

**THE PROGRESS OF
GLORY, IN THE LIFE
OF HORATIO, LORD
NELSON OF THE NILE**

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The progress of glory, in the life of Horatio, lord Nelson of the Nile by Various

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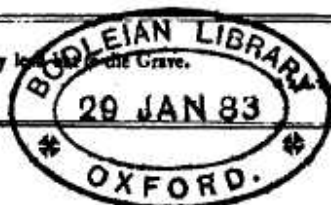
VARIOUS

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THE
PROGRESS OF GLORY,
IN
THE LIFE
OF
HORATIO LORD NELSON,
OF THE NILE.

FALMAM QUI MERIUIT FERAT;

The Paths of Glory lead to the Grave.



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TO THE
NAVY AND ARMY
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

Ye Sons of Britain! Heaven's favoured Care.—

TO you—ye Sons of Britain,—ye brave Defenders of your Country's Cause; ye, who at Home bear faithful Watch upon her tenderest Interests; And ye, who dare more greatly, meeting but to overcome, the base, perfidious Foe; ye, who go forth on the wild Waves, and are yourselves the Shield and Bulwark of the Land; ye, who have shared the Glories—who have shared the Dangers, and perhaps have envied, the last bright Blaze

which, like a Meteor past, and He, we mourn, was gone,—to you, I turn, as the Warriors and Worthies of the British Nation—to you, present, though with a Sense of all its Imperfections on its Head, the little tributary Work, to which this Dedication is prefixed. The Brave are ever generous; the British Heroes, and the British Critics will be generous, when they are assured, this Essay is the first Effort of the Author's Pen, which ever waited on a Public Pleasure; when they know, the Heart has inly mourned, and the Eye its plenteous Current shed over the imaged Tomb, to virtuous Glory consecrate.

Remote, in Distance—in Retirement; far from the great and busy Scene, where proudest Pomp, with royal Favour, opened all the Flood Gates of a Nation's Gratitude, and exhausted every Source and Spring of ostentatious Pride of Woe;—far remote, this native Tribute flows, spontaneous, from

the secret Hour of Sorrow and of Sentiment, and

weaves the mingled Crown of Palms and Cypress,
What we hear as the sound of praise
 Fame, proclaims the Hero good as great.

'Glory! my Friends, we may proudly boast, is of
 the native growth of Britain's Shores; and Gene-
 rosity, her free and candid Sister, follows eager on
 her Steps: but, Glory sometimes dazzles to destroy,
 and Greatness sometimes quells the generous
 Fervour of the Soul! To bear the Honours of our
 Fortunes meekly, and to hold Religion to the
 Heart, are Virtues of a rarer Nature. Be all the
 nobler Virtues finely tempered; Englishmen, your
 Portion!—Be Virtuous! Be Victorious! and though
 the Will of Heaven has scourged the Nations with
 an Usurpers Crimes! still, if the British People will
 arrest the Tide of Vice and Infidelity, with a timely
 Hand, the God of Justice will be merciful, and
 will defend the righteous Cause:—Heaven has
 fought for Britain!—Fear not then! for Heaven

will fight on Britain's side, if Britain will be
Virtuous.

To you, who are Co-Heirs—to you, who emulate a NELSON'S Fame! let me submit the first Fruits of an enthusiastic, though inexperienced Pen; and while I pray Protection for this Effort, let me assume the Voice of Angels, while I call to wake—to rise—to rally round the Standard of Victory!—to avenge the Hero lost; by each becoming in himself, an equal Hero! and all united, and invincible! protect the Glories of our KING! our CONSTITUTION! and our RELIGION!

Still may each valiant Hand new Laurels twine
Around the Crown, whose Title is divine.

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE PUBLIC.

TO those whose Productions dare a public View, many requisites are indispensable; but where an unpractised Pen, dipt in the warm tints of quick Enthusiasm, deprecates a critic Judgement, Critics will not be severe; they will not judge severely what could never stand before them, and what is of too little consequence to attract censure. A Lover of the Nation, and of the Nation's Glory; fond of those Names which form the sparkling Jewels of the British Crown; and proud of that resplendent Gem, so lately shorn from the Diadem, and translated to the Skies, the Author of this following little Work, has felt the force of British Virtue, when opposed to more than punic Perfidy.

While on one page, the Virtues of the British Hero smile; on the other, are pourtrayed, imper-

fectly, the Corsican's Enormities; the British Heart will glow—will triumph,—and would hold the Mirror up to mental Beauty, and Deformity, that while applauding Men and Angels yield the glorious Palm to Virtue, Vice, self-convicted, may retire in secret Shame, and feel her Vileness.

The Author is conscious the Digressions from the given subject of the Poem may be censurable, but is willing to commit the Rod to the Generosity of the Public.

THE AUTHOR.