

1829: A POEM

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EDWARD W. COX

1829: A POEM

1829: ¹⁸³⁰

A Poem,

BY EDWARD W. COX,

AUTHOR OF "THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL."

Dogb. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men,
MEAN AND ABOUT NOTHING.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR SAMUEL MAUNDER,
10, NEWGATE STREET.**

71.

TO
ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

WHO HAS

RENDERED **1829** ETERNALLY ILLUSTRIOUS,

The following Epistle,

WITH ALL RESPECT,

IS DEDICATED.

PROLOGUE.

WHY may not folly be exposed to derision, and vice held up to detestation, without invading the hallowed sanctuary of private life, and, with the aid of that police-officer of literature, "Satire," dragging individuals from their privacy, and arraigning them at the bar of ill-natured wit before a prejudiced judge? Such a question has been repeatedly propounded, and, we believe, has not yet received a reply. It is trusted that the following trifle may be found, in some measure, an answer to the query. As an attempt to pursue a new, perhaps more noble, path, than is commonly followed in the treatment of such

a subject, may a hope be expressed that it will find favour, if not protection. The Author feels that he is treading untried ground, whereon he knows not whether the next step will plunge him into the mire, or place him upon an enviable eminence; he is therefore willing to advance with caution,—with confidence he cannot. He is in doubt what to term a production of so anomalous a character. It is not a satire, for it is deeply tingured with sadness,—a wreath made up of flowers and those leaves that are the emblems of melancholy. Nor is it an elegy; for its gravity is everywhere interspersed with gayety. The unsatisfactory title, “A Poem,” would, therefore, alone include its every design. The Author presents this novel scheme to the Public with all humility, and, if he be the first to offer, in one poem, a compound of Philosophy, Morality, Literature, Politics, and Satire with-

out personality, he trusts that the purity of his intentions will excuse the temerity of his attempt and the imperfections of its execution. Whatever may be its fortunes, it designs to aid the cause of *real* virtue, and fearlessly to exhibit *truth* to the eye of the reader; and how could it appear to greater advantage than in the engaging garb of poetry? Certainly, the volume has assumed a more serious character than was originally intended; but, as the Author proceeded, the aspect of the times became so gloomy that it tinged him with much of its melancholy, and, truly, seemed to present little scope for jest or ridicule; let us hope, however, that the close of another year will offer a brighter and happier prospect. He is free to confess that, under the mask of novelty and variety, he was desirous of infusing a few grains of wholesome philosophy,—as the skilful nurse disguises

the medicine in a sweetmeat, and lures the child to drink the healing draught by tempering it with sugar. So great was the press of matter, that had he, in this volume, but touched ever so lightly upon a tenth part of it, he would have wearied the reader, the printer, and himself; but, if fortune should so favour this attempt that the British Public receive it kindly, he sees no obstacle to a continuation of it under the several titles of "1830," "1831," &c. This being the first essay, of course the writer could but glance at the more important topics of the times; and, as it was a style as yet untried, he was willing to prove the way around him, by alighting on the more prominent objects, before he gave himself to the infinite of thought to sport with the lighter, less palpable, and more minute things that float there; like the spider, who may be observed to sweep the air with his