their era’s image of the proper literary lady—modest, moral, and unthreatening—and in the process missed a crucial part of the story. For among other things, Moody is a satirist whose targets include priests and politicians, Jacobins and Gentlemen, epicures and fashion slaves, the female virtues, and herself.

It has been a commonplace that satire died in the later eighteenth century, a supposed victim of the rage for sentiment, but in truth the rumors are false. Although the heyday of the formal verse satire was past, such “sentimental” poets as Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns wrote satire. In terms of popular poetry, in fact, during the American and French wars, ephemeral popular satires by James and Horace Smith, Peter Pindar, William Gifford, and countless anonymous others flourished. It has been argued that the century’s increasing polarization of male and female roles made satire a forbidden realm for women, who were traditionally its victims rather than its producers. But not only were women writing and publishing satire in the century’s second half; one need only look to the novels of Charlotte Lennox, Frances Burney, and the young Jane Austen to see that women in fact were forging their own satiric tradition.

It has been observed that the novel, with its multiple subjective viewpoints, affords the woman writer the circumspection necessary to engage in satire and preserve her reputation. Because of literary history’s concentration on the “rising” novel, little attention has been paid to women’s satiric verse in this period, but it was being written, even by the likes of “sentimental” poets Helen Maria Williams and Anna Seward. Considering Alexander Pope’s huge influence on women writers throughout the century, it would be surprising if it weren’t. Another of Moody’s contemporaries, Mary Robinson, published a satiric attack on hacks and critics, her 1793 Modern Manners, under the pseudonym “Horace Juvenal,” a name that, though circumspect in concealing Robinson’s gender, firmly aligns her with both poles of classical satiric tradition. Moody herself would employ a revealing pseudonym, publishing several periodical poems as “Areina,” a name not only identifying her with the bawdy Italian “Scourge of Princes,” but proclaiming her a satirist of the female gender.

These poems, and countless others of satiric flavor, were included in Poetic Trifles, yet none of the book’s reviewers saw fit to acknowledge the collection’s satiric preoccupation. In part, of course, this seeming oversight is attributable the reviewers’ tailoring of Moody’s image to fit that of poetess. In part, though, it stems from the type of satire she wrote, a species we today call light verse. More particularly, Moody’s
contemporaries described her *ouevre* as consisting of *jeux d’esprit* and *vers de société*.

Moody’s “To Dr. Priestley,” “On the Death of Horace Walpole,” and “On the Death of a Celebrated Physician” are prime examples of *jeux d’esprit*—epigrams, witticisms, or brief flights of fancy urbanely expressed. *Vers de société*, characterized by its wit, elegance, and conversational tone, deals with the relationships, doings, and concerns of polite society. Examples of Moody’s *vers de société* include “The Temptation,” “The Primrose,” and “On Hearing that Bob Wigs are coming into Fashion.” The subjects of *vers de société* can be serious or trivial; what marks the genre is the poet’s desire to entertain and the good-natured chuckle such verse provokes in the reader. Written by the likes of Dryden, Swift, Prior, Pope, Mary Barber, and later Gray, Moore, Byrom, Byron, and Praed, *vers de société* is said to have eventually replaced the formal verse satire in the age of sentiment.

In an age of sensibility, with its privileging of benevolence and genial humor, satire, it is said, evolved into something gentler and less barbed. Sensibility, of course, involved the feminization of manners and discourse, and more than one male in Moody’s time lamented an ascendency of female values that “emasculated” men in general and satire in particular. To say that late-century satire entirely lost its bite, however, is an overstatement, as a look at the pages of periodicals in the 1790’s reveals: writers of all stripes were slugging it out over politics and poetical trends. It is certainly true, though, that satire’s stock fell with the century’s shift in critical, moral, and social values and was banished from the poetics of the sublime as, increasingly, its backbone, wit, was associated with artifice and unkindness.

Not only do none of Moody’s reviewers use the word *satire* in describing her work; the only one who uses the closely related word *wit* is Ralph Griffths, who in his review of *Poetic Trifles* observes that her verse exhibits “a lively and natural flow of wit.” Yet to understand Moody as a woman and a writer, one must begin and end with the word *wit*, a slippery term that over the centuries has meant many things to many people. Moody’s understanding of the term—and her very preoccupation with the subject—reveal both her Augustan roots and sentimental branches. Her writing testifies to her possession of wit, and her friends to the fact that she was one. George Hardinge, maintaining that “few can match her as a wit,” puts her in the company of witty contemporaries the Earl of Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, *bon vivant* George Selwyn, and actor/playwrights David Garrick and Samuel Foote. One can note in Moody’s verse an attempt at balance between joyful celebration of wit and awareness of its pitfalls. She carefully defines the term so as to distinguish between proper and improper wit and combines earlier notions with later attitudes.

Like many of her sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth-century predecessors,
Moody conceived of wit broadly as intellectual inventiveness, and more particularly as the play of mental faculties that sparks the fortuitous verbal expression. Such expression may take the form of an apt comparison between a dinner-table pedant with his mock wisdom and a dish of calf’s head—mock turtle—soup; or an impromptu epigram scrawled on a letter’s outside: “Critics are the scourge of authors, and printers are the scourge of both.” As these examples suggest, wit has a habit of marrying criticism and producing satire.

The Augustans, among them Joseph Addison and Moody’s touchstone, Alexander Pope, distinguished between true and false wit. For Pope, true wit is “Nature to advantage dress’d;/ what oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d” (Essay on Criticism 297-98). Unlike false wit, which merely dazzles, true wit illumines enduring truth. Like Pope in his Essay on Criticism, Moody conceives of wit as life-giving light, likening it in her “Defence of Wit” to “the sun that disperses my vapors of care”: wit, she writes,

Expands and invigorates Intellect’s powers,
Her culture enriches and dresses her flowers;
Awakens from torpor each languid sensation,
And gives to the soul a renew’d animation.

Like Addison, who journalistic purpose is “to enliven morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with morality” (Spectator 10), Moody believes that “when by Wit’s glowing pencil the Truth is portray’d./ Her tints of bright hue but enliven the shade.” She shares with Pope the notion that light and dark, wit and seriousness, are not so much opposites as necessary complements. For Moody, a woman with a potentially disruptive critical impulse, true wit provides the light(ness) that keeps seriousness from overshadowing both pleasure and reputation.

Ever-apprehensive of the effects of age on the body and mind, Moody in her “Defence” reveals that in the end wit is the saving grace that “Preserves a fair likeness which Time can remember./ In the breast that was May, and that now is December.” In perhaps the most self-revelatory lines of her life, written at the age of 63, Moody prays for deliverance from Dullness’ mental mist, for, “when of sprightly ideas this bosom’s bereft./ Oh how little the value of all that is left!” Yet the very fact that the poem was written to defend her wit from her dear friend Aspasia’s attack reveals that the habit of mind that sustained her was a problematic possession for a woman of her time. In the century’s last decades wit had become associated with falsity, artifice, and aggression—characteristics especially suspect in a woman. Elizabeth Montagu, a founding member of the bluestocking circle whose intellectual gatherings and writing resulted in both ridicule and new respect for female intelligence, reveals wit’s dangers. Not only does it wound others, contends Montagu, “but wit in women is apt to have other bad consequences; like a sword without a scabbard, it wounds the wearer and provokes assailants. I am sorry to say the generality of
women who have excelled in wit have failed in chastity." 40 Faced with such prevailing cultural beliefs about the incompatibility of wit and virtue, women like Moody took pains to depict their wit as virtuous.

While unequivocally asserting the benefits of wit in her "Defence," where she speaks of it as synonymous with writing, Moody carefully defines the brand of wit she privileges as compatible with nice sensibilities:

... mistake not, Aspasia—I mean not by wit
What the vulgar describe, a malicious pert chit;
Who distributes to gossips farragoes for lies,
Or lampoons for itinerant poets supplies.

In contrast, she characterizes her wit forays as "innocent sallies" written in a spirit of "playful good humor."

Despite this concession to femininity and the spirit of her age, however, Moody was cognizant of the fact that sallies are seldom blameless. In her poem, "Address to a Picture of Prudence," for example, she asserts that, when tempted to indulge in frailties of character, she will look to this virtue's portrait in emulation. Among her particular failings she lists gossip, anger, and overspending, but first on the list is wit. Moody vows that

When wit her dangerous mirth supplies,
Provoking laughter's heedless glee,
To check my fancies as they rise
I'll turn my eyes to look on thee.

Yet the fact remains that, despite such exercises in virtuous submission, Moody's eyes were too filled with humanity's foibles to permit her to long suppress her fancy for poking fun. Obviously aware of the conflict between the demands of wit and virtuous womanhood, Moody managed to retain both, successfully walking a tightrope over the chasm that yawned beneath the woman with an active, critical mind, threatening to "unsex" her and swallow her reputation. She negotiated this gap in her characteristic manner: through the continuous interplay of self-assertion and empowerment, circumspection and retraction.

Some time in 1790, Moody sent a poem entitled "The Distempered Muse" to Ralph Griffiths, along with an explanatory note. In the poem a baffled poet, whose consultations with various critical "empiricks and quacks" have only further enfeebled his "rickety" Muse, seeks relief from a great critical doctor whose prescription is nothing less than the "celestial" nostrum: sense. With its sprightly, fanciful drama and galloping meter, the poem is a perfect example of light verse, written in seemingly playful good humor and designed to entertain. Calling it "private nonsense," Moody instructs Griffiths to read it while he is "nodding" in his "great chair." Although she modestly presents her poem as an
amusing trifle, unworthy of Griffiths’ full waking attention, her further instructions reveal there is another reason he should read it while half asleep: she is eminently aware of its inflammatory nature.

The poem is dedicated to Fulke Greville, aristocratic (and less talented) grandson of the better-known Fulke, the fifth Baron Brooke. Greville was widely considered a bad poet, and his reputation was even in his time overshadowed by that of his wife Frances, author of the renowned “Prayer for Indifference.” Moody explains that her poem arose as a result of having had “the pleasure of seeing Mr. G[reville],” who had consulted her about how to “patch up” his “wretched Muse,” and cautions Griffiths that it must be kept confidential lest its target “set fire to our h[omely] hut and perhaps burn the whole village of Surbiton.” Although bad poets are one thing this born critic cannot resist skewering, Moody is quick to assure Griffiths that, unlike the great Dante, she does not put everyone who offends her into a lampoon. What is more, by the time the poem was published in Poetic Trifles, the reference to Greville—and thus most of its sting—was removed. Thus, to the reader unaware of its genesis it indeed appeared an innocent sally. That same reader would likewise have been unaware of the identity of the poem’s doctor of verse,

So fam’d in poetical cases;
His art could the Muse’s worst humours disperse,
And of Pegasus temper the paces.

Given the poem’s genesis, this great critical doctor can be read not only as Griffiths, but as the ever-sensible Moody herself, consulted for her talents by a male aristocrat and sharing lampoonist status with Dante.

In her Trifles Preface Moody makes another connection between critics and doctors, asserting that, “while a bad Physician can do a great deal of harm, a bad Critic can do none.” One of her most critical lampoons is aimed at an actual doctor: one of George Ill’s overpaid, underskilled physicians, Richard Warren, whose death in June of 1797 inspired her “Parody, On the Death of a Celebrated Physician, written in the Character of a Brother of the Faculty” [of the Royal College of Physicians]. Speaking in the guise of this “brother,” who lambastes his fallen colleague, Moody expresses decidedly unladylike vehemence on the subject of medicine:

Doctors themselves must die like those they kill,
Vain the fam’d Nostrum—bolus, draught or pill.
E’en he who mourns the end of Warren’s days,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his fading eyes shall guineas part,
And the last pang shall tear them from his heart.
Physick’s great business—at one gasp be o’er!
The fee forgot—and gold belov’d no more!
While Moody’s disgust at incompetent, mercenary doctors was shared by many in her time, her acerbic mode of expression was not shared by most women, who might think with equal vehemence but would be prevented by propriety from expressing it. Thus it is no surprise to learn that the poem appeared anonymously in the *St. James’s Chronicle*, and that by the time it appeared in *Trifles* the name Warren had become W____n. Although a year after Warren’s death the elision is not likely to have hidden his identity from readers, Moody’s editorial decision would have carried weight as a symbol of intended decorum.

Like all of Moody’s most stinging satires, her doctor parody is written in male persona: a disguise that, along with anonymity, protects the woman writer from censure. In this parody, however, Moody borrows not only the voice of an unspecified male doctor, but that of Alexander Pope, and in the process both protects and empowers herself. Making yet another link between literature and medicine, Moody patterns her parody on the final lines of Pope’s “Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady”—an imitation her *Chronicle* readers would certainly have recognized:

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung:  
Deaf the prais’d ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
Ev’n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
Shall shortly want the gen’rous tear he pays;  
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,  
Life’s idle business at one gasp be o’er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou belov’d no more! (75-82)

Of all her poetic sources, Pope’s lines ring most persistently in Moody’s mind. The *Chronicle*’s attribution of her “Parody” reveals she was in London at the time of Warren’s death, and that the poem was an *impromptu* response to news that, we can imagine, promptly summoned this particular fortuitous fragment of Popeian memory to the forefront of her poetic brain.

Pope’s lines lurk behind yet another of Moody’s acerbic male-persona lampoons: her poem, “On Mr. Wilkes, Losing his Election at Brentford; A Parody: Address’d to his late Constituents, in the year 1790.” In this poem she assumes the voice of radical Member of Parliament John Wilkes, who boasts about electoral triumphs past and bewails his present defeat, exclaiming,

Alas how chang’d! what sudden horrors rise?  
Another member charms your faithless eyes.  
Ah! where was HORNE TOKE then!—his voice, his hand,  
His eloquence—your dying flame had fann’d.
“Apostates stay! — your wavering votes restrain;
Let JOHNNY WILKES be chosen once again.”
I can no more — by shame — by rage suppress!
Let Middlesex Electors speak the rest.

Moody, who obviously detested Wilkes’ politics and morals (though not, perhaps, his wit),\textsuperscript{41} may well have been in Brentford, not far from Kingston, at the time of his failure to be returned to Parliament; she and her husband had friends there, among them dissenting minister Matthew Bradshaw and his family. If not actually on the scene, she would certainly have received a report of doings at the polls.

Whatever the case, on learning of Wilkes’ “dismemberment,” her wicked wit summoned a relevant scene from Pope’s “Eloisa to Abelard,” in which Eloisa envisions intervening to prevent her lover’s castration:

Alas how chang’d! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard, had oppos’d the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress’d,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest. (99-106)

Reading in the light of Pope, we can see that, in suggesting her victim has lost much more than his seat in Parliament, Moody doubly “dismembers” Wilkes. Further, because she is protected by her Wilkes persona and empowered by Pope’s authority, she accomplishes this feat while keeping her own hands clean. The fact that her politics were for the most part comfortably conservative further protected Moody from the scathing criticism levelled at radical female contemporaries Helen Maria Williams and Mary Wollstonecraft, whose republican sympathies made them, in the eyes of most people, little better than whores.

While Moody’s most biting satire is spoken in male persona, her most cogent statement about women and satire is part of a playfully contentious verse exchange with friend Aspasia and comes from the mouth of a female bee. The exchange begins with Moody teasing her friend for her zealous, outdated belief in the devil in “To a Lady, On a difference that arose between her and the Author on the subject of the Devil.” Although Aspasia’s response is lost, the subtitle of Moody’s rejoinder, “To the Same,” reveals that it consisted of “three smart satirical epigrams.” Moody’s response is a fable in which Aspasia’s epigrams are transformed into three bees who, “vex’d” at the hornet who has stung them, convene in council to discuss how to wreak revenge. In Moody’s hands the resultant debate doubles as a critique of the relative merits of Aspasia’s epigrams and a
statement about satiric justice.

The first bee, a peaceable matron, declares her sting too feeble for the purpose. The next offers up a comical version of feminine warfare:

... abhor'd be the practice of warring with stings!
My mode of reproof is to slap with my wings;
To hum in her ear, and to buzz in her face,
But fiercer resentments my sex would disgrace.

Unimpressed, the third bee—a domestic paragon and protector of the hive—speaks up:

Dear sisters, she cried, leave the Hornet to me;
If granted, this insect has stung us all three,
Fair justice requires an equal decree:
And you'll find, tho' our elder is tame in the cause,
A sting for a sting in the code of our laws.

Converting words into action (and back again), this daring bee spreads her "delicate wings" and seeks out the Hornet's retreat, where, "full pouncing upon her with fury," she cries, "Take this, this, and this'—and of stings gave her three./ The avenging requital of each injured Bee." Steeped in her century's traditions of the hive as social microcosm and the satirist as stinging insect, Moody, with her hive of matriarchal satirists, rewrites tradition. In her avenging angel of a bee she delivers a clear message about women and satire, suggesting that delicacy, domestic virtue, and satiric sting are not only compatible, but just.

Although in the eighteenth century's middle decades, when Moody began to write, the cultural climate had become more propitious for learned and artistic women, their acceptance was still provisional. In John Duncombe's 1754 paean to women writers, the Feminiad, he tempers his praise with evidence of his era's contingent acceptance of writing women, cautioning that

... letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuse,
And husbands oft experience to their cost
The prudent housewife in the scholar lost. (83-85)

Over the course of Moody's writing life, women would emerge as celebrated fixtures on the literary scene, but what was true at the century's outset was likewise true at its end: no matter how great the talent, domestic obligations came first. Certainly, Moody was trained in domestic management. Yet we can note that, for half her life unmarried, she would have enjoyed a relative degree of freedom to pursue the literary life. To the friends of her youth, she remained Sappho, the letter'd maid. Moody in fact trains a skeptical eye on domesticity in the dialogic companion poems, "A Prophecy By Miss R.P—.,” and "Sappho, Tempted by the Prophecy, Burns her Books and Cultivates the Culinary Arts.” In "A Prophecy,” Miss R.P. informs her lettered friend that not until she ceases to read,
write, and criticize—and concentrates instead on cookery and home-doctoring—will she find “Fortune, Love, and Hymen kind.”

In “Tempted by the Prophecy,” Sappho responds with a fantasy in which she mournfully addresses the beloved poets whose books she has set afire in the kitchen hearth, entreating the Goddess of Culinary Arts to “teach me more winning arts to try”: arts whose products are salted ham, jellies, cakes and pies. Lesson learned, Moody’s “fancy soars to future times,/ When all extinct are Sappho's rhymes”: she is girt now in the cuffs and towels that bespeak her “trade.” As it turns out, though, the trade is less than satisfactory, for the Goddess has turned Sorceress, and has, suggests Moody, like MacBeth’s witches, cheated the supplicant with “ambiguous sense.” Apropos of such transformations, Margaret Doody writes that in Augustan poetry, “it is a miracle if things can be for a livelong minute true to themselves” (146). In Moody’s imaginative transformation of Sappho into towel-clad cook, and husband-snaring wisdom into “ambiguous sense,” we see her pondering just what it entails for a woman to be true to the literary passion that molds her identity when even friends question her choice and predict her failure as a woman. The discomfiting inner dialogue that must have occupied the mind of many a woman writer in Moody’s time is externalized in these companion (or adversary) poems, each of which embodies an aspect of the poet’s psyche where desire battles culture’s claims. Faced with such tension, Moody, in a poem that is one of her clearest declarations of vocation, couches her manifesto in ironic terms. What fate awaits the woman who would rather read and write than fatten herself for the marriage market? In her closing lines Moody predicts that fate: “Severest torments . . . / . . . disappointed love.”

Moody again refers to Shakespeare’s weird sisters in her Trifles Preface, where she observes that, like critics, they resist importuning. Although after marriage she would deplore old-maidhood, her life and work reveal that, despite the pressures to marry that must have accosted her from all sides, she too for a long while refused “to be entreated.” Until the age of 40 Moody resisted trading literature for matrimony, retaining her single state until she met the man who would not only allow her to keep her “trade” but serve as her advocate. Upon her marriage to Christopher Moody, she in a sense acquired the best of both worlds, venturing at his urging into print, and experiencing, as her post-wedlock poems reveal, the joys of what she terms “sweet domestick life,/ Fair semblance of the bliss above.”

However, it is also clear that her old and new roles as poet/wit and housewife/helpmate made strange bedfellows at times, and that marriage involved a compromise that exposed her work to the public eye while ensuring that very work would take a back seat to domestic obligations. To early friends like George Harding, this marriage of roles made Sappho somewhat ludicrous. In his “Soliloquy, Found in a Recess of Dr. M—’s Garden,”
Hardinge, speaking in Christopher Moody's voice, boasts,
  My Wife, a calculating rib,
  Dress'd in her pin-a-fore and bib,
  Though few can match her as a wit,
  Shakes off the peril of the fit;
  And, having beat the Poet's march,
  Keeps down the sand, or saves in starch;
  And learns from dashes of her friend,
  My shirts to darn, or stockings mend. (41-48)

The "fit" whose peril Moody avoids is a double one. In a culture slow to relinquish its
long-held view of intellect in women as pathological, the fit is that bout of madness that
provides women to write. In this particular instance, the fit is also Christopher's Moody's
belligerent reaction to the postage due for another installment in the verse correspondence
between the judge and Elizabeth, who although married to Christopher remained, according
to Hardinge, "the partner of my lay." In this sketch we see Hardinge's bemused sense
of his Sappho's marital sinking from poetic heights, as well as the smug self-satisfaction of
Christopher--his wife's "Adam" and "Lord and Master"--at having domesticated the wit,
transforming her from rib (jokester) to (Adam's) rib.

That Moody herself perceived the disjunction in vocations is clear from her verse;
this perception is typically signalled by an ironic, mock-heroic vein in her poetic voice. A
good example is "The Housewife's Prayer, On the Morning Preceding a Fete," an ode to
Economy, that "Goddess adored! who gained my early love,/ And formed my mind thy
precepts to improve." After four opening couplets straight from the conduct book, Moody
reveals her hand, and the reader recognizes the poem as yet another of her critiques of
virtue carried to extremes and become, if not quite vice, certainly not sense. As she
addresses the goddess with mock seriousness: "Thou value stampst on every rag I wear,"
we realize that, like Culinary Arts in "Sappho Burns Her Books," Economy is another
dubious deity who at best inspires equivocal orisons. To the Goddess, Moody proclaims,
  Source of my health thy indurating power,
  Inspired by thee I brave the threatening shower;
  Nor seek defence against the winter's wind,
  But scorn the cloak with costly ermine lined.
  Let the blue current stagnate in my veins,
  And age come on with all his rheums and pains;
  Nor hood nor bonnet will I deign to wear,
  Nor aught that Nature will consent to spare;
  In these privations still adoring thee,
All-saving Power, divine Economy.

Like the goddess of Culinary Arts, Economy in Moody's irreverent hands dispenses ambiguous sense. Yet the speaker in this poem—a married woman martiaing her forces for a feast—lacks the luxury to abandon its dispenser for Petrarch or Pope and instead implores Economy to "impart thy parsimonious grace" to the servants, and finally to "guard, O Goddess, guard each candle's end!" Ending on such a note, Moody conveys the ultimate triviality of the housewife's epic to save—not cities or empires—but rags, scraps, and ends. We must not forget, however, that candles in Moody's time were dear indeed, and for her perhaps doubly dear, as these same saved ends may well have afforded the housewife/poet light to write by after the feast.

We encounter the goddess Economy again in the mini-mock epic, "the Housewife; or, the Muse Learning to Ride the Great Horse Heroic," Moody's most sustained meditation on the subject of women's work, be it huswifery or poetry, and her only surviving venture into blank verse. The date of this poem's composition is unknown, but its subject reveals a close affinity with Anna Barbauld's landmark "Washing Day," a blank verse mock-epic treatment of the heroism of women's work composed some time between 1783 and 97. Both poems subvert classical (male) tradition by invoking a domestic Muse who reigns over a fallen world where, to quote Barbauld, "The Muses have turned gossips; they have lost/ The buskined step, and clear high-sounding phrase./ Language of Gods," and now prattle "in slipshod measure . . . / Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream" (1-5). This, of course, is the fin de siècle world in which every accomplished young lady versifies and verse itself, under sentiment's influence, has become increasingly feminized.

Barbauld's slip-shod Sibyls are descendents of the mad goddess of Book III of Pope's Dunciad who escorts scribblers to Lethe and Dulness; and whose image expresses the contempt of literary men for literary women (Greer xxiii). Like Barbauld, Moody betrays a consciousness of her vulnerability to contempt in a poem that refuses to take itself seriously and, what is more, opens on a note of apologetic submission. She addresses not the Muse but Lysander, both Spartan general and code name for Christopher Moody, who functions in her poem as a "middle man" between the woman poet and the epic. Thus Moody opens,

O thou that with deciding voice oft sways
The doubtful wanderings of th' advent'rous Muse!
And oft directs her wav'ring feet, where best
To tread! Whether to climb the steep Parnassian
Mount,—that slippery path where numbers slide
And fall,—or tread with firmer step Prosaic
Ground—accept this verse!

Here we get a sense of Moody’s reliance on the good critic at her elbow to keep her “doubtful,” “wav’ring,” but “advent’rous” Muse on track. She begs her poetic general’s forbearance should “the Muse/ All insufficent to so new a theme/ Fail in her song.” This time, Moody informs us, her Muse will quit “the inviting paths of fiction” with their “pleasing dreams” for the humbler reality of “regions sacred to domestic use,” and do it, no less, in poetry’s sacredest genre. “Guided by Truth”—that is, the truth of her experience as a housewife—she turns Parnassus itself into prosaic ground.

In the poem’s midsection Moody follows the steps of her housewife/hero with campy elevation and touches of burlesque typified in a passage that contains both “Morn, her dusky brow in misty vapours clad” and “snoring Maids,” unlike whom the wakeful housewife “late and early plies her busy cares” through the awful labors attending Christmas, “in search of that fair Nymph Economy.” The quest leads her from the Poultry Court where she contends with monstrous turkeys—“mis-shapen fowls,/ With Maws protruberent!”—which she coolly crams, inspects, and condemns to death, to the dairy, where the epic takes a significant turn.

Here, in the place whose milk-concerns make it the ultimate female domain, Moody’s mock elevation gives way to simple, loving description replete with images of reproduction:

. . . . There from the surface of the
Richest milk, the cream she skims; this with due
Labour and unweary’d toil she churns, till
To a firm consistence it is wrought, and bears
The name of Butter. Then with some light
Fantastic mould the tiny pats she prints,
And in a China vase, fill’d with clear water
From pellucid spring, her workmanship deposits.

As always, Moody, while sensible of the triviality of the domestic, paints food-related labors with a care that teases out beauty. Like Jane Austen with her “little bit of ivory, two inches wide,” Moody makes a virtue of the small, her housewife imprinting the “tiny pats” with the design that marks them as her own. More than mere buttermaking, this sketch describes how the mundane materials of experience are transformed by way of that “fantastic mould,” the poet’s imagination, and through the medium of language come to bear the name of Art. And the “pellucid spring”—essential to poets and housewives alike—becomes the source of inspiration for generations of domestic artists to whom Moody pays smiling tribute as her housewife next directs her steps to the storeroom.

There she consults the housewifes’s classic text, “the known manuscripts of ancient
fame,” written in “Grandam spelling of no modern date”—that is, the cookbook compiled by generations of ancestral housewives whose art was inscribed in cakes “fashioned of fantastic forms,/ Oblong, round, and square; some in the diamond’s/ Shape compressed.” And though on the surface Moody’s epic laughs at the housewife whose greatest feats involve chopping mincemeat and tempering pastry’s “dangerous mass,” her poem’s mock-epic diction is subsumed by the sheer loveliness of the mundane tasks she describes (or, perhaps, the sheer loveliness of describing them). What is more, Moody reminds us that her domestic Muse is no stranger to the epic, for

... thou hast not disdained to sing, in days
Of yore, of Culinary Arts.—Both when
The beauteous Mother of mankind regal’d
Her angel guest, and from the sweet kernels press’d
The dulcet creams.—And when the Grecian chiefs
Reserved a portion of the victim slain,
And AGAMEMNON help’d to roast the Beef.

As well as providing an interesting window into a woman’s reading of the “classics,” Moody’s invocation of precedent reminds us that if culinary matters deserved the attention of the denizens of Parnassus—Homer (via Pope) and Milton—they are good enough for the housewife/poet. What is more, she reminds us that the mundane life of the housewife/poet is good enough for the epic. Or—Moody hints—is it?

Theorist Mikhail Bakhtin has observed the mock epic’s potential to laugh in all directions. Certainly Moody intends us to laugh at the housewife/poet/hero’s epic pretensions, yet her attempt, with its early travesty of epic language and its eventual lyric turn, does not spare its classic models their share of ridicule. As Bakhtin has noted of the mock epic, laughter is the sound made by outsidedness—outsidedness, in this case, being the position of the woman poet vis à vis classical tradition. If we allow Bakhtin’s notion that “it is precisely laughter that destroys the epic, and in general destroys any hierarchical (distancing and valorized) distance” to converse with Mary Poovey’s observation that, for women of Moody’s time, “self-assertion had to look like something other than what it was,” we can see how laughter helped women poets negotiate the hierarchical distance between their roles as women and poets.

The dialogue that drives all satire, and the mock epic in particular, is, ultimately, a dialogue that doesn’t resolve. This is true of Anna Barbauld’s “Washing Day,” which dissolves in a fancy about the evanescence of soap bubbles and poems: “Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,/ And verse is one of them—this most of all” (85-86). And it is true of Moody’s “The Housewife,” which engages in “epic interruptus,” the poet mendaciously assuring us that “What more this busy active dame perform’d/ In the next
Canto shall the Muse rehearse.” Of course there is no next Canto, for it has been determined that “the HOUSEWIFE’S toils an ample theme supply.” Or has it? Is this the reason for the poem’s premature end? Or will there be no next Canto because the housewife’s life is one of unremarkable repetition punctuated by predictable interruption, because the woman poet is not up to the rigors of the epic, because the poet has landed her polemical blow against a privileged male genre insufficient to the needs of the late-eighteenth-century woman writer struggling for poetic identity, or for all these reasons? Like Moody’s other self-mocking manifesto, “Sappho Burns Her Books,” “The Housewife” leaves us teetering on the equivocal, ironic note characteristic of this housewife/poet’s engagement with the contradictions of her state. There are many voices contained in Moody’s final declaration: “O days of ALBION! happier far I ween,/ When WOMAN’S knowledge own’d its boundary here!” One thing, though, is certain: while her mini-epic bravely confronts the woman writer’s conundrum, its interrupted ending reproduces both the nature of traditional women’s work and the ideological boundary of women’s knowledge.

Equivocation is again revealed in Moody’s “Verses, Written in a Pocket-Book, which formerly belonged to a Gentleman, who was a Divine and a Philosopher, and made a present of it to the Author.” In “Verses,” which was first published in the St. James’s Chronicle in 1789, Moody presents us with a member of that ubiquitous eighteenth-century species, the pocket-book, which voices its complaint about its new owner:

Alas! of Virtue disposses’d!
Where now the truths that once impress’d
This honor’d page in happier times,
Ere I was given up to rhymes.

For rather than sermons and theorums,
This spot—now sad reverse of Time,
No produce yields but baleful rhyme.
Here lurk unseen poetic feet,
To court the Muse in dark retreat.

Moody’s “fallen” pocket-book expresses its culture’s love-hate relationship with poetry, imagination, and women—all of them potential seductresses—as well as its new female owner’s equivocal attitude toward her fondest pursuit, a trifling yet dangerous activity conducted “in dark retreat.” Ever-cognizant of the sinking tendency of women, poetry, and civilization, she compares the pocket-book, its “chosen text” replaced by the scribblings of an upstart outsider, to once-glorious Greece, now hopelessly “despoiled.”

Moody’s hesitancy to assert herself in a poem directly concerning her writing is further revealed in three editorial changes made on the poem’s publication in Trifles: the
phrase in which she describes her verse as “satyrick wild romances” has been replaced by the more generic (and less controversial) “a hoard of wild romances,” and the title’s final phrase declaring that the Author “is a Poetess” has been entirely removed. Finally, in the phrase describing her poetry as written “in dark retreat,” the work “dark” has replaced the word “safe.” The cumulative effect of these changes is to de-emphasize Moody’s identity as a female satiric poet and her personal sense of the dangers this identity involved, at the same time rendering the poem itself less personal and more “safe.”

Despite such moves to protectively temper her identity, Moody pursued her lifelong love affair with the Muse, in her sixties explaining, “when to scribble I find a seducing occasion,/ I think not of taxes, of income, invasion” (“A Defence of Wit”). She had good reason to crave diversion, for the last third of her life was lived against the dark backdrop of the French Revolution and its aftermath, the seemingly interminable wars embroiling England and Europe. It is no accident that Moody begins her Preface to Poetic Trifles by quoting Pope to the effect that “War is our business,” or that the collection opens with the poem, “Thoughts on War and Peace.” Reading the body of her work, one is continually aware that, for Moody and her contemporaries, war was a daily preoccupation: that people anxiously awaited the arrival of the paper with its war news; that commodities were scarce, while prices and taxes were high; that young men were dying abroad and families suffering at home; that exiles were flooding England; and, that for much of the period, paranoia ran rampant.

Not surprisingly, Moody’s essential conservatism extended to her reaction to events in France. She leaves us in no doubt about her position: she deplored the Revolution, horrified by its violence, lawlessness, and irreligion. Far from being a blind advocate of monarchy, still she grieved at the murder of France’s sovereign, his family, and the thousands whose great crime was privilege or untimely opinion. While French Jacobins were busy purging tyranny in liberty’s name, Moody, like her increasingly anti-Jacobin countrymen, was pronouncing them tyrants and locating true liberty in England. It is telling that, in her review of Jacques de Lille’s long poem on the Revolution, La Malheur et la Pitié (Misfortune and Pity), she chose to translate for her readers the following lines: “Ye first, brave English!—free to love your kings,/ Whose happiness from Law’s protection springs.”

The poem in which Moody’s anti-Jacobin sentiments are most forcefully (and effectively) expressed is “Speeches, in the French Convention,” a parodic tour de force in which Robespierre and Danton—ruthless engineers of the Reign of Terror—propose to exhume the dead moderate, Mirabeau, who died of illness, in order to reanimate him and submit him to the justice of the guillotine. In the poem Moody predictably makes mincemeat of the Terrorists’ amoral overreaching, challenging her victims’ principles on
moral and pragmatic grounds. The following lines fall from Danton’s lips sharp with her sarcasm:

*Good Patriots* scruple not to steal,
When *theft* can serve the public weal.
And Liberty all unconfin’d
Appropriates things of every kind
To her own use, nor doth conceive
She need to ask the owner’s leave.

Given her background, Moody’s very un-Godwinian regard for property and her disdain for the revolutionists’ misappropriation of godly powers are understandable. However, given her characteristic habit of subjecting opinion to reason and evidence, so is the fact that her conservatism is not of whole cloth.

Repeatedly she reveals her disgust at the reactionary paranoia that plagued England from the time of the Terror, posing a greater threat to liberty than any supposedly imminent invasion by French principles or soldiers. So pronounced was Moody’s disgust that she would feel compelled to celebrate and defend the great liberal barrister Thomas Erskine, famed (and reviled) for his defense of radicals Thomas Paine, Horne Tooke, and others against charges of sedition and treason. In her poem “On reading a paltry, scurrilous epigram, intended to asperse a great Law Character,” she praises Erskine as “the friend of the distrest” and pronounces him a true patriot, “Our Britain’s better guardian than her sea.” Moody’s persistent (and rather liberal) faith in humankind’s ultimate goodness led her to view humanity as the best weapon against oppression. Not only was she unswayed by her contemporaries’ fears of invasion; she risked censure herself for the anti-war stance she took in such poems as “Anna’s Complaint,” “Thoughts on War and Peace,” and “To the New Year 1796.” Yet neither could Moody’s earnest pacifism always withstand her playfulness: at a moment of high anxiety for England—Napoleon’s 1798 invasion of Egypt—she would produce a downright lighthearted *jeu d’esprit* invoking all the biblical plagues of Egypt upon the “cunning eluder,” Bonaparte.48

As the war wore on in Europe, a new century found Moody ensconced in a town house in suburban London. In July of 1800 she and husband Christopher exchanged the farming life in Surbiton for the genteel semi-urbane’ty of Turnham Green, not far from Brentford. The Moodys’ neighbor at Turnham Green’s Linden House was Ralph Griffiths, and it was certainly Griffiths who lured the couple to his environs. Ever-vigorous but advanced in years, Griffiths was no doubt glad to have Christopher Moody, his *protegé*, cognac-drinking partner, and workhorse reviewer at his side. Evidence suggests that Christopher in these later years had begun to assume an increased role in the conduct of the *Monthly Review*, and he certainly did so after Griffiths’ death.49
The date of the Moodys’ removal can be relatively precisely fixed because it was marked by the publication of poems by Elizabeth’s friends in the St. James’s Chronicle on July 19 and 26. Despite their complaints at the loss of Sappho, the removal seems to have been gradual: Land Tax records reveal that Christopher Moody retained ownership of Surbiton Farm until around 1805, and Elizabeth Moody continued to sign her Chronicle poems “Surbiton” through 1802; not until 1803 would she sign herself “Turnham Green.” But in 1800, according to Moody’s friends, her abandonment of her wonted haunts was attended by an alarming drooping of flowers and a pronounced decline in the music of the gales.

In contrast, the move’s brighter side was celebrated by George Hardinge in “The Debut of Sappho on Turnham-Green,” which appeared in the Chronicle on August 14. The prime conceit of Hardinge’s sprightly poem is that his friend’s creative eye has transformed the urban landscape into a pastoral fairyland. Several additional poems by Hardinge on the subject of Moody’s new London life reveal that, in addition to retaining her status as the inspired Sappho, she acquired a new title, becoming “the Sibyl of the Poplars” in honor of a stand of Lombardy poplars that screened her villa on the Green. Quite probably, the reduced domestic responsibilities of her new situation also afforded Moody more time to court the Muse.

Although throughout her married life Moody’s poetic interests took second place to domestic obligations, a poem of her husband’s from this period not only hilariously echoes his era’s expectations of the housewife, but shows that, despite these expectations, his wife continued to “beat the Poet’s march.” In September 1802 Christopher Moody’s poem “From a Spider, sitting on a large Cobweb, to a learned Lady, writing in the same Room” appeared in the St. James’s Chronicle under the pseudonym “Arachne.” With tongue-in-cheek elevation borrowed from Moody herself, Arachne launches into a paean to the learned lady:

Blest was the day that brightest Science shin’d,
Its heav’ly beams upon the female mind;
And taught the Sex, discarding lowly care,
At her high altar to prefer their pray’r.

It is as if all of Moody’s ironic prayers to those domestic deities—Economy, Prudence, and Culinary Art—are finally exposed as false by the person who knew best where her true allegiance lay: at Apollo’s shrine.

In the poem’s early lines we learn from Arachne that although “Once ‘twas a woman’s emulative strife,/ In prudent housewif’ry to pass her life,” in the process devastating spiders and their webs, the tide has turned, for “you, learn’d Lady, treat us better now./ And we may spin our webs around your brow.” Indeed, under this learned
Lady’s “propitious reign,” all manner of insects enjoy their creepings and crawlings in an undisturbed orgy of liberty tellingly couched in republican terms. As Arachne reveals,

Gnats, wasps, and ear-wigs, sport—a harmless race;
And buzzing cock-chafers may slap your face.
Thus while you pensive sit, and court the Muse,
No liberty to reptiles you refuse.
Unchecked, we oft invade your ears and eyes,
Unchecked, your cream regales the sipping flies:
Intent, you still pursue poetic themes,
Our little gambols do not wake your dreams.

Blind to the reptile mob as it revels in republican chaos, the Lady, deep in poetic reverie, is also guilty of the kind of slovenliness male writers were quick to attribute to literary women. Drenched in negative connotations, Christopher Moody’s portrayal of his writing wife concludes with awful irony, Arachne declaring, “Oh say, then, learned Dame, what thanks are due,/ From insect tribes—to Science and to you.”

Christopher Moody’s portrait of the prudent housewife in the poet lost is an example of how biographical knowledge can put an altogether different spin on a poem. Unaware that he was his literary wife’s biggest fan, and that their relationship contained a strong element of mutual badinage, the reader sees his poem as simply another link in the age-old chain of complaints against women who disregard their place. The fact that its oblivious poetess is celebrated by Arachne is significant, for it was Arachne’s fate to suffer transformation into insect-hood as punishment for challenging the goddess Athena at weaving. In other words, Arachne and the woman poet are akin in presuming to challenge what might be termed conventional wisdom regarding women’s “god-given” role.

When the facts behind the poem are known, however, what emerges is a polyvalence of meanings. Perhaps Moody was not the most assiduous of housewives and her husband’s expectations of domestic order—natural for any man of his time—were imperfectly met. Yet certainly Christopher Moody knew whom he was marrying: a woman whose obituary states that, “to a husband that deserved her, she was an admirable wife.” Seen in this light, Christopher’s poem becomes part of an ongoing conversation both cultural and personal. In a sense what he offers in his extended jeu d’esprit is ironic confirmation of the ironic final lines of “The Housewife”: “Days of Albion! happier far I ween./ When woman’s knowledge owned its boundary here.” Given what we know of their relationship, though, it is certain Christopher Moody was happy with his knowledgeable, ironic, poet/wife.

Although Elizabeth Moody’s poetry publications slackened after 1800, she continued to write verse and correspond privately, confining her literary activities to a less
public, but still-expanding circle. One new friend and correspondent was the admired playwright and novelist Elizabeth Inchbald, who in 1803 moved to a house for Catholic ladies on Turnham Green. Annandale House was said to have been the former home of an insane nobleman, a tidbit Moody put to use in an *impromptu* she sent to Inchbald. Playing on another celebrated dramatist’s notion that “Great wits are sure to madness near allied./ And thin partitions do their bounds divide,” Moody concludes her epigram, “For *Lunacy* were those apartments fit,/ *Now* Genius owns them tenanted by *Wit*.” In owning (that is, admitting) Inchbald’s lodgings the home of Wit, Moody laughingly places herself in the position of Genius, and from these lines we can imagine the double dose of flattery that must have attended the women’s friendship.

One of the flatterers was a figure who played an uninterrupted role in Moody’s life: her friend George Hardinge. A correspondent of Inchbald’s who likely engineered the two women’s meeting, Hardinge memorialized the event in an 1803 poem whose title reveals that “Mrs. Moody and Mrs. Inchbald became Friends in One Day, Upon Turnham-Green.” In the poem we learn that, far from being “Rival Beauties” or heated opponents like Fox and Pitt,

At once the two *Elizabehs* are found
In Friendship’s wreath on consecrated ground,
A vein like theirs all jealousy refuses[;]
There’s no competitor between the Muses. (2:146)

During Inchbald’s residence in the neighborhood, Elizabeth and Christopher Moody, along with Hardinge, served as her literary advisers, reading and criticizing her memoirs-in-progress (Boaden 2:63). Inchbald’s installation at Turnham Green and her friendship with the Moodys has the look of history revising itself: in 1791 Ralph Griffiths had failed to publish Elizabeth Moody’s review of Inchbald’s fine novel *A Simple Story*: a rejection that may have been responsible for the long hiatus in her reviewing. Now, in 1803, Moody was reviewing again for the *Monthly*, critiquing Inchbald’s writing in person, and she, Inchbald, and Griffiths were neighbors.

Most of the scant surviving evidence of Moody’s life after 1800 comes from George Hardinge in the form of several poems addressed to and concerning her. Although he was a respected judge and popular man-about-town, Hardinge found his later years marred by bitterness; his poems in the new century reveal a man who has turned to thoughts of early love and late friendship to soothe the ravages of age and disappointed ambition. Separated from his wife and suffering from poor physical and financial health, Hardinge faithfully dispatched New Year’s poems to his loved ones, particularly Moody and her Philipps cousins Kitty and Joyce, now settled as grace-and-favor residents in apartments at Hampton Court. In poem after poem from the period, Hardinge recurs to the
retrospectively blissful days of a youth shared with the circle of friends whose nucleus, Moody, he distinguishes as “my first love and my last” (2:510).

Predictably, in their latter years the poetic dialogue between Moody and Hardinge turned to the subjects of old age and ill-health: Hardinge ruefully notes that “the times are chang’d; — Apollo’s wealth/ Melts into recipes for health,” and drolly complains of “A Complication of Maladies” tormenting him with an army’s tactical malice. Moody likewise had reason to complain, for the last three years of her life were burdened by unspecified ailments described by her friend as debilitating and painful—so serious, indeed, that she was forced sometimes to desert Apollo’s choir.52

The plague of old age, “with all his rheums and pains,” is one of Moody’s most persistent poetic themes, and despite her efforts at acceptance, in her 60’s she remained “to conquering time but half resigned.” A decade later, a New Year’s poem of Hardinge’s to Kitty Philipps further hints at Elizabeth’s tactics against the enemy, time: declaring his resolution to put aside rheums and pains and frolic with his friends as in their youthful days, Hardinge writes, “I took the Sibyl at her word/ And found the note of Time absurd.”53 Moody may have lost the battle to retain what seems to have been considerable physical beauty, but her fears for her intellect were unfounded. Confirming her success at keeping age’s mental ravages at bay, Moody’s obituary—possibly written by Hardinge—states that she remained “young to the last in her faculties, brilliant as they were,” and attributes her intellectual longevity to the literary passion “which formed the innocent happiness of her life, and sustained itself against the weight of years.”

In the last illness-plagued year of her life, however, Moody’s will and ability to write seem to have deserted her, and her friends’ constant testimony to her immortality would finally be belied by her death, at the age of 77, on December 10, 1814. Her obituary in the Gentleman’s Magazine devotes most of its space to remembering her not as a devoted friend and admirable wife, paragon of piety and servants’ champion (although these virtues are mentioned), but as a poet of wit and elegance and an epistolary genius whose “prose was above all ability to admire it enough.” And while we must take her obituarist’s claim that “her letters to numerous correspondents had a variety of talent . . . which has been seldom equalled in our own language by either sex” with a reducing grain of salt—as she would have—we must also suspect that Moody would have felt vindicated in being remembered first and foremost as a woman of letters.

In one of two poems he wrote on the death of his friend, George Hardinge offers an affecting glimpse of the widowed Christopher Moody—who outlived Elizabeth only by a year—tearfully worshipping at his dead wife’s shrine: the cabinet containing her letters. Nearly two centuries later, we must lament the loss of these letters. In a sense this missing body of correspondence serves as a symbol for Moody’s fate, as well as that of scores of
other women writers who are only now re-emerging from their cabinets and trunks. Produced privately, admired, but ultimately lost, these letters represent the traditional fate of women’s work.

Elizabeth Moody was the product of a culture that systematically trivialized women. Early in the eighteenth century, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu observed, “we are taught to place all our art in adorning our Outward Forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our Minds are entirely neglected and by disuse of Reflections, fill’d with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertain’d with.” Eight decades later, Mary Wollstonecraft would bracket her end of the century by deploring a “corrupt state of society” that kept women “in a state of perpetual childhood,” as if they were nothing more than “a swarm of ephemeron triflers.”\(^54\) In such a climate, women’s productions—such as the possible exception of children—were considered inconsequential compared to those of men.

Although women like Wortley Montagu, Wollstonecraft, and Moody prove that some women were able to develop their intellect and talents and in effect “grow up,” few were those who dared claim significance for their selves or work: even poet and translator Elizabeth Carter, whose intellect (along with her pudding-making skill) earned her the highest respect, “called her work idle indulgence” rather than “the passionate profession it truly was.” Moody, too, bought into the prevailing ideology and, while there is no question that literature was her own passionate profession, professed that her lifelong love affair with the Muse amounted to little more than the “seducing occasion” to scribble.\(^55\)

As we would expect of a woman of her penetration, Moody’s investment in the myth of female triviality was far from unconscious, and when we see her signing herself “Bagatelle” and christening her “darling offspring” *Poetic Trifles*,\(^56\) we must recognize that not only is she participating in a convention common to both sexes; she is playing a version of the well-known game in which women abdicated power in order to gain it. As she must have expected, her collection’s title not only garnered her applause for its modesty, but in its very understatement provoked readers to revalue the book’s contents. The reviewer for the *British Critic* perhaps comes closest to a just estimation when he writes, “this is a title frequently adopted, and often with the most critical propriety. The productions here published may not improperly be called Trifles; but they are Trifles of a better order . . . .” What, exactly, does this mean to us in our reading of Moody?

For one thing, that her writing, while exhibiting uncommon wit, learning, and assurance, undeniably concerns itself with the trivial and even revels in it: how else can we explain poems in which gentlemen eulogize stuffed dogs and epicures bare their souls to turbots? Even when addressing more serious matters, be they war, death, or bad writing, Moody was inclined by nature and nurture to paint them with a playful brush. What the
British Critic reviewer correctly acknowledges is that Moody at her poetic best is a writer of fine light verse: of trifles that are better not only because of their virtuosity, but because they reveal the integrity of vision that underlies the best light verse. Moody’s vision is essentially comic and dramatic, penetrating vice and folly and, rather than sermonizing, reproducing it in all its laughable (yet somehow loveable) absurdity. If the result is sometimes trifling, it is seldom devoid of substance.

In fact, in Elizabeth Moody’s most lightweight trifles we see an impulse that links her literary endeavors with all enduring art. If we focus on the impulse behind her gentlemen who create and then entreat effigies of dogs and little girls, her epicures who fish by invoking the gods, her art-exalted toads, what emerges is a deep-rooted desire to manipulate symbols in order to summon power over—and thus control—such “givens” as the elements and death. Moody’s bagatelles, with their silly surfaces and serious core, reveal her sense of participation in a sacred process: that very Shakespearean quest for immortality through art. Further, they may be said to embody the paradox central to Moody’s identity as a writer: the continual interplay between the woman who scribbled and the woman who paid her homage at Apollo’s shrine—the Moody who cultivated the Muse’s lays with one foot on Parnassus and the other on prosaic ground.

Moody, of course, would modestly remind us that her aim is not immortality, but pleasure: that she would be “supremely happy, could her versifying propensity... procure to the reader half the pleasure it has given the writer” (Trifles Preface). Aside from that not inconsiderable gift, what does Moody offer the reader encountering her now? For one thing, she reminds us of the continued existence and importance of the coterie in late-eighteenth-century England as a breeding ground and haven for writers. In considering Moody’s writing situation, we learn that the manuscript circle, far from being superceded by print, not only survived—in increasingly middle-class form—as another option for writers, but served as a conduit to publication and, further, transplanted its familial dynamics into the realm of print, infusing the public with the private. For Moody and her circle of intimate acquaintance, publication was neither necessarily a “step up” or a clear-cut leap into the public sphere, but a space in which to expand the scope of their conversation, in the process making intimates of their readers.

In addition to shedding light on a “semi-public” writing situation that—although surely not unusual—literary study has given insufficient attention, Moody reminds us of the instability of other supposed oppositions. Writing in an era fascinated by the interplay of pride and prejudice, sense and sensibility, man as he is and isn’t, she was repeatedly described by her readers as exhibiting both “sparkling wit” and “sympathizing tear,” “cultivated mind” and “feeling heart.” Neither entirely masculine or feminine, Augustan or sentimental, and not completely un-Romantic, Moody with equal ease wrote stinging social
satire and affecting personal lyrics. In her most appealing work she wove elements of both, accomplishing the feat attributed by Samuel Taylor Coleridge to his poetic relatives William Cowper and William Lisle Bowles: uniting the head and heart.57

Elizabeth Moody’s lifetime spanned the entities commonly termed Augustan, sentimental, and Romantic. Her writing responds to all of these trends, reminding us that, as Richard Greene put it in a work on Moody’s poetic relative, Mary Leapor, “not all good poets moved in a single direction.” Rather than following a linear path (or halting) between Augustan and Romantic, Moody took the road where wit and sensibility—supposed foes—join forces to oppose indifference and dullness under the banner of the “feeling mind.”58

If in her literary makeup the genes of Pope predominate, this does not make her a belated Augustan or a failed Romantic any more than Lord Byron’s Scriblerian affinities made him one. It does, however, suggest the need to question the dominant Romantic model of writing as an act of “solitary genius” and recognize that, even as the Romantics, pursuing a trend well-underway by the 1750’s, constructed themselves as self-engendered, solitary singers in the wilderness—and following ages clung to the construct—their songs emanated from within circles of acquaintance whose economies scholars have lately begun to describe.59 What these investigations suggest is what teachers of writing have come to understand: that writing is a multivocal, open-ended, eminently social process. To listen to the voices of buried speakers like Elizabeth Moody is to understand the limitations of any one model of reading or writing, and to allow all manner of speakers and models to converse.
1. See Preface to *Poetic Trifles*.
2. For example, the recovery of Moody’s personal letters and early poems, and the location of additional periodical poems and letters, which undoubtedly exist.
3. See, for instance, Lawrence E. Klein, who questions “the tendency to overestimate or rely uncritically on the binary opposition either as a feature of people’s mental equipment in the past or as an analytic device for those of us who write histories” (98).
4. The term “proper lady,” made current by Mary Poovey, refers to a cultural ideal of feminine propriety that Poovey observes was at odds with women’s desires, especially the desire to write.
5. Quotation is from “To a Gentleman, Who Invited Me to Go a Fishing.”
6. Quotations are from “To a Friend, who resided on the banks of the Thames.”
7. Quotations are from Wakeford (*Picton House*) 31. Walpole’s visit, during which he observed the participation of the Philipps’ African servant, Cesar Picton, in a conversation about colonization, is mentioned in the same source, page 29.
8. Moody’s interest in Italian may have been whetted by the books her Uncle Philipps brought back from his travels and was undoubtedly influenced by England’s renewed taste for Italian chivalric romances in the 1760’s. Her intimacy with Tasso’s *Jerusalem Delivered* and Ariosto’s *Orlando Furioso* likely predated John Hoole’s 1767 and 1783 English translations, at which, one can imagine, she would have cast a critical eye. The extent of Moody’s expertise in Latin is difficult to determine. She fluently uses Latin terms and phrases and in one instance quotes Horace’s *Ars Poetica* (*Art of Poetry*). In addition, she frequently makes indirect reference to Virgil’s *Aeneid* and Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*.
   Although translations were readily available; she may well have read the originals.
   Significantly, Moody used Latin only in her personal letters and reviews: that is, in cases where her readers either knew her well, or not at all (and assumed she was a man). It is not unlikely that she intentionally refrained from displaying her knowledge of a language considered a male province in order to avoid being labelled a “bluestocking” or—even worse in her eyes—a pedant.
9. Quotations are from French 351 and Lovibond vii.
10. Quotations are from Lovibond 17 and Hardinge 351. In the latter, Hardinge is probably referring not only to Sappho’s lesbianism, but to her rumored suicide. Sappho, of course, was a name given to and appropriated by numerous seventeenth and eighteenth-century women writers: one which came to have increasingly negative connotations, as Hardinge’s distiction indicates.
11. In *Writing Women’s Literary History*, Margaret Ezell notes that “manuscript circles
and epistolary networks could act as mechanisms for women writers to enter into the male intellectual and literary institutions of the time" (55-56), and that these coteries nourished "a sense of literary community" (56). "The process of exchanging pseudonymous verse," Ezell writes, "creates and confirms the relationships within a separate, self-contained literary world" (36).

12. DNB 8:1225; Berry 2:66.

13. Quotations are from Hardinge 2:387, 490, and 160.

14. Moody quotations are from "The Housewife" and "To My Niece, Miss Greenly." Hardinge quotation is from 2:157; description of Hardinge is from Hawkins 1:361.

15. Observation on Christopher Moody as a preacher is from the Rev. Dr. Primatt's letter to Doctor Calder dated March 16, 1774, quoted in Nichols 4:844. Christopher Moody quotation is from his letter to Ralph Griffiths dated March 19, 1788.

16. Quotations are from Hardinge 2:526 and Christopher Moody's letter to Ralph Griffiths dated February 5, 1793.

17. Christopher Moody quotation is from his letter to Ralph Griffiths dated June 1, 1792. For Elizabeth Moody's sense of rural isolation, see Christopher Moody's letter to Ralph Griffiths dated September 21, 1794.

18. Hardinge parody is from 2:527-28. Elizabeth Moody quotation is from her Preface to Poetic Trifles; Christopher Moody quotation is from Lovibond viii.


21. Quotations are from Elizabeth Moody's reviews of The Young Exiles by Mme. de Genlis and Le Paradis Reconquis by L.R. Lafaye.

22. Quotation is from Elizabeth Moody's review of Les Amours Epiques by Parseval-Grandmaison.

23. Quotations regarding the review's space limitations are from Elizabeth Moody's reviews of Le Paradis Reconquis by L. R. Lafaye and Le Malheur et la Pitié by Abbé de Lille.

24. 1790 review by Mary Wollstonecraft, reproduced in Folger 286.

25. For an example of such gallantry, see the Critical Review 37 (1774): 475: "As this Novel is said to be written by a lady, and really appears to come from a female hand, we are too polite to point our critical cannon against her." (Quoted in Antonia Forster's unpublished paper, "Women First, Artists Second: Images of Woman as Readers and Writers, 1749-1785," presented at the American Society for Eighteenth-Century Studies national conference in 1988.

26. Travel works referred to are Observations and Reflections made in the Course of a
Journey through France, Italy, and Germany (1789) by Hester (Thrale) Piozzi (1741-1821); Letters from Italy (1776-77) by Anne (Riggs) Miller (1741-81); and Letters from France (1790-96) and A Tour of Switzerland (1798) by Helen Maria Williams (c.1761-1827).

27. Laura Sue Fuderer writes that “a typical theme of the preface is the apology, in which the author admits her temerity in putting forth her name before the public and offers the extenuating circumstances that justify her presumption. A common reason is that friends pressured her to publish despite her own sense of the unworthiness of her writing. Another reason is that her writing is of a high moral quality that will benefit younger readers or others of her sex. In other cases the author assures us that her work might have appeared in an unauthorized and incorrect version had she not overseen its publication herself” (2).

28. Quotation is from Michael Oakeshott, who argues for a renewed place for poetry in the “conversation of mankind.”


30. Frances Greville’s “Prayer for Indifference,” written around 1758, was the “most celebrated poem by a woman in the period” (Lonsdale 190) and provoked an ongoing poetic debate about the merits and drawbacks of sensibility.

31. The term “literary loneliness” is from John Sitter. A sonnet that may well be Moody’s but has been omitted from this edition for lack of evidence is “Sonnet, In imitation of two Beautiful little Poems, in the Gentleman’s Magazine for November, which the shallow capacity of the Author of the following lines prevented her comprehending,” which appeared in the St. James’s Chronicle for September 12-15, 1789. The poet, who parodies “unintelligible bards” Anna Seward and Joseph Weston, depicts their sonnet Muse reigning over a mist-and cypress-shrouded landscape in which the reader wanders hopelessly lost.

32. Augustanism has traditionally been characterized as a masculine phenomenon played out on a battleground of wit and sociopolitical dispute (Ross 198). Marlon Ross observes that in the late eighteenth century a faultline began to open “between traditional (masculine) discourse and proper feminine discourse” (189). According to Ross, transitional women poets like Anna Barbauld and Hannah More began to establish “a discernable tradition of feminine poetry” (202). Works in progress by J. Paul Hunter and Kathy Kizer (presented at the Aphra Behn Society Seventh Annual Conference in October 1996), which focus on women’s satires of the 1730’s, question the masculine construction of Augustan writing and thus reinforce the need for further analysis of the changes taking place at century’s end.

33. The extracted poems include “On the Word Last” (British Critic); “The grateful Tribute of the poor Dog” (Critical Review); “On Youth,” “To a Friend; On her having suffered a
dangerous Illness,” “To a Lady; who sent the Author a present of a fashionable Bonnet,” “Thoughts on War and Peace” (Monthly Review); “To Fashion,” “To a beautiful little Girl” (Monthly Visitor); and “To a sick and dying Plant” (New Annual Register).

34. For the popularity of war-time satire, see Jones 134. Jayne Lewis notes that “typically, women are satirized, they are not satirists” (37).

35. See, for example, Anna Seward’s “Verses Inviting Stella to Tea on the Public Fast-Day” (1781) and Helen Maria Williams’ “Perourou, the Bellows-Mender” (1801).

36. Definition of *jeux d’esprit* is from Cuddon 345. Information on *vers de société* is from Cuddon 740, Abrams 97, and Amis xiv and xviii.

37. For the influence of sentiment on cultural perceptions of wit and satire, see Dustin Griffin 136-37; Kinsley and Boulton 17.

38. Hardinge’s quotation is from 2: 525; his inclusion of Moody in the company of wits is from 2: 110.

39. Epigram is from Elizabeth Moody’s undated letter to Ralph Griffiths (1790) and refers to a printer’s error in one of her husband’s Monthly Review critiques.

40. Elizabeth Montagu’s observations on Laetitia Pilkington’s memoirs are quoted in Nussbaum 148-49.

41. Radical politician John Wilkes was famed for his wit, which both embroiled him in and helped extricate him from scrapes with individuals and Parliament. Linda Colley describes Wilkes as “a lecher who cheerfully abandoned his wife, joined a Hell Fire club and attempted a sexual autobiography in the manner of Rousseau . . .” (106). It is likely that Moody’s distaste for Wilkes’ sexual transgressions helped steer her memory to Pope’s passage about Abelard’s castration.

42. Quotation is from the *St. James’s Chronicle* version of Moody’s poem “The Old Maid to Stella.”

43. Excerpt from Hardinge’s “Soliloquy” is from 2:525; “partner of my lay” is from 2: 160.

44. See McCarthy and Kraft 297 regarding the dating of Barbauld’s “Washing Day.”

45. From a letter of Austen’s to her nephew Edward Austen-Leigh, quoted in her brother Henry’s introduction to the posthumous edition of *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* (Austen 34).

46. Moody’s first allusion is to Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, Book 5; her second is to Homer’s *Iliad*, Book 9—probably Alexander Pope’s translation. In a footnote to his description of the Grecian chiefs’ feast, Pope justifies his inclusion of “lowly” cookery details that might offend his readers’ sense of decorum, because in Homer’s time, “they who made the greatest Figure in the Field of Battel, thought it no Disparagement to prepare their own Repast” (Pope 446).
47. Commentary on Bakhtin is from Morson and Emerson 434-35; quotations are from Bakhtin 23 and Poovey 28-29.
48. “On Hearing that Buonaparte Was landed in Egypt.”
49. Christopher Moody’s revised obituary in *GM* 86 (1816) states that “he was supposed to have taken, for some time past, an active share in the composition and conduct of the *Monthly Review*.”
50. Christopher Moody’s handprinted initials accompany this poem in the Guildhall Library set of the *St. James’s Chronicle*.
51. From John Dryden’s *Absalom and Achitophel: A Poem* (1681), Lines 163-64.
52. Quotations are from Hardinge 2:160 and 470.
53. Moody quotations are from “The Housewife’s Prayer” and “To My Niece, Miss Greenly.” Hardinge quotation is from 2:151.
54. Wortley Montagu quotation is from a 1710 letter to the Bishop of Salisbury, quoted in Benkowitz 41. Wollstonecraft quotations are from *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, Abrams 2:107, 103, and 105.
55. Quotations are from Harris 238 and Elizabeth Moody’s poem “A Defence of Wit.”
56. The signature “Bagatelle” is from Moody’s letter to the *St. James’s Chronicle* for October 17-20, 1795. The phrase “darling offspring” comes from her Preface to *Poetic Trifles*.
57. The first two quotations are from Hardinge 2:199; the second two are from the *Monthly Visitor* review of *Poetic Trifles*. Coleridge’s observation about Cowper and Bowles is from *Biographia Literaria*, as described in Robert Griffin 60-61.
58. Moody frequently employs phrases that imply a sense of the interpenetration of reason and emotion. The term “feeling mind” is from “To a Gentleman, Who Invited Me to Go a Fishing.”
NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text of Poetic Trifles is taken from the first and only edition published by Cadell and Davies in 1798. The texts of Elizabeth Moody’s uncollected poems, reviews, and letters are taken from and organized according to their original printed sources, as indicated in the table of contents, section dividers, and textual notes. Printed errata have been silently incorporated into the texts, as have Moody’s handwritten corrections when available and legible. Substantive variants of the poems are documented in the Textual Notes section; variants in accidental features are noted only when they materially affect a passage’s sense. Original publication dates, when known, are indicated in parentheses directly below each poem, review, and letter.

An effort has been made to give readers a sense of how the texts initially appeared in print: such accidental features as capitalization and font type and size are generally preserved, although the fonts used in the titles of poems have been standardized. The long S, which disappeared from many of the texts beginning in the late 1790’s, has been quietly modernized, and repeated quotation marks at the beginning of each line—which neither Moody nor printers consistently employed—have been eliminated.

Author’s footnotes are separated from the text by a short rule, with editorial interpolations inserted in brackets. Punctuation and the occasional illegible word interpolated by the editor also appear in brackets. Editorial footnotes are separated from the text and authorial notes by a full-width rule.

Translations, when their sources are not indicated in the footnotes, are as follows: French: Jan Wellington and Elizabeth Hunt; Italian: Elvira Pulitano and Jan Wellington.
Poetic Trifles

(1798)
I AM well aware that this is no period favourable to the Muse.
    This is no time for calm familiar talk,
    Like men and maidens in an evening walk.
    WAR is our business.  POPE'S  HOMER.

At a season, therefore, like the present, when the monster WAR is sounding
his terrific alarms; when the spirit of discord is in the air, and pervades every
Atmosphere, when it not only stimulates the combatants in the field of battle, but in
the field of Literature, when the fiend POLITICS is sharpening the pen to make it like
a two-edged sword; and the Pamphleteer builds his hopes of celebrity on the basis
of Spleen and Acrimony—how I presume to ask, may the compilation of a few
harmless Numbers be expected to engage the public attention?

Poets are indisputably (whatever they were formerly) the most inoffensive
of the present race of Scribblers. We have no Aretines (thank heaven) to scourge
our Princes; yet this appropriate character of tameness, implicating a certain quality
of insipidity, may be the reason of their exciting no curiosity. Unless therefore, the
Muse were to borrow a little of the animating gall of bitterness from the rancour of
Party, or the bigotry of Religion, she may stand a fair chance of remaining some
time stationary, looking through the bookseller's shop window; whence she may
be removed (without Habeas Corpus) to the pastry-cooks; and finally, may take up
her everlasting rest at the bottom of a trunk. It behoves me then to consider—can I
view without deep-felt sensations of mortification, my darling offspring thus
deposited? It is true this has been the family vault of many a Poet, but a Poet does

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Lines 2-4. **This ... business**: The *Iliad*, 22.171.460., translated by poet Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

Lines 5-10. **The monster war ... acrimony**: On the heels of the French Revolution and its Reign of
Terror, England became embroiled in a 22-year-long war with France. During the 1790's a pamphlet war
raged between supporters of monarchy and republicanism.

Line 13. **scribblers**: a derogatory term for writers. **Aretines**: Italian writer Pietro Aretino (1492-1556)
was known as the "Scourge of Princes" for his satirical attacks on notable contemporaries. See page 93.

Line 19. **Habeas Corpus**: an arrested person's right to appear before a court, especially to determine the
legality of their detention. Habeas Corpus was suspended several times during the 1790's by a government
intent on curbing the activities of suspected revolutionary sympathizers.

Lines 19-20. **pastry cooks ... trunk**: the traditional fate of remaindered books, which were sold as
wrapping paper to cooks and trunk makers.
not love to think of the death of his verse any more than of his own. It is a painful endeavor in both cases to master the thought, and make it subservient to fortitude and resignation. Let me however presume to hope, that whatever reception this little Volume may meet with, its Author will maintain that philosophic equanimity of mind, which guards alike against the elevation of vanity, and the depression of humility.

It is the common practice of Authors to pay their court to Critics through the channel of fulsome Adulation; but I know, that like Macbeth's apparitions, they will not be entreated. Let it not then be supposed that I mean to conciliate their candour, when I profess to entertain the highest veneration for this Literary Order. A good Critic may be compared to a good Physician; the one assists the operations of the mind as the other does those of the body. A bad Critic—here my comparison ends; for a bad Physician may do a great deal of harm, a bad Critic can do none. It is the first of this class that I would have continually at my elbow. Deplorable is the case of those writers, who from such withhold their confidence! For my own part I have long been sensible of the advantages of having a better appeal than the tribunal of my own judgement.

Here I must indulge some grateful recollections, as tributary dues, to the memory of those friends of my youth to whose critical abilities I have been greatly indebted. The first in this list was the late Mr. Lovibond of Hampton, the Author of that so justly celebrated poem, The Tears of old May-day. If my poor Muse has ever been honoured with any valuable approbation, she owes the flattering circumstance to some few rudiments of Education she received in this Gentleman's Poetical School: should our shades greet each other in the Elysian Groves, mine may therefore address his in the language of Dante to Virgil:

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Line 30. **Macbeth's apparitions**: the three witches in Shakespeare's play who cryptically prophesize Macbeth's future but disappear when he begs clarification.

Lines 42-43. **Mr. Lovibond ... May day**: Gentleman poet Edward Lovibond (1724-1775), who lived directly across the Thames from Moody's home in Kingston. "The Tears of Old May Day," published in the popular newspaper The World in 1754, lamented the change in the date of traditional May Day celebrations when England's switch from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar in 1752 eliminated 11 days from the year.

Line 46. **Elysian Groves**: in Greek mythology, the land of the blessed dead.
inflammable and it is not advisable to store such materials near a heat source.

Care should be taken to handle these substances carefully and avoid accidental exposure.

In cases where the use of these materials is unavoidable, proper ventilation systems should be installed to minimize exposure.

It is recommended to consult with a health and safety professional for further guidance on handling these materials safely.

References:

1. [Insert Reference 1]
2. [Insert Reference 2]
3. [Insert Reference 3]

Additional Notes:

- Always wear appropriate personal protective equipment (PPE) when working with these substances.
- Regularly check equipment and storage areas for any signs of wear or damage.
- Proper disposal methods should be used to handle waste materials.
Tu se' lo mio maestro e'l mio autore!
Tu se' solo colui, da cui io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore.

Should I be detected in Plagiary, I plead the excuse of inadvertent
forgetfulness; and I hope my reader will allow for the puzzles of poetic brains, and
consider that such being commonly loaded with remnants and scraps that belong to
others, may very innocently, though unlawfully, appropriate these as their own.
When a man puts on another man's hat, he has no idea of a theft, he claps it on his
head at first by mistake, finding it fit he keeps it there till claimed by the owner:
and thus do Poets by other people's Verses, it being very easy to mistake
recollection for invention.

I could wish that the whole of these TRIFLES had the recommendation of
novelty; yet had the Muse waited till now before she had made acquaintance with
the world, she would perhaps be too timid to introduce herself into it at this time of
day; but having from time to time dispatched a Dove to reconnoitre the land, and
perceiving that this Dove obtained a tolerable footing, she, like the Patriarch of old,
ventures to send out her whole family. Supremely happy, could her versifying
propensity (for she presumes not on the word talent or genius) procure to the
Reader half the pleasure it has given to the Writer,

Nel' dolce tempo della prima etade.

SURBITON FARM,
October 17, 1798.

Lines 48-50: Tu se' ... honore: "Thou art my master and my author. Thou art he from whom alone I
took the style whose beauty has brought me honor." The Inferno (1:85-87) by Italian poet Dante Alighieri
(1265-1321), in which the Roman poet Virgil serves as Dante's guide through the underworld. Translated
by John D. Sinclair.

Line 62: dispatched a dove: Many of Moody's Trifles poems were previously published in periodicals.

Line 63: Patriarch of old: the Biblical Noah, who sent out a dove from the ark to determine whether it
was safe to land after the Flood.

Line 67: Nel' dolce tempo ... : "In the sweet time of my first age." Line 1 of Canzone 23 and Line
50 (the final line) of Canzone 70 by Italian poet Francesco Petrarca (Petrarch) (1304-74). Translated by
Thoughts on War and Peace

HARD is the heart that does not sigh for Peace,
That views unmov’d infernal Discord rage!
That does not pray the strife of arms may cease,
And vengeful powers their mutual wrath assuage.

If such there be "whose breasts the Furies steel,"
To whom the selfish grief alone is known
O let them turn to Heaven! — and ask to feel
That generous sorrow which is not their own!

Let them that virtuous charity implore,
Which no reserve withholds from Misery's claim,
Which wafts Compassion's sigh from shore to shore,
And on Misfortune builds her choicest fame.

What streams of blood from war's dread conflicts flow!*
What clime escapes their sanguinary stains!
Have they not dy'd the unsullied northern snow,
And soil'd the eternal green of Asia's plains?

Have they not drench'd the parching arid sands
Of Afric's drear uncultivated coast?
Have they not rush'd impetuous o'er the lands
Where western shores more fertile treasures boast?

* O sang des hommes! de quelque coté que je tourne les yeux je te vois couler à grands flots, tantôt tu as arrosé les sables altérés de L'Afrique, tantôt tu as decoloré les neiges du Pole, tantôt tu as souillé la verdure éternelle de la delicieuse Asie. L'An Deux Mille Quatre Cent Quarante. [Rêve s'il en fût jamais, Louis-Sebastien Mercier's utopian vision (1770), translated into English as Memoirs of the Year Two Thousand Five Hundred (1772). "O blood of men! I see you flow in great torrents, drenching the thirsty sands of Africa, discoloring the snows of Poland, sullying the eternal verdure of delicious Asia."]

Line 5. *whose breasts ...* "*The Furies that relentless Breast have steel'd." The dying Hector to Achilles in Alexander Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad, 22.447.474.
But chief in Europe flow’d, and ever flows,
The baneful current of war’s crimson tide:
Where despots heedless of a nation’s woes,
Unsheath the sword to guard the regal pride.

Trophies of victory surround the throne;
Monarchs survey them with deluded eyes;
Lost in the pageant is the people’s groan;
Humanity before ambition flies.

In vain for Europe heaven kind love displays,
Bids milder suns from milder skies descend!
In vain bids health await these temperate rays,
And beauty’s colour with the treasure blend.

In vain bids arts improve the docile mind,
And spread around the charms of polish’d life;
While barb’rous laws with civil arts combin’d,
Promote the science of inhuman strife.

Let savage nature beasts ferocious sway!
Bear fight with bear on Lithuania’s strand!
Let tigers on the Ganges seek for prey,
And herd together in a murd’rous band;

But man’s kind heart abhors each savage rule,
By Nature’s laws to tenderness inclin’d,
Train’d in Philanthropy’s cementing school,
The chain of love in bondage holds mankind.

Imposing war in Honor’s garb array’d,
With Glory’s phantoms noble minds misleads;
Hence many a virtuous breast by these betray’d,
Exults in slaughter, and for slaughter pleads.
Yet let the victor give one pensive thought
Amid the clamour of the vulgar praise;
Let him reflect how dearly fame was bought,
Nor triumph in the blood-besprinkled bays.

From Nature’s gentlest bosoms Fancy strays* 
O’er the wide havock of contending bands;
Her glowing pencil each sad scene pourtrays,
The murder’d legions and the pillag’d lands.

The widow’s tears, the orphan’s ruin’d state,
The lover’s hopes and fears alternate tost,
The aged parent bow’d by Sorrow’s weight,
Courting the grave where sorrow will be lost.

Perchance two lovely youths from him were torn,
His age’s solace and his bosom’s pride;
Perchance in woeful concert daughters mourn,
The love-lorn virgin and the widow’d bride.

While Rapine’s cruel unrelenting hand,
Beggars the tenant of each little field;
Bids the poor cottager resign his land,
And his reap’d harvest to a stranger yield.

Bids hostile troops invade the cultur’d soil,
And desperate steeds o’erwhelm the bearded grain,
Rend’ring abortive agriculture’s toil,
And vain the labours of the peasant train.

* Quel spectacle! deux cents mille hommes repandus dans de vastes campagnes, & qui n’attendent que le signal pour s’égorguer. Ils se massacrent à la face du soleil, sur les fleurs du printemps; — ce n’est point la haine qui les anime. L’An Deux Mille Quatre Cent Quarante. ["What a sight! two hundred thousand men spread over a vast country, and only wait for the signal to cut each other’s throats, to massacre one another in the face of the sun and amidst the flowers of the spring. It is not hatred that excites them ...."]
Translated by W. Hooper, M.D.

Line 52. bays: laurel wreaths with which the ancient Romans crowned poets and warriors.
What numbers seek in these disast'rous times
The sad protection of an alien shore!
"Lead discontented steps in foreign climes,"
And sigh for regions they shall view no more.

From fond domestick ties afar remov'd,
Corroding care their absent state attends:
Some pictur'd fear pursues a best below'd,
And memory trembles at the name of friends.

But cease, my Muse—this strain of sorrow cease!
Ah, bid thy lyre such mournful sounds forego!
Reverse thy theme to images of Peace,
And let her scenes contrast the scenes of woe.

With livelier colours see the prospect beam!
Discord relenting turns her darts aside,
Regenerate men in union's christian stream;
Fondly together thro' life's ocean glide.

Then vanish arts of war—no more shall man
For Murder's purpose wake the ingenious mind;
No more fell instruments of death shall plan;
And turn inventive thought to harm mankind.

Then Commerce, source of industry and wealth,
Shall waft her treasures safely o'er the main;
Shall yield those treasures undebas'd by stealth,
And crown the fair pursuit of honest gain.

Lines 73-74. What numbers ... alien shore: exiles created by the French Revolution and subsequent European wars. See pages 236 and 261.

Joyful each vessel shall expand the sail,
Heedless of foes if winds and waves subside;
No cannon blending with the tempest’s gale,
Shall swell the fury of the foaming tide.

Then Agriculture smiling from the shore,
Shall raise her banners on each fruitful plain:
Her fertile valleys destin’d now no more
To feed the robber and entomb the slain.

Her sons now lab’rers of the peaceful field,
The fearful instruments of War resign;
More pleas’d the tools of husbandry to wield,
Than on their brows the sanguine wreath to twine.

Britain shall rise in new refulgent day,
And brightest rays in her horizon shine;
Morals reform’d shall rule with milder sway;
And Genius all her schools of art refine.

O Peace! celestial guest, from Heaven descend!
Shew to the world thy reconciling face;
Let every knee before thy altar bend,
And thou the universe at length embrace.

To Dr. Darwin,
on Reading his Loves of the Plants

NO Bard e’er gave his tuneful powers,
Thus to traduce the fame of flowers;

Title. Dr. Darwin ... Plants: Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), physician and scientist whose observations on natural selection anticipated those of his grandson, Charles. The Loves of the Plants (1789), a poetic treatment of the sexual system of plants, was republished in 1791 as part of The Botanic Garden.
Till Darwin sung his gossip tales,
Of females woo'd by twenty males.
Of Plants so given to amorous pleasure;
Incontinent beyond all measure.
He sings that in botanic schools,
Husbands* adopt licentious rules;
Plurality of Wives they wed,
And all they like—they take to bed.
That Lovers sigh with secret love,
And marriage rites clandestine, prove.
That, fann'd in groves their mutual fire,
They to some Gretna Green retire.

Linneus things, no doubt, revealed,
Which prudent Plants would wish conceal'd;
So free of families he spoke,
As must that modest race provoke.
Till he invaded Flora's bowers
None heard of marriage among flowers;
Sexual distinctions were unknown;
Discover'd by the Swede alone.
He blab'd through all the listening groves,
The mystick rites of flow'ry loves.
He pry'd in every blossom's fold,
And all he saw unseemly—told.

* See classes of Flowers, Polygamy, Clandestine Marriage, &c.


Line 15. **Linneus**: Swedish botanist Carolus Linnaeus (1707-78), known for his classification of plants.

Line 19. **Flora's**: Flora was the Roman goddess of vegetation.
Blab'd tales of many a feeble swain;*
Unmeet to join in Flora's train;
Unless appointed by her care,
Like Turkish guards to watch the fair.
These vegetable monsters claim,
Alliance with the Eunuch's name.
In every herb and tree that grows;
Some frail propensity he shows.

But then in prose Linneus prattles,
And soon forgot is all he tattles.
While memory better pleas'd retains,
The frolicks of poetical brains.

So when the Muse with strains like thine
Enchantment breathes through every line;
That Reason pausing makes a stand,
Control'd by Fiction's magic hand.
Enamour'd we the verse pursue,
And feel each fair delusion true.

Luxuriant thought thy mind o'ergrows;
Such painting from thy pencil frowns;
Warm to my sight the visions rise,
And thy rich fancy mine supplies.
Thy themes rehearsing in my bower;
From those I picture ev'ry flower;
With thy descriptive ev'ry form impress,
I see them in thy colours drest;

* See class— Vegetable Monsters and Eunuchs.

Line 30. **Turkish guards.** Eunuchs who guarded the women inhabitants of a seraglio or harem.
Rememb'ring all thy lays unfold,
The snow-drop* freezes me with cold.
I hear the love-sick violet's sighs,
And see the hare-bell's azure eyes.
See jealous cowslips hang their heads,
And virgin lilies—pine in beds.
The primrose meets my tinctur'd view,
Far paler than before—she grew.
While Woodbines wanton seem to twine,
And reeling shoots the mau'd'ling*/vine.

If e'er I seek the Cypress shade,
Whose branches contemplation aid,
Of learned lore my thoughts possest,
Might dwell on mummies in a chest.
Unperishable chests 'tis said,
Where the Egyptian dead were laid,
Are of the Cypress timber made.
And gates of Rome's fam'd church they say,
Defying mould'ring time's decay;
From Constantine to Pope Eugene,
Eleven hundred years were seen,
In perfect state of sound and good,
Form'd of this Adamantine wood.

* How snow-drops cold and blue-eyed hare-bells blend
Their tender tears as o'er the stream they bend;
The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bowl their sweet heads and whisper to the gale,
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups. Darwin’s Loves of the Plants [1.11-16].

*[*] “Drink deep, sweet youths,” seductive Vitis cries,
The maudlin tear-drop glittering in her eyes. Darwin [3.355-56].

Lines 67-75. Unperishable chests ... wood: Moody’s poetic rendering of Darwin’s footnote 1.73.

Line 70. Rome’s fam’d church: St. Peter’s.

Then, DARWIN! were it not for thee,  
I sure must venerate this tree.  
But as his boughs hang o'er my head,  
I recollect from you I read,  
*His wife he exiles from his bed.*  

Since thus thy fascinating art,  
So takes possession of the heart,  
Go bid thy Muse a wreath prepare,  
"To bind some charming Chloe's hair."  
But tune no more thy Lyre's sweet powers,  
To libel harmless trees and flowers.

A Dialogue between Beauty and Time

As BEAUTY somewhat in decay  
Was loit'ring tedious hours away;  
Reflecting on her faded charms  
That now no Lover's heart alarms;  
On TIME her pensive thought was bent,  
Till rising spleen enforced a vent.

O TIME! rapacious thief, she cry'd,  
Why dost thou pillage thus our pride?  
Encroaching still from day to day,  
Some fav'rite charm thou steal'st away;  
O what a booty hast thou got!  
Of hair, teeth, skin, and God knows what I

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* Cupressus dark disdains his dusky bride,  
One dome contains them— but two beds divide.  Darwin [1.73-74].

Line 84. "To bind ...": unidentified.
Detested plunderer!—could but we
Retaliate thefts and rifle thee!
What bands of females would arise
In quest of ringlets, lips and eyes!
But thou tenacious of thy store,
Will’t keep possession evermore;
Nor ever restitution make
Of any treasure thou dost take.
How artful thy insidious paces
Assailing by degrees our faces!
A tiny wrinkle first appears,
A sallower hue complexion wears;
A tooth perchance shall pass away,
An auburn lock be ting’d with grey;
A blotch displays a patch of red,
And here and there a pimple’s head.
Thus by a progress dimly seen,
Thou mak’st a wreck of beauty’s mien.

TIME, who was mowing on his way,
Attentive to his daily prey,
Hearing his name aloud repeated,
And with respect so little treated,
Started and made a sudden stand,

His scythe suspended in his hand,
While thus he spoke,—Thou silly fair!
Thy froward petulance forbear!
For know, that those who thus complain,
Who thus indulge the peevish strain,
Do but accelerate my power,
And uglier grow through every hour.
Go to thy glass, and that will show
From storms of rage what wrinkles flow.

Line 38. **froward**: forward; presumptuous
Good-nature Beauty keeps alive,
Her dying charms it bids revive;
Still o'er herself a conquest gains.
And binds all others in her chains.
What though the skin be furrow'd o'er,
And hardness grows on every pore!
What though the eyes of beams bereft,
Have scarce a glimmering sparkle left;
Her sex its softness still retains,
The angel temper still remains;
Still glows with every virtuous sense,
Its latest dream—benevolence.

Have I not told thee I would make
Some recompense for what I take?
Have I not told thee thou should'st find
Amendment in thy better mind;
Have I not promis'd to dispense
Prudence, philosophy and sense?
And that when Beauty wither'd lies,
Virtue from her dead flowers shall rise?
Learn then submission—be resign'd:
Meet me with smiles, and find me kind,
Yield to me calmly all I ask,—
Resisting Time's a bootless task.

Submission?—scornful Beauty cries,
What—give thee both my radiant eyes,
My hair, my neck, my arms, my skin,
And not one murmur pass within?
No wish indulg'd one charm to save
A little longer from thy grave?
Time's spoils his wisdom ill supplies,
Inadequate the compromise.
What canst thou give for Beauty's face;
For Beauty's freshness, vigour, grace?
What give in lieu of happy youth,
Her native innocence and truth?
What—for her open generous heart?
But cold reserve in folds of art?
What—for her unsuspecting trust?
But caution's fear, and doubt unjust.
What for the converse youth bestows?
Thought that reciprocally flows.
Gay intercourse that Time derides,
"With Laughter holding both her sides."
When Mirth's allow'd to be in season,
Nor stands control'd by crabbed Reason.
For this—say what dost thou engage?
The dull garrulity of Age.
The tedious half-remember'd stories,
Of cocks and bulls, and Whigs and Tories.
Remnants of tales of ancient courts,
Of vicious Monarchs and their sports;
Of Statesmen and their various tricks,
And furious jars of Politicks.
With tribes of legendary themes,
Prophetic visions, ghosts and dreams.
That prudence, too, experience, sense,
Which thou so boastest to dispense:
What form they, but a case of steel,
That aged bosoms may not feel?

Line 82. art: artifice


Line 94. cocks and bulls: a "cock and bull" story is a yarn or tall tale; a story that stretches the truth. See Matthew Prior's 1718 "On Beauty: A Riddle," Lines 47-48: "Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,/ Of idle tales and foolish riddles."
And thy Philosophy, O say!
Will it drive racking Gout away?
Or for its pangs such ease prepare,
As flannel and an elbow chair?
Then wherefore barter Time, with thee,
On no Exchange shall we agree.

TIME frown'd, and scowling fierce reply'd,
Is thus my proffer'd grace deny'd?
Go then—retain thy abject mind!
Such as thou view'st me thou shalt find.
For thee no wisdom I'll prepare,
No solace for thy age's care,
No veil I'll spread thy faults to hide,
Replete with ignorance and pride,
Long as the glass my motion shows,
Through which life's sandy current flows;
Thou slave of Folly shalt be seen,
The same at sixty, as sixteen.

To a Gentleman, Who Invited Me to Go a Fishing

FOR vacant hours of Man's destructive leisure,
Were sports invented of the barb'rous kind;
But tempt not me to share thy cruel pleasure,—
No sports are guiltless to the feeling mind.

And thou who know'st the charms of letter'd taste,
Whose treasur'd memory classic stores commands,
Shalt thou thy valuable moments waste,
Saunt'ring by streams with Fish-rods in thy hands?

Shall I who cultivate the Muse's lays,
And pay my homage at Apollo's shrine?
Shall I to torpid Angling give my days,
And change poetic wreaths for Fishing-line?

Sit like a statue by the placid lake,
My mind suspended on a Gudgeon's fate?
Transported if the silly fish I take;
Chagrin'd and weary, if it shuns the bait.

(1798)

An Address by a Gentleman to His Dead Dog;
Which was stuffed, and placed in a corner of his Library

Yes still, my Prince,* thy form I view,
Art can again thy shape renew:
But vain I seek the vital flame
That animated once thy frame.
Extinct the vivifying spark,
That tongue is mute—those eyes are dark.
In vain that face I now explore;
It wooes me with its love,—no more.
No more thy scent—my steps shall trace.
With wagging tail and quicken'd pace.
Nor e'er again thy joyful cry,
Proclaim thy darling master nigh.

* Name of the dog.

To a Gentleman. Line 14. **Gudgeon**: small, freshwater fish related to the carp.
Alas! thy shade alone remains,
Yet Memory all thou wast retains;
Still on thy living image dwells
And all thy winning fondness tells.
She courts the muse to spread thy name
Beyond life's little span of fame.
Well pleas'd could verse stern death defy,
And bid that Prince may never die.

(1797)

A New Song, of a Gallant Young Soldier
Who Turned Himself into a Priest
(To the old tune of Derry Down.)
Written in the year 1770

COME listen, O listen to my merry tale,
I sing of a captain who fearing a jail,
And having spent all that he had in possession,
Determines to find out some better profession.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Our Hero well vers'd in the smiles of the fair,
Knew conquest depended on fashion and air,
And therefore thought proper to travel to France,
Where he best could be taught how to caper and prance.

Derry down, &c.
What glories he shar'd on the banks of the Seine,
How he ogled la compesse and bow'd to la Reine:
How les femmes and les dances inveigled his pence,
And the follies of Paris inveigled his sense

Derry down, &c.  

Till in perfumes, pomatums, in bottles and cases;
In powders, cosmeticks, and rouge for fair faces,
A debt was contracted that made him most sad,
For alas! the sum total was more than he had.

Derry down, &c.  

When adorn'd and invested with Gallia's rich spoils,
At length he returns from his travelling toils,
Bedizen'd with couleur de puce and de rose,
And a waist that extended quite down to his toes.

Derry down, &c.  

But now he must think on some new occupation,
For bailiffs are pressing and cause perturbation;
And his royal commission, his fortune's sole prop,
Is mortgag'd for sweets at a perfumer's shop.

Derry down, &c.  

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Line 12. la compesse: the countess. la Reine: the queen.

Line 16. pomatums: pomades, perfumed hair ointments.


Line 23. bedizen'd: bedecked, adorned.

Line 24. waist: waistcoat, vest.

Line 28. royal commission: until 1871, a commissioned officer purchased his commission and could resell it upon retirement or to pay off debts.
He first asks of council what scheme to pursue; Shall he travel as pedlar or wandering jew; With ribbands and laces, and cloth in a pack, Or with scissars and knives in a box at his back. Derry down, &c. 35

Or deep amid mountains in Cambria reside, There throwing off pomp and the warrior’s fierce pride. Himself to an humble employment betake, And teach the poor peasants to dance at a wake.* Derry down &c. 40

Or fly to the church — this his judgement deem’d best, That sanctum sanctorum and harbour of rest; But here a perplexity still must remain, For who such a parson as this will ordain. Derry down, &c. 45

Who his own mother tongue with a stammer did speak, Who knew not a tittle of Latin or Greek; And whose knowledge in letters arriv’d at no more Than that in the alphabet are twenty-four. Derry down, &c. 50

For his learning had been to his horn-book confin’d, Which innocent tales had impressed on his mind,

* This young gentleman [unidentified] was a famous dancer.

Line 32. **wandering jew**: a Jew of Medieval legend condemned to wander the earth until Christ’s second coming.

Line 36. **Cambria**: Wales.

Line 42. **sanctum sanctorum**: sacred sanctuary.

Line 51. **horn-book**: a primer used to teach children to read.
That A was an archer and shot at a frog,
And B was a butcher and kept a great dog.
Derry down, &c.

There were articles too which seem’d thorns in his way,
And his conscience he fear’d might to evil betray;
But his friends of the cloth bid him banish that pain,
And swallow the oaths — tho’ they came up again.
Derry down, &c.

Still worse was the loss of his brilliant attire,
Those enchanting gew-gaws that the ladies admire;
For scarlet and tinsel must now be laid down,
And his shape must be hid in a rusty black gown.
Derry down, &c.

But now to conclude this my tale of all tales,
A good living o’er all these chimeras prevails;
Dispels all the terrors that conscience appal,
So he ran to the bishop and swore he’d a call.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

(1770)

The Distempered Muse

At the foot of Parnassus a bard was complaining,
His Muse much disease did endure;

A New Song. Line 56. **articles**: the Thirty-nine Articles: articles of faith to which an Anglican clergyman must subscribe.

Line 67. **living**: an Anglican clergyman’s post; some livings were quite lucrative.

The Distempered Muse. Line 1. **Parnassus**: Greek mountain sacred to Apollo and the Muses.
That a rickety babe she had been from her training,  
And no permanent aid could procure.

Great critical doctors this parent had tried,  
For this Muse was the child of his heart;  
And these often wish’d in her youth she had died,  
As her maladies baffled their art.

But empiricks and quacks among critics are found,  
As well as in medical schools;  
They insisted that she at the bottom was sound,  
And might trust for relief from their rules.

Then remedies various by turns were applied,  
Till so feeble at length she was grown,  
Whenever she mov’d for assistance she cried,  
Not able to stand when alone.

This poet now heard of a doctor of verse,  
So fam’d in poetical cases;  
His art could the Muse’s worst humours disperse,  
And of Pegasus temper the paces.

When his rod of correction he took in his hand,  
The bands of Apollo withdrew;  
Not the boldest of metaphors this could withstand,  
Whole legions of figures it slew.

To this doctor the poet with ardor repairs,  
On his skill for success he depends;

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Line 9. **empiricks**: charlatans; derogatory term for doctors who relied on practical experience alone.

Line 20. **Pegasus**: in Greek myth, the winged horse representative of poetic imagination.

Line 24. **figures**: figures of speech.
“It is you, Sir,” he cries, “can dispel all my cares,
Fair renown on your counsel attends.

My Muse has attempted so crazy a flight,
No limits her fury could bound;
She has soar’d to the clouds beyond all mortal sight,
And is lost from not knowing her ground.

With Minerva herself she dares run such a race,
(For though lame she is swift as the wind)
Nor wisdom nor rhyme can keep up with her pace,
They come lagging and limping behind.

In labyrinths of ethics she wanders unseen,
There perplex’d and perplexing she strays;
No mortal can tell what her rambles would mean,
Or find any clue to her maze.”

The doctor look’d grave, and his gestures betray’d,
He suspected a desperate case.
“Had your Muse sooner sought my assistance,” he said,
“She had never encounter’d disgrace.

This vial containing a drop from the skies
I caught ere it fell to the ground,
Of essence celestial the nostrum I prize,
Since a balm for all ills it is found.

Take this then, poor poet, with confidence take it,
I here a specifick dispense;
Important the use is of which you may make it,
And the name it is known by, is SENSE.

Those vapours of fancy that fly to the brain,
And with empty conceits swell the mind,
If this be applied will ne’er rise again,
   But will vanish like smoke before wind.

This, the flower of Parnassus will show from the weed,
   Which sometimes grows close to her side;
This, the Muse will instruct how to manage her steed,
   And when timid or boldly to ride.

In this dip your pen when resolving to write,
   It will quench all the poet’s false fires;
It will chase those delusions that dazzle the sight,
   And will tell when true genius inspires.

(1790)

Answer to Some Verses Written by a Gentleman
to a Lady, In which he too favourably palliates
the Inconstancy of her Disposition

AH, Dorimant, victim to love!
   Too fatally caught in his wiles;
Can you in fair Laura approve
   Those diffusive—those general smiles?

If inconstancy dwells with that fire
   Which the sun-beams of Asia* impart,
Can a daughter of Europe desire
   To change with your Laura a heart?

* The Lady [unidentified] was an Asiatick.

Answer to Some Verses. First published in Edward Lovibond’s posthumous Poems on Several Occasions (1785) as “On Reading the Foregoing Verses. By Miss G—,” See page 190.

Line 1. Dorimant: man of many loves in The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter (1676), a comedy by playwright George Etherege (c.1635-91).
No—happier the temperate mind,
That fix'd to one object alone;
To one tender passion confin'd,
Breathes no wishes, no sighs; but for one.

Such bliss has the maid of the plain,
Though secluded she dwells in a cot;
Yet rich in the love of her swain,
She's contented, and blesses her lot.

Ah say! if deserving thy heart
The too undistinguishing fair;
Who to thousands can raptures impart,
And the raptures of thousands can share.

Ah say! does she merit those lays?
Those lays which true passion define?
No—unworthy the fair of thy praise,
Who can listen to any but thine.

(1785)

To Dr. Priestley; on His Publication Entitled
A Disquisition Relating to Matter and Spirit

PHILOSOPHER, when thus you write,
Some spirit surely must indite;
It seems that to thy body join'd,
There's something very like a mind.

---


To Dr. Priestley. Title. Joseph Priestley (1733-1804) was a Unitarian scientist and philosopher. In his Disquisition Relating to Matter and Spirit (1777), he departs from traditional Christian doctrine in asserting the materiality of the soul.
Can *Matter think* as thou hast thought?
Can *Matter teach* what thou hast taught?
Then pr’ythee, Doctor, cease contending,
In metaphysicks never ending;
Fot know—in spight of thy controul,
Thy readers say—thou hast a soul.

(1791)

Housewife’s Prayer, on the Morning Preceding a Fete.

To Ecomony

GODDESS ador’d! who gain’d my early love,
And form’d my mind thy precepts to improve;
Taught me to practise each penurious rule,
And made my heart a pupil of thy school;
Taught me that waste is an atrocious sin,
And bade me cull from dust the scatter’d *pin*:
Rememb’ring this thy maxim to revere,
One pin a day collects a groat a year.
Thou value stamp’st on every rag I wear,
And shew’st that patch-work makes an elbow chair;
Bid’st me respect the dyer’s useful trade,
That gives new being to my old brocade,
Restores my Persian to its pristine hue,
Or makes my faded red celestial blue.
Source of my health thy indurating power,
Inspired by thee I brave the threat’ning shower;
Nor seek defence against the Winter’s wind,
But scorn the cloak with costly ermine lin’d.
Let the blue current stagnate in my veins,
And age come on with all his rheums and pains;
Nor hood, nor bonnet will I deign to wear,
Nor aught that Nature will consent to spare;
In these privations still adoring thee,
All saving Power! divine ECONOMY!
This night impart thy parsimonious grace,
To all that wasteful tribe the vassal race;
Vouchsafe protection to each sacred hoard,
And grant no lavish hand profane my board.
Infuse thy spirit in the chosen fair,
Ordain'd the tea and coffee to prepare;
May she distribute both with frugal hand!
And patient let the brewing tea-pot stand;
May blund'ring John his careless steps control!
And heed the frailty of the China bowl!
Cakes, limonade, orgeat, do thou defend!
And guard, O Goddess, guard each candle's end!

Written in the Autumn

We all do fade as a leaf—Isaiah.

YE Groves, ye lawns, ye summer's bower's!
That woo'd my steps so late;
Where now your boasted fruits and flowers?
Alas! they bow to fate.

Ah Spring! but now thy beauties grew!
Thy daisy-sprinkled ground;

Housewife's Prayer. Line 35. orgeat: cooling drink made from almonds and orange-flower water.

Thy violets bloom'd, thy zephyrs blew,
Thy songsters warbled round.

On every bush, on every thorn,
Progressive life was seen;
Thy infant leaves but newly born,
Disclos'd their tender green.

The sun-beams quiver'd thro' the glade,
Prolific verdure sprung;
The op'ning foliage promis'd shade,
And Philomela sung.

Youth of the year, fond nature's pride,
How transient is thy date!
How soon thy buds expanding wide,
Declare maturer state.

The Summer with her full blown sweets,
Confirms our promis'd joys;
And when our promis'd joys completes,
The bliss of hope destroys.

For now the mounting sun no more,
Protracts the length'ning day;
His height attain'd, his journey o'er,
He backward speeds his way.

Fierce blow the Equinoctial gales,
The raging billows foam;
The wand'ring vessel fearful sails,
Despairing of her home.

Line 16. **Philomela**: the nightingale.
Congealing blasts succeed to these,
Proclaiming Winter's power;
The leaves desert their parent trees,
And separate in a shower.

Alas! this leaf that wither'd lies,—
This leaf deform'd and dead!
These eyes beheld its beauties rise,—
Beheld those beauties spread.

Admiring saw its rip'ning charms,
Unfolding in the vales;
Protected by parental arms,
And woo'd by vernal gales.

Ah me, how chang'd! its colour flown!
Its moisture dried by frost,
Its fibres shrunk—its vigour gone!
And all its graces lost.

Frail as this leaf our life appears.
A passing gale our breath;
Like fate involves our fleeting years,
Age, langour, sickness, death.
On the Death of Miss Maria Bradshaw,
Who Died in the Twenty-Third Year of Her Age

Ma pur che L'alma in Dio si riconforte,
Che altro qu'un sospir breve é la morte. PETRARCA.

COME sacred Muse thine aid supply,
Come chase the tear from sorrow's eye;
Inscribe yon urn with soothing rhyme,
Where youth lies mould'ring in its prime.

Tho' death thus fades that virgin bloom,
And bids it wither in the tomb:
The gloomy path her steps have trod,
Conducts Maria to her God.

On Seraph wings Religion came,
To strengthen Nature's feeble frame;
Submission in her hand she led,
Resign'd Maria bow'd her head.

Support each heaven-born virtue gave,
To guide her thro' the dreary grave;
Each Christian grace prepar'd the way,
And turn'd its darkness into day.

Angels impatient with desire,
To join her to their sainted quire;
Watch'd the pale minister of death,
And eager caught her parting breath.

Title. Maria Bradshaw: 1767-1790; daughter of Matthew Bradshaw, dissenting minister of Brentford and occasional contributor to the Monthly Review.

Epigraph. "But if the soul hath placed its trust in God./ ... What more is death than a mere moment's sigh?" Lines 49 and 51 of Petrarch's "Trionfo della Morte II" (Triumph of Death 2), translated by Ernest Hatch Wilkins.
Methinks thus chant the heav’nly train,
Maria dead—now lives again;
Trace her ye mourners in the sky,
Enrob’d with immortality.

Exalted there by Faith and Truth,
In radiance of celestial youth;
With harp symphonious in her hand,
Behold your angel sister stand!

(1790)

Epitaph, Written by an Unknown Hand
Upon the Italian Satyrist Peter Aretine,
Who was famous for witty Invectives against People of all Ranks
and Conditions, and was called the Scourge of Princes

QUI giace L’Aretin poeta Tosco,
Che d’ognun dice malo che di Dio,
Scusandosi col dir io no’L conosco.

TRANSLATION

To this cold grave is Aretine consign’d,
The Tuscan Muse who slander’d all mankind;
None but his God he spared—nor him forgot,
His God he spared—because he knew him not.

(1789)

Epitaph. Title. Aretine: Pietro Aretino (1492-1556), termed the first modern journalist and critic, was notorious for his satiric attacks on the wealthy and powerful. See page 63.
Addressed to a Lady, On a New Carriage Taking Fire, which had been reserved for the Celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of her Wedding-Day

FAME has aver'd that Hymen's torch,  
Is lit by Cupid's fickle fires;  
One moment blazing it will scorch,  
The next, a languid flame expires.

Speak ye whom nuptial ties unite,  
Ye best can tell if this be true,  
Does envious Love the torch thus light?  
And does the flame so soon burn blue?

Provok'd DORINDA, thus replies,  
False is the censure here convey'd,  
One wedded pair the charge defies,  
Long faithful to the vows they made.

Full twenty orbs their course have run,  
Since Hymen blest our early years;  
And still each new revolving sun,  
With undiminish'd joy appears.

With rapture still the day we meet,  
Which thus unchang'd in bliss we find,  
A splendid car that day to greet,  
The God of Love himself assign'd.

To prove his ardor still the same,  
Tho' twice ten years he saw expire,
So fierce he fann'd the nuptial flame,
The nuptial token caught the fire.

(1791)

To a Lady, On a difference that arose between her and the Author on the subject of the Devil

To her Orthodox creeds ASPASIA so civil,
Will dispute till she dies on the rights of the Devil.
As a pillar of faith she old Satan receives,
In his tail, in his horns, in his claws, she believes.
ASpasia would justice in all things pursue,
Tenacious to give e'en the Devil his due.
Yet while for his power she warmly contends,
And supports his dominion like one of his friends;
While her language of zeal and respect seems to savour,
Not a thing will she do to encourage his favour:
In vain might he woo her with all his temptation,
Not a sin will she give him by way of oblation;
And were proselytes always thus hard to obtain,
There would soon be an end of his flourishing reign.
Yet tho' virtuous ASPASIA would baffle his labours,
Not so cruel she trusts he will find all her neighbors:
For crowds, she believes, to his courts will repair,
Tho' were all like herself, not a soul would be there.

To a Lady. Line 1. ASPASIA: pseudonym of an unidentified close friend of Moody. Aspasia was a brilliant, learned woman of classical Athens whose name became synonymous (often derogatorily) with female learning. See pages 164 and 206.

Line 4. In his tail ... she believes: an image of the devil outdated by the late eighteenth century.
To the Same, On her Replying to the Forgoing Lines in Three Smart Satirical Epigrams.
The Three Bees

THREE Bees in a hive, whom a Hornet had vex’d,
How to manage the quarrel were somewhat perplex’d.
The small council of three they together convene,
To impart, to discuss, and to settle their spleen:
Each Bee to resentment so keenly alive,
Much buzzing of rage was o’erheard in the hive:
The eldest, a Bee of respectable mien,
Of judgement sedate, and of temper serene,
To peace and good-humour was ever inclin’d,
Yet now not unruffled the frame of her mind;
In the council first spoke, and her sisters address’d:
“That detestable Hornet has crept in our nest,
And has stung us all three—ought we not to complain,
Ought we not to retaliate and sting her again?
My sting is too feeble unfit for the use,
I unqualified am to encounter abuse;
Yet tho’ peace I revere, and its dictates pursue,
This Hornet, I think, ought to meet with her due.”
Thus she, while the youngest, an insect of merit,
But tho’ gentle her seeming, not barren of spirit,
Impatient to speak, ere her turn she replied:
“Tho’ this arrogant Hornet our force has defied,
Yet abhorr’d be the practice of warring with stings!
My mode of reproof is to slap with my wings,
To hum in her ear, and to buzz in her face,
But fiercer resentments my sex would disgrace;
Then let us resolve when the Hornet is coming,
To join our three voices in clamours of humming;
More loud than herself, to buzz let us try;
And doubt not but homeward she’ll presently fly.”
She ended; and forward advanc’d a brisk Bee,
So active, so busy, so notable she:
The care of the hive to her trust was consign'd;
To pleasures domestick alone she inclin'd;
The hive she protected, and reptiles kept out,
While her sisters were humming and buzzing about;
And but for this Bee if truth Rumour tells,
Not a morsel of honey would be in their cells.
"Dear sisters," she cried, "leave the Hornet to me;
If granted, this insect has stung us all three,
Fair Justice requires an equal decree:
And you'll find, tho' our elder is tame in the cause,
A sting for a sting in the code of our laws."
Then spreading her delicate wings with some care,
Suspicious of blasts as she sail'd thro' the air,
To the Hornet's retreat she with speed did repair.
There finding the miscreant repos'd in the shade,
Full pouncing upon her with fury, she said,
"Take this, this, and this," —and of stings gave her three,
The avenging requital of each injur'd Bee.

To Fashion

GAY FASHION thou Goddess so pleasing,
However imperious thy sway;
Like a mistress capricious and teasing,
Thy slaves tho' they murmur obey.

The simple, the wise, and the witty,
The learned, the dunce, and the fool,
The crooked, straight, ugly, and pretty,
Wear the badge of thy whimsical school.

Tho' thy shape be so fickle and changing,
That a Proteus thou art to the view;
And our taste so far deranging,
We know not which form to pursue.

Yet wave but thy frolicksome banners,
And hosts of adherents we see;
Arts, morals, religion, and manners,
Yield implicit obedience to thee.

More despotick than beauty thy power,
More than virtue thy rule o'er the mind:
Tho' transient thy reign as a flower,
That scatters its leaves to the wind.

Ah! while folly thou deal'st such measure,
No matter how fleeting thy day!
Be Wisdom, dear goddess, thy pleasure!
Then lasting as time be thy stay.

(1792)

Supposed to be Written by an Epicure at Margate,
On seeing a Dutch vessel sail by
laden with Turbot, for the London Market

WHILE o'er the silver waves yon spreading sail,
Fam'd London's market doth with speed pursue,
Propitious fancy shall arrest the gale,
And bring the Turbot to my longing view.

Ah! wherefore darling fish, belov'd in vain!
Dost thou contemptuous shun fair Margate's coast?

Supposed to be Written. Title. Margate: resort town on the Strait of Dover in southeast England.
Not other wat’ry tribes her shores disdain;
But prouder Turbots will not aid her boast.

Yet here thy dainty charms would welcome meet,
For here luxurious Citizens retire,
Cloy’d with repasts this healthful air they greet,
That gives to sated taste the new desire.

And here the Lobster, thy appendage, waits,
An equal destiny with thee to share;
Inolv’d within one doom devouring fates,
Inseparable death for both prepare.

Come then thou loveliest of the finny race,
To stay thy course may winds impeding blow!
Let Margate view thy captivating face,
Firm as a rock, and fair as mountain snow.

Come with thy Shrimps supporters of thy train,
While Cooks shall culinary arts prepare;
And thou, O Neptune, from thy hungry main,
Vouchsafe thy gale of appetizing air.

(1794)

A Prophecy By Miss R. P—.

Nel’ dolce tempo della prima etade.—PETRARCA.

WHEN Sappho throws her verses by,
Can beat the cake, and bake the pie;

A Prophecy. Title. Miss R. P—: unidentified.

Epigraph. “In the sweet time of my first age,” from Petrarch’s Canzones 23 and 50. See page 65.

Line 1. Sappho: sixth-century B.C. Greek lyric poet; Moody’s nom de plume.
Knows not so well the art of sinking,*
As when the raisin wine’s in drinking;
When she has done with mood and tense,
And cultivates more useful sense;
When Petrarch, Dante, in the fire,
With her lov’d Tasso shall expire;
When she’ll no longer criticise,
The Hampton Pope, but like old W—s—e,
Keep recipes for cold and gout,
And dramas to throw the humours out.
Then—and not till then—she’ll find,
Fortune, Love, and Hymen kind.

Sappho, Tempted by the Prophecy, Burns her Books
and Cultivates the Culinary Arts

COMPANIONS of my favourite hours,
By Winter’s fire, in Summer’s bowers;
That wont to chase my bosom’s care,
And plant your pleasing visions there!
Guarini, Dante, honour’d names!
Ah, doom’d to feed devouring flames!
Alas! my Petrarch’s gentle loves!
My Tasso’s rich enchanted groves!

* Alluding to books found on Sappho’s table. [The Art of Sinking in Poetry (1727-28) by “Martinus Scriblerus” is a satiric treatise on poetic bathos attributed primarily to Alexander Pope.]

A Prophecy. Line 8. Tasso: Italian poet Torquato Tasso (1544-95), whose verse romance Jerusalem Delivered was beloved by many late-eighteenth-century Britons.


Sappho, Tempted. Line 5. Guarini: Italian poet and critic Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612), known for his pastoral dramas and sonnets.
My Ariosto's fairy dreams,
And all my lov'd Italian themes!
I saw you on the pile expire,
Weeping I saw the invading fire;
There fix'd remain'd my aching sight,
Till the last ray of parting light,
The last pale flame consum'd away,
And all dissolv'd—your relics lay.

Goddess of Culinary Art,
Now take possession of my heart!
Teach me more winning arts to try,
To salt the ham, to mix the pie;
To make the paste both light and thin,
To smooth it with the rolling-pin;
With taper skewer to print it round,
Lest ruder touch the surface wound.
Then teach thy votary how to make
That fair rotundo—a plumb cake;
To shake the compound sweets together,
To bake it light as any feather,
That when complete its form may show,
A rising hillock topp'd with snow:
And how to make the cheese-cake say,
To beat the eggs, and turn the whey;
To strain my jelly fair and clear,
That there no misty fog appear;
But plain to view each form may rise,
That in its glassy bosom lies.

Line 9. Ariosto: Italian poet and satirist Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533), whose verse romance Orlando Furioso (1516) was a favorite of Moody's.

Line 26. rotundo: rotunda, a circular structure, often domed.
Now fancy soars to future times,
When all extinct are Sappho’s rhimes;
When none but Cooks applaud her name,
And nought but recipes’ her fame.
When sweetest numbers she’ll despise,
When Pope shall sing beneath minc’d pies;
And Eloise in her tin shall mourn,
Disastrous fate and love forlorn;
Achilles too, that godlike man,
Shall bluster in the patty-pan;
And many a once-lov’d Grecian chief,
Shall guard from flames the roasting beef.

Then when this transformation’s made,
And Sappho’s vestments speak her trade;
When girt in towels she is seen,
With cuffs to keep her elbows clean:
Then Sorceress she’ll call on thee!
Accomplish thou thy fair decree!
If like your sisters of the heath,
Whose mystic sound betray’d Macbeth;
Fallacious charms your arts dispense,
To cheat her with ambiguous sense;
Severest torments may you prove!
Severest—disappointed love.

Line 43. **Eloise**: heroine of Alexander Pope’s 1717 poem “Eloisa to Abelard.”

Lines 47-48. **Grecian chief ... roasting beef**: a reference to Pope’s translation of Homer; in particular a favorite scene of Moody’s from the *Iliad* (1715-20), Book 9, in which the Grecian chiefs cook their own supper. See page 176.

Line 46. **patty-pan**: baking tin for small pastries.

Line 55. **sisters of the heath**: the three weird sisters in Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*. See page 64.
On Hearing that Bob Wigs Were Coming into Fashion,
In Consequence of the Prince wearing one when he went a Hunting

YE Fair whom omnipotent fashion obey,
Who submit to her laws, tho' oft vex'd at her sway,
May with prudent obedience now bow at her shrine,
Nor suffer one thought of your breasts to repine.
For at length she considers your wisdom and peace;
And your virtue now shelters beneath her caprice.
Lo! a mandate she issues, that wigs shall be worn,
And beautiful curls from all heads shall be torn;
Hence from Cupids dread bow you less danger may fear;
His arrows ne'er lurk where a bob doth appear.
In love's ambush battles how many a dart,
From loose flowing ringlets have sprung to the heart!
But however with mischief the God may be big;
His shafts would recoil if discharg'd from a wig.
A wig like an Amulet sometimes has acted,
Composing the breast that had else been distracted;
Has occasion'd a Lover's fond suit to miscarry,
And Miss to declare—she had rather not marry:
Yet let him but muster nine hairs on a side,
She has curtsy'd and simper'd—she would be a bride.
Not Paris himself, a brown bob had he wore,
Could Helen have tempted from Sparta's fair shore:
Nor had Venus pursu'd with Adonis the chace,
If a snug sitting Bob had encircled his face;
In forests with beasts she had let him remain,
Nor had cared by what boar the poor boy had been slain;

Title: bob wigs: short, face-framing wigs, waved or curled at the bottom. The Prince: George III's fashionable eldest son, the Prince of Wales and later George IV.

Lines 21-22. Paris ... shore: Paris' abduction of Helen, wife of the Spartan king, is said to have started the Trojan War.

Lines 23-28. Venus ... flower: Adonis, a youth loved by Venus, was killed while hunting a wild boar. Venus restored him to life in the form of a red flower.
Had to death and oblivion submitted her power,
Nor had wish'd to behold him again in a flower.
Nor had Dian ere sought of Endymion the bed,
Had she seen him asleep with a Bob on his head;
Nor to Latmos had come with such glee from the skies,
And food made for gossips of scandal and lies.
Hence each bosom susceptive of tender sensations,
May now look for the cure of its fierce agitations;
No longer fine locks shall occasion a throb,
All buried they lie in the Prince's new Bob.

(1797)

To Clarinda, with the Present of a Purse

To some this poor Purse I would give with a sigh,
That no treasure within it I throw;
To others whom fortune doth amply supply,
I would wish a kind will to bestow.

But to you, my Clarinda, no wishes I need,
Since fortune her wealth doth impart;
And heaven the bountiful gift hath decreed,
Should unite with a bountiful heart.

(1798)

On Hearing. Lines 29-31: Dian ... skies: According to Greek myth, Diana, virgin huntress and goddess of the moon, was attracted by the beauty of shepherd Endymion as he slept on Mt. Latmos and descended to watch over his slumbers.

To Clarinda. Title. Clarinda: pseudonym of an unidentified friend of Moody's. See page 298 for Clarinda's published reply to this poem.
The Address of a Toad to Mr. Opie, the Painter,  
While Sitting for His Picture

Proudly I sit while thy excelling hand,  
Doth to my hideous form its likeness give;  
Proud tho' my death awaits on thy command,  
Since on thy canvas I again shall live.

Then while my figure is by thee pourtray'd,  
Let not thy thought my abject state pursue,  
A crawling reptile in the nettled shade,  
Or from the mire emerging to thy view.

No,—think that favour'd by the Muses train,  
Two sister arts to honor me combine;  
Thy pencil, Opie, and great Milton's strain,  
For me a deathless wreath of fame intwine.

(1792)

Doctor Johnson's Ghost  
Written in the Year 1786

'Twas at the silent hour of night,  
When men and spirits meet;

---

The Address of a Toad. Title. Mr. Opie: popular portrait and history painter John Opie (1761-1807). See page 299 for particulars on the painting referred to in this poem.

Line 7. reptile: any creeping, crawling creature.

Line 11. Milton's strain: In the first temptation scene in *Paradise Lost* (4:800), Satan appears to the sleeping Eve in the form of a toad.

Dr. Johnson's Ghost. In 1785 Scottish journalist and diarist James Boswell (1740-95) published his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, which detailed his travels with essayist, poet, and lexicographer Samuel Johnson (1709-84) with unprecedented frankness. This poem is a parody of David Mallet's popular 1723 ballad, "William and Margaret."
That Johnson's huge majestick sprite
Reap'rd to Boswell's feet.

His face was like the full orb'd moon,
Wrapt in a threat'ning cloud,
That bodes the tempest bursting soon,
And winds that bluster loud.

Terrific was his angry look;
His pendent eye-brows frown'd;
Thrice in his hand he wav'd a book,
Then dash'd it on the ground.

"Behold," he cried, "perfidious man,
The object of my rage!
Bethink thee on the sordid plan,
That form'd this venal page!

Dar'st thou pretend that meaning praise,
Thou seek'st to raise my name?
When all thy babbling pen betrays,
But gives me churlish fame.

Do readers in these annals trace
The man that's wise and good?
No, rather one of savage race,
Illiberal, fierce, and rude.

A traveller whose discontent
No kindness can appease;
Who finds for spleen perpetual vent,
In all he hears and sees.

One whose ingratitude displays,
The most ungracious guest;
Who hospitality repays
With bitter biting jest.
Was it to make this base record
    That you my friendship sought?
Thus to retain each vagrant word,
    Each indigested thought?

Ah would as o’er the hills we sped,
    And climb’d the sterile rocks!
Some desperate stone had struct thee dead!
    Or steeple spar’d by Knox.

Thy adulation now I see,
    And all its schemes unfold,
Thy avarice, Boswell, cherish’d me,
    To turn me into gold.

So keepers guard the beasts they show,
    And for their wants provide;
Attend their steps where’er they go,
    And travel by their side.

O were it not that deep and low,
    Beyond thy reach I’m laid,
Rapacious Boswell had, ere now,
    A Johnson mummy made.”

He ceas’d, and stalk’d from Boswell’s sight,
    With fierce indignant mien;
Scornful as Ajax, sullen sprite,
    By sage Ulysses seen.

---

Line 40. Knox: John Knox (1514-72), Scottish religious reformer criticized by Johnson on the tour.

Lines 55-56: Ajax ... Ulysses: Ulysses meets the ghost of Ajax in Book 11 of Homer’s Odyssey.
Dread paleness Boswell’s cheek o’erspread,
   His limbs with horror shook;
With trembling haste he left his bed,
   And burnt the fatal book.

And thrice he call’d on Johnson’s name,
   Forgiveness to implore;
Thrice he repeated—injur’d fame!
   And word wrote *never* more.

(1786)

From a Sick and Dying Plant at Hampton Court,
to her Vigorous Healthy Sister at Surbiton Farm

*O malvagio destino*

*Dove m’hai tu condotto!*—GUARINI

THOU dear companion of my birth,
The produce of one parent earth;
The care of one protecting hand,
And springing both from courtly land:
Ah why did fate our lots disjoin,

And blessings only give to thine!
Why were not we, twin sisters, sent
To the same rural banishment?
How chang’d since our last parting scene,
Thy Columnnea’s* lovely mien!

* The columnnea humilis, name of the plant [*Columnnea* is a genus of tropical, flowering evergreen herb].

From a Sick and Dying Plant. Title. **Hampton Court**: royal palace on the Thames southwest of London. Not occupied by George III, the palace was home to grace and favor residents, among them Moody’s unmarried cousins Molly, Kitty, and Joyce Philipps. **Surbiton Farm**: Moody’s home, across the Thames from the grounds of Hampton Court.

Epigraph. “Oh, wicked destiny, where have you led me!,” from Guarini’s *Il Pastor fido*, 5.5.
When all my buds expanding grew,
With colour of a scarlet hue;
My stem posses'd a vigorous power,
Though fram'd to bear a slender flower;
And on my leaves of tender green,
Was Nature's lightest pencil seen.
Thus from the nursery we came,
With charms deserving equal fame:
But equal fortune was not given;
Thine was the charge of kinder Heaven.
Yet mine beheld through fashion's glass,
Where grandeur's glittering visions pass,
A happier dispensation seem'd;
And thine a vulgar lot was deem'd;
For I was destin'd to resort
Amid the precincts of a court;
While thou an exile to a cot,
By courts and courtiers forgot.
But Nature judging in our case,
Decides through my declining face,
That tainted gales a court surround;
Where noxious particles abound;
She near no palace will reside,
Averse to haunts of wealth and pride;
Her laws exploded there she sees,
And all revers'd her pure decrees.
Hence she abandons grandeur's seats,
And seeks simplicity's retreats.

Alas! remote from her, my fate
Consigns me to a room of state;
Where fashion her gay taste bestows,
And her fantastick trappings shows.
Here plac'd by her capricious hand,
On the cold marble hearth I stand;
Within a baneful chimney's shade,
Whose sooty blasts my blossoms fade.
The frigid stone repels my leaves,
A polish'd grave my roots receives.
Here frugal skreens obstruct the light,
And doom me to a noon-day night.
Alike exclude the healthful breeze;
In vain for me it fans the trees.
The sons of art presume to say,
That mischief waits the god of day;
If uncontrroll'd he pierce the gloom,
Destruction hovers round the room;
The varnish'd table's colour flies;
Each tint upon the curtain dies;
The carpet's hues appall'd with fright,
Grow pale and sicken at his sight:
Greens, yellows, reds, all fade away,
Consum'd in Sol's refulgent ray.
They also charge the friendly wind,
With disposition most unkind;
Asserting he much evil brings,
By dust he scatters from his wings.
Of sun and air thus art complains,
And as despoilers both arraigns.
We, nature's children, scorn this lore;
We, PLANTS, these genial powers adore:
We turn to greet Apollo's shrine,
Our homage owns his ray divine;
Great source from whom we life derive,
Whose beams denied, no flowers survive.
Alike we hail the god of air,
Who marks the same paternal care;

Line 63. **Sol**: Roman god of the sun.
Who all we ask vouchsafes to give;
His balmy breath by which we live.
Now, sister, view our different fate!
Thy humble lot—my fashion’d state!
Sequester’d thus from light and air;
Of nature’s gifts allow’d no share,
In dying pomp I here reside,
With two pale sisters by my side;
Whose drooping heads to earth incline,
And blend their wither’d leaves with mine.
While I thus fade before my time,
Thy charms still flourish in their prime.
No rules of art thy state confine,
Kind nature’s bounty still is thine.
For thee the sun may spread his light;
No tyrant shutters hide his sight;
For thee through groves may Zephyr stray,
No barrier turns his gales away;
For thee may fragrant dews descend,
No roofs oppose—no walls defend.
Thus free to take all Heaven supplies,
The grateful influence of the skies;
Unchang’d thy beauties still remain,
Preserv’d amid the rustic plain.

Like me how many a courtier dame,
The slave of fashion’s empty name!
Perverting nature’s wiser plan,
Curtails of life the little span.
By art consumes her vernal bloom,
And hastens death’s untimely doom!

Line 92. Zephyr: Zephyrus, Greek god of the west wind.
To a Lady, Who sent the Author a present of a fashionable Bonnet

SINCE you are, dear madam, so favour'd by time;
That he seems to have granted a lease of his prime,
With the power to renew it whenever you please;
Unencumber'd by taxes of age and disease;
Prolonging that date, which in others appears,
The frail fleeting tenure of very few years:
Why could you not ask him some favor to send,
Enclos'd with a present design'd for a friend?
One tint for her cheeks of youth's vivid hue,
To suit with those beautiful ribbands of blue?
One spark for her eyes of a juvenile twinkle,
One smile for her mouth undeformed by a wrinkle;
One ringlet or two—on her forehead to play,
Unmix'd with the sorrowful colour of grey?
Yet too modest, perhaps, these requests you forbore,
Yourself so indebted would not ask for more.
And perchance had you teaz'd him, thus Time might reply;
"That to you I am partial—I will not deny;
Nor need I declare—what who sees you must know:
That on few I such singular graces bestow.
But if from my rules I recede for your sake,
And still give to you what from others I take;
I cannot for all so go out of my way,
And reverse those decrees which all mortals obey.
My law is that youth shall soon wither and fade,
And like morning's bright beam shall be follow'd by shade.
Most severe is the sentence I pass on the face,
Full soon on its features my finger you trace.
Yet I no such dread rigour extend to the mind,
In age that still charms if it be but resign'd.
If calmly beholding fair youth's setting sun,
It with fortitude reckons my sands as they run;
of a classification.

The classification of the data is based on the following criteria:

- Feature A
- Feature B
- Feature C

The classification results are shown in the table below:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Feature A</th>
<th>Feature B</th>
<th>Feature C</th>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td>Class 2</td>
<td>0.70</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The algorithm used for the classification is the Support Vector Machine (SVM) due to its ability to handle high-dimensional data and its good generalization performance.
Not with peevishness fraught as each wrinkle appears,
And resisting my progress with petulant tears.
No—your sex must learn patient good humour of you,
And meet my approaches with smiles as you do:
With temper unruffled by envy or spleen,
Like the sun of the autumn—thus mild and serene,
Learn of you to converse with politeness and ease;
Then in spight of my spoils—they will know how to please.”

To a Friend; On her having suffered a dangerous Illness in the Winter, and recovered from it in the Spring

**Winter** frowns o’er Stella’s head,
   Sickness hovers round her bed;
Tears of anguish fill her eyes,
   Painful sorrows force her sighs.

Spring returns, and balmy gales;
   Stella—the breath of health inhales:
Disease withdraws its pallid hues,
   The blush of health her cheek renews.

Welcome then bright sun of May!
   Warm to my heart I feel thy ray!
Not that new-born pleasure springs,
   Not that Philomela sings:

Not that streams unfetter’d flow,
   Not that fragrant zephyrs blow;
Not that rapture fills the groves,
   That am’rous songsters chaunt their loves:

Not that light revives my hours,
   Nor that its beams expand my flowers;
Not for the joy its influence gives;
But that my friend—my Stella lives!

Alas! had death's cold hand o'erspread
That valu'd face, and sunk that head!
No spring my sorrows had beguil'd:
Thy friend had wept—though nature smil'd.

(1791)

On the Death of an Infant

LET no more tears bewail this little flower,
Taken from life in life's propitious hour;
Ere blasts of spring had nipt it in its bed,
Or winter's storms had gather'd round its head,
The dawn of day, that glimmer'd on his eyes,
Shone like a meteor passing through the skies;
Death's sable cloud o'er the pale lustre stray'd,
And wrapt the beam in everlasting shade;
Purer than saints—the guiltless spirit flew,
Nor one corrupted taint from earth it drew.
No dread tribunal hence awaits its doom;
With innocence it meets and leaves—the tomb.

(1797)

On Seeing the Funeral of a Poor Old Woman, Who had been a faithful Servant many years in the Author's Family

GO, virtuous soul, to yonder humble tomb,
There wait with pious hope the life to come;
For when the Judge shall summon thee away,
To stand the trial of the judgement day;
Thy little history more worth shall show
Than pompous annals on the great bestow;
For thine’s the praise not oft to greatness due:
The praise of being honest, just, and true.

(1795)

To the New Year 1796; Who made his first Appearance
when the Weather was uncommonly fine

GENTLE stranger kindly smiling,
Cheat us not with looks beguiling;
Be these smiles that now appear,
Propitious to the infant year.

Features mark thy new-born face,
Temper’d with a milder grace,
Than those thy grandsires wont to show;
Frowning with threat’ning clouds of snow.

It seems as if with Taurus playing,
Already thou had’st been “a maying”;
Disdaining Winter’s rugged bed,
By sullen Capricornus led.

For see, th’impatient vi’let springs,
Nor waits for Zephyr’s tardy wings;
The meadows still are cloath’d in green,
Their russet garments yet unseen.

E’en birds frequent accustom’d groves,
And meditate on future loves;
Prepare to quit their state supine,
And practise songs for Valentine.
Not such thy parent’s wayward birth,
Hard icy shackles bound the earth;
Bleak Boreas nipt the infant grain,
And famine loiter’d in his train.

Mars in the ascendant shook his spear,
Prophetick of the slaught’ring year;
While Winter aided savage war,
And drove the fury in her car.

Around he wav’d his iron hand,
Extending frost through every land.
By snow transform’d each level stream,
Did like an Alpine mountain seem.

But most terrifick was his power,
And most disast’rous was the hour;
When forging these obdurate chains,
He bade them fetter hostile plains.

To Belgium’s climes he gave command,
And bade the waters form a land:
Bade ice restrain the friendly tide,
Where peaceful currents foes divide.

Lines 21-24: **not such** ... **famine**: England and Europe experienced extremely harsh weather in 1794 and 1795, which resulted in failed harvests, rising food prices, and widespread hunger.

Line 23. **Boreas**: Greek god of the north wind.

Line 37. **Belgium’s climes**: Belgium was the scene of fierce territorial warfare from 1792 onward. It changed hands several times and was incorporated into France in 1795.
The pitying rivers now no more,
Protection give th’ affrighted shore;
Their harden’d bosoms now sustain
The fury of the ensanguin’d plain.

Each stream bedy’d with crimson hue,
Brings the Egyptian flood to view:
While all around the carnage spread,
And earth and waters groan with dead.

Be then abhorrr’d thy parent’s name!
Let annals blot his guilty fame!
O may his direful scenes be o’er,
And like his hours—return no more!

Come thou with blessings in thy hand,
Distinguish this my native land;
Let Heaven-born Ceres wait thy reign,
And plenty bring her stores again.

Yet let not patriot love confine,
My prayers within a circle’s line;
To every clime thy smiles extend,
And every mourner’s sorrows end.

O come with virtue from the skies,
And bid a golden age arise;
Bid universal discord cease,
And charm the jarring world to peace.

(1796)

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Line 46. **Egyptian flood**: In Exodus 7 the Lord has Aaron turn all the waters of Egypt into blood to punish Pharaoh for his persecution of the Israelites.
Anna's Complaint, Or, the Miseries of War.
Written in the Isle of Thanet, 1794.
A Ballad

On Thanet's rock, beneath whose steep,
Impetuous rolls the foaming deep,
A lowly maid to grief consign'd,
Thus pour'd the sorrows of her mind.

And while her streaming eyes pursue,
Of Gallia's cliffs the misty view;
Accurst, she cries, that guilty shore,
Whence William shall return no more.

Thou cruel war what hast thou done?
Thro' thee the mother mourns her son,
The orphan joins the widow's cries,
And torn from love the lover dies.

Ah, William! wherefore didst thou go,
To foreign lands to meet the foe?
Why won by War's deceitful charms,
Didst thou forego thy Anna's arms.

Alas! full little didst thou know,
The monster War doth falsely show;
He decks his form with pleasing art,
And hides the daggers in his heart.

The musick of his martial band,
The shining halberd in his hand,

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Title. **Isle of Thanet**: island in the Straight of Dover.

Line 6. **Gallia's cliffs**: the cliffs of France.
The feather'd helmet on his head,
And coat so fine of flaming red.

With these the simple youth he gains,
And tempts him from his peaceful plains;
And by this pomp was William led,
The dangerous paths of War to tread.

Fair sounding words my love deceiv'd,
The great ones talk'd and he believ'd,
That War would fame and treasure bring,
That glory call'd to serve the King.

But wise men say, and sure 'tis true,
That War is theft and murder too;
Yet had my William thought it so,
He had not gone to fight the foe.

How blest could Anna see him now,
With shoulders bending o'er the plow!
Toiling to sow his native fields,
And reap the harvest virtue yields!

Then happier lot would both bedtide,
A bridegroom he—and I a bride;
But these fond hopes return no more,
For dead he lies on yonder shore.

O in that battle's dismal day,
When thou, dear youth, didst gasping lay!
Why was not then thy Anna there?
To bind thy wounds with softest care:

To search with speed the nearest spring,
To thy parch'd lips the water bring;
To wash with tears thy bleeding face,
And sooth thee with a last embrace.

But thou amidst a savage train,
Wer’t mingled among heaps of slain,
Without one friend to hear thy sighs,
Or Anna’s hand to close thine eyes.

Thou cruel War, what hast thou done!
Thro’ thee the mother mourns her son,
The orphan joins the widow’s cries,
And torn from Anna—William dies.

(1796)

On Reading a Paltry Scurrilous Epigram,
intended to asperse a great Law Character
To Mr. Er—k—ne

Let Envy’s pigmy darts assault thy name,
Not one shall ever reach thy giant fame!
As soon the feeble gales of Zephyr’s breeze,
Might prostrate lay the ancient forest trees;
As soon might pebbles from an urchin’s hand,
O’erthrow the rock and bid it kiss the strand:
No, thine are talents Er—k—ne, thine the mind,
That virtue shields from malice of mankind.
What heart that feels the prisoner’s tremb’ling fear!
What eye that fills with pity’s starting tear!
What mild conceding philanthropic breast,
But views thy soul the friend of the distress!
And when from courts to senates we pursue,
And trace thy conduct to thy country due,
What patriot heart that does not own in thee,
Our Britain's better guardian than her sea!
May virtue then, still teach thy fame to rise,
And guard its progress till it reach the skies!

Stanzas

Non seguir piu pensier vago fallace,
Ma saldo e certo, ch'a buon fine ne guide,
Cerchiamo L'ciel, se qui nulla ne piace. PETRARCA.

YE dreams of bliss, enchanting train!
YE fancy followers all adieu!
Too long this breast has nurs'd in vain,
Each fair delusion taught by you.

Those dazzling rays that charm'd my sight,
That gild the jocund hours of youth;
Now yield to steadier beams of light;—
The steadier beams of sober truth.

And must I quit the fairy scene,
Where Fiction every wish supplies?
Where Fortune smooths her angry mien,
And heals my bosom's anxious sighs.

Stanzas. Epigraph. "Do not follow any longer a deceptive yearning thought./ But a firm and certain one that may guide us to a good end./ Let us seek Heaven, if nothing pleases us here." From Petrarch's Rima 273, lines 10-12. Translated by Robert M. Durling.
Must flatt'ring hope no more beguile,
   No more invite my thoughts astray?
To view this fairer prospect's smile,
   And see thro' clouds this brighter day?

Alas, no more! my waken'd soul,
   Thro' other opticks sees the view;
And Reason with a stern controul,
   Dispels the colours Fancy drew.

Such shadowy joys, she cries, resign;
   Thy earth-born frail desires subdue;
Let purer flames thy heart refine,
   And thou a nobler heaven pursue.

There dream on bliss, no dread allay,
   No waking hour that dream destroys;
Fair Truth shall there thy faith repay,
   And realize thy promis'd joys.

Thro' no false mirror there is seen,
   The bliss that Fiction here supplies;
No storms obtrude on skies serene,
   But suns on suns, eternal rise.

The Primrose.
   A Fable

FRESH op'ning to the vernal gale,
A Primrose flourish'd in the vale;
Soft was the tint upon her face,
And simple was each native grace.
Upon a neighbouring garden’s border,
Where plants were rang’d in beauteous order,
Where variegated Tulips blew,
And where the vain Narcissus grew,
Anemones of graceful mien,
With Hyacinthus crown’d the scene,
A Daffodil reclin’d his head;
By chance conducted to that bed;
For he, a native of the plain,
Was wont to deck the village swain,
Shine in his hat or on his breast,
When Sunday spoke him better drest.
And on the rustic’s festive day,
When Flora greets the youthful May;
When her inferior bands combine,
To make the motley garland fine,
The Daffodil above the rest,
Disply’d his splendid yellow vest;
The rural hoop with charms supplied,
To aid the infant monarch’s pride.
And how he to this garden travell’d,
A mystery was by none unravell’d.
Some gossip flowers to taint his fame,
Declar’d he in a barrow came,
That rich manure conceal’d his face.
And hence this emigrant they trace.
Howe’er the plant his station gain’d,
His honor’d post he long maintain’d;
And blooming there full many a year,
Did with the April group appear;
Till whispers ran thro’ every bower,
That Daffy was a stale old flower.

Line 23. **rural hoop**: the circle May Day revellers formed around the Maypole.

Line 24. **infant monarch**’s. May Day celebrations typically involved the crowning of a May King and Queen. In some parts of England the festivities involved observance of the birthday of Charles II.
The Primrose mark'd him as he grew,
Attracted by his golden hue;
Ambitious thoughts her bosom fill,
"Could I but charm the Daffodil,
Could I become his happy bride,
He would transplant me by his side;
He would transport me to that earth,
Where flowers reside of better birth,
Where I in nobler soil should blow,
And more genteel by far may grow;
This horrid ditch I should forsake,
And other intimates should make;
No more with vulgar Daisies bide,
With Dandelion by my side;
But I some gay parterre may gain,
And blend with Flora's chosen train.
Perhaps some choice protected bed,
With cover'd glass may guard my head;
Or I may breathe in genial stoves,
And live in aromatic groves."

She sigh'd her wishes to the breeze,
As she pass'd thro' the trembling trees;
The faithful breeze the whisper bears,
To Daffodil's enamour'd ears;
He grateful stretch'd his willing arms,
And to his bed convey'd her charms;
With joy she quits the lowly bank,
To dwell with plants of higher rank;
Access obtains to fragrant bowers,
And mixes with politest flowers;

Line 51. **parterre**: formal, patterned garden.

Line 55. **stoves**: used to protect plants from frost.
Grows intimate with Pinks and Roses,
And gains admittance into posies.

Did virtue flow from change of station,
To bless this soil of cultivation?
Ah no! — the garden foster’d Pride,
With many a baneful weed beside;
For now, companion of the rich,
She scoffs the inmates of the ditch;
Vi’lets and cowslips treats with scorn,
Though neighbour’s children they were born.
When in the grove with Amaranthus,
She only nods at Polyanthus;
Calls the meek Snowdrop an old Pocus,
And does not even know the Crocus.

All artificial thus she grew,
And none the simple Primrose view;
Her stem degenerates from her sires,
Enfeebled by exotic fires;
And pleas’d the tattling flowers all talk:
How hideous is her slender stalk.
For envy, foe to all the fair,
Impregnated this polish’d air.

In the sweet Lily’s fine complexion,
The Piony sees imperfection;
So sick she looks, so pale, so faint,
While that bold flower was said to paint:
Though some aver that such carmine
Could ne’er be factur’d with design.

Line 78. **Polyanthus**: a hybrid primrose; i.e., a relative the poem’s heroine would barely acknowledge.

Line 79. **Pocus**: possibly short for the imitation Latin phrase *hocus pocus*; in the late eighteenth century to “hocus pocus” meant to trick or deceive.

Line 94. **factur’d**: created or executed; the term is often applied to works of art.
The Rose beyond a doubt wore red,
And pretty was the blush she spread.
The modest rose must needs confess
The Tulip had no taste in dress;
Such vulgar fancy she display'd,
When in her tawdry garb array'd;
None but a rustic, sure, could think
Of blending yellow with her pink.

Thus they defame, while thus they mingle;
The double flowers despise the single:
To charm, the single find less power,
And envious view the double flower.

No more of bliss the Primrose knew,
Than when beneath the hedge she grew;
For there, if Art more wants denied,
Kind Nature real wants supplied.
The zephyrs fann'd her as they stray'd,
The oak reviv'd her with his shade;
The hedge secur'd her tender form
From the rude bluster of the storm.
The morning's sun renew'd her hue;
The evening bath'd her in his dew.

But Nature's bounty vainly flows;
Vain are the gifts her hand bestows.
Thus man, of most ungrateful mind,
Esteems them of imperfect kind;
Practis'd in each factitious rule,
He scorns dame Nature's homely school;
To Art his every thought consigns,
While Virtue sinks as he refines.

So in the Primrose it was seen,
Chang'd was her native rural mien;
Chang’d was that hue so chastely fair;
That modest unassuming air:
Each emblem of an artless mind,
In Nature’s hedge was left behind.

To Mr. On his leaving England

WHILE wand’ring far from Britain’s coast
Thou seek’st the distant way,
Still let thy mind retain the boast,
That friendship urg’d thy stay.

Still let thy bosom proudly own;
That though in friendship’s eye
The tear may spring—not she alone
Will heave the parting sigh.

Thy worth, thy genius, and thy art,
Extend a wider claim;
To live immortal in the heart
Of Virtue and of Fame.

Ah, then return to Britain’s isle!
Return to glad her shore!
Return where beams the royal smile!*
And leave that Sun no more.

(1796)

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* This Gentleman was a Preceptor in the Duke of Gloucester’s family. [Possibly referring to Henry William Majendie (1754-1830), Canon of Windsor and St. Paul’s and Bishop of Chester.]

Line 16. that Sun: royalty are traditionally likened to the sun. William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was a brother of King George III.
To a Lady; On her approaching Nuptials
(Written in May, 1797)

FOR you, my dear madam, may Hymen appear,
In a brilliant new dress like this prime of the year!
May his flame colour'd garments be now laid aside!
Those garments he fashion'd when Eve was a bride.
Let his old saffron mantle no longer be seen;
Be that colour supplanted by Nature's own green.
On his robe may each emblem of joy be pourtray'd,
Which is now on the face of this goddess display'd!
Let garlands of flowers his vestments adorn,
All vivid their hues as in Summer's bright morn!
There let typical figures be curiously wrought,
And look to the sight just the thing that they ought:
Like the shield of Achilles, where poets have told,
"The ox rear'd his horns and seem'd lowing in gold."
The vallies rose high with the soft waving grain,
And sickles were bending beneath the rude swain.

First let Love lead the Group—a beautiful youth,
With aspect ingenuous, the semblance of truth:
Not as fable describes—a capricious blind boy,
Who is sporting with darts that at random destroy.
Fair Peace crown'd with olives his train shall adorn,
And Plenty beside her bedeck'd with her horn;
Sweet Health shall exhibit the glow on her cheeks,
And the bosom serene, which her presence bespeaks;
While Time in the rear shall at Pleasure's command,
Suspend the dread scythe that he holds in his hand.

Line 3. **flame coloured garments**: the torch of Hymen, god of marriage, was reputed to burn bright at the outset and then quickly fade. See page 94.

Line 11: **typical figures**: emblems that represent types.

Thus for you, my dear Madam, may Hymen be drest!
Each emblem auspicious thus stamp’d on his vest.
May the light of his torch represent that mild ray,
Which now temper’d by Taurus illumines the day!
Not too radiantly fierce the warm glow of its fire,
Not too lambent and dull, ever prompt to expire.
May it burn with a flame that is steady and true!
Such as Virtue demands,—and is challeng’d by you.

(1797)

On a very Dear Friend Drinking the Cheltenham Waters
for the recovery of his Health
To Hygeia

GODDESS attend this votive lay,
All thy healing arts display!
Health to my Lysander give,
And in her smiles—O bid him live!

Waft thy balms around his head,
Sooth the slumbers of his bed;
Let CHELTENHAM’S breeze thy vigour bring,
And let him drink thee from her spring!

Then shall the muse applaud her name,
And CHELTENHAM live enroll’d in fame!

On a very Dear Friend. Title. Cheltenham: a resort town in western England whose waters were thought to be beneficial to health.

Dedication. Hygeia: Greek goddess of health.

Line 3. Lysander: Spartan general; probably a nickname for Moody’s husband Christopher. See page 174.
Since richer gifts her springs unfold,
Than Lydia’s stream whose sands were gold.

(1797)

From a Gentleman to a Little Girl, Whose Profile
he had taken on paper, and afterwards had desired to have a pillow
dressed in her usual apparel that he might represent the figure also

WHAT form enchanting strikes my view?
Such charms are in my Delia seen!
Her frock transparent—robe of blue,—
‘Tis Delia’s self, her air and mien!

I bow obsequious to the fair,
No bending knees requite my pains;
I speak—my words are lost in air;
In cruel silence she remains,

And heeds me not—though thus I court:
“Will Delia close these eyes in bands?
Or does my fair prefer the sport
Of Puss that in the corner stands?

Or shall I search my childhood’s store?
The rich repast of youthful times;
Repeat my infant treasure o’er,
My horn-book’s alphabetick rhimes.

On a very Dear Friend. Line 12. **Lydia’s stream**: the river Pactolus in Asia Minor, in which King Midas is said to have washed his hands.
Or tales that lull the babe to rest,
Of sleeping beauty in the wood;
Of Robin with the rosy breast,
Or poor deceiv’d Red-riding-hood.

I raise the banquet, fruit and flowers;
I cull the fairest for my guest;
The choicest myrtle of my bowers,
And fruit the ripest and the best.”

But she nor Peach nor Pine would taste;
Unmov’d by Apple, Plumb, or Pear.—
Ah! then the phantom stood confest,
And proved MY DELIA was not there.

Mute be the tongue that said ‘twas she!
Luckless the hour I fool believ’d!
Perish the hand that flatter’d me;
The hand that thus my sight deceiv’d!

That thus contriv’d with art so tricking,
A semblance shameful, yet too true!
A lump of feathers bound in ticking,
Look’d—O MY DELIA! just like you.

The Old Maid to Stella

RECORD my Muse, of woes the train,
That fill the ancient maiden’s state;
Nor treat my numbers with disdain,
But warn’d my Stella—shun her fate.

Ah! see yon drooping fading flower,*
How fair in morning’s rays it shone!
Left on its stem till evening’s hour;
Behold its blooming honours gone!

None seek it now with eager eyes,
None court its fragrance to their breast;
Despoil’d of beauty — low it lies,
Nor ever makes one bosom blest.

And e’en had youth a longer date,
Were longer life to beauty lent;
How solitary yet the state
Of days in celibacy spent!

Amid creation’s joys and woes,
Alone the unsocial fair remains;
No bosom with her rapture glows;
No bosom sorrows with her pains.

Unfix’d she roves from place to place,
A star belonging to no sphere;
Indifference meets in every face,
Or Insult’s rude illiberal sneer.

* Ecco poi nudo il sen gia baldanzosa
Dispiega, ecco poi langue, e non par quella;
Quella non par, che desiata avanti
Fu do mille Donzelle e mille amanti.  [Italian poet Torquato] Tasso [(1544-95), Jerusalem Delivered, 16.14. In a speech addressing life’s brevity, a wondrous bird in the heroine Armida’s garden likens human existence to that of a rose who withholds her budding beauties, “And after spreads them forth more broad and bold;/ Then languisheth and dies in last extremes./ For seems the same that decked bed and bow’r/ Of many a lady late and paramour.” Translated by Edward Fairfax.]

Title. Stella: coterie pseudonym of an unidentified friend of Moody. See page 301 for a published reply to this poem.

Line 3. numbers: verses.
Perhaps on gloomy patrons she,
(Sad destiny) is doom’d to wait;
In her a *monster* children see,
And youthful maidens loath her state.

Nor think my Stella, though you’ve past
The world below the lunar sphere;
Your sorrows will no longer last,
But perish in oblivion here.

Chaste nymths of Dian—now no more!
Priscilla, Lydia,*—aid my song!
Ah! could ye speak your practis’d lore,
My ardent theme would needs prolong!

I see you on the infernal shore!
E’en *there* tremendous *Charon†* chides;
And gives you with his poignant oar
More blows than any ghosts besides.

I still pursue where Pluto reigns;
There with dread imps your days are bound;
There Minos binds in circling chains,
The *grinning* APES you lead around.

* Two celebrated old maids in Stella’s family [unidentified].

† Charon demonio con occhi di bragia
Lor accennando tutte le raccoglie,
batte col remo qualunque s’adagia. Dante. [*Inferno* 3.109-11. “The demon Charon [ferryman of the dead], with eyes of burning coal,/ beckons to them and gathers them all in,/ smiting with his oar any that linger.” Translated by John D. Sinclair.]

Line 33. **nymths of Dian**: followers of the virgin goddess Diana (in Greek myth, Artemis).

Line 37. **infernal shore**: of Acheron, one of the rivers of death surrounding hell.

Lines 43-44. **Minos ... apes**: According to medieval tradition, unmarried women married apes in the next world; this belief sparked the popular maxim “leading apes in hell.”
Such, Stella, such shall be your fate!
If still you scorn the suppliant Love;
Advis’d reflect—the wedded state
Gives HEAVEN below—and HEAVEN above.

(1788)

To a Friend, Who resided on the banks of the Thames

If raptures rise while I survey
Of Thames the silver bed;
If far my longing glances stray
Through mazy windings led.

Is it that his unruffled tide
With smoothest current flows?
Or that his cool embower’d side
A fragrant gale bestows?

Or that beside his glassy stream
Fair Hampton’s valleys smile?
That Windsor’s turrets rise supreme
O’er many an ancient pile?

Is it that once his vocal plains
With sounds angelick rung?

To a Friend.  Title.  a Friend: probably Moody’s poetic mentor, Edward Lovibond of Hampton.


That once his grots inspir'd those strains
My darling Poet* sung?

Or that my earliest breath I drew
Where Thames's waters glide?
Ah! no—he laves the banks where you:
Where you, my FRIEND, reside.

From a Lover to His Mistress.
Who had desired him to burn her Letter

VOUS m'ordonnez de la brûler,
Cette lettre charmante,
Seul bien qui peut me consoler,
De vous savoir absente.
Eh bien! au gré de vos desirs
La voila consumée,
Et j'ai vu mes plus doux plaisirs
S'exhaler en fumée.

Un spectacle aussi douloureux
Eut enchanté votre ame;
Mais pour moi; quel object affreux
Que votre lettre en flamme!
Interprêtes de mes douleurs,
Et ne sachant point feindre,
Mes yeux ont tant versés de pleurs
Qu'ils ont faillis l'eteindre.

* Mr. [Alexander] Pope.

To a Friend. Line 15. grots: grottoes; popular elements of eighteenth-century landscaping. Pope's garden at Twickenham was famous for its fanciful grotto.

From a Lover. See page 136 for Moody's translation.
Translation

Cruel, indeed, was that command,
To burn a letter from your hand;
And in your absence to destroy
All my remaining source of joy.

Yet see, I yield to your desire,
The billet doux is all on fire!
And what did liveliest bliss provoke
Evaporates in gloomy smoke.

Perhaps this melancholy sight
Your Soul had fill’d with sweet delight:
Whilst I, alas! with horror gaz’d
On my sole treasure as it blaz’d.

My eyes interpreting my woe,
With unfeign’d sorrows overflow;
So fast the falling torrent came
As might have serv’d to quench the flame.

Whate'er my destiny may wait;
Since you decide my future fate,
Should you vouchsafe again to send,
Another letter to your friend;

Subservient to your rigour still,
And eager to obey your will;
I'll next my heart a place prepare,
And burn it to a cinder there.

(1797)

Speeches, In the French Convention,
on the decree for taking up Mirabeau’s Bones

Robespierre

CITIZEN Colleagues—I demand
Justice from your unerring hand;
Justice, O Citizens bestow!
On the dead Traitor, Mirabeau!
Who by fraternal love was sent
To the Pantheon Monument.
A Corpse we thought deserving fame,
That justly bore a Patriot’s name;

And little dream’t to whom we gave,
The tribute of an honour’d grave.
O much deceiv'd, abus'd, Convention!
Behold, base Mirabeau's intention
Was to espouse the tyrant's cause,
And baffle Civic oaths and laws.
'Twere well for him, this was not known,
Ere death had mark'd him for his own;
For had he liv'd a little longer,
Had feeble Nature been but stronger;
Disease had never clos'd his eyes;
But Death—the Guillotine supplies,
Had sent him to the infernal shore,
Never to mix with Patriots more.
But when a traitor once is dead,
And justice cheated of his head,
What can vindictive art invent?
He's past the reach of punishment.
Were we to rack him on the wheel,
Alas! we could not make him feel.
Were we to rend his treacherous heart,
No blood would issue from the part;
What penal act can then be sought
To gratify one vengeful thought?
O could we find Promethean heat
To bid again those pulses beat!
Could we to senseless atoms give
Re-animated power to live!
Then would we fill each empty vein
With blood—that we might spill again.
But now no flesh his body owns,
And worms have only left his bones.

Line 13. **tyrant's cause**: radicals perceived Mirabeau and his moderate colleagues as supportive of the ousted monarchy.

Line 19. **Disease**: Mirabeau probably died of kidney disease.

Line 27. **the wheel**: instrument of torture designed to mutilate its victims by stretching and disjointing them.
These *bones* must then our wrath suffice;  
A poor imperfect sacrifice.  
Straight from the tomb be these convey'd,  
And in their place—be Marat's laid.

Danton

    Citizen Colleagues—pleas’d I hear  
The motion made by Robespierre.  
And by this fond fraternal hug,  
I vow to see the traitor dug  
Clean from the earth with *all his bones*;  
But digging—we shall hear no groans.  
Citizen Robespierre has given  
A hint of fire once stole from heaven;  
Prometheus stole it poets say,  
To make alive a man of clay.  
Citizen Colleagues—I require  
That search be made for this said fire.  
What though the flame was stole from heaven,  
No matter whether stole or given.  
*Good Patriots* scruple not to steal,  
*When theft* can serve the public weal.  
And Liberty all unconfined  
Appropriates things of every kind  
To its own use, nor doth conceive  
She need to ask the owner’s leave.  
*By earthly bodies* thus we do;  
*Why not by heavenly bodies* too?

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**Line 44. Marat's** Jean-Paul Marat (1743-93), Swiss-born French radical; one of the fiercest advocates of violence during the Reign of Terror. Marat was assassinated in his bathtub.

**Speech heading. Danton:** Georges-Jacques Danton (1759-94), radical colleague of Robespierre and Marat on the Committee of Public Safety, the Convention group that orchestrated the Terror.
I vote that in a swift balloon,
Barrére may travel to the moon.
Travel through regions light and dark,
And try to find this famous spark.
It may perchance that he may sail
And catch a Comet by the tail,
Or meet with Mercury in the sky,
And pillage him in passing by;
Or should he overtake the Sun;
A thing most easy to be done.
Then let him rob the God of day,
To animate our man of clay.
The vital flame to him we'll give,
And Mirabeau again shall live.
That we new modes of death may try,
And Mirabeau again may die.

Applauses hail’d the purpos’d deed,
The wise Convention straight decreed
That Barrére mount th’ethereal car,
In quest of plunder from some star.

(1794)

On Youth

BLITHE SOME Goddess! sprightly youth!
Source of innocence and truth.
Fairest virtues form thy train,
Choicest blessings crown thy reign.

Speeches. Line 68. Barrére: Bertrand Barère de Vieuzez (1755-1841), deputy to the National Assembly and Convention; another orchestrator of the Terror.
As thy opening charms advance,
See them all around thee dance.
See them all around thee bow,
Weaving garlands for thy brow.
Health presents her ruddy face,
Vigour offers active grace.
Mirth bestows her harmless wiles,
Sportive frolicks, cheerful smiles.
Beauty from her genuine springs,
In thy lap her treasure flings.
These combine to deck thy mien,
And on thy placid front are seen.

Nature brings her purest fires,
Love that glows with chaste desires.
Friendship undebased by art,
Candour’s unsuspicious heart.
Valour’s generous ardent flame,
Burning with the thirst of fame.
These in simple colours rest,
Grace the mirror of thy breast.

Genius gives the tuneful quire,
Thine the harp and thine the lyre;
Thine the Poet’s glowing themes,
Thine are Fancy’s brightest dreams;
Thine are Musick’s softest powers,
Thine are Life’s harmonious hours;
Thine the jocund spirits gay,
Dancing Suns that round thee play.
Hope that every wish supplies,
Thoughtless ease that care defies.
Virtues, pleasures, half divine,
These, enchanting Youth! are thine!

(1788)
To a Beautiful Little Girl, of four years old, sitting in her Baby-house surrounded by her Play-things

LITTLE Queen of infant treasure,
Smiling on thy seat of pleasure,
Happy in each fancied blessing,
More than Monarchs worlds possessing.
Culling sweets from every rose,
That in thy fairy garden grows.
Thy breast as yet untaught by sighs.
To check the transports as they rise.
No dread thy little bosom fills,
Of physical or moral ills;
With pure delight thy eye surveys
The splendid toys that round thee blaze;
Nor could a richer joy be thine,
Did all Potosi yield her mine.
Thy tiny cup of silver brings
A sweeter draught than cups of kings.
The Doll for whom thy love prepares,
These emblems of maternal cares;
For whom this little board is spread,
For whom thou deck’st this little bed,
Obedient to thy magick wand,
Still eats or sleeps at thy command;
And tho’ thou play’st the mother’s part,
No mother’s pang corrodes thy heart.

Oh! ever might thy future years
Be thus exempt from hopes and fears!
Thus with smooth current glide away,
While beams of joy thus round thee play!

Title. **Baby-house**: doll’s house.

Line 14. **Potosi**: rich silver mine in Bolivia.
But thou a blended lot must share,
And with the blessing take the care.
Then lovely Mary hug thy toys,
Unsullied source of infant joys!
And, while thou can’st, the pleasure keep,
To lull thy waxen babe to sleep.

(1788)

Address’d To a Picture of Prudence

_When_ unrestrain’d my simple heart
Would let the world its follies see;
Thy wise reserve do thou impart,
And let me _PRUDENCE_ think on thee.

When wit her dangerous mirth supplies,
Provoking laughter’s heedless glee
To check my fancies as they rise,
I’ll turn my eyes to look on thee.

If prone to blab a Gossip’s tale,
And let the imprison’d secret free;
That look demure shall then prevail,
And silent I will copy thee.

If Discord in my bosom rise,
And Anger uncontroll’d would be;
I’ll seek thy form with eager eyes,
And calm my rage by viewing thee.

To a Beautiful Little Girl. Line 31. Mary: in the _St. James’s Chronicle_ version of this poem, the child is identified as Miss Mary M—t. No further information is available.

Address’d to a Picture. Title. _Picture of Prudence_: representations of personified abstractions were ubiquitous in eighteenth-century literature and art.
When lavish bounty guides my hand,
And thou shalt urge Discretion’s plea;
My heart resign’d to thy command,
Shall yield its impulse up to thee.

Sage goddess on whose sober brow,
I many a sapient maxim see;
Time bids me at thy shrine to bow,
And never more abandon thee.

(1790)

To a Little Girl, On burying her favourite Bird.

WHEN sprinkled with the morning dew,
The opening rose appears;
Methinks, I then Maria view
Thy blushes and thy tears.

And as the Sun those drops exhales,
And dries the morning dew;
The Sun of youth o’er tears prevails,
Again—I think on you.

The plaintive bird that haunts my grove,
Remembers me of thee;
Thy little offices of love
And tender grief I see.

I see thy darling songster lie
In death’s eternal sleep;

To a Little Girl. Line 3. Maria: In the St. James’s Chronicle version of this poem, the child is identified as Miss Maria G—. No further information is available.
I see thy gentle pitying eye,  
    With soft compassion weep.

I follow thee to yonder glade,  
    Array'd in purest white;  
With Cypress boughs to form a shade,  
    And plan a funeral rite.

Thy hands a mossy tomb prepare,  
    Bedeck'd with simple flowers;  
The daisy and the cowslip there,  
    Are cull'd from Nature's bowers.

I see the tears those eyes bestow,  
    Tears unalloy'd by art;  
I greet the spring from whence they flow;  
    A spotless infant heart.

(1789)

The Rose; To Dr. Priestley

Dr. Priestley having observed in his book intituled, Experiments upon Air, that a Rose kept under a glass jar had in a short time so infected the air as to render it unfit for respiration, occasioned the following poem.

AH! once to purest unpolluted fame,  
I fairest flower with ardent hope aspired!  
Once every Muse rever'd my honor'd name,  
And every eye my blushing charms desired.

To a Little Girl. Line 18. **Cypress:** cypress branches were used as a symbol of mourning.

The Rose. Title. Joseph Priestley (see page 87) published his *Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air* between 1774 and 1790. See page 303 for a published reply to this poem.
My blooming race th'immortal Bard has sung,
That first in groves of Paradise we grew;
That there we lovelier blossom'd, fairer sprung,
Our verdant stems* no thorny briers knew.

My fame the animated canvass speaks,
Descriptive beauty borrows charms from me;
Behold! my hues display'd in Hebe's cheeks!
The radiant morn with rosy fingers see!

Unblemish'd long my modest beauties glow'd,
Unblemish'd sweets those beauties shed around:
And wafted odours by the breeze bestow'd,
Were balmy treasures in my bosom found.

The nymphs and swains delighting to inhale
So pure a breath, oft woo'd the vernal air.
Presumptuous science now defames that gale,
Whose rich effluvia gods might deign to share.

Detested Sage whose penetrating eye
Surveys mysterious Nature's secret powers!
Dare thy Experiments my fame decry,
And rank my scent with that of vilest flowers?

With Night-shade, Hellebore and Aconite;
Whose noxious juice contains the livid death?
Who lurk in desarts far from mortal sight;
Nor blend with Flora's sweets their tainted breath?

* "And without thorn the rose—." Milton's Paradise Lost, Book 4 [Line 256].

Line 11. Hebe's Hebe is the Greek goddess of youth.

Line 27. desarts: wildernesses.
Ah! should persuasion crown thy learned lore,
And fame applaud thy scientifick taste!
An exile I from this luxuriant shore,
On barren mountains may my odours waste!

No more of Summer’s chosen bowers the pride,
My leaves expanding to the orient Sun!
No more on Beauty’s snowy breast reside!
Beauty shall learn my baleful charms to shun.

Nor e’er transport me to th’embellish’d room,
In China’s splendid vases to appear;
Nor round her couch admit my dread perfume,
Nor dare to slumber if the Rose be near.

No more shall Luxury to give me birth;
Raise the warm pile excluding winter’s cold!
And ‘mid the dreary scenes of frozen earth
Court my reluctant graces to unfold.

Yet know — whate’er thy celebrated art,
Whate’er thy volumes may presume to show!
The Rose shall grateful pleasure still impart,
And still a welcome fragrance shall bestow!

Remote from science in the unletter’d plain,
Where no philosopher our fame assails;
Where unproach’d still bloom the vernal train;
There unimpeach’d shall flow our spicy gales.

(1788)

Line 42. warm pile: i.e., a greenhouse.

Line 49. unletter’d: not learned. See Thomas Gray’s “Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard,” Line 81. This is but one of several echoes of Gray’s poem.

Line 50. philosopher: scholar; thinker.
Verses Written on the Unfortunate Queen of France, just before her Execution, in 1793

REVERSE my lyre thy sprightly measure;
Thy songs of youth thy songs of pleasure!
   Fantastick joys and pains.
Time fraught with sadness on his wings,
Invites the touch of solemn strings,
   That vibrate plaintive strains.

Nor thou my Muse reluctant tread,
The haunts by sorrowing fancy led,
   Disdaining Pity’s part;
Revere her drops that fill thine eyes;
From Virtue’s spring those drops arise
   To meliorate thy heart.

Go then to Gallia’s hapless climes;
There weave thy wreath of mournful rhimes,
   And swell the notes of woe!
Thou there from many a source of sorrow,
Heart-rending themes of grief may’st borrow,
   To bid thy numbers flow.

Go seek the cell with darkness spread,
There prostrate on a straw-made bed,
   Contemplate thou—a Queen!
What grief her faded form bespeaks!
Her tear-swoll’n eyes, her pallid cheeks,
   Her woe-depicted mien!

Title. Queen of France: Marie-Antoinette, consort of Louis XVI. Both were imprisoned during the Reign of Terror and executed in 1793. The image of the imprisoned queen was an affecting one for readers and writers of the time.
Damp chilling vapours round her flow;
Contagious gales in murmurs blow,
    That echo back her sighs;
Death's image haunts her troubled rest,
In every form of horror drest,
    The spectre's visions rise.

Illustrious sport of fickle fate!
What change stupendous marks thy state!
    Once glory of the world!
From tow'ring heights of regal pride;
From the full flow of Fortune's tide,
    To depths of misery hurl'd!

From homage paid great Gallia's Queen;
Allegiance with obsequious mien,
    And courtesy refin'd:
From Adulation's bended knee,
Rebellion's front now doom'd to see,
    In herds of base mankind!

From grandeur that with empires vied:
Imperial power extending wide
    Authority's command;
Destin'd vile miscreants to obey,
To own the rule of ruffian sway,
    And tremble at its hand.

From brilliant circles of a throne,
Where pleasure's gay enchantments shone,
    To fascinate the mind!
From royal domes and splendid halls,
Immur'd within a prison's walls,
    To solitude consign'd!

Line 41. front: forehead.
No friend to dry Affliction’s tear,
To chase pale Terror’s boding fear,
And from despair to save!
Those faithful friends, alas! have bled;
Those lov’d companions all been led
To exile or the grave.

When Hymen lit thy nuptial flame,
Adoring nations forward came,
Presenting loyal vows;
The Loves and Graces round thee play’d,
And Beauty richest garlands made
To decorate thy brows.

Ah, see thee now!—a prisoner wait!
While tyrant counsellors debate,
To sign thy final doom!
Thee now the fiend of vengeance calls,
From guilt and shame’s devoted walls,
To murder and the tomb.

(1793)

Funereal Thoughts, On the death of my Brother
Edward Greenly, Esq. of Clifton

Oimè, terra è fatto il suo bel viso! PETRARCA.

Dear shade, for whom these mourning tears I shed,
Gone to the dreary mansions of the dead!

Funereal Thoughts. Title. Edward Greenly: Moody’s brother Edward (1735-97) lived in Clifton, a suburb of Bristol in western England known for its healthful hot springs.

Epigraph: “Alas, [his] beautiful face has become clay.” From Petrarch’s Canzone 268, Line 34. Translated by Robert M. Durling.
Gone to that dark recess whence none return!
And fruitless is the grief that bathes thy urn.
O from the grave—Reflection turn away!
Turn from the weeping thought of breathless clay!
From death's loath'd caverns lift my pitying eyes,
Where the cold senseless form disfigured lies;
Lead to the skies my visionary sight,
Trace the lov'd spirit in the realms of light!
There soothing images fair Fancy paints,
And sees it greeted by its kindred saints.
An Angel Parent foremost in the train,
Expands her arms to meet her son again.
Welcome, methinks, she cries, to this blest shore!
No Death-dissolving ties, shall part us more.
Welcome pure spirit, to this world of peace!
Thy cares are past,—here human sorrows cease.
No dreaded ills awake the trembling fear!
No bitter cup of sickness meets thee here!
Welcome to happiness unchang'd by fate!
The fix'd duration of the heavenly state.
No varying periods of revolving time;
No sad reverse of age from youthful prime.
No fleeting sandy hour of life, here runs,
Whose waning joys are mark'd by setting suns.
In this celestial world—this life divine!
A whole eternity of bliss—is thine.

(1797)

Line 13. **Angel Parent**: Mary (Shepherd) Greenly, who died in 1777.
On the Death, of My Much Valued Friend, Edward Lovibond, Esq.

Ah! what avails that thee the Muses crown’d,
And on thy brow an honor’d garland bound!
That in thy polish’d mind bright genius shone,
That classick learning gave thee all her own!
Cold is that breast, and quench’d its native fire!
Mute is that voice! and mute that tuneful lyre!
O could my Muse but emulate thy lays!
That grateful muse should celebrate thy praise;
Should guard thy virtues from oblivion’s sleep,
And o’er thy urn bid distant ages weep!
Yet tho’ no laureate flowers bestrew thy hearse,
Nor pompous sounds exalt the glowing verse!
Sincerer truth inspires this humbler strain,
And bids the friend in faithful notes complain:
Bids o’er thy tomb the Muse her sorrows shed,
And mourn her Genius number’d with the dead.

(1775)

On the Death of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford

A transient glory honors Orford’s name;
The sound of Walpole is the sound of fame.
Some moral sighs the death of Orford drew,
But tears of science are to Walpole due.

On the Death of My Much Valued Friend. Title: Edward Lovibond: see pages 64 and 134. A version of this poem prefaced Lovibond’s posthumous Poems on Several Occasions (1785).

On the Death of Horace Walpole. Title. Horace Walpole: Walpole, 4th earl of Orford (1717-97), was a celebrated writer, antiquarian, and wit. A distant cousin of Moody, he lived in Twickenham across the Thames from her home.

Orford a feeble ray of splendor gave;  
A glow-worm light—to fade on Walpole’s grave.

(1797)

A Hymn of Gratitude

Father of love! O teach my voice  
With grateful accents to rejoice!  
Teach me in pious strains to sing,  
The mercies of my heavenly King.

Parent of universal good!  
Whose bounteous hand supplies my food;  
Whose guardian hand directs my way,  
And leads me safe through every day.

Each morning’s health, each evening’s rest,  
The calm content that soothes my breast;  
Each fond endearing social hour,  
I owe to thy all-gracious power.

If from thy truth’s celestial ray,  
My erring feet in darkness stray;  
The devious path thou bid’st me see;  
Thy grace recalls me back to thee.

On life’s first dawn thy blessings flowed;  
Kind mercies then thy love bestow’d.  
And when my latest sand is run;  
Far nobler crown my setting Sun.

Ascend then in a song of love,  
My thankful heart to God above!
Be his my voice and his my lyre!
Till voice and song in death expire.

(1798)

To My Niece, Miss Greenly of Clifton;
Who had made me a present of a Candle Screen

FLOWN are, alas! those halcyon days,
When wand’ring by the lunar rays,
I fondly trod the silent grove,
And gave my thoughts to verse and love!
Now soon as evening dews descend,
Straight to my Cot my steps I bend.
There by a less poetic fire;
To calmer wisdom I aspire.
I trace the philosophick page,
In search of happiness for age.
The moralist there bids me know:
Life has some blessing to bestow,
Through ev’ry state of varying time;
To hoary locks from youthful prime,
If virtue does but guide our way,
Nor from her path our foot-steps stray.
That nature oft doth age sustain,
Free from the pangs of grief or pain.
And when dispell’d by sober truth,
The visionary joys of youth,
And all life’s glitt’ring scenes are past;
FRIENDSHIP remains to gild the last.
While thus I read my eyes I turn,
To view my tapers as they burn;

To My Niece. Title. Miss Greenly: Moody’s niece Elizabeth Greenly was the daughter of Edward Greenly and his first cousin, also named Elizabeth Greenly.
And while the soft reflected light
Is temper'd to my aching sight,
I grateful hail the pleasing aid;
The gift, the giver, and the shade.
My heart the sages truth allows,
And gives to FRIENDSHIP all her vows.

FRIENDSHIP! I cry, by heav'n is sent,
To sooth our age's discontent:
She comes with kind endearing powers,
To comfort nature's evening hours.
Yet here I pause, —new doubts arise,—
The phantom for a moment flies—
Will Friendship then her love extend,
When time has chang'd the youthful friend?
When his cold shades the soul o'ercast,
And ev'ry genial sense is past?
When calm content deserts the mind,
To conquering time but half resign'd.
And cares corrode the peevish breast
Of gentle patience dispossess'd?
When all derang'd the mental store,
Of wit or wisdom yields no more?
When mem'ry fails, and dulness tires;
And the lov'd Muse no more inspires?
Will Friendship's rays disperse this gloom?
And light this passage to the tomb?
O yes! her faithful steady flame,
Through ev'ry period burns the same.
She follows life through ev'ry stage,
Its joy in youth,—its balm in age;
Still loves the mind decay'd by years,
And bathes the ruin with her tears.

While painting thus the sacred flame,
Warm from my heart the colours came:
May your's confess the likeness true!
And this my pictur'd friend—be you!

On Leaving Brentely Hall, In Suffolk; the seat of
Edward Goate, Esq. Address'd to my friends of that Mansion
(Written in the year 1760.)

WITH ling’ring pace my steps I turn,
From fair BRENTELY'S plains;
My eyes with humid glances mourn,
The heart that there remains.

Still hov’ring o'er the smiling vale,
On Fancy's wings I stray;
Still, still I breathe the fragrant gale,
Still tread the flow'ry way.

And still the cheerful circle meet,
Of social friends around;
Still hear pleas'd Echo mirth repeat;
And strains of joy resound.

And still I view the plenteous board;
That cheers the stranger guest;
With smiles reflected from its Lord,
Whose welcome glads the feast.

There ev'ry charm of sense I find!
There warmest friendship glows!
There wit, the banquet of the mind;
With purest current flows!

On Leaving. Title. Brentely Hall: Brent-Eleigh Hall, near Lavenham, Suffolk. Edward Goate's daughter Mary (d. 1814) was Moody's lifelong friend. This is Elizabeth's Moody's earliest surviving poem.
Thus Fancy lenient balm reveals,
To sooth my sad adieu!
Fancy — the pains of absence heals,
And brings me back to you.

(1760)

EPIGRAMS

From the Pope to the K— of Naples,
on his having refused him an Asylum

AFTER all for the good of your Soul I have done,
You care not what dangers my body may run;
Yet return of Salvation I look'd for from you;
This at least from your Soul to my body is due.

(1798)

On the Resurrection-Men

THE French are all coming to pillage and burn us,
And with desperate rage from our houses to turn us:
But our Englishmen no such vile practice depraves;
They are only for turning us out of our graves.

(1798)

From the Pope. Title. the Pope: Pius VI, Pope from 1775-99, was refused protection by the King of Naples when the French revolutionists took over Rome; he died a prisoner in France.


Line 1. The French: England was at war with France, whose expansionist incursions in Europe and landings in Ireland and Wales provoked intense invasion fears in the English.
To a Lady, Who was a great Talker

IF your friendship to take I must take too your clack,
That friendship, methinks, I could almost give back;
Yet for worlds would I not with your amity part,
Could you lock up your tongue when you open your heart.

(1797)

On reading in the News-paper that Thirty Prayer-Books
had been stolen out of a Church

THIRTY Prayer-books to steal—was a bad speculation,
Since long by the thief they may lie;
For Piety now is a drug in the nation,
That few will be willing to buy.

(1794)

Another

"THOU shalt not steal" the Prayer-book says;
But what can thieves control?
For see in these degenerate days,
That very book is stole!

(1794)
To a Friend, Who gave the Author a Reading Glass

STILL to my sight thy love doth rise
To bless each state I pass!
The same I met with youthful eyes,
I see through Age's glass.

On Hearing a Very Disagreeable Preacher

O cease that uninviting strain!
Such guides to Heaven must tempt in vain!
Thorny the path thou need'st must know,
And who through thorns with thee could go?
No harder task in grace I see
Than that which bids me follow thee.

(1788)

On Mr. Wilkes, Losing his Election at Brentford;
A Parody: Address'd to his late Constituents, in the year 1790

Can ye forget that memorable day,
When Liberty her banners did display?
Can ye forget what Chalk that moment sold,
When forty-five on ev'ry Coach was told?

On Mr. Wilkes. Title: Mr. Wilkes: controversial radical politician and popular hero John Wilkes (1725-97). First elected a Member of Parliament in 1768, Wilkes lost his seat in 1790. Parody: This poem is a parody not only of Wilkes, but of Alexander Pope's poem "Eloisa to Abelard." Brentford: county seat of Middlesex, west of London.

Line 2. Liberty: Wilkes' rallying-cry among his supporters was "Wilkes and Liberty."

Lines 3-4. Chalk ... Coach: At Wilkes' election rallies his supporters chalked the number 45 on the doors of carriages and houses. It stood for the North Briton No. 45, a 1763 publication whose attack on the Bute administration resulted in Wilkes' conviction for seditious libel and his imprisonment for ten months.
As with professing lips I woo'd the Poll,
What thund'ring plaudits o'er my head did roll.
Brentford scarce credited the things I said,
And mobs with wonder heard the vows I made.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?
Another Member charms your faithless eyes.
Ah! where was HORNE TOKE then!—his voice, his hand,
His eloquence—your dying flame had fann'd.
"Apostates stay!—your wavering votes restrain:
Let JOHNNY WILKES be chosen once again."
I can no more—by shame—by rage suppress!
Let Middlesex electors speak the rest.

(1790)

The Temptation; Or, Satan in the Country
The trifling Incident of a Lady having paid a Card Debt,
very undesignedly, with a bad Shilling, gave rise to this
Poem.—It was written and published in the year 1781.

O nostra Umanità quanto se frale! GUARINI.

IN London's city Satan long
Had rul'd the num'rous giddy throng;
There each subservient to his sway,
Still follow'd as he led the way.

But cloy'd at length with tame submission,
For Glory's source is opposition;

The Temptation. Subtitle. Published in the year 1781: place of publication unknown.
Epigraph. "Oh, humanity, how frail you are!" From Guarini's Il Pastor fido, 5.3.
And weary of a vanquish'd field,
That no new laurels had to yield;
To rural scenes would now repair,
In search of nobler conquest there.
For none in all his haunts he finds,
Of such perverse and stubborn minds,
Like those in ancient ages past,
Who kept their virtue to the last.
No upright man like Job to teaze,
With penury and sore disease;
No Eve to make it worth his while,
To meditate the various guile,
And ere accomplish the temptation,
To undergo strange transformation.
Seduction now is grown so common,
'Tis nothing new to tempt a woman;
No arduous difficult pursuit
To make her taste forbidden fruit;
And this the demon griev'd to see
His imps could do as well as he.

To Twick'nam's vale his steps he guides,
Where Thames with smoothest current glides.
When wafted on the fragrant shore,
Where Art and Nature's blended store;
Vie which the other shall out-do
To ornament the pictur'd view.
Well pleas'd he sniffs the vernal breeze,
And lolls amid embow'ring trees.
And while around his eyes he cast,
He recollects his frolicks past.

Line 27. **Twick'nam**: Twickenham; village on the Thames southwest of London, replete with the villas of the well-to-do.
The scene resembling that abode,
Where he, malignant ugly toad;
Bewitch’d the most accomplish’d maid,
That ever was by art betray’d:
And first infus’d in female brain,
Desires unholy to obtain;
And first inspir’d the stubborn will,
And Nature prone to practise ill.

Now while he wanders to and fro,
Uncertain here or there to go;
A country friend by chance he meets,
Who thus the pensive Hero greets.

"What sport in shades can Satan find?
What schemes to stimulate his mind?
Here are no plunders, murders, factions;
None of his great renown’d transactions.
In cities, Vice a giant stalks,
In villages, a pigmy walks;
Here paltry criminals are found,
And venial sins alone abound.
The harmless perjuries of love,
Exciting mirth in mighty Jove;*
The cautious Prude’s investigation
Of ev’ry fair one’s reputation;
The Gossip’s entertaining lie,
Which all would hear, though all decry;
The female gamester’s practis’d skill
In little pilferings at Quadrille.

*—At lovers’ perjuries They say Jove laughs. Shakespeare [Romeo and Juliet 2.2.92-93].

Line 37. toad: see page 105.

Line 63. Quadrille: fashionable card game for four players, considered appropriate for ladies.
These are the puny frauds that we
Blend with our rude rusticity."

Satan reply'd—"Each infant crime,
If left to me matures with time.
I make each plant of evil shoot,
Unnumber'd suckers from its root;
And oft in cottages I find
In embryo many a demon's mind,
Which foster'd by my genial care;
Mischief in ev'ry form doth bear.
Rapt in these thoughts thy Satan roves
Thro' Thames's fair umbrageous groves.

To say the truth I left the town
Of its stale follies weary grown.
Since riot, discord, conflagration,*
Have giv'n place to dissipation;
And Pleasure summons all her train
To lure her vot'ries back again.
The languid scene so palls my sense,
I was not born for indolence;
To saunter in St. James's Mall,
Or sit spectator at a ball,
To view the gaudy midnight show,
Or take the air in Rotten-row,
Where the gilt coach with heavy pace
Proclaims some ancient noble face;

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* This Poem was written soon after the Riots in London, in the year 1781. [The anti-Catholic Gordon Riots occurred in June 1780.]

Line 84. **St. James's Mall**: fashionable promenading place on the south side of St. James’ Park.

Line 87. **Rotten-row**: popular riding and driving path in Hyde Park.
That by all conqu'ring Time subdu'd;
Infirm with Age's lassitude,
Would there inhale a purer breath,
To guard the Avenues of Death.
Or in Fops'-alley take my stand,
The hat befeather'd in my hand;
To see Italia's feeble race
With voice attun'd to female grace;
For lazy Britons strain their throats,
And quav'ring strut in buck'ram coats.
These dronish pastimes ill agree
With Souls of my activity.

But now to pass an hour away,
What little freak shall Satan play?
Though keenest mischief is my pleasure,
The lesser now shall serve my leisure."

"Mark!" cries the friend— "Yon trembling door
Shook with the clam'rous knocker's roar,
Where yonder powder'd beau arrives;
'Tis there the good Aspasia lives.
To night a banquet she provides,
And o'er a chosen few presides:
No ostentatious vain displays
The latent spark of pride betrays;

Line 94. Fops'-alley: the aisle in the theatre or Opera House where gentlemen strolled, socializing and admiring the ladies.

Line 96. Italia's feeble race: referring to the Italian opera-singers, both popular and ridiculed, who flooded England in the eighteenth century. Some of the most famous male singers were castratos.

Line 108. powder'd: wearing hair powder, a requisite of well-groomed men and women until the 1790's.

Line 109. Aspasia: see pages 95 and 206.
Her hospitable smiles dispense
The rites of kind benevolence.  

There Sappho comes, a vaunting dame,
Who boasts superior honest fame:
Condemns mean practices of play,
Nor hoards the fish she ought to pay;
Observant of each sacred rule,
And faithful though she keep the Pool.
To no ambitious heights aspires,
But humbly to a Cot retires:
The past'ral life well pleas'd to lead.
To cultivate the fertile mead;
To plant beneath th' autumnal ray,
And patient wait the rip'ning May.
Presumes to hate the Devil's race,
And never means to see his face.
Is conversant in musty rules;
Of vice-misleading only fools:
Calls Virtue bliss—if understood,
And wisdom only—to be good."

"Hold!" Satan cries—"Enough—adieu,—
And o'er the meads abruptly flew.
Soon gaining that illustrious place,
Where Nature lavish'd many a grace;
Ere lordly power bade groves arise,
To shadow rivers, hills and skies;
Which from Montpellier took its name;
Montpellier's gales well known to fame.

Line 116. **Sappho**: Moody.

Line 119. **fish**: small pieces of bone or ivory used in place of money for keeping account.

Lines 140, 41. **Montpellier**: Montpelier Row, a fashionable residential street in Twickenham compared because of its breezes to the famous French health resort of the same name.
Aspasia’s room the fiend contains—
Invisible he there remains.
Now baneful influence spreading round,
Evil did instantly abound;
Mischief on purest bosoms wrought,
And chastest maids—unchastly thought;
Slander began her devastation,
And torrents flow’d of defamation;
Lips fam’d for truth long ages past,
Now utter’d lies and dropp’d them fast;
While others once of candour vain,
Those lies collect to tell again.

The verdant table Satan spy’d,
And took his seat by LYDIA’S side;
Soon as he hovers o’er her hand,
LYDIA finds aces at command;
From one known shuffle amply pours
Sans prendre games and matadores.
Then perching next on Cosmo’s sword,
Two fish were pilfer’d from the board.
Now as he nearer Sappho drew,
Sappho her purse produc’d to view;
Produc’d but with no ill intent,

An honest purpose—all she meant.

Within that purse conceal’d from sight,
And never meant to see the light,
Lurk’d a vile coin whose sallow face
Proclaim’d its origin was base;
With surface thinly silver’d o’er,
The piece a shilling’s semblance bore;
But cautious eyes would quickly view,
Potosi’s mine the cheat ne’er knew.

The devil now came closely near,
And something utter’d in her ear;
A rising blush her cheek o’erspread,
Succeeding paleness chas’d the red.
Whisp’ring he cry’d—your coin of brass
On Claire for genuine silver pass;
Nor vainly fear a close inspection;
These wax lights promise you protection.
The prying Sun would tell the tale,
And blab the secret through the vale;
But feebler rays the taper yields,
The slight deception often shields.
’Twere deed accurst to wrong the poor,
And trick the beggar at your door;
Or with it pay a tradesman’s bill,
Would argue a dishonest will:
But Claire no injury will sustain;
Th’ imposter may return again,
Through the same channel win its way,
And fluctuate on the tide of play.
Besides, the action you intend
Must needs promote a moral end.
The love of play from avarice springs,
A thirst for wealth its ardor brings;
Profit like this might cure the passion,
Or moderate its growing fashion.

Thus with false reason, false pretence,
He fascinates her erring sense;

Line 173. Potosi’s mine: see page 142.
And with his artful guile betray'd
The thoughtless unsuspecting maid.
Conscience, her bosom's guardian, slept:
The post deserting which she kept:
The vacant fortress Satan gain'd,
And no opposing force remain'd.
Pleas'd as when Eve with sparkling eyes
The apple took to make her wise;
The fiend's temptation now fulfilling,
To Claire she gave the copper shilling.
The guilty demon straight retir'd,
Charm'd with the mischief he inspir'd,
And left the fair to blame at will,
Herself, the Devil, and Quadrille.

(1781)
Nor ever knew a wicked thing
Done by a Minister or King.
Leads in his house a quiet life,
And visits neighbours with his WIFE;
Teaches his children little prayers,
And pious Songs to little airs;
Is practis'd in all useful sense,
And well appreciates pounds and pence.
Oberves, that with regard to Pelf,
The pound is guardian to itself; *
But pence more freely go astray,
Unless controul'd by prudent sway;
That these require more watchful care,
And better knowledge,—when to spare.
Pays regularly parish dues,
Subscribes to Organs and to Pews.
And to support of church the state,
Gives now and then a bit of plate.
Sends every vagrant from his door,
And keeps his Alms for his own Poor;
Nor suffer any wand'ring bounty
To pass the bridge of its own County.
Most dearly loves the Gossip's tale,
Where marvellous reports prevail:
Where Scandal takes a merry scope;
And tells of Misses that elope;
Of husbands with their horned heads,
And Wives that stray from marriage beds.

* Pounds will take care of themselves, is a common saying.

Line 29. parish dues: tithes; mandatory annual payments by parishioners to sustain the church.

Line 32. plate: silverware.

Line 34. his own Poor: relief of the poor was the responsibility of the local parish, to which citizens paid an annual poor rate. In general, to receive relief, one had to have been born in the parish.

Line 41. horned heads: cuckolds—men whose wives were unfaithful—were depicted with horns on their heads.
The good Man coldly this receiving,  
Shakes his kind head as disbelieving,  
And most incredulous appears;  
Yet opens wide his list'ning ears,  
And packs them full as they can hold,  
With every tale by Rumour told;  
Tells them to all he meets—and then,  
Thanks God he's not like other Men.

Nature and Physick; Address’d to Dr. Huet

SAYS NATURE to PHYSICK—What pity that we  
Who ought to be friends should so seldom agree!  
Who ought to assist and to succour each other,  
And in amity live like a sister and brother.  
But to look for this Concord—Alas, is in vain!  
Dame NATURE of PHYSICK has much to complain.  
Though a GODDESS I am, yet like the weak Sex,  
The more am perverse if my temper you vex;  
And your Doctors, whate’er they think proper to say,  
For ever are putting me out of my way:  
With medical legions my humours they chase,  
Till pallid resentment appears in my face.  
Aperients, Astringents, Narcotics combine,  
To thwart and oppose me in every design;  
And by Nostrums so various my vitals are fed,  
That my strength is exhausted—my energy dead.  
But PHYSICK should know I am not to be taught  
By severe flagellation to do what I ought.


No!—my faults must be mended by gentle correction,  
And genius like Huet's—must give the direction.  
(1795)

Parody, On the Death of a celebrated Physician,  
written in the Character of a Brother of the Faculty

Doctors themselves must die like those they kill,  
Vain the fam'd Nostrum—bolus, draught or pill.  
E'en he who mourns the end of W—n's days,  
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;  
Then from his fading eyes shall guineas part,  
And the last pang shall tear them from his heart.  
Physick's great business—at one gasp be o'er!  
The fee forgot—and gold belov'd no more.  
(1797)

On Hearing that Buonaparte Was landed in Egypt

Whilst our hero, brave Nelson, unfurls every sail,  
Buonaparte, that Comet, to catch by the tail,

Parody. Title. This poem is a parody of the final lines of Alexander Pope's 1717 "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady." Brother of the Faculty: member of London's Royal College of Physicians.

Line 3. W — n's Richard Warren (1731-97) was a highly-paid physician whose patients included George III and his eldest son, the Prince of Wales.

On Hearing. Title. Buonaparte: Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821), Corsican general and self-styled emperor Napoleon I of France. He and his French forces invaded Egypt in 1798 in hopes of defeating the British by attacking their colonies there.

The cunning Eluder looks back with a smile,
And nods at our fleet from the banks of the Nile.
BUONAPARTE now landed on Egypt’s fam’d plains,
Say Muse! — What revenge for our Britons remains?
What revenge she replies — but each shade to invite
To return from the regions of Death and of Night.
Those tormenters of Egypt in annals of yore,
Ah, would they again but revisit that shore!
Could but Pharaoh come forth with his bosom of stone,
And a heart that was harder than ever was known;
Could the grumbling old Israelites fill up his train,
And provoke all the plagues of old Egypt again;
Could but Locusts and Lice once more cover the ground,
And frogs on the stools and the platters be found;
Such might prove the effect of this varied vexation,
As would cure BUONAPARTE of Colonization.

(1798)

To Mrs. Trimmer, On her publication entitled The Servants’ Friend

SUCH unassuming worth thy mind betrays,
And in such humble guise thy sense appears;
The Muse abash’d presents her timid lays,
And while she writes, thy modest censure fears.

Yet she no servile adulation pays.
To wealth and grandeur ne’er her lyre was strung;
The virtue that demands an honest praise,
She deems as worthy only to be sung.


To Mrs. Trimmer. Title. Mrs. Trimmer: Sarah Trimmer (1741-1810) was a respected educational and children’s writer. The Servants’ Friend was published in 1787.
Yet what the applause the Poet's verse displays
To that which beams within thy conscious breast!
When thy benevolence around surveys,
The numbers through thy useful talents blest.

Religion, morals, foster'd in thy school,
In infant minds expanding thou shalt see;
Authority shall learn a gentler rule,
And Servitude owe faith and truth to thee.

The village Swain enchanted with thy Page,
Shall catch the glow of virtue first from thee;
Thy precepts shall restore a Golden Age,
And back to hamlets bring—Simplicity.

These the examples of thy moral pen,
Shall raise thy glory to an heavenly fame;
Nor thou alone the plaudits gain of men,
Approving Angels shall record thy name.

And in that aweful, that tremendous day,
When life's accounts by mercy are review'd;
Thy judge's praise shall all thy labours pay,
Shall own thee faithful—and pronounce thee good.

(1788)
The Housewife; Or, the Muse Learning to Ride the great Horse Heroic.

Address’d to Lysander

O THOU that with deciding voice oft sways
The doubtful wand’rings of th’ advent’rous Muse!
And oft directs her wav’ring feet, where best
To tread! Whether to climb the steep Parnassian
Mount,—that slippery path where NUMBERS slide
And fall,—or tread with firmer step Prosaic
Ground—Accept this verse! And should the Muse
All insufficient to so new a theme
Fail in her song—If not thy smile, at least
Thy patience give! And with unruffled face,
Stern critic furrows banish’d from thy brow,
Attend her flight through regions sacred
To domestic use; where she, guided by truth,
In search of that fair Nymph Economy,
Must now explore.—And quit for these, the more
Inviting paths of fiction—Her once lov’d
Haunts, where she was wont to cull poetic
Sweets, and lure thy fancy to more pleasing dreams.

Now when the sun in Sagitarius rides,
And Morn, her dusky brow in misty vapours
Clad, with ling’ring beams unfolds reluctant
Day.—E’en though the awful monitor of time
Proclaims the seventh hour; yet sleep his drowsy
Poppies waves o’er all the house, and wraps
The snoring Maids in gossip dreams, of sweet
Hearts, shows, and fairs!—All but the wakeful Housewife!
She late and early plys her busy cares,
And preparation makes for Christmas cheer.

Before the dawn emits one ray of light,
Forth from her couch she springs; her pregnant mind
Alert:—for she has things of great concern
In view.—Sleep on ye idle fair! ye time
Destroyers! who live to dress, and flaunt,
And flirt, and waste your silly lives 'mid scenes
Of dissipation!—This useful maid to deeds
Of more importance gives her day, and scorns
The dainty modes of polish'd indolence.

In garb of russet brown and round-ear'd cap,
With bib and apron of an azure hue,
And bunch of pendent keys that grac'd her side;
Which she by thrifty rules of Prudence warn'd
N'er from her sight would trust, for she was vers'd
In tricks of vassal-kind, and knew full well
That those whom we mistaking, honest call,
Are oft disloyal to the faith they owe,
And swerve from their allegiance!—tempted
By paltry gain of little price. Thus with
Her economic ensigns deck'd—Say, Muse!
If thou wilt deign to aid so mean a song?
And thou hast not disdain'd to sing, in days
Of yore, of Culinary Arts.—Both when
The beauteous Mother of mankind regal'd
Her Angel guest, and from sweet kernels press'd

Line 38. **round-ear'd cap**: an informal, daytime cap with wings wired or starched to stand out around the face; unfashionable after the 1760's.

Lines 52-54. **Beauteous mother ... creams**: Eve feeding the angel Raphael in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book 5: "and from sweet kernels prest/ She tempers dulcet creams . . . " (Lines 346-47).
The dulcet creams—And when the Grecian chiefs
Reserv’d a portion of the victim slain,
And AGAMEMNON help’d to roast the Beef.
Say then! Where first the HOUSEWIFE bends her steps!
Whether to that sequester’d Pile, where the cool
Dairy, guarded from Summer’s noon-tide beams
Stands in a grove retir’d? or to the bright
Illumin’d kitchen? whose chimney issuing
Furious smoke, denotes th’ approaching feast,
And fills the passing traveller, I ween,
With many a hungry thought. These, and
Departments many more than these, each in their
Turn, will her attendance claim—for method
And due order rul’d her ways; but pris’ners
Kept for Luxury’s repast, require their food
As soon as morning breaks—and haply if not
Fed—would pine and die, which she, I trust,
A sore mischance would deem. Her visitation
First to these she pays, and to the Poultry
Court with speed repairs. There, nourish’d by
Violence and cruel art, a group of feather’d
Monsters round her stand, mis-shapen fowls,
With maws protruberant! There the cram’d Turkey
Groans beneath her care, and loaths the hand that
Ministers to life. She calm Spectat’ress
Of the woes she makes, repeats her barb’rous
Task; down each reluctant throat the food
She thrusts, then with discerning and unpitying
Eye inspects their bulk,—blows the light feathers
From their snowy breasts—proclaims their fitness
For the circ’ling spit, and signs the warrant

Lines 54-56. **Grecian chiefs ... slain**: from Homer’s *Iliad*, Book 9. See page 102.
That shall end their pains. The Dairy next demands
Her frugal care. There from the surface of the
Richest milk, the cream she skims; this with due
Labour and unweary’d toil she churns, till
To a firm consistence it is wrought, and bears
The name of Butter. Then with some light
Fantastic mould the tiny pats she prints,
And in a china vase, fill’d with clear water
From pellucid spring, her workmanship deposits.

Now with the nimble step of busy haste
She to the store-room turns her active feet.
To the known manuscripts of ancient fame,
Where from a copious line of eating ancestors
Are cull’d a hoard of choice receipts; and where,
In Grandam spelling of no modern date
Recorded stands full many a dainty
Culinary Art, she turns the time-worn page
To find the celebrated Pie, which from the
Season takes its honor’d name. Then on the board,
With noisy din, the sav’ry meat she chops,
And in some vessel fit, blends th’ ingredients.
Spice odiferous, and luscious plums
With moist’ning juice of apple, extracted
From the golden rinds of fairest fruit, then
With that potent spirit, sought on Gallia’s
Shore, whose power medic’nal from indigestion
Guards rebellious food—the dang’rous mass
She tempers, and in the patty pans and
Pliant paste, in circling folds envelops.

Cakes too she fashion'd of fantastic forms,
Oblong, round and square; some in the diamond's
Shape compress'd—some in the heart’s; some from the
Corriander Seed their flavour take—some from
The Plum—Cakes of all names! Pound, saffron, lemon,
Orange—And those far fam’d for sweet delicious
Taste, that from the fair SALOPIA take their
Name. High above the rest majestic stood,
In size pre-eminent, with sugar’d top,
Graced by a royal Pair, and studded o'er
With choice confection of the Citron’s fruit,
That mirth-inspiring cake all children hail,—
When on Twelfth-tide they meet, with festive glee,
And dance and song, and sportive tricks, to close
The gambols—Time honor’d gambols! of the Christmas scene.

What more this busy active dame perform’d,
In the next Canto shall the Muse rehearse.
The HOUSEWIFE'S toils an ample theme supply;
Returning toils that rise with ev'ry Sun.
O days of ALBION! happier far I ween,
When WOMAN'S knowledge own'd its boundary here!

---

Line 120. **SaloPIa**: the borough of Shrewsbury in Shropshire, a western English county now called Salop.

Line 126. **Twelfth-tide**: the day or eve of Epiphany; culmination of the Christmas season.

Line 130. **Albion**: archaic name for England.
To Sleep.
A Song

A che condizione occhi miei Siete!
Che chiusi il bene, aperti il mal vedete!  ARIOSTO.

SLEEP expand thy downy wing,
Lull my heart's corroding pain;
Soft descend, and with thee bring,
Thy smiling visionary train.

In thy bosom's halcyon calm,
Stormy grief forgets to flow;
Gently drops thy lenient balm,
Sweet as Lethe's draught to woe.

Slumber soothes frail Nature's toils,
Chases Sorrow — chases Care;
Conscience of her thorn beguiles,
Smoothes the brow of fierce despair.

Joys that waking Sense denies,
Flattering Sleep unfolds to view.
Ah, me! in dreams each barrier flies,
That parts my Soul from love — and you.

---

Epigraph. "Eyes of mine, in what a state! When closed you see good, when open only evil." From Ludovico Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. See page 101.

Line 8. Lethe's  Lethe is the river of forgetfulness in Hades.
Verses, Written in a Pocket-Book, which formerly belonged to a Gentleman, who was a Divine and a Philosopher, and who made a present of it to the Author

ALAS! of Virtue dispossess’d!
Where now the truths that once impress’d
This honour’d page in happier times,
Ere I was given up to rhymes.
In this fair spot—once holy ground,
Were themes for prayers and sermons found; 5
And here was mark’d the chosen text;
For meditation—Sunday next.
Here maxims of the wise and good,
With Algebraic Theorems stood;
Nice calculations here were treasur’d, 10
And distant Suns and Planets measur’d.
This spot—now sad reverse of Time,
No produce yields but baleful rhyme.
Here lurk unseen poetic feet,
To court the Muse in dark retreat:
She here prepares envenom’d darts, 15
And summons all her fatal arts.
Here plans her visionary schemes,
And realizes airy dreams;
Unfolds a hoard of wild romances,
And all her train of wayward fancies.
In History’s Annals thus we view,
What noble Arts in Greece once grew! 20
Like her’s my fate and hapless story;
Despoil’d of all my former glory.

(1789)

Title. Pocket-Book: small book for notes, memoranda, etc.
The grateful Tribute of the Poor Dog,
Usually employed in the Experiment of the Grotta del Cane.
To Mr. C—n;
A Gentleman, who with a humanity most amiable, rather than
persecute this unfortunate Animal preferred trying the effect
of the vapour of this celebrated Cave on himself.

CURST be that Grot! Italia's vile disgrace!
Region of sorrow to the Canine race!
That Grot from tortur'd Dogs derives its name,
And on our misery builds detested fame.
Train’d for Experiment, and bred to share,
Repeated death from deleterious Air;
The dying struggle every day I feel,
While the dense Vapours o'er my senses steal.
One Death for man, indulgent Heav'n bestows,
While thousands swell the measure of my woes.
Accursed man, who with a tearless eye,
Can see me doom'd a daily death to die,
And call this savage sport—Philosophy!

But thou, who travel'st with a noble soul,
Whose thirst for science, mercy does control;
For thee, my dear preserver and my friend!
For thee I blessings with no curses blend!
Full on my grateful mem'ry is imprest,
The God-like pity of thy feeling breast!
Thou well hast told, and well describ'd the day,
When I the sad companion of thy way

Title. Grotta del Cane: “Cave of the Dog” in the volcanic region near Naples, where the effects of low-lying carbonic gas were tested on dogs and other small animals for the edification of tourists and scientists. In the 17th and 18th centuries the Grotta was a popular stop on a gentleman’s grand tour of Europe. Mr. C—n: unidentified.
To the dread Cavern by thy guide was led,
Through me to show how baleful vapours spread:
Through me to satisfy th’ inquiring eye,
That by those exhalations man will die.  
Thou well hast told the sense my instinct gave,*
As we approach’d the pain-inflicting Cave;
Within whose gulf accustom’d to be thrown,
And made with suffocating pangs to groan.
How my limbs trembled as we nearer drew;
And how I shrunk with horror from the view.
No hope I had thou would’st thy victim spare,
For thou wert man, and I was born to bear.
But, Oh! that joy!—that moment of surprise!
When tender mercy glisten’d in those eyes!
When from my neck I felt the string unty’d,*[*]
And found myself unfetter’d by thy side!
Caress’d and sooth’d, my mind reliev’d from dread;
That gentle hand presents the tempting bread;
But lest the vapour had that bread imbru’d;
I loath’d, though hungry, the suspected food.†
Then, like a Guardian Angel, with what care!
Didst thou remove it from the noxious air!
Didst thou invite my appetite to eat!
And gave me kindness, sweeter far than meat!  

* The moment the Dog saw the carriage stop, he seemed fully conscious of his approaching persecution, clearly evincing [philosopher John] Locke’s Association of Ideas [in the 1700 4th edition of his Essay Concerning Human Understanding, the linking of ideas in the mind by way of reason, chance, or habit]. Mr. C—, therefore, instead of suffering the Dog’s head to be immersed in the vapour of the Grotto, stooped down almost to the ground and tried the experiment on himself.

*[*] When the string was taken off the neck of the poor animal, and he found that no harm was intended him, he laid down and waited for his benefactor till he came out of the grotto.

† When Mr. C. offered the Dog a bit of bread, he refused to touch it till it was removed entirely out of the reach of the vapour.

These notes are taken from this Gentleman’s Journal.
Thou know'st what confidence that kindness paid;  
Whilst thou explor'd the Grot—for thee I staid.  
With limbs no longer trembling down I lay,  
Nor use my liberty—from thee to stray.  
And blest were I—had more auspicious fate  
Decreed that I should ever on thee wait!  
To guard thy steps through each returning day,  
Uncall'd to follow, and unbid—obey!  
My love unchang'd through life, would thee pursue,  
For MAN is faithless—but his DOG is true.

Myra Petitions Love to inform her where Indifference resides

LOVE attend thy suppliant's lay!  
Bid thy poignant arrows cease!  
Enough the triumphs of thy sway,  
O guide my steps to paths of peace!

Ah! say where dwells the tranquil Maid!  
Who knows to charm each trembling sense!  
Beneath what arbor's opiate shade,  
Resides the Nymph INDIFFERENCE?

O let me wooe her to my breast!  
There welcome all her peaceful train!  
O let me of her balm possesst!  
In drowsy apathy remain!

Myra Petitions Love. Title. Indifference: a subject addressed by many poets in the wake of Frances Greville's 1759 "Prayer for Indifference," which entreated relief from the intense emotions prized by the cult of sensibility in the century's second half.
Love's Reply;  
Address'd to Mathematicus

THAT Sun whose beams expand the mind,  
Would Myra then forego?  
Those gen'rous streams would Myra bind  
By Nature taught to flow?

Through fancy's regions thou no more  
Must wander with the Muse;  
For know, amid poetic lore  
My arrows I diffuse.

Beneath the soft Italian page,  
Envelop'd lurks my fire;  
I stimulate to hostile rage,  
Or gentler flames inspire.

In GALLIA'S strains my shafts you find,  
By Rousseau's art convey'd.  
There Sympathy deludes the mind,  
That weeps the love-sick maid.

Nor yet in sacred books confide,  
My influence there beguiles;  
And Virtue holy men deride,  
Entangled in my wiles.
For there to guard the wedded Dame, *
    Sage **Patriarchs** truth deny;
And **Kings** to please an am'rous flame
    Bid Faith and Valour die.†

Nor trust to philosophic themes,
    Those systems form'd of air;
Conceal'd in **Plato's** mystic dreams,
    I tempt the heedless fair.

But chiefly shun th' enamel'd vale,
    Where sports the youthful **May**;
I breathe in each impassion'd gale,
    And chant in ev'ry lay.

Where then you cry must **Myra** go?
    Where shun this tyrant **Love**?
If him she sees in all below;
    And paints in all above?

Attend! one region yet remains!
    One harbour yet untried!
Go seek the **Mathematic** plains,
    With **Euclid** for your guide.

Deep in a maze with thorns intwin'd,
    A sullen fountain flows;
Whose draught oblivious lulls the mind,
    To torpid dull repose.

* Abraham denies his wife to Abimilech. [In Genesis 20, Abraham claims his wife Sarah is his sister. Abimilech, about to marry her, is apprised by the Lord of her married status in a dream.]

† David in the death of Uriah. [In II Samuel 11, King David, intent on marrying Uriah's wife, Bathsheba, sends him to the battlefront, where he dies.]
Indifference hails triumphant there,
    Her votaries supine;
And Love deposits every care,
    A tribute to her shrine.

And there as in Leucadia’s deep,
    From all my sorrows free;
*Profoundly* MYRA shalt thou sleep,
    And never dream of me.

On the Word Last

“What a desolate sound is the monosyllable
of the word Last.” H.M.WILLIAMS.

PAINFUL source of many a sorrow!
Sound precluding Hope’s to-morrow!
    Sad finisher of life’s repast!
What shadows all our joys appear,
When thou com’st lagging in the rear,
    And whisp’ring tell’st thou art the LAST!

Whate’er is given us from above,
Blessings of friendship, or of love,
    Thy baleful shade doth overcast;
The tears that parting cheeks bestrew;
The broken voice that sobs *adieu*;
    Belong to thee thou cruel LAST.

Love’s Reply. Line 49. **Leucadia’s deep**: Rejected by her lover Phaon, the Greek poet Sappho is said to have committed suicide by throwing herself from a cliff in Leucadia.

On the Word Last. Epigraph. “What a desolate word is that monosyllable of *last* . . .” From *Letters Written in France in the Summer 1790* by novelist and poet Helen Maria Williams (c.1761-1827), page 214.
Time on his rapid pinions flies,
The world recedes before our eyes,
    And awful death approaches fast:  
Revolving suns each year proclaim,
The solemn hour that bears thy name;
    Thou dreaded, formidable LAST.

Yet that I may not shrink from thee,
Let virtue keep my bosom free
    From dread of future, and of past!
Then when my transient day is o'er,
And life exhausted yields no more;
    I need not fear—thy moment LAST.

(1790)
Uncollected Poems

from Edward Lovibond’s *Poems on Several Occasions*

(1785)

Edward Lovibond’s posthumous collection, published a decade after his death, was very likely edited by Elizabeth and Christopher Lake Moody. The editor’s Preface discloses that several of the poems were written by Elizabeth Moody, then “Miss G[reenly].” As they were written as part of poetic exchanges between Lovibond and Moody (and others, whose poems have been lost), they are presented here along with relevant Lovibond poems in an attempt to convey the flavor of these exchanges. The poems in this section remain undated but probably stem from the 1760’s and 70’s. See page 152 for Elizabeth Moody’s elegy on Lovibond which prefaced his collection.
AH LAURA! while graces and songs.
    While smiles, winning smiles you impart;
Indulgence but nurses desire,
    I sigh for that treasure, your heart.

Yes, take, too presumptuous, she cries,
    All that Virtue can wish to receive;
Yes, take all that Virtue can grant,
    A heart I had never to give.

The Maid of the North, like the lake,
    That sleeps by her peaceable cot,
Too languishing lives but for one,
    Forgetting the world, and forgot.

But born where my GANGES expands,
    To no partial channel confin’d,
Unfix’d to no object, I flow,
    With innocent smiles on mankind.

Our ASIA’S bright dames, like their sun,
    Cheer all with benevolent reign,
Coy moons EUROPE’S daughters but light
    A single disconsolate swain.

To the Same. Title. This is the third of three poems addressed by Lovibond to “An Asiatic Lady” (unidentified) he calls Laura. The first praises her exotic warmth and disparages European reserve; the second envisions the unclothed Laura sporting with virgins in India’s Ganges River.

Line 10. cot: cottage.
(Moody)

On Reading The Foregoing Verses.
By Miss G—

AH! DORIMANT, victim to Love,
   Too fatally caught in his wiles,
Can you in fair LAURA approve
   Those diffusive, those general smiles?

If inconstancy dwells with that fire
   Which the sun-beams of ASIA impart,
Can a daughter of EUROPE desire
   To change with your LAURA a heart?

No!—happier the temp’rate mind,
   Which, fix’d to one object alone,
To one tender passion confin’d,
   Breathes no wishes, no sighs, but for one.—

Such bliss has the maid of the plain,
   Tho’ secluded she lives in a cot:
Yet, rich in the love of her swain,
   She’s contented, and blesses her lot.—

Ah! say, if deserving thy heart,
   The too undistinguishing fair,
Who to thousands can raptures impart,
   And the raptures of thousands can share?

On Reading. This poem was published in Poetic Trifles as “Answer to Some Verses written by a Gentleman to a Lady” (page 86) and is presented here in its original context.

Line 1. DORIMANT: man of many loves in The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter (1676), a comedy by playwright George Etherege (c.1635-91).
Ah! say, does she merit those lays?
Those lays which true passion define?—
No—unworthy the Fair of thy praise,
Who can listen to any but thine.

(Lovibond)

Song

Hang my lyre upon the willow,
Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn;
Or, along the foaming billow
Float the wrecking tempest’s scorn.

Sprightly sounds no more it raises,
Such as Laura’s smiles approve;
Laura scorns her poet’s praises,
Calls his artless friendship love:

Calls it love, that spurning duty,
Spurning Nature’s chastest ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports with fallen Virtue’s sighs.

Call it love, no more profaning
Truth with dark Suspicion’s wound;
Or, my fair, the term retaining,
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

---

Song. Lines 1-2. Hang ... winds: To hang one’s lyre (a harplike instrument and symbol of the poet) on a willow (symbol of disappointed love) is to give up poetry. Played by the winds, the lyre becomes an Aeolian harp, an instrument and image increasingly popular as the eighteenth century progressed. See page 278.
Yes, 'tis love—that name is given,
    Angels, to your purest flames:
Such a love as merits Heaven,
    Heaven's divinest image claims.

(Moody)
Laura's Answer.
By Miss G—

Soon be thy lyre to winds consign'd.
    Or hurl'd beneath the raging deep.
For while such strains seduce my mind,
    How shall my heart its purpose keep?

Thy artful lays, which artful seem.
    With too much fondness I approve:
Ah! write no more on such a theme,
    Or Laura's friendship—ends in love.

(Lovibond)
Reply.
To Miss G—

Sappho, while your Muse of fire.
    Listening to the vocal spheres,
Sits and tempers to her lyre
    Airs divine for mortal ears;

Viewing higher orbs that glow,
    Ever constant, ever true,
Still she dreams to find below
    Perfect forms, as Heaven and you.

Blame not Asia's fair, who glances
    Random smiles in heedless ease.
Shifts at will her wayward fancies,
    Pleasing all, whom all can please;

Blame her not—no envied treasure
    Is the tenderer, feeling heart;
Bosoms quick to keener pleasure
    Beat, alas! as quick to smart.

Who with eyes that ever languish,
    Still to desarts sighs alone?
Who consumes her youth in anguish?
—She who keeps an heart for one.

Tender love repaid with treason.
    Fortune's frowns, parental power,
Blast her in the vernal season,
    Bend her, unsupported flower.

Happier she, with pliant nature
    Fleeting, fickle as the wind;
She, who proving one a traitor,
    Turns to meet another kind.

---

Line 18. desarts: deserts, wilderneses.
Blame her not—with Asian rovers
What can Asia’s fair pursue?
What? but lessons taught by lovers,
Like the traitor, treacherous too.

Why should faith, obsequious duty,
Sooth an eastern tyrant’s scorn?
Who but rifles joyless beauty
Steals the honey, leaves the thorn.

Sadness sits by Ganges’ fountains;
How can echo cheer the vale?
What repeat from fragrant mountains?
What but grief and horror’s tale?

What but shrieks of wild despair?
What but shouts that murder sleep?
There the struggling, fainting fair;
There—but see my Sappho weep!

Change the strain!—this mournful measure
Melts, oppresses virtuous hearts—
Sappho, wake thy lyre of pleasure!
Sing of Europe’s happier arts!

Sing of all the mingled blessing
Reason, tempering passion, knows;
All the transport of possessing
Unpluck’d beauty’s willing rose!

Lines 29-32. **Asian rovers ... treacherous**: Here and later in the poem Lovibond reflects his culture’s characteristic perception of “orientals” as nomadic barbarians.
Sing of that refin’d sensation
   Mutual melting bosoms prove,
Souls exchang’d, sweet emanation,
   Separate being lost in love!

Rapture’s tears, voluptuous stream!
   Languor stealing sorrow’s sighs;
Sing of love—thyself the theme!
   Sing of love—thyself the prize!

(Lovibond)
To Miss G—.
From Brighthelmstone

COME, STELLA, let us climb the heights
   Where purer spirits flow,
And upward point our mental flights,
   And mock the scenes below.

And turn no more the giddy rounds
   Of Pleasure’s wanton chace,
But range beyond material bounds,
   Eternity; and space!—

Come, read in ocean’s ample page,
   Explain the cause that guides,
That bridles now, and now to rage
   Precipitates the tides.

---

To Miss G. Title. Brighthelmstone: Former name for Brighton, an English seaside resort.

Line 1. Stella: Pseudonym applied to Moody and others in her writing circle; Latin for star.
In glory see the planets roll,
Their laws, their measure, scan,
Nor there confin’d, explore the soul,
And liberty, and man!

On soaring pinions let us shoot,
Like him, the bird of Jove!
—"What waste," she cries, "in such pursuit,
An age of life and love!

With eagle flight and eagle view
Let Newton sail the sky!
But what am I? or what are you,
Philosopher?—a fly:

Vain insect! now aloft he springs
To drink the liquid light.
And quenches now his flagging wings
In angry seas and night.

Ah fool! to quit his reptile state
Amid fresh dews and flowers!
Be his the justly purchased fate,
The sober lesson ours.

From clouds descending, let us try
What humbler regions give!
Let others soar to fall and die!
‘Tis ours to creep and live.”
(Moody)
Answer to the Foregoing Verses.
By Miss G—

NO more let science tempt thy searching eyes
   Beyond the bounds prescrib'd to mortal sight.
No more advent'rous mount the lofty skies,
   And daring, penetrate the realms of light.

With humble mind go trace thy Maker's hand
   In every smiling valley, fertile plain;
Adore his bounty in the cultur'd land,
   Revere his wisdom in the stormy main!

Nor thoughtless view the vast tremendous sea,
   Whose course impetuous power divine restrains;
Whose rushing tide, controul'd by Heaven's decree,
   Forbears to violate the flow'ry plains.

Nor yet confine to these thy wand'ring sight,
   While splendid gems the face of Heav'n adorn;
Nor heedless view the radiant lamps of night,
   Nor heedless view the sun that gilds the morn:

But turn with praise to Him who reigns above,
   Supreme o'er works that speak almighty power;
O! turn a grateful bosom breathing love,
   And learn the noblest lesson—to adore.
Uncollected Poems

from *The St. James’s Chronicle*

(1788 - 1803)

This section includes poems from 1798 and earlier not included in *Poetic Trifles*, as well as poems written after 1798. The *St. James’s Chronicle* from 1805 through 1814, the year of Elizabeth Moody’s death, has yet to be examined and may well yield more of her works.
GOOD Brother Tom give o’er thy metre,
Thy verse has kill’d thy Brother Peter.
Thy verse his epitaph has made,
Then peace for ever to his shade.
What has thy verse now more to do?
Unless to kill the reader too.

ARETINA.
(August 7, 1788)

Verses,
On the Death of the Unfortunate Queen of France

Thou hadst but Power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not hurt. SHAKESPEAR.

LANDED on Death’s pacifick shore,
Ill-fated Queen; no tyrants more
Can violate thy peace;
Yet were thy soul to these consign’d,
They would a purgatory find,
Whose pains should never cease.

But now vindictive rage is past,
Kind death has mercy brought at last;
Mercy, to thee unknown,
Though most terrifick was his hour;

---

Untitled. This epigram is a response to a long, anonymous lampoon of satirist Peter Pindar (James Wolcot, 1738-1819), written in the persona of poet laureate Thomas Warton, which appeared serially in the SJC in July and August 1788. Pindar, a favorite of Moody’s, had lampooned Warton in his poems “Instructions to a Celebrated Laureate” (1787) and “Brother Peter to Brother Tom” (1788).

Verses. Title. **Queen of France**: Marie-Antoinette. See page 148.

He freed thee from barbarian power,
More cruel than his own.

Surbidon.

(October 31-November 2, 1793)

On the late brilliant Victory of Sir John Jervis;
and its effect on the public Mind

SUPPRESS, BRITANNIA, those fast gath’ring fears,
Nor cloud thy brow with unbecoming tears;
Turn to the Waves thy anxious suppliant eyes,
See the bright beams that ‘mid the billows rise;
There thy own Navy shall thy hopes sustain,
Heroick JERVIS gives thee life again.

Surbidon.

(March 7-9, 1797)

Epigram
On Wearing Mourning on the Fast Day

SAYS Stella to Chloe, pray tell me, my dear,
For whom are you dress’d in this funeral gear?
For my Sins, she replied—can I show too much sorrow?
Tho’ I mean to relinquish this habit to-morrow:

On the late brilliant Victory. Title. Sir John Jervis: British admiral (1735-1823) whose fifteen ships defeated the Spanish fleet of twenty-seven near Cape St. Vincent in the Mediterranean, thus preventing Spain from carrying out its threat to invade England. News of Jarvis' victory reached England on March 3: instantly a public hero, he was made an earl by King George III.

Epigram. Title. Fast Day: probably referring to Lent.
It is but a short mourning, for you know the Court,
Has settled that MOURNINGS—shall always be Short.
ARETINA.
(March 14-16, 1797)

On Valentine’s Day

SUN, that glads yon leafless grove,
Bless, this day, my Robin’s love;
Bid the Southern Zephyr blow,
Chase afar the chilling snow:
Break the fetters of the rill,
Quench my little Robin’s bill:
Melt the icy frozen plain,
Bring the worm, and bring the grain;
Bring the chick-weed—grusnel bring;
Food to make my Robin sing.

Hark—methinks from yonder boughs,
Robin warbles thus his vows—
“Come, my lovely Wren, away,
Let us hail our nuptial day;
Let our songs together join,
Homage due to Valentine.
Valentine, our Saint of Love,
This day honor’d thro’ the grove,
Crowns with freedom wedded rites,
Love with Liberty unites;

Nature's law — his law enjoins,
Nature's law — is Valentine's.
Our's is no _enduring_ chain,
Wren and I shall part again;
Fear not freedom we shall lose,
Both, next year, new loves may chuse;
Thou'lt be chosen by some other,
Perchance thy Robin's _little brother_.
I thy sister Wren may take,
And chirp and sing — yet _thee forsake_.
One short year then, Love, be mine,
More demands not — _Valentine._
_Surbiton._

(February 16-19, 1799)

The Wedding Cake

_Enlivening_ source of hymeneal mirth,
All hail the blest _Receipt_ that gave thee birth!
Tho' Flora culls the fairest of her bowers,
And strews the path of Hymen with her flowers;
Not half the raptures give her scatter'd sweets,

_The Cake_ far kinder gratulation meets.

The bride-maid's eyes with spark'ling glances beam,
_She_ views the _Cake_ — and greets the _promis'd dream_.
For when endowed with neckromantic spell,
_She knows_ what wond'rous things the _Cake_ will tell.

When from the altar comes the pensive bride,
With down-cast looks — her partner by her side;
Soon from the ground these thoughtful looks arise,
To meet the _Cake_ that gayer thought supplies.
With her own hand she charms each destin’d slice,
And thro’ the ring repeats the trebled thrice.
The hallow’d ring infusing magick power,
Bids Hymen’s visions wait the midnight hour:
The mystick treasure, placed beneath her head,
Will tell the fair—if haply she may wed.
These mysteries portentous, lie conceal’d,
Till Morpheus calls, and bids them stand reveal’d;
The future husband that night’s dream will bring,
Whether a Parson, Soldier, Beggar, King,
As partner of her life the fair must take,
Irrevocable doom of bridal Cake.
With sanguine hope she closes willing eyes,
And boldly meets the vision that will rise.
In love reposing all her conscious breast,
She trusts he’ll send the swain she loves the best:
When lo! congenial Sylphs desert her sleep,
And spightful Gnomes their wayward vigils keep.
These bring the destin’d spouse—not wish’d to come;
Perchance a surplice—when she woo’s a drum.
Or shew the blust’ring Warrior to her view,
When, to a meek-eye’d Priest, her heart is true.
Or round her brain bid vague ideas fly,
And no distinguish’d man meet Fancy’s eye.
Then fate severer will the Fair befall,
The vestal’s gloomy lot—NO SPOUSE AT ALL.
Thus Hymen endless disappointments makes,
And blends his mischiefs—even with his Cakes.
Surbiton.

(April 16-18, 1799)

Line 16. *trebled thrice*: according to tradition, a slice of wedding cake passed nine times through the wedding ring and placed beneath a person’s pillow will cause that person to dream of their future spouse.

On the Death of an unfortunate seduced Female; preceded by long and painful Sufferings

DELUDED Fair!—to Vice betray’d;  
Sorrowing mortal—happy shade!  
Blest be the hour that ends thy woes,  
And gives thee to the grave’s repose!  
Blest be that earth—for ever blest,  
That makes for thee a bed of rest!  
Fierce agonizing pangs are past,  
And ling’ring ease is come at last.  
The Tempter thee no more shall charm,  
Nor Sin seduce—nor Peril harm.  
Thy little bark by Passion tost,  
On dang’rous rocks of error lost;  
Now anchors on a peaceful shore,  
No tempest shall assail it more.  
Death’s curtain drawn around thine eyes,  
Bids life’s dread scenes no more arise.  
Come, then, ye Sister Virtues, come,  
A tribute spare to Frailty’s tomb!  
*Humanity*, with feeling heart,  
Here take a kindred sinner’s part;  
*Compassion* mourn her early bier,  
And give her youth thy passing tear;  
*Devotion* raise thy pious prayer,  
Which *Charity* on high shall bear:  
And thou, blest *Faith*, unfold thy skies,  
Led by *Repentance*, bid her rise  
To that benign and gracious heaven,  
Where Frailty sues—and is forgiven!

*Surbiton.*

(August 13-15, 1799)
The Daisy.
Addressed to Miss Margaret R—

While every lovely flower that springs,
In rapt’rous lays some Poet sings,
    Shalt thou, my lyre, be lazy?
Say, shall the Muse her numbers close,
    “With dappled Pink and blushing Rose,”
    Nor give one palm to Daisy?

Let haughty plants exalt their heads,
And vaunt their charms in garden beds,
    I’ll seek the woodland mazy;
For there to mossy banks retreats,
    To give the desert all her sweets,
    The little humble Daisy.

With bashful tints and languid hues,
Her leaves enamel’d there she strews,
    Mid shade and sun-beams hazy;
A carpet she prepares, to greet
    The wand’ring shepherd’s passing feet.
    Embroider’d by the Daisy.

Yet should the *babler of the grove,
Impute to her licentious love,
    The shepherd would be crazy;
For not a swain of honest fame,
    Would violate the spotless name
    Of little modest Daisy.

Surreron.

(November 21-23, 1799)

* Darwin. [Scientist and poet Erasmus Darwin; see page 70.]

Title. Miss Margaret R—: unidentified.
Friendship

FROM Friendship's heart be ever spurn'd
Suspicion's lurking eye!
From Friendship's lips be ever turn'd
The harsh unkind reply!

The open mind by her possesst,
To its dear partner known,
Cries—"in the mirror of my breast
Reflected—see thy own!

Thy tide of joys—thy tide of woes,
Within my bosom see!
And every sense thy feeling shows,
Behold that sense in me."

Of Friendship, thus the fates dispose,
With Life its course is run;
With young Aurora first it grows,
And sets with Evening's sun.

Surbiton.

(December 10-12, 1799)

A Defence of Wit. To Aspasia,
who advised and wished the Author to grow Dull

AH why, good Aspasia, my wit thus arraign,
And why of its innocent sallies complain?
Is the hour then lost when that wit you esteem'd,
Or that ever you lov'd it, alas have I dream'd?

A Defence of Wit. Title. Aspasia: see pages 95 and 164.
On the wings of our youth must our sympathy fly,  
Nor again be congenial the laugh or the sigh?  
Or is it that you, like a hoarder of pelf,  
All the treasure of wit would reserve to yourself?  
Ah! consent that at least I partake of a share!  
‘Tis the sun that dispersions my vapours of care.  
When to scribble I find a seducing occasion,  
I think not of taxes, of income, invasion.  
All evil with [gladness] I term adventitious,  
If Mecaenas approves, and the Muse is propitious.  
Be your prejudice silent—give Reason fair play,  
And for wit you will find there is something to say.  
But mistake not Aspasia—I mean not by wit  
What the vulgar describe, a malicious pert chit;  
Who distributes to gossips farragoes for lies,  
Or lampoons for itinerant poets supplies.  
NO—for Wit that I honour—what word shall I find?  
‘Tis a meteor that dances and plays on the mind;  
Expands and invigorates Intellect’s powers,  
Her culture enriches and dresses her flowers;  
Awakens from torpor each languid sensation,  
And gives to the soul a renew’d animation:  
Preserves a fair likeness which Time can remember,  
In the breast that was May, and that now is December.  
Oh blest be the beams that so cherish the mind!  
Make it pleas’d with itself, and to others more kind.  
Ah! sue not to Dullness her genius to send!  
To o’ershadow with mist the poor mind of your friend;  
When of sprightly ideas this bosom’s bereft,  
Oh how little the value of all that is left!  
Nor conceive that more kind, as more dull, I shall grow,  
No—the stream if now bitter—more bitter will flow.
When by Wit’s glowing pencil the Truth is portray’d,
Her tints of bright hue but enliven the shade:
Thro’ her playful good humour the semblance we trace,
We examine the picture—and smile in her face.
But when Dullness is painter—cold Malice combines,
And Ill-nature and Envy assist her designs.
Vile daubings of Slander, the colours pervade,
And we turn with disgust from the Thing she has made.

Oh then to the winds be consign’d my friend’s prayer,
May Apollo forgive—and disperse it in air!

Surbittom.

(January 16, 1800)

The Andaman’s Creed and Worship
(Taken from Symes’s Embassy to Ava)

While simple Nature’s faith is our’s,
The prayer of Nature we rehearse;
We worship in her sev’ral powers,
The ruler of the Universe.

The Sun our adoration greets,
First—as the obvious source of good;
The Moon our second homage meets,
And last—the Genii of the wood.

The Water’s, Mountain’s various forms,
Inferior agents these—we praise;

The Andaman’s Creed. Title. Symes’s Embassy to Ava: Soldier and diplomat Michael Symes’ account of his 1795 mission to Burma (Ava). Moody’s poem is based on Symes’ description of the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal.
And to the Spirit of the Storms
    Our trembling orisons we raise.

When fierce monsoons the gales divide
    And Nature groans with vary'd shocks,
We on the beach's pendant side,
    Chaunt a wild chorus to the rocks;

Or prostrate pour spontaneous praise,
    Where the great Sun reveals his sight;
Our bosoms kindle at his rays,
    The unenlighten'd mind's best light.

No bliss remote our souls pursue,
    Our bounded thought is here confin'd;
A present God alone we view,
    The Sun his smile — his frown the wind.
Surbithan Farm.

(October 27, 1801)

The Ever Blue, Addressed to a Gentleman, who complained of being frequently tormented with the Blue Devils

LET poets paint the Evergreen,*
    With Fancy's brightest view;
My Muse shall sing the gloomy scene
    Of visions — Ever Blue.

* Alluding to some verses that lately appeared on the Evergreen, in the St. James's Chronicle. [*"The Evergreen," written by Moody's long-time friend George Hardinge (c.1744-1816) in the same form as this poem, was a paean to her longevity and wit.]

The Ever Blue. Title. Blue Devils melancholy.
Ye vapours that surround the brain,
Distilling baneful dew,
Who conjure up a ghostly train
Of devils—ever blue.

Ye leaders of the band of spleen,
In shape for ever new!
Thou' varied each ideal mien,
Your dress is—ever blue.

Ye spectres wan, who ride on air,
And minds diseas'd pursue!
Who guide to caves of dark despair,
With taper—ever blue.

The wretched soul by you posest
Feels each delusion true;
The lamp of life by you thus drest,
Burns dim, and ever blue.

No pow'r of Fortune can disarm,
Or chase the morbid crew;
Her richest treasures have no charm,
For spirits—ever blue!

The silver of Potosi's mine,
The diamonds of Peru,
Pactolian sands, with golden shine,
Would still be—ever blue!
Tho’ Spring revive from dead repose,
   And verbal suns renew;
No tint can Flora’s lap disclose,
   But colour—ever blue!

Tho’ Autumn, with her lavish hands,
   Her various bounty strew;
The yellow corn, on Plenty’s lands,
   Would seem for—ever blue!

And long as Nature wears her green,
   (Primeval fav’rite hue),
So long the Goddess of the spleen
   Will wear her—Ever Blue!

Surbiton.

(March 23, 1802)

Twickenham Meadows—Sept. 14, 1802.
   Addressed to G.H. Esq.

       AS with fond eyes I view the meads
   Where Thames his fav’rite current leads,
       How chang’d their once-lov’d beauties seem!
   Immers’d in weeds the glassy stream*
   Show’d like a foul and stagnant lake,
   Where wad’ling ducks their pastime take.

* The river was remarkably low.

Twickenham Meadows. Title. G.H. Esq.: George Hardinge, who had recently moved away from his villa, Ragman’s Castle, on the Thames at Twickenham. At the time she wrote this poem, Moody herself no longer resided in the area full-time.
Th’ enchanting †Castle’s fairy bow’rs,
Encircled once with gayest flowers,
Now look’d thro’ boughs that veil the light,
The gloomy residence of night.

I sigh, and with a heartfelt groan,
Exclaim aloud—what joys are flown!
Eventful Time! thy scenes arise,
Thy visions pass before my eyes.
Fair Stream! that shines thro’ yonder glade
Of groves that form a sylvan shade;
My native Thames—Oh bend to me!
Explain from whence, the change I see.
Say—why deprest thy current flows,
That once so gay and proudly rose?
Thou that wast wont to win thy way,
With sprightly undulating play,
Why now in weeds thy bosom hide;
And pensive thus in sadness glide?

The rev’rend Father rear’d his head,
A wreath funereal round it spread;
And would’st thou know, the God reply’d,
Why humbled thus my wonted pride?

It is—that Genius leaves my shore,
Genius to me—returns no more.
Hence sunk thro’ grief my stream appears,
These sedges but conceal my tears;
With smiling bosom can I rise?
When Hardinge’s fled—and Cambridge dies.
Surbiton.

(September 21, 1802)

† Ragman’s Castle, once the residence of George Hardinge, Esq.

To An Ass

THOU patient drudge! meek interesting thing!
I see thee every day thy traffick bring!
And welcome all thy withered fruits to me,
If by their purchase I can cherish thee!
I meet thee daily ambling in my walks,
And often wish that I with thee could talk;
Yet rash the wish—for I a tale might hear,
That would beguile a Stoick of his tear.
Thy loaded panniers I with pity see,
They seem too heavy—by thy bended knee;
And ill thy battered sides their weight sustain,
Yet never by a groan dost thou complain.
Thy active feet obedient onward pass,
And seldom stop—unless a blade of grass,
From some near spot seduce thy famish’d sight,
And tempt thy truant steps to short delight;
That short delight—a momentary taste,
One little mouthful—snatch’d with greedy haste.
But thou hast scarcely gone thus far astray,
Ere back thou’rt whipp’d and goaded on thy way.
The market is thy master’s keen pursuit,
And thou must perish if unsold his fruit.

Reflecting then, I gaze upon thy face,
To mark if silent anguish I can trace.
I search thy eyes—explore thy panting breast,
And fancy, latent grief by fear supprest—
But no! such meekness dwells upon thy brow,
Thou may’st be happy—tho’ I know not how.
Nay, e’en a smile thy features seem to show,
Is it submissive smile of patient woe?
And canst thou act a counterfeited part,
That know’st not, like ourselves, to practise art?
Philosophy has not thy features drest,
Or given the virtues on thy face imprest:
Nature, that made thee gentle, meek, and mild,
Reserves these best of gifts for Mis’ry’s child.

*Turnham-Green.*

(June 18, 1803)

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Uncollected Poems

from George Hardinge's

Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse

(1818)

George Hardinge's three-volume Miscellaneous Works—the second of which is devoted to verse—was edited by his friend John Nichols (1745-1826) and published two years after Hardinge's death. Volume 2 contains many poems addressed to and about Elizabeth Moody, as well as several written by her. Moody's poems are presented here in the order in which they appear in the volume, and four of Hardinge's poems have been included for the sake of context. The author's footnotes are most likely Hardinge's, as are many of the poems' titles. Most of the undated poems included probably date from after 1800.
Prophecy; by the Sibyl of the Poplars*

THE Sword†, protector of heroic fame,
Shall rouse the ear supine with Hardinge’s name;
Shall guard from Time’s obliterating dust,
And that dread shelf where sacred honours rust;
Shall speed the ship where modest Hope is bound,
Till, for the latent wish, more guns are found:
Then Glory’s brightest flag shall fix the sight,
And crown Ambition with—its blue or white;
Annals remote the splendid gift shall trace,
Nor find a blot that shall its fame disgrace;
Compell’d by Duty, it shall boldly dare;
Compell’d by Mercy, it shall nobly spare.
Attemper’d thus, it dignifies the side,
And makes the Hero’s boast—an honest pride,—
Attemper’d thus, will shine in Hardinge’s hand,
Since his is the power to give it this command.

(1804)

The Sword; Addressed to Captain George Nicholas Hardinge

LET frantic Sibyls augur hostile skill,
And tell of millions this bright Sword shall kill;
With voice prophetic bid the Muse prepare
Her incens’d praise—for phantoms in the air!

* Mrs. Moody [whose villa on Turnham Green was screened by a row of poplars].
† Which had been presented to Captain G.N. Hardinge. [George Nicholas Hardinge (1781-1808) was George Hardinge’s nephew and adopted son. He was presented with a sword valued at 300 guineas after his sloop, the Scorpion, captured an enemy warship off the Dutch coast in March 1804.]

Line 8. blue or white: colors of the ensigns of the British Royal Navy and Naval Auxiliary.
The *Poplar Sibyl* other zeal inspires,
Averse to War and its avenging fires,
Averse to Warriors and their desperate feats,
She with a milder glow the trophy greets;
Yet, with address, and well-divining art,
Adapts her language to the *Hero*’s heart,
Then may her leaves by no rude winds be tost,
Nor, like her Sisters, be for ever lost.

(1804)

(Hardingee)

Mrs. Moody and Mrs. Inchbald Became Friends
In One Day, upon Turnham-Green

No Rival Beauties here with jealous pride
The tyrant of the world their slave divide;
No *Jersey or Fitzherbert* here we find,
By turns embrac’d, or shifted, and resign’d;
No *Pitt or Fox*, in crowded senates great,
The laurels of their eloquence debate;
No *Syrian Hero*, jealous of the *Nile*,
With faint applause, *at Nelson*’s feats can smile:

The Sword. Line 11. *leaves*: according to ancient tradition, a sibyl would record her prophecies on palm leaves and shut them up in her cave until an enquirer came to consult them, when they would be scattered by a breeze from the open door. The most famous reference to sybilline leaves is in Virgil’s *Aeneid*, Bk. 3.

Mrs. Moody and Mrs. Inchbald. Title. **Mrs. Inchbald**: playwright and novelist Elizabeth Inchbald (1753-1821).

Line 3. *Jersey or Fitzherbert*: Frances Villiers, Countess of Jersey, and Maria Anne (Smythe) Fitzherbert (1756-1837) were both mistresses of the Prince of Wales, later George IV. Already secretly married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Prince married Caroline of Brunswick at his father’s command. After this marriage, the Prince engaged in on-and-off relationships with both of the aforementioned women.

Line 5. *Pitt and Fox*: William Pitt the younger (1759-1806), British Prime Minister, and Charles James Fox (1749-1806), influential opposition leader in Parliament, were eloquent political opponents.

Line 7. *Syrian Hero*: Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith (1764-1840), whose forces helped break Napoleon’s siege of Acre in May, 1799. Admiral Horatio Nelson (see page 171), Smith’s commander at the time, had defeated the French in the Battle of the Nile in August 1798.
At once the two Elizabeths are found*
In Friendship’s wreath on consecrated ground,
A vein like theirs all jealousy refuses[;]
There’s no competitor between the Muses.

(1803)

(Moody)
To Mrs. Inchbald

Mrs. Inchbald lodged in the house recently inhabited by an insane Nobleman.
Mrs. Moody, who lived upon the same Green, sent her this Impromptu.

"SUPERIOR Wits to madness are allied,
And thin partitions their conceits divide†"
The house in which a Madman breath’d his last:
By these analogies thy lot is cast;
For lunacy were those apartments fit,
Now Genius owns them tenanted by Wit.

(1803)

* They were both Elizabeths.
† Great wits to madness surely are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide. POPE. ["Great wits are sure to madness near allied . . ."]
actually from John Dryden’s Absalom and Achitophel, Lines 163-64. Alexander Pope parodied Dryden’s
lines in his Essay on Man, Lines 225-26: "Remembrance and Reflection how allied,/ What thin partitions
Sense from Thought Divide:"]

To Mrs. Inchbald. Epigraph. For part of 1803, Elizabeth Inchbald lived in apartments in Annandale
House, a residence for Catholic ladies on Turnham Green.
Solution of a Charade. By a Married Lady

WITH impatience like that of my Surbiton lover,
Your Charade I attempted in vain to discover;
Tho' I puzzled my thoughts with a harp and a fiddle,
They were flound'ring'd at last, and were stuck in the middle.
When my Husband observ'd, and I fear he was right,
In your band-box, my dear, is a beautiful sight.
Choak'd with envy, I answer'd, "If that's what you mean,
It's quite lost in a band-box; I'd have it be—seen."

(Moody)

WHEN free as air you sent me love,
It was the musick of the dove;
But when six halfpence are the cost,
A serpent bites—the dove is lost.

Solution of a Charade. Title. Charade: charades, both written and acted out, were a popular pastime among the middle and upper classes.

Line 1. Surbiton lover: Moody's husband Christopher, during the first half of their married life, the couple lived at Surbiton, a hamlet on the Thames south of Kingston.

Line 6. band-box: a box of cardboard or thin wood for collars, caps, bonnets, and other millinery.

Untitled. In Miscellaneous Works this poem is sandwiched between Hardinge's comments: "A very gallant Female Correspondent insinuated, but with delicacy, that my love had cost her three pence, in the following lines;" and "After this hint I never made love to her but post paid." (At the time it was customary for the receiver of mail rather than the sender to pay its postage.) This and the following poem are unattributed, but their subject matter and style strongly suggest they are Moody's.
When the Nymph has attracted the amorous youth, 
Can he offer a cup so insipid as Truth?
When a Lady and Gentleman tickle each other, 
If her stockings are blue, like a sister and brother, 
Shall a pedant like Bentley, or cold Aristarchus, 
With injunctions of mutual abstinence mark us?
With his medical word, like poor Sancho's Physician, 
Banish all from the cup that is not of their mission?

(Moody)
Sappho

THOUGH you are lighter than a cork, 
And feathers combat with a fork; 
I love your prose—I hate your verse*; 
You're an amusement—and a curse. 
Whether 'tis calm or blowing weather, 
Let us both sink or swim together.

* The reverse in general was the fact; but she had reflected just then on a little Poem of mine as being too satirical—and Poets, good or bad, in the days of Horace [Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65-8 B.C.), the great Roman poet and satirist], were an irritable race. — They could sit for that picture now.

Phaon's Answer. Line 14. **stockings are blue:** i.e., a learned lady or "bluestocking"; a term first applied to Elizabeth Montagu's influential social and literary circle of the 1760's and 70's.

Line 15. **Bentley:** Richard Bentley (1662-1742), scholar and critic. **Aristarchus:** Aristarchus of Samothrace (c.216-145 B.C.), writer, educator, and head of the famed library in Alexandria. Both of these men were attacked as pedants by Alexander Pope in the *Dunciad* (1728-43).

Line 17. **Sancho's Physician:** In Part Two, Chapter 47 of Miguel de Cervantes' novel *Don Quixote* (1605), Sancho Panza is governor of an island. At meals, his overzealous physician has each dish removed before Sancho has had a chance to eat it.
(Hardinge)

A Farewell to the Muse, and Six Reasons for It

It may be ask'd, why mute the Poet's voice?
Of Six good Reasons you shall take your choice.
The Law's delay, and the Attorney's bill;
The Tabbies that with piercing talons kill;
The hostile Friend, that acts a Tyrant's part;
The desolated life, and broken heart.

(Moody)

Sappho's Reply

But still you touch the harp's enchanted string,
And, like the fabled swans, in death you sing.
Though Cerberus presents, with triple head,
The want of peace, of credit, and of bread;
From every satin cheek and melting lip
The honey'd nectar of a kiss you sip;
The mind's amusement, and the body's too,
With independent spirit you pursue;
From all the characters that Fancy hit
Extract materials for your mirth and wit,
Laugh at the fool, your tears to mercy give,
Spare to the poor, and Fame's caprice forgive.


Sappho's Reply. Line 2. fabled swans: In classical tradition swans, sacred to Apollo, were said to share his gift of prophecy and would sing when they sensed death's approach. Many writers mention the tradition, among them Aeschylus, Plato, Plutarch, Chaucer, and Shakespeare.

Line 3. Cerberus: in Greek mythology, the three-headed dog guarding the entrance of Hades. In Virgil's Aeneid, Cerberus is pacified by a drugged sweet given him by the Sibyl.
Reviews

from The Monthly Review

(1789 - 1808)

The following reviews are taken from the editor's copy of the Monthly Review in which they are attributed to "Mrs. M.," "Mrs. Moo," and "Mrs. Moo-y" in handwritten notes by Ralph Griffiths and his son George Edward, who succeeded his father as proprietor and editor in 1803. The Griffiths' handwritten corrections have been silently incorporated. With the exception of the first review, which comes from the Monthly Review's First Series, all volume numbers refer to the Monthly's Second Series.

What shall we say of this imitation? That we have searched for its appendage, a resemblance, and cannot find it. What can we say of an arrangement of words in the form of blank verse, destitute of cadence and harmony? What but, that it is prose in the shape of poetry? Monsieur Lafaye will, perhaps, reply to us with the surprise of Molière’s Bourgeois Gentilhomme, “par ma foy, il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis la prose, sans que j’en susse rien.” But we do not expect him to subjoin the following part of the speech as an address to the Reviewers, “& je vous suis le plus obligé du monde de m’avoir après cela.” be that as it may, we must proceed on our journey; we have many regions to pass through; from the River Jordan we must fly to Mount Olympus; and from Olympus we must make all possible haste to get back into the wilderness of Judea: but, alas! we Reviewers have not the privileges which our poetical travellers enjoy—we are confined both by time and space. For this reason, Monsieur Lafaye must excuse us if we do not follow him through the whole of his flights and peregrinations.

This poem consists of six cantos; and the subject is as follows:—Satan, elated with the success which he meets with when he attempted the seduction of Eve, meditates a victory over Jesus Christ, while he is in the wilderness: but as it is proper that he should consult his peers before he proceeds to business, he summoneth the assembly to Mount Olympus; and, in the first canto, page 8, we are introduced to this no very formidable body, considering they are devils—

“Chétive assemblée! où chacun tremble.” p.3. l. 15.

Satan, in a long speech (for he is a most verbose orator), communicates his grand design: which, meeting with general approbation, he sets out on his journey: and with the characteristic vivacity of a French demon, says

Lines 5-6. “par ma foy ... rien”: “by my faith, I’ve been speaking prose for more than 40 years, and I still don’t know a thing about it.” From Molière’s comedy The Bourgeois Gentleman, 2.4.

Lines 7-8. “& je vous suis ... cela”: “and I am the most obliged to you in the world for having informed me of that.”

Line 21. “Wretched assemblage! where each one trembles.”
— gaiment

Je vais, mon dessein jadis prospère,
verse en mon sein le beaume de l'espoir.

Arrived in the desart, he approaches our Saviour under the appearance of an old man, in search of strayed cattle; he is likewise looking for some sticks to make a faggot. He enters into conversation with Jesus; and the temptation by which he hopes to seduce the Saviour of the world, is an offer to shew him the way out of the wilderness. His proposal being rejected with contempt, Satan makes a bow, and vanishes.

In the second canto, the Arch Fiend again assembles his peers. The council appear to be rather tumultuous. Belial is a very turbulent member, and expresses himself with great acrimony toward the race of David:

Parbleu! comme je fis dégringoler
Toute la famille, sans oublier
Roi Salomon, avec sa sagesse.

And this Roi Salomon he talks of taking by the nose.

In the third canto, Satan renews his temptations in the wilderness; and supposing our Saviour to be very hungry, invites him to eat:—by the power of his magic wand, a table rises in the desart, royalement servie, on which are displayed all the dainties that the most excellent French cookery can supply, game and poultry.

Bardets, bouillies, rots, venaison,
Coulis transparens, & sauces ambrées,
Patisseries en tourrettes, gateaux,
Les poissons les plus rares, de source,
Rivières, etangs, &c.

This repast is exhibited sous un pavillon de verdure, ornamented with fruits.

Lines 25-27. gaiment ... l'espoir: "cheerfully I go, my scheme of old, prosperous, pours into my breast the beam of hope."

Line 35. Belial: one of the fallen angels in Milton's Paradise Lost.

Line 36. race of David: the Jews.

Lines 37-39. "Of course! just as I have brought down the whole family, without forgetting King Solomon with his wisdom."

Lines 45-49. "Bacon, boiled and roasted beef, venison, transparent broth and amber sauces, pastries shaped like little towers, cakes, the rarest fish culled from rivers, pools, etc."

Line 50. sous un pavillon de verdure: "beneath a canopy of greenery."
and flowers; a splendid buffet presents itself, covered with vases of gold and crystal, and attended by Genii with purple wings. In another part of the desart, Nymphs are dancing sous des bouquets d'arbres; while in another, Zephyrus, Pomona, and the train of Flora, are forming garlands and preparing fruits.—This is pretty scenery for an opera. But as we cannot promise to steer this little French bark safe into port, through the channel of English criticism, we will (without loading it with any more of our strictures) leave it to seek an harbour in its native coast;—it may chance to meet there with a more propitious gale. As to ourselves, we must be candid enough to confess that our English Satan has obtained so much popularity, through the skilful management of our immortal Milton, that we can by no means tolerate French devils.

(Foreign Appendix, v. 81, December 1789)


This abridgement of the Italian Grammar is recommended by the author as containing "tout ce qui est nécessaire pour acquérir une connaissance parfaite de la langue Italienne." Pref. p. 1.

We are not, however, of opinion that an acquaintance with this little grammar is sufficient to supercede the necessity of studying those that are more diffuse and comprehensive. So concise a method as that adopted by M. Curioni, may be attended with success, when seconded by the supplementary instruction of an intelligent master: but would be of little use to the young scholar, without the assistance of such an auxiliary.

We do not mean to discountenance this grammar; because science, whether dilated or compressed, must be productive of utility.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 2, July 1790)

Art XIII. Line 53. sous des bouquets d'arbres: "beneath clusters of trees."

Art. 21. Lines 2-3. "tout ce qui est necessaire ... Italienne": "all that is necessary to acquire a perfect knowledge of the Italian language."
Art. 46. *The Negroe equalled by few Europeans.* Translated from the French. 12 mo. 3 Vols. 9s. sewed. Robinsons. 1790.

Among a variety of incidents, this story contains some that are interesting and amusing: but what must principally recommend it to those readers whose hearts partake of the milk of human kindness, is the gentle and amiable spirit of benevolence that seems to inspire the pen of the author: most pathetically does it plead the cause of that unfortunate race, whose wretched existence has for many years been made subservient to the purposes of fostering the base passions of avarice and pride. If Negroes were indeed such as this author represents them, so superior are they in virtue to Europeans, that instead of being our slaves, they ought to be our masters: the picture, however, we fancy, is too highly coloured. Itanoka, the principal figure, verifies what the title of the book asserts; he is indeed a *Negroe equalled by few Europeans*; possessing a portion of virtue that borders on a monopoly; and we cannot help wishing that some of it could be brought to our market, and distributed among our white brethren. Itanoka, after having encountered various misfortunes, (brought on him by the perfidy and ingratitude of Europeans,) becomes, by a sudden transition from adversity to prosperity, the master of a plantation, and the ruler over slaves whose fellow-slave he had been. This revolution affords him an opportunity of contrasting his amiable humanity with the diabolical tyranny and oppression of the European masters; whose injustice and barbarity to the poor Africans, he frequently (with what truth or justice we know not,) describes, and as frequently reprobrates. “If riches,” says he, addressing himself to them, “which offer the means of solacing human miseries, have served to harden your minds; if the sciences, whose object is to enlighten men, have but increased your pride; if your compassionate religion has no influence on your hearts; you must be the most vile, the most corrupt of men; to possess all the treasures which can give energy to virtue, and to turn them all into means of vice! It is a degree of depravity, of which the whole world beside gives no example.”

It is painful to us to dwell on the instances of cruelty here said to have been inflicted by the white people, on a feeble, subdued, defenceless race; to read of whips and scourges, hard labour, short allowances of food and sleep, joined to

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Heading *from the French:* originally published as *Le Negre comme il y a peu de blancs,* by Joseph La Valette, in 1789.
the loss of liberty, and the separation from friends and dearest connections. We must therefore dismiss the melancholy subject, and seek relief in the consolatory hope, that religion and morality will diffuse the light of their truths more and more on European hearts; and lead them to consider that humanity is a principle which not only endears man most to his fellow-creatures, but is undoubtedly that which will make him most acceptable to his Creator; and that however men may be induced to suppose themselves authorized by prejudice, custom, and the law of nations, to usurp a dominion over the unhappy Negroes, and to exercise that dominion with injustice—whatever appeal they may make from their consciences to these tribunals, let them remember, that an hour will most assuredly come, when they will be judged at a tribunal from which there will be no appeal.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 3, November 1790)


Of the various species of composition that in course come before us, there are none in which our writers of the male sex have less excelled, since the days of Richardson and Fielding, than in the arrangement of a novel. Ladies seem to appropriate to themselves an exclusive privilege in this kind of writing; witness the numerous productions of romantic tales to which female authors have given birth. The portraiture of the tender passions, the delicacy of sentiment, and the easy flow of style, may, perhaps, be most adapted to the genius of the softer sex: but however that may be, politeness, certainly, will not suffer us to dispute this palm with our fair competitors. We, though of the harder sex, as men, and of the still harder race as critics, are no enemies to an affecting well-told story: but as we are known not to be very easily pleased, it may be imagined that those performances only will obtain the sanction of our applause, which can stand the test of certain criteria of excellence.

The story of a novel should be formed of a variety of interesting incidents; a knowledge of the world, and of mankind, are essential requisites in the writer; the characters should be always natural; the personages should talk, think, and act, as becomes their respective ages, situations, and characters; the sentiments should

be moral, chaste, and delicate; the language should be easy, correct, and elegant, free from affectation, and unobscured by pedantry; and the narrative should be as little interrupted as possible by digressions and episodes of every kind: yet if an author chooses to indulge, occasionally, in moral reflections, in the view of blending instruction with amusement, we would not wish, altogether, to frustrate so good a design:—but, that his precepts may obtain the utmost efficacy, we would recommend them to be inserted in those periods of the history, where the reader's curiosity can most patiently submit to suspense.

Having thus given a sketch of what a novel should be to please us, we proceed to the work which has given occasion to these remarks.

This novel, then, consists of a series of Letters between the Hon. Mr. Wilton and his friend Mr. Benfield. Mr. Wilton is the son of Lord Wilton, a cruel, avaritious, despotic parent, who wishes to force his son into a marriage, (extremely against his inclinations,) with Miss Silvertop, a young lady of large fortune: the parties are introduced to each other, and are left alone for the purpose of making love; when, unluckily, the gentleman begins by asking the young lady, which are her favourite among the dramatic authors. Miss Silvertop, not having been instructed in her literary catechism, stares, and seems not to comprehend him. He is not, however, discouraged: but pursues his learned inquiries, till at last the young lady betrays such a total want of erudition, that Mr. Wilton, completely disgusted, resolves, in defiance of all paternal injunctions, to decline the marriage. Lord Wilton is in great wrath, utters dreadful imprecations, and even curses his son, who runs out of the house, gets into a stage coach, and arrives at Morpeth in Northumberland; where he becomes enamoured of a beautiful young lady, named Olivia. Mr. Fennel, one of Olivia's lovers, is jealous of Mr. Wilton, and sends him a challenge; a duel ensues—Mr. W. disarms and wounds his antagonist; who is so enraged, that he insists on being dead, that Mr. W. may be hanged:—the latter is therefore, with all due formality, ushered into a prison: but Mr. Fennel, having reported falsely of himself that he was dead, and being taken alive, Mr. Wilton is released from his confinement, and marries Olivia; who proves to be another Miss Silvertop. The old Lord, who had determined on an alliance with the family of the Silvertops, recalls his curses, and changes them into blessings; and a happy union likewise takes place, with regard to an episodical pair, whose adventures serve to diversify the work:—which here naturally concludes.

In regard to the general character of Mr. Thomson's performance, it certainly is not void of merit. The volumes abound with pious and moral reflections, not unworthy the pen of a clergyman: but we should have admired this
piety and morality still more, had the language (especially of the earlier letters.) being less verbose, and the style less stiffened with hard words. Terms of the same signification are frequently coupled together*: a mode of writing rather suitable to an indenture than a book of entertainment; and peculiarly inconsistent with the natural ease and freedom of the epistolary style.

Notwithstanding the impropriety of the language of some parts of this work, for it is not uniformly thus censurable, the story has not failed to interest us in the perusal; and it would be great injustice to the sensible writer, if we did not speak of his performance as entitled to a considerable degree of distinction above the common crowd—the canaille of modern romances and novels.

The leading moral purpose of this work, is to expose the unreasonableness, absurdity, and tyranny, of parents who usurp an absolute authority over their children, in respect to their matrimonial engagements; forcing all natural affection, and every prospect of happiness from that source, to give way to the calls of avarice or ambition.—This is a beaten path, which has been trodden by almost every novelist and dramatic writer;—who, we are happy to think, have successfully encountered a monster which is now seldom seen but in their performances.

(Review Article, v. 3, December 1790)

* For instance, "black criminality," pref. p. 7; "Wanton lasciviousness," ib. p. 9; "mutual reciprocation," ib. p. 16, "cautious timidity," p. 32.—Other expressions, which we have remarked, seem much too stiff and pedantic for the characters that use them,—as, "Pray, Madam," answers Mr. Wilton to a question from his lady mother, "what prompts the interrogation?" — "My dear Henry," says the countess, "I am afraid the air of your native country, after so long an absence in the warmer climates of France and Italy, is not congenial to your health, as you seem to have acquired a slight indisposition this morning," p. 33, and the Hon. Mr. W. is, in like manner, accosted by his honourable sister, with "Pray, Henry, if our native air be more salubrious than that of the continent"—p. 36. With equal solemnity does the young nobleman answer his Right Hon. father's haughty command to marry the lady not of his choice: "The will hath a certain prerogative, in the exercise of which it admits of no compulsory methods to corrode its happiness. It thinks, it acts with spontaneity; and when opposed, suffers a diminution of its pleasure." p. 37, &c. &c.

We would just observe, also that the hero of this piece is said to be the only son of the Earl Wilton, and yet he is merely styled the Hon. Mr. Wilton. Every Earl has a secondary title, which, by courtesy, is borne by his eldest son; and his daughters are addressed as Lady Ann, Lady Mary, &c.

Line 64. canaille: rabble.

Lines 65-72. The leading ... performances: This paragraph was added by Monthly Review publisher Ralph Griffiths.

The author of these descriptions sets out with promising to exhibit pictures of the modes of thinking, and manners of acting, *peculiar* to the present age: this led us to expect some novelty in the subjects of these *paintings*: of course we were a little disappointed to meet with none but *old pictures*: the same dissipation, the same *frivolité*, and disposition to gallantry, and the same general profligacy among the great, are here represented as they have been so often described in past ages: nor can we perceive any *peculiar* excellence in this painter's performances; his *colours* are often coarse; he has not taken a good likeness of Nature, either in her moral or physical character; and she is mostly drawn in *unbecoming dresses*. In a picture of her in her physical capacity, we are presented with an *accouchement*. This is a favourite subject with the artist, and he paints it *con amore*. The companion to it is a mother surrounded with *one and twenty children*, a *groupe* that not a little enhances our admiration of *French population*; nor can we contemplate this Gallic Hecuba without some degree of respect. Among the best of the pictures, is a gambling party, where the fatal consequences of that pernicious vice are affectingly portrayed. A melancholy story, displaying some of the cruel effects of the present commotions in France, concludes the *exhibition*.

The translator is a faithful copyist: but the *colouring* to which we object, in some of the *original pictures*, is still coarser in the *copies*—This is not the fault of the translator, but of the languages.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 4, January 1791)

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Art. 53. Line 10. **accouchement**: lying-in or childbirth.

Line 14. **Gallic Hecuba**: French Hecuba. In Greek myth, Hecuba was the wife of King Priam and the mother of thirty-one children.

Line 17. **present commotions in France**: a year after the storming of the Bastille, France was embroiled in a revolution that would overturn the old, aristocratic order in favor of a republic.

Turtle doves have long been celebrated for their fidelity; and this turtle dove, though he flirts, *en passant,* with a sky-lark, a jay, and a quail, does not materially discredit the famed constancy of his species, these birds being all *coquettes:* but when he meets (as he fortunately does) with an amiable dove-mate, he is as faithful as any turtle, of any grove. The author had probably some meaning, and intended to illustrate some moral, in this poem: but our dulness is at a loss to discover either. The *secret,* therefore, must remain in his own bosom. As for the translator, his humility deserves encouragement: he should be truly flattered, (he says,) "were it permitted him to believe that his copy displayed any of the *artless* graces of the original." It is with pleasure that we assure this *humble* copyist, that we think full *as well* of his translation as we do of the *original.*

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 4, January 1791)

Art. 34. *Sempronia.* 12 mo. 3 Vols. 9s. sewed. Lane. 1790.

If Reviewers are said to be liberal of their censures, let it not also be said that they are "niggards of their praise:" it is with pleasure that we bestow a tribute of our approbation on the fair Sempronia. The style of these letters is, on the whole, elegant; and though incidents are not sufficiently numerous and various to make the narrative interesting, the reader may discern, throughout the work, the latent possibilities of excellence; and may infer, from the writer's style, that she is capable of painting a *good story* with all it's necessary embellishments.—We would recommend it to her, in future, to pay more diligent attention to the correctness of her publications, and not to usher them into the world in so much haste. May she remember that haste does not always promote *good speed.*

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 5, March 1791)

Art. 65. Line 8. *translator:* possibly Stephen Weston, a *St. James's Chronicle* partner whose translation was printed along with the original French version in 1789.

Art. 34. Line 2. "niggards of their praise": probably a recasting of Line 79 from Shakespeare's poem *The Rape of Lucrece:* "the niggard prodigal that praised her so."

So much having been already written on the subject of education, we did not expect to meet with novelty in this little work; yet we think we have met with something that borders on this said novelty. Mr. Routh recommends a new method of teaching les langues étrangères; il faut convenir, (he says,) que pour tout autre âge que l’enfance, rien n’est plus fastidieux que l’étude seche et froide de la grammaire: ce seraït donc rendre un service réel aux jeunes gens qui désirent apprendre une langue vivante autre que la leur, de faire disparaître de cette étude la secheresse des rudiments; c’est folie de vouloir s’entreter à escalader en droite ligne une montagne escarpée, quand par des sentiers adoucis on peut arriver plutôt à son sommet.

We differ from Mr. R. on this point; the grammatical mountain must be ascended; and the traveller had better exert himself, with all his strength, to reach the summit by the old rugged path, than waste his precious time by sauntering carelessly in a smoother one, toward which we think he will by no means find the shortest way. We are likewise of opinion, that if this intricate study of grammar were omitted till the pupil were able to apply its rules by his own understanding, he would make a more rapid progress in the knowledge of a language, than children can do by the ordinary method of instruction, by which they learn grammar by rote, and comprehend no more if it than the parrot does of the colloquial learning that he has been taught.

It has ever been allowed, that the docile mind of infancy receives and imbibes these rudiments with greater facility, than when they are obtained in a more advanced period; and it may be so: but as they must be laid by till they can be brought into practice, may not this premature knowledge be compared to the buying cloaths for a child, which are so much too large for his present size, that he must...
Art. V. *Men and Manners*. By Francis Lathom. 12 mo. 4 Vols. 14s. sewed. Wright, &c. 1799.

The title of this production leads us to examine the *dramatis personae* as a painter examines the several pictures of a collected groupe of figures, representing a variety of characters; and, according to this mode of examination, we shall pass our strictures on the *pictures* exhibited on this canvas. The most prominent figure in the piece is Sir Gilbert Oxmondeley; who, from having been born plain Gilbert Oxmondeley, and been bred to the trade of a glover and hosier in Cheapside, is turned round on the sportive wheel of fortune, and thrown into the rank of a baronet, with the appendage of four thousand pounds in a year. Such a change in circumstances naturally produces a change of manners; which are well-described in the author's own words:

"The baronet, as is natural to suppose, in a man undergoing so sudden a change of circumstances, lost what few good qualities he had ever possessed, in such vicious ones, as he had never before dreamt of; — his sentiments and manners underwent as speedy a metamorphose, as the house and furniture of Goody Baucis and her good man Philemon. The counter-bow and smirk, with the indiscriminate-ly applied sentences of, "much obliged to your ladyship," — "thank you, sir," were converted into a stiff gait and sneer at the little world below him, with a continual grumbling cough in his throat, which seemed to say, "dam’me, don’t you know who I am?""

This is good painting. — Miss Eliza, Sir Gilbert’s daughter, has educated herself principally by the assistance of novels, and consequently marries the first man who asks the honor of her fair hand, reduces herself to poverty, and flies from her creditors to the stage. — This, though not an original, is a good *copy*. — The family of the Hutchinbunks is well executed; and the Dutch boy, or man in miniature, is *alive*: — but the foundling Rachel is too formal, sententious, and

Art. V. Heading: **Francis Lathom**: novelist and dramatist (1777-1832).

Line 6. **Cheapside**: commercial street near St. Paul's in the City of London.

Lines 14-15. **Baucis ... Philemon**: in Greek mythology, the poor, elderly couple whose house was transformed into a grand temple by Zeus and Hermes as a reward for their hospitality.
affected, for a country girl bred up in a parsonage-house with the good simple
Mr. Morden: the colours are therefore not natural.

Jonathan Parkinson, the quaker and no quaker, (being only so called by
the world because he wore plain clothes and a flat crown’d hat, lest he should
offend the memory of his ancestors; and who retained also for the same reason the
peculiarity of that stiff phraseology used by the sect,) forms the picture which
pleases us the least in the piece. It may be that, as Jonathan Parkinson is not
friendly to our court of criticism, he must allow for our being a little piqued that a
man, who is exalted by the liberality of his sentiments, should so set his face
against poor Reviewers as to refuse all acquaintance with us, and to judge us
severely without knowing us: for Jonathan’s own words are, on being presented
by a bookseller with two new Reviews,—“I do thank thee, friend, for thy civility,
but I do never read THOSE BOOKS.”—Now human creatures are not always good
Christians, and so disposed to forgive as they ought to be; it may therefore be
considered as a venial sin, if we exult a little over the fallible virtue of this
preacher and pattern of moral rectitude; and if we smile when we see him peeping
over the shoulder of the frail Miss Darlington, who presents him with two
illegitimate pledges of an illicit amour. The costume of this portrait is ill preserved.

The dashing Cranberry, the cold-blooded Alfred, the gamester Lady
Paragon, the swindler Blackman, the travell’d Sir Bauble, and many others, are
rather daubings than good pictures:—the colours are unnatural.—We give the
following chapter as a specimen of the work:

[excerpt omitted from this edition]

We are sorry that we have not been more entertained with the whole of
this novel: but we readily acknowledge that we have occasionally received pleasure
from the comic powers of Mr. Lathom; and that we have met with scenes not
unworthy of the drama, where the ridicule is well painted which results from pride,
ostentation, and vanity, grafted on low birth, mean education, and defective
intellects. Prolixity is the great fault of this author, and it is indeed too common an
error. It is to be wished that writers of all descriptions would study the multum in
parvo, and the happy art of compressing. How to begin, and how to finish, are
points of difficulty: but when to finish requires the most resolution.

(Review Article, v. 31, January 1800)

Lines 54-55 multum in parvo: Latin for “much in little,” or a great deal in a small compass. The
Oxford English Dictionary cites a 1732 literary work entitled Multum in Parvo; or, the Jubilee of Jubilees.

It is generally with pleasure that we renew our acquaintance with this elegant and ingenious author, from whose writings the public have at various periods received that entertainment and profit which a lively imagination, and a well-cultivated understanding, necessarily produce to the reader who possesses similar qualities. The letters before us, though addressed to young persons, and written principally for their amusement and instruction, are by no means so frivolous as to preclude those of maturer years from a participation of the repast; for they are both moral and entertaining, and are interspersed with a variety of interesting anecdotes. Circumstances and situations of individuals, during the perils and horrors of the French revolution, are described with such pathos and energetic sensibility, as must excite the interest and engage the attention of the humane reader.

The adventures of the little emigrant, Eugene de Vilmore, a boy nine years old, and written by himself at that age, are rather more improbable than even the generality of fictitious details: but we cease to wonder at the many instances of foresight in this infant man, when we become acquainted with the superior sagacity of his little female companion Lolotte, a girl six years of age, who was the partner of his exile. This little girl, hearing that there was a scarcity of bread in France, by frequently begging from a charitable miller a handful of flour, at length collects a sufficient quantity to fill a sack, which she sends as a present to her governess in France. This provident disposition in the little Lolotte induces us to imagine that she must have been a descendant of the Patriarch Joseph. There are many other examples of extraordinary wisdom in very young people:—which almost tempt us to exclaim, "Ah! why did they emigrate?—Surely they had before this settled the Government of France, if the older heads had consigned the power to the younger."

It will be supposed that, in the adventures of emigrants, politics could not be wholly avoided: but those that are introduced are of the most accommodating kind;

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**Emigrants**: see pages 69 and 261  **Madame de Genlis**: Stéphanie-Félicité du Crest (1746-1830), educationalist, novelist, and memoir writer, was herself exiled from France for nearly a decade after the execution of her moderate, constitutionalist husband during the Reign of Terror.

**Patriarch Joseph**: Through wise planning, Joseph averted a famine predicted for Egypt (Genesis 41).
such as, in these disturbed times, will be thought to merit praise. Vehemence shewn in political argument, especially by females, is well exposed, and treated with merited severity.

The translation is faithful; and, with the exception of a few inelegancies, such as—Lolotte being reared at the castle—casting her teeth—'tis a pity—owing a grudge—and a few more phrases not to be found in polished English,—it may be said to do justice to the original.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 33, October 1800)

Art. 17. *Scelta di Lettere familiari, degli Autori piei Celebri, &c.* A Collection of familiar Letters, by the most celebrated Authors; for the Use of Students in the Italian Language: with Accents, to mark the Pronunciation of all doubtful Words. By Leonardo Nardini. 12 mo. pp. 264. 3s. Dulau and Co. 1800.

The English public have given considerable encouragement to this method of book-making: and, to say the truth, when selections are conducted with judgment and taste, they cannot fail of being acceptable. They bring together, within a narrow compass, interesting pieces which are generally scattered through many volumes, and afford considerable entertainment at a very moderate price;—no trifling recommendation in these hard times. To the compiler of this little volume of Italian Letters, the praise of judicious discrimination is due; and his collection will be thankfully received by the Italian student who wishes to improve, and to write this elegant language with facility and correctness. Algarotti—Bembo—Bentivoglio—Boccalini—Castiglione—Caro—Fabri—Galileo—Ganganelli—Guarini—Lambertini—Machiaveli—Mascardi—Metastasio—Redi—Tasso—Tolomei—Zanotti, and others, are here laid under contribution; and, when drawing from such rich and various sources, it is no great compliment to the editor to say that this volume is both amusing and instructive. A letter from Ganganelli to a friend, on the subject of travelling in Italy, peculiarly merits those epithets on account of its style, its method of detail, and its reflections.
The accentuation of doubtful words will prove of great use to those who study the Italian language without a preceptor.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 33, November 1800)


The title of romance still invigorates our spirits. Old as we are, it recalls to our recollection the stories in which our youth delighted, of wandering knights, tilts, tournaments, enchanted castles, formidable giants, sea monsters, distressed damsels, tremendous fights, and impossible valour. We forget, however, that "the days of chivalry are gone;" and that, in the present-day romance, we must expect little other amusement than the oglio of the modern novel supplies: consisting of unnatural parents,—persecuted lovers,—murders,—haunted apartments,—winding sheets, and winding stair-cases,—subterraneous passages,—lamps that are dim and perverse, and that always go out when they should not,—monasteries,—caves,—monks, tall, thin, and withered, with lank abstemious cheeks,—dreams,—groans,—and spectres.

Such is the outline of the modern romance; and Mr. Ireland's copy is not unworthy of its numerous prototypes. We have here, in the personages of the drama, a parent and a husband in the Marquis of Badajos, as wicked and as unnatural as any with whom we have before had the honor of being acquainted.—We have a son in the Condé Rimualdo, as eminent for filial piety as Aeneas himself. —We have patient suffering innocence in the fair Constanza, equaling, if not transcending any of our novel heroines.—We have very good haunted towers,—and a spectre that stands supremely eminent over the whole race of

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Lines 4-5. "The days of chivalry ...". "The age of chivalry is gone," from Edmund Burke's 1790 Reflections on the Revolution in France.

Line 5. present-day romance: the Gothic novel, extremely popular in the 1790's.

Line 6. oglio: olio; a heterogeneous mixture or hodgepodge.

Line 16. Condé count. Aeneas: Trojan hero of Virgil's Aeneid who escaped the burning ruins of Troy carrying his father, Anchises, on his shoulders.
ghosts. — Hamlets and Banquo were no more than mawkins in a cherry-tree, compared with that terrific vision which Rimualdo encounters on entering the old ruined chapel in the forest. — Though familiarized very much, lately, to these apparitions, we did not feel inclined to go to bed, till we had puffed away the recollection of this spectre in a whiff of tobacco, and re-animated our fleeting spirits by a double draught of old October: which will not be a matter of surprise to the reader, when he learns that the hero himself, the brave Rimualdo, dropped down in a swoon immediately on seeing it!

Murder in this romance is too much the order of the day. We have murders in castles, in forests, and in cottages; and, to borrow a word from the author, we are too frequently enhorred. — Raw head and bloody bones is constantly at our heels, through a long journey of 926 pages; and we were therefore happy to get rid of him, and to leave our terrified fellow-travellers calmly settled in the unhaunted Castilio di Montalvan.

Mr. Ireland's language is animated and flowing, when it is not inflated with pomposity. The Escorial (for the scene of action is in Spain) is well and minutely described; and the castle of Badajos is a pleasing picture: but, like some sister Novelists, he deals too profusely in poetic description, and the common operations of Nature are never detailed in common language. Morning never appears without "Aurora's tint's that crown the summits of the distant mountains." — The sun never rises but "as the imperial charioteer of the day, hast'ning his car of blazing light towards the green ocean's occidental flood-gate." — The moon is always full-orb'd, yet never looks full at us, but peeps behind fleecy clouds. — Night never forgets to assume the appropriate dignity of her sable mantle, with which (when she is not in a good humour) "she

Line 20. Hamlets and Banquo: the ghosts of Hamlet’s father and Banquo, both victims of murder, in Shakespeare’s Hamlet and Macbeth. mawkins: malkins; scarecrows, which were often hung in orchards and among crops; also, female spectres or demons.

Line 25. old October: a strong ale brewed in October.

Line 28. order of the day: a parliamentary term popularized by its use in debates in revolutionary France. Thomas Paine used it in his 1791 Rights of Man.

Line 30. Raw head and bloody bones: since the sixteenth century a common name for a bugbear or object of imaginary terror.

overspreads heaven's countless luminaries;" — and if the hero and heroine are in a storm, God alone can help them,—for then "impetuous winds blow from every direction (all at once), flakey lightning emblazons night's ebon robe, and full charged clouds discharge tremendous explosions."

Thus is poetic imagery blended with prose detail; producing a medley of heterogeneous language totally destructive of good writing, by violating those principles of harmonious congruity which form the basis of a correct and uncontaminated diction.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 34, February 1801)


These two small volumes contain pretty little Italian stories, ingeniously calculated to answer the purpose for which the author tells us they were written; namely, that of conveying instruction in the Italian language through the medium of moral narrative. In his Dedication, he asserts this to be his plan:

"The end, (he says) which I propose to myself, is to combine instruction with morality; and at the same time that I am teaching the Italian language, to give such examples of virtue rewarded and vice punished, as may lead the minds of my young scholars to the knowledge of morals on which the happiness of their lives will in a great measure depend."

The stories are very amusing, and the comic and the grave have their several merits.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 34, April 1801)

Art. XI. *Frédéric; i.e. Frederic, a Novel*. By J. F[iévée]. Author of *La Dot de Suzette*. 12 mo. 3 Vols. Paris.—London, De Boffo.

This little work presents us with an amusing narrative, interspersed with sprightly anecdotes, acute observations, and interesting events. The hero of the
story is a Foundling: whose parents, more humane than the sentimental Rousseau, did not send him to an hospital and abandon him for ever, but cherished him, and provided for his happiness by an unremitting superintendance. He commences his juvenile career, however, under the tuition of a philosophical pedagogue whose system is founded on that of Rousseau; and poor Frederic (like Emilius) is therefore first condemned to suffer a variety of experimental caprices for the benefit of his mind, and is at last sent to an obscure mechanic to learn a handy-craft employment for the benefit of his body. The Curé de Marel, the gentleman in question, is well described; and, though seemingly a fancy sketch, he is a living picture:

"The Curé de Marel, without being contradictory, never agreed with any person in opinion; and, as he seldom remained many days in the same way of thinking, it might be said that in this respect he treated others as he served himself. His elocution was easy, graceful, and animated by discussion; and his mind seemed to derive a vigour from it, which abandoned him when he was given up to his own reflections. As he had the mania of reducing every thing into system; as there is no system that has not its vulnerable side; and as the weakness of his character did not permit him to maintain that which he no longer believed, nor to believe any thing long; he was opinionated without being obstinate, deducing false inferences without ceasing to reason justly, well informed without having one idea in connection with another, and always possessing the power of persuading others, without the faculty of convincing himself."

From the whimsical school of this systematic professor, Frederic is conveyed to Paris, to be placed in some situation of employment:—but it seems as if he were destined to be persecuted by philosophers, as St. Anthony was by demons, for he is no sooner emancipated from one than he falls into the hands of another.—Mons. de Vignoral, in whose house he was placed as a sort of clerk, was originally a poor gentleman; who would have been sent to the plough, had

Line 3. **Rousseau**: See page 184. Rousseau consigned his five children to a foundling home.

Line 7. **Emilius**: Emile, protagonist of Rousseau’s pedagogical novel *Emile, ou De l’éducation* (1762), in which Rousseau illustrates an experimental system of education designed to encourage individual development while shielding youth from society’s harmful influence.

Line 13. **Curé**: parson.

Line 27. **St. Anthony**: St. Anthony the Abbot of Egypt (251-356). As part of St. Anthony’s temptation in the desert, the devil is said to have sent various demons to plague him.
not a great prelate treated him with an education. By means of this bounty, he made a progress in learning by which he acquired distinguished reputation: but, having paid his court to placemen without obtaining any eligible situation,—nothing better being offered to him than a commission in the army, to which his personal courage was not adequate,—he presumed for better success on the courage of his mind, and decided on the profession of PHILOSOPHY.

Under this gentleman, Frederic’s employment was to transcribe manuscripts,—a wearisome business for a handsome young man; and he must inevitably have died of ennui, if Mons. de Vignoral had not had a philosophe coquette for his wife, the principles of whose system were better adapted to the taste and disposition of a gay young Frenchman. Madame de V.’s philosophy consisted in obeying nature, and following her instincts in a school rather more prejudicial to the pupil’s morals than either of the preceding; and from which he did not escape uncontaminated. He had, however, still more danger to encounter from his protectress, Madame de Sponasi, an atheistical philosopher, with whom he was taken to live on quitting the situation which he held under Mons. de Vignoral. Frederic is very properly cautioned by his friend Philip, before he enters on the task of conciliating this lady’s esteem, de ne parlez jamais de la Divinité.—Our hero at last shakes off his philosophers; and, after having passed through a variety of rugged and intricate paths, having met with many perplexing adventures, and having committed as many disgraceful immoralities, he reaches the harbour of virtue: where we have the pleasure of leaving him, repenting of illicit amours, and fixing vagrant affections in the bosom of chastity. Adèle, the goddess who reclaims him, is a charming creature: but the features of her character have too philosophical a complexion, and are not natural to a very young woman,—the other portraits are skilfully drawn, and we could with pleasure enlarge on many of them: but our limits are bounded, and our pens must not play truant.

Though this author introduces his readers to the vicious characters and practices of the Crebillon school, he exhibits them in a more chaste and delicate manner; and the denouement of Madame de Sponasi’s intrigue, as related by the

Line 35. **placemen** an often derogatory term for those who hold appointments in the service of sovereign or state.

Line 48. **de ne parler ... la Divinité**: “never to speak of God.”

Line 59. **Crebillon school** writers in the manner of Claude-Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon (1707-77), whose morally ambivalent novels and tales combined chasteness with titillation.
good Philip, is a sketch which manifests considerable talents. If the style of the work be not in the first class of elegance, it is rarely so reprehensible as not to be alone by its wit and sprightliness: but the writer himself acknowledges, with apparent indifference, that he has committed "some rather awkward faults."

(Foreign Appendix, v. 34, 1801)


Recollecting the pleasure which we formerly received from the inventive genius and sprightly talents of the deceased author of these volumes, we took them up with an avidity and a confidence which precluded all ideas of disappointment. If, said we to ourselves, these tales be genuine, (of which, we are told in the preface, the widow of MARMONTEL has given the public an assurance,) we shall be much entertained: for, though the vigor of his mind may be in some degree abated, and the brilliancy of his setting may not altogether equal that of his meridian sun, yet MARMONTEL must be MARMONTEL; and this new collection of Moral Tales must, by their prominent features, evince their affinity to those of which we gave an account in an early volume of our Review. (See M.R. vol. xxx: p. 59.) This consanguinity is proved indeed by indisputable marks; and, being the production of his graver years, these tales are more moral than those which were before published. If, also, they have lost some of the exuberance which distinguished the former, our opinion of them will show that the merit of these is not lessened on that account. — The editor says that they will be found to possess equal merit with those tales which have given celebrity to the name of MARMONTEL; — that they display, in captivating language, invention, interest, ease, and elegance; that the moral which they inculcate is always amiable and pure; and in short that it has been the principal object of the author, to form the mind and taste of the rising generation, and to develop those germs of virtuous sentiments which nature has implanted in the human heart. — A publication of such a tendency, we can have no reluctance in recommending to the British public.

The introductory tale is intitled *the Evening Meeting*: and it describes a

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Heading. **Marmontel** writer and theorist Jean-François Marmontel (1723-99), one of France's first professional writers. (This review is the joint production of Elizabeth and Christopher Lake Moody.)
society of intimate friends, who, during the commotions of Paris, assembled at the
country-house of a Madame de Verval. As this lady was a great lover of stories,
and possessed the talent of reciting them in the most natural and agreeable manner,
she proposed that, for amusement, each of the party should in turn form and
recount a tale, including the most interesting events of their life, without invading
the sacred recesses of confidence. This proposition being accepted by the whole
party, each narrates a personal memoir; and the general conclusion from the
whole is that the parts of our lives, which have contributed most to our happiness,
are those which have originated in virtuous sentiments, or have been occupied in
acts of benevolence.

The second tale is called the Tripod of Helen; and its object seems to be to
ridicule the pride of philosophy, and to shew the limits of science. Marmontel
might have taken these lines of Pope for his motto:

"In parts superior what advantage lies?
Say, for thou canst, what is it to be wise?
"Tis but to know how little can be known.
To see all others' faults and feel our own."

This doctrine is illustrated with great vivacity of imagination, and
excellent satire; and here we recognize the hand of MARMONTEL himself. The
scene is laid in remote antiquity. He supposes that Helen and Menelaus, being
reconciled after the destruction of Troy, were returning to Lacedaemon, when
they were assailed by a violent tempest as they were passing through the
Cyclades, and were in imminent danger of being wrecked on the island of Cos.
At this instant, Helen invoked the inconstant God of the ocean to protect a
female whose disposition was so similar to his own; and, in order to give effect
to her prayer, she presented him with a Golden Tripod, which had been saved
from the pillage of Troy. On throwing this offering into the sea, the storm
subsided, and the danger disappeared.—During six hundred years, this tripod


Line 43. Helen and Menelaus: Helen's abduction from her husband, Menelaus, is said to have started
the Trojan War.

Line 44. Lacedaemon: Laconia; southeast district of the Grecian Peloponnese.

Line 45. Cyclades: archipelago in the southern Aegean. Cos: island of the Sporades in the southeast
Aegean.
lay at the bottom of the ocean: but at last it was again brought to light by some fishermen. After some contention about the property, between the neighbouring islands, it was wisely agreed to refer the matter to the Delphic Oracle; who settled the dispute by ordering the tripod to be presented to the *Wisest of the Wise.*

Where, however, were they to find this distinguished personage? They were puzzled to ascertain to which of the seven wise men, who flourished in Greece at that period, this title belonged: but, apprehending that this was a question which the philosophers themselves could easily determine, they appoint deputies to wait on them respectively; who commence with an application to *Thales,* the Milesian, their neighbour.

This philosopher, however, fairly confesses that all his knowledge has only served to convince him *how little he knows;* and that he continues his researches only with the view of encouraging his disciples, and in the hope that time, on his wonder-working progress, may lift up some corner of the immense veil of nature. He therefore advises them to offer the tripod to *Solon,* who pursues the straight path to usefulness in the study of man, and whose object is to render him better and happier.—In consequence, the deputies next apply to the Athenian legislator, but with no better success. *Solon* refers them to *Bias,* *Bias* to *Chilo* the Spartan, &c. and thus the tripod is banded about from sage to sage; each of whom, acknowledging his own insufficiency and weakness, rejects the epithet of the *Wisest of the Wise.* In this conduct, perhaps, they are represented as much wiser than they really were; for here it appears that they *knew themselves,* which is one of the most difficult attainments. The seven wise men of Greece, each rejecting for himself the high compliment of the *Wisest of the Wise,* agree to give their several definitions of wisdom; and to award the tripod to him who should unite its characters in the highest degree. One defines it to consist in an *unalterable tranquillity of mind, under all the diversities of fortune;* another, in a *profound self knowledge, applied in rendering ourselves good and happy;* a third, in the *moderation of our desires;* the fourth, in the *power of regulating the present, and preparing for the future, by the experience of the past;* another, in a *strength of*

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**Line 57. seven wise men:** men of practical wisdom celebrated as sages in fifth and sixth-century B.C. Greece. In addition to the four the Moodys mention, their numbers are said to have included Pitacus of Mytilene, Cleobulus of Lindus, and Myson of Chen.

**Line 73. knew themselves:** "know thyself" was the maxim of wise man Thales the Milesian (c.600 B.C.).
mind which is capable of resisting the passions; and the sixth, in the absolute empire of reason over the will.—Scarcely are these definitions of wisdom given, when Bias concludes by deciding that these attributes can never unite in any individual mortal, and that they can belong only to a God. Hence, it is decreed that the Golden Tripod should be carried to the temple at Delphos, and there consecrated to Apollo.

Having but lately received these volumes, and having now approached to the close of our present Appendix, we cannot enter into an analysis of the other tales which they contain: but we shall subjoin the titles of them, in order to give our readers some idea of their nature and subjects. III. The Lesson of Misfortune. IV. The School of Friendship: in which we have a tutor resembling Sir Charles Grandison, and a pupil not unlike Emily Jervis, innocently in love with him. V. The Generous Breton. VI. The Error of a good Father. This tale was related by Cideville to Voltaire when he was ill:—the descriptions in it are beautifully pathetic. VII. The Casket. VIII. The Self-Rivals. IX. The Village Breakfasts. X. The Watermen of Besons. XI. It must be so. XII. The Hermits of Murcia. XIII. Palemon, an Arcadian Pastoral, from two pictures by Poussin. XIV. Fire-side-recollection. XV. The Mountain of the two Lovers.

Some of these tales were printed in the Mercure in the years 1789, 90, 91, and 92. They abound with genuine satire and wit, with pathetic sentiment and sound sense.

Prefixed to the 1st vol. is a portrait of the author; under which is a memorandum that Jean-Francois Marmontel was born on the 11th of July 1723, and died at Abloville, Dec. 29, 1799.

(Foreign Appendix, v.34, 1801)

These volumes contain a variety of miscellaneous matter, divided into chapters. They commence with a description of Bon-Ton Hall, where we are rather surprised to meet with only those *shades of fashion* who are now walking in the *Elysian fields.* It is long, very long, since the Duchess of Queensberry dressed like a beggar woman, with a tucked up linen gown and an old black bonnet, diverting herself and the world by going about in masquerade:—but we have no other objection to renewing our acquaintance with this whimsical but worthy Duchess, than that she is here completely out of her place, because, when we look to the title, we expect to meet with *fashions* of the present day, not those of antiquity. The great personages who formed the circle at Bon-Ton Hall, and whom we recollect by the initials of their names, having exhibited themselves on a theatre on which the scenes have long been closed, the curtain let down, and the actors and actresses disappeared, we can say no more to them than “peace be to their manes.”

The indecorous freedoms, also, introduced through the familiarity of the stay maker and the hair dresser, no longer make us tremble for our young people; though, as every age has its peculiar incentives to vice and folly, the present times may have other *fashions* of an equally *objectionable* nature. In the dedication to *Fashion,* however, which is written with spirit, we question whether Mrs. T. be not rather too severe on the reigning goddess: since, after the scenes described at Bon-Ton Hall, it appears that she was as much “the demon of impudence” at that period as at the present, with scarcely any exception even of Grecian drapery.

As this miscellany is detailed in rather a desultory manner, it produces a

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**Heading.**  *Mrs. Thickenesse:* Ann (Ford) Thickenesse (1737-1824), author, musician, and society hostess.

**Line 2.**  *Bon-Ton:* polite or fashionable society.

**Line 4.**  *Duchess of Queensberry:* Catherine Hyde (c.1701-77), a wealthy aristocrat known for her eccentric fashion habits.

**Lines 13-14.**  “*peace be ... manes*”: unidentified.

**Lines 15-16.**  *familiarity ... stay maker:* women were individually fitted for their stays (corsets).

**Line 21.**  “*the demon of impudence*”: unidentified.

**Line 22.**  *Grecian drapery:* a radical shift in women’s fashions in the 1790’s popularized simple, Greek-influenced dresses made of sheer fabric and worn with a minimum of underwear.
sensation on the reader similar to that which we have occasionally experienced from great talkers, whose discourse consists of disjointed materials, and who, by rapidly passing from one subject to another, leave the hearer’s attention at a remote distance, unless he be a very good listener.—Euterpe’s travels on the continent, furnished (we apprehend) from the late Mr. T’s common place books, abound with such very extraordinary anecdotes, that they must often impose a hard task on the reader, in requiring him to find credulity sufficient for the occasion: yet, in general, we have been amused by them; and they merit praise for some pertinent and sensible remarks.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 35, August 1801)

Art. XIII. The Rival Mothers, or Calumny. Translated from the French of Madame de Genlis. 4 Vols. 12 mo. 18s. sewed. Longman and Co. 1801.

The literary reputation of Madame de Genlis is so well established, that the public are readily disposed to anticipate pleasure from every new production of her cultivated mind; and we have satisfaction in acknowledging, after having perused the volumes before us, that disappointment has not superseded expectation. We regret that this ingenious lady should have had reason for complaining of the insidious enemy Calumny: but, if she has been enabled to support its injustice with the fortitude inspired by conscious innocence, (such as she describes to be the recompense of the injured Pauline,) she will not (as a moralist) regret the experience, whatever painful sensations it may have occasioned.

The Rival Mothers are two ladies who enter the lists of competition on the subject of maternal affection. If they do not stand on fair and equal ground respecting pretension, since they cannot both be the mother, they meet at least on the point of conduct. Each makes an important sacrifice to the little idol Léocadie:—the sacrifice of reputation is offered by one to the preservation of the infant; and that of parental intercourse and endearment is endured by the other, for the

Art. 27. Line 27: Euterpe's Euterpe is the muse of lyric poetry.

Art XIII. Heading. Madame de Genlis: see page 236.

Line 6. Calumny: Mme. de Genlis was believed to have been the mistress of Philippe-Égalité, Duke of Orleans, while governess to his children. The Duke, who coveted his cousin’s throne, engaged in a campaign of slanderous attacks against Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette in which Mme. de Genlis was implicated.
maintenance of her reputation. Yet, as the latter incessantly demonstrates, by the frequent testimonials of unremitting superintendence, that her heart never relaxes on the affectionate interests of maternal love and duty. Solomon himself might have been puzzled to decide which was the real parent; while the extravagant personal fondness of Pauline might have contributed to impose on even his sagacity.

The narrative of the novel is pleasing and interesting. The characters, indeed, are delineated a la françoise; and exceptions consequently arise against a few occasional tints of unnatural colouring; which, by overstepping the modesty of nature, gives too much the semblance of romance to the work, and is not adapted to that species of writing in which, the author tells us, the story is meant as a vehicle to convey the principles of sound and pure morality. We also differ from Madame de Genlis on the subject of reputation. Her heroine, Pauline, stands chargeable with gross inconsistencies on this head. She is represented as tremblingly alive to general sensibility on the subject of virtue, yet she is apparently indifferent to its appropriate estimation in the opinion of others; and she throws away her good name, "as 'twere a careless trifle."—She is attacked by the grossest calumny;—accused of adultery, hypocrisy, and falsehood;—yet she writes to her friend—"Do not bewail the loss of my reputation; it is of all the illusions of life, that which I regret the least and despise the most." Of what value, then, is the jewel reputation, if such apathy is to be attached to it?—By this indifference to character, Madame de Genlis loses sight of her professedly supreme object, the encouragement and improvement of morals; since the desire of being esteemed by the world, if it ought not to be the primum mobile of our actions, must at least be admitted as a stimulating principle, without which the current of virtue would be liable to stagnate. Though often a charming human creature, this lady is but too apt to degenerate into a French court lady; one moment, we admire her; the next, we despise the formal painted wooden doll. We turn with disgust from the allegoric garden, the romantic machinery, and the theatrical personifications; and we would also gladly erase the many unnatural events that crowd her novel: yet let us remember that French and English Nature...
differs, and that the author is acquainted only with the former; — whom we consider as a degenerate goddess.

The style of these letters is sprightly and animated, bidding defiance to the foul friend *Ennui.* — The translator of a work of this kind finds it almost impossible to transfuse into another language that spirit and vivacity, with that beautiful and elegant *tour de phrase,* which so peculiarly characterize the French writers of eminence; and mere fidelity produces flatness and insipidity. In many passages, however, the present translator is successful in catching a ray of the author's illuminated pencil; and the version of the ingenious lines with the *double sens,* found in the oratory, is extremely well executed.

(Review Article, v. 36, September 1801)


Mythology tells us that, in days of yore, the man who slept on the top of Parnassus became a poet: — he slept, he waked,

"And lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Now whether this part of the mountain has been swallowed up by an earthquake, or worn out by continual usage; whether the identical spot, the once favoured soil of inspiration, be so overgrown by weeds as to be rendered impervious; or whether the would-be Bard now anticipates his nap, and falls into his trance in the middle or at the bottom of the hill; — may be matter worthy of the investigation of the speculative inquirer, who feels himself anxiously solicitous to account for the degeneracy of the race of poets. To us these desultory ideas have occurred from venerable recollection of the sublime worthies of ancient days: but we are ready to pay the due tribute of praise to all our modern Bards, whose merits we would not appreciate by the rules of invidious comparison; and we shall readily allow that, if the poems before us do not rank in the first class of excellence, they are yet far above mediocrity

Art. II. Line 2. **Parnassus**: Greek mountain sacred to Apollo and the muses.

Line 3. "[I] lisp'd ... came". from Alexander Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, Line 128.
The poetical oglio here presented to us supplies a variety that may suit every
taste; and the author tells us, in his preface, that his subjects have been produced
under the very different impressions of joy and sorrow. Hence flow Lamentations,
Elegies, Pastorals, Songs, and Sonnets.—The volume opens with the poem which,
as being most considerable in size, gives title to the publication. Here we travel
through the most dreary and gloomy paths of human life. The muse addresses an
invocation to melancholy; and the pensive maid, obedient to the summons,
accompanied her to the end of the journey. This poem, however, is correctly
moral and religious, and will meet the approbation of the reflecting reader. The
destructive vice of gaming is reprobated with a virtuous indignation:

O love of play! thou certain source of woe,
Thou ceaseless torturer of honest hearts!
Thou cause unfailing of tormenting thought,
How many noble souls hast thou destroy’d!

In page 42, we have a pleasing illustration of the superior state of
happiness resulting from the retired life of virtuous innocence, when contrasted
with the scenes of vice and pampered luxury:

O then for ever let us fly those scenes!
Which vice and odious cunning represent
On the throng’d theatre of human life:
For ’tis in cottages, and not in courts,
At frugal tables, not in busy crowds,
That virtue and that happiness reside.

From the miscellaneous compositions, were it not that our boundary is
circumscribed, we could select more than one poem which pleases us:—the
following, on Lelia, obtains a preference:

O had I Titian’s skill to trace
A picture without fault or flaw,
A perfect form or perfect face,
I then would Lelia’s portrait draw.

Or had I Milton’s pow’r of song,
Where strength with melody combin’d,
I’d sing in numbers soft, yet strong.
The nobler graces of her mind.
For none but Titian’s art could paint
Her eyes, her mouth, her shape, her air:
His art alone could represent
So sweet a form, a face so fair.

And Milton's muse alone could tell
Her graceful ease, her polish'd art,
Her soul where all attractions dwell,
And prostrate lays the proudest heart.

Among the Songs, we find several that are sprightly and convivial; and the poet seems to celebrate the juice of the grape and the charms of his mistress equally con amore. His devotion to both is pleasantly manifested in the following lines; though here the little blind Deity is a more principal object of worship than the jolly God:

You ask for a song, and, by Jove!
I'll sing one as well as I'm able;
The theme I have chosen is Love,
A theme known to all at this table;
For where is the soul that escapes
The subtle and searching sensation?
It comes in all manners and shapes,
And fills the whole range of creation.

It spares neither aged nor young,
But travels the blessed world over,
And though never told by the tongue,
The eyes are still sure to discover.
'Tis th' essence of spiritual flame,
The source of each tender emotion,
A feeling that fills the whole frame,
And speaks in each feature and motion.

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Line 61. **little blind Deity**: Cupid.

Line 62. **jolly God**: Bacchus (or Dionysus), Greek god of wine.
It warms ev'ry thought of the soul,
   It opes a new world to the senses;
Fair fancy it frees from controul,
   And breaks down stupidity's fences.
It opens the mind of the sage;
   The growth of bright genius it quickens,
Gives warmth to the coldness of age,
   And health to the bosom that sickens.

If sometimes the source of much pain,
   Its joys in proportion are greater;
And though long we suffer in vain,
   Reward will come sooner or later.
Thus Phyllis once broke my repose,
   But Myra is not so hard hearted,
Her kindness has banish'd my woes,
   And cur'd all the wounds that once smarted.

Now, as for myself, I declare,
   The passion I ne'er will let languish:
For sweet are the smiles of the fair,
   Tho' frowns are my torment and anguish.
O those who have known well as I,
   The value of Love's sacred pleasures,
Find charms in the glance of an eye,
   Surpassing the world's richest treasures.

The sex, then, in bumpers I'll toast,
   While wine I can purchase or borrow:
For comfort without them were lost,
   And life would be nothing but sorrow.
They e'er shall be prais'd by my pen:
   Their health I will drink in my glasses:
For who cares a straw for the men,
   So long as he's lov'd by the lasses?
We are glad to leave the author merrier at the conclusion of his volume than we find him at the beginning: but, before we part, we must comply with our usual custom of adding a few mild strictures, where they are requisite. In his blank verse, he is too frequently prosaic: e.g.

I early rose, yet found my friend was up
At work already in a neighbouring field.—
The cloth remov’d, an hour was spent in chat.
Happy I am, as one descending in the vale of years
Can well expect to be.

In his rhyme, the poet’s ear has often failed to perceive the effect that simple transposition of a word produces, in the harmony of numbers: while his alliterations are still more obviously harsh and unpleasing; as in the line, page 189, in a poem on sleep:

“Which—whilst waking.”

It may be said that such faults are trifles: but, with respect to a writer’s reputation,

—Hic nuga seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistrè.

(Review Article, v.37, January 1802)

Art. XVI.  *Tableaux de Famille, &c.* i.e. Family Pictures, or the Journal of Charles Engleman. Translated from the German of Augustus de la Fontaine, by the Author of Caroline of Litchfield (Madame de Crouzas). 12 mo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1801. Imported by de Boffe, London.

In the preface to this work, Madame Crouzas gives an animated and ingenious description of that difficult though humble province of literature,—translation; and she thus replies to a friend, who compliments her on her peculiar excellence in this line:

Art. II. Lines 127-28  *hic nuga ... sinistrè.* “These trifling points will bring you into serious harm if you are even once ridiculed and received unfavorably.” From Horace’s *Ars Poetica* (Art of Poetry), Lines 451-52. Translated by Burton Raffel.

Art. XVI. Heading. *Augustus de La Fontaine* prolific, widely-read German author of French descent (1758-1831).
"Yet I know nothing so ungrateful and thankless as the task of the translator. If the version be good, it is the author alone to whom the reader feels obliged; if the work be bad, the translator alone is accused: if the version be liberal, it is said to want grace and elegance; if it be diffuse, it is deficient in strength and spirit. The difficulty of exactly catching the genius of one language which is not familiar to me, and which differs so materially from my own, of preserving inviolate the strength of the one and the purity of the other; and the obligation to alter nothing, to rigidly impart an idea in which I do not accord, or to copy an incident which is displeasing, when conscious that it might be improved: all these circumstances induce me to think that it is easier to compose than to translate."

Madame de Crouzas pursues this subject even to the region of Parnassus; and she recounts to her friend the following *jeu d'esprit*, which was prefixed to one of her former publications:

Vain is the effort to engrave
Colours that a Reubens gave,
Breathing tints and glowing hues;
Like the lyre, at second hand,
Stript of all its proud command,
Torn from Genius and the Muse.

So labour'd versions oft efface
All the poet's fleeting grace,
Which a single touch inspir'd;
Like the rose that winds have tost,
Fading when the stem is lost,
Which its beauteous form required.

We have before observed*, respecting the writings of M. DE LA FONTAINE, that one of his qualities is to rise in the reader's estimation by gradual and progressive advances; and this is surely preferable to the art of sinking, in which so

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Line 17. *jeu d'esprit*: brief wit, witicism or flight of fancy.

Line 33. **art of sinking**: see page 100.
many are equal proficients. The first chapter of the volume before us is intitled, by the journalist, "My Commission of Biography," and contains a whimsical relation of the circumstances whence he derived the commission, with the manner of his being invested with it. It is a painting of the Shandean school, and not a bad copy of the mock solemnity of Sterne's affected pathos:

"This infant (added my father, pointing to me,) shall inherit this Bible after my death; and promise me, my Charles, that you will fill all these blank leaves with the actions and occurrences of your life, be they good or bad:—promise me, my child.—My father rose from his seat, his eye was animated, his voice had something of peculiar solemnity,—my uncle rose also, and laid down his pipe,—my mother clasped her hands. This scene, and the solemn silence which accompanied it, impressed my mind with awe; I advanced—I gave my hand to my father—he took off his cap—my uncle held out his hand—and my mother embraced me with tears in her eyes—while, to my father's benediction, which accompanied the Bible, every one said—AMEN."

From the hour of this pathetic ceremony, the young Charles (then twelve years old) determined on being his own biographer; the charms of authorship captivated his youthful imagination, and the first thing which he wished to see was—a printing press. Instead of playing at marbles, like other boys of his age, he was continually ruminating on the task which his father had enjoined to be performed in the Bible; he prepared for it with the same speculation which many authors exercise when they set out on travels, for the purpose of making a book; and he availed himself of every little incident in his own family. Apprehensive, however, that a journal barren of misfortunes would be insipid, he earnestly wished that his life might be in some degree chequered with sorrow, in order to afford just such a number of unhappy adventures, that a spring of tears might not be wanting to water the dry ground of his narrative.

A love-story soon presents itself; and the journal improves (as Charles very rightly conjectured it would) with the melancholy history of the beautiful Susette: who is dismissed from her father's protection for a fault perhaps unpardonable, but certainly not so unnatural as the conduct of her parent who, in consequence of her frailty, abandons for ever his only child. We must not, however, give too
much attention (partial as we are to beauty) to this picture. Le Vaut-rien is another equally interesting; the mournful incidents of his life, it seems, were derived from his parents conceiving an aversion to him because he was born with red hair; and Le Vaut-rien (the good for nothing) owed this disgraceful name, with ten thousand calamities, to the fatal influence of these ruddy locks.

The character of the artful Julia is the best sketch of the painter; in which the triumph of vice over virtue, and of virtue over vice, with the struggles between ambition and love, are touches of an animated and ingenious pencil. In the picture of the school, we are amused by the master’s whimsical method of classing his scholars according to the impression which his ideas receive from their infantile physiognomy; and we smile at the conceit of aquiline noses being characteristics of distinguished birth, seldom to be found among the vulgar.

In taking leave of this journalist, we must acknowledge that we have been much amused with many parts of his narrative: but we cannot close our remarks without a hint of congratulation to our fair countrywomen, that they have not despots for parents. If the national character of the German father be accurately portrayed in the features of Le grand Bailli, and in those of my Uncle (who is a very bad copy of Uncle Toby), our English wives and daughters may bless those kind stars which were the ascendants at their birth, and commanded it to be on this side of the Northern Ocean.

(Foreign Appendix, v. 37, 1802)


Our great dramatist observes that “the web of our life is of a mingled yarn;” and novelists in general illustrate this maxim, by leading the heroes of their stories through a great variety of adventures, and placing them in situations of the most extravagant contrast. The author of the little volume before us affects none

Art. XVI. (Tableux). Line 83. Uncle Toby: Tristram Shandy’s uncle, a paragon of innocence who lives for his obsession with playing soldier.

Art. XVI. (Charles et Marie). Heading the Author ...: A. Filleul, Countess de Flahaut.

Lines 1-2. “the web ... yarn”: from Shakespeare’s All’s Well that Ends Well, 4.3.71.
of the sublimities of this art, but contents himself with conducting Charles and Mary along a smooth and easy path, with no other than the ordinary thorns which lovers find in their progress to the Temple of Hymen; such as a little jealousy, or occasionally the transient image of a troubled thought. Cupid plays Charles no tricks; and if the young man’s horse had manifested equal gentleness towards his master, there would have been no disaster to interest our compassionate feelings: but that unruly animal throws his rider, and occasions a contusion on the brain, which introduces a delirium, and makes us tremble a moment for the hero’s brains. When, however, we find that his mistress would marry him even when he is out of his senses, we pronounce him the most favored of lovers, and bid him farewell.

(Foreign Appendix, v. 38, 1802)


This work is politely dedicated by the anonymous author to the Hon. Mrs. Ellis; and a sensible and ingenious Preface then introduces us to an ingenious simile, illustrating a comparison between the renovating ashes of the phoenix and the immortal flame of virtue, which rises triumphant, refined, and exalted, from the darkest shades of persecuted calamity. Often as we have read the afflicting tragedy of Louis the Sixteenth, we still find our sensations the same: but having before spoken on the affecting and simple detail contained in the journal of the faithful Clery*, we have only now to remark on its present appearance in Italian. This sweet language is so well calculated by its harmonious accents for the pathetic, that numerous passages in this translation may be said to have derived additions both of elegance and pathos; and in the part of the work entitled Notizie Preliminarie del Giornale, we meet with many amusing anecdotes of the early and

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* See Rev. Vol. xxvi. N.S. p. 410. [The “faithful Clery” was Jean-Baptiste Antoine-Hanet (1759-1809), valet of Louis XVI during his imprisonment.]


Line 6. Louis the Sixteenth: King of France who was deposed, imprisoned, and executed during the French Revolution.
later years of this unfortunate monarch. The volume is handsomely printed, and
is ornamented by a well-executed engraving of Louis XVI.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 42, September 1803)

Art. VIII. _Le Malheur et la Pitié, &c. i.e._ Misfortune and Pity, a Poem in Four Cantos.
By the Abbé DE LILLE, one of the 40 members of the French Academy. Published by M.
de Mervé. 4 to [folio]. pp. 228. Dulau and Co. London.

The high reputation which has been acquired by the author of this poem makes it unnecessary to swell the torrent of his praise; and it would almost be
presumption to suppose that we could add another laurel to a wreath already so
thickly woven. The reader who is possessed of genius or taste will agree to the
truth of this proposition; and, disclaiming all captious criticism, he will place this
poem “though last not least in his good graces.” If we accompanied M. DE LILLE
with a more calm and placid satisfaction through the innocent scenes of rural life,
it was not because the poet painted those pictures with a more masterly hand, for
he is equally skilful in the descriptions of both the pacific and the turbulent: but
we feel a reluctance to the renewed sensation of that horror which was
unavoidably excited by the contemplation of revolutionary tragedies.

In the preface, we are informed that M. DE LILLE was aware of the enmity
which would accrue to him from this publication: but, justified to his own heart
by the motive which impelled him, namely, that of pleading the cause of humanity
and justice against their oppressors, and the violators of their principles, he pays
no regard to such considerations. To these motives is united an anxious solicitude
to perpetuate his gratitude, and his most affectionate and loyal attachment to his
august benefactors. True to the vows of allegiance, no transition of fortune could
shake them: and proof against adversity,—that touchstone of fidelity,—he
preserved the same personal love and respect for his royal master and his
unfortunate family, in their degraded state, when victims of cruelty and
persecution, as in their illustrious day of splendid prosperity.—We have a

Art. VIII. Heading. Abbé de Lille: abbot and poet Jacques de Lille (1738-1813).

Line 6. “though last ... graces”: unidentified. Versions of the saying “last but not least” have been
used by countless writers.

Lines 20-21. royal master ... family: see pages 148, 258, and 288.
beautiful outline of the picture of gratitude in this sentiment: — "rien ne meurt pour les coeurs reconnoissans."

The introductory poem in this volume is an Ode to Immortality. We are told that the poet availed himself of this occasion to correct the abused and misconstrued ideas of liberty, equality, and immortality, which prevailed during the mania of the French; and being commanded to tune his lyre to these popular songs, he takes the liberty of setting them to his own music, and celebrates the themes on principles totally different from those which were "the order of the day."

We shall give a specimen of the Abbé's powers in this species of composition:

Que je hais les tyrans! combien, dès mon enfance,
Mes imprecations ont poursuivi leur char!
Ma foiblesses superbe insulte à leur puissance;
J'aurais chanté Caton à l'aspect de César.

Et pourquoi craindre la furie
D'une injuste dominateur?
N'est-il pas une autre patrie
Dans l'avenir consolateur?

Ainsi, quand tout fléchit dans l'empire du monde,
Hors la grande âme de Caton.
Immobile il entend la tempête qui gronde,
Et tient, en méditant l'éternité profonde,
Un poignard d'une main, et de l'autre Platon.

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Lines 23-24. "rien ne meurt ... reconnoissance": "nothing dies for grateful hearts."

Lines 27-28. liberty ... the French: The revolutionists' rallying-cry was "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The Revolution replaced religious observation with enforced veneration of these secular ideals.

Line 30. "the order of the day": see page 239.

Lines 32-44. "O how I detest tyrants! How, from infancy, / My curses have pursued their train! / My superb faithfulness reviles their power. / I will sing Cato [liberty-loving Marcus Portius, Cato the Younger (95-46 B.C.), a political opponent of Julius Caesar who committed suicide rather than accept Caesar's pardon] in the guise of Caesar. / And why fear the fury/ Of an unjust domination?/ Is there not another fatherland/ In the consolation to come?/ Hence, when all gives way in the empire of the world/ Save the great soul of Cato./ Unmoved he hears the tempest that roars:/ And holds fast, contemplating eternity profound:/ A dagger in one hand, and in the other, Plato."
Par eux, bravant les fers, les tyrans et l'envie.
Il reste seul arbitre de son sort;
A ses voeux l'un promet la mort,
Et l'autre une éternelle vie.

[remainder of 73-line extract ommitted from this edition]

In the four Cantos, of which the principal poem consists, Pity has her several departments; in the first, she is painted as exercising a superintendence over the sacred bonds of social intercourse; over the servant, the relation, the friend, and indiscriminately over all created Beings of the human class, to whom misfortune gives a claim to the exercise of benevolent compassion. The Animal Creation obtains a large portion of the poet's eloquent pleadings; and the cause of the lesser brutes was never better defended against the greater brute, the tyrant Man.

The second Canto treats of Pity exercised by Governments in the public establishments of Justice and Charity, Prisons, Hospitals, &c. and concludes with an affecting episode, of the troops in two French camps of la Vendée seizing on an interval of truce to embrace their friends, when the sword was but that instant sheathed which had been aimed at each other's heart. We shall present to those of our readers, who are conversant with the French language, the passage which describes this momentary admission to the temple of Peace and Concord:

[66-line extract omitted from this edition]

Canto III invites the tears of Pity over the reign of Proscription; and the author, how-much-soever he may in general purify his details from personalities, in this poem assumes more of the colouring of circumstance and locality. It was indeed hardly possible for him to refuse his eloquent pathos to the tragical history, which presented to his pencil so interesting a picture as the royal sufferers in this reign of tyranny.

The fourth Canto asserts the claims of the Expatriated Emigrants to the protection of Pity; and in the discussion of this part of his subject, M. DE LILLE

Lines 45-48. "With them, defying captivity, tyrants, and envy. He remains the sole arbiter of his fate. For his vows the one promises death. And the other, eternal life."

Line 59. la Vendée: an area south of the river Loire. From 1793-96, it was the site of uprisings by local rebels protesting the policies of the revolutionary government in Paris.

Line 70. Emigrants: see pages 69 and 236.
takes the opportunity of testifying the gratitude due to the English nation for its benevolence towards those unfortunate people: a protection peculiarly generous, because it was denied by many other countries and states. With an allowable aspersion, he reproaches those Powers which refused their asylum; and, by a contrast of the picture, he gives a just tribute of praise to the generous and kind hearts of their protectors. We shall here endeavor to convey his sentiments to the English reader:

Others have gardens, parks, and regal domes,
Where the whole world to gaze with ardor comes;
But here no foot of emigrant we trace,
Misfortune’s step might grandeur’s soil disgrace.
People magnanimous—may you be blest!
Who our oppressors’ crimes have thus redress’d!
Ye first, brave English!—free to love your kings,
Whose happiness from Law’s protection springs.
Within your bosom, party-rage expires,
As from your shores the broken storm retires.
No more is here the Sanctuary’s aid,
Where robbers hide beneath the Altar’s shade:
The assassin, with his victim’s blood imbru’d,
In sacred walls no more lurks unpursu’d.
No!—Albion now unfolds her gen’rous breast,
Not to the guilty—but to the distress’d.
Here sainted men, from murder’s axe secur’d,
Find peaceful worship by the Law insur’d;
And ancient faith, protected by her hands.
Chants Sion’s holy song on foreign lands.

We could with pleasure select many more passages from this poem: but compression, though not always our choice, is often with us a law of necessity. We therefore take our leave, sincerely wishing the author a good translating pioneer, capable of conducting him over the poetical mountain with unimpaired honour and reputation. Most of our readers probably know that the good Abbé

Lines 79-98. Translated by Elizabeth Moody.

Lines 103-05. the good Abbé ... lands": all sources consulted indicate that de Lille died in 1813.
himself is gone to  
"Chant Sion's holy song in unknown lands."

An emblematical frontispiece, and portraits of Louis XVI, his queen, his sister, and his children, decorate this volume; which is also elegantly printed.

(Foreign Appendix. v. 44. 1804)

Art. 25. Letters of Miss Riversdale. 12 mo. 3 Vols. 13s. 6d. Boards. Johnson.

The heroine of this novel resides with her widowed mother, Lady Riversdale, at Geneva; and her brother, Sir Henry, is a very accomplished gentleman absent on his travels. The separation of this affectionate brother and sister induces the necessity of a punctual correspondence, as a means of alleviating the regrets of that state; and the scene opens with lamentations on this subject. Miss R. tells us that it is her brother's request that four-and-twenty hours may never pass without something being committed to paper; and the request is faithfully fulfilled on the part of Louisa, who, after the manner of other journalists, details every minute event of her life, and every emotion of her heart. As she is very young, and very beautiful, no man of course sees Miss Riversdale without being fascinated; hence ensue lovers innumerable; and, as it is the natural consequence of abundance to occasion a perplexity on the subject of choice, we perceive our heroine occasionally fluctuating between two opinions; till at last she decides in favour of Colonel Malcolm, who is such an Othello in jealousy that we tremble lest she should encounter a Desdemona's fate. We are, however, at length relieved from this anxiety by a sudden change of the scene; in which the Colonel retires to the back ground, drops his love and his jealousy, and accommodates his behaviour in a very gentleman-like manner to the imperious necessity of the history, which insists on his marrying Lady Mary Melville, who must have died had he not rescued her by a coup de bague. Miss Riversdale, having dissolved this chain, welcomes the return of liberty, and flies from place to place with the velocity of a bird. To-day, she is in London; to-morrow, she is at York; the next day she is in Scotland; and in every place she meets with a great


variety of characters, which she paints rather too much in the caricature style. They are merely sketches, hastily conceived and hastily executed; and by no means worthy of being classed as pictures of the general habits, manners, or language of the people whom Miss Riversdale describes. In many of the letters, however, we meet with good sense and good sentiments; and the student or proficient in French will be pleased with some parts of the dialogue, and some whole letters, which are written in that elegant language. We think that the story of this work does not excite sufficient interest on the point of incident, to rank in the class of novels; and that it should rather have been intitled, as the editor intimates, "Characters and Sketches of Manners."

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 45, October 1804)


In the preface to this small publication, we are informed that the author’s avocations were at one period of his life of a nature so totally uncongenial with the muses, as entirely to preclude all intercourse with these celestial personages: but a change of unforeseen circumstances, turning up on the wheel of Fortune, brought him the desired leisure to enter the lists of Apollo, and to dedicate his services to the fascinating family of the Nine. The plan of this work is well conceived, ingenious, and interesting; being designed to form a combination of amatory episodes, with the narrative part of the most celebrated epic poets:—an union kindly intended, as the author tells us, to produce an acceptable variety to the reader, and to enable him, when he is chilled with horror at the ferocity of Achilles, to melt his ice in the parting milder scenes between Hector and Andromache.

With a stroke of his wand, the poet conjures up six of the most celebrated bards, whom he orders to the Elysian groves; and there seated, each with his lyre

Lines 11-12. **Hector and Andromache**: husband and wife in Homer’s *Iliad*. Hector, the great Trojan champion, was slain by Achilles; see page 66.
in his hand, they rehearse, by turns, one of their favourite songs. This band is composed of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Ariosto, Milton, and Camoens. Homer takes the precedence; which he justly claims both on account of seniority, as being a great, great, great, grandfather to the rest, and as also being superexcellent in the profession. His song illustrates the truth of the author's remark: for our wounded feelings, on seeing Hector dragged round the walls of Troy, induce us to turn our eyes impatiently to the love episode, which Tasso promises in the next song. It is the natural propensity of the human mind to grasp every idea of pleasure that presents itself; and though conscious of the impracticability of any version doing complete justice to a transcendently beautiful original, we unwarily participate in the enthusiasm of this poet: who, like a true knighterrant in literature, shrinks from no enterprize, though he himself acknowledges its magnitude, and almost insurmountable difficulties. We, therefore, jump with him into the enchanting and enchanted scenery of Armida's bower:—but we confess that we looked as blue as the bill of the Italian warbler, when we hear the pretty song which he sings in Tasso's grove imitated by the pert chirping of a little French cock-sparrow.—Here, however, the critic smooths his angry brow, and excuses the poet; convinced that it is impossible to do more than he has done: which is, to give a faithful translation of this charming morsel—

Deh mira (egli canto) spuntar la rosa,
Dal verde suo modesta e verginella,
Che mezzo aperta ancora, e mezzo ascossa
Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella
Ecco poi nudo il sen gia baldanzosa

Dispiega: ecco poi langue, e non par quella:
Quella non par, che desìata innante
Fu da mille donzelle e mille amante.

Line 16. Homer ... Camoens: famed writers of epic poems. Camoens, the least familiar of the group, was Luis Vaz de Camões (or Camoens) (1524-80), Portuguese author of the Lusiad.

Line 20. dragged ... Troy: see the Iliad, Book 22.


Lines 34-41. "The gently-budding rose (quoth she) behold!/ The first saent peeping forth with virgin beams;/ Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth up-fold:/ In their dear leaves, and less seen fairer seems:/ And after spreads them forth more broad and bold:/ Then languishest and dies in last extremes:/ For seems the same that decked bed and bow'r:/ Of many a lady late and paramour." JerusalemDelivered, 16.14, translated by Edward Fairfax.
Those who have never heard the Italian bard may not be displeased with
the French songster:

*Helas! voyez, dit il, cette modeste rose,*
*Vierge encore, aux regards elle sa cache, et n'ose*
*Dérober son trésor à sa verte prison;*
*Elle fait poudre à peine un timide bouton;*
*Bientôt, en soulevant son voile qu'elle entr'ouvre,*
*A moitié s'enveloppe, à moitié se découvre,*
*Et mous elle se montre, et plus elle a d'attardits;*
*Mais déployant enfin tous ses charmes secrets,*
*Elle s'épanouit, et déjà languissante*
*Cette rose n'est plus la rose éblouissante*
*Donn les jeunes beautés, dont les jeunes amants*
*Respiroient les parfums, goûtoient les agréments.*

The same critical remarks apply equally to Ariosto; namely, that it is
impossible to give an adequate idea of the beauty of his episodes by a French
translation. Hitherto, we keep our temper, and are rather pleased than angry at
the hardihood of our literary knight: but when he sets his foot on the hallowed
ground of the most sublime of our English bards, Milton, we *could* be indignant:
—still, however, we forbear. M. GRANDMAISON, from not understanding the
majestic march of our blank verse, is unable to perceive the ludicrous effect
produced by the change into paltry diminutive rhiming couplets: but to us the
scene exhibits a dwarf supporting the train of a giant. Under this consideration
of the work before us, it may appear invidious to comment on the beautiful
passages which are here metamorphosed: but we must perform our task. We do
not wish to put fetters on genius, yet we require that judgment should be its
vigilant superintendent, and keep it within its prescribed boundary.—Let us now
attend to Milton; who, we are told, has taken his lyre in his hand:

*Alors Milton, prenant sa lyre entre ses mains.*
*Se prépare à chanter le premier des humains:*
*La foule avidement et l'entoure et le presse:*
*Il exhale en ces mots sa POETIQUE IVRESSE.*


Lines 70-73. "Then Milton, taking his lyre in his hands,/ Prepares to sing the first of humans:/ The throng
eagerly encircle him and press him:/ He breathes into these words his poetic rapture."
We must first listen to Milton’s song, in his own language, and afterward ask ourselves whether it be possible for us to recollect it in its masquerade dress.—

We give the description of the garden of Eden, and the discovery of the happy pair by Satan: Paradise Lost, vol. i. book iv. page 262.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champion head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny’d, and over head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops,
The verd’rous wall of Paradise up sprung:—

Thus sang the English Poet, and thus sings the French:—

*Le mont d’Eden s’éleve en des champs fortunés,*
*Ses pieds sont de buissons par tout environnés*  
*Et, par tout l’entourant, d’inaccessibles roches*  
*De ces flancs escarpés défendent les approches:*  
*Sur ces flancs s’élevoient de longs et *noirs sapins,*  
*Des cedres, des palmiers, de vénérables pins,*  
*Qui montant par degrés formoient de verds étages,*  
*Levoient pompeusement ombrages sur ombrages,*  
*Superbe amphithéâtre, et champêtres atours,*  
*Qui paroient de ce mont les immenses contours,*  
*Plus haut sur les sommets de ces arbres augustes,*  
*S’arrondissoit en circle une châine d’arbustes,*

---

*Milton does not give the epithet of black to the fir.*

Lines 78–90. Paradise Lost, Book 4. Lines 131–43.

Lines 92–105. Non-italic type in this and the following French extracts appears to have been specified by Moody for emphasis.
Formant du paradis les agrestes remparts,
D'où l’œil dans les vallons plongeait de toutes parts.

—Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odiferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

Là, mille frais zéphyrs sur leur aile embaumé,
Faisoient voler des fleurs l’essence parfumée.

These are harmless platitudes, when compared with the daring attempt to translate poetically (as the author pretends) the description given by the English poet of our first parents in their celestial grove:—Milton, vol. i. book iv. page 279.

Two, of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honor clad,
In naked majesty seem’d lords of all,
And worthy seem’d; for in their looks divine,
The image of their glorious maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac’d.)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem’d;
For contemplation he and valour form’d,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him.

Au milieu des beautés qu’offroient ces lieux champêtres,
Parmi ses habitants se promenoient deux êtres,
Debout, levant au ciel leurs fronts nobles, sereins,
Et de ce lieu superbe augustes souverains;
Nus, ils etoient couverts d’un voile de decence;
Ils brilloient de fierté, d’honneur, et d’innocence;


Rois paisibles du monde, en leur regard altier, 
En leurs sublimes traits, Dieu s’est peint tout entier; 
Tout ce qu’on doit aimer, et tout ce qu’on rever, 
Raison, vertu, sagesse, et piété severe,—
—Dans leurs formes pourtant quelque inégalité
De leurs sexes divers distinguoit la beauté:
L’une superbe annoncoit, et la force et l’audace;
L’autre d’attraits plus doux developpoit la grace;
Le premier pour Dieu seul vivoit en ce beau lieu
Le second y vivoit, et pour l’homme et pour Dieu.

Here we finish our extracts;—and having endeavored, with becoming
temperence, to sprinkle cool patience over the heat and rage of our critical anger,
we take our leave of Mons. GRANDMAISON:—but not without admonishing him.
and most of the Gallic sons of Apollo, to respect and venerate the immortal
shades of our English poets. Let them be considered as reposing under the
sanction of consecrated laurels; one branch of which, it is even something like
sacrilege to endeavor to appropriate by any but kindred hands.

(Foreign Appendix, v. 45, 1804)

Art. XII. **Le Divorce, &c; i.e. The Divorce, the False Revolutionist, and the Heroism of**
**Women: Three Novels. By M. FléVÉ. 12 mo. 3s. Dulau and Co. London.**

Of all the absurd and capricious institutions which France, under either her
old or new Régime, has dignified by the name of Law, the modern divorce claims
the pre-eminence for cruelty and injustice;—at least, if Mme. Dormeuil’s relation
is to be accredited. —Mme. Dormeuil was a beautiful and accomplished young
woman, and married to a handsome and well-informed young man. Six years of
perfect happiness they enjoyed together, and perhaps Hymen thought this was as
large a portion of felicity as he commonly allows; for after this period, a degree
of languor and insipidity is too often found consequent on a state of uninterrupted
tranquillity. Mons. Dormeuil required variety, and sought it in the scenes of
dissipation; and hence proceeded those vicious and libertine pursuits which never
fail to undermine the conjugal affection. Among other deprivities, this French

Art. IX. Line 144. **sprinkle cool patience:** see Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, 3.4.123-34: “Upon the heat
and flame of thy distemper/ Sprinkle cool patience.”
husband had a mistress whom he wished to marry; and, as the legislature had so
easily and conveniently devised the means of breaking old chains, and forging
new, he resolved on availing himself of so desirable a privilege, and being
divorced from his amiable and most affectionate wife. Madame Dormeul protests
against the divorce, with an obstinacy as inflexible as was that of Catherine of
Arragon:—she protested against all the formalities necessary to ascertain the
separation, and she insisted on keeping the name and arms of Dormeul, and on
being the true and lawful wife of the old régime:—she was, however, divorced
against her consent, and Monsieur married his new love.

Of this connection, also, the inconstant husband grew tired; and he felt the
same inclination to be emancipated from from the second captivity, which had
induced him to break the first. The matter being so easily adjusted, and the remedy
for matrimonial enmity so immediately at hand, Dormeul is a second time divorced;
and with his first wife he became once more desperately in love. Her affections
were never alienated from him, but stood the brunt of all his cruelties with the
most persevering affection:—but the same firmness, which had directed her
conduct in opposing the divorce, now supported her in refusing to renew the ci-
devant nuptial vow; since that act would have been acknowledging the legality of
the divorce, which she had with so much pertinacity refused to sanction. The
situation of Monsieur and Madame now becomes whimsically laughable; they love
each other to distraction: but they must not live together, and renew the conjugal
endearments, because she is not his wife; and it would be a breach of good
morality, which would necessarily implicate her reputation on the ground of
decorum, were they again to inhabit the same house. We leave the reader to
Mme. Dormeul’s own description of the caprices of her destiny; which she details
with refined and romantic sentiments of prudery, truly French, and extremely
artificial and unnatural.

The author informs us that he suppressed the publication of the second of
these novels for some time, because he dared not to print it, lest a resemblance

Lines 12-13. Legislature ... chains: a 1792 decree, carried further in 1794, established that a divorce
could be obtained on grounds of incompatibility or prolonged absence. Fifteen months after the decree was
passed, nearly 6,000 divorces had been granted in Paris.

Lines 16-17. Catherine of Aragon: Catherine of Aragon (1485-1536), first wife of English king
Henry VIII, fiercely resisted his efforts to have their marriage annulled so that he could remarry.

Lines 28-29. ci-devant: former.
might be discovered between the characters which he describes, and those which personally existed when it was written. We have only to observe on this head, that we give him credit for his prudence in taking care of his own. In this novel, as in most others, Love is the burden of the song; and the cabals of politics, the union of party, and the enthusiasm of patriotism are all superseded by the irresistible control of the little deity. The lovely and innocent Adèle exchanged the horrors of a prison for the arms of an affectionate husband, and was without doubt very well pleased with the bargain: at the same time, the revolutionist most probably preserved himself from the guillotine by his amorous apostacy. Love was therefore the protector of both.

The third story exhibits those romantic and self-denying practices, which the writers of novels dignify with the name of heroism. Our days of romance, however, have been so long past, that we are utterly incapable of deciding on the merits or demerits of these sentimental heroines; who inflect so much misery on themselves, by erecting the standard of virtue on false principles.

M. Fievée's novels are agreeably written, in correct and elegant French; and, altogether, they are interesting and affecting.

(Foreign Appendix, v. 46. 1805)

Art. XVII. *Lettres de Mademoiselle De Launai, &c.* i.e. Letters of Mademoiselle DE LAUNAI (Madame DE STAAL) to the Chevalier DE Ménil, to the Marquis DE Silly, and to A. M. D'Hericourt; to which are added those of M. De Chaulieu to Mademoiselle De Launai, and a Portraiture of the Duchess Du Maine. 2 Vols. 12 mo. Paris. 1806. Imported by De Conchy, London.

In order to obtain some information respecting the author of these letters, the reader is referred to the Memoirs of Madame DE STAAL, as published in 2 vols. in 1783. — We there learn that Mademoiselle DE LAUNAI, by one of the many whimsical incidents which constituted her motley destiny, found herself at an early period a prisoner in the Bastile; to which very interesting confinement (as it ultimately proved) she was introduced by her patroness the Duchess Du Maine: who, having quarreled with the French Court, applied for redress to the Spanish

Government; a measure which so irritated the Regent of France, M. D'Orléans, that he ordered her dispatches to be seized, and the Duchess to be sent to the Citadel of Dijon; while Mademoiselle de Launay, her protégée, for having assisted in destroying some tell-tale manuscripts, was conveyed to the Bastile. To this event, however unpromising in speculation, Mlle. de Launay appears to have owed the most endearing pleasures of her life. Love, who seems never to have lost sight of her for a moment, provided a resource against that ennui which is so notoriously irksome to the captive, that we are not without examples of the most ingenious devices employed by the solitary inmates of a prison to "whip the lagging moments into speed." We have heard of a man cultivated an acquaintance with a spider, and extracted a kind of pleasure even from his society. How fortunate, then, may we pronounce Mademoiselle de Launay, who found something so much better than even Arachne herself, in the form of a handsome knight, the Chevalier De Menil, who had been sent to the same prison for his devotion to the Duke Du Maine. To this intercourse, for they had never previously said a word to each other, we are indebted for the greatest part of the letters contained in the two volumes before us.

Correspondence between lovers immured in prison we must admit to be invaluable to the Pyramus and Thisbe themselves: they could, no doubt, repeat the same tale, decorate with the same glowing language the same sentiments, and never tire each other: but the reader, if not in love, sickens at the platitudes of the cooing pens of poor captives, the locality of whose situation necessarily precluded all communication with the world at large. Hence, the scanty occurrences of the Bastile furnished Mademoiselle de Launay with no subjects of intelligence but such as love supplied. We have a sanction for our remarks in the description of these letters given in an extract from Madame de Staël's memoirs, affixed to this publication, where she thus speaks of them herself:

"The little incidents which they contain form the substance of this adventure;"
they are the actual events which attest their truth, and the sources in which I have recovered some circumstances that had escaped me. They will supply the place of our conventions, always disturbed by fear, abridged by prudence, more short and less continued than our epistolary correspondence, and almost entirely effaced from my memory.

Our confinement, in a place in which we had no employment, occasioned the production of a countless multitude of letters. That passion, which I believed myself capable of cherishing without offering any outrage to reason or virtue, I expressed without any reserve. I spoke to a person to whom I considered myself as already united by the most sacred tics, waiting only for the termination of our captivity in order to render our enjoyment legal and indissoluble."

Notwithstanding this want of general interest, and of novelty, the letters possess much merit. The language is correct and elegant; the sentiments are dignified and moral; and though occasionally impassioned, they are always delicately chaste, and apparently dictated by good sense and amiable dispositions.

The correspondence of Mademoiselle DE LAUNAI with the Marquis De Silly, and with Monsieur D'Héricourt when she had become madame DE STAAL, equally deserves our approbation on the same ground of merit; and we are indebted to the editor who obliges us with these posthumous credentials of the genius which we formerly admired.

In a note, we meet with a sort of biographical table, which may be considered as an useful memorandum, and we shall therefore copy it:

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**Lines 56-77.** Added by Ralph Griffiths' son, George Edward Griffiths (d. 1829), who took over as Monthly Review publisher on the death of his father in 1803.

The chief merit of a translator is, in the first place, to adhere closely to the narrative; the second is to dress his version in elegant and polished language. Both of these circumstances are peculiarly interesting to the author of the original work, who necessarily feels (in some degree) his own fame connected with that of his translator; the triumph and the gale, if not equally divided, being in a great measure participated.

The translator of these volumes has performed his first task with commendable accuracy: but we cannot, with justice, pay the same tribute of praise to the last requisite accomplishment, namely, language. Here, however, we will not be fastidious, because the French author himself allows his style to have no claim to be ranked in the first class for elegance, and very candidly acknowledges "awkward faults:" — yet we think that the translator might have spared the reader the aggravation of these defects by increasing their number. — We are here too often disgusted with "awkward" expressions: for example:

"Well adjusted ornaments improve *every one:*"

"It is impressed on the minds of *tradespeople:*

"'Twas then he *set up* for an enemy."

"Said I. embracing *his neck.*" &c.

These are certainly inelegancies: yet we would not discourage the translator from persevering in his very useful though laborious path, since in this field of literature the labourers are very beneficial to the Republic of Letters.
We noticed the original in our xxxivth Vol. N.S. p. 531.
(Monthly Catalogue, v. 50, June 1806)


We perfectly agree with Mr. Dallas that the value of these works of imagination consists in the faithful picture of mankind which they present; and that "when the author transports the reader into the regions of improbability, his only view is to amuse idleness and to gratify wonder,—the passion of children." Mr. D's just discriminations of character are evidence of his acquaintance with the world; and the blended lights and shades, with which he paints his pictures, make them as the French say "sauter aux yeux." These lights and shades constitute the tempered virtues which form that kind of equivocal character "good in the main" and personages of this description are the friends of Morland. The Curate of Reading, though affectionately interested in Morland's welfare, comes suddenly into his room like Job's messenger, and acquaints him with the series of misfortunes that had befallen him,—the death of his only protectress, the privation of his little fortune, of his situation, of his studies, of his every happiness in life,—with the most philosophic apathy, though with tears in his eyes, and the sympathetic address on opening his Pandora's box of "having bad news to tell his dear Ned." In this well wrought dialogue, we see one of Job's comforters sitting for the picture of the Reading Curate; and from this conference we pass to the reception which Morland experiences from the Vicar of Holcomb, and which may serve as a farther illustration of the truth of the proposition, "that gifts of benevolence and humanity are not always brought in baskets of flowers."

Art. 32. Line 22. See page 240 for Moody's review.


Line 7. "sauter aux yeux": to be self-evident or obvious.

Lines 8-9. "good in the main": unidentified.

Lines 19-20. "that gifts ... flowers": unidentified.
—The comic scene of the passionate Whitaker, who quarrels with his tables and chairs for being placed on castors, and spinning him round the room, owing to an angry jerk given by himself in the rage of disappointment, is worthy of Moliere, and the dialogue that follows, between Morland and the Vicar, is a finish to the picture.—The reader will not resign his pleasure here, but will pursue the narrative with sufficient interest in the fate of the hero, through a long journey of three volumes, without impatience for that harbour of rest, the denouement; yet, that we may not trespass on the rules of our critical veracity, we must confess a gape or two on the fantastic scenery at Broke Hall, and the exaggerated character of the lady of that mansion. Many excellent reflections, and precepts of the best morality, occur in this work: we wish that our young Collegians were all Morkands; and that the family of the Jones’s would people a colony!—Having already given our sentiments on works of the imagination, and agreed with Mr. D. that such will please most as are most restrained within the pale of probability, we may be supposed to have no partiality for the second tale, which forms the fourth volume; indeed we may be allowed to wish that Mr. D. had not thought it necessary to maintain his position by the proof of illustration, which exhibits a narrative of events as romantic as the fictions of Ariosto. We also disapprove the plan of fabricating one story on the basis of a preceding tale: it is building one house on the top of another, and exposing them to the chance of both falling together.

(Monthly Catalogue, v. 50, July 1806)


Persuaded that a good writer cannot be written down but by himself, we become apprehensive for the pen that seems to promise no end to its labours. It
must, we think, tire at last;—and, to prevent being caught tripping, it were to be wished that a brilliant career might finish with éclat, and the close of a celebrated literary life be marked by this praise.

"Nothing became it like the leaving it."

Under the title of Souvenirs, Mad. DE GENLIS here presents us with a miscellany of anecdotes of courts, details of villagers, and what she terms historiettes, or little histories, bon-mots, and jests; many among the latter of which are not unworthy of our own countryman of laughing memory, Joe Miller. We are told these choice morsels have been already dispersed through thirty volumes of the Bibliothèque des Romans; and as they have been often copied in the journals, and printed in foreign countries, it was a duty which the fair writer seemed to owe to these wandering effusions of the muse, to collect them into an edition, and to prevent them from being pirated by others.

The first page leads us to expect a detailed account of Mad. DE G.'s residence in England, and of the many civilities which she received during her long stay in what she denominates the pretty town of Bury: yet, even after the mention which she makes of this jolie ville and the pleasant society which it afforded, not a tittle of a grateful Souvenir drops from her pen. "A small society, composed of five or six persons, très spirituelles, assembled together every day from the hours of seven till half-past ten: the amusement consisted of music and conversation; and the evenings passed very agreeably." Fort agréablement seems but a vapid éloge from the pen of a French-woman, whose language is generally glowing with expressions of more rapturous signification; and Mad. DE GENLIS, by excluding from her vocabulary the words charming, enchanting, &c., excites the suspicion that this little society had not produced very lively sensations of enjoyment. Here, however, it was that the plan was projected of a journey to the

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Line 6. "Nothing ... leaving it." from Shakespeare's Macbeth, 1.4.8.


Line 24. éloge: eulogy or praise.
delightful cottage of Llangollen; and as this Souvenir seems to have afforded more entertainment to the writer than any other that resulted from her English travels, it also communicates a superior degree of interest in the detail. Yet the hasty manner, in which this visit of curiosity was instantaneously adopted and arranged, is scarcely a less extraordinary event in the chapter of incidents than the motive which suggested its accomplishment. It is thus related:

“One evening, the subject of our conversation happening to turn on friendship, I said that I would willingly undertake a very considerable journey to see two friends who had been long united by the ties of friendship.—‘Well, Madame,’ replied Mr. Stewart*, ‘go to Llangollen; you will there see the model of perfect friendship; and the picture will please you so much the more, as it will be presented by two women who are still young, and in every respect charming. Do you wish to know the history of Lady Eleanor Butler and of Miss Sarah Ponsonby?’—‘I shall be delighted with it.’—‘Then I will relate it.’—At these words, we drew our little circle round Mr. Stewart:—he paused a moment for the purpose of recollection, and then began the narrative nearly in these terms.’

We have not space for the insertion of this very novel history: for the accuracy of which, moreover, we are not able to answer: but we must refer the reader to Vol. i. p. 3. We cannot, however, fail to participate with Mad. DE GENILIS in the enthusiasm which her romantic imagination imbibed from the scenery of Llangollen, and the extraordinary attachment of its inhabitants; and the tout ensemble must have possessed a mind like hers with such visionary ideas, that we are not surprised at the effect of Fancy, when it produced the music of the spheres from the wild and random notes of an Eolian harp. In her subsequent reflections, nevertheless, Mad. DE G; does not appear to be the advocate of such excentric connections as form the union between Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, and she leaves Llangollen apparently dis-enchanted. Yet we are almost sorry when she takes leave of the friends, and changes her recollections to bon mots and jests. These are very commonly introduced without analogy, or

**Eldest son of Lord Londonderry.**

Line 29. **cottage of Llangollen**: Plas Newydd in the Welsh vale of Llangollen, to which Irish cousins Lady Eleanor Butler (c.1745-1829) and Sarah Ponsonby (c.1745-1831) retired and lived together in seclusion for nearly fifty years. The pair were well-known throughout Europe.

Line 52. **Eolian harp**: a small harp placed in a window or doorway to be played by the wind.
association of ideas; and the scene shifts rapidly from the famous Vaucanson, the
greatest mechanic of his day, who made an automaton which played on the flute,
and a duck that both ate and digested its food, to a merry anecdote of a miser:
which we will favour with our particular notice, in compliment to the fair author,
because it seems to have given her peculiar delight:

"M. de C****, very rich, but blinded by a cataract formed on both his eyes,
came to Paris from the remotest part of Languedoc, to consult a surgeon; who told
him that it was time for him to perform the operation of couching, for the success
of which he would be answerable. M. de C**** inquired what would be the
expense of the operation; fifty guineas, replied Grandjean.—Mr. de C.
remonstrated grievously against the charge, and was disposed to make a bargain,
to lower the price: but Grandjean was inflexible; and M. de C. had nothing left
but patience, submission, and non-resistance. Some days afterward, the surgeon
performed the operation; when, having removed the cataract from the right eye, M.
de C. exclaimed with transport, that his sight was perfectly restored. Come then,
said Grandjean, let us proceed to the other eye. Stay a moment, replied M. de C.:
—you take fifty guineas for the whole operation: that is, five-and-twenty for each
eye: now as I see quite well as is necessary, and as I wish to see, I shall content
myself with one eye: to recover the other would be a very useless luxury; there
are your five-and-twenty guineas."

With one more sprightly anecdote, we shall close our extracts; and as it
relates to our celebrated countryman Mr. Gibbon, we think that it will not be
uninteresting to the reader:

"I hear from Lausanne that Mr. Gibbon has been settled there for some
time, and is extremely well received. He is, they tell me, grown so prodigiously
fat, that he walks with great difficulty: yet with this figure, and his strange face,
Mr. Gibbon is infinitely gallant, and is fallen in love with a beautiful woman,

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**Line 58 association of ideas**: see page 182. Vaucanson: Jacques de Vaucanson (1709-82), a
member of the French Academy of Science.

**Line 64 Languedoc**: region and former province in southern France.

**Line 65 couching**: an operation in which a needle is inserted into the eye and the opaque lens displaced
below the axis of vision.

**Line 79 Mr. Gibbon**: Edward Gibbon (1737-94), historian celebrated for his *History of the Decline and
Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776-88).
Madame de Crouzas. One day, finding himself with her tête à tête for the first time, and desirous of availing himself of so favourable a moment, he fell suddenly on his knees, and made a declaration of his flame in the most passionate terms. Madame de Crouzas replied in a manner sufficiently repulsive to discourage every temptation to renew the scene, and Mr. Gibbon appeared embarrassed: but he nevertheless retained his prostrate attitude: and notwithstanding Madame’s repeated invitation to re-seat himself on his chair, he was motionless and silent.—’But, sir,’ repeated Madame de Crouzas, ‘rise, I beseech you.’—’Alas, Madame,’ at length answered this unfortunate lover, ‘I am not able.’ In truth, the corpulency of his person totally impeded the possibility of his recovering his legs without assistance. Madame de C. then rang the bell, and desired the servant to help Mr. Gibbon to rise.”

Here Mad. de Genlis takes leave of the gros Monsieur Gibbon, and directs her satiric pen to another ill-starred lover, whose stature was in the extreme opposition; and the little man was even more ludicrously punished for an unwelcome declaration, by being placed upon the chimney-piece.

In revenge for the treatment of this unhappy wight, we shall now put the fair writer herself upon the shelf.

(Foreign Appendix, v. 56, 1808)
Letters

from the St. James's Chronicle

(1791 - 1800)

The following letters were addressed "To the Printer of the St. J. Chronicle" (printer/publisher and managing editor Henry Baldwin, d. 1813) and appeared on the back page of the tri-weekly evening paper. Two of the letters in the British Library set of the Chronicle, which appears to have belonged to Christopher Lake Moody, are attributed to "Mrs. Moody" in handwritten margin notes. Other letters included have been identified as Elizabeth Moody's based on a combination of factors: the dateline "Surbitten," handwritten corrections, content, and style. The final letter, although lacking external identifying evidence, has been conjecturally attributed to Moody based on persuasive internal evidence.
SIR,

A Poem has been lately published in America, written by a Lady of Boston, entitled Ouábi; or The Virtues of Nature, an Indian Tale, which possesses considerable merit. It is a picture of Indian manners exhibited in easy and harmonious versification. The characters are Ouábi, the hero, a noble-minded, and at the same time, most amiable savage, Azâkia, his wife, and Celario, an European, with whom she is in love, without being faithless to her spouse. The description of Ouábi will probably amuse your readers; and as the poem is not, to my knowledge, published in England, I have copied it for their perusal.

Far o'er the chieftans great Ouábi moves,
   With steps majestick through the boundless plain;
   Thus tow'rs the cedar o'er the willow groves,
   Thus shines bright Cynthia 'midst her starry train.

Ouábi! form'd by Nature's hand divine,
   Whose naked limbs the sculptor's art defied,
   Whose nervous strength and graceful charms combine,
   Where dignity with fleetness was allied.

High from his head the painted plumage rose,
   His sounding bow was o'er his shoulder flung,
   The hatchet, dreadful to insulting foes,
   On the low branch in peaceful caution hung.

Adown his ears the glist'ning rings descend,
   His manly arms the clasping bracelets bind;
   From his broad chest the varied beads depend,
   And all the hero tow'rd within his mind.

This Lady Poet has evidently a good ear for verse; and though the poem be short, and its plan simple, it possesses several beauties. Were I to turn critick I should object to the conclusion; but as I took up my pen rather to copy, that your

Line 1. a lady of Boston: Sarah Wentworth Morton (1759-1846), whose verse appeared in such periodicals as the Massachusetts and New York Magazines. Her "Ouabi" (1790) furnished the plot for English writer James Bacon’s play, The American Indian.

Line 12. Cynthia: another name for Artemis, Greek goddess of the moon.
readers may judge of this American Muse, than to sit in judgement on her myself, I shall in lieu of strictures present them with the Death-Song, which the hero sings when daring the fury of the raging fires which his enemies had prepared for his destruction:

Rear’d midst the war-empurpled plain,
What ILLINOIS submits to pain!
How can the glory-darting fire
The coward chill of death inspire!

The sun a blazing heat bestows,
The moon ‘midst pensive ev’ning glows,
The stars in sparkling beauty shine,
And own their flaming source divine.

Then let me hail th’ IMMORTAL FIRE,
And in the sacred flames expire;
Nor yet those HURON hands restrain;
This bosom scorns the throbs of pain.

No griefs this warriour soul can bow,
No pangs contract this even brow;
Not all your threats excite a fear,
Not all your force can start a tear.

Think not with me my tribe decays,
More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise,
Nor unrevenge’d their Sachem dies,
Nor unattended greets the skies.

S — n.

(March 17-19, 1791)
The Croakers

Non t'avvilir ne le temenze umane,
Che bene inspira il cielo
Quel Cor, che bene spèra.

SIR,
AMONG all those different descriptions of unpleasing characters with whom we necessarily converse, and with whom we maintain an unavoidable intercourse during our _sejour_ in this world, the family of Pride, the family of Envy, the family of Malice, the family of Avarice, there are none whose society contributes more to the destruction of our little harmless enjoyments than the family of the _Croakers_. These people arrogate to themselves a kind of supernatural power, that borders on a species of divination; they pretend to "look into the seeds of time, and say which grains will grow, and which will not." They appear to be related to that race of Gorgons which were called Lamiae, who the Poets tell us had but one eye in common to them all, for I observe they all see things through the same medium. Their principle pleasure consists in predicting evil, and in direct opposition to that maxim of philosophy, which bids us enjoy the present hour, it being all we can call our own. These Croakers are solicitous to throw a gloom over the happiness we possess by the anticipation of a sorrowful future that we may never see. An elegant author observes, that we ought not to anticipate any pleasure, nor feel the weight of any misfortune before it actually arrives. With respect to the first part of the remark, I am not altogether of his opinion; expectation so frequently proves its state

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Epigraph. "Do not despair over human fears, for heaven breathes goodness into the heart that hopes for good." From Guarini's _Il Pastor fido_, 1.4. See page 100.

Line 3. _sejour_: sojourn; stay.

Line 6. _Croakers_: melancholy foreboders of evil.

Lines 7-8. "_look into ... not_": from Shakespeare's _Macbeth_, 1.3.58-59.

Line 9. _Gorgons_ ... _Lamiae_: The Gorgons, Medusa and her sisters Stheno and Euryale (none of whom were Lamiae), were said to share one eye and one tooth.

Lines 14-16. _elegant ... arrives_: lexicographer and man of letters Samuel Johnson (1709-84) in _The Rambler_ No. 29, Tuesday, June 26, 1750.
to be preferable to that of enjoyment, that one should reluctantly part with its hopes and promises, however they may diminish the value of possession; but the advice contained in the latter part of the sentence I would wish the Croakers, for their own sakes, and that of their associates, to adhere to, ever remembering what the Poet says,

That sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.

You will do me the justice to believe, Mr. Baldwin, that I do not mean to depreciate the wisdom of that discernment which discovers the latent evil, though lurking at a distance; and that useful prudence which directs the measure that is to guard against it.—No; a supine state of sloth and indifference, when the mind is called upon to exert its faculties, and to open all its eyes, is a lamentable and most reprehensible condition. The silly family of Croakers, whom I here reprobate, are the slaves of ignorance and pusillanimity, equally incapable of wise forethought and of prudent prevention; like the ominous raven, they go croaking about from place to place. They croak in palaces, in senates, in churches, in pamphlets, and in newspapers, always presaging something bad when there is little or no foundation for their timid apprehensions.

From public concerns, they turn their evil-predicting eyes upon private occurrences, and there too they raise mole hills of misfortunes into mountains.

But what surprises me not a little is, that these ill-divining souls do not appear to be seriously affected by their most calamitous prophesies—no pleasure seems diminished by their fears—they eat with the same appetite, they play at cards with the same ardour, even though Monarchs are dethroned, funds annihilated, establishments destroyed, and Bishops, tithes, clergy, cabals, sedition, insurrection, and Jacobins (through their predictions) are floating in one undistinguished mass of Anarchy. This assembly of Croakers, therefore, puts me in mind of children who love to play at being frightened; it is one of their juvenile sports to collect themselves into a little group, hold one another fast by the hand, and sit in the dark. Now, Mr. Baldwin, if it were possible to extirpate this raven race from the earth,


Line 32. ominous raven: The raven is a universal harbinger of doom. Shakespeare refers to its croaking in Hamlet and Macbeth.
should we not be much happier? For, you must observe this croaking quality is wonderfully contagious, and the apothegm of "one fool, &c." may be here applied — "one Croaker makes many;" hence our ears and our eyes are continually fatigued with doleful presages. And what is the result of them? nothing more, as I have before remarked, than to obscure the present sunshine of life by an imaginary cloud that may never pass over the face of our horizon.

I am, Sir, your constant Reader,
And Admistrer (when you do not croak)
JUCUNDA HOPEWELL.
(December 2-4, 1792)

A News-Paper

SIR,

SINCE the commencement of the Revolution in France, a distemper, entitled The Political Mania, has pervaded, I believe I may say, all Europe: but as my observations have been principally confined to England, I will not assert positively that to be the case respecting other countries, of which I have had no experience. Here I can speak to the point, having had frequent opportunities of remarking the pernicious effects of this prevailing and contagious disease. It is to be lamented, that no remedy can be discovered for it—all Medical applications would be useless: the College of Physicians, and their whole Materia Medica, would be found ineffectual. Morality, indeed, offers some palliatives to the publick, such as Charity, Moderation, and Liberality; but alas, Sir, I need not tell you, that she may advertise her nostrums to all eternity—none will buy them.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am sorry to say, (as I have a great respect for a News-paper,) that this disorder is fomented and encreased by that intentionally innocent

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The Croakers. Line 49. "one fool, &c. [et cetera]": variations of the proverb "one fool makes many" were common since the Middle Ages. Satirist Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) uses it in his Polite Conversations, Dialogue I.

Line 56. Jucunda Hopewell: writers of letters to periodicals often used such allegorical pseudonyms. Jucunda is a play on the Latin word jucundus, meaning pleasant.

and well-meaning publication; but the Devil, whose interest it is to propagate this
distemper (the tendency of which is to imbitter the pleasures of social intercourse,
to relax the ties of benevolence, to sever the union of friendship, and ultimately to
assist him in his great work—the destruction of human happiness,) is a very subtle
agent in this business; he evades our scrutiny often when we look for him: it is not,
then, to be wondered at, that he escapes our notice when we think not of him; you
are not, therefore, to be surprised when I tell you that this daemon of discord
envelops himself continually in the folds of a News-paper; and perhaps, Sir, at
the very moment when you are exerting the most industrious abilities to collect
intelligence for the information and amusement of the Publick, he is in your pocket,
waiting for a place in The St. James's Chronicle. By an art, ingenious and
peculiar to himself (for you know he can do anything,) he insinuates himself
among the letters that form some political anecdote; which the unsuspecting reader
no sooner rests his attention on, but forth he comes, waves his torch, scatters his
flames about, and sets parents, children, brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins and
friends, all together by the ears.

A News-paper, in more pacifick times, was not the accustomed vehicle for
this daemon's travels. You and I may remember to have detected him, now and
then, lurking in holes of poetry, and sometimes to have caught a glimpse of his
tail peeping out of an epigram; but he was never known to make his person so
common as he now does, by this new method of conveying himself; and as, in
order to be popular, he avoids shewing any preference, he regularly takes a place
in all the papers; St. James's Chronicle, Morning Chronicle, Times, Star, Sun,
True Briton, &c. and even the Weekly Journal; though this he does not like so well
as the rest, it being a heavy stage, that not altogether suits the celerity of his motion,
and the eagerness of his disposition to do mischief. Now, Mr. Editor, presuming
you will pardon any thing I may have said to the discredit of these respectable
members of the Republick of Letters, I will proceed to the illustration of my subject,
and introduce you to a breakfast scene, at which I was lately present.

The party consisted of ten people, males and females, equal in numbers, but
of different ages; though the majority were on the borders of the grand climacterick:
the gentleman whose guests we were, was a political maniack, whose paroxisms

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Lines 37-38. *Weekly Journal* ... heavy stage: Baldwin's *Weekly Journal*, also published by the *Chronicle*'s Henry Baldwin, which as a "heavy stage" (coach) moved more slowly than the daily and tri-weekly papers.
were sometimes so outrageous that he was considered to be among the number of incurables: nobody, therefore, ever thought of administering any kind of antidote to his distemper; and it was the practice of his family to caution those who entered his house to beware of all opposition against his dogmatical opinions, as such opposition never failed to increase the frenzy to the most alarming height: but since the death of Robespierre, and the abolition of the Terrorists, the proclamation of Louis the XVIIIth, and the vigour and energy of our Government towards the restoration of Monarchy in France, it had been remarked that his lucid intervals were becoming more frequent. On the morning, the disasters of which I am about to relate, the company assembled together in apparent good humour, and our host looked so pleasant and cheerful, that what Hastings says to Richard, might have been applied to him—

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirits.

We therefore concluded, either that the Stocks had risen—that Clairfait had beaten the French army—that there had been commotions in Paris—or that some other bright cloud had appeared in the political horizon. In these placid dispositions we took our places at the tea-table, the breakfast materials were excellent, a circumstance which not a little contributed to the promotion of the general harmony, and we were congratulating each other with reciprocal sentiments of benevolence, on our deliverance from musty flour, cheating Millers, and thrifty Bakers; when the door opened, and in came—THE NEWS-PAPER! Every eye turned towards it with expressive welcome; it having been repeatedly enquired for before its arrival; and it was ushered in with the exulting exclamation of "here it is." The old ladies, with the rapidity of a military evolution, put on their spectacles; but our host, who had enjoyed the privilege for many years of opening his News-paper himself, and who

Line 51. **Robespierre**: See page 137. Robespierre and other engineers of the Reign of Terror were executed in 1794 by an increasingly conservative French Government.

Lines 51-53. **proclamation ... Monarchy**: upon the death in prison of Louis XVI's young son in 1795, the dead king's exiled brother proclaimed himself Louis XVIII. His army of emigrés was supported by England in their attempts to restore the Bourbon monarchy.

Lines 58-59. **There's some ... spirits**: from Shakespeare's Richard III, 3.4.49-50.

Line 60. **Clairfait**: François Sebastien Charles Joseph de Croix, Count de Clairfait (1773-98), Austrian general.

Line 66. **musty flour ... thrifty Bakers**: manifestations of the flour and bread shortage caused by recent failed harvests and increased wartime demand. See page 116.
would as soon part with one of the deeds of his estate as relinquish this privilege, used no ceremony on the occasion; but tearing off the cover with some degree of ardent impetuosity, began to read it aloud.

Every eye was now fixed on his,—every tongue was mute: the ladies sip’d their tea softly, and asked for a lump of sugar in a whisper; in short, a more attentive audience I never remember to have seen—not even at a Methodist chapel. The reader proceeded very calmly through a great deal of inoffensive, harmless matter; over-turned stage coaches—sent naughty women to Bridewell—destroyed crimping-houses—with a few more innocent et ceteras; when he came plump on the very passage where the Devil had hid himself; it was, Sir—the passage of the Rhine.

“The French,” he read with an inarticulate voice; “The French have cross’d the Rhine”—then muttering an indistinct sentence, in which the words—damn’d—army—victorious—were all that could be collected; with a passionate gesture, he threw the paper upon the table.

Now, Sir, had this gentleman been but possessed of presence of mind to have pursued the detail, without a comment or an execration, the peace of this good company had not been disturbed; but the scraps of the fatal sentence vibrating on the ears of an old lady of the democratie class, were too obnoxious to escape unnoticed. This heroine, amassing together these disjointed materials, formed on them the structure of war, and was the first that commenced hostilities; and hence originated one of the most intemperate political contests that ever disgraced a convivial meeting. The following lines of Pope’s Homer presented themselves on this occasion:

Discord, dire sister of the slaught’ring power,
Small at her birth, but rising every hour.

Could one have supposed, Mr. Editor, that these three simple words should lead to the great field of Politicks? Should conduct the disputants through all the intricate windings and turnings of the French Revolution, to a battle of arguments? But they did so.

And now, I imagine, you see all the parties bewildered in a labyrinth of

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Lines 79-80. **Bridewell**: prison for vagrants and prostitutes. **crimping-houses**: places where seamen and soldiers were decoyed and confined in order to force them into service.

Lines 82-83. **cross’d the Rhine**: in 1795 a French attempt to launch an offensive over the Rhine was foiled by the Austrian army.

Lines 95-96. **Discord ... hour**: from Alexander Pope’s translation of the *Iliad*, 4.502. 244-45.
politticks, floundering—plunging—stumbling; discussion rose upon discussion—the very name of war was infectious, and introduced *hated, malice, and all uncharitableness*. The noise was loud and great, and resembled the furious buzzing of an angry hive of bees. The lady disputants, whose recollection being *hurried* was not always accurate, were sometimes at a stand in their Chronology and their Geography; but, to the credit of their perseverance and their spirit be it spoken, they *halted not between two opinions*; indeed, there was no time for pause, no leisure for consulting Brooks’s Gazetteer, or Trusler’s Chronology; one period, therefore, served for another. Popes, Kings, Princes, and Ministers, were brought together as contemporaries; some of whom had been dead about a hundred years before the rest were born: German rivers, French rivers, German towns, French towns, cross’d over and figured in, as in a country dance. Universal was the confusion.

But as these vociferations composed only indiscriminate discordant sounds, they produced no individual satisfaction: some of the softer sex, therefore, whose voices had been over-ruled by the superior energy of the stronger sex, withdrew their forces from the general body; and still keeping their places at the tea-table, continued the agitating subject of politicks in detached parties, and carried on the war in angry whispers; when, during one of these low murmuring contentions, on the affair of *Quiberon*, an old lady, just upon the point of pronouncing an imprecation against the Minister, found her articulation impeded by a piece of bread and butter, that she had swallowed too hastily, to make way for utterance. Whether choaked by passion or bread, I will not pretend to determine; but an hysterick fit immediately ensued, and the attention of the company was now diverted from its first object, and directed towards the procuring of hartshorn and water, and cutting laces; the bringing the lady out of her fit, introduced a pause favourable to the Goddess of Peace; she once more seemed to be returning to the turbid brows of the furious disputants; though it must be confessed she appeared, for some time, clad in sullen rays, such as may be perceived in the sky, after it has been agitated by a

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Line 121. *Quiberon*: In June 1795 the British Royal Navy landed troops on the Quiberon peninsula in southern Brittany in an unsuccessful attempt to help restore monarchy in France.

Line 126. *hartshorn*: spirits of ammonia; held to the nose to revive fainters.
tremendous storm. Our host once more took up the fatal News-paper, and proceeded to finish it, but very prudently stopped no more on his way; arriving, at length, at a very sprightly, humourous letter, written by a witty Correspondent, who signs himself A Bear-Leader, a smile of pleasantry took possession of every countenance, dispelled the clouds of politicks, and this proved our harbour of Peace.

I am, Sir,

Your very true friend, and constant reader,

Surbiton.

BAGATELLE

(October 17-20, 1795)

SIR,

BEING lately at a very excellent dinner, where I regaled myself most luxuriously on a delicious dish of mock-turtle, I happened to sit next to a Gentleman, who I soon discovered to be a member of that literary body called Pedants: this description of Scholar is one, who by means of loud vociferation, a decisive tone of voice, a small portion of knowledge, a copia verborum of hard words, and a few other requisites, obtains in most companies the fascinating power of attraction; and I observed, that this Gentleman not only arrogated to himself a respectable importance on the score of his erudition, but that he impressed his audience with the same opinion with himself, that he really was a Learned Man.

The Mock-turtle and the Pedant divided our attention; and the silent respect paid to the latter was only occasionally interrupted when a passing gout of exquisite relish forced a panegyric on on the former. These two objects, thus entering together the lists of competition, introduced to my mind ideas of similarity between them; the Pedant I considered as exhibiting a dish of mock-wisdom, as
the Calf’s head did a dish of mock-turtle; and as the culinary art had so managed the deception of the one that its perfection was allowed to be nearly, if not quite equal, to real Turtle, so had the literary arts managed the deception of the other, as to make the Mock-wisdom appear an excellent substitute for genuine Sense and Learning. These observations produced the following receipt:

A RECEIPT FOR MOCK-WISDOM

Take a few grains of Sense, strain them through as many Dictionaries as you can collect together, taking care to select none but the lightest particles of matter contained in your books; a very few scraps of the Learned Sciences, are however indispensable, as they must give an apparent solidity to the whole; be careful to collect all your ingredients in very small quantities—a little History, a little Painting, a little Musick, a few fragments of Poetry; take as many Latin sentences and as many hard words as you can find; jumble these all well together, and throw them loosely into your head. If they are properly mixed the whole will froth up and float on the surface of the brain.

(April 11-13, 1797)

A Complaint

SIR,

I AM one of those who have a complaint to make against the whole race of mankind, and a very reasonable ground of dissatisfaction you will allow mine to be, when I tell you that the source whence it originates is, that every body shifts a part of that business they ought to do themselves, on my shoulders. Were you to see, Sir, the multiplicity of affairs with which I am charged, you would extenuate the fault often imputed to me, namely, that of not executing my commissions, and consequently disappointing the confidence reposed in me. Almost the whole of human business, at least the most important, is referred to me. What scores have I to wipe off of transgressions, both temporal and spiritual, habits, behaviour, and conduct to amend! sins deeply rooted to eradicate! reformations without end to establish; and the whole system of morals to regulate and set to rights: this, I need not tell you, Sir, is a task greatly surpassing any of the labours of Hercules, yes, even that of cleaning the Augean stable; for the mind becomes more defiled, by having been the long-continued harbour of vice, than that famed stable could have
been, though 3000 oxen had been confined in it for 3000 years, and it had never been swept.

But the most important account which men leave with me to settle, is the business that relates to another world; this cloggs me with difficulties. I may indeed, and often do, promote their secular interests, by putting it into their heads to pay their debts, make a just will, and satisfy their lawful heirs, &c. but when the preparation of the soul is left for me, and the contemplation of death and eternity are all put by, and thought, reflection, and religion all reserved for me, an uncertain fleeting shadow which they may never catch; which is perpetually eluding their grasp, and utterly unworthy of their confidence! What rational being but must deprecate such want of true wisdom!

Let me recommend to you, Sir, and to all my Readers, to use the present moment for all important concerns, and to leave little or nothing to

HEREAFTER.

(August 17-19, 1797)

A Complaint

SIR:

BEING among the number of those with whom mankind is continually dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to others, that have occasionally introduced themselves to the Publick, through the channel of your communications. When I tell you I am as old as Time himself, you will allow, that on the score of longevity I ought to be respected, and when I add, that I am as variable in my appearances and temperature as mortals themselves, you will also be disposed to grant, that I ought not to be reprobated on the score of inconstancy. Yet, so it is, that even though I seemingly take pains to accommodate my variable dispositions to the variable dispositions of mankind, the circumstance produces no sympathetick congeniality between us, and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial, while their own propensity to fickleness never occurs to their recollection. Yet, Sir, I have no quarrel with the world on the subjects of indifference, neglect, or disregard,
for I must confess, every body pays me due attention,—I am enquired after every night and every morning, and am so much the topick of conversation, and so regularly introduced after the customary greetings of ceremonial intercourse, that I may be said to be a kind of necessary assistant to conversation; for when people are barren of ideas, I am always at hand to supply the vacuity of their minds; yet I am hardly ever mentioned in any other light but as the source of complaint and dissatisfaction, and without having some opprobrious epithet attached to my name.

—Sometimes I am accused of being too warm in my behaviour,—sometimes too cold—if I smile unexpectedly, I am suspected of harbouring treacherous designs—and men say to one another sarcastically—"We shall pay for this." If I continue my placid deportment, and am mild, sweet, and amiable, for any length of time, I am said to be good humoured even to satiety, and there are people who have compared my eternal smiles to an expression borrowed from a celebrated French Writer—"l’ennuyeuse egalité d’une femme de bon caractère." —Some wish me to weep when I am disposed to be merry, and some to be gay when I am inclined to be sad. Thick, heavy, dull, nasty, are epithets commonly applied to me. If I am still I am said to be vapourish, if loud, boisterous and rude—aches, pains, rheumatisms, and shooting corns, are attributed to my influence. In short, Sir, I am so watched, so scrutinized, so censured, so abused, every day, that it would seem that I were a stranger upon earth, and born but yesterday, rather than an inhabitant of Paradise, known to Adam and Eve, and one who was present at the Creation. But I will not detain you any longer, Sir, for I see you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance—

THE WEATHER.

(December 25-27, 1800)

Lines 25-26. celebrated ... caractère”: “the tedious regularity of a woman of good character.”

Unidentified.
The copy text for Poetic Trifles (PT) is the first and only edition published by Cadell and Davies in 1798. Substantive variants of PT poems from the St. James's Chronicle (SJC1 and SJC2), Gentleman's Magazine (GM), the General Evening Post (GEP), Edward Lovibond's Poems on Several Occasions (LOV), and manuscript—Bodleian MS Add. C.89, fols. 261-62--(BM) are indicated below. Copy texts for uncollected poems from the St. James's Chronicle are the SJC numbers housed in the Guidhall Library and the British Library's Burney Collection. At least a portion of the British Library set--available on microfilm but not as complete as the Guidhall Library set--appears to have belonged to Christopher Lake Moody: his signature appears on the masthead of several numbers, and his and Elizabeth Moody's handwritten notes and corrections appear within.

To a Gentleman, Who Invited Me to Go a Fishing
Title. me SJC: the Author
7. thy valuable SJC: supine—thy precious
9. Fish-rods SJC: fish-hooks
(Printed in the SJC July 10-12, 1798.)

An Address by a Gentleman to his dead Dog . . .
Title. SJC: Verses; addressed by a Gentleman to his dead Dog, who was stuffed, and placed in his Library.
1.fn. SJC: *The name
7. that SJC: thy
12. SJC: no stanza break after this line
14. wast SJC: wert
15. living image SJC: image fondly
16. fondness SJC: actions
17-22. PT version ends with line 20 SJC:
   Nor shall the Muse refuse thy name,
   Some portion of distinguish'd fame:
   Her verse immortal, Death defies:
   She guards the praise that never dies:
   She bids, that Time shall ne'er deface,
   Thy truth—most faithful of thy race.
(Printed in the SJC October 5-7, 1797.)
The Distempered Muse

3.  training *BOD*: morning
4.  permanent *BOD*: sovereign
6.  this *BOD*: his
12.  from *BOD*: on
13.  remedies various *BOD*: blisters and Cleansers
26.  skill *BOD*: art
30.  could *BOD*: can
39.  mortal *BOD*: reader
43.  your Muse sooner sought *BOD*: you sooner invoked
44.  She had never encounter'd *BOD*: You had not incur'd this
51-52.  *BOD*:
   It is Clear to the bottom, however you shake it,
   And is known by the name of GOOD SENSE.
56.  like *BOD*: as
63.  the *BOD*: his

Answer to Some Verses . . .

Title.  *LOV*: On Reading the foregoing Verses. By Miss G—.
6 fn. Not present in *LOV*.
10.  That *LOV*: Which
14.  dwells *LOV*: lives

To Dr. Priestley . . .

5.  as *SJC*: what
(Printed in the *SJC* May 19-21, 1791 above the attribution *Surbiton.* )

Written in the Autumn

Title.  *SJC*: The Leaf, a Poem, By Mrs. Moody.
9.  bush *SJC*: Leaf
11.  leaves *SJC*: Buds
12.  Disclos'd *SJC*: Display'd
28.  *SJC*: an additional stanza follows this line:
   AUTUMN her variegated Hues,
   And checker'd Shades displays,
   Damp mists prevail, and sickly Dews,
Beneath her fainter Rays.

32. her SJC: its
37. Alas! SJC: Ah me!
45. Ah me SJC: Alas!

(Printed in the SJC November 8-11, 1788 above the attribution Surbiton.)

On the Death of Miss Maria Bradshaw . . .

Title. SJC: Verses On the Death of Miss Maria Bradshaw. An amiable young Lady, who died in the 23rd year of her age. By Mrs. Moody.

(Printed in the SJC November 4-6, 1790.)

Epitaph, Written by an unknown hand . . .

Title. upon the Italian Satyrist Peter Aretine SJC: on Aretine, the Italian Satyrist

(Printed in the SJC April 18-21, 1789.)

Addressed to a Lady, On a New Carriage . . .

Title. Verses Addressed to a Lady, on a new carriage taking fire, which was reserved for the celebration of the 20th anniversary of her wedding day.
19. A splendid car that day SJC: That day, a splendid car

(Printed in the SJC August 16-18, 1791 above the attribution Surbiton.)

To Fashion

9. be SJC: is
10. That SJC: Though
17. . beauty. SJC: Beauty's

(Printed in the SJC March 29-31, 1792 above the attribution Surbiton.)

Supposed to be Written by an Epicure . . .

Title. Verses, Written at Margate, by an Epicure, upon seeing a Dutch Vessel sail by, laden with Turbots, for the London Market.
11. air SJC: breeze
15. devouring SJC: the greedy
20. mountain SJC: mountain's
21. supporters of SJC: and Lobsters in

(Printed in the SJC August 7-9, 1794.)
On hearing that Bob Wigs were coming into Fashion . . .
Dedic. none SJC: To the Ladies.
(Printed in the SJC February 11-14, 1797 above the attribution Surbiton. ANTI-PERUCA.)

To Clarinda with the Present of a Purse

Title. Clarinda SJC: a Friend
3. doth SJC: might
6. doth SJC: does
7. hath SJC: has
(Printed in the SJC February 6-8, 1798 above the attribution Surbiton.)
The following anonymous response appeared in the SJC March 1-3, 1798:

Reply to Some verses, written to a friend with the Present of a Purse, which verses made their appearance in a Late St. James’s Chronicle.

Dear Stella, your Purse with much pleasure I view,
That it’s empty I care not a pin;
For I surely can fill it with more than is due,
And riches but lead us to sin.

While Fortune on me her kind bounty bestows,
May I taste the sweet pleasure to give!
To feel the pure joy of diminishing woes,
Is the greatest the heart can receive.

Ah! then may this Purse many blessings convey!
May it serve like the poor widow’s cruise!*  
Tho’ often made use of, yet ne’er waste away,
But comfort to many diffuse.

While it proves the kind means of procuring delight,
You in that, my dear Stella, must share:

* Generic term for a small supply of anything which is made, through wise management, to go a long way. The term originates in II Kings 4 and refers to the miracle of the cruise of oil.
For it sprung from your hands—and you sure have a right
To consider yourself as its heir.

The Address of a Toad to Mr. Opie . . .

Title. SJC: The Address of the Toad to Mr. Opie, the celebrated Painter, while he was
drawing its figure, which is now exhibited in the Shakespeare Gallery,* in his beautiful
picture of the incantation scene, in the second part of Henry the VIth.
(Printed in the SJC March 17-20, 1792 above the attribution Surbiton.)

Dr. Johnson's Ghost

Title. GEP: Dr. Johnson's Ghost. By a Lady.

1. silent GEP: solemn
3. Johnson's GEP: Johnson
14. the GEP: this
33-36. GEP: these lines appear as lines 17-20.
36. indigested GEP: undigested
39. desperate GEP: vengeful
52. A Johnson mummy GEP: Johnson a mummy
55. Ajax. GEP: Ajax'
57. Dread GEP: Dead
60. the GEP: his
63. Thrice he repeated GEP: Then thrice repeated
(Printed in the GEP March 18-21, 1786 above the attribution Surbiton.)

To a Friend on her having suffered a dangerous Illness . . .

Title. SJC: Verses written to a friend on a severe illness she had suffered in the winter,
of which she recovered in the spring.
19. its SJC: thy
(Printed in the SJC May 7-10, 1791.)

On the Death of an Infant

3. Blasts of spring SJC: chilling blasts
4. winter's storms SJC: storms of Time

* Engraver and printmaker John Boydell's Pall Mall gallery in which were exhibited, between 1786 and
1802, paintings and prints of scenes from Shakespeare's plays commissioned from the day's most famous
artists. A volume of prints from the Gallery's collection was published in 1803.
On seeing the Funeral of a Poor old Woman . . .
Title. SJC: Lines, On seeing a poor old Woman, known by the name of Nurse Gray, and who formerly had been a Servant in the Author's family—going to be buried.
(Printed in the SJC March 26-28, 1795 above the attribution Surbiton.)

To the New Year 1796; Who made his first Appearance . . .
(Printed in the SJC January 14-16, 1796 above the attribution Surbiton.)

To Mr. ***** On his leaving England
Title. SJC: To a Friend, on his leaving England.
Epigr. none SJC: Ah che dolce esser grato!*" (unidentified).
(Printed in the SJC November 3-5, 1796 above the attribution Surbiton.)

To a Lady; On her approaching Nuptials. (Written in May, 1797.)
Title. SJC: To a Lady, on her approaching Nuptials.
14. quotation ends with end of this line. SJC: quotation ends with end of line 16.
26. SJC: no stanza break after this line.
(Printed in the SJC June 22-24, 1797 above the attribution Surbiton.)

On a very Dear Friend, Drinking the Cheltenham Waters for the recovery of his Health . . .
Title. SJC: On a Friend drinking the Cheltenham Waters . . .
3. Lysander SJC: Sylvander
4. her SJC: thy
7. breeze SJC: gales
(Printed in the SJC August 24-26, 1797.)

The Old Maid to Stella
Title. SJC: The old Maid, a Poem to Stella. By a Lady.
5.fn. SJC: none
20. SJC: An additional stanza follows this line:

* "Oh how sweet it is to be grateful!" (unidentified).
Estrang'd from sweet domestick Life,
    Fair semblance of the Bliss above,
Endearing ties of Husband, Wife,
    Parental cares and filial Love.

25. Perhaps on gloomy patrons *SJC*: Perchance on some stern patron
34.fn. *SJC*: none
35. ye *SJC*: you
40. ghosts *SJC*: ghost
44. *SJC*: An additional stanza follows this line:
    There female Scorn still blasts your Name,
        And Proserpine with hate possest,
    Cries—hence ye ghosts from whence ye came,
        Ye Shades that all Mankind detest.
48. below *SJC*: on Earth

(Printed in the *SJC* August 14-16, 1788 above the attribution *Surbiton.*

The following response appeared in the *SJC* August 19-21, 1788 attributed to W.S.I.P.

The poem's author was an unidentified sixteen-year-old male who lived in Twickenham:

Stella to Surbiton.

    Don't talk to me of fading Flowers,
        Or leading Apes in Hell;
    You married in your Evening Hours.
        Why may not I as well?

*From a Lover to His Mistress...*  
(Printed in the *SJC* October 7-10, 1797, appended by the following note: “A Translation from some of our poetical Correspondents is requested.”)

*Translation*

Title. *SJC*: Translation of the French Verses from a Lover to his Mistress, who had desired him to burn her letter.

(Printed in the *SJC* October 12-14, 1797 above the attribution *Surbiton*, and appended by the following note: “We have been favoured with Translations by other Correspondents: None of them, we hope the writers will confess, as good as the above.”)
Speeches, In the French Convention, on the decree for taking up Mirabeau’s Bones

Title. the decree for taking up SJC: taking up

84. The wise SJC: And the

(Printed in the SJC January 11-14, 1794 above the attribution ARETINA.)

On Youth

Title. GM: On Youth. SJC¹: On Youth. By a Lady. SJC²: Ode to Youth.
13. genuine SJC²: genial
14. In SJC²: On
16. GM, SJC²: no stanza break after this line
24. GM, SJC²: no stanza break after this line.
28. brightest GM, SJC²: purest
35. Virtues, pleasures SJC²: Virtue’s pleasure

(Printed in GM 58, July 1788. Printed in the SJC April 15-17, 1788 above the attribution Surbiton, and under a different title, with no attribution, September 10-12, 1793. The text of SJC¹ has not been examined; it probably closely resembles the GM version.)

To a Beautiful Little Girl, Of four years old . . .

Title. SJC: Verses Addressed to Miss Mary M—T, a beautiful little Girl of four Years old, sitting in her Baby-House, surrounded by her Play-Things. By a Lady.

2. seat SJC: Throne
6. grows SJC: blows
24. SJC: no stanza break after this line.

(Printed in the SJC August 16-19, 1788 above the attribution Surbiton. E.M.)

Address’d to a Picture of Prudence

Title. SJC: An Address to a Picture of Prudence, Given to the Author. By a Lady.

10. let SJC: set

(Printed in the SJC September 9-11, 1790 above the attribution Surbiton.)

To a Little Girl, On her burying a favourite Bird

Title. SJC: Addressed to Miss Maria G—., a very young Lady, on her burying a favourite Bird. By a Lady.

(Printed in the SJC September 3-5, 1789 above the attribution Surbiton.)

The Rose: To Dr. Priestley . . .

Title. GM, SJC: The Rose to Dr. Priestley. By Mrs. Moody.
Sub.  

GM, SJC: The portion "a Rose kept under a Glass Jar had in a short Time so infected the Air as to render it unfit for Respiration" is quoted directly. In the GM version, the subtitle appears above the poem as a note dated March 4 addressed to the magazine's editor.

8.fn.  Milton’s Paradise Lost, Book IV.  GM, SJC: Paradise Lost, B.IV.

38.  transport GM, SJC: transplant

43.  And GM, SJC: Nor

51.  Where GM, SJC: There

(Printed in GM 58, March 1788. Printed in the SJC September 25-27, 1788.) The following response appeared in the SJC on November 7, 1789. Candidates for its authorship include poet and playwright Elizabeth Griffith (c.1720-93) and Elizabeth, second wife of Monthly Review publisher Ralph Griffiths, whose last name was sometimes spelled without an s:

Address from a Bottle of Otter* of Roses, to Mrs. M—y, on her elegant Poem called the Rose’s Complaint. By Mrs. G—th.

Fair Laureate of the parent flower
   From whence my sweetness flows,
Accept, 'tis all within my power,
   An extract from thy Rose.

Sublim’d by Eastern suns, my sweets
   May boast a longer date
Than those which our mild Phoebus greets,
   And then consigns to fate:

But in what clime soe’er shall bloom
   Henceforth the blushing Rose,
It cannot fear a transient doom
   While in thy verse it glows.

Verses, Written on the unfortunate Queen of France, just before her Execution. in 1793

Title.  SJC: Verses on the Queen of France. Written just before her Execution.

* atar.
65. richest SJC: fairest

72. SJC: includes the following final stanza:
   Yet, wretched Queen! this awful hour,
   When Death shall come with dreaded power,
   Shall bid Affliction cease;
   He points to that celestial sphere,
   Where mourners look (thro' sorrow here)
   For Pardon and for Peace.

(Printed in the SJC November 21-23, 1793 above the attribution Surbiton. Editor's headnote reads, 'The plaintive nature of the subject, with the taste and feeling displayed in the manner of treating it, will, we doubt not, render the following Poem acceptable to our Readers; and induce them to wish that the Muse of Surbiton may frequently favour them through the channel of our Chronicle."


Title: LOV: On the Death of Edward Lovibond, Esq: By Miss G—.

1. thee LOV: once
2. LOV: Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
3. thy LOV: that
4. LOV: That letter'd science mark'd it for her own!
5. and quench'd its native LOV: that breath'd celestial
6. voice LOV: tongue
7. LOV: Immortal numbers should record thy praise
8. Should guard LOV: Redeem
9. Sincerer LOV: Sublimer
10. LOV: Bids Love lament, and Friendship here complain
11. mourn LOV: weep

On the Death of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford

Title. SJC: On the Death of Horace Walpole, (The late Earl Orford.)

(Printed in the SJC April 13-15, 1797 above the attribution Surbiton.)

A Hymn of Gratitude

(Printed in the SJC April 12-14, 1798 above the attribution Surbiton.)

Epigrams

From the Pope to the K— of Naples, on his having refused him an Asylum
Title.  *SJC*: Epigram.  From the Pope to the K— of Naples, on his refusing him an Asylum.

4.  *SJC*: seem’d
(Printed in the *SJC* March 13-15, 1798.)

*On the Resurrection-Men*

(Printed in the *SJC* March 24-27, 1798.)

*To a Lady, Who was a great Talker*

Title.  *SJC*: Epigram.  To a very kind Friend, but a very great Talker.
2.  That friendship, methinks, I  *SJC*: Methinks I that friendship
(Printed in the *SJC* August 3-5, 1797.)

*On reading in the News-paper that Thirty Prayer-Books had been stolen out of a Church*

Title.  Epigram.  Upon reading in The St. James’s Chronicle . . . were stolen out of a Chapel.

*Another*
(This and the epigram directly above were printed in the *SJC* September 27-30, 1794 above the attribution *Surbiton*.  Their order was the reverse of the way they appeared in *Poetic Trifles*.)

*On Hearing a Very Disagreeable Preacher*

Title.  *SJC*: Lines, Written by a Lady after hearing an ugly and most disagreeable Preacher.
(Printed in the *SJC* June 17-19, 1788 above the attribution *Surbiton*.)

*On Mr. Wilkes, Losing his Election at Brentford; A Parody . . .*

Title.  *SJC*: An Address from Johnny Wilkes, of famous memory, to his late Constituents.  An Impromptu Parody.
2.  banners  *SJC*: banner
4.  *SJC*: An additional couplet follows this line:
    When Wilkes and Liberty inflamed the crowd,
    And children bawl’d th’ united names aloud—
10.  faithless  *SJC*: fickle
(Printed in the *SJC* July 3-6, 1790.)
Nature and Physick; Address'd to Dr. Huet

Title. SJC: Nature and Physick. A Compliment to Doctor Huet, in consequence of a late Cure; in which he displayed his very superior Medical Abilities.

15. SJC: And by vollies of pills discharg'd at my head
16. That my strength SJC: My strength
19. No!—my faults must SJC: That my faults may
20. And genius like HUET'S SJC: To which Science and Talents. PT version ends with this line. SJC version includes the following additional lines:
   Would ye wish, then, ye Doctors, your practice may prove,
   To conciliate my favour, and cherish my love;
   With Genius, like HUET'S, take Nature in hand,
   Conduct by persuasion—not force by command:
   Her errors he views, with a lover's fond sight,
   And courts her when wrong—till she yields to be right.

(Printed in the SJC November 19-21, 1795 above the attribution Surbiton.)

Parody, On the Death of a Celebrated Physician...

Title. SJC: On the Death of an Eminent Physician. Written by a Brother of the Faculty.
A Parody.

3. W—n's SJC: WARREN'S

(Printed in the SJC July 6-8, 1797 above the attribution London, July 5.)

On Hearing That Buonaparte Was landed in Egypt

17. Such might prove SJC: Such, I trust

(Printed in the SJC August 23-25, 1798.)

To Mrs. Trimmer. On her publication entitled The Servants' Friend

Title. SJC: Verses addressed to Mrs. Trimmer.

(Printed in the SJC January 10-12, 1788 above the attribution Surbiton. The text of the SJC version has not been examined.)

Verses, Written in a Pocket-Book, which formerly belonged to a Gentleman...

Title. SJC: The Complaint of a Pocket-Book. On being given by a Gentleman who was a Divine and a Philosopher, to a Lady who was a Poetess.

4. Ere I was given SJC: Ere — resign'd me
16. dark SJC: safe
21. a hoard of SJC: satyrick
On the Word Last

Title. SJC: On the word Last. By a Lady.

Epigr. sound is the monosyllable of the word Last.” H.M. Williams. SJC: word is the monosyllable of last!” Miss H.M. Williams.

6. tell'st SJC: tells

(Printed in the SJC December 18-21, 1790 above the attribution Surbiton. Editor's headnote reads, “The following Stanzas come from a poetical Correspondent, from whose elegant pen the readers of The St. James's Chronicle have more than once received entertainment. As they will sufficiently recommend themselves, we may spare our commendations.”)
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Says Stella to Chloe, pray tell me, my dear
Since you are, dear madam, so favour'd by time
Sleep expand thy downy wing
Soon be thy lyre to winds consign'd
Still to my sight thy love doth rise
Such unsaspiring worth thy mind betrays
Sun, that glads yon leafless grove
Superior Wits to madness are allied
Suppress, Britannia, those fast gath'ring fears

That Sun whose beams expand the mind
The French are all coming to pillage and burn us
The Sword, protector of heroic fame
Thirty Prayer-books to steal—was a bad speculation
Thou dear companion of my birth
Thou patient drudge! meek interesting thing!
"Thou shalt not steal" the Prayer-book says
Though you are lighter than a cork
Three bees in a hive, whom a Hornet had vex'd
To her orthodox creeds Aspasia so civil
To some this poor Purse I would give with a sigh
To this cold grave is Aretine consign'd
'Twas at the silent hour of night

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When free as air you sent me love
When Sappho throws her verses by
When sprinkled with the morning dew  
When unrestrain'd my simple heart  
While every lovely flower that springs  
While o'er the silver waves yon spreading sail  
While simple Nature's faith is our's  
While wand'ring far from Britain's coast  
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With ling'ring pace my steps I turn  
With temper I can bear the weight  
Ye dreams of bliss, enchanting train!  
Ye Fair whom omnipotent fashion obey  
Ye Groves, ye lawns, ye summer's bowers!  
Yes still, my Prince, thy form I view