



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07483051 8

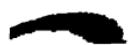
!

-

1000000  
KIC 1







THE  
**HARP OF ERIN,**

CONTAINING THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF THE LATE  
**THOMAS DERMODY.**

IN TWO VOLUMES.

**VOL. I.**

*LONDON:*  
PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,  
BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS :

1807.

By T. Gillet, Wild-court.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



LIBRARY  
SOCIETY  
DUBLIN

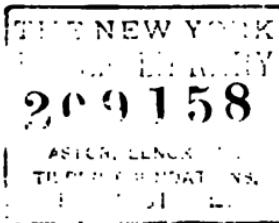
TO HIM WHO,  
POSSESSED OF A TASTE TO APPRECIATE GENIUS,  
HAS THE GENEROSITY TO REWARD  
AND PROTECT IT:

TO  
SIR JAMES BLAND BURGES, BART.

*THE HARP OF ERIN*  
IS DEDICATED,  
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT  
AND ADMIRATION,  
BY HIS MOST FAITHFUL  
OBEDIENT SERVANT,

*James Grant Raymond.*

Chester-street, Grosvenor-place,  
September, 1807.



# CONTENTS.

## VOL. I.

---

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| INTRODUCTION .....                           | ix  |
| The Extravaganza .....                       | 1   |
| The Pleasures of Poesy .....                 | 12  |
| The Enthusiast .....                         | 19  |
| Sonnet to Sir James Bland Burges .....       | 26  |
| Love's Legend; or, Aribert and Angela .....  | 27  |
| Part the Second .....                        | 33  |
| Part the Third .....                         | 38  |
| The Pursuit of Patronage, an Epistle .....   | 45  |
| Hymn to Autumn .....                         | 61  |
| Genius Excused .....                         | 64  |
| Two Elegiac Odes, to the Memory of Sir Ralph |     |
| Abercrombie .....                            | 66  |
| Second Ode .....                             | 76  |
| The Brown Beauty .....                       | 81  |
| Epigrams—The pretty Vixen .....              | 82  |
| Another, to the Same .....                   | ib. |
| An Imitation of Martial .....                | ib. |

## CONTENTS.

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| <b>Song</b> .....   | <b>83</b>  |
| <b>Another</b> .....  | <b>84</b>  |
| <b>The Corn-doctor, a Tale</b> .....                                  | <b>85</b>  |
| <b>My own Character, to a Lady</b> .....                              | <b>89</b>  |
| <b>Cicero after the Death of his Daughter</b> .....                   | <b>93</b>  |
| <b>The Dream</b> .....  | <b>94</b>  |
| <b>A Fragment of Petronius Arbiter</b> .....                          | <b>96</b>  |
| <b>Reparation</b> .....   | <b>97</b>  |
| <b>Song, Translated from the Persian</b> .....                        | <b>98</b>  |
| <b>Epigram, from Martial</b> .....                                    | <b>99</b>  |
| <b>Elegiac Expostulation to an Unfortunate Taylor</b> ....            | <b>100</b> |
| <b>Carrol's Complaint</b> .....                                       | <b>103</b> |
| <b>Hymn to Beauty</b> .....   | <b>106</b> |
| <b>More Wonders! an Heroic Epistle to M. G. Lewis,<br/>Esq.</b> ..... | <b>108</b> |
| <b>The Frequented Village</b> .....                                   | <b>125</b> |
| <b>The Shepherd's Despair</b> .....                                   | <b>133</b> |
| <b>Elegiac Stanzas to Fidele, in Cymbeline</b> .....                  | <b>135</b> |
| <b>The Cave of Ignorance, in two Cantos</b> .....                     | <b>138</b> |
| Canto 2.....  | 144        |
| <b>Farewell to Care</b> .....   | <b>150</b> |
| <b>Farewell to Joy</b> .....  | <b>154</b> |
| <b>The Progress of Pedantry</b> .....                                 | <b>156</b> |

## CONTENTS.

vii

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| <b>The Vanity of Hope</b> .....                            | <b>158</b> |
| <b>The Vision of Fancy</b> .....                           | <b>160</b> |
| <b>The Shrine of Sympathy</b> .....                        | <b>165</b> |
| <b>The Death of Howard</b> .....                           | <b>172</b> |
| <b>On History</b> .....                                    | <b>179</b> |
| <b>Poetical Phrenzy</b> .....                              | <b>181</b> |
| <b>Epistle to a Young Lady, after many Years Absence</b> . | <b>183</b> |
| <b>A Rhapsodic Address to Variety</b> .....                | <b>187</b> |
| <b>The Thrush and the Owls, a Fable</b> .....              | <b>189</b> |
| <b>The Search, or Florimel Strayed</b> .....               | <b>192</b> |
| <b>On Travelling</b> .....                                 | <b>194</b> |
| <b>The Sensitive Linnet</b> .....                          | <b>195</b> |
| <b>Advice to Two Adopted Sisters</b> .....                 | <b>197</b> |
| <b>The Poet's Petition to Apollo</b> .....                 | <b>199</b> |
| <b>The Vision of Killeigh Church</b> .....                 | <b>202</b> |
| <b>— Hyann to Shakespeare</b> .....                        | <b>205</b> |
| <b>John Baynham's Epitaph</b> .....                        | <b>206</b> |
| <b>Will Gorman, the Killeigh Weaver</b> .....              | <b>211</b> |
| <b>A Lamentable Elegy on Nicholas, the Killeigh Taylor</b> | <b>213</b> |
| <b>The Death of Poor Davie, the Killeigh Piper</b> .....   | <b>217</b> |
| <b>    Recantatory Postscript</b> .....                    | <b>220</b> |
| <b>My own Elegy</b> .....                                  | <b>221</b> |
| <b>An Ode to Myself</b> .....                              | <b>225</b> |

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| <b>My own Epitaph</b> .....                               | <b>228</b> |
| <b>Elegiac Stanzas on Myself</b> .....                    | <b>230</b> |
| <b>Farewell to Killeigh</b> .....                         | <b>232</b> |
| <b>Epistle to J. C. Walker, Esq. while in Italy</b> ..... | <b>236</b> |
| <b>The Poet's Recantation, Addressed to the Rev. Mr.</b>  |            |
| <b>Berwick, Chaplain to the Countess of Moira.</b> ..     | <b>239</b> |
| <b>The Petition of Tom Dermody, to the three Fates in</b> |            |
| <b>Council sitting</b> .....                              | <b>244</b> |
| <b>Farewell to Ireland</b> .....                          | <b>246</b> |
| <b>To Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. on his admirable</b>  |            |
| <b>Poem of Richard the First</b> .....                    | <b>248</b> |
| <b>Exculpatory Lines to Atticus</b> .....                 | <b>250</b> |
| <b>The Female Mendicant</b> .....                         | <b>252</b> |
| <b>Hymn to the Memory of Thomson</b> .....                | <b>254</b> |
| <b>On the Misfortunes of an Ingenious Mind</b> .....      | <b>256</b> |
| <b>The Union</b> .....                                    | <b>259</b> |
| <b>Gibraltar</b> .....                                    | <b>264</b> |
| <b>Milton's Epitaphium Damonis</b> .....                  | <b>266</b> |

## INTRODUCTION.

THE annals of literature cannot, perhaps, furnish a more extraordinary example of the wilful debasement of transcendant genius, than in the varied and extraordinary life of the unfortunate author of the following poems. Gifted by nature and by education to become the brightest ornament of society, and aided by the munificence and protection of the most powerful and dignified characters in the nation, he might have placed himself in the most enviable rank in life, and by the proper application of his talents, have become the promoter of useful science, the admiration of the learned, and the mark by which despairing genius might have steered its course under the

heavy pressure of misfortune and distress. But, following an opposite course, it is to be apprehended that his unworthiness may be held forth as an example to check the benevolence of the great, and of those inclined to nourish and protect desponding and neglected merit. The Life of Thomas Dermody, recently published by the editor of these volumes, will clearly prove (notwithstanding the repeated outcry that patronage in this country is withheld from the arts) that the great and wealthy are not only possessed of taste and discrimination, but of tenderness and generosity to sooth and protect the genius which chance or recommendation may bring forth from obscurity. Innumerable instances of this kind might be brought forward to vouch for the justice of this remark; and it is to be feared that, like Der-

mody, the objects of protection are more frequently found to be unworthy, than that the patrons of such men can be proved to have relaxed in their generosity and patronage.

It is very seldom, indeed, that applications from those possessed of real genius are disregarded by the great ; and though the caution necessary to be observed in giving relief may occasionally prey too keenly on the feelings of the poet, who is generally allowed to possess more qualities of the “genus irritabile vatum” than those who are less inspired, yet it will be found on investigation, that one half of the bitter complainings against fortune, are occasioned more by a delinquency of conduct, than by any tardiness on the part of the wealthy to relieve distress. Did not the world abound with so many impostors in this art, the man of

talent and worth would have little occasion to murmur for want of patronage ; for though it may be an easy exertion to discover a counterfeit, yet compassion is so predominant a virtue in the human breast, that even the application of the needy pretender is seldom dismissed without commiserating regard.

The expression of true poetry has a peculiar and powerful charm which pretenders to the art can never give to it ; hence it is that so many write verses ineffectually, and feel disappointed when they do not receive the approbation and protection of those whom they pretend to dignify by the force, as they imagine it to be, of their muse.

Rhymes and poetry are as opposite in their effects as are the operations of a regular physi-

cian, and an empiric ; for, as the patient, in his agony, shall receive no sensation of relief from the knowledge of the quack, while from the skill of the physician he feels his high pulse slacken, and the temperament of his body become mild and easy, so shall the reader receive no mental gratification from the most laboured efforts of the versifier, while from the expression of the true poet, where fancy is guided by judgment, the mind receives the impression with delight, and marks the distinction with wonder and surprise. There is, too, a fascination in true poetry, which even the unskilful can imbibe with pleasure ; and this may be allowed to be one reason why the most celebrated poems are so frequently studied and repeated by the common people, and unlearned. Although the simple versifier may not allow the com-

mon people to be judges of poetry, because they do not single out his verses for their study or amusement, yet this is no reason why they may not, in some degree, be considered as such; nay, it argues most powerfully in their favour, and is the most striking proof that his muse is unworthy of their notice: for, as simplicity is the strongest expression of nature, and natural expressions are the strongest marks of a poetical genius, so the common people, by being more accustomed than the learned, to the genuine expressions of nature, select those poems for their amusement which are most strongly marked for their pathos and simplicity, and may, therefore, be allowed to be judges; for these are the highest qualities of the most sublime poetry.

If, therefore, those who are not generally

allowed to possess knowledge in literature feel true delight in the perusal of genuine poetry, it is not to be considered as a matter of surprise, if those, possessed of taste and of the gifts of fortune, whose education and rank in life afford the most extensive means of mental gratification, should feel that delight in a degree proportioned to the difference of station; nor let it be considered as neglect, that whilst the exertion of benevolence, so amiably conspicuous amongst the noble families of this country, is frequently extended to distressed men of genius, some who are worthy and unknown should remain unprotected in the shade. For, though the lamentable tales of Boyse, of Otway, and of Chatterton, may be told in contradiction to this remark, yet the life of Savage, and the pages which contain the more extraordinary history of the un-

fortunate author of these volumes, will satisfy the most scrupulous philanthropist, that patronage is not yet lost in England.

It may perhaps be asked, why a book, containing poetry, should bear the appellation of The Harp of Erin. To such a question the editor can only answer—Ireland gave birth to the poet and his works: he therefore conceives this title (as titles are the fashion of the day) to be an appropriate one; if this will not satisfy the dissatisfied, he must submit to censure; for were he to search for a title to accord with the eccentricity and genius of the unfortunate youth who was the author of these poems, he might waste the half of the longest life in the pursuit, and then say, “the toil is vain.”



“ OH for a journey to th’ Antipodes :  
Or some lone region of remotest Ind ;  
Where, sagely sad, in solitary ease  
My weary sprite a safe retreat might find ;  
Where nothing might perturb my pensive mind,  
But such delicious fantasies as please  
The forming eye, when fiery flakes at eve  
With wayward shapes the listless sense deceive !

Then wingy-heel’d Imagination’s flight  
Would bear me devious through the lamping sky :  
Then haply should I feel no low delight  
From earthly bonnibel’s bewitching eye,  
Voluptuous in her dainty arms to lie ;  
Ne stoop inglorious from so proud a height ;  
While my fond heart pour’d forth its vain distress,  
Snar’d in the fetters of a golden tress.”

Such was my wish, romantic wish I ween,  
When that soft necromancer, baulmy Sleep,  
Laid me, entraunc'd, amid a pleasant scene,  
Where many a welling spring did murmurous creep,  
To lull me with its liquid lapses deep ;  
And, shaking their broad locks of glorious green,  
Tall trees their thick lascivious leaves entwin'd,  
To wooe with dalliaunce blithe the western wind.

The western wind did, scant-respiring, sigh,  
Ne ruffled with rude wing th' attemp'red air ;  
But fuming from the fragrant flow'rs hard by,  
Prankt in all hues, and delicately fair,  
Did surging clouds of breathing incense bear :  
All summer's bravery refresh'd the eye,  
All musick's charms, above, beneath, around,  
Raptur'd the ear with fascinating sound.

Here cherries riper than thy leman's lip,  
Th' ambrosial lip of love, thou might'st behold ;  
Here purple plums their unctuous amber weep,  
And mellow pears their shapely size unfold ;  
Here pensile balls of vegetable gold,  
With blushes blent, through the fresh foliage peep ;  
At once luxurious to the taste and sight,  
Here loaded boughs with nodding head invite.

The nascent rose join'd, prodigal of sweets,  
 The gaudy tulip, in rich broider'd vest ;  
 Here, too, th' ambitious, flaunting sun-flow'r greets  
 Her garish lord, with wide expanded breast ;  
 Nor wanted crocus coy, in saffron drest ;  
 Harebell, affecting most obscure retreats ;  
 And of all leaf and verdure, myriads more,  
 Each alley, emerald-pav'd, that purfled o'er.

But viler than the sleeky sedge, that strews  
 The barren sand, upborne from ocean-bed,  
 Were all those baser gauds, and meaner views,  
 To that sweet semblance, next its influence shd,  
 Descending in a veil of roses red ;  
 Delectable ! got Grace, nor fabled muse,  
 By Thespian spring, or in Thessalian shade,  
 Such peerless pomp of symmetry displaid.

Not she that, slighting her Idalian bowre,  
 Did with the rose-faced jolly huntsman toy ;  
 Nor she, her rightful lord, in evil hour  
 Enchafing, who dismantled stately Troy ;  
 Nor she, on Latmos' top who raped the boy ;  
 Nor yet sweet Enna's pride, (grim paramour !)  
 Whom griesly Orcus bore from upper air,  
 Might with this nymph for sovranty compare.

Her sunny ringlets, wove in cunning braid,  
Form'd for her lily front a coronet ;  
Her persant eyes two precious gems betraid,  
In living alabaster featly set,  
Arch'd with their graceful brows of shiny jet ;  
Her swelling bosom through its slender shade  
Leap'd to be seen ; her round and dimply chin  
Would tempt a frozen eremite to sin.

A silken samile slightly did enfold  
Her luscious limbs, girt with a starry zone,  
Its colour heav'ly blue, bedropt with gold,  
And crimson, gorgeous as the proud pavone ;  
A lambent glory on her temples shone :  
In sooth, she look'd not one of Nature's mold,  
But some gay creature whom the minstrel sees  
Aerial floating on the evening-breeze.

Scarce my daz'd eye could I uplift to trace  
Th' insufferable splendence of her frame ;  
Much less could loiter on each rising grace,  
Insinuating soft a subtile flame.  
I wist not how the fond infection came,  
When, sudden, (while a gracious sinile her face  
With modest flush most amiably arraid,)  
Thus spoke in tuneful words the mystic maid :

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Thy fond intreaty, youth of bold design !  
Is heard, and sanctified thy wayward pray’r ; •  
My soul in unison accords with thine ;  
Henceforth, initiate, thou shalt be my care.  
Thou shalt not grieve for any mundane fair,  
Ne for the daughters of frail clay repine :  
Celestial quintessence thou shalt embrace ;  
No mortal I, but of the sylphid race !

“ Deem not this airy texture too refin’d,  
The sacred energies of love to feel :  
True love is seated in the dureful mind,  
Which aught of fleshly converse ne’er can heal ;  
True love is a sublim’d, nectarous meal,  
Where the pure sense can never surfeit find ;  
Which time in vain may labour to destroy,  
Fed on eternal flowres of blooming joy.

“ In swinish riotise, his bouzing-cann  
The debochee may round the table move,  
Trolling lewd madrigal, mistaken man,  
To his imperious dear, and call it love ;  
But ’tis not so : the leven-brond of Jove,  
Since first its forked function it began,  
Such ruinous dismay, and baleful fire,  
Did ne’er elance, as his profane desire.

“ Clipt in some harlot’s captivating twine,  
As erst the champion who at Gaza fell,  
His sinews lose their wonted strength divine,  
His passions rude for mastery rebel :  
Ne can his prowess their combustion quell,  
Ne will they their obdurate hold resign,  
Till quite distraught, discomfited, forlore,  
His powre, and gallant portuance, are no more.

“ With me far other shall thy pleasures be,  
If thou abjure, (as meet,) each terrene thought ;  
Thy beastly wassail, loathsome revelrie,  
Ravine, and painful covetise forgot.  
Thou must the earth’s broad bosom hold as nought,  
Poudred with orient pearl ; nay ’sdain to see  
Kesars or kings who wrest a transient throne,  
Frail pomp if paragon’d with me alone !

“ Thy penance is but small, thy guerdon great ;  
Ne sorrow shalt thou know, ne dreythead ;  
In some deep cave of cloud, a bland retreat,  
Myself will, duteous, delve thy bridal bed ;  
Trust me, thy wishes are completely sped.  
Now silent list while briefly I repeat  
How goblin, elf, and gnome, and sylphid fare,  
Rightly yclept the denizens of air.

“ Should’ring the beach when angry billows rave,  
Some in the bitter blast for plunder yell,  
And plunge the drowning wight beneath the wave ;  
Some in the dire volcano love to dwell,  
Oft laying cities waste with fury fell ;  
Some torture the designing, murd’rous knave,  
His palsied nerves with stony glare awake,  
And round his pillow sulphurous torches shake.

“ Some, when the night-dog bays the whistling wind,  
(Boding sure ill,) and strange sad voices shriek ;  
When the lone pilgrim often looks behind,  
And the blood freezes in his ghastful cheek ;  
Gigantic rising, from day’s durance break,  
Incest, or rape, or parricide, to find ;  
Then savage tear his breast with scorpion-whip,  
Or hurl the caitiff down the craggy steep.

“ Some dapper imps and swart the mine attend,  
And thrid, with agile step, its glist’ring maze ;  
The gnarled oak some from the mountain rend,  
And, ere cock-crowing, in the valley place ;  
Some, in one night, a flinty fabric raise,  
And to its base, the next, its turrets bend ;  
While some, the dol’rous servants of Despair,  
With headless steeds the car of Death prepare.

“ Four skeletons the coal-black coursers stride ;  
With flamy fingers four direct the way ;  
A winding-sheet so white, distended wide,  
Dabbled in blood, the coffin doth array :  
Four hideous urchins at the corners play,  
And, in quaint gambol, shift from side to side ;  
Meanwhile, the thrice-repeated groan severe  
Smites the expiring sinner’s closing ear.

“ Less fearful pranks befit the merry fays :  
By the trim margent of some huddling stream,  
To revel in the pale moon’s tremulous rays ;  
To prompt the doting nurse’s idle dream ;  
Or lure the mutt’ring carl with wanton gleam ;  
Yet oft some ouphe malign in cradle slays  
The slumb’ring babe, then sucks his flowing gore,  
And, grinning, leaves him strangled on the floor.

“ Some, mounted on a butterfly’s pied wing,  
In imitative turnay dare advance,  
Arm’d with the sullen hornet’s desperate sting,  
Or proudly on a mailed beetle prance,  
Trusting their quarrel to chivalrous chance.  
Others, quick-bounding in the tiny ring,  
Trip to an humble-bee’s melodious drone,  
More for their courtesy than valour known.

“ Some, on the glossy surface of a lake,  
 In hazel-nut, their little pinnace, swim ;  
 Some their deep thirst from acorn-goblet slake,  
 Then slyly o'er the misty meadow skim,  
 To pinch the beldame on return from wake ;  
 Some to the river side their course betake,  
 And mournful pour a melancholy scream ;  
 Some, rattling mischievous mid charnel-bones,  
 Mimic the dreadful mandrake's nightly moans.

“ But such low mockery, like thee, I scorn,  
 Averting thence, in ire, my sullied sight ;  
 In yon ethereal groves of amaranth born,  
 Nurtur'd by streams of intellectual light  
 From the Great Spirit emanating bright,  
 Superior orbs my sister train adorn,  
 Whom beatific visions still inspire ;  
 Though fall'n, coeval with th' angelic quire.

“ Some in the halo's humid circle play,  
 What time the pale-ey'd moon is faintly seen ;  
 Some o'er the beauteous lunar-rainbow stray,  
 Shifting their chequer'd change of colours sheen,  
 Better to grace their silver-shafted queen ;  
 And sometimes, more irregularly gay,  
 Portentous, in the glowing north they rise,  
 And wave their boreal banners o'er the skies.



“ Some the resplendent chariot of the sun  
Pursue, descending to its western goal ;  
Some, courier-like, from distant planets run ;  
Some the huge comet’s fiery wonder roll ;  
Some patient sentry keep at either pole ;  
And others, by harmonious witch’ry won,  
All heav’n responsive to the dulcet sound,  
Turn the smooth spheres on tuneful axis round.

“ In every twinkling star, serenely shine  
Those white-robed ministers of placid bliss ;  
Important is their toil, more pleasing mine ;—  
To point the transport of the thrilling kiss,  
Ne’er known the maiden’s throbbing heart to miss ;  
To anneal the drop that falls on feeling’s shrine ;  
To soothe the lover’s soul when frenzy-fraught ;  
Or lift sublime the poet’s towering thought.

“ Arise ! arise ! do not thy pulses beat  
More lively marches, to forego thy lot ?  
Feels not thy breast a more exalted heat,  
Loos’d from mortality, and yon dim spot ?  
Surpassing joys, beyond conception wrought,  
In my embrace thy purer sense await.”—  
Embay’d in ecstacies, my humil head  
I rear’d ; and lo ! the fair phantasma fled.



THE HARP OF ERIN.

21

And now, dank-seething from the dewy earth,  
The vaporous exhalation stole away ;  
The faggot blaz'd upon the cottage-hearth ;  
And palmer Twilight, clad in amis gray,  
Resign'd to ebon Night his shadowy sway.  
Musing on descant high, whose future birth  
Haply may not my humble name abase,  
Homeward I bent my desultory pace.

## THE

## PLEASURES OF POESY.

AVANT, ye scowling cares, of hideous brow !  
Whilere that brooded on my joyless breast :  
No more beneath your baneful sway I bow,  
No more your terrors haunt my tranquil rest.  
In blooming bow'rs of fond idea blest,  
White-handed Hope, with seraph-smile divine,  
And Peace, emerging from her halcyon-nest,  
And all the beauteous race of Mind, are mine,  
While polished Moira lends a lustre to my line.

There are, the witching verse who basely slight,  
Intent on vulgar arts I loath to share ;  
There are who feel no exquisite delight  
In aught sublimely grand, or sweetly fair ;

There are to whom yon rich expanse of air  
Teems not with forms by faery fingers wrought ;  
Still poring on the earth, with leaden stare,  
The tender-featur'd family of Thought  
Madly they mock, dull slaves ! by impious Mammon  
caught.

Though no vile hoards my iron coffers fill,  
Can I not commune with the heirs of fame ?  
From the pure current of whose fluent quill,  
Unfading praise and kingly honours came.  
Can I not wooe the laughter-loving dame,  
With him illustrious from Lepanto's fray ;\*  
Illume my lamp at Jonson's learned flame ;  
Or weave with thee, dear bard, the wizard lay,  
That whilom wildly sung by Desmond's turrets  
gray ?

Fell waves who rudely robb'd my Spenser's song  
Of half its worth, and griev'd the elfin queen !†  
For this so great, irreparable wrong,  
Ne'er on your brim be blue-ey'd sea-nymph seen,

---

\* Cervantes, who lost his hand in that battle.

† The concluding cantos of the Faery Queene were lost in the  
Irish Seas.

Sleeking her humid locks of glossy green,  
 Nor sportive Triton wind his tortuous shell ;  
 Yet know, remov'd from your obdurate spleen,  
 His descant charms the ocean-pow'rs who dwell  
 In coral cave profound, or pearly-pillar'd cell.

With him who sung the Seasons,\* I may rove,  
 Romantic Richmond ! by thy wat'ry glade ;  
 Or, hallow'd to the voice of hopeless love,  
 Thro' the fair Leasowes† woe-enamour'd shade ;  
 Scenes in eternal bloom by song array'd !  
 Or in delightful reveries employ  
 The hour with whom each melodious maid  
 Mark'd for her own,—ah ! dead to every joy,  
 Mysterious, but unmatch'd, Invention's wondrous boy!‡

Rail as ye list, ye minions of decay,  
 And ban the wight for other ages born ;  
 Wave the pined minstrel from your gate away,  
 Nor waste one glance upon his state forlorn ;  
 You cannot close the portals of the morn,  
 When the faint Dawn first opes her dewy eye ;  
 Your mandate cannot hush the vocal thorn ;  
 Embitter frolic Zephyr's fragrant sigh ;  
 Or chase gay evening down the many-colour'd sky.

\* Thomson.

† Shenstone's seat.

‡ Chatterton.

"Nor may you of their gorgeous garb deprive  
The flowery tribe that gem the woodland waste ;  
Nor mar the murmurs of the honey'd hive ;  
Nor will, by your vain menace, be effac'd  
The various tints, in bright embroidery plac'd  
By Fancy's touch, that fringe the purple cloud ;  
Though little by your vaunted presence grac'd,  
The thrush will twitter from his leafy shroud,  
And tell the babbling brook his amorous pain  
aloud.

Free o'er the furze-clad heath, of yellow bloom,  
My devious step may wander, unconfin'd,  
Nor miss the tissued labours of the loom,  
Fum'd by the incense of the western wind.  
My nature will no courtly shackles bind ;  
No servile flatt'ry, varnish'd o'er with art ;  
While, on yon mountain's misty summit shrin'd,  
Majestic sitting from the world apart,  
To great Nature pour the homage of my heart.

Witness ye hills with many a vapoury wreath  
Entwin'd, whose green brows court the sunny ray ;  
Witness ye spicy gales whose odours breathe  
The glowing blush of health where'er you stray ;  
Ye silvery streams that warbling wind away,

Whose tiny naiads are with amber shod ;  
Witness what rev'rence I was proud to pay,  
When, awfully sequester'd, I have trod  
Lone Nature's paths recluse, to Nature's bounteous  
God.

To airy regions may my spirit roam,  
Wafted on wild Imagination's wing :  
There can I find and fix my viewless home,  
And reign o'er magic realms creative king ;  
And while soft breezes sweep th' Eolian string,  
Or the loud tempest swells the bolder base,  
Bid my slight servants nectar'd banquets bring,  
And laughing at the little pomp of place,  
Triumphant raise my throne o'er time and bounded  
space.

Hark ! mighty Milton, leaning from his sphere,  
Repeats his paradisial tale again ;  
Hark ! gently steals upon my trembling ear,  
Of sainted Shakspeare the consummate strain :  
'Tis harmony, 'tis Heaven itself. In vain  
Th' ecstatic impulse I essay to hide ;  
But listed in their everlasting train,  
Wheel my swift journey from this globe aside,  
Light as the buoyant blast that fans the plume of pride.

Such raptur'd vision can an empire buy ?  
Can sceptres purchase one celestial dream ?  
All that in jewell'd quarries glist'ring lie,  
The topaz' blaze, the ruby's sanguine gleam,  
The chrystal spotless as the living stream,  
The em'rald blancing fierce its vivid hues,  
Or diamond's insufferable beam,  
Are infinitely poor ; nor would I choose  
Th' exuberance of the mine before the deathless  
muse.

Then wail not, Genius, thy unworthy lot,  
Where'er thou sadly shrink'st from sight profane :  
Thy patient labours shall not be forgot,  
Nor lost the influence of thy lofty strain ;  
From glory's nodding crest, of crimson stain,  
The laurel shall forsake its seat sublime,  
The prostrate column load the groaning plain ;  
While rising o'er the wreck, thy sacred rhyme  
Shall fire to noble feats the sons of future time.

Vagrant, and scoff'd, and houseless as thou art,  
The powerful spell of thy exalted theme  
Shall wake to bolder deed the warrior's heart,  
Shall breathe o'er sleeping love a brighter dream ;

From every line shall fresh instruction stream :  
The cottage-hearth thy pensive plaint shall hear ;  
In regal hall thy glittering harp shall gleam ;  
The dark cold breast of lonely sorrow clear ;  
And start from phrenzy's lid conviction's frozen tear.

Heavens ! can I stoop to aught of mortal mould,  
Whom shapes fantastic beck to bliss unknown ?  
Say, can I glote on rayless heaps of gold,  
When yon ethereal landscape is my own ?  
Where its pure sov'reign plants his fiery throne ;  
Are not his aureate shafts elanced round,  
'Till, by her twinkling train distinctly known,  
His sister meek, with paler glories crown'd,  
Uprears her maiden front, with argent fillet bound ?

Hence the deep gloom that wraps in central shade  
The struggling splendours of th' immortal mind !  
Hence ev'ry black surmise that would invade  
The breast by charming sympathies refin'd !  
Ye felon doubts, I give ye to the wind :  
Fortune benign now blows her gentlest airs,  
To aid my vent'rous flight too long confin'd ;  
And Fancy her undaunted plume prepares,  
To sail the highest heav'n :—avaunt ye scowling  
cares !

THE  
ENTHUSIAST.

---

WITH hurrying finger smite the fervid wire :  
Th' intolerable rapt'ry tears my soul ;  
I burn with inspiration's fiercest fire ;  
In lawless liberty my senses roll  
Beyond demurer reason's coy control,  
Beyond the sapient bounds by prudence laid ;  
And while unwonted fantasies inspire,  
Amid th' interminable waste of shade,  
In mad delirium lost, my daring tour is made.

Carr'd in a cloud of hyacinthine hue,  
Pluck'd from the lunar shrine, aloft I rise ;  
And wond'rous sights, unutterable view,  
Ting'd with a thousand strange aye-shifting dyes,  
Such as astound the weak and daunt the wise,  
But often by th' ecstatic gaze are seen,  
When Fancy animates th' enamel'd skies  
With radiant hosts minute, of wayward mien,  
And dusky moonlight clothes the fay-encircled green.

High o'er the headlong torrents' foamy fall,  
Whose waters howl along the rugged steep,  
On the loose-jutting rock, or mould'ring wall,  
See where gaunt Danger lays him down to sleep !  
The piping winds his mournful vigil keep ;  
The lightnings blue his stony pillow warm ;  
Anon, incumbent o'er the dreary deep,  
The fiend enormous strides the lab'ring storm,  
And mid the thund'rous strife expands his giant  
form.

The vital stream, propell'd from every part,  
Tumultuous leaves each veiny channel dry :  
The purple flood flows heavy on my heart,  
As startled Madness meets my blasted eye.  
How lamentable now his loaded sigh,  
Of horrible intent, and fix'd despair !  
And now again, with agonizing cry,  
He beats his boxen cheek, he rends his hair,  
'Till in hot tears is quench'd his eyeball's fiery  
glare.

The sudden light that flash'd athwart his brain,  
Dread interval ! but more augments his woe ;  
Oft has that bare head brav'd the dashing rain,  
Its brown locks oft been silver'd o'er with snow.

Ye savage tempests, cease awhile to blow;  
Ye angry heavens: upfurl your sheeted flames;  
From love's deluding cup the poisons flow  
That drench in anguish his distracted frame,  
That leave him man's fair form without the boasted  
name,

Ah! who is she, of dark unsettled brow,  
That bleeding drags an angel-hape behind,  
And quaffs the living gore?—I know her now:  
'Tis Jealousy, that monster of the mind,  
In whom are thousand contraries combin'd:  
Now moping, melancholy, o'er the wild;  
Now fretful, rash, unreas'ning, unconfin'd;  
In constancy's best blood her hands defil'd,  
And strangling in its birth her own devoted child.

From thee, severe, insinuative pest,  
Such crimes terrific tragically spring,  
As in some tale, by fear's pale lip exprest,  
Bid the babe closer to the bosom cling,  
And breathe amazement o'er the shudd'ring ring.  
Ne'er may thy stealing serpents, that devour  
The roses wove in love's purpureal wing,  
With curseless venom taint affection's flow'r,  
Or coil thy latent deaths in my Anthemoe's bow'r!

Where is thy magic pencil, to pourtray  
 This scene so fraught with shadows of surprise,  
 Oh thou who, fir'd by one eccentric ray  
 Of Shakspeare, bad'st thy wild creation rise,  
 Revealing mystic rites to mortal eyes?\*  
 For lo! from darkness' unexhausted womb,  
 Spectres of horrid feature, hideous size,  
 Or unimagin'd pow'r, inform the gloom  
 With motion and effect, and cheat the hungry tomb.

Here bat-like portents cleave the murky ayi,  
 And flap with strident scream the leatherne wing ;  
 Some, like the tyger rushing from his lair,  
 Start from the dense profound with furious spring ;  
 Some in shrill tone their doleful dirges sing ;  
 Some with their iron fangs prepare for prey ;  
 Hiss the fell snakes ; the rusty fetters ring ;  
 Groans the rack'd wretch his stubborn soul away ;  
 Or mid th' insatiate blaze half-figur'd goblins play.

Oh for the sprig of sacred mistletoe,  
 Spell-breaking vervain, or as potent rue,  
 To scare those imps malign who work me woe !  
 Oh for nine drops of cold nocturnal dew,

---

\* Alluding to Mr. Fuzeli's picture from the Midsummer Night's Dream.

O'er my pale front with mutter'd sleight to strew !  
Aloof, in sullen apathy repos'd,  
Yon demon huge I dread, of deadliest hue :  
He rises ghastly, to my path oppos'd.  
Ah ! close the fearful scene :—the fearful scene is  
clos'd.

Now down the smooth declivity I float  
Of nether ether, to a shelter'd vale ;  
Where, in its balmy bosom lodg'd remote,  
A bevy of bright beings I may hail.  
Hark ! what sweet murmurs swell the musky gale,  
Whose honey'd whispers joy and gladness give ;  
What tides of lusty health my lungs inhale ;  
What florid flushes my blank cheeks receive ;  
Here, in this happy dell, for ever would I live.

Minions of moonlight, let my slow step steal,  
Unblam'd and guiltless, on your secret sport ;  
Removing soft the visionary veil  
That wraps from vulgar ken the elfin-court,  
Where no unhallow'd visitants resort.  
Lo where the lords of Faery-land appear !  
Chieftains, and frowning peers of princely port ;  
Sage counsellors, with piercing eye severe ;  
And less distinguish'd knights fast trooping in the rear.

The monarch's self majestic terrors grace :  
Tipp'd with a horse-fly's tongue, a rush his spear ;  
A gnat's slight pinion shades his martial face ;  
A fish's scale his armed shoulders wear,  
Lin'd with a scarf of shining gossamer ;  
Unknown in listed fray the prize to yield,  
His rapier is a hornet's sting severe ;  
Superior to the rest, his shelly shield  
Undauntedly he shakes, and overlooks the field.

But, moving slow upon my dazzled sight,  
What miracle is this of loveliest charm ?  
Luxuriate in unspeakable delight,  
I feel, I feel my shiv'ring senses warm :  
All my best feelings own the fond alarm :  
The courteous semblance beck's me to her side :  
That beamy smile secures me from all harm :  
Her mandate I obey with pleasing pride :  
'Tis she, the sylphid she, my late aerial bride.\*

“ Full ill,” she cries “ my pupil, has thine ear  
Receiv'd the moral lore I whilom taught ;  
Though prodigal of fancy, who will hear  
Thy numbers vague, with no instruction fraught,

---

\* See the poem of the Extravaganza.

And destitute of heav'n-descended thought ?  
Though, slighting the severer rules of art,  
With choicest cunning is thy descant wrought,  
If thou to lull the sense neglect the heart,  
Trust me, advent'rous youth, we suddenly must  
part."

She spoke ; conviction follow'd as she spoke :  
And though uncurb'd imagination scorn  
To bend submissive to the servile yoke,  
A temporary bondage must be borne.  
The flaunting wild rose decks the crabbed thorn :  
From surly rules sublimest labours grew.  
No more my stricter song must you adorn,  
Ye phantoms ever fair and ever new :  
Adieu, delightful dreams ; ye faery scenes, adieu.

## SONNET

TO SIR JAMES BLAND BURGES,

*With the following Romance.*

AGAIN my spirit wakes from deep repose,  
Though deep not joyless ; and each faery dream  
That Fancy on the pregnant trance bestows,  
Bids o'er the page in lasting beauty stream.  
But, ah ! no dazzling glories shalt Thou find,  
Such as illume thy own consummate lay ;  
No miracles of the effulgent mind  
To guide Thee through invention's milky-way :  
A shepherd's simple song ; of ardent youth  
A rude narration, and of love sincere ;  
Which Nature's mighty self, and virgin Truth,  
Instill'd erewhile into his raptur'd ear.  
Nor only shall it charm the village train,  
If Thou wilt deign to list so low a strain.

THOMAS DERMOT.

LOVE'S LEGEND :  
OR.  
ARIBERT AND ANGELA.

*A Romance, in Three Parts.*

Rien n'est beau que le vrai ; le vrai seul est aimable :  
Il doit regner partout, et même dans la fable.  
De tout fiction l'adroit fausseté  
Ne tend qu'à faire briller aux yeux la vérité.

BOILEAU.

PART THE FIRST.

SAD-swelling on the evening gale  
That moan'd along the purple heath,  
Was heard an infant's helpless wail,  
By him that pensive walk'd beneath.

The shepherd turn'd in haste around ;  
And as he turn'd, a beauteous child,  
Cradled in moss and wild flow'rs, found :  
The little mourner faintly smil'd.

And as his charge the peasant eyed,  
Through the brown hawthorn's blossom'd shad  
A burst that forc'd the boughs aside,  
Some stranger's guilty flight betray'd.

Not far from thence, in peaceful state  
Ubaldo's ancient castle rose ;  
Whose master's heart, and open gate,  
Did ne'er on weeping wanderer close.

Thither the swain his treasure bore ;  
And as he told, in simple guise,  
The mystic story o'er and o'er,  
Fond tears bedew'd the baron's eyes.

Within his arms the babe he caught  
(Sweet babe, by heaven at once supplied !) ;  
And melting thus in tender thought,  
The venerable chieftain cry'd :

“ Fair offspring of a sire unknown,  
Pure snowdrop of the barren waste,  
Henceforth I mark thee as my own,  
For ever in my garden placed.

“ There, next to Angela, expand  
In artless pride thy balmy bloom ;  
And foster'd by no sparing hand,  
Shed o'er my age a soft perfume.”

*Fly swift, ye years, on turtle-wing,  
Nor let one cloud obscure the skies ;  
Fly swift o'er childhood's genial spring,  
And let youth's ardent summer rise.*

*The years on turtle-wing are past,  
Nor did one cloud the skies obscure ;  
Behold the fated pair, at last,  
In youthful sympathy mature !*

*How often, Florizel, hast thou,  
Ere Dawn withdrew her dappled shade,  
Pluck'd from the mountain's thymy brow  
A wreath to grace the blushing maid !*

*Or, when the am'rous marigold  
Shut its broad breast with closing day,  
How oft where moonlight, calm and cold,  
Threw its wan lustre, wouldest thou stray !*

*Oft, where with silver foot unseen,  
Soft-sliding from her pebbly bed,  
Some naiad sleek through rushes green  
Th' insinuative current led ;*

*Didst thou her liquid lab'rinth trace,  
That stole adown the fairy dale ;  
And pausing often in thy pace,  
List to the blackbird's mellow tale.*

But most by haunted copse's side,  
Romantic hill, or arbor trim,  
Where the vex'd rivulet seem'd to chide  
The lilies nodding o'er its brim,

Thy flute was heard : hard by, enshrin'd  
A poplar's trembling leaves among,  
The night-bird, wailing to the wind,  
Married her sweet note to thy song.

Thy song was Angela : and she  
In sooth deserv'd the fairest meed ;  
For where a nobler theme could be,  
To suit the stop of shepherd's reed ?

Have you not seen the fragrant spot  
Where clust'ring cowslips sweetly blow ?  
Such, ripe for love, and fancy-fraught,  
Her swelling bosom's lucid snow.

Have you not seen the azure stream  
Kiss'd sportive by the sunny ray ?  
So o'er her blue eye's bashful beam  
The golden ringlets wildly play.

Blooms not a floret on the plain,  
Breathes not a violet-scented breeze,  
Could match her pure cheek's vermeil stain,  
Could like her honey'd accents please.

And she was gentler still than fair :  
Pity could move her feeling mind,  
Soon as the filmy gossamer  
Moves lightly to the dallying wind.

And merit never met her scorn,  
And modest worth her soul approv'd,  
And truth she priz'd though humbly born ;—  
No wonder Florizel she lov'd.

No titled birth had he to boast ;  
Son of the desert, Fortune's child.  
Yet, not by frowning Fortune crost,  
The muses on his cradle smil'd.

He joy'd to con the fabling page  
Of prowess'd chiefs, and deeds sublime ;  
And e'en essay'd in infant age,  
Fond task ! to weave the wizard rhyme.

Whate'er romancer's magic skill  
Of wonderful or wild bestow'd,  
Since from Boiardo's fluent quill  
The long-continued fiction flow'd,

He knew ; and when some action brave  
Inspir'd the legendary lay,  
He sigh'd, and bless'd the laurell'd grave  
That held the hero's happier clay.

The sunshine of the song alone  
As yet its influence could impart,  
And splendours from the poet thrown  
Rear'd seeds of honour in his heart.

Nor e'er did he eschew the strain  
By genius hung on beauty's hearse,  
Which told the soft Provençal's pain  
When Vaucluse echo'd to his verse.

'Mid shadows brown he lov'd to roam  
Where Stillness held her lone retreat,  
Where ne'er the hermit's distant home  
Was visited by vagrant feet.

Him at his supper oft he found,  
Of cates the ambient woods afford ;  
And press'd with awe the holy ground,  
And joy'd to share the frugal board.

Wherever misery appear'd  
A constant guest, the drop of woe  
That wet the beggar's silver beard  
He wip'd, and bade no more to flow.

Nor did the knight disdain to heed  
Those workings of a noble soul :  
Nor bounteous act, nor social deed,  
Did e'er his stinted store controul.

But by the charm of virtues rare,  
Congenial virtues, closely won,  
Scarce did the darling daughter share  
More favour than th' adopted son.

---

*PART THE SECOND.*

ON either side the loom of life  
The fatal sisters take their seat :  
Obnoxious these, for mischief rife ;  
Those friendly still, of aspect sweet.

While these the sable tissue weave,  
And deeply stamp with many a tear,  
Those for the human victim grieve,  
And draw their threads of colour clear.

Unconscious of the equal flame  
That Angela's chaste bosom fires,  
To muse upon that matchless dame,  
Lo, where sad Florizel retires !

Where the pale vapour idly flits  
Athwart yon misty mountain grey,  
The melancholy mourner sits,  
And silent wastes the weary day.

No sound disturbs the dread serene ;  
No busy pinion cleaves the air ;  
Save when, the blast's still pause between,  
Screams the wing'd herald of despair.

'Tis night's dead noon :—ye sprites benign  
Whom innocence ne'er calls in vain,  
Effulgent forms, in mercy shine,  
In mercy to your favour'd swain.

I see him lift his manly arm :  
His manly arm confin'd I see.  
Has virtue then no secret charm ?  
Ah ! virtue has no charm for thee.

A robber-band the youth surround :  
They mock his wild unweapon'd force :  
Furious they press him, strongly bound,  
And darkling bend their mystic course.

And now the cavern's mouth they gain,  
Beneath the mountain's horrid brow :  
In haste they loose his clanking chain,  
And meek obedience greets him now.

But who is he, of loftier port,—  
Of loftier port, but look severe,—  
Who lends the trembling youth support,  
And scarce withholds the starting tear ?

He waves the ruffians to retire ;  
And while along his haggard cheeks  
Flashes a momentary fire,  
In smother'd sighs the bandit speaks :

“ By stealth, for many a year I've view'd  
Thy tender age to manhood grow ;  
I've seen thee valiant, great and good,  
O anguish ! with my deadliest foe.

“ That foe no longer shall be mine,  
And thou the just revenge shall aid.  
With filial force the bold design  
Effect, and slight yon witching maid.

“ Nay, stare not so. I cast thee forth :  
I left thee mid the forest wild.  
Noble in manners as in birth,  
O Aribert ! thou art my child.”

Who now can paint the light'ning-flush  
That mantled o'er the father's face ?  
Or who the thousand pangs that rush  
On the son's soul, distinctly trace ?

Convuls'd with stupid woe he stands,  
As marble cold, as marble pale ;  
While, wringing sore his palsied hands,  
The robber thus renews his tale :

“ Full many a withering blast has blown,  
Dire-beating on my fenceless head,  
Since, with misfortune savage grown,  
To those accus’d compeers I fled.

“ Ubaldo’s sire, by false assign,  
Fell guardian, held yon wide domain  
In charge ; which shortly shall be thine,  
But ne’er return’d his charge again.

“ Love was the fault ; the purest love,  
With firmest constancy combin’d :  
O son ! thy mother’s worth approve :  
Thy mother’s wrongs shall steel thy mind.

“ What though a village-virgin born,  
The inmate of the humble vale ?  
Oft from the thicket’s rudest thorn  
The wild rose scents the passing gale.

“ Ah early lost ! Can I forget,  
Thy placid smile of feign’d repose ;  
Thy balmy kiss, attemp’ring sweet  
The poison’d chalice of my woes ?

“ Can I forget that wint’ry night  
When, harsher than the thunder’s tone,  
Sir Hugo sternly claim’d my right,  
And call’d yon hated tow’rs his own ?

“ My Emma saw the rushing gloom,  
That soon my ruin’d fortune prest ;  
Ah fairest flow’r of forest-bloom !  
She saw, and faded on my breast.

“ Mad with despair, this band I sought :  
Yon moon has heard the solemn vow.  
Let vengeance fire thy filial thought :  
What was I once ? what am I now ?”

Here, as by speechless grief o’ercome,  
Awhile he paus’d with icy glare,  
Then fell ; in mutual anguish dumb  
Stood Aribert, with horrent hair.

Soon as relaps’d the vital tide,  
The sire, still threat’ning to be true,  
Conducted down the mountain’s side  
His son, and vanish’d from his view.

What was his terror, his surprise !  
A father found ! a father lost !  
This one to save, the other dies,  
And all his fairy passion crost.

“ Not so—not so—he must not die,  
The widow’s succour, orphan’s aid ;  
Nor shalt thou for a parent sigh,  
Dear Angela, devoted maid.

“ Not so—not so—thou must not moan  
A lover faithless and ingrate ;  
There is a pow’r, when hope is gone,  
All hope, can overrule our fate.

“ Not so—not so—his guiltless hand  
With murder never shall be dyed :  
By strength unseen, a seraph-band  
Shall turn the thirsty sword aside.”

Such were the agonies intense  
That his distracted bosom rent,  
As shuddering frore in every sense  
He homeward to the castle went.

And now, amid the dusky steam,  
The modest morn peer’d o’er the hill ;  
And, promis’d by a golden gleam,  
Larks hail’d the sun in carols shrill.

---

#### *PART THE THIRD.*

Loud howl’d the storm, no star appear’d,  
The lab’ring moon was seen no more ;  
But oft, by fretful fits, was heard  
The distant torrent’s angry roar ;

When, studious of his wayward doom,  
The wondrous orphan took his way  
(So chanc'd it) to the pictur'd room  
That in the southern gall'ry lay.

Full many a grisly form he view'd  
Of warrior who in battle died,  
By painting clad in armour rude ;  
Quaint casque, or morion's crested pride.

But most one semblance caught his sight,  
Completely mail'd, of martial air ;  
And much he eyed, with fond affright,  
A chief so formidably fair.

When sudden, oped by secret springs,  
Portentous from the living frame,  
While hoarse the hollow casement rings,  
Completely mail'd the robber came ;

Robber no more : in silent wrath,  
The fearful calm of smother'd ire,  
He mutters, as he points the path :  
“ Rise, recreant, and pursue thy sire.”

Through the long gall'ry's winding maze,  
Down the steep stairs before unknown,  
He follows slow with dubious gaze,  
While the dun archway seems to groan.

But what his horror, what his rage,  
(His horror great, his rage not less,)  
Led by Ubaldo's perjured page,  
When o'er the bridge throng'd foemen press !

“ And now is come the destin'd hour,  
And now my solemn vow is clear,  
And now not earth's collected pow'r  
Shall dare dispute my birthright here.

“ But still no dark assassin I,  
In sleep to deal the murd'rous wound.  
Small time will equal arms supply ;  
Th' alarm ring, the bugle sound.

“ Thy mother's wrongs remember well :  
Remember too thy plighted word :  
Remember how thy father fell,  
And from that father take the sword.”

And now the slumb'lers rush to fight ;  
To fight they rush, nor know the cause ;  
'Till old Ubaldo's sacred sight  
Gives to each side a dreary pause.

But soon as with the adverse host  
His Florizel the vet'ran spied,  
In many a keen emotion lost,  
“ And thou, my son !” he feebly cried.

“ Not thine, nor of so vile a race ;  
Not thine,” the robber-sire exclaim’d,  
Then rais’d the vizor from his face,  
Which fiery red with choler flam’d.

Like some aerial shape meanwhile,  
Scar’d by th’ unwonted din of arms,  
Gleaming along the gloomy aisle,  
Came Angela’s dishevel’d charms.

Th’ enamour’d youth at once discern’d  
The silent censure of her frown ;  
Quick from the hostile party turn’d,  
And threw his sword indignant down.

Then cried, as down his pallid cheek  
Each other the big drops pursu’d :  
“ Nature herself shall fail to break  
The bonds of love and gratitude.”

While thus he spoke, with stedfast stare  
The baron mark’d the stranger-foe :  
A moment first, entranc’d in pray’r ;  
The next, his tears began to flow.

“ O part’ner of my early prime !  
O deeply on my heart engrav’d !  
Forgive, forgive, my father’s crime :  
It is, it is, thy son I sav’d.

“ Sir Hugo, on the bed of death,  
Stung by remorseful conscience sore,  
Did but these lands to me bequeath,  
To hold for thee or thine, in store.

“ Long have I sought the rightful heir ;  
Long pray’d the pitying pow’rs divine  
To lift from me that load of care ;  
But ne’er could hear of thee or thine.

“ Mysterious heav’n ! the gloom is past ;  
No more I’m torn, no more distrest ;  
Thy child a waif upon the waste,  
That child I cherish’d in my breast.

“ And he is valiant, he is good ;  
Of gentle carriage, generous heart ;  
Methinks he’s mingled with my blood :  
No, Aribert ; we must not part.

“ One only gem on earth I prize,  
One gem which sure would deck a throne,  
Aught else I spurn beneath the skies ;  
Belmont with Angela’s thy own.”—

“ And what for me at length remains ? ”—  
“ Ah ! what,” rejoin’d the tortur’d sire,  
“ Can blanch a robber’s hideous stains ?  
Water nor purifying fire.

“ Can I pollute these hallow’d dews,  
Fast-welling from th’ eternal spring,  
Round the repentant couch t’ effuse  
Which ministers of mercy bring ?

“ Yet nigh yon chapel’s ivied wall,  
Scoop me a solitary cell ;  
There, by the cataract’s foaming fall,  
In lonely penance will I dwell.

“ There, as my orisons I breathe,  
And drop with every bead a tear,  
To smooth the dark decline of death  
My Emma’s image will appear.

“ Shall I not view that angel-frame,  
Dim gleaming on the brow of ev’n,  
When the west glows with faded flame,  
And tender twilight creeps o’er Heav’n ?

“ Or when the moon, her empress fair,  
Sails slowly through a lambent cloud,  
Shall I not view her bosom bare  
Long whit’ning through its silver shroud ?

“ Oh ! yes ; and woo her sainted shade,  
To plead the cause of erring love ;  
And fondly claim her partial aid,  
To mediate for my sins above ;

“ And pour the grateful rapture wild  
To Him who link'd in wedded joy  
Sweet Angela the baron's child,  
With Aribert the orphan-boy.”

THE  
PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE.

*An Epistle.*

Et genus, et virtus, nisi cum re, vilius algâ est.\*



THOUGH lost for ever those delightful dreams  
That Fancy o'er the twilight-rapture streams ;  
No more recluse, with pensive joy, to walk,  
Or hearken to the muse's whisper'd talk ;  
No more to breathe the soul in witching rhyme,  
By wizard fount, deep dell, or hill sublime,  
What time the sere leaf quivers to the ground,  
And Silence sheds her solemn calm around,  
And Autumn's tawny hand with touch unseen  
Strips from the bending branch its garment green ;  
And moaning sad through each unblossom'd spray,  
Shrieks shrill the awful genius of decay :  
Though doom'd, enchanting Poesy, no more  
High-charm'd to listen to thy warbled lore ;

---

\* Sense is the scorn of every wealthy fool,  
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule.

DRYDEN

But in oblivion's dusky pool to hide  
That flute, whilere my pleasure and my pride,  
With which so oft I woke the blushing day,  
The lark alone sweet rival of my lay :  
Yet the dire vengeance of immortal song  
Let genius thunder on the tasteless throng  
Who, basely girdled by a scoundrel-train,  
Eschew the minstrel, yet adore the strain ;  
Lift at each line th' ecstatic-rolling eye,  
But leave the bard to languish and to die.  
For such there are, and such should surely feel  
The lasting pang of the poetic wheel ;  
So shall they boast no more a borrow'd fame,  
Unjust usurpers of the patron's name.  
Distinguish'd name, by ancentry approv'd ;  
Which Sidney cherished, and Southampton lov'd :  
One did a Spenser, one a Shakspeare raise,  
And gave and got inestimable praise.  
Ah thou, encompass'd with domestic pain,  
Who fondly hop'st to build the lofty strain ;  
To weave the magic lay whose light and shade,  
Deep hues and dazzling colours, must not fade ;  
Who mount'st Imagination's rainbow wing,  
Dipt in gay tins of the Piërian spring ;  
Ah ! turn, and damp'd be thy enthusiast joy,  
To Chatterton, the muse's matchless boy ;

With every grace of ancient wisdom blest,  
All untaught genius breathing from his breast.  
Behold the haughty soul, o'er heav'n that flew,  
Submissivè for a paltry pittance sue !  
Behold those lines that feed the general ear,  
Despis'd, discarded, by the listless peer !  
Behold (when vain each gentler plea to claim  
A little notice of that mighty name)  
In scorn too fierce, and disappointment dire,  
The wonder of the learned world expire !—  
Can studious zeal his rapid flights to trace,  
Or catch one meaning shadow of his face ;  
Can admiration with its late applause,  
Or o'er each beauty the astonish'd pause ;  
Alas ! to soothe his lone enanguish'd ghost,  
In youth's proud dauntless prime for ever lost,  
Though my heart gushes o'er his piteous tale,  
Can e'en this honest verse of mine, avail ?

But shouldst thou more on elder proofs rely,  
Th' historic page shall wound thy injur'd eye.  
There still, in sad succession, they appear  
To check thy warmth, and start the tender tear.  
All chill'd his faery ecstacies divine  
With wayward cross, and penury, and pine ;

Sore shent by fickle Fortune's wintry blast,  
 The pleasant sunshine of hope's summer past,  
 And o'er his cote fell Eurus whistling frore ;  
 Lo ! Muha's minstrel on Juverna's shore.\*  
 Ah me ! while foemen deal him grievous wrong,  
 Full deftly he indites his dainty song ;  
 And though his tears may with his descant flow,  
 Th' unconquerable mind still mocks at woe.  
 Sweet bard ! when ev'ning breathes a purer air,  
 No boist'rous breeze their fleeting form to tear,  
 Still round thy tomb the elfin bevies glide,  
 Bath'd in the trembling moon-beam's yellow tide ;  
 Still in that ring their mystic feats renew,  
 And crush the lurking worm, and kill th' unwhole-  
 some dew.

Compell'd by want to gild a graceless court,  
 Where all was empty jest and idle sport ;  
 Where vice, with folly leagued, her revels held,  
 And chas'd the bashful virtues from the field ;  
 See Dryden scatter his ambrosial hoard  
 Of sacred incense o'er some booby lord.  
 Oh see, scintillant from his mental fire,  
 Bright points of wit that sparkle and expire ;

---

\* Spenser.

Gross pond'rous dolts upbuoy'd in hasty odes,  
And British blockheads turn'd to Grecian gods !  
Yet what proud meed awaits the laureat's death ;  
What pomp sepulchral, what distinguish'd wreath ?  
By a lewd rake his sacred corse profan'd,  
For debt great Dryden's last sad rite's detain'd ;  
When o'er his bier the widow'd plaint is heard,  
At length by common charity interr'd.

Who, led by sweet Simplicity aside  
From pageants that we gaze at to deride,  
Has not, while wilder'd in the bow'ry grove,  
Oft sigh'd : " Come, live with me, and be my  
love" ?  
Yet, oh ! be love transform'd to deadly hate,  
As freezes memory at Marlow's fate :  
Disastrous bard ! by too much passion warm'd,  
His fervid breast a menial beauty charm'd ;  
Nor, vers'd in arts deceitful woman knows,  
Saw he the prospect of his future woes.  
Vain the soft plaint, that sordid breast to fire  
With warmth refin'd or elegant desire ;  
Vain his melodious magic, to impart  
Affections foreign to th' unfeeling heart ;  
In guardless ecstacy's delicious glow,  
He sinks beneath a vassal murd'lers blow.

O'er his dread fate my kindred spirit stands  
Smit with commutual wound, and Pity wrings her  
hands.

Ah ! had some genial ray of bounty shone  
On talents that but lack'd its aid alone,  
Had some soft pennon of protection spread  
Its eider plumage o'er that hapless head,  
What emanations of the beauteous mind  
Had deck'd thy works, the marvel of mankind :  
Snatch'd from low-thoughted Care thy stooping soul,  
And plac'd thee radiant on Fame's deathless roll ;  
Where still anneal'd, thy own unequall'd strain  
Shall crown'd by sensibility remain !

Could Jonson's learned skill, or moral pow'r,  
Whose science rifled every Attic flow'r,  
Their honey-dews suck'd from all blooms that blow,  
And stripp'd of all its sweets Hymetus' brow ;  
Could aught his wisdom or his worth obtain,  
Through many a year elaborately vain ?  
In patient poverty his youth was past ;  
And when slow favour ling'ring came at last,  
Life's sprightly vigour flown, enjoyment lost,  
Dear was the gift that so much labour cost.  
E'en polish'd Stanhope, when too late impress  
With truth's resistless energy his breast,

## THE HARP OF ERIN.

51

The proffer'd good his vanity supplied,  
Saw with a manly fortitude denied ;  
Merit's proud modesty the kindness spurn'd,  
By venal flattery to be return'd.

Quaint Humour's child, whose "colonelling" knight  
Grave Satire archly kens with new delight,  
Ingenious Butler, through thy various round  
Of promissory jilts, what friend was found ?  
Though oft he conn'd thy volume laughter-fraught,  
Tickled by each inimitable thought,  
(Good easy man, with heedless glee he read,)  
Could e'en thy sovereign's purse afford thee bread ?  
And Buckingham's loose conduct well may shew  
That wit to wit is oft its greatest foe.  
Oh ! in our later era could I see  
One son of smiling Ridicule like thee,  
Still, keen correction leering in her eyes,  
Profuse of mirth, might sportive Censure rise ;  
Drop soft elixir where she wounds the heart,  
And tickle with the plume that guides her dart.

In a dark garret where the biting cold  
No cheerful hearth allays, poor Boyse behold !  
A blanket skewer'd his shiv'ring shoulder wears ;  
Outrageous hanger at his vitals tears ;

Not one dry crust his tuneful toil requites ;  
And e'en in famish'd misery he writes.  
Yet Fielding's candid judgment may sustain  
The doubted value of his lofty vein.

Hark ! what wild numbers break, sublimely sweet,  
The breathing stillness of this deep retreat ?  
What bursts delirious of reviving song  
Steal on each sense, those gloomy cells among ?  
'Tis Smart ; Anon the maniac minstrel raves,  
Loud as the tempest, fiercer than the waves ;  
And now, attuning soft a gentler lay,  
Its tones, how musically ! faint away.

Of Taste's bright pleiads a distinguish'd star,  
Whose burnish'd glories still are beam'd afar,  
What fair resource did Loyd in grandeur meet,  
His earliest lustre sullied in the Fleet !  
With Churchill mark him at the social hoard :  
What charms they cull from reason's festive board !  
But all the pleasures of the feast remov'd,  
Which Hebe might have serv'd, and gods approv'd,  
All the soft solace of the banquet o'er,  
And (dire to pay) the long-protracted score,  
How shall their host the vent'rous heroes quit ;  
Wit without money, money without wit :

Till Phebus, muffled in the shaggy cloak  
Of bookseller, expound the knotty joke,  
Soothe the Cerberean landlord with a fee,  
Clear the tremendous bill, and set his fav'rites free ?

He who aspires to please this sapient age,  
And reap due profit too, must mount the stage.  
Yet brief indeed the actor's highest boast,  
His acmē in an hour attain'd or lost.  
A casual fall the firmest frame destroys :  
A curst catarrh obstructs the soundest voice.—  
Nor shouldst thou, Painting, too unjustly vain,  
Thy elder sister's nobler art disdain ;  
Or join with powerful Music to dethrone  
Consummate worth, superior to your own.  
The symmetry exact, the touching grace  
Finely diffus'd o'er Action's form or face,  
The canvas with creative colour fir'd,  
The airs by hymning cherubim inspir'd,  
Fleeting and frail, are transitory all,  
Nor oft will Wisdom for their raptures call.  
But the bold song where, proud to vanquish time,  
Fond Poesy pours forth the kindling rhyme ;  
In splendid rivalry where beauties meet,  
And shining order\* marks the piece complete ;

---

\* " *Lusidus ordo.*" HORACE.

Though envious chance consume the guardian page,  
 Commission'd to inform each future age,  
 Nor fire nor time\*, with all their vengeance fraught,  
 Impious, can hurt th' inviolable thought.  
 Tradition's volubly-transmitting tongue  
 Will catch the hallow'd numbers which she sung ;  
 Sires to their list'ning sons repeat them o'er,  
 And spread the legend wide till language is no more.

Who has not heard of Caravaggio's name ?  
 Illumin'd by the painter's purest flame,  
 His graceful strokes delude the gazing eye,  
 Glide to the heart, and Nature's self supply.  
 On journey bent, his weary feet could find,  
 Tatter'd and poor, no habitation kind ;  
 No unhatch'd hovel, no deserted shed,  
 Where hapless genius might repose its head.  
 At length a sordid inn where carters rest,  
 And beggars vile, receives the gifted guest ;  
 Whose skill, employ'd to grace the gandy sign,  
 Must prove its best effort before he dine.  
 And now the umber'd board before him stands,  
 Pallet and pencil fill his forming hands ;

---

\* —— “ *Nec ignis,  
 Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.* ” Hor.



The mingling colours meet, and red and white }  
(Each other's aid) harmoniously unite }  
Till the full figures rise, and swell upon the sight. }  
Sublime it swings a-saunt the public road :  
At morn the artist quits his mean abode.  
Meanwhile, by fortune led to pass that way,  
On neighing courser, with attendants gay,  
A critic wight came “ pricking o'er the plain : ”  
Right soon the sign-post doth his speed detain ;  
With curious haste he views, and quick surprise,  
And for a sum immense the picture buys.  
Amaz'd with joy, th' unconscious master stares,  
Straight from his stall the saddled steed prepares,  
And, wing'd with hope, the stranger's path pursues :—  
But how the rest to tell, too tragic muse !  
By a ditch-side, in death his sorrowing eyes  
For ever seal'd, the slighted painter lies.

Hence may be taught the young unpractis'd heart,  
That Gothic dullness chill'd each kindred art ;  
And though the poet, much to public shame,  
Pre-eminence of penury may claim,  
Scarce less has barb'rous ignorance o'erlaid  
The mimic world by Dædal painting made.  
Oh ! say what soul the muses deign to bless,  
In fawning phrase the servile song will dress ;

Drop the smooth balm from adulation's plume,  
And picture plenty on a miser's tomb ?  
Yet some, by partial glimmer led astray  
Of sun-like inspiration's ardent day,  
On brainless sculls the blushing wreath have plac'd,  
Or giv'n a marquis sense, a nabob taste ;  
Stuck a pert fidler next to Newton's bust,  
And rais'd a titled dolt on Milton's dust.

So have I seen a strolling Romeo woo  
Some cookmaid, redolent of sav'ry stew ;  
And pressing her coarse paw unwash'd and tann'd,  
Sigh, " the white wonder of my Juliet's hand !"  
For well, smooth Flat'ry, can thy colours spread  
Youth's damask blushes with a warmer red ;  
Uncrutch hoar eld ; and make the shrivell'd cheek  
Blushy as Bacchus, as Adonis sleek.

Let him who, desperately prone to eat  
The crumbs of patronage, would court the great,  
Consider well, to cool his scribbling rage,  
Thy apoplectic homily, Le Sage ;  
Daub thick his dedication o'er with lies,  
And to the slippery heights of falsehood rise ;  
Nor forfeit for uncivil truths his place,  
But glory in a gen'rous want of grace.

In life's lone paths, and solitary glooms,  
How many a flow'r has spent its choicest blooms !  
Nipp'd in its bud by an untimely blight,  
By circling weeds all hid from public sight,  
Unknown its fragrance, beautiful in vain,  
And torn and trampled by the passing swain,  
No lordly son of wealth, no liberal fair,  
Pluck'd the lost gem to grace a garland rare ;  
But spurn'd the simple chaplet nature yields,  
Cull'd from the produce of our British fields ;  
While fam'd exotics, a vile sickly race,  
Find in the warmest beds unbounded space ;  
There fade in state, fuliginously grim,  
And rot—the martyrs of capricious whim.

Who, though on eagle-wing alert to soar,  
Scans thy sweet lay, disastrous Delacour ?  
Who nervous Brooke's illuminated lines,  
Where all the patriot in Gustavus shines ;  
Though splendidly obscure, the hero of the mines ? }  
Not nobler thoughts could Addison express,  
And Cato might assume the Swedish dress.

O thou who mellow'd'st first my artless note,  
To piety at once and verse devote :

Who the rude depths of Dante hast explor'd ;  
Yet Orpheus-like return'd, to light restor'd ;  
And then didst follow, unappal'd by fear,  
Frantic Orlando in his mad career ;  
Or, bosom'd in Ophelia's haunted vale,  
Of princely Eugene sung'st the wond'rous tale !  
O skill'd like Turpin, with sagacious eye  
To pierce the glorious rites of chivalry,  
And fill each chronicle's mysterious void !  
Pattern of modest worth, where art thou, Boyd ?

Though Fancy o'er my cradled vision smil'd,  
And fav'ring muses own'd their darling child ;  
Though secret bliss, ineffably refin'd,  
Shed soft illusions o'er my melting mind ;  
And her fantastic mirror Promise gave ;  
E'en then Misfortune mark'd me for her slave ;  
Dependance pointed to my lot forlorn,  
And mid the roses thrust a latent thorn.  
From youth's first dawn to manhood's riper day,  
What scenes have drawn my pilgrim-step astray :  
Deceitful scenes ; in fairy-prospect bright,  
But dimm'd too often on the cheated sight !  
Ere yet grief's keenest shaft unerring sped,  
And Rapture wip'd the tear that Pity shed,

What winning forms aye beck'd me to pursue  
Such shades as colder Prudence never knew ;  
While, every fibre stretching e'en to pain,  
I commun'd with the beings of the brain !

Late o'er my head I view the gathering cloud  
Of sorrow wrap me in its sablest shroud ;  
Of life's machine the movements wear away,  
And those voluptuous fantasies decay.  
Yet still with undiminish'd smile remain  
Some silent conscious guests to soothe my pain :  
Still meek-ey'd Feeling bends, divinely mov'd,  
In social woe, o'er him the muses lov'd ;  
Still Friendship from her healing store bestows  
A sov'reign cure each slighter sear to close ;  
And fair Devotion, brightly fleeting by,  
Unbars new portals to a purer sky,  
Whence seraphs, leaning from th' angelic quire,  
Invite to sweep a more than mortal lyre.  
Be thine, my friend, with free facetious ease,  
And flashes of unpilfer'd mirth, to please ;  
Whom Fortune fix'd, then learning first to feel,  
Just on the middle spoke of her inconstant wheel.  
Be ne'er thy page, to gull a guilty taste,  
By ribaldry's licentious trash disgrac'd ;

Be ne'er thy satire strew'd on virtue's bier,  
Nor yet the frown of vice in office fear ;  
And still with honest apathy avoid  
That glut of wit where every palate's cloy'd ;  
Where Malice harlequins in Humour's vest,  
And brother-fools stand gaping for the jest.  
Oh ! would th' indulgent stars this hand allow  
To quit the barren pen, and grasp the plough ;  
Cheerful to chaunt unmeditated lays,  
And see at eve the sprightly faggot blaze ;  
Reckless of all the brilliant toys of state  
That win those babies, falsely styl'd the great ;  
With friends select but few, the noisy town  
I'd fly for green retreats, and shadows brown ;  
Shrink mid their vernal fold ; and safe within,  
Despise th' abode of luxury and sin ;  
Stretch'd by a winding streamlet's tiny tide,  
Forget majestic Thames's ocean-pride ;  
Nor miss, where village-spires presume to rise,  
London's imperial top that wounds the skies.

## HYMN TO AUTUMN.

NOW when the sun with less enamour'd beam  
Lights the faint blushes of the fading year,  
Oh teach me, matron staid,  
To woo thy tender calm !

For much I love the languish of thine eye,  
Luxurious stream'd o'er each congenial scene,  
That lends to all around  
A delicate repose :

Whether thy evening-clouds their skirts unfold  
Of paler purple, through the forest-gloom.  
Effusing partial streaks  
From their ethereal glow ;

Or the blue bosom of the tranquil lake,  
Where Silence sits amid the dusky steam,  
Scarce undulating, heaves  
Thy chasten'd smile beneath :

Thy auburn locks with dewy woodbine drest ;  
Ere yet the sere wreath withers on thy brow,  
Or brumal blasts deform  
Thy stole of sober green.

Oft, mid the leafy wilderness of shade,  
Through its obscure recesses moaning deep,  
But yet without a wind,  
Conduct my devious step.

Nor seldom let me catch the softer dash  
Of distant water, from some willowy sluice,  
Prone to its pebbled bed  
Bounding in faery fall ;

Or curfew's slumbrous swing from village-spire ;  
Or hollow hum of whisp'ring voices near,  
Homeward returning late ;  
Or watch-dog's sullen bay.

Meanwhile the mellow swell of past'ral flute,  
May from her thicket lure the Attic bird,  
With one sad-closing strain  
To harmonize the whole.

Then will the muse (the muse, thy handmaid fair),  
When all the hamlet's hush'd in silence sweet,  
Resume her solemn song,  
Her song of grateful praise :

For, ever in thy rear is Genius seen,  
Only conversing with himself ; and then  
Contrasting with each sight,  
The creatures of the mind.

Thine Wisdom too ; and rapt Devotion thine,  
List'ning the sphery chime with pauseful ear ;  
Sage Meditation still,  
And eagle-pinion'd Thought.

While those too, brighter yet, that troop behind,—  
Content, blithe child of Labour well repaid,  
(Who laughing leads along  
Brown Harvest's buxom form,

The poppy nodding mid her sheafy crest,) .  
And Vintage flush'd with his own ruddy grape,—  
Complete thy festal train,  
Superior to assault ;

Well, loveliest Autumn, mayst thou mock the rage  
Of Winter, surly dotard, following fierce,  
With frozen breath malign  
To blight thy later blooms ;

Nor need'st thou yet the full voluptuous glare  
Of Summer envy, more divinely drest  
By Nature's liberal hand  
In plenitude and peace.

## GENIUS EXCUSED.

WOUNDED by severest scorn,  
His fir'd soul flashing o'er his face,  
Mid the cheerless waste forlorn,  
Mark yon stripling's wayward pace:  
Often though he heaves a sigh,  
Inspiration's in his eye..

Must the meanest heir of gold  
Riot in sublime excess ;  
And that bosom, never cold,  
No unenvied transport bless ;  
He at best, degraded boy,  
Doom'd to steal a sickly joy ?

Could he sing the feats of wine,  
And never taste the purple stream ?  
Could he paint the bliss divine,  
Nor beauty gild his glowing dream ?  
Restriction hence ! no pedant art  
Can match the science of the heart..

When these sapient saws expire,  
And slumber with old sages past ;  
When these frigid rules retire,  
Like autumn's leaf before the blast ;  
When their memory is flown,  
Taste shall claim him for her own.

“ Often,” will tradition say,  
“ Near yon spot of sacred green,  
When Twilight wav'd her banner grey,  
Did we note his museful mien ;  
Now conversing with the air,  
Sunk anon in dumb despair.

“ Strew your vernal tribute round ;  
Round your fading flowrets strew ;  
Pity, consecrate the ground  
Where sleeps a breast to pity true :  
So shall Genius' humble grave  
Boast the honours once he gave.”

## TWO ELEGIAC ODES,

TO THE MEMORY OF

## SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

---

FIRST ODE.

WHERE is the British Genius fled ?  
Why starts not the poetic tear  
That erst embalm'd the mighty dead,  
Soft streaming o'er the warrior's bier ?  
Her languid lid too long is dry ;  
Fell grief has froze her beamless eye ;  
Or sure ere this that lucid drop should flow  
To wail her favour'd son, and swell the general woe.

Waked from her melancholy trance,  
'Tis she ! the fair aerial form  
I see with solemn step advance,  
Bright as the bow that girds the storm :

Yet sorrow dims the sickly grace  
Faint-smiling on her faded face ;  
While, as she braids the ever-during wreath,]  
Pauseful she heaves a sigh o'er conquest dash'd with  
death:

The song begin ! my bosom glows :  
Her dawning influence I feel :  
The sweet elixir she bestows,  
A nation's recent wound shall heal.  
For, oh ! methinks each gen'rous heart  
Throbb'd with participated smart,  
When Vengeance taught the murd'rous ball to fly,  
And Vict'ry dubious mark'd the veteran's bleeding  
thigh.

Lo ! on yon column's\* peak sublime  
She sits, and folds her purple wing ;  
While, nook'd beneath, malignant Time  
Aloof his scythe is forc'd to fling :  
Now, half a native of the skies,  
Where her undaunted hero dies,  
Whilere luxurious Antony repos'd,  
And in a harlot's arms long scenes of glory clos'd.

---

\* Called by some historians the column of Severus.

But who is he of sterner brow,  
 Emerg'd from central caves of night,  
 Whose ghostly features seem to glow,  
 And kindle at the furious fight ?  
 His dull eye darts a transient gleam ;  
 Scarce rous'd from his elysian dream,  
 The well-known British bands he views, dismay'd :  
 'Tis Julius\* ! 'tis himself, the great dictator's sh

Not so, illustrious chief, they fought  
 When erst thou trod'st their savage shore ;  
 And thou didst wave, in boundless thought,  
 Thine eagle-flag whole nations o'er.  
 Say, could thy Roman cohort face  
 Yon fearless band of Scotia's race† ?  
 Could brazen buckler, or pretended spear,  
 Sustain the missile fire, and bayonet's shock severe ?

Soon would the temper'd faulchion shear  
 The gorgeous plumage of thy crest,  
 And soon the horseman's dread career  
 Pierce thy firm phalanx' shielded breast ;

---

\* Julius Cesar.

† The 42d regiment of foot, always conspicuous for bravery and resolution.

Not even the prudence once that bore  
Thee safe from Alexandria's shore,  
When learning shrunk amid the impious blaze,\*  
Could aught avail thee now, in Britain's brighter days.

For him, this day who glorious fell,  
Yon boastful catacombs† were vain,  
Within whose each sepulchral cell  
Proud Egypt's meaner lords remain.  
Nought to his consecrated dust  
Can sculptur'd pile, or pompous bust,  
Or even the huge mausoleum, lend of fame :  
A nobler homage waits to signalize his name.

The mistress of the world behold,  
Whose thunders awe the vassal deep,  
With fervour clasp his hallow'd mold,  
And press it to her trembling lip.

---

\* Cesar having fired the arsenal of Alexandria, a great part of the Ptolomean library was consumed by the flames. By a wonderful presence of mind, being forced to retreat, he effected his escape in safety; for instead of stopping at his own ship, which sunk soon after with the multitude of fugitives (being next the port), he with difficulty swam to the vessel furthest off at sea, and thereby preserved his life.

† Adjoining to the suburbs of the ancient city of Necropolis.

Can fragile granite, heap'd with care,  
High-tow'ring in the sultry air,  
Or almost-animated marble, give  
So long his gallant deeds and genuine worth to live ?

Britannia, eminently blest,  
Whose alabaster rocks repel  
Each ruder surge that woos thy breast,  
Enamour'd with insidious swell ;  
Though One to honour has been paid,  
Let no dull care thy peace invade ;  
Be not that front's majestic menace lost,  
Ev'n now whose fateful bend should scare yon envious  
coast.\*

Thine is a Hutchinson, whose mind  
Each amiable classic grace,  
Each gentler art, each sense refin'd,  
And martial skill, well pleas'd embrace.  
Nor deem that Wisdom's serious school  
But tends the soldier's warmth to cool :  
Hers to correct rash youth's impetuous pow'r ;  
Lo ! Scipio's helmet bent beneath the muse's bow'r.

---

\* France, then idly meditating an invasion.

His bosom to each danger bare ;  
A manly spirit unsubdu'd,  
Before whose path the fiend Despair  
Flies far with her funereal brood ;  
In battles nurs'd, whose infant age  
Was rock'd by the rough tempest's rage ;  
Prompt to suggest and act each bold design,  
Old ocean's richest gem, a dauntless Smith\* is thine.

Superior as thou art, disdain  
Each fruitless vaunt of foreign hate,  
O'er the illimitable main  
Fix'd by the sov'reign voice of Fate.  
How fare the desp'rate foes who ween  
To interrupt thy naval reign,  
How far thy sailor-sons the world excel,  
Yet writhing from her wounds let Scandinavia† tell.

Meseems, where stretch'd in proud repose  
Tall Greenwich overlooks the tide ;  
Fond its broad beauties to disclose,  
And view them with reflected pride ;

---

\* Sir Sidney Smith.

† Alluding to the then last famous sea-engagement, off Copenhagen.

I hear the hardy seaman's tale,  
That turns his simple audience pale ;  
He points each scar, and with a conscious smile  
Thanks his kind stars he saw the hero of the Nile.

Só, to his long-lost hut return'd,  
Cheer'd by his offspring's lisping voice,  
Whom long as dead they hopeless mourn'd,  
The war-worn soldier shall rejoice ;  
And as his faithful breast he shews  
Sore-gash'd by unrelenting foes,  
Think on his many younger comrades slain,  
Uplift th' expressive eye, and quite forget his pain.

Then will he ev'ry scene retrace  
Where panting Slaughter led the fray,  
His fir'd soul flushing o'er his face  
With thoughts of that important day.  
O consul !\* rapt in visions wild,  
In vain and falsely hast thou styl'd  
*Invincible* the standard which they bear :  
Thy chosen host perceive gaunt Ruin in their  
rear.

Hence learn, 'tis not the prowess'd might  
Of man, the contest can decide;  
Severely walking 'mid the fight,  
A heav'ly champion mocks thy pride.  
He withers the presumptuous arm ;  
He nerves the weak with powerful charm ;  
Then, striding the fell cannon's sulph'rous flame,  
Directs the wasteful shot, and triumphs in thy shame.

“Here Moore th’ intrepid legion led,”  
The kindling invalid will cry,  
Here Oakes and daring Paget bled,  
Determin’d honour in each eye ;  
“Here Hope, regardless of his maim,  
Pursu’d the sanguine step of fame ;  
And here, slow life long-welling from his wound,  
Unalterably brave was Abercrombie found.”

Nor mortal anguish could o’ercast,  
Nor languor stoop, his stately mien ;  
’Till the victorious charge was past,  
Still mounted, dreadfully serene.  
Then, as the last explosion fir’d,  
The last drop from his heart retir’d ;  
And, Sense forsaking her accustom’d seat,  
Well satisfied he own’d the glorious work complete.

While Malta, 'mid her knights renown'd,  
 Receives one nobler stranger more,  
 With less untainted laurels crown'd  
 Than e'er her best defender bore;  
 Say, will his grateful country raise  
 No public tribute to his praise?  
 No lasting monument for years to come;  
 Such as old Athens gave, or more exalted Rome ?

Oh, yes ! where to the warrior-saint\*  
 Yon temple's shapely pillars rise,  
 In chisel'd flint, or breathing paint,  
 His martial front shall glad our eyes.  
 Though Superstition's frown austere  
 May gloom to mark a soldier there,  
 Religion will adopt with purer grace  
 One memorable chief than all the monkish race.

Nor here his bounded honours end :—  
 See royal Fred'rick's† downcast eye  
 Confess the tutor and the friend,  
 Such loss unable to supply.  
 Copartner in each dire campaign  
 That ravag'd Flandria's fatal plain,

---

\* St. Paul.

† The Duke of York.

One gen'rous tear he drops, to merit due :  
So wept Ulysses' son when Mentor's form withdrew.

His learned youth divinely fed  
With honey from the Attic hive,  
See princely Moira droop the head,  
To every finer pang alive ;  
In camp or court alike decreed  
By wit or valour to succeed,  
Yet still from courtly adulation free,  
Unbiass'd by applause, a second Sydney he.\*

When the last echo of the song  
Decays on Time's impassive ear,  
(As some lone abbey's vaults among,  
We oft th' imperfect whisper hear,)  
Ev'n then will virtue's self descend,  
The dusty veil of darkness rend ;  
And where thy mutilated statue lies,  
Direct congenial minds,—the brave, the good, the  
wise.

---

\* Sir Philip Sydney, the patron of Spenser.

## SECOND ODE.

LET no unmanly plaint presume  
To vex the manes of the brave,  
No fond tear taint the laureat bloom  
That waves upon the warrior's grave.  
The softness of a sighing verse  
May breathe o'er some inglorious hearse  
Plum'd with the idle pomp of pride ;  
But Fame herself anneals in blood  
The records of the great and good  
Who boldly for a nation died.

Hush'd be each weaker voice of woe ;  
The hoarse drum's military sound ;  
The solemn ordnance, pealing slow.—  
The martial horse, with trophies crown'd,  
And marching in sad state along,  
With downcast look the soldier-throng,  
Shall more the hero's worth declare  
Than aught the weeping muse could bring ;  
Though Rapture, soothing cold Despair,  
Should smite the animated string.

Oh ! as the mourning car triumphant moves  
To lodge thy chieftain with the mighty dead,  
Britannia, whom th' unwilling world approves,  
Yet, yet sublimer lift thine aweful head.  
Let no dim cloud obscure thy radiant brow :  
For still unnumber'd godlike sons remain,  
To bid each foreign host before thee bow,  
And scatter to the winds their tinsel train ;  
To sweep the envious spoiler far away  
From thy imperial breast, and vindicate thy sway.

Blest isle ! the forest oak is thine,  
And thine the iron-hearted steed :  
Still foremost in th' embattled line,  
Thy dauntless offspring dare to bleed ;  
Of hardy frame, and generous soul,  
Whom no degrading fears control,  
Nor less for milder graces known ;  
The liberal thought, the melting mind,  
By sweet humanity refin'd,  
And beauteous arts, are all thy own.  
While at the helm an Addington presides,  
Protects thy commerce, and to glory guides.

When fiercest the hot contest glows,  
What alien courage shall oppose

The bulwark of a British breast ?  
The steady fires that flash around,  
And yon deep groan's expiring sound,  
Its genuine fortitude attest.  
Behold th' intrepid column charge the foe !  
Hark the harsh closure of the strident steel !  
Exanimate they fly the furious blow ;  
Before its ruthless shock their forces reel ;  
'Till from thick mists emerging to the sight,  
Gigantic Slaughter glares, then faints amid the fig

O thou for whom the song I raise,  
Ambitious to bestow my praise !  
What ardours warm'd thy vet'ran-frame,  
Though pierc'd with many a wound severe,  
When, cloth'd in wide-consuming flame,  
Thy little wond'rous band pursued  
The gallic vultures by their track of blood,  
And thunder'd desolation on their rear !

Then far was every selfish thought  
Of life with loss of honour bought ;  
Then every tie that holds the heart,  
For ever doom'd from home to part,  
Was lost to thy collected breast,  
By patriot-zeal alone possest.

Caution, determinately cool,  
Maintain'd her calm unalter'd rule,  
And taught the conflict where to rage ;  
While bright Victoria, hov'ring nigh,  
Her keen glance fix'd upon thy bleeding thigh,  
Scarce more admir'd the soldier than the sage.

Though now, ev'n now, illustrious shade,  
Yet recent from the memorable fray,  
In blissful bow'rs, unconscious of decay,  
Thy wearied limbs at length are laid ;  
And thronging round, an airy swarm,  
Heroic spectres eye thy form ;  
Proud names, of history the splendid boast,  
Solicitous who shall applaud thee most ;  
Oh ! see the gallant youth thy genius led  
O'er Flandria's well disputed plain,  
See princely Frederick droop the head  
With all a pupil's tender pain ;  
Oh ! yet, great soul, deliberately wise,  
Temper his daring heat, and fit him for the skies.

Meanwhile, each meed thy country can bestow,  
Dissolv'd in universal woe,  
Shall flourish o'er thy sacred dust ;  
The pile sepulchral, and the votive bust :

But most a pious monarch's grateful tear  
Proclaim thy fortunate rememb'rance dear,  
Dear to himself and to his people too ;  
For ev'ry pompous rite of rev'rence past,  
That tribute to long faithful service due,  
In other chiefs thy virtue shall renew,  
And still in emulous succession last.

So the poetic branch, renown'd of old  
For glitt'ring leaves, and balls of blooming gold,  
Though torn, appear'd before the Trojan's eyes  
Still fresh with shining foliage to arise ;\*  
Unchang'd the value of its precious frame,  
Its radiant hue unchang'd, another and the same.

---

\* *Uno avulso non deficit alter.* VIRGIL.

## THE BROWN BEAUTY.

WHILE flushing o'er thy olive cheek,  
Like the morning's dubious break,  
Virgin shame delights to spread  
Her roses of a deeper red ;  
And those ruddy lips of thine  
Emulate the bleeding vine ;  
Think'st thou Celia's languid white  
Can allure my roving sight,  
Or my bosom catch a glow  
From that chilling form of snow ?  
In those orbs, O nymph divine !  
Stars may well be said to shine,  
Stars whose pointed rays are made  
More brilliant by surrounding shade ;  
Shade thy raven-locks supply  
To relieve my dazzled eye.  
Trust me, thy transcendent face  
Takes from its brown a mellower grace ;  
A ripe autumnal bloom benign,  
Whence all the Loves exulting shine ;  
As jet emits a glossy light,  
From its polish'd surface bright.

## EPIGRAMS.

## THE PRETTY VIXEN.

WHEN foam'd the dashing waves, and winds were high,  
From ocean surely, Venus-like, you sprung ;  
For I can bear the lightning of your eye,  
But who can bear the thunder of your tongue ?

## ANOTHER, TO THE SAME.

With angel face, and faultless form,  
How strange that you're not to my liking !  
Yet, when you cuff your spouse, and storm,  
I own your beauty *vastly striking*.

## AN IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

My patron lives next street ; but, for assistance,  
We might as well live fourscore miles at distance.

## SONG.

SW EET is the woodbine's fragrant twine ;  
Sweet the ripe burthen of the vine ;  
The pea-bloom sweet, that scents the air ;  
The rose-bud sweet beyond compare ;  
Sweet the perfume of yonder grove ;  
Sweeter the lip of her I love.

Soft the rich meadow's velvet green,  
Where cowslip-tufts are early seen ;  
Soft the young cygnet's snowy breast,  
Or down that lines the linnet's nest ;  
Soft the smooth plumage of the dove ;  
Softer the breast of her I love.

Bright is the star that opes the day ;  
Bright the mid-noon's resplendent ray ;  
Bright on yon hill the sunny beam ;  
Bright the blue mirror of the stream ;  
Bright the gay twinkling fires above ;  
Brighter the eye of her I love.

To match her grace, with idle pain  
Through Nature's stores I search in vain ;  
All that is bright, and soft, and sweet,  
Does in her form concenter'd meet :  
Then, muse, how weak thy pow'r must prove  
To paint the charms of her I love !

---

## ANOTHER.

WHEN I sat by my fair, and she tremblingly told  
The soft wishes and doubts of her heart,  
How quickly old Time then delightfully roll'd,  
For Love lent the plume from his dart !  
From the blush of her cheek how my bosom caught  
flame,  
And her eyes spoke a fondness her lips would not name !  
  
But her cheek that once rival'd the summer's full rose,  
Now as April's sad primrose is pale ;  
In her eye now no bright sensibility glows,  
Though I breathe forth truth's rapturous tale.  
And thy moments, old Time, that on downy feet fled,  
Ah me ! are now fetter'd, and weighty with lead.

Yet surely, though much of her passion is past,  
Some sparks of affection remain ;  
And the clouds that her meek-beaming brow have  
o'ercast,  
May be melted in pity's soft rain ;  
If not, my wrung breast to distraction I bare,  
For distraction itself is less hard than despair.

---

## THE CORN-DOCTOR :

## A TALE.

SOME forty miles from London town,  
The wonder of each hyppish clown  
Who with the nerves of Hercules  
Fancied his carcase ill at ease,  
A German quack, whose brickdust pill  
Could purge or vomit, cure or kill,  
With impudence much more prevailing  
Than all the nostrums of old Galen,  
Struck up his stage, a sort of trap  
Slily to catch each nibbling chap

Who wish'd to bite ; and seem'd most fully  
Resolv'd to rout that swagg'ring bully,  
Death, who time out of mind has got  
A licence to send folks to pot ;  
Who many a madcap hero slew,  
And many a perilous doctor too ;  
Daily by curst diseases stuffing  
Devoutly his huge patent coffin.—

Plague on digression ! This same wight  
Determin'd to undo him quite ;  
But most he bid him bold defiance  
In one particular branch of science,  
One curious point. “ What branch ? what point ?  
In toe or finger, or what joint ? ”  
Zounds, gentlemen, don't fear your horns ;  
Only in simply cutting—corns.  
As for the sprouts, your wives' creation,  
Heav'n shield them all from amputation ;  
I care not, lemans, if they grow  
High as the horns of Jericho.  
The great, I'm told, enraptur'd swear  
Antlers are very pretty wear ;  
You say, mesdames, they're quite becoming :  
Well, be it so, and hang all humming.

Though in the *head* we chance to fail,  
Allons ! let's hasten to the *tale*.

This valiant quack then, one fair-day,  
Declaiming in his usual way,  
Strutted, took snuff, look'd wondrous big  
In all the learned pomp of wig ;  
Vaunted what kingly toes he'd shorn,  
And read long lectures on “ de corne.”  
A farmer, who to market brought  
Much grain, but had not touch'd a groat,  
Thought this a fellow to his mind,  
As he no other chap could find ;  
One who would buy his stock entire,  
And pay him to his heart's desire ;  
So (would his numscull had been thinner !)  
Courteous invites him home to dinner ;  
Hinting he'd something in his way,  
And begs the doctor won't delay.

Well ; dinner's done ; the cloth remov'd ;  
Each drank the toast to what he lov'd ;  
When thus the quack accosts him gaily :  
“ Pray, sare, where mostly do your ail lie ?”—  
“ Sir,” quoth the clown, in manner ample,  
“ To satisfy, I'll fetch a sample

Of last year's crop."—" Py cot, I'll crop 'em  
Exclaims the quack, alert to stop him ;  
" I'll take 'em, root and pranch, mynheer".—  
" Sir, you know corn is very dear ;  
But if you please to take the whole,  
You'll have a bargain, 'pon my soul."—  
" De whole ? Aye, aye ; de whole, by Got ;  
I'll whip de whole out like a shot."  
So saying, while he drew his knife out  
(Enough to fright a poor man's life out),  
Right soon he rais'd him on his rump,  
And seiz'd the wond'ring farmer's stump :  
Then, without further disquisition,  
On his big toe began incision ;  
And would have driven the weapon further,  
Had not his patient roar'd out, Murther !  
" My got, vat *morth'er* ? Pye ant pye,  
Your toe pe vite as your von eye ;  
I put just touche upon the pone :—  
I are now, you see de job is done."  
Clodpole exclaims : " You rogue, what job ?  
Fly, skip, or I shall crack your nob.  
With your confounded scalping-knife,  
You dog, you've crippled me for life ;  
When I thought luck and cash were stirring,  
You've *ta'en* my corn off with a murrain."

## MY OWN CHARACTER.

TO A LADY.

THIS once I will alter my old-fashioned style,  
For the rosy reward of a sensible smile ;  
And betray the wild sketches of passion, imprest  
By Nature's own seal on that tablet my breast :  
Which too oft, as 'tis sway'd by the whim of the  
brain,  
A rude chaos of blunder is forc'd to contain ;  
Projections absurd, prepossessions unjust,  
Though Friendship has still found it true to her trust ;  
And it still, when such blots are expung'd, may be fit  
For the splendour of sense, or the sparkle of wit.

Then first, I confess, lest you kindly mistake,  
I'm a compound extreme of the sage and the rake :  
Abstracted, licentious, affected, heroic ;  
A poet, a soldier, a coxcomb, a stoic :  
This moment, abstemious as faquir or bramin :  
The next, Aristippus-like, swinishly cramming ;

Now full of devotion, and loyal dispute ;  
A democrat now, and a deist to boot :  
Now a frown on my front, and a leer in my eye ;  
Now heaving unfeign'd sensibility's sigh :  
Now weighing with care each elaborate word ;  
Now the jest of a tavern, as drunk as a lord :  
By imminent woes now unmov'd as a stone ;  
And now tenderly thrill'd by a grief not my own.

Of love shall I speak, who my bosom still bare  
To the arrows discharg'd from the glance of the fair ?  
A target whose verge many shafts may receive ;  
But whose centre as yet is untouch'd, I believe ;  
For who to one damsel could meanly confine  
That heart which is ever devoted to nine ?  
Shall I speak of politeness ? Ah ! there I am mute ;  
For though honest in thought, I'm in manners—a  
brute.

My virtues indeed are too shy to be seen ;  
Though my follies are not quite so bashful, I ween.  
Not ev'n a lady a fine thing I say ;  
As blunt as the hero of Wycherly's play :  
Though ladies, good faith, have been never my game,  
For I guess the whole sex are in secret the same.  
Smooth flatt'ry may lift the dear nymph to the sky,  
But her feelings will certainly give it the lie ;

And in cases which I, and most probably you know,  
She would rather be Jane than Diana or Juno.

Shall I make to grave dowager Prudence a claim ?  
Alas ! I have slighted her much, to my shame ;  
Secur'd no snug office, scrap'd up no estate,  
Nay, scarce own a garret to shelter my pate ;  
So have nought to consign, when I've finish'd my  
mirth,  
But my book to the critics, my body to earth.  
Through life's chequer'd changes, in every state,  
Hypocrisy always has met with my hate.  
Should you seek, in my mere conversation to find  
Any sprightly conceits that illumine my mind,  
Your search will be vain ; for I candidly vow,  
I can ne'er make a compliment, seldom a bow :  
Yet when Venus appears at gay Bacchus's call,  
I can coax her with any one blood of them all.  
Though youth's florid blush on my cheek is decay'd  
(Such blooms will soon wither in study's pale shade),  
Remembrance still pensively hangs on each scene  
That rais'd the sweet raptures of careless nineteen :  
Then, to transport's fine touch every pulse was alive ;  
Now, I droop in the year of my age—twenty-five !  
" This," you'll instantly cry, " is a wonderful thing."  
But my summer of genius arriv'd ere its spring.

The orange-tree thus prematurely, we're told,  
Bears its blossoms of green, and its fruitage of gold ;  
And these talents of mine, now entirely forgotten,  
Like the medlar, soon ripe, were, I fear, as soon rotten.

## CICERO

## AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Written on a blank leaf of his Epistles.

IS this the consul whose electric look,  
And vocal thunder, the wide senate shook ;  
Flash'd from that tearful eye the flame divine  
That rent the stubborn soul of Catiline ?  
Ah ! could those silent, trembling lips, impart  
Conviction, Clodius, to thy guilty heart ?  
Or Antony, of half the world possest,  
Feel their sweet venom rankling in his breast ?  
'Tis he ; but ah , how chang'd ! The laureat bow'r  
No more relieves his solitary hour ;  
Philosophy, with ardent eye, no more  
Drops on his bosom'd wound her balmy lore ;  
Bland Tusculum itself can now bestow  
No shaded shelter from resistless woe.  
His Tullia's name the murm'ring echoes breathe ;  
In every breeze is heard the wail of death ;  
And, wringing sore his desolated hands,  
The poor, forlorn, dejected father stands ;  
Whose plaint not rolling ages can consume,  
Superior to the wreck of boastful Rome.

## THE DREAM.

FLY, airy envoy of delight,  
To my Anthemoe's pillow fly ;  
Press her pure forehead's veiny white,  
Or flutter in her closing eye.

Oh ! softly wave thy downy wing,  
Lest thou too rudely break her rest ;  
Thy opiate dews, oh ! gently fling,  
For Peace resides within her breast.

And shouldst thou deign to hear my pray'r,  
A lover's pray'r devoutly warm,  
Bid the pale shadow of Despair  
Each night assume my faded form.

With visionary pencil paint  
The downcast look of hopeless woe ;  
Drooping, disconsolately faint,  
O'er murder'd hope's expiring glow.

Fix on my cheeks th' eternal tear,  
And banish far each soothing smile ;  
Let that dull blank no dimple wear,  
Unceasing anguish to beguile.

Like the sere leaf on Autumn's brow,  
Let thy dark tint embrown my face ;  
My furrow'd front let sickness plough,  
And crush each bloom of youthful grace.

So shall thy powerful spell pourtray  
The secret torture of my mind ;  
And sorrow only seen by day,  
Still in thy shape remain behind.

A FRAGMENT OF  
PETRONIUS ARBITER.

---

OMNIA quæ miseræ possunt finire querelas,  
In promptu voluit candidus esse Deus :  
Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis,  
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem.  
Flumine vicino stultus sitit ; et riget Euro,  
Cum calidus tepido consonat igne rogus.  
Lex armata sedet circum fera limina nuptæ,  
Nil metuit licto fusa puella toro.  
Quod satiare potest, dives natura ministrat ;  
Quod docet infrænis gloria, fine caret.

IMITATED.

WHAT Nature needs, would wretched man be wise,  
Nature herself ~~commodiously~~ supplies.  
The vilest herb keen hunger will not scorn,  
Nor slight the berry blushing on the thorn.  
Lo ! he complains of thirst with fainting sigh,  
Though elemental nectar murmurs nigh ;  
Or shivers in the biting northern wind,  
Though a whole crackling forest flames behind.  
Perpetual horrors haunt his jealous head,  
Yet willing beauties wooe him to their bed.  
Abundant nature hears the frugal call,  
But wild ambition is in want of all.

## R E P A R A T I O N.

SHAME on the sullen soul that for one fault,  
One tender fault, will slight the taintless mind !  
Still, Zelia, thou'rt a vestal in thy thought ;  
And Love, as he is pictur'd, should be blind.

Then wipe, my dear, those dewy cyes of thine,  
That, like a dying dove's, are turn'd on me :  
Mine was the rapture ; all the sin be mine,  
If thou from sorrow and from sin art free.

Though cruel custom mar the wanderer's rest,  
And thy sweet beauty ill such scorn can bear,  
Love, gentlest monitor, unlocks this breast,  
And fondly welcomes his old mistress there.

Let malice rail, let scandal be thy foe :  
But sure that heav'n which drest thee in delight,  
Will spare its erring masterpiece ; for know,  
Hadst thou no stain thou wert an angel quite.

## SONG,

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

FROM love, and from the flowing bowl,  
Those dear delights that cheer my soul,  
I've vow'd full often to abstain ;  
I've vow'd, but all my vows are vain.

The bowers where black-ey'd houris rove,  
Shades in celestial sweets that rise,  
Or ev'n the paradisial grove,  
Less than her humble dome I prize.

Angels ne'er feel, old records say,  
Of mighty love the blissful sway :  
Be love to me, mere mortal, giv'n,  
To angels I resign their heav'n.

Still, when I breathe the pious pray'r,  
That intervening form I view ;  
And turn'd idolater, my fair,  
To thee alone I deem it due.

## THE HARP OF ERIN.

69

Stint not the grape's nectareous juice,  
Nor yet the charms of love refuse :  
Too soon will Time his sabre bare,  
And Death was never known to spare.

Then tell not me of cloister pale,  
Or college where dull pedants pine ;  
Gladlier the tavern-door I hail,  
Where brighter smiles the rosy wine.

Soft Zephyr, whisper, as you pass  
The window where she's wont to be :  
“ Sober, or o'er the sparkling glass,  
Hafiz still fondly thinks on thee.”

---

## E P I G R A M,

FROM MARTIAL.

MENTITUR qui te vitiosum, Zoile, dixit.  
Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed vitium.

HE lied who call'd thee, Ned, a vicious elf :  
Thou art not vicious — thou art vice itself.

F 2

209158

ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION  
TO AN  
UNFORTUNATE TAYLOR.

---

O THOU whose visionary bills unpaid,  
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream ;  
Whose goose, hot-hissing through the midnight  
shade,  
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream !

Why do imaginary needles wound ?  
Why do thy sheers clip short my fleeting joys ?  
Ah ! why, emerging from thy hell profound,  
The ghost of shreds and patches awful rise ?

Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head ;  
The liberal linings of that breast unfold ;  
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread ;  
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold.

Though doom'd by fortune, since remotest time,  
No meaner coin of moderate date to use,  
Lo ! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,  
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the muse.

Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,  
Why call on ev'ry Power in sore dismay ?  
Thy warmest orisons, alas ! are late :  
Reflect—didst thou e'er know a poct pay ?

Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh ;  
Vain thy devotions from that sable shrine :  
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly ?  
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine ?

Ah me ! so long with dire consumption pin'd,  
When shall that purse ill-omen'd proudly swell  
Full as the sail that holds the fav'ring wind ?  
Mysterious ministers of Money, tell.

Fond man ! while pausing o'er that gloomy page  
That tells thee what thou art in terms too plain,  
O'er the capacious ledger lo.e thy rage,  
Nor of unsettled debts again be vain.

There lords, and dukes, and mighty princes lie,  
Nor on them canst thou for prompt payment call.  
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye ?  
One honest genuine bard is worth them all.

A common garment such as mortals wear  
(Dull sons of clay, the ready price who give,)  
Thou mad'st, and lo ! it lasted one short year ;  
But in *my* garment thou shalt ever live.

Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam  
Of cloth, from Fancy's loom all superfine ;  
Nor shall I cruel haunt thy softer dream,  
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine.

Let sage philosophy thy soul inform  
With strength heroic every ill to bear :  
Not better broad-cloth braves the angry storm,  
And constant patience is delightful wear.

Be patient then, and wise, nor meanly shrink  
Beneath Despondency's tumultuous blast :  
The reck'ning-day may come when least you think,  
A joyful day, though miracles are past.

### CARROL'S COMPLAINT.

---

WHERE Antrim's giant-pillars rise  
Abrupt, to prop th' incumbent skies,  
And fling their frowning shadows o'er the flood ;  
Wild with woe his frenzied air,  
His big breast to the tempest bare,  
Smit with his country's wounds indignant Carroll  
stood.

Responsive to his tuneful lore,  
Juverna's ancient harp he bore.  
Holy harp, whose witching numbers  
Lapp'd the soul in heavenly slumbers,  
Bade youth's impassion'd bosom bleed,  
Or wak'd the gen'rous mind to high heroic deed !  
Thou, a sea-nymph once, couldst skim  
Gentle ocean's burnish'd brim ;  
Once through coral groves couldst stray,  
And with the dimpling eddies play ;  
'Till chang'd by fate, to sooth that shore  
With song, which thou didst wash before,

Thy pristine form reversely twin'd,  
Thy silvery shoulders stretch'd behind,  
Lo! still th' uninjur'd mermaid-shape remains ;  
Save that thy copious locks afford  
To music each appropriate chord,  
Nor Sol's bright tresses pour'd superior strains.  
With tutor'd fingers, taught to fly  
Through ev'ry maze of harmony,  
The bard (erewhile whose magic measures  
Steep'd the tearful lid in pleasures,  
And grac'd the storied hall of chieftains and of king  
Thus swept with sorrowing agony the strings :  
"Doom'd to perish, hapless coast,  
Never more thy birthright boast ;  
Purchas'd with thy flowing gore,  
Independance boast no more.  
The native fragrance of thy fields,  
The stores thine every valley yields,  
Plains where Learning's pilgrim-feet  
First could find a safe retreat ;  
Plains where nought empoison'd dwells,  
Whilom purg'd by saintly spells,  
Basely sold and ever lost ;  
Henceforth shall glut a rav'ning host.  
Fiends of slaughter, say if yet  
Martyr'd peace be in your debt ;

Not enough of carnage, say ;  
So insatiate still to slay.  
Flesh'd in death, inhuman, tell  
How many a guiltless victim fell.  
Has not oft the filial sword  
The father's wither'd breast explor'd ?  
Has not oft the infant's scream,  
Mid the fir'd hut's midnight gleam ;  
Has not oft the virgin's shriek,  
Doubly dyed in blood her cheek ;  
Has not oft the matron's cry,  
Her sons, her husband, groaning nigh ;  
Wrung and torn my bursting soul ?—  
Mark a part, not blast the whole.  
The wily knave who leads astray  
The peasant tribe, an easy prey ;  
The fool by mad ambition led,  
And idle praise, to risk his head ;  
The bold-fac'd thief, th' assassin dark ;  
Unmov'd, for instant vengeance mark :  
Carrol's self will dig their grave :—  
But spare the innocent, the brave.

### HYMN TO BEAUTY.

---

MISTRESS of magic wiles, whose humid glance,  
Transparent bloom, and soft celestial air,  
So oft my breast have steep'd in heav'nly trance,  
And chas'd with rosy smile delighted care ;

Still let thy charming agonies invade ;  
Thy panting pleasure, thy voluptuous pain.  
Still let me clasp thy semblance in the shade,  
Oh ! still enrol me with thy laughing train.

O'er Plato's sapient thought 'twas thou didst stream  
Visions of joy and philosophic bliss ;  
And sweetest still has been the poet's dream,  
Nectareous flavour'd by a fragrant kiss.

Whence doth bright Painting cull her graceful line,  
Her glowing tints, her captivating dyes ;  
And whence the poet form his fair design ;  
But from th' inspiring lustre of thine eyes ?

Those heaving hillocks where twin-strawb'ries grow,  
Though flutt'ring Loves the blissful confines keep,  
Insatiate let me print their yielding snow,  
And press the pouting cherry on thy lip.

Askance pale Care, a wither'd crone, may view  
Envious the glowing fold he can't enjoy ;  
But still to youth and youthful passion true,  
Be mine the transport prudence would destroy.

## M O R E W O N D E R S !

AN HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.

-----  
 “ The times have been,  
 That when the brains were out the man would die,  
 And there an end ; but now they rise again,  
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
 To push us from our stools.”

SHAKSPEARE.

## P R E S C R I P T E X T R A O R D I N A R Y .

NEITHER personal animosity, nor envious pride, dictated the following epistle. It is a defence of poetical property in general, against arbitrary invasion ; and more than this, it is a tribute due to degraded virtue, and the violated decency of national taste. I shall soon expect to see the tremendous History of Raw-head and Bloody-bones in print ; accompanied by an instantaneous profusion of Tales of Terror, in imitation of so dreadful an original. Indeed the *egri somnia* of Horace (that is, the extravagances of a sick imagination) could never be more properly applied than to those unnatural labours which present us with nothing but skeletons and distortions : and lead us to believe the universe itself, which we inhabit, to be no other than a great charnel-house, crowded with

apparitions, hobgoblins, and spectres; nay, human nature on the whole, as a mere

“Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui *lumen ademptum*.”

King James the First, of facetious though not of very glorious memory, was wont to profess (in his majesty's Counterblast to Tobacco,) “that were he to invite the devil to a dinner, he should have three dishes; first a pig, second a poll of ling and mustard, and third a pipe of tobacco for digesture.” With as much solemn sincerity I avow, that were I to treat the same illustrious personage with a suitable evening's entertainment, I would either accompany his infernal highness to the representation of a new *spectacle*, or regale him with the perusal of a modern romance. Never did knight-errantry require the inimitable ridicule of Cervantes in Spain, more than this preposterous infatuation does the burlesque gravity of some able writer in England at this moment. It is a subjct rich with materials for the exercise of real humour. Though I have endeavoured to touch on these absurdities slightly, my main object was to decry the unjust practice of imposing an olio of well-known performances on the public, under the sanction of a celebrated (or, if you please, a notorious) name; and therefore I could not dwell so minutely as the topic might admit or deserve. In fact, this same topic, to borrow a curious expression from one of Dryden's plays,

“Like an ample shield,

Has room for all, and verge enough for more.”

If my verses have any attraction, I expect to be attacked by frequent swarms of the insects whom I have endeavoured to sweep away: if not, they may suggest the idea of prosecuting my design, to some more accomplished literary combatant. In either case, as they may be useful some way, I am indifferent in which way it may be. For the romantic erudition, and black-letter research, of Mr. Lewis, I entertain the most profound respect and veneration to which they can aspire. I do not in the least doubt their existence

and extent: I only condemn their perversion and influenc. "In some low scribbler, or in me," their baneful effects, being less diffusive, would be consequently less prejudicial; but

"If an *M. P.* once own the happy lines,

"How the wit brightens, how the sense refines!"

I am assured he will acknowledge the veracity of this assertion himself, and judge of my motive accordingly.

### MORE WONDERS!

YET once more, O thou muse whose bold dispatch  
 Could raise an Iliad from a bruising-match,\*  
 Bid Gifford, Ward, and Wolcot, Belcher, shine,  
 And crowd with coxcombs thy encumber'd line!  
 Once more, if haply so sublime a flight  
 Has not thine eagle-wing unfeather'd quite,  
 Lift thy sonorous voice distinctly clear,  
 To hail the wonders of this wond'rous year;  
 And though awhile forgot thy epic lore,  
 With slacken'd pinion in epistle soar.

Peace to all pedants! Not to thee I sing  
 Whose praises through each echoing college ring; †  
 Great living lexicon, whose heathen Greek  
 Might rouse the angry shade of sir John Cheeke; ‡

\* Alluding to the Battle of the Bards, which the reader will find at the beginning of the second volume.

† The author of the Pursuits of Literature.

‡ Milton's sonnets: Sonnet XI.

Or wake old Homer in paternal pain,  
To view his favour'd Phrygia lost again.

Peace to all play'rs ! I hope no more to hear  
The sense of Shakspeare vibrate on my ear ;  
So come not furious in this darkling age,  
When few effulgent stars adorn the stage,  
Rudely to quench their ineffectual light,  
And shroud the theatre in central night.

Peace to all poets of the piddling school ;  
By chance who dazzle, or who err by rule ;  
Who by affected point presume to please,  
Of genuine wit the dark antipodes ;  
Who for sweet babes their brain-abortions pass,  
And make the winged horse a sluggish ass !  
A reptile race : if e'er I madly stain  
My meanest page with such an ideot strain,  
May that too serve, like their unheeded stuff,  
To wrap up nails, and pennyworths of snuff.

Peace to all patrons ! I no longer feed  
With pearls poetic that sharp-snouted breed ;  
My lord no longer does his gift proclaim,  
While sneering servants wait to mark my shame ;  
No more the porter, of unvarying face,  
With courteous insolence denies his grace :  
For while great bards may pun and shine in state,  
Poor bards, God help the while ! must watch the gate.

Yet seldom they such sacred rapture feel  
 As lends a flavour to the well-earn'd meal,  
 Who gain for study, temperance, and health,  
 The bitter blessing of unbounded wealth.

Peace to all novelists : a milky tribe  
 Who ne'er descend coarse nature to describe ;  
 But throng each hour, “ so modest of demaine\*,”  
 With *perfect characters* to master Lane !  
 I who, with happiest sleight of tuneful heed,  
 Ne'er shook soft warblings from the Doric reed ;  
 I who, no simple tenant of the shade,  
 Ne'er saw a shepherd but in masquerade ;  
 I who *thy* garden view with doating eyes,  
 Great Bedford,† fairest sure beneath the skies ;  
 I who full often pipe my am'rous lay  
 To nymphs who lamb-like through Old Bond-street  
 stray ;  
 Whose *sylvan scenes* nigh placid Smithfield grow,  
 Whose *past'ral*s come from Paternoster-row,  
 Whose *rural walk* gay Tothill-fields supply ;  
 I reck not such fine trumpery—not I.

Peace to all censors ; if, of peace possest,  
 Their cruel eulogy will let me rest !

---

\* Spenser.

† Covent-garden.

For oft, to speed some more infernal ends,  
The ruthless dunces call themselves my friends ;  
Wrest all my motives, maul my harmless mirth,  
Nay, better than the midwife know my birth ;  
Or, when I write by truth's impartial laws,  
To private pique ascribe a public cause.  
Thus late of Wolcot : though, by this good light,  
I ken not if the blade be black or white ;  
Nor yet know whether, save from babbling fame,  
Pindar or Wolcot be his proper name.  
The poet's skill alone intent to scan,  
I ne'er dissect the morals of the man.  
'Tis mine to trace the beauties of his song :  
To other search domestic faults belong.  
Should critics on these terms my offer meet,  
To damn my dulness or applaud my wit,  
In joint opinion I with Grub-street close,  
And I and Dutton are no longer foes.

THEIR now let poignant pleasantry assail ;  
Thee, too tenacious of thy nurse's tale ;  
Thee, Lewis, I devote to satire's shrine :  
Though pert facility perhaps is thine ;  
Thine quick conception, of the quainter kind ;  
And taste, to trifles awkwardly inclin'd.  
But why to vice bestow a pander screen ?  
Why with thy monstrous births deform the scene ?

Why build on blockheads an inglorious fame,  
 Who merely guess thy merit, by thy name ;  
 Who pass no further judgment, when they see  
 Those all-sufficient vouchers *M.* and *P.* ?  
 Go to : as well grave John's funereal croak  
 Might strive t' impart the spirit of a joke ;  
 Or Claremont personate the god of wine,  
 Claremont who " looks as he did never dine ;\*"  
 As thou by such vile trick aspire to raise  
 A splendid monument of deathless praise.

Oft, in youth's idle summer, have I stray'd  
 Delighted through the wild wood's leafy shade,  
 While from some legend's magic clue I caught  
 All its romantic tenderness of thought ;  
 Oft, fondly glowing with heroic heat,  
 At Arthur's table took my fancied seat ;  
 At Merlin's call, beneath unclouded skies,  
 Saw bloomy bow'r's and golden turrets rise ;  
 And, as soft warblings harmoniz'd each spray,  
 Dissolv'd in bliss, all languishingly lay.  
 Soon riper reason spurn'd the specious dream,  
 When manhood made me choose a nobler theme ;  
 Some theme that wider benefits pursu'd,  
 Some theme conducive to the public good.

---

\* Spenser.

Much as thyself I praise the merry elves,  
 But wish not fairy-tales to load our shelves ;  
 Nor yet have offer'd, with presumptuous pride,  
 To push, for Geoffry,\* Juvenal aside :  
 Though oft my breast has felt a rapt'rous thrill,  
 Touch'd by the plume of Ludovico's† quill ;  
 Though oft with Dante I have lov'd to dwell  
 Mid the dread woes of Ugolino's cell,  
 And o'er the fabled scroll of grief severe  
 Heav'd the big sigh or stream'd the ardent tear.  
 But when those fatal fantasies pervert  
 The wayward sense, not meliorate the heart ;  
 When the numb'd soul is steep'd in stupid trance,  
 And ev'n the scriptures dwindle to romance ;  
 I curse the madness of a guilty taste,  
 By thee with more than vulgar glory grac'd ;  
 Avert my fondness from such nauseous whims,  
 Preferring to Child Waters‡ David's hymns.

Like conj'rer's bag, how many a maniac's scull  
 Is with newts, toads, and asps, completely full !  
 Sure that the horrid medley will go down,  
 He spews his various garbage on the town ;

\* Geoffry of Monmouth, the chronicler.

† Ariosto.

‡ A celebrated old ballad of that title.

Till sprightly belles are frighten'd into fits,  
 And beaus (if blest with any) lose their wits.  
 Perversely ridden by some scribbling imp,  
 Did I, a kraken, challenge you, a shrimp ?  
 When first you made the gaping million drunk,  
 Did I expose the baldness of your Monk ?  
 Did I discover the mysterious hole  
 From which your putrid carcases you stole ?  
 And while those “ spirits from the vasty deep ”  
 You call'd aloud, did I not only sleep ?  
 In pity I forbear, as carrion prey,  
 To taint my nostrils with your hideous play ;\*  
 Where incident and language, point and plot,  
 And all but loathsome spectacle's forgot ;  
 Drawbridge and dungeon, knight and trusty squire,  
 Squalid consumption, spectre cloth'd in fire,  
 Illumin'd altars, and “ chimeras dire.” }  
 Smit with the frenzy of a foreign race  
 Who all their beauty in distortion place,  
 Who couple contraries with equal ease  
 As taylors munch their cucumbers with peas,  
 Was't not enough to filch their flimsy style,  
 But thou must rob the worthies of our isle ;

---

\* The Castle Spectre.

Those dauntless spirits whose exalted fire,  
Shall bid eternity their works admire ;  
Those heirs of honour who, divinely brave,  
Fought as they sung ; o'er whose illustrious grave,  
The muse hath hung th' imperishable wreath  
Whose golden blooms ambrosial sweetness breathe ;  
Those bright phenomena of former days,  
Crown'd with sure profit, and as certain praise ;  
When charming poesy was all their own,  
And Germans, but for dulness, quite unknown ?  
Ev'n now, when star-eyed Learning has unfurl'd  
Her pictur'd banner o'er th' applauding world,  
That Briton who affects the German school  
Is (lo the aptness of the rhyme !) a fool.

Yet wisely (and, I wot, by shrewd advice)  
Thou sell'st thy tome at an enormous price.  
How few can reach it in this troublous time !  
For now a guinea touches the sublime.  
Shillings, indeed, your middling folks may bring ;  
But, ah ! that guinea is a serious thing.  
Paper nor type affords such true delight  
As that small portrait to the partial sight :  
And yet the vassal mob may wish to sport  
Their taste as freely as the mob at court.  
Say to what use, should charity prevail,  
Wilt thou apply the surplus of the sale ?

Wilt thou bestow some Chatterton his bread,  
And bid one drooping genius lift his head :  
Or rather, to renew the holy game,  
A Covent-garden sisterhood reclaim ;  
New nuns elect, debarr'd from wanton wiles,  
Or friars of the order of *St. Giles* ;  
Refit old abbeys mouldering in decay,  
With wooden crosses plant the public way,  
Encowl at once each pocket-picking chap,  
And proudly raise at Holborn a *La Trappe* ?

How couldst thou gut each stall, and grub, a  
glean,  
Like the vile vapour of a magazine ;  
Nay, for the bliss of being bought and read,  
Rob at one pull the living and the dead ?  
Oh, witness all ye gods ! no pen of mine  
Had pour'd the stricture of one sober line,  
If *Southey* only felt thy plund'ring rage,  
If only *Southey's* ballads deck'd thy page :  
Congenial *Southey*, who has made poor *Joan*,\*  
As though in travail, through his volume groan,  
And set so oft all necromancy loose ;  
Glorious competitor of mother *Goose*.

---

\* A poem entitled *Joan of Arc*.

But why, by letter'd felony unaw'd,  
Immortal Dryden of his right defraud ?  
Known in all lands, in every tongue display'd,  
Great hapless bard whose talent was his trade.  
Why, not so long elaps'd from mortal day  
Wrest his green laurels from the brow of Gray ?  
But chief from Burns, whose needy friends remain  
To reap the profits of his recent strain,  
Why pluck his purest gem, his richest grace,  
Which candour wishes in its proper place ?  
Here let me shed a tear, to feeling true,  
To him, the son of native Humour, due ;  
To whom fair Fancy gave the pow'r, and smil'd,  
Best to depict the wonderful, the wild ;  
Yet who, 'mid vauntings of capricious pride,  
With all his fame a slighted victim died.  
Divulge what "foul fiend" hurried thee along,  
From Percy to purloin his ancient song ;  
To baffle his research and curious care,  
And leave the prelate's pious Reliques bare.\*  
'Twas almost sacrilege ; and by saint Paul,  
Doth loudly for austorest penance call :

---

\* Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, collected and published by Dr. Percy.

A fiery ordeal at least I think,  
Or an eternal fast from pen and ink.

But now, with honest wrath too justly warm,  
Let Fancy lend her intellectual charm ;  
While, sure your ghostly worship to delight,  
I recollect a vision of the night,  
And drier maxims featously improve  
By a mere dream—since dreams descend from Jove.

When ev'ry sense by pow'rful Sleep was seal'd,  
And o'er the brain his poppy-dews prevail'd,  
In my lone study, lo ! methought I sat,  
Grave as an owl, and pensive as a cat.  
Before my sight, in pompous garment gay,  
Fresh from the press thy Tales of Wonder lay ;  
And much I gloated, with lascivious eyes,  
On its white form, gilt edge, and comely size :  
When suddeu from the lab'ring shelves around  
I heard at first a small, still, solemn sound,  
That louder wax'd anon :—and now I view'd  
Descending from their cells the motley brood ;  
An animated host of various hue ;  
Pale-yellow, chesnut-brown, cerulean blue,  
And glowing red as if inflam'd by rage ;  
All cover'd with the rev'rend dust of age.  
Fierce they approach'd, and (oh, extremest grief !)  
Each from the stranger-volume tore a leaf,

Indignant tore ; and while my anxious mind  
Quick doubts involv'd, scarce “ left a wreck behind ; ”  
Then to their several seats alertly fled,  
Muttering low curses on thy fated head.  
Curious to know what lucubration rare  
Those vellum-vested knaves would deign to spare,  
Thy tome, all tatter'd as it was, I took :  
Good heav'n, how much unlike the former book !  
For they had pick'd the meat, but spurn'd the bone ;  
And left thee only Southey's and—thy own.  
Pleas'd by the civil censure of the joke,  
I shook my sides with laughter, and awoke.  
The man who makes morality his aim,  
No servile lacquey of a short-liv'd fame ;  
Who from the plenteous store of knowledge flings  
On peasants honour, or contempt on kings ;  
Who never stoop'd to yelp with mongrel throat  
A statesman's praise, nor pawn'd his venal vote ;  
Who ne'er his conscience villainously sold,  
To change his thread-bare frieze for cloth of gold ;  
Who ne'er could truck integrity for pelf,  
Consummate traitor—traitor to himself ;  
Who with a brave disdain eschews the bow'r  
Of syren pleasure, and the bait of pow'r ;  
Who, with a gen'rous openness of mind,  
Renders his genius useful to mankind ;

Who, filling the rade hind with mental food,  
The sweet profusion pours of fair and good ;  
Though secret foes his stubborn truth assail,  
Tried at the bar, or pining in a jail ;  
Against his peace though hell's black imps con-  
spire,—

Him do I rev'rence, him do I admire ;  
And, half represt by some low coward fear,  
Ask in a sigh, why is not H— here ?  
Not the grim scavenger condemn'd to scrape  
Some German rubbish into form and shape ;  
Who monthly prints at the express desire  
Of a dull duke, and figures an esquire ;  
Not the collegiate drudge whose puny praise  
Rests on the ruins of remoter days ;  
Content, with prosody's familiar aid,  
Bad English in worse Latin to degrade ;  
His *Gradus ad Parnassum* in one hour  
Completely rifled of each Roman flow'r,  
'Till (bust of Maro tremble from thy base !)  
Each cantab wonders at his classic grace ;  
Swears, Livy, he disputes the palm with thee,  
And half denies thy patavinity.  
One who well knew the soul's minutest springs  
(Squire Ovid) in harmonious numbers sings :

“ Intently to have learn’d each lib’ral art,  
 Refines the morals, and reforms the heart.”\*  
 But liberal arts in vain to those are taught  
 Who turn their very learning to a fault.  
 Not the pert fop who, in a fairy trance,  
 Will before breakfast drivell a romance ;  
 Nay, if you kindly grant him twice that time,  
 Will metamorphose his romance to rhyme ;  
 No : (though ordain’d in that huge house to sit,  
 Renown’d for policy, if not for wit ;  
 Where flies the quick reply, the smart remark,  
 Should whig meet whig, and jostle in the dark ; )  
 Not ev’n thyself, O Lewis ! do I prize  
 When, vainly learu’d, unprofitably wise,  
 In futile schemes thy brighter parts are lost,  
 And the state’s welfare by a goblin crost.  
 Hence ye light tribe who weave the gaudy clue  
 Which puzzled reason seldom can pierce through !  
 Ye silky sonneteering fribbles, hence ;  
 Disown’d by poesy; disdain’d by sense !  
 Close to sage Bedlam fix your lineal throne,  
 And ’mid craz’d brethren make Moorfields your own.  
 Hear thou the voice of taste, of judgment hear !  
 Let their fair forms in wonted light appear ;

---

\* *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,  
 Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

Let Nature's self, consummate linguist, plead ;  
Be chaste propriety from phrenzy freed ;  
Thy ill example instantly remove,  
Divorc'd from follies far beneath thy love.  
When thou hast sprinkled holy water down,  
And wasted pailfulls on this precious town ;  
When thou hast exercis'd each hare-brain'd rogue,  
Proclaiming nonsense is no more the vogue ;  
Each boarding-school of beastly novels clear'd,  
Clean of pollution as a bridegroom's beard ;  
But chiefly go'st thyself at night to bed  
Compos'd, without one spectre in thy head ;  
And I no more am stunn'd, in list'ning lanes,  
With river-queens, mad Molls, and crazy Janes ;  
Then will I change my tune to notes of praise,  
Nor blend the bitter ivy with the bays.

THE  
FREQUENTED VILLAGE.\*

---

WHILE o'er thy urn the pitying Virtues weep,  
And lull thy tuneful soul to endless sleep,  
Ah ! spare one moment from the baleful tomb,  
And burst from black oblivion's envious gloom ;  
To future ages, Goldsmith, shine confest,  
And seize the hallow'd temple of my breast :  
In warblings wild attune the trembling chord,  
And soothe the melting mind at every word :  
For thou alone such pity couldst impart,  
And touch the master movements of the heart ;  
With beauty's languor tinge the lovely cheek,  
And raise such thoughts as words but faintly speak.

---

\* In a sort of dedication of this little poem to Lord Forbes, Dermody rests his claim to a humble imitation of Goldsmith, on the circumstance of "being born very near the place which that poet so elegantly describes." He says also that "it was written in the space of three hours, in a very wet evening, when his ideas were somewhat cramped and vapid, from the impression of the dull air, or from dulness itself."

What artless innocence adorns each line,  
What glowing tints the precious draught refine,  
When to the heart thy thrilling numbers cling,  
And rapture floats along the golden string !  
Caught by the sound, my eyes unbounded roll  
Along the page, and tell my frenzied soul,  
While rising passions paint my varying face,  
And Nature gleams in each attractive trace.

E'en now, while o'er the devious path I stray,  
And smiling auburn stops my museful way,  
Fresh transports swell the torrent of delight,  
And all thy simple neatness charms my sight.  
The new-built village rears its humble head,  
And desolation's murky crew are fled ;  
Plenty adorns again each rural street,  
And friendship walks with every sweet I meet.  
The sounds of joy accost my wish'd return,  
And not one native wretch is left to mourn.  
The palsied dame that from yon stagnant flood,  
Dipp'd the sour bev'rage for her ev'ning food,  
Now sees again her humble cot secure,  
And thousand welcomes greet her at the door.  
And though no husband meets her hast'ning pace,  
No sportive children bless her smiling face,

Yet rose-lip'd peace her couch of straw attends,  
And all the grateful neighbours are her friends.  
From the chill storm that rends the tow'ring dome,  
Yon thickset hedges save her little home ;  
And when the thoughts of former times arise,  
With pious hand she wipes her streaming eyes ;  
Resign'd and calm she hopes to be forgiv'n,  
And kneels compliant to the will of Heav'n.  
Yet though the widow's tears may sometime flow,  
And tell the tender luxury of woe ;  
Though all her sufferings past sad thoughts inspire,  
And swell her annals by the ev'ning fire ;  
Full many a wretch, by loss of fortune curst,  
Though rear'd in plenty, by indulgence curs'd,  
Has quaffed the cup of grief, *unmix'd* with joy,  
And heaved for ages the eternal sigh.

Yon elm that, swelling on the ample sight,  
Copes with the hill behind in equal height,  
Has seen full many a shepherd tress around,  
And fresh delighted with the bagpipe's sound.  
High on a tree with mossy verdure green,  
The rural minstrel oft, with cheerful mien,  
Harmonic instrument of song inspires,  
And feeds the latent spark of am'rous fires.

Along the plain the damsels distly skim ;  
And every ogling swain robust of limb,  
With simple grace the fair one's hand receives,  
And holds it close, and willingly believes  
No rival youth his sweetheart's love possess'd,  
Or bought the cherry ribbon for her breast ;  
Or led her late at eve to neighbouring fair,  
To win her virgin heart incautious there.

While all their sons attract the village crowd,  
And tell their joy in revelry aloud,  
The hoary sire in rev'rend grandeur sit,  
Recounting feats of valour, or their wit ;  
And such a ring attends the orleage ball,  
That scarce the alehouse seat can hold them all.  
Replenish'd quarts supply the nutbrown tide,  
And swell amain each hoary patriarch's pride ;  
Till each contends to crack the drollest jest,  
And quite forgets that e'er he was distress'd.  
The sage exciseman boasts his youthful deeds ;  
The barber spruce, how oft his patient bleeds ;  
And while the farrier apes the tuneful throng,  
The limping corporal hops, and falls along.

The younger race, along the meadows stray,  
Or build their lofty tenements of clay ;

Or, warrior-like, the wooden steed bestride,  
While captive infants totter at their side.  
Some in a snug retreat, of nobler parts,  
With mystic tale entrap the yielding hearts,  
'Till stalking awful up the winding lanc,  
The rural pedant shakes his hostile cane.  
Amaz'd, the little audience stand to bow,  
And read the dismal threat'nings of his brow.  
The good man views each blooming pupil's face,  
And gives the nod of triumph or disgrace.

But, lo ! the curate comes with aspect meek,  
And asks from each the labour of the week.  
Some shew the pious task with glist'ning eye,  
And some expect his anger with a sigh :  
But far from him the supercilious sneer,  
Or critic frown, inflicting pangs of fear,  
To each his little present he extends,  
And parts with all the youthful troop. his friends.  
Applausive shouts attend his prosp'rous way,  
And all unanimous combine the lay.  
Thus some fond bird regales with choicest food,  
And anxiously defends her infant brood ;  
Spreads her soft pinions o'er the downy nest,  
And warms each unsledged darling in her breast :

And as with patient wing she flits along,  
The grateful warblers cheer her with a song ;  
Till rising tuneful from the shelter'd glade,  
The neighb'ring songsters join the serenade.

See where of yore the bankrupt merchant lay,  
To rav'ning duns and cruel men a prey ;  
Where sunk his state, by barb'rous landlords press'd,  
And many a pang has agoniz'd his breast ;  
There tow'r's again the sign with gilded post,  
And rich apparel lie, the wearer's boast.  
Full many a frolic crowns the oaken chair,  
And many a son of honest mirth is there.

But lo ! methinks new wonders strike my eye,  
Where flames the white-wash'd alehouse sign on  
high.

There leans the bar-maid o'er the creaking door,  
And gives a well-fill'd tankard to the poor ;  
While in her dimpling cheek the Graces smile,  
And sweet simplicity attracts the while.  
Beyond the house, a verdant arbour lies,  
And spreads its flaunting flow'rs of various dyes,  
There have I traced the novel's fairy dance,  
Or pierc'd the murky caves of gay romance,

Meanwhile, the quaint ear'd cur, with sudden bark,  
The pretty trembler frightened in the dark.

Ah ! vale belov'd ; where sportive health advanced ;  
And all the choir of youthful pleasures danced ;  
While poesy led on the jocund throng,  
And sooth'd their labours with her sweetest song ;  
While Shannon's warbling wave return'd the strain,  
And hanging mountains caught the sound again :  
How oft have all thy babbling echoes rung ;  
With the first lays my muse enamour'd sung ;  
And seem'd to propagate the tuneful theme.  
With sounds prophetic of my future fame !  
Where'er I go ; ah ! may thy image rest,  
Within the sacred mansion of my breast :  
Ah ! may that breast thy dearest scenes retain,  
Thou loveliest village of the loveliest plain.  
Thy decent church with antique sculptures graced  
Thy spire with half its mystic marks effaced,  
The bowling-green with velvet herbage gay,  
The mill-stream glitt'ring to the solar ray,  
The well-wove bow'r for whisp'ring lovers made,  
The school embosom'd in the healthiest shade,  
The two-arch'd bridge aslant the level road,  
And slated weil the parson's small abode ;

Nay, even the peasant's straw-thatch hat can charm,  
And numerous beauties deck th' adjacent farm,  
When, from the world and all its splendours free,  
Sweet place, I fondly ruminate on thee.

Would the rich man but thank the lab'lers toil,  
And cheer the brow of anguish with a smile,  
Inglorious sloth would shortly leave the land,  
And fly pernicious to some alien strand.  
Then would the poor man's merit full appear,  
And smiling Spring invest the blooming year ;  
O'er cultur'd grounds the master walk with joy,  
And see mute gladness in the farmer's eye ;  
While waving seeds of corn their lord unfold,  
And clothe the laughing fields with bearded gold.  
So should sweet Auburn more majestic rise,  
And glad with new delight the poet's eyes.

## THE SHEPHERD'S DESPAIR.

-----

MY Lucy was charming and fair,  
Love shot all his shafts from her eyes :  
So sweet, so commanding her air,  
It could soften at once and surprise.  
Such pity, such tenderness, play'd,  
Serene in her face and her mind !  
But the vision of hope is decay'd,  
Though the shadows still linger behind.

My flute was melodious and soft,  
The joy of the pastoral throng ;  
The linnet would join from aloft,  
And Lucy embolden the song :  
My cheeks which pale sorrow will fade,  
Were the red rose and lily combin'd.  
But the vision of hope is decay'd,  
Though its shadows still linger behind.

Ah, fair as the blossoms of spring,  
Ah ! how could that bosom be cold ?  
More love lay in Corydon's ring,  
More wealth than in Floridel's gold.

The dotard now wooes my dear maid,  
Now feels every rapture refin'd :—  
Yes : the vision of hope's quite decay'd,  
Though the shadows still linger behind..

No more to my flocks will I sing,  
No more tend the calls of the fold,  
No more shall the glad valleys ring,  
Since affection is barter'd for gold.  
I will fly with Despair to the shade,  
I will die on some rude rock reclin'd ;  
For the vision of hope is decay'd,  
Though the shadows still linger behind..

**ELEGIAC STANZAS TO FIDELE,  
IN CYMBELINE.**

---

FEAR no more the scorching heat ;  
Fear no more the driving show'r :  
Life has tir'd thy pilgrim feet ;  
Death has nipt thy budding flow'r.

Pains nor aches shall vex thy form,  
Nor penury with gripe of steel ;  
Frozen death's benumbing storm,  
Has marr'd that breast that wont to feel.

Yet shall fond Friendship, cherub mild,  
With balmy wing defend thy tomb ;  
And hov'ring love, a weeping child,  
Rove sadly through the sacred gloom.

Fond widows, of their loves bereav'd,  
Shall o'er the fresh sod pensive bend ;  
And village maids untimely grieved,  
Thy sweetly-silent scene attend.

Full many a prayer shall o'er thy clay,  
Devoutly breathe from artless lip ;  
Full many a moan, at close of day,  
From plaintive bosom heaving deep.

Oft as the shepherd passes by,  
Shall sorrow catch each mourning wind ;  
And innocence, with incense sigh,  
Cast a long ling'ring look behind.

Here shall no dismal exil'd fay,  
In vap'rish shroud terrific drest,  
Affright thy votive train away,  
And scare the tender hermit's breast.

But gleams of sunshine gild the place,  
When light sinks fainting in the west ;  
And morning's smilings purple grace  
With orient dawn thy peaceful rest.

On the green turf of twinkling dew,  
That holds the loveliest frame below,  
Shall Spring assort her harebells blue,  
And fling her gems of living snow.

The lark shall here begin his song  
Amid the awful stillness round,  
And cooing turtles frequent throng,  
The branch that marks the secret ground

**Meanwhile thy poet's\* floating shade,  
Shall from the womb of night emerge,  
Review thy rites most duly pay'd,  
And sing his dear Fidele's dirge.**

**Fear no more the scorching heat ;  
Fear no more the driving show'r :  
Life has tir'd thy pilgrim feet,  
Death has nipt thy budding flow'r.**

---

\* Colline.

## THE CAVE OF IGNORANCE.

*IN TWO CANTOS.*

## CANTO I.

## ARGUMENT.

Foul Archimage, enchaunter vile,  
The redcross knight doth lead  
To Ignorance his darksome cave,  
Through many a murky shade.

Alas ! full long shall arts and arms decay,  
And modest worth in lonely desert pine ;  
Full long shall Penury, with iron sway,  
The noblest darings of the soul confine,  
And freeze the genial glow of verse divine.  
But yet, sweet mourners of the tuneful train,  
A future age shall in your praise combine ;  
Your fame, your matchless fame, shall still re-  
main,  
And rising nations swell the high immortal strain.

Down a deep dell the sly enchaunter led,  
Through dol'rous lanes and sad, the redcross  
knight ;  
To where thick yews disclose, inflicting dread,  
A cave unconscious of the noon-day light.  
This place the Cave of Ignorance is hight ;  
Where he, the wizard wild, doth aye rejoice  
To mar the golden treasures of the muse,  
And scatter to the winds each lofty voice :  
Ne doth he e'er the glorious page peruse,  
But with his blackest gall doth fairest works abuse.

A feeble lamp-light aids his winking eye,  
While he on crude Bavarian volume pores ;  
Or strives in Excellence a spot to spy,  
That he might vilify her precious stores.  
And ever and anon he loudly roars,  
When he doth see a model passing rare  
That mocks all malice ; which the carl explores,  
And makes each wrong as empty as the air :  
But hard, I ween, it is, to taint the truly fair.

Beneath his stool unnumber'd authors lie,  
For there he casts each gently flowing song ;  
And doth to each a reading fair deny,  
But still continueth to work them wrong.

Here droops dan Virgil under durance strong,  
 And Milton here doth Satan praise no more ;  
 Sweet Mulla's modest bard his descant long  
 Doth cast aside of legendary lore,  
 And views his fairy web perdye to pieces tore.

Full many a demon urges, on his side,  
 To spoil the commonweal of youthful Taste.  
 Malice, with blinking eye; fantastic pride ;  
 Folly, in mockery on a throne yplac'd ;  
 Revenge, by troops of rav'rous bloodhounds chas'd ;  
 With frontless visage, brazen Impudence ;  
 Blind Zeal, with ribs of ruthless iron lac'd,  
 Antique, misshapen wight, with dark pretence ;  
 And thousands more ; attack the sovereignty of Sense.

Soon as the redcross knight those imps espy'd,  
 He sought some way to 'scapetheir baneful snare ;  
 But strait a voice in thunder harsh reply'd :  
 " Beware, bold knight; of jeopardy beware.  
 If aught, disdainful of our word, thou dare,  
 Plung'd in yon dungeon ages shalt thou lie ;  
 Where embryo Shades, and half-form'd Centaurs,  
 tear  
 The rankled flesh ; where heaves th' eternal sigh :  
 A giant guards the den, his name Uncertainty."

So spoke the wrathful keeper of the gate ;  
Contention hight, yclad in prickly arms ;  
A crown of thistles wreath'd his noisy pate ;  
Stillettoes guard his sides, prepar'd for harms :  
And a hoarse bugle sounds his rough alarms.  
A wight he was right fond of obloquy :  
In Scorn, fell dame, he saw resistless charms,  
And lov'd the proud demeanor of her eye :  
To his embrace she bore the fiend Contumacy.

Soon as the master of this gloomy cave  
The voice o'erheard of that same troublous  
wight,  
He cry'd with wily words : " Audacious slave,  
Why thus contemptuous speak to noblest knight  
That ever blessed my happy nation's sight ?  
Caitiff, avaunt ; or by this spell I swear,  
Thy tortur'd soul shall feel, with wild affright,  
The ceaseless horrors of continual fear :  
The whips of pale Remorse, the stings of fell De-  
spair.

But thou so courteous knight, come hither, share  
The various dainties that my court affords :  
Here spend thy frolic hours, devoid of care,  
With courtly damsels and with gallant lords.

Let earth-born misers pile their golden hoards,  
Here, senseless of the spring, thy thirst assuage :  
No mountains stop thy course, nor dang'rous fords  
To blessed Ignorance thy life engage,  
Nor wish to read futurity's ill-omen'd page.

“ Lo ! here no country claims thy strict regard,  
And cheats thy manly eye with infant bell :  
No sage will pester here, nor servile bard ;  
No friends will hunt thee in this mazy dell.  
Then bid old fame, and honours all, farewell.  
What man would wish the rugged mount to climb  
When in the vale more fragrant zephyrs dwell ?  
Or who would tempt the arduous lay sublime,  
When Ease here idly sings, and consecrates her  
rhime ?

“ Give o'er thy quest of virtue. If on earth !  
She deigns to live, her residence is here :  
This spot of holy concord gave her birth ;  
Where zeal aye nurs'd the child, without a fear  
That could her peace with harsh annoyance scare  
In conscious fortitude the virgin see ;  
Her port majestic, her excelling air,  
She moves in haughty stalk of dignity :  
On earth fair virtue hight, but here Temerity.”



Right wrathful waxed then the redcross knight ;  
And knew th' enchaunter, speaking though so  
mild :

His hairs stood bristling up in fierce affright ;  
His looks grew wan and red, and staring wild ;  
And oft he foam'd with rage, and often smil'd.  
At length, quick-rising with chivalrous ire,  
He sought to draw his glaive with gore defil'd ;  
But (marvellous to tell !) as forged by fire,  
It wreathed round his feet, with semblance unto wire.

O mortal hopes, and mortal fears, how vain !  
Thus when some lozel heir, from riches sprung,  
Proud as sir Paradel of gaudy train,  
Doth nothing mind but nimbleness of tongue,  
And squandering jewels on a heap of dung,  
Debts grow on debts, on legers legers rise ;  
The banker looks his learned books among,  
The younker's clearisaunce with spite he spies,  
And traps the helpless wight who sad in durance lies.

## CANTO II.

## ARGUMENT.

Intelligence, a trusty spright,  
Escapes from wicked bond;  
Till her the good Sir Genius finds,  
The pride of Fairy Lond.

ALL hail again rich Fancy's orient ray,  
That gaily gilds this mortal pilgrimage !  
Ah ! never let her soft'ning tints decay,  
And leave a sombre sadness on my page ;  
But still with flashes bright the soul engage.  
While she but deigns to visit my low cell,  
Sequester'd from the strife of party rage,  
How blest my lot ! and Philomel shall dwell  
Nigh yonder grot where spar-crown'd rivulets swel

And often, at the calm of sober eve,  
Let Contemplation aid my pensive thought ;  
While fairy minstrels o'er some fountain grieve,  
And mine ear tingles with the death-bell smote.

Oh ! then are purest inspirations wrought,  
In all the majesty of dream array'd ;  
The ray of Heaven, in frenzy'd glances caught,  
Then bursts of midnight drear the veily shade ;  
And dear illusions throng the wild romantic glade.

There was a cunning fay of nimblest flight,  
In a dark cave by Ignorance confin'd,  
Shut up from every glimpse of heav'nly light,  
And every balmy breath of purer wind,  
Save one small loop-hole which she did not mind.  
Through this the tiny fay made her escape,  
Lithe as a willow wand which zephyrs bind :  
But soon as out from her vile dungeon deep,  
She rose from pigmy height to most gigantic  
shape.

Indignant at such master's vile control,  
She wing'd her journey towards blithe Fairy-land ;  
Intent to warm the good sir Genius' soul,  
And arm with rugged mail his knightly hand ;  
That he might devastate the adverse band,  
And break the baleful influence of their sway ;  
That by his aid the Redcross might withstand  
Enchantment foul, ne in dark cave decay.  
With this good will the fairy took her fleeting way.

And now arriv'd, she furl'd her pennons light,  
And rov'd through many a bow'r and many a grove ;  
Where laurels flung their arms of verdure bright  
Across the way, and join'd embrace above.  
The matted green, with roses interwove,  
Outvied the syrian hue or damask art :  
Such carpeting was sure a seat for Love ;  
And Love was there, with bevies fair apart,  
Mild to the ravish'd eye, and harmless to the  
heart.

Not that sly boy that wont in Carthage erst  
To pierce the bosom of th' unhappy queen ;  
But one who, every mist of doubt disperst,  
Confessed virtue in his modest mien.  
With him the white-robed Charities are seen  
On yon gemm'd bank, with chaste addresses danc-  
ing :  
Where oft of yore the satyr-tribe have been ;  
But Hymen now, and harmless Joy, advancing,  
Lead up the quire, to viol soft entrancing.

On one side, skirted by a bushy screen  
From Phœbus' ray, a vined lane extends ;  
Huge oaks, like lofty pillars, rise between,  
And at the top each bow'ry column bends.

Here Genius oft, or with selected friends,  
Or Silence' self, his sober revel keeps :  
Swift-feather'd Haste his every call attends ;  
And when the dewy eye of Cynthia weeps,  
Morpheus his pillow crowns with pure ambrosial sleepa.

Here then the fay the blessed owner found,  
And told him all her doubts and anxious fears :  
The knight, full gen'rous, startled at the sound ;  
And in a moment all in mail appears :  
For Haste had quickly clad him, though in tears  
At the departure of so kind a master ;  
And scarce, poor wretch ! her little bosom cheers,  
Unable for the load of such disaster.  
But yet she stirs her heart, and then procceds much  
faster.

Now from the bow'r they haste with wondrous speed,  
Many a hillock o'er, and bushy bourn ;  
The night-bird sung her song with tuneful heed,  
Sad sorrowing o'er her lover's willowy urn :  
The noisy rook grew clamorous in turn,  
And marr'd with envious croak each melting thrill ;  
The silver stream began with her to mourn,  
Yet the rude rook continued croaking still,—  
Critic, I wot, that's licens'd aye to kill.

Sir Genius now the Cave of Error sees ;  
And pierces every glade, by Truth yled :  
She darts fierce noon-day through th' illumin'd trees,  
And braids with lucid stars her champion's head.  
“ Who thus presumes to face my presence dread,  
And draws along this hostile line of light ?  
Who thus unhallow'd burns my downy bed ?  
I know the now ; 'tis Genius, recreant knight :  
Imps, bear the ruthless villain from my blasted  
sight.”

So spoke the darksome fiend, in wild amaze ;  
Nought did the knight in answer yet rejoin,  
But slow presented to his steadfast gaze  
A tome which did with golden letters shine ;  
**PERFECTION (hight) OF MINSTRELSYE DIVINE.**  
Soon as the name he saw, with conquer'd pride  
Thrice he essay'd to knel before such shrine ;  
But, as with horrent air each word he eyed,  
Lifeless th' enchaunter fell, and fiercely foaming  
died.

This when sir Genius saw, with mickle joy  
A magic horn he to his lips applied ;  
Stunn'd with the sound, each other fiends destroy,  
And lie unmourned by their master's side.

The while the redcross knight of horror void,  
Doth tune the fibres of his breast to pleasure ;  
And 'mongst the clouds is gloriously espied  
The magic horn, of Fame the sounding treasure,  
Which gives to every wight renown'd impartial  
measure.

## FAREWELL TO CARE.

AWAY, ye Cares ; ye black-brow'd Cares, away !  
Must mortal man aye drag your galling chain ?  
Away ! the sun sits monarch of the day,  
The glorious sun ; and guides his glitt'ring wain,  
His wheels half-hanging o'er the western main.  
I drink the influence of his balmy light :  
I feel the hot tide throb through every vein :  
Young Transport calls, in purple pleasures dight.  
Young Transport calls, and why should I remain ?  
No : let me shun thy shades, and join her jovial train.

What though the haughty patron damns my song,  
And Malice looks with meagre eye askance ?  
I'll trip the daisied meadows blithe along,  
Braid my loose locks and mingle in the dance.  
Not Pride can break this dear delicious trance ;  
Not Envy style this sylvan joyance wrong.  
For who can bound the pennons of the soul ?  
Who mar those scenes I love to rove among ?  
Ne mortal word the sweet flow'rs can control ;  
Or bid the pausing sun frown grim, and cease to roll.

Though Greatness turns away, the rill will pour  
In liquid measure from its channell'd bed ;  
The surge will gleam, and kiss the golden shore ;  
The blue-topp'd mount will lift his awful head.  
Though poverty may rule my humble shed,  
The teeming wild will grant an unbought store ;  
The briar will blow, the living nectar spring,  
The vernal rushes strew the fragrant floor :  
Dainties, in sooth, that well might please a king.  
Then cast thy woes aside, and hymns of comfort  
sing.

The lark is merry though he has no hoard ;  
The blackbird carols though his house is gone ;  
Come, spendthrift, come, and feed at Nature's board ;  
Nature's unkind to luxury alone.  
Nor pains nor aches shall vex each tortur'd bone ;  
Temperance no room for sickness may afford.  
Rise with thy brother-bards, in social glee :  
The morn will put her brightest purple on.  
Fools of this world ! what wight would spleen-sick be,  
If he could roam at large, and chaunt his joys, with  
me ?

With bards long gone celestial converse hold,  
And court coy fancy in her woodbound bow'r ;

What time, as by sage Beldames we are told,  
Aerial warblings charm the solemn hour ;  
While marshall'd elves their glitt'ring glow-worms  
pour,  
And "drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold ;"  
What time bright spirits load the wing of eve,  
And frenzy'd minstrels wond'rous sights behold.  
Those with soft dreams thy spirit shall relieve,  
Till fancy brilliant wreaths of fabled verdure give.

Beneath the awful foliage of yon oak  
That shudders at the eddying pool below ;  
Where abbey-aisles rebound the woodman's stroke  
And sister-currents wildly-dimpling flow ;  
There thou, who bear'st the bitter weight of woe,  
Mayst all thy scenes of happier youth revoke ;  
Nought shall intrude, save when the silver trout  
Haply should spring from stripling's hairy yoke ;  
Comus will never lead his revel rout  
To stun thy feelings there with bacchanalian shout.

Those walls, enwrought with age's with'ring grey,  
Where hoary blossoms crown the turret's brow,  
Ne'er echo to the drunkard's wassail lay.  
Here sighs the lover his immortal vow,  
Here weeps the friend his parted friend below :

Fond meditation marks each mould'ring clay,  
And reverend relics holy horrors tell.  
Here ancient Virtue lives, serenely gay.  
Old tales have famed each mystic cavern well ;  
And hidden treasures lurk, *eld* says, in every cell.

Away, ye Cares ; ye black-brow'd Cares, away !  
Let Fortune smile or frown, I still can smile ;  
Constant can fabricate the artless lay,  
While conscience whispers that I know no guile.  
Full pleasant prospects, lo ! reward my toil,  
Full glad, I trow, when life 'gins to decay,  
Those tranquil joys shall gild declining age ;  
While Hope's sheen-mirror darts a lucky ray  
On the pure breast ; and in this mortal cage  
Uncensur'd may I sing, nor dread Detraction's rage.

## FAREWELL TO JOY.

BRIGHT smiles the orient with celestial red,  
The fleecy clouds their golden skirts display,  
Thick phalanx'd trees enclothe the mountain head,  
And groves luxuriant wanton in the ray.  
Ah me ! can those for mis'ries dire repay,  
And call the brilliant scenes for ever fled ?  
Can the bright orient's rosy smile impart  
The balm of hope, or dews of comfort shed ?  
Can trees thick-phalanx'd, groves luxuriant, dart  
Contentment's glowing beam, and close my bleeding  
heart ?

Still shall I load with sighs the sobbing gale,  
Still murmur to the riv'let's solemn flow,  
Tell the dull ear of night my piteous tale,  
And bid still ev'ning weep upon my woe.  
My myrtle-plants, alas ! are with'ring low,  
My roseate wreaths no more fresh sweets exhale ;  
Sorrow, and blank despair, have marr'd their bloom :  
My laurels droop in harsh oblivion's vale.  
Ah ! never shall they rise but on my tomb :  
Ah ! never, but in heav'n, disperse their bland per-  
fume.



Come, Sadness, then, and thy companion, Care,  
And all the fiends that crowd the couch of Death:  
Let the black cypress crown my unkempt hair,  
With deadly hemlock twined, the sweetest wreath.  
Let nought but savage woes around me breathe,  
Nought but the death-watch greet my sullen ear:  
For I pre-eminence of grief may claim.  
Oft shall fond memory pour the heart-drawn tear;  
While woe congenial pauses on my fame,  
And dumb Despair points out my long-lamented  
name.

Where the romantic cliff, like Ruin's throne,  
Hangs o'er the dashing surge with awful steep;  
Where unseen spirits heave the dismal groan,  
And distant elves are often heard to weep;  
Where shiv'ring corpses leave their haunted sleep,  
Seen by the moon's affrighted eye alone;  
There let me moulder with the mould'ring ground.  
For brother-bards, and tuneful souls, long gone,  
Shall glad with melody the wilds around;  
And fairies mark my grave, with mountain-garlands  
crown'd.

THE  
PROGRESS OF PEDANTRY.

---

THE wight I sing who thro' Protean changes  
The course of brazen pedantry pursues ;  
Thro' quibbles, puns, and motley bon-mots, ranges,  
(Bon-mots, sage elfs, who con all wayward news,  
Subject perdyne right arduous to the muse !)  
The wight who quite from mortal ken estranges  
To study Plato and the Stagyrite,  
Ye sprites Batavian, critics deep, avenge his  
Dispraises vile ; and while all proud I write,  
Dub me (illustrious meed !) great "sooterkin of wit."

First in the musty cloisters of a college,  
Poor servitor (a hapless state, I ween),  
He dives expert in metaphysic knowledge,  
And sees (what only by his eye is seen)  
Myst'ries of awful depth ; dulness their queen ;  
Like the vain dreams that crown'd the murky foliage  
Of Morpheus tree, erst view'd by Venus' sun,  
Darkling he ponders on a chair whose two legs  
Down topple soon ; bereft of sprightly fun,  
Bereft of beef and ale,—but not bereft of dun.

Eftsoons the brother-wizards spy his lore,  
A scholarship his golden branch appears ;  
Fine branch, that gives him, ale unquaff'd before,  
October cognamed, hid full many a year.  
Now deep Smiglecius, wet with nut-brown cheer,  
Doth pose his pate, and bid the sluggard snore :  
'Mongst holy fathers spends he the long night,  
And livelong day, while others rant and roar.  
His tassel'd square cap, comely to the sight,  
Doth make him seem like man that necromancer  
hight.

At last, old pedantry's anointed heir,  
The Antichrist of learning, he doth rise  
Despotic fellow of Miss Alma's chair.  
Exub'rant ignorance doth glaze his eyes :  
Ignorance that makes a turtle a lord may'r.  
With frowzy beard, black mouth, and haggard hair,  
The goblin meagre utters maxims wise ;  
Through logic, physic flounders in despair,  
Or tumbles in the depth where error lies :  
Awful profound ! where dash'd in woeful guise  
With cobwebs blind he sleeps ; till, miscreant vile !  
he dies.

## THE VANITY OF HOPE.

FORLORN is he who trusts to-morrow's fate :  
The genial sun will rise, but not for him.  
The fool who revels high in gorgeous state  
Ne'er sees the frightful face of Mis'ry grim,  
Or views of bitter woe before him swim.  
The poet's cottage is her surest seat ;  
O'er his meek head she flaps her raven wing ;  
Poisons the pittance poor that he must eat ;  
With deadly juice taints the Pierian spring,  
And bids her spirits lurk beneath each warbling string.

Fair Promise oft may come with smiling face ;  
But trust not, trust not her deceiving wile !  
Envy perhaps may mar each well-masqued grace,  
And foul Disdain usurp the pitying smile.  
O mortal wight ! what is thy life but toil ;  
A pilgrimage of woes, a false embrace ;  
A lasting pain where Disappointment rears  
Her scorpion whip to sting thy gentlest peace ;  
To Innocence shuts close her iron ears,  
And from the aching heart each beauteous phantom  
tears ?

Alert we climb the mountain's rugged brow ;  
And toil to gain the summit, idly vain :  
At last we find that bliss was left below,  
And proud Ambition is the sire of Pain.  
Bright-tressed Transport, and her jocund train,  
In the deep valley bid their blossoms blow :  
Struggling Desire the lofty cliff would climb,  
But foul Derision stands his grinning foe :  
Awhile he stands ; but, lo ! in flow'ry prime  
Mischance will hurl him swift from potency sublime.

Forlorn is he who trusts to-morrow's dawn.  
Then let no glitt'ring gauds delude thine eye ;  
Let Hope's fond rainbow scenery be withdrawn,  
And brighter aims recal thy glance on high.  
Fulfilment is the daughter of the sky,  
Who bids frail doubts and subtleties be gone ;  
With Destiny she shares her radiant seat,  
Placed to the right of the eternal throne :  
She can alone make saddest sorrows sweet,  
Erase thy sable stains, and make thee all-complete.

## THE VISION OF FANCY.

SIR Chanticleer has thrust his red crest high  
From vetchy bed, and wound his bugle shrill :  
Night sinks her ebon chariot from the sky,  
And infant morn peeps blushful o'er the hill.  
The white-sleev'd mower sweeps with scythed skill,  
The rosy-featur'd milkmaid loads her pail,  
The twitt'ring swallow skims the vernal sill,  
The herald blackbird bids Dan Phœbus hail,  
And blue-ey'd Pleasure wakes her dryads in the dale.

To mellow flute by lively touch address'd,  
And tinkling tabour trip the merry fays ;  
And wanton wile, shrewd wit, and jocund jest,  
With revel quaint, disport ten thousand ways,  
All by a stream whose crisped current plays  
Melodiously the pebbles smooth among :  
Perdye, not minstrelsy of Arthur's days,  
Nor elfin tournament, Arcadian throng,  
Could nearly vye with sports to this blythe troop  
belong.

There might the rainbow spread its dyes in vain,  
And all-abash'd before their glories fade ;  
For Tyrian hue, or Melibean stain,  
Could nought adorn. Bright Fancy, matchless  
maid,  
In filmy pearls her helmet sheen array'd,  
With lucid eyes of toad her shield emboss'd,  
Her golden tresses gleaming o'er the shade,  
Lo, lo ! the Empress comes ; in wonder lost,  
My swimming eye-balls dance, and worldly care is lost.

Fast by her side, begirt with buskins green,  
Her cheeks envermeil'd with the peach's bloom,  
Hies heav'ly Health : around the luscious scene  
She looks, and sweetly sprinkles wild perfume ;  
Towards the heath, towards the auburn broom,  
She leads her well-breath'd terriers : hark ! they tell  
In tuneful notes the villain Reynard's doom ;  
Reynard, who bids his native haunts farewell,  
While echoing Transport shouts and bursts the vo-  
cal dell.

“ Hark, hark ! to cover,” the loud huntsman cries :  
“ Hark, hark ! to cover,” mimic echoes sound :  
“ Hark, hark !” the copse thro' all its branches sighs,  
And “ hark !” the distant vales with glad rebound.

Aerial music floats o'er all around :  
The silver-sliding lapse of ling'ring wave,  
The cheering shout, the serenading hound,  
All, all, dispel the spleen, the vapours grave,  
And rouse the hoary carle from his dismantled cave.

Here too, when Eve, in faery vestments clad,  
Usurped the cloudless empire of the sky,  
Weaving the blue serene with shadows sad,  
Meanwhile the beams from Hesper's brilliant eye  
Enamell'd the bright tapestry of the sky ;  
Ev'n here, where pointed lustres trembling play,  
The chequer'd bosom of the lake heav'd high,  
Would fairest Fancy close the sober day,  
While night-flow'rs, mildly coy, their pensiv<sup>e</sup> sweets  
display.

How oft, when stretch'd all careless on some bank  
Where the brisk stream forsook its flow'ry grave,  
Dawning to life, with dews ambrosial dank,  
I warbled numbers to each warbling wave,  
Numbers that bounteous Nature artless gave !  
I heard the silvery alders whisper low,  
Poor Philomel in dying dirges rave ;  
I saw, majestic Queen, thy gorgeous show,  
And moonlight silent sunk with an unusual glow.

Twinkling their light heels to the lunar ray,  
In antic morrice danc'd thy tiny band,  
Each crown'd with garlands from the jasmine spray,  
And each a wreath of vi'let in his hand,  
Varying each feature ; while the yellow sand,  
With little footsteps etch'd, breath'd odours round,  
And springing amaranths flung incense bland !  
Delicious mysteries of faery ground,  
Myst'ries belov'd that erst my cradled visions crown'd !

O ! there, methought, with Spenser I convers'd,  
Spenser who sung their rights with magic reed ;  
And tender Otway, too untimely hers'd,  
Wont with fond pangs to bid my soft heart bleed.  
There Shakspeare, wond'rous seneschal decreed,  
Who read each potent meaning of each spell,  
In glory garb'd my willing foot would lead,  
And in low gales his solemn genius tell.  
Ah, dear delightful guests, ah, evermore farewell !

But now the busy village-hum is heard :  
Shy Fancy frightened quits the noon-day crowd ;  
The chanting trav'ller scares the dappled herd,  
And the shrill lark retires to verdant shroud.  
This world, and all its creatures, are abroad :

Fancy's own fav'rite bird, the linnet, flies.  
Then cease to tune thy lay, O muse ! aloud,  
Or spread thy tissued dreams to vulgar eyes ;  
None but the minstrel shares the minstrel's ecstasies.

THE  
SHRINE OF SYMPATHY.

---

TO THE HONOURABLE  
LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

MADAM,

To a heart so refined, and a sensibility so exquisite, as you possess, any thing that aims at the delineation of the more elegant passions must be agreeable. To any other than a soul "feelingly alive all o'er," it will certainly be uninteresting and unengaging; as the only little tint of merit it can claim, is that of aiming at the fine fibres of the sensitive bosom with some small degree of art. It was the trifle of one day; and that day I should look upon as lost, were it not spent in an attempt to please your Ladyship. That it may pass as the memorial of my gratitude to a personage so worthy of it, is the sincere wish of its author. If it should last, it will proclaim your benevolence to a future age; if it cannot survive, the intention it was written for may.

I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's humble and sincere servant,

*Belmont, Feb. 11, 1790.*

THOMAS DERMODY.

THE  
SHRINE OF SYMPATHY.

---

Miserere matris, & preces, placidus, pias  
Patiensque recipe, quoque ucelsum, altius  
Superi levarunt, mitius lapsos preme.

SENECA IN TROAD.

---

CANTO I.

A TENDER theme I choose. Favoring fair,  
Chase from my heart the remnants of despair ;  
And gild with loveliest looks my votive lay,  
While the bright scenes of beauty I display.  
But chiefly thou, supreme of every art,  
To touch the feeling or to gain the heart,  
RAWDON attend ; and with propitious smile  
The dreaded dangers of my task beguile :  
So shall the muse attempt a nobler flight,  
And gain perchance the regions of delight ;  
So shall my bosom glow with purer fire,  
And pant for glory while thine eyes inspire.

---

The cards were gone, piquet and rout no more,  
And mute the lapdog's bark, and chairman's roar,  
When sad sighs rending his distracted breast,  
Henry his guardian spirit thus address'd :

“ O thou mild minister to all my woe,  
Whose heav'nly tears with mine congenial flow,  
Whose hand of down my aching forehead smoothes,  
Whose silver tongue my lonely musing soothes ;  
O thou, whate'er thy birth, whate'er thy name !  
With patient ear await a lover's claim ;  
With wonted heat support his drooping form,  
And all the agonies of grief disarm ;  
While to thy melting breast he pleads his cause,  
And pleads by fond affection's moving laws.

“ Full well you know the dear relentless fair  
That caus'd, but still denies to lull, my care ;  
Full well you know her beauty's matchless grace,  
And all the sweet destructions of her face ;  
Full well you know the flame that mines my peace.”

“ Unhappy youth, thy sad complainings cease.  
Lo ! to thy wish for ever prompt I stand,  
And wait with beating bosom thy demand.  
Nor let thy manly fortitude decay  
In midnight mournings, and in sighs by day ;  
For thou the haughty belle, or soon or late,  
(So 'tis enrolled in the book of Fate)

Shalt clasp compliant to thy blissful arms ;  
And clasp for ever, free from all alarms.  
What though no toast was ever half so proud,  
No belle so distant to the humble crowd ;  
What though no birth-night ball, with wond'ring eye  
E'er view'd so fair a truant from the sky ;  
(For sure earth's mold was all too rough to claim  
The undulating model of her frame) ;  
What though no heiress owns a richer coach ?  
Proceed with courage to the bold approach.  
Let Ton in glitt'ring fetters chain her mind ;  
Let Folly wen her sight, to toys inclin'd ;  
Let Gaming draw her with a potent card ;  
Let tempting tissues gain her strict regard ;  
Toys, fetters, cards, and tissues, bind in vain :  
Still you shall master of her heart remain.  
Gewgaws awhile may 'witch the female sight,  
But love alone can give a true delight.  
Think you the jewell'd vest, embroider'd fine,  
Can give the breast love's genial glow divine ?  
For which would Musidora's feelings fret,  
A faithful heart, or a gold coronet ?  
Or are the ties of Nature to compare  
With a gilt chariot, and a Flanders mare ?  
Perchance the venal maid, that strives to please  
Some ancient baronet with artful ease ;

And as the vapours of his age disperse ;  
Smiles in his face, and ogles at—his purse ;  
She, she, indeed, may an exalted fate  
Prefer to comfort and, a small estate :  
But, lo ! the rosy clouds of morning break,  
And gay Tithona shews her purple cheek :  
All elfens now the mushroom board forsake,  
To seek the mazy dell and tangled brake ;  
With speed their acorn-goblets now conceal,  
And trip the dewy grass with pearly heel :  
I must away ; the lark's shrill bugle sounds  
' All faery elves toward frequented grounds.' "

## CANTO II.

Ye airy vassals of my sov'reign sway,  
Where'er ye wander wild, or sportive stray ;  
Whether the soft gales court your floating forms,  
Or Pity calls you in the midst of storms ;  
My voice attend ; that voice by all obey'd,  
And wing your flight to this distinguish'd maid.  
Some through each nerve the thrill of rapture wind,  
Some point the keen sensations of her mind,  
Some stretch the filmy texture of her train ;  
The swift blood pours through each meand'ring vein,  
The roseate tincture of the cheek combine,  
The eye-glance burnish with a beam divine,

The pearly tear, bright quintessence of dew,  
In lily-urn with sweetest myrrh imbue ;  
With pleasure teach the azure stream to start :  
MYSELF shall guard the passes of the heart.  
And ye prime rulers of the female life,  
Who by or vapours bland, or weary strife,  
Ambrosial slumbers on each lid bestow,  
And rest the soft cheek on the hand of snow ;  
Pure Tea, and wrangling Whist, oh ! grant my pray'r,  
And send kind visions to the sleeping fair :  
Before her sight, let minstrels move again,  
Or livelier dances lead the smiling train ;  
Unreal lords the sparkling ring display,  
And rival belles quite vanquish'd steal away.  
Still let the boxes ken her every grace,  
And prying optics stare her in the face ;  
While beauty's self directs each winning air,  
And sylphids thread the ringlets of her hair ;  
While thousand lips proclaim her matchless praise,  
Fans flutter, swordknots shine, and diamonds blaze.\*

He said, and bade around her couch to close  
The cloudy curtains of a deep repose :  
Then fairest dreams arise at his command,  
And roll successive by his magic wand ;  
From Morpheus' labyrinth of languor drawn,  
To the dim twilight of her veily lawn.

---

For on her head-dress rapturous they rest,  
Or sink enamour'd on her heaving breast.

A bracelet rich the guardian sprite procur'd,  
With studs adorn'd, and with a clasp secur'd,  
Potent (the wond'rous work of hands divine)  
The thoughts, the words, the actions, to refine,  
In the most stubborn bosom to implant  
A fond attention to each alien want ;  
Potent to guide Compassion's barbed dart,  
And give to Sympathy the liberal heart :  
Around her arm he bound the brilliant spell,  
Her arm which could the milk-white meed excel :  
For white was ev'ry gem's transparent pride,  
As the swan's plumage on the silver tide ;  
Or Cynthia's modest front, adorning high  
The blue pavilion of the starry sky,  
When negro Night but spreads a glitt'ring gloom,  
And sleeks with melting gales her raven-plume.

Sleep on, proud nymph, regardless of the pain  
Thy rare perfections cause full many a swain,  
Who seeks to lose thee in the silent shade,  
Or greet thee now with softest serenade :  
“ Blest syren, form'd to lure each breast from peace,  
When will the witch'ry of thy beauty cease ?  
Bright star, design'd to wreck th' incautious crew,  
When will thine eyes no more thy prey pursue ?

When wilt thou learn to clear thy haughty brow,  
When hear the crowds that to thine altars bow?"

Thus they, unconscious of their idol's state,  
Just on the brink of wedlock and of fate :  
For ere the blushes of the East appear,  
Or blackbird warbles to young Morning's ear,  
Her cruel vows are broke, her conquests o'er,  
And Hymen enters at the open door.  
So, when ten years their tedious lapse had told,  
And chiefs who came in youth were now grown old,  
When Time himself was ready to destroy,  
Fell the huge tow'rs of heav'n-defended Troy.

### CANTO III.

My course pursue, while I, unerring, guide  
Thy wat'ry way o'er Envy's wrecking tide ;  
Where plies a grisly ferryman his bark,  
Whose sails are scandals, and surmises dark,  
That wing with swiftest flight the liquid plain,  
But plunge poor wretches in the sable main,  
While anxious friends in vain may strive to save,  
And innocence scarce struggles with the wave ;  
For at one dash the winds of malice urge  
The fainting carcase with the boiling surge,  
And the most gallant vessel, soonest lost,  
With shatter'd trophies strews Contention's coast.

Yet now we're past : the billows rage no more,  
And bless'd Perfection gains the welcome shore.  
O'er yonder realm the nymph Indifference reigns,  
Queen of all ancient prudes, and silly swains,  
She views without emotion navies sink,  
And trav'lers stand on deep Destruction's brink ;  
Deep learn'd in French, though seldom seen in France,  
She tattles of *sans froid* and *nonchalance* ;  
And when her lovers die, with modest air  
And flippant phrase she sighs : " The de'l may care."  
Pride is her worthy minister of state ;  
Bold Fashion now exalts her plumed pate ;  
And Routs, quaint daughters of old Madam Spleen !  
Are maids of honour to the well-lov'd Queen.  
Philosophy here studies toys of brass ;  
The art Linnean pores on braided grass,  
And Poetry too rhymes with half an eye,  
" Indifferent in her choice, to print or die ;"  
While mild Critique, with pigeon-heart essays  
A panegyric on the poorest lays ;  
Nor minds, with milk of human kindness full,  
Whether the work is eminent or dull.

We've cross'd her kingdom now ; for, lo ! I see  
Our wish'd-for end, the shrine of Sympathy.  
Ledinia, mark what various figures stand  
Obedient to the sculptor's forming hand :

Some weep, reclining o'er a wreathed urn,  
Some in dumb agony expressive mourn ;  
While some, in dire extravagance of woe,  
Bid from the marble trickling torrents flow.

Behold yon prospect of excelling grief,  
Where destitute of any kind relief  
A lovely damsel, in the bloom of age,  
Languid resigns her to the ocean's rage,  
Till a fond youth from the tremendous steep  
Despairing plunges on the flashing deep,  
And while the humid sparkles gleam around,  
To save her drowning, is himself the drown'd !  
Clasp'd in embrace the hapless lovers lie,  
While o'er their cold grave sobbing zephyrs sigh.

Through the red ruins of the ruthless flame,  
To save his friend, along yon burning beam  
How forces Edward his resistless way,  
While death's dire forms th' heroic deed repay ?

But, oh ! where Calpe's hideous heights arise,  
Where conflagration mingles with the skies,  
There Sympathy erects her lofty throne,  
And claims the godlike Britons for her own,  
While through the ruddy war they rush to save  
The fainting Spaniards from the fiery wave.

Hail, sacred passion ! hail, celestial glow,  
That lends the hand of mercy to a foe ;

That nobly ardent, with a gen'rous flame,  
Mak'st friendship and hostility the same ;  
That shew'st the thoughts of an exalted breast,  
Where Nature's self benignant stands confess'd !  
Long may men cherish the immortal heat,  
While soft souls feel themselves more truly great !

On that pure throne, magnetic structure, where  
Sweet Sympathy is seated, charming fair,  
Thine eye-balls turn, and view the needle roll,  
True to her heart as to the faithful pole :  
" She speaks to thee !" mild Ariel rejoin'd,  
(For so the fay was titled by mankind.)  
" Blest Queen," the alter'd belle extatic cry'd,  
" Blest Queen, my pensive joy, my bosom's pride,  
To thy best pow'r I bow, to thee impart  
The sway, the conquest of my milden'd heart.  
For thee I bid the giddy world farewell,  
For thee who all the tricks of ton excel ;  
And take, my varied turn of mind to prove,  
The man of merit to my constant love.  
Come, Henry, come."—" Enough," the sprite ex-  
claim'd,  
Thy soul the fire of Pity has inflam'd ;  
Thy humid eye with tears the goddess arms,  
And gives new graces to thy bright'ning charms.

My charge is o'er." He said, and stole away,  
 Forth from the hollow bracelet where he lay.  
 Quick when he flew, a band of sylphids rear  
 The beaming sorcery sublime in air ;  
 And as it rose, in jewell'd letters flame,  
 Those words divine around the glitt'ring frame,  
 " From this device, unfeeling mortals learn,  
 That Pity always must to Goodness turn."

## AN

## ESSAY ON WIT.\*

Indoctè, doctique scribimus passim.\*      HOR.

OF all the fools with frantic learning curst,  
 Sure the quaint pedant is supremely worst :  
 Who, ev'ry dawn of fancy's ray denied,  
 Fills the huge volume of scholastic pride  
 With deep surmises, classically fit,  
 Yet far remov'd from elegance or wit ;

\* This poem was written at the age of 14.

† —" Those who cannot write, and those who can,  
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man."      POP.

Who sums up every trace of Latian lore,  
And says what graver blockheads said before ;  
Wrests from vindictive Time the mould'ring bust,  
And wipes from monkish tomes their ancient dust,  
To pore on pages which some madman wrote,  
Guiltless of wit, and innocent of thought.

Go thou, desirous of the scholiast mine,  
Who wishest sense from logic to refine ;  
Go, and improve on Maro's rural lay,  
Or mark his muse the epic pomp display :  
Peruse sweet Victa's imitative art,  
And feel the flame of rapture in thy heart ;  
For he with candid niceness probes the wound,  
Nor taints the bay around his temple bound ;  
He, the glad bard of Leo's golden reign,  
Rejects the cowl, and plans the tuneful strain,  
To papal ear attunes the Mantuan reed ;  
Or bids with nobler pangs the bosom bleed.—  
Each brilliant beauty of each line explore,  
And then consult old Scaliger no more.

Some may perchance with too much caution heed  
My liberal precepts, and quite cease to read.  
But no such stupid rule my soul approves :  
Let each peruse the author that he loves ;  
With smiling Flaccus all his leisure spend,  
Or to proud Tully's copious speech attend,

Till Admiration, satiate with delight,  
Forgets this world, and thinks all trouble light.  
But let not Dulness' leaden sons intrude,  
To mar the calm symposion of the good ;  
To blot the fine sensations of the mind  
For strains of classic purity inclin'd ;  
O'er the free breast their Gothic clouds to shed,  
And chase the projects of the heart and head.  
Keep me, oh ! keep me from the pedant beau,  
That mortal frightfullest of frights below,  
Who oft disturbs the minstrel's holy rest,  
And breaks his scull to break a foolish jest ;  
Damns every work of merit or of wit,  
To reign perpetual censor of the pit.  
Ah ! wretch abhor'd by ev'ry gen'rous soul,  
Mixture uncouth of monkey and of owl,  
How can your plaudit ever meet success,  
Who when you please us most, but please us less ?  
In vain the dark saliva on thy tongue  
Wrong turns to right, and right transforms to wrong ;  
Though stunn'd by Malice and her hideous peal,  
Still we assert our thoughts, and still we feel.  
Hail glorious freedom of the purer soul,  
Above the muffled murderer's base control,  
Who stabs the guiltless bosom with a smile,  
And bathes the wound with vinegar, not oil ;

Who nips young Merit in her primal bloom,  
And scatters to the wind the sweet perfume  
Which Attic bees with honey'd lip exhal'd,  
Till the green bud felt his cold hand, and fail'd !

Lo ! squint-ey'd Malice triumphs still elate  
O'er luckless Chatterton's disastrous fate ;  
Still shews, insensible, that matchless youth,  
Nor dares to vindicate his fame by truth.

Wit, like true beauty, needs no foreign aid :  
Each nat'ral lustre has a nat'ral shade.  
But some, unconscious of her native grace,  
Deck her, like belles, with tinsel and with lace  
That glare a while in Folly's garish ray,—  
But, seen through Judgment's optic, fade away.  
Beware false ornaments, for all expect  
Such exorbitant care must hide defect.  
The gaudy style, the prim conjunction shun :  
They make true wit a quibble or a pun ;  
They sink the sense beneath the jingling sound  
That labours like a mole to burst the ground,  
But all in vain ; while leaden Dulness throws  
New cumbrances on verse, new chains on prose,  
Till like a cart creaks the rough rumbling song,  
And Prose scarce trails her period-length along.

Long in the mine the beamy diamond lies,  
Mid by the conscious earth from mortal eyes ;

But when the sun, with all-reviving light,  
Flings his hot ray, and summons it to sight,  
Then twinkling gleams around it glitt'ring play,  
Till the full lustre burst upon the day.

So should true wit emerge by slow degrees,  
And suit each taste with unaffected ease ;  
Sport round the heart, in frolic mazes rove,  
And 'stead of baleful Hate, awaken Love.

But without fancy, how can wit appear,  
Or modulate its tone to ev'ry ear ?  
Fancy, fair Empress of the Elfin shore,  
Who, deeply versed in legendary lore,  
" Could glance from earth to heav'n, from heav'n  
to earth,"

And give to contraries a mutual birth ;  
Whence, mingling in one blaze the magic light,  
Springs real wit, the soul's refin'd delight.  
Think you, did Fancy carelessly desert,  
In peevish mood, the courtly Roman's heart,  
When to his touch awoke the silver chord,  
And great Augustus hung on ev'ry word ?  
Did Fancy, smiling sorceress, discard,  
For witless dunces, fair Belinda's bard,  
When mimic battles swell his sportive page,  
And sylphs with sylphs contend in epic rage ?

Did she not bless mild Parnell's ev'ning hour,  
And on each line her brightest influence show'r ?  
What has she, in her high profusion done  
For frolic Swift, sweet Gay, and manly Addison ?

And Judgment too, a sage severe, must come,  
With envious shears to prune the hasty bloom ;  
Exub'rant Nature's embryo buds to form,  
And bid them rise superior to the storm.  
For as the sire his infant race must chide,  
To check wild Folly's growth, or Genius' ~~pride~~,  
Yet nurse each darling in his aged breast,  
And leave to powerful Nature all the rest :  
So must keen Judgment, with a candid hand,  
Expel each weed from Wit's luxuriant land ;  
Or, when in seemly rows the flow'rs arise,  
View the soft offspring with a parent's eyes.  
Matured by his sage skill, the roots remain,  
And mock the summer sun, and wint'ry rain ;  
While weaker natives, though of gaudier form,  
Droop ev'ry leaf, and close each fading charm.  
And lo, what troops o'erspread th' ideal plain !  
Riddles, acrostics, crotchetts of the brain ;  
Rude sons of folly on false taste begot,  
Abhorr'd by genius, and devoid of thought.  
What motley patches on each garb are seen !  
How leaps each quibble, like a harlequin !

Charades, the last in modish grandeur march'd,  
With garments varying as the wat'ry arch,  
When o'er the heav'n it spreads a glitt'ring dye,  
Yet fading disappoints the curious eye.  
Chief of the band a pigmy warrior comes ;  
Sound forth, yon jackalls, to the deaf'ning drums :  
At every step a hundred feet he gets,  
At every look his tongue incessant frets,  
Till o'er the plain his giant-bulk descends,  
And each hoarse word the vocal welkin rends.  
" What can this monster be ?" some belle exclaims,  
While her own bosom feels his mining flames.  
Know, beauteous maid (if such peruse my song),  
This wicked contrariety is Ton :  
Ton, the fierce pest from Gallia's hated shore,  
Ton, the great king of ev'ry knave and whore,  
Who sanctifies the gamester's curs'd pretence,  
And raises fashion on the throne of sense.  
But change the theme from folly's tinsel train  
To the great masters of th' instructive strain ;  
Who, still unconscious of each meaner claim,  
Exalt their country to applause and fame.  
Nor I the last in glory's godlike course,  
To lash a vicious age with nervous force ;  
Or, rising to a pitch supremely high'r,  
Cast a bold hand around the living lyre ;

To rescue poesy from every fool,  
And break the privilege of being dull.  
How many a blockhead, with undoubted might,  
Has borne the laurels of the wordy fight,  
Who free from taste, true elegance, or wit,  
Has rack'd his well-squeezed numskull while he writ ;  
Or, low'ring high in Grub-street's airy site,  
Spent for a wretched pun the livelong night ?  
How many a genius, taught to nobler views,  
Endow'd with every blessing of the muse,  
Through fortune's frown, or by some patron's curse,  
Has lost ignobly both the palm and purse ?  
Witness a Smart,\* to hast'ning ills a prey,  
The greedy dun unmindful of his say :  
On Cam's smooth brink the Nine their fav'rite led ;  
Yet, ah ! how destitute of praise, and bread !  
Some mind congenial may espouse his cause,  
Some mind above the critic's meaner laws.  
But what avails the plaudit of the few,  
If they their empty praise alone renew ?  
The dark-brow'd bookseller's auspicious smile,  
Excels their talk, and soothes the author's toil ;  
For spite of all our high-brain'd tricks, the muse  
Must sip more solid food than slight Castalian dews.

---

\* At that time it was Dermody's intention to have given a complete collection of Smart's poems ; their merit is very well known.

Witness a Brooke, whose pen could once assert  
The patriot's right, and warm each lib'ral heart ;  
How sunk his fame, with every honour dead !  
How all his glory's living-lustre fled !  
Taught to despise the envious crowd that swill  
Coarse rapture from the Heliconian rill,  
He knew the minstrel's duty to attend,  
Nor in the close observer lose the friend :  
Yet ah ! how low the echo of his name !  
How dumb the trump of canonizing fame !

Thus far, my Berwick,\* have I strain'd the theme,  
While friendship's energy exalts the flame.  
O thou, my patron, my resplendent pride,  
Guide my weak bark across the boist'rous tide ;  
Allay the blasts of malice, while the gale  
Of fav'ring rapture swells my little sail ;  
And, oh ! if e'er tow'rds danger's rock I stray,  
Chide my fond soul, and point the surer way ;  
While, proudly rising o'er the foaming flood,  
I steer exulting with the great and good.

---

\* The Reverend Mr. Berwick, then chaplain to the Countess of Moira. To this gentleman Dermody has paid no fulsome compliment, for his kindness to him in a singular case requires a much stronger assertion of gratitude. When friendship turned with the tide of fashion and party, he alone remained immoveable to its arbitrary command, and supported the title of a real friend.

Nor thou despise the shepherd's first essay,  
Who decks with rigid rules his rural lay ;  
For though the reed was e'er unwont to sound  
The court's gay talents and its gaudy round,  
Yet by degrees a nobler note may swell :  
First we must meditate, and then excel.

Those who with nice disgust, and envy sharp,  
Start at the uncouth tinkling of my harp ;  
Let them (for such there are) attaint my bays,  
And scoff at youthful glory's dawning rays ;  
Let them the hour of noon-tide radiance wait,  
And kneel before the sun that they must hate.  
The bard how blameful who neglects himself,  
While fed for silence or by pride or pelf ;  
Who casts the rod of satire quite aside,  
And gives to greatness what a god supply'd !  
Enough for me (for I defy the great—  
I mean the abject vassals of the state),  
That princely Rawdon\* will my lay peruse ;  
Rawdon, who guards the poet and his muse.

---

\* Those great personages, eminent in their respective stations, are too much admired to admit of any peculiar commendation here. They were unwearied patrons of the unfortunate Dermody, while he lived. Their encouragement to genius is admired, but seldom imitated.

Enough for me that Moira deigns to clear,  
The clouds of malice magnified by fear ;  
Which round my head their foul contagion flung,  
While party's fiends yell'd louder as I sung.  
Enough for me, that you review my toil  
With partial warmth, and friendship's glowing smile.

Here let me pay to worth a tribute due :  
To Boyd† who bade my artless soul pursue  
True learning's track, with viny wreaths o'erhung ;  
Who form'd the first faint accents of my tongue ;  
Who mark'd with classic neatness each weak line,  
And bade bold nature's dregs to wit refine.  
He the best teacher of the song sublime,  
For he himself can " build the lofty rhyme."   
Nor has his page escap'd the ken of Fame,  
His page anneal'd with Alghieri's name.  
From Tuscan shores his muse exulting flies,  
And draws a train of light aslant the skies ;

---

† The reverend Hugh Boyd. The amiable character of this worthy gentleman, deserves as much praise as can be offered to merit and benevolence. Dermody esteemed it one of the happiest circumstances of his life, that he had received (though indeed but for a short time) his instructions, in matters of classical, poetical, and theological tendency. He is the author and translator of many classical and esteemed works; and till Dante shall cease to charm, the name of Boyd will be revered by the lovers of poesy.

With fierce Orlando's martial fame returns,  
While ev'ry breast with expectation burns.  
Again Astolfo's horn shall swell the line ;  
Again Rinaldo's prowess grow divine ;  
Again whole turms\* display the glitt'ring shield,  
And murder stalk o'er Ronscesvallis' field.  
Proceed ; thou best, last bard, proceed,  
And at Fame's temple claim thy glorious meed ;  
Claim the best meed to real merit due,  
And the great tale of Eugene<sup>†</sup> acts pursue ;  
The wondrous story weave in fancy's loom,  
And let the wizard dyes eternal bloom ;  
Give to the hero all the hero asks,  
And crown with lasting rapture all thy tasks ;  
So shall I once thy full-grown honours see,  
Nor blush to boast that I have sung for thee.

---

\* Troope.

† Eugene, a poem, which reflects honour on Ireland, both as the production and the subject are of its growth.

## C O R Y D O N.

## A MONODY.\*

WHAT dire misfortune hovers o'er my head ?  
Why hangs the salt dew on my aching eye ?  
Why doth my bosom pant, so sad, so sore,  
That was full blithe before ?—  
Bitter occasion prompts th' untimely sigh ;  
Why am I punish'd thus, ye angels ! why ?  
A shepherd swain like me, of harmless guise,  
Whose sole amusement was to feed his kine,  
And tune his oaten pipe the livelong day,—  
Could he in aught offend th' avenging skies,  
Or wake the red-wing'd thunderbolt divine ?  
Ah ! no : of simple structure was his lay ;  
Yet unprofan'd with trick of city art,  
Pure from the head and glowing from the heart.—  
Thou dear memorial of a brother's love,  
Sweet flute, once warbled to the list'ning grove,  
And master'd by his skilful hand,  
How shall I now command

---

\* In this Monody the author, a youth of ten years of age, bewails the death of his brother, who died of the small-pox, anno 1785, aetatis seven.

The hidden charms that lurk within thy frame,  
Or tell his gentle fame?  
Yet will I hail, unmeet, his star-crown'd shade;  
And beck his rural friends, a tuneful throng,  
To mend the uncouth lay, and join the rising song.

Ah ! I remember well yon oaken arbour gay,  
Where frequent at the purple dawn of morn,  
Or 'neath the beetling brow of twilight grey,  
We sate, like roses twain upon one thorn,  
Telling romantic tales, of descent quaint,  
Tinted in various hues with fancy's paint :  
And I would hearken, greedy of his sound,  
Lapt in the bosom of soft ecstacy,  
Till, lifting mildly high  
Her modest frontlet from the clouds around,  
Silence beheld us bruise the closing flow'rs,  
Meanwhile she shed her pure ambrosial show'rs.

O Shannon ! thy embroider'd banks can tell  
How oft we stray'd beside thy amber wave,  
With ozier rods arching thy wizard stream,  
Or weaving garlands for thy liquid brow.  
Ah me ! my dearest partner seeks the grave ;  
The ruthless grave, extinguisher of joy.  
Fond Corydon, scarce ripen'd into boy,

Where shall I ever find thy pleasing peer ?  
My task is now (ungrateful task, I ween !)  
To cull the choicest offspring of the year,  
With myrtles mix'd, and laurels varnish'd bright ;  
And, scatt'ring o'er thy hillock green  
The poor meed, greet the gloom of night.  
Ye healing Pow'rs, that range the velvet mead,  
Exhaling the fresh breeze from Zephyr's bow'r,  
Oh ! where, in that unhappy hour,  
Where did you fly from his neglected head ?  
Health, thou mountain maid of sprightliest cheek,  
Ah ! why not cool his forehead meek ?  
Why not in his blest eause thy pow'r display,  
And chase the fell disorder far away ?  
For he erewhile, most lovely of thy train,  
Wont the entangled wood to trace,  
Would hear the jocund horn, and join the chase :  
Till thou relinquish'dst him to grief and pain,  
E'en in the bloom of flourishing age ;  
And Death, grim tyrant, from his plague-drawn car  
Espied the horrid Fury's ruthless rage,  
Then wing'd his ebon shaft, and stopp'd the  
ling'ring war.

Yet cease to weep, ye swains ; for if no cloud  
Of thwarting influence mar my keener sight,

I mark'd a stranger star, serenely bright,  
Burst from the dim inclosure of a shroud.  
'Twas Corydon! a radiant circlet bound  
His brow of meekness ; and the silver sound,  
Shook from his lyre, of gratulations loud,  
Smooth'd the unruffled raven-plume of Night."—  
Thus chanted the rude youth his past'ral strain,  
While the cold earth his playmate's bosom press'd.  
And now the sun, slow westing to the main,  
Panted to give his wearied coursers rest ;  
The azure-curtains took a crimson stain,  
And Thetis shone, in golden garments drest.  
The shepherd-minstrel bent his homeward way,  
And brush'd the dew-drops from the glitt'ring spray.

---

## RUMINATIONS ON

## A DECAYED MONASTERY.

HERE, where the pale grass struggles with each wind,  
Pregnant with form the turf unheeded lies ;  
Here the fat abbot sleeps, in ease reclin'd,  
And here the meek monk folds his modest eyes.  
The nun, more chaste than bolted snow,  
Mingles with the dust below.



Nor capricious turns away.  
Lo ! to the taper's tremulous ray  
White veil'd shades their frames disclose,  
Vests of lily, cheeks of rose ;  
In dim Fancy's vision seen,  
Alive, awake, they rush between.

Ah ! who so cruel, in eternal gloom  
To close the sweetest workmanship of God ;  
In cloister'd aisles to waste their heav'nly bloom,  
And dull their bright eyes in the drear abode ?

Not real penance claim'd them here ;  
Nor lowliness, with melting tear :  
But Superstition, fiend deform,  
Sent forth the persecuting storm,  
And in a charnel's baleful arms  
Enclos'd the virgin's with'ring charms ;  
Despotic rul'd the fearful band,  
Pray'r and despondence in his hand,—  
His own right hand, that seem'd to wield  
Heav'n's lightning, and Oppression's shield.

Poor tremblers ! all your griefs are o'er :  
Beads deep-murmur'd tire no more ;  
Pageants dress'd in pious guise,  
Lank fasts, and pity-pouring eyes,

All, all eclips'd and sunk ! Those stones,  
'Scutcheon'd with rude gigantic bones,  
Shew the tyrant zealot's end,  
And where his schemes of power tend.

Near pebbled beds, where riv'lets play,  
And linger in the beams of day ;  
'Mid sods by kneeling martyrs worn,  
Embrown'd with many a horrid thorn,  
On whose branches off'rings fade,  
(Proof of vows devoutly paid ;)  
Where the owlet shrieking hides,  
Cov'ring with leaves his ragged sides ;  
Wont the solemn bell to flow  
In silver notes, prolonging slow  
Tides of matchless melody,  
Rousing the friar to secret glee ;  
While the vot'ries creep along,  
And, half-unwilling, join the throng,  
Their fates depending on his word,  
Owa'd of their breasts almighty lord :—  
Yes, let them slumber here at last,  
*Their* tyrannies, *their* suff'rings past ;  
And lend a venerable dread  
To the lone abbey's rocking head.



## ON TRAVELLING.

WHATE'ER of wonder Art or Nature fram'd,  
For giant strength or pigmy graces fam'd.  
Oh, let me scan, while Life's short changes last,  
Pant for the future, and enjoy the past ;  
Oh ! thus, while smiling years all-fav'ring roll,  
Compact my body and expand my soul !—  
Who, like a worm, in one dull spot would crawl,  
Nor view with curious eye this lovely ball ?  
Who would not wish, with sacred knowledge smit,  
To read that page the God of Wisdom writ ?  
Who would not nicely mark each varied hue  
Of that fair scene the God of Beauty drew ?  
Painter immensely grand, minutely fine,  
Whose pictures live and flourish as they shine.  
Whether Killarney's silver-rolling tide,  
Howth's vernal crest, or Antrim's rocky pride,  
Entranc'd we view,—the silent rapture glows,  
And Nature trembles at the work she shews.  
Who would not fathom Etna's burning womb ?  
Who would not thread old Arden's devious gloom ?

Who would not tread where dauntless Scipio trod ?  
Who would not trace the long disfigur'd god,  
Whose mould'ring bust, once crown'd with many a  
    rose,  
With many a festive myrtle, wants a nose ;  
While lurks in shades uncouth the Paphian queen,  
And Hermes sticks two Christian saints between ?  
The serious smile their sportive dooms excite,  
And classic wit laughs loudly at the sight :  
Nor is the useless moral cast away ;—  
Lo, Grandeur crumbling to a little clay !

---

THE  
SENSITIVE LINNET.

MY fond social linnet, to thee  
    What dear winning charms did belong !  
On my hand thou wouldest carol with glee,  
    On my bosom attend to my song.  
Sweet bird, in return for my strain,  
Thou warbled'st thy own o'er again.

Love, jealous a bird should thus share  
My affections, shot speedy his dart :  
To my swain now I sung ev'ry air ;  
The linnet soon took it to heart.  
Sweet bird, in how plaintive a strain  
Thou warbled'st thy own jealous pain !

But faithless my lover I found ;  
And in vain to forget him I tried :  
The linnet perceiv'd my heart's wound ;  
He sicken'd, he droop'd, and he died.  
Sweet bird, why to death yield the strain ?  
Thy song would have lighten'd my pain.

Dear linnet, I'll pillow thy head ;  
In down will I coffin thy breast ;  
And when thy sad mistress is dead,  
Together in peace we will rest.  
Sweet bird, how ill-fated our strain !  
We shall warble, alas ! ne'er again.

ADVICE TO  
TWO ADOPTED SISTERS.

---

DEAR girls, in youth and beauty's prime  
Despise not friendship's graver rhyme ;  
Friendship, that marks your early bloom  
Perfection's brightest tints assume.  
The tints of modest worth divine,  
When sense and harmless wit combine,  
Prompt each low passion to control,  
Or bind in rosy chains the soul.  
Oh, ever-charming ! let not Pride,  
Usurper bold, your breasts divide,  
Nor fashion beauteous nature hide ;  
Assur'd your soft eyes' radiant hue  
Can heal, disturb, and conquer too ;  
Oh ! let not Affectation, queen  
Of the nice lisp, the mincing mien,  
And studied glance, obscure their rays,  
Blighting the bloomy wreath of praise.  
Yet, sure, this idly-moral strain  
Is both presumptuous and vain :

{



For well your tender hearts I know ;  
Hearts formed to melt at every woe,  
Virtue to soothe, vice to chastise,  
And shine in bounteous pity wise.—  
Yet num'rous is the tinsel race  
That hover round a lovely face,  
As round the candle's beamy blaze  
Their brother-insect wildly plays.  
When by those ideot suitors prest,  
'Mid the gay flatt'lers falsely blest,  
Ador'd, and borne by sighs, you move  
On the frail, floating, clouds of love ;  
When fell Deceit, in angel guise,  
True demon, plans the pleasing lies ;  
Look round, and if you haply see  
No honest face—oh ! think on *me*.

THE  
POET'S PETITION TO APOLLO.

---

SCARCE fourteen summers crown my age,  
And yet on life's oft-varied stage  
(Such are the hapless poet's losses)  
I've met with fourteen thousand crosses.  
Debts; duns; proud patrons all so squeamish,  
Who damn one for a single blemish;  
Malice, with blinking eye and shrug,  
Rooting the grave fond Pity dug;  
Suspence, on courtier's promise waiting,  
“ Like Patience on a monument;”  
Envy, that darling imp of Satan;  
Poetic pique, and discontent:  
Full many a bitter pinch ye gave me;  
From which, O god Apollo, save me!

No more beneath some guardian wing  
I tune my little pipe, and sing;  
No more tied by the leg I flutter,  
Hop but in sight, nor dare to mutter;

O'er the wild fields of ether free,  
I now cry *Vive la liberté!*  
And though my nest I have not feather'd,  
I have at least experience gather'd :  
That rudder of good conduct, guiding  
To a calm port where Age may ride in ;  
Till call'd aloft at cherubs' whistle,  
To try if he has wisely mist ill ;  
And, without boast or flourish pompous  
Kept honour as his star and compass.

That I have never seen the child  
Of injur'd merit weep, and smil'd ;  
That I have never heard the poor  
Sigh out their plaints, and clos'd the door ;  
That I have never *wish'd to wrong*  
The good man in satiric song ;  
Bear witness Heav'n, that know'st my heart,  
And now, oh ! take thy minstrel's part.

Like sad Darius, bruis'd and beaten  
'Mong those by whom his goods were eaten ;  
Like Belisarius (poor fellow !)  
Drest up in rags black, blue, and yellow ;  
Like grave Cervantes in a jail ;  
Like Butler, without soothing ale ;  
Like Tasso praying, in the night,  
His cat's clear eyes to lend him light ;

Like Chatterton, who sung so sweet ;  
Like princely The'dore in the Fleet ;  
Like Tippoo Saib by strangers plunder'd ;  
Like—like—ah me, sirs ! like a hundred' ;  
Behold Tom Dermody quite humbled,  
From Fortune's wheel (the gipsey) tumbled :  
Petitioning, in paltry verses,  
Great George's head-piece from long purses..  
For he, unlike disloyal brothers,  
Loves his king's head above all others.

And shall I now with formal scrape,  
The muse low-curt'seying like an ape,  
Your pardon for this trifle beg,  
Dash off some lies and make a leg ?  
By Phœbus, no ! Consult your breast,  
Where all the soft-ey'd feelings rest,  
Each tender passion search with care,  
My best apology is *there*.

## THE

## VISION OF KILLEIGH CHURCH.

AS through the churchyard path I rov'd,  
The mould'ring turrets stagg'ring shook ;  
The stones in ruin'd row remov'd,  
Out flew the owl, and lonely rook.

In antique garb of Erin's loom,  
Such as on moss-grown tomb is seen,  
A rev'rend spirit trod the gloom,  
With venerably-pensive mien :

A broken cross adorn'd his head.  
Which shew'd the blossoms of decay ;  
His sighs a holy stillness shed :  
At last I heard him softly say :

“ Alas ! where are my glitt'ring tow'rs,  
My seats where mournful sinners pray'd ;  
Where rosy abbots pass'd their hours,  
And comforted the bashful maid ?

“ No silver bell with heav'nly call,  
Sounds sweetly through the rocking spire ;  
No Peter-pence from rich men fall ;  
No symptoms of religious fire.



“ The solitary curate too  
Pipes his long sermon through the aisles ;  
Preaches to each deserted pew ;  
And sees no penitence, but smiles.

“ The clerk alone, a merry wight,  
With shrill note bids the echoes ring ;  
Fills every bosom with delight,  
And carols louder than a king.

“ Nor is he pliant to each rite :  
More glad would be the tankard swill ;  
Attentive to some ancient fight,  
Of Boyne, Belleisle, or Bunker’s-hill.

“ Perhaps, as with sonorous shake  
He startles the low-murm’ring reeds,  
His thoughts excursive rove on Blake,  
Or Oliver’s ungracious deeds.

“ The Dean, good man ! is seldom here  
To glaze the window’s nitrous pane,  
The aged widow’s cry to hear,\*  
Or whistle some facetious strain.

---

\* For this sort of rhyme, Dermody had the authority of Pope.

A joke on Jekyl, or some good old Whig  
Who never chang’d his principle nor wig.

“ Last week he stript my arching glass,  
Through which the dim sun sweetly shone ;  
With relics heap'd his loaded ass,  
And claim'd the trophies as his own.

“ Ah, that the frame whose tender light  
Illum'd the nun's sequester'd cell,  
Should blaze, ill-doom'd, the wintry night,  
And bid its long-lost post farewell !

“ The dome where sceptred monarchs knelt,  
And crested chiefs with virtuous look ;  
Where high-born dames persuasion felt ;  
Now howls o'er B— and Mrs. C—.

“ How fall'n, that bumpkins should be kept  
In that same honour'd sacred pew  
Where great Macdermot pious *slept*,  
Or Rod'rick cough'd with Brian Borooh !

“ But hark ! I hear my brothers call,  
To raise some soul from purgatory.”—  
Away he swept in tarnish'd pall,  
And here I choose to end my story.

## HYMN TO SHAKSPEARE.

~~~~~

SWEET offspring of nature, soft rebel to art,  
Whom Fancy gave passions, and Pity a heart,  
From thine Avon repair on the wings of delight,  
And gild with thy glories the horrors of night.  
Thy Ariel will light up his glow-worms, to shew  
Thy rapturous path to a mortal below;  
Thy Ob'ron will bid all his small subjects fly,  
And revel and trip to the glance of thine eye;  
While the weird sisters vanish from off the wild heath,  
And cowslips and eglantines spring forth beneath.  
The moon shall delay to illumine the East,  
And thy glad inspiration reign full o'er my breast:  
My breast that shall glow with pure thoughts ever-  
more.  
And the secrets of feeling, of laughter, explore;  
Pour joy o'er the earth, if envigour'd by thee,  
And pay every rite to thy mulberry-tree.



## JOHN BAYNHAM'S EPITAPH.\*

HERE lieth Hereules the Second,  
A penman fine by critics reckon'd ;  
With back so huge, and brawny neck on't,  
And shrewdish head,  
Which oft to smoking hotpot beckon'd :  
John Baynham's dead.

Woes me! no more shall younkers crowd  
About thy hearth, and gabble loud ;  
Where thou, in magistracy proud,  
Nought humbly said :  
Alas ! we never thought thee good  
Till thou wast dead.

Though, by my soul ! still sober, mellow,  
I ken'd thee aye a special fellow,  
Catches or psalm-staves prompt to bellow,  
O pious breed !  
I ween thou'rt fixt 'tween heav'n and hell : oh !  
Our comfort's dead.

\* This man was the parish-clerk of Killeigh, and the merry friend and sociable companion of Dermody.

But for that plaguy profligate,  
We early might enjoy and late  
The knowledge of thy teeming pate

From board to bed :

But now thour't 'neath a puny slate ;  
Droll Johnny's dead.

Full many a hard bout hast thou weather'd :  
By merry Bob severely tether'd ;  
More sadly than if tarr'd and feather'd,

Like bull-dog led :

Now all my tools are fairly gather'd ;  
Blythe Baynham's dead.

Heav'n lend thy soul its surest port,  
And introduce thee to the court ;  
Revive again thy earthly sport,

And melt thy lead !

Alas ! we mourn ; for, by the mort !  
John Baynham's dead.

No curate now can work thy throat,  
And alter clean thy jocund note ;  
Charon has plump'd thee in his boat,

And run a-head :

My curse on death, the meddling sot !  
Gay Johnny's dead.

With gills of noblest usquebaugh,  
Will we anoint thy epitaph ;  
While thou at the full bowl shalt laugh,  
                  A precious meed :  
At last thou liest in harbour safe ;  
                  Sage Johnny's dead.

News shall no more thy mornings muzzle,  
Or schemes good spirit-punch to guzzle ;  
Wounds ! thou art past this mortal bustle,  
                  With manna fed ;  
Satan and thou hadst a long tussel ;  
                  At last thou'rt dead.

May blessings light upon thy gloom,  
And geese grow fat upon thy tomb !  
While no rash scribbler's impious thumb  
                  Shall maul thy head ;  
But greet thee soft ' in kingdom come,'  
                  Though thou art dead..

#### POSTSCRIPT.

After inditing these sad stories,  
I hap'd to hear some brother tories.

Ranting and roaring loud at Lory's,\*  
Not quite well bred ;  
I enter'd, and exclaim'd, ' Ye glories,  
John Baynham's dead.'

Scarce had I spoke, when 'neath the table  
Something sigh'd out most lamentable :  
Anon, to make my song a fable,  
Starts out brave John ;  
Sitting, by Jove above ! most stable  
On wicked throne.

They press'd my sitting : marv'lous dull,  
I gap'd at Banquo like a fool,  
And cried ' Good sirs, the table's full,  
And there's a spirit,'  
' Come reach,' quoth sprite, ' an easy stool :'  
And lent a wherret.

' You rogue,' said he, ' how dare you write  
Such stuff on me, as dead outright ;

---

\* Lory was another of his associates. He kept a public-house, where the tradesmen of the village assembled, with the parish-clerk John Baynham, and Dermody as their oracle.

I think, by this good candle-light,  
You've earn'd a drubbing.'  
'Pho! peace,' said I, 'I'll blot it quite;  
Aye, by St. Dobbin.'

Witness therefore, by my small finger,  
John chooses still on earth to linger,  
As penman, poet, toper, singer,  
In trade full thriving;  
Know then, old bellman, barber, tinker,  
John Baynham's living.

## WILL GORMAN,

## THE KILLEIGH WEAVER.

~~~~~  
A piteous elegy, indeed,  
Endited sad on gabbling Gorman;  
Who, from his loom and shuttle freed,  
Took voyage for the Stygian shore, man.

~~~~~

SO dapper was he in his size,  
That midnight gossips would surmise  
Some fay did blind his mother's eyes,  
And stint him short;  
Yet would he merry tales devise  
With mickle \* sport.

The Killeigh Mercury he was,  
To pen songs on the corner-cross;  
Or lay them on the pump across,  
With cautious look.  
I' faith, we have a piteous loss,  
Since he forsook.

---

\* Much.

When o'er his loom the great mon \* sat,  
He'd verses make on this or that,  
On Norah's stockings, Nelly's hat,  
Or Nancy's garters ;  
Or satires pen black as my hat,  
And cut in quarters.

Not Hudibras himself was greater  
In forging Babylonish metre ;  
Rebus he'd fix on any creature,  
And ne'er the worse :  
I think his numscull was completer.  
Stor'd than his purse..

Know then (for him you'll ne'er ken more, man),  
Here lies the shell-work of Will Gorman.

---

\* Man.

A LAMENTABLE  
ELEGY ON NICHOLAS,  
THE KILLEIGH TAYLOR.

THY namesake \* saw thy worth at last ;  
And took thee, faith, as a dead cast :  
Thy revels and thy routs are past,  
    Ill-fated Nichol ;  
Auld don † thy carcase threw with haste  
    Into his pickle.

Now you may deck the prince of soot  
With goodly clothes from head to foot,  
I ween he wants a new recruit ;  
    For since his fall  
He's got no tolerable suit,  
    But an old pall.

---

\* Old Nick (as we say).

† The old Don (explained in the preceding note).

Much good may this new custom do thee !  
 May the coquettes of *lowland* woo thee,  
 And am'rous scratch thy cheeks so ruddy  
                           With tooth and nail ;  
 And when thou enter'st on thy study,  
                           Bid thee all-hail !

Cæsar may want thy aid, sir, there ;  
 Or Alexander, the great bear,  
 Pawn his lank knapsack in despair,  
                           To get thee credit :  
 For authors say, queer clothes they wear,  
                           As you may read it.

We'll give thee joy of thy free trade.  
 May'st thou by Satan be well paid :  
 And never be by duns dismay'd ;  
                           Save now and then,  
 By some fair brimstone-blooded jade !—  
                           John says, ' Amen.'

What pompous words thy tongue adorn'd !  
 For monosyllables were scorn'd.  
 Full many a husband hast thou horn'd ;  
                           For which sweet sport,  
 Forefend you be not now suborn'd  
                           In Pluto's court !

At Andrew's shall thy praise remain,  
 While ale is made of malt and grain,  
 While Johnnie trembles at the dean :  
 Ev'n, Nic, so long  
 Shall bards thy hapless fate complain  
 In lofty song.

What though the Killeigh knell be broke ?  
 Kind memory shall thy name invoke,  
 And every jovial heart of oak  
 Inscribe thy stone  
 With epitaphs, at whose each stroke  
 The De'il wou'd groan.

Fu' long shall Marks \* thy merit tell,  
 And Hugh recount thy gambols well :  
 For in sly pranks thou bor'st the bell,  
 And wouldest succeed ;  
 Whilst Gragueall \* cries, in sad farewell,  
 ' Nick Surlock's dead.'

O matchless taylor, whose bra † clothes  
 Would swathe ‡ so fine the country beaus !

---

\* Marks and Gragueall, two of his village friends.

† Brave, fine.

‡ Dress.

Must death thus take thee by the nose,  
And piach it red ;  
While boys resound, in tuneful woes,  
‘ Our taylor’s dead ?’

When the old surly haughre \* came,  
Why didst thou not defend thy fame ;  
His dog’s-ears with thy scissars maim,  
Or hurl thy goose ?  
Ah, no ! poor wight, thou went’st quite tame  
Into his noose.

‘ Done-over taylor, art thou now :  
A cold stone on thy weam below,  
Knock’d by thy rude carniv’rous foe  
Upon the head ;  
Ah ! soon shall ill-made garments shew,  
Nice Nick is dead.

---

\* Death.

## THE DEATH OF POOR DAVIE,

THE KILLEIGH PIPER.

COME all ye jolly folks of Killeigh,  
And ponder on the tale I tell ye :  
Relinquish Susan, Kate, and Nelly,  
And droop the head ;  
Grim Death has stopt your piper's gullie ; \*  
Poor Davie's dead.

Wae's me ! no more shall thy stuff'd pudding †  
Set heels quick stamping on a sudden,  
And fill the hearts of Giles and Cudden  
With huge delight :  
Just when the rose of life was budding,  
Came a fell blight.

Oft have I heard your windy music  
Till it would make both me and you sick,

\* Throat.

† Bagpipe.

And drunk the beer of Goody Cusack  
 Till darkness fled ;  
 Now on your grave I must a yew stick ;  
 Poor Davie's dead !

When Death, the gilligapus, stole  
 To pluck away thy gabby soul,  
 Had'st thou inspir'd thy tuneful hole  
 With skilful head,  
 He would have run like silly-foal ;  
 But now thou'rt dead.

Southerne shall strew thy coal-black hearse  
 With epic Hudibrastic verse ;  
 Thy praise in lofty lays rehearse,  
 And blath'ring rhyme ;  
 Wow,\* he thy future fame shall nurse  
 In scrawls sublime.

To greyhound's tail he'll tie † thy glory,  
 And propagate the rev'rend story :  
 Fam'd as the famous John-a-Dory,  
 His song shall save ye ;  
 And tell to trimmer, whig, and tory,  
*Hic jacet Davie.*

---

\* Ah me, alas.

† A custom he used to put in practice.

At wedding dinner when thou'st been,  
With breeches red and cravat clean,  
How thou would's tune thy engine keen ;  
                          And, droning loudly,  
Set cats, maids, dogs, upon the green.  
                          A prancing proudly !

Then, when the sheepskin cloth was spread,  
Grasp at the bacon white and red,  
Against the tankard knock thy head,  
                          Or spill the gravy ;  
While younkers laugh'd at a' you said,  
                          Right hum'rous Davie.

Around thy tomb shall May-maids revel,  
Scatt'ring sweet flow'rs to scare the devil,  
And keep thy corse from nightly evil ;  
                          And bless the sod  
Where shuffling Davie, blithe yet civil,  
                          Lies cold as toad.

## RECANTATORY POSTSCRIPT.

However, I took heart o' grace,  
And ken'd a noise i' that same place,  
At which I blest myself with face  
As pale as stone :  
For I could swear, in any case,  
'Twas Davie's drone.

So in I went, pry'd all about ;  
The people wonder'd at the rout :  
At last, with one outrageous shout,  
Unkennel'd Davie ;  
So stunn'd, that scarce one word came out,  
To say, ' God save ye.'"

Like that madcap in Hamlet's play,  
We star'd,—and star'd our fears away;

And then sat down, full spruce and gay,  
As sound as cherry :  
And Davie's here this very day,  
Alive and merry.

Though all the town, in well-feign'd sorrow,  
Swore Death had pink'd his body thorough,  
And laid him flatter than the furrow,  
There's no believing :  
In come, and you shall see to-morrow  
Poor Davie living.

---

## MY OWN ELEGY.

GUDE faith ! with all thy roguish trick,  
Thy Pegasus has got a kick ;  
Flat as a tomb-stone, dumb as stick,  
Thou liest at last :  
God send, thou gang'st not to old Nick  
For frolics past.

I do remember thee right well :  
Thou didst in witty pranks excel,

Can all thy deeds of sly note tell,  
 Thou great verse-fighter ;  
 But ah ! auld Death has borne the bell,  
 And bit the biter.

Right glum \* is all thy rhyming glœ ;  
 Struck mute, who wont to be so free :  
 Yet, yet shall I, on bended knee  
 (Faithfu' Achates †)  
 Drink to thy amorous memory ;  
 Fine off'ring that is.

For thou didst long to taste the bowl :  
 And if from limbo-logwood whole,‡  
 I ken, thy jovial fluttering soul  
 Will snuff the vapours ;  
 Gleam pure good humour o'er the whole,  
 And light the tapens.

‘ Bathe the delighted sprite §’ in ale,  
 Lie ‘ wedg’d in fiery’ mugs, exhale  
 The quintessence of pipes, and rail  
 At good old sages ;  
 Flouting the de'il and his long tail  
 In smoky pages.

\* Silent.      † ‘ Fides Achates.’ *Virgil.*      ‡ Sound, safe.

§ *Shakespeare: Measure for Measure.*

When landlady, with burly mien,  
 Bids purses gleam with twinklers sheen,\*  
 'Tis 'nuncle pays for thee,'† I ween ;  
 Gold grow'th not in heaven :  
 Yet, by the laws, we'll lug thee in  
 For reck'ning even.

Well, blessings on thy shade so laurel'd !  
 'Mid all thy high words thou ne'er quarrel'd ;  
 Laugh'd loud, and leer'd, when malice snarl'd,  
 A smiling wizard :  
 And when renown'd good beer was barrel'd  
 Grinn'd in thy gizzard.

No thanks to those who long'd to pelt or  
 Abuse thy poor muse, helter-skelter ;  
 Send thee to solitude for shelter,  
 To grief and moping,  
 Her dim lyre (cause enough to melt her)  
 In darkness groping.

Yes : all must grant thee too a smack  
 Of genius, and of warmth. Alack !

---

\* Bright money.

† Alluding to a well-known story of Shuter, the actor.

Genius and warmth are gone apace  
     To land unknown ;  
 They'll never come, I fear me, back,  
     To make us groan.

The merry catch shall greet thy sprite :  
 And in the dead of list'ning night  
 We'll drone sincere at thy ill plight,  
     And sprinkle strong dews :  
 The hop shall on thy tomb rise light,  
     Nor yield us wrong juice.

Tobacco tubes, like trumps inverted,  
 Shall deck thy grave, and smoke thick-darted  
 Nourish the flow'rs around thee started  
     With od'rous aid :  
 Then, mon, be not this once faint-hearted ;  
     Thy fortune's made.

At judgment-day, when strong-lung'd cherub  
 Shall pipe all hands from silence here up,  
 He'll know thee, Tom, to be a queer cub,  
     And give thee quarters ;  
 Wou恩 ! what a sight, to see thy knee rub  
     'Gainst the saints and martyrs ?

D'ye now remember, youth, the time  
 Thou'st rattled off sweet chinking rhyme,  
 Till, rapt in doggerel sublime,  
 Thou staid'st all night out.  
 While Mumpus \* rang'd from clime to clime,  
 Raising a right rout ?

Peace to thy manes, lad of wax !  
 Free from all venomous attacks,  
 Thou liest in harbour snug : what lacks'  
 Thy heart on high ?  
 Would that thy friends here could go snacks,  
 And mount the sky !

AN ODE TO MYSELF.

THRICE hail, thou prince of jovial fellows,  
 Tuning so blithe thy lyric bellows,  
 Of no one's brighter genius jealous ;  
 Whose little span  
 Is spent 'twixt poetry and alehouse,  
 'Twixt quill and cann !

\* One of his associates at John Bayham's.

Reckless howe'er the world may fadge,  
 Variety thy only badge :  
 Now courting Susan, Kate, or Madge,  
     Or black-ey'd Molly ;  
 For living in one sullen lodge  
     Is downright folly.

hy classics sleeping on the shelf,  
 Thou'rt muse and patron to thyself :  
 Aye \* frolic when profuse of pelf ;  
     Grim as the gallows  
 When dunn'd by that obstreperous elf,  
     False-scoring Alice.

Long may'st thou punch ambrosial swill,  
 Drinking no water from that hill  
 By temperate bards recorded still  
     In tasteless rhime ;  
 For noble punch shall sweetly fill  
     The thought sublime.

\* Ever. So Milton :

And hear the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing.



With Baynham, social spring \* of wit,  
Thou hadst full many a merry fit ;  
And whether haply thou shalt sit  
With clown or peer,  
Never shall lingering honour quit  
Thy heart sincere.

\* So Falstaff: "I am not only witty myself, but the cause of wit in others.

## MY OWN EPITAPH.

Guiltless he met grim Death, and sporting ;  
The farce is finish'd, drop the curtain ;  
The bubble's burst, the whim is ended,  
The rattle either lost or mended.

HERE Dermody, oddest of odd compositions ;  
By Virtue and Vice, two contending physicians,  
Most strangely work'd up ; who of each wore the fetter ;  
Just loos'd from this world, lies in hopes of a better :  
If no blessing ensue he can't suffer a curse ;  
As Fortune and Fate could not find out a worse.  
All formal rule slighting of plain mortals above ;  
The pole-star of friendship, the comet of love ;  
Though sadly distrest, a vile squand'rer of pelf,  
For others he felt what he felt not for self.  
Most injur'd by folks whom he most wish'd to please ;  
To preferment no foe, but a friend to his ease ;  
Unnotic'd for talents he had, and forgot,  
But most famously notic'd for faults he had not ;

Though meek as a lamb, deem'd the lion of satire ;  
The madman of rage and the fool of good-nature ;  
Whenever to praise he sometimes condescended,  
They squeez'd out sly rubs which were never intended :  
No deist, no drunkard, no rake at a gypsy ;  
Yet often both swearing, and courting, and tipsy.  
As an author, conceited when once he began ;  
Facetious, and social, and free, as a man :  
As a *man*, did I say ? when death shifted the scene,  
A giant of genius, he was *not fifteen*.  
Him whom living you nourish'd with ink and with  
bays,  
To others the profit, to him the mere praise,  
Sage critics and cavilers, take it in head  
To burden with praise and with profit when dead ;  
Oh ! now that you fear nor his smiles nor his lashes,  
Be candid for once, and disturb not his ashes.



## ELEGIAC STANZAS ON MYSELF.

TO Pleasure's wiles an easy prey,  
Beneath this sod a bosom lies ;  
Yet spare the meek offender's clay,  
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O stranger ! if thy wayward lot  
Through Folly's heedless maze has led,  
Here nurse the true, the tender thought,  
And fling the wild flow'r on his head.

For he, by this cold hillock clad,'  
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,  
Each gentlest balm of feeling had,  
To sooth all sorrow but his own.

For he, by tuneful Fancy rear'd,  
(Though ever-dumb he sleeps below,)  
The stillest sigh of anguish heard,  
And gave a tear to ev'ry woe.

Oh ! place his dear harp by his side,  
(His harp, alas ! his only hoard ;)  
The fairy breeze at even tide  
Will trembling kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,  
When misty twilight stream'd around ;  
To mark the slowly-heaving flood,  
And catch the deep wave's sullen sound.

Oft when the rosy dawn was seen  
'Mid blue to gild the blushing steep,  
He trac'd o'er yonder margent green  
The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pause, the lark to hear,  
With speckled wing, the skies explore ;  
Oft paus'd to see the slow flock near :  
But he shall hear and see no more.

Then, stranger, be his foibles lost ;  
At such small foibles Virtue smil'd :  
Few was their number, large their cost,  
For he was Nature's orphan-child.

The graceful drop of pity spare,  
(To him the bright drop once belong'd :)  
Well, well his doom deserves thy care ;  
Much, much he suffer'd, much was wrong'd.

When taught by life its pangs to know,  
Ah ! as thou roam'st the checker'd gloom,  
Bid the sweet night-bird's numbers flow,  
And the last sunbeam light his tomb.

## FAREWELL TO KILLEIGH.

AT last, while you've been heedless napping,  
 Egad, I'm ready just for hopping :  
 There's neither staying now nor stopping,  
 But dash away ;  
 Perchance your bard no more may drop in,  
 To make you gay.

Howe'er, I hope you'll place my head  
 Upon a column white and red :  
 Record the witty things I said,  
 And con each joke :  
 You will, I wot, be so well-bred,  
 My hearts of oak.

Oft in the dear lost school convene,  
 Smoke deep your funny gab \* between ;  
 While honest John, in doleful teen,†  
 Sighs out my name :  
 Boys, I must alter now the scene  
 And climb to fame.

\* Talk.

† Sound of sorrow.

old Lory's you repair,  
pple off the fortnight's care,  
Tom shall steal upon you there,  
And prompt each wish ;  
that would smoke like a lord may'r,  
Drink like a fish.

n Shakspeare fills each pate so fine,  
Dick repeats the pompous line,  
ll mouth once more my verse divine ;  
My slipshod muse  
make the ale as strong as wine,  
And sweets infuse.

often have we met the moon  
vapours bland, and pipe in tune,  
with Ariel to commune,  
Or Caliban :  
aring half a taylor's croon  
For dev'l or man !

ore shall I so deeply muse  
amphelet bare, or dusty news ;  
ore antiquities peruse  
With craving eye's  
lack ! no more destroy my shoes,  
Cap'ring for joy.

No more love-sonnets sweetly sing,  
To Hudibrastics chime the string,  
Or elegies right baleful bring  
For Davie dead :  
Alas ! 'tis quite another thing :  
All frolic's fled.

But friendship still shall fresh remain ;  
And when I'm o'er the envious main,  
Tell all my old tricks o'er again  
With smiling glee :  
" Heav'ns ! " will ye cry in ranting strain,  
Who'll equal thee ?

' Killeigh is now, alack ! deserted :  
Her once-lov'd poet's quite departed ;  
Full cruel wert thou and hard-hearted  
To serve her so.'  
Partners of all my life, though parted,  
My soul's with you.

Though riches fill my chest, though Glory  
Swell up my heart, I'm no such tory  
To gain up all those things before ye,  
Nor lend a mite ;  
Whate'er I be, 'tis the old story,  
And all is right.

---

Should I in future years be able  
To take an arm-chair at your table,  
Then you wont think this boast a fable,  
But good stout reason :  
You'll find me, though but poor, right stable ;  
Ne'er out of season.

And now God's luck to this fair meeting !  
And may we have another greeting ;  
When bairns and wives, the tribe completing,  
Shall hug each other :  
While I, of noble actions treating,  
Hail each a brother !

## EPISTLE TO J. C. WALKER, ESQ.

While in Italy.

WHILE safe on Latium's classic shore,  
Beneath her cloudless skies you rove,  
The Mantuan's mouldering cot explore,  
Or Tully's desolated grove ;

Oh ! let *my* artless muse, unknown  
To all the charms thy ancients knew,  
Awake the soft pipe's liquid tone ;  
A song, if not sublime, yet true.

'Tis thine, with fond research to trace  
The shrinking river's latent vein ;  
From dust to dig th' imperial face,  
Or raise to light the lofty strain.

Then, like the bee, full-fraught return,  
Instruction pour from Wisdom's urn,  
And bid the Alban graces smile  
On lost Juverna's barren isle.\*

---

\* This prediction was fulfill'd in the year 1799, when M Walker's Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy appeared.

Methinks a visionary band  
Of palm-crown'd shades attend thy path ;  
With vigour arm thy curious hand,  
And lull the sleeping serpent's wrath.

Old Tiber on his yellow stream  
(His blue stole floating in the wind)  
Awakes from his long-lengthen'd dream,  
And whispers to thy tranced mind :

Recounts what former deeds were done,  
What poets sung, what warriors fought ;  
Embalms with tears each godlike son,  
And dwells upon the noble thought :

Recounts the fair historic grace  
That told each martial tale to fame,  
That wont each hidden fault to trace,  
And falters at his Livy's name.

Oh, couldst thou from some gentle shade  
Retrieve the lost, the priceless page,  
The depths of elder Time invade,  
And brighten blank Oblivion's age !

The wish is vain : what taste can do,  
What elegance with sense combin'd,  
Thy learned toil shall bring to view,  
And nourish the abstracted mind.

Perchance, with later genius smit,  
By Vaucluse' silver springs you sit,  
And 'mid the purple bowret's hear  
The minstrel of the blooming year.

Thce Dante's holy spirit leads  
Through asphodel-embroider'd meads,  
Or tumbles with impetuous sweep  
Down the rough mountain's horrid steep :

Meanwhile, the penal lashes sound  
With lamentable shrieks of woe ;  
And threatens the aching soul that wound  
Shrill murmur'd from the gulf below.

Or he who chose Orlando fierce,  
By Fancy fir'd, his beauteous guide ;  
And rais'd Adventure's knightly pride  
In wild varieties of verse.

Or rather Tasso's chaster lay,  
Melodious melting, or sublime ;  
Tasso, who sweetest could display  
The lulling witchery of rhyme.

Whate'er thy task, pure truth is thine,  
That 'mid Norwegian frosts would shine ;  
And manly knowledge, temper'd mild,  
With winning ease, serenely free :  
For, when fond Nature moulded thee,  
The Muse, the Virtues, and the Graces, smil'd.

---

## THE POET'S RECASTATION.

Addressed to the Rev. Mr. Berwick, Chaplain to the Countess of Moira.

~~~~~  
“Facit *recantatio versum*.”  
~~~~~

PUFF'D with false hopes of fame and honour,  
My muse (the Philistines upon her !),  
Stiff in her own bold *ipse dixit*,  
Erst sent me out a true don Quixote ;  
Despising wealth, content, and pleasure,  
For authorship's enchanted treasure :  
Nor could the great Eliza's † kindness  
Purge from my eye poetic blindness.  
At last, well vers'd in cares and trouble,  
I see my former folly double  
(As Oedipus, with haggard eyes,  
‘Saw double suns and worlds arise ;’  
So Virgil, prince of epic fellows,  
Is pleas'd in his ninth book to tell us) !  
And, startled at my faults and foibles,  
Firm as if sworn on fifty Bibles,

---

\* “Facit *indignatio versum*.” HORACE.

† Countess of Moira.



Declare eternal hate, and lasting,  
To lagging rhymes and paper-wasting.  
Not Brutus did so much determine  
To hunt from Rome the royal vermin.  
Thus then, in a most furious fashion,  
I write (not *read*) my recantation.

*Imprimis* (pray your godship, mind me),  
Phœbus, I cast thee far behind me ;  
And all thy books, facete or tragic,  
I look upon as spells or magic.

In second place, I do combine  
Body and blood against the Nine ;  
Ill-natur'd ballad-chanting slatterns ;  
That spoil'd my luck, and lost my patrons.

Lastly, *cum vi, et coram rege*,  
I do, my reverend sir, engage ye,  
To view a quill from goose or sparrow  
As if it was a Parthian arrow,  
Or William Tell's unerring dart,  
Directly bouncing to my heart.  
Neither shall ink or black or pallid,  
(I *swear*, to make your trust more valid,)  
For me in cup or bottle teem,  
No more than Pluto's Stygian stream.

For ink's, I find by disquisition,  
 The very essence of perdition ;  
 The gall was made for man's undoing,  
 And signs the bond 'twixt him and ruin.  
 And if, sometime hence, sorely smit  
 By flashes of electric wit,  
 I should, in deep-designing malice,  
 Deal with the volume-vending tories\*,  
 May scandal plant his blackest gallows,  
 And hang me in his attic stories ;  
 Where the grim-phyz'd Reviews exhibit  
 (Fell vaticides !) their ruthless gibbet.  
 Moreover, may the prince of printing  
 (You well may guess him by my hinting)  
 Roll up each page in sulphur-pills ;  
 When from his stately chariot's wheels,  
 In doctor's semblance, he bestows  
 Disease and death where'er he goes.

Now, having made this adjuration,  
 I find there is some slight occasion

\* "Tories" is here used merely as a term of reproach, in which sense it was first given to the political party now bearing this appellation. In its origin it is appropriate to robbers or freebooters; being derived from the native Irish *tores*, or " give me."

To seek some other method (knowing  
 The mouth must still be kept a-going)  
 By which, in lieu of rhymes unpleasant,  
 I may carouse with port and pheasant :  
 While at my door, with bat in hand,  
 Vile bards (once brothers) shivering stand ;  
 And, cursing me (a proud Egyptian),  
 Requests his Honour's least subscription.  
 O friend, whose goodness plac'd me once  
 Above the sneer of every dunce,  
 Above the scorn of fools well-drest,  
 In Hastings' generous bounty blest !  
 Once more her pitying heart assail  
 With youthful indiscretion's tale ;  
 And bid, above the viler throng,  
 A princely patron grace my song.

So ends recant : by marv'lous care,  
 I've clench'd it with a poet's pray'r ;  
 A kind of anti-scribbling matin,  
 To scare the fiends of Greek and Latin :—

From notes unpaid, that make us mourn ; }  
 From Marshalsea's close-grated bourn,  
 From whence no debtor can return ; }  
 }

From teasing countesses with letters,  
And rash intrusion on our betters ;  
From Cambrian booksellers, who scrape or  
Conceal all profits with a caper ;  
From shillings scant, that often send us  
To tasteless lords ; —good Lord, defend us !  
But if it be thy will immortal,  
Let Moira-house extend its portal ;  
Forgiving the ill-fated sinner,  
And welcome Dermody to dinner :  
And may he live at ease again,  
Its bard for ever and—Amen.

THE  
PETITION OF TOM DERMODY

To the three Fates in Council sitting.

---

“ RIGHT rigorous, and so forth ! humbled  
By cares and mournings, tost and tumbled,  
Before your ladyships Tom Fool,  
Knowing above the rest you rule,  
Most lamentably sets his case,  
With a bold heart and saucy face.  
*Sans* shoe or stocking, coat or breeches,  
You see him now, most mighty witches :  
His body worn like an old farthing,  
The angry spirit just a-parting ;  
His credit rotten, and his purse  
As empty as a cobler’s curse ;  
His poems too unsold,—that’s worse ! }  
In short, between confounded crosses,  
Patrons all vex’d, and former losses,  
Sure as a gun he cannot fail  
Next week to warble in a jail ;

Which jail to folks not very sanguine  
Is just as good, or worse than hanging ;  
Though in the first some vain hopes flatter,  
But Hope's quite *strangled* by the latter.  
Thus is poor rhyming rascal treated ;  
Fairly, or rather foully cheated  
Of all the goods from wit accruing ;  
(Wit, that's synonymous with ruin).  
Then take it in your head-piece, ladies,  
To set up a poor bard whose trade is  
Low fall'n enough in conscience : pity  
The master of the magic ditty ;  
And turn your wheel once more in haste,  
To see him on the summit plac'd.  
For well you wot that woes ('od rot 'em !)  
Have long time stretch'd him at the bottom :  
Where he who erst fine lyrics gabbled,  
With mire and filth was sorely dabbled :  
So plentifully pelted that  
He looks like any drowned rat.  
O Justice, Justice ! take his part ;  
Oh ! lift him in thy lofty cart,  
Magnific Fame ; and let fat Plenty  
Marry one poet out of twenty.”



## FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

“ RANK nurse of nonsense ; on whose thankless coast  
The base weed thrives, the nobler bloom is lost :  
Parent of pride and poverty, where dwell  
Dullness and brogue and calumny :—farewell !  
Lo ! from thy land the tuneful prophet flies,  
And spurns the dust behind in folly’s eyes.  
Merit, bright meteor, o’er thy gloomy night  
Stream’d of poetic charm the loveliest light ;  
Dimm’d by thy mist, and shorn of many a ray,  
The brilliant glory bursts, and glides away,  
In purer skies to shed its radiant glow,  
And leaves a lonely waste of gloom below.  
In vain thy children tun’d the lofty strain ;  
Thy children propp’d the sinking isle in vain ;  
Vice is well-pension’d, virtue seeks the shades,  
And all the muse and all the patriot fades.  
No Moira comes to clear thy circling fogs,  
But Westmorland still rules congenial bogs.

“ Yet ere my better fortune fills the sail,  
Ere fav’ring zephyr fans the speeding gale ;  
While tears by turns, and angry curses, rend  
This injur’d breast ; inglorious spot, attend :  
(For spite of anger, spite of satire’s thrill,  
Nature boils o’er ; thou art my country still).  
Oh ! pause on ruin’s steepy cliff profound :  
Oh ! raise thy pale, thy drooping sons around ;  
Exalt the poor, the lordly proud oppress,  
Thy tyrants humble, but thy soldiers bless.  
Worn by long toil, as if foredoom’d by fate  
To glut some pamper’d reprobate of state,  
Thy artists cherish ; bid the mighty soul  
Of wisdom range beyond cold want’s control ;  
And haply when some native gem you see  
Unknown, unfriended, lost,—oh, think on me\* !”

---

\* It was peculiarly ungrateful in Dermody to speak in these terms respecting his native country. He received in fact too much friendship, too much patronage.

TO

## SIR JAMES BLAND BURGESS, BART.

On his admirable Poem of Richard the First.

LO ! from the ruins of ' the mighty dead,'  
Once more the English Genius lifts his head ;  
Britain once more with partial transport views  
Th' appropriate honours of the epic muse.  
Oft has the fervour of her genuine flame  
Illum'd the Theban or the Spartan name ;  
Lending, with liberal grace, to chiefs unknown  
Immortal wreaths, and laurels not their own :  
While the brave worthies of this favour'd clime  
Lay clouded in some legendary rhyme,  
Whose quaint inanity presum'd to raise  
A lasting theme in mockery of praise.  
Not so, with unaffected splendour bright,  
Meets thy First Richard our enraptur'd sight :  
Emerging from oblivion's central shade,  
In all the majesty of song array'd.

Oh ! would the heirs of pomp, the gifted great,  
To charm the hours of dignified retreat ;  
So, by soft sanction, tenderly impart  
A new-born lustre to the tuneful art :  
Still might I hope, intent on high emprise,  
To see a Dorset or a Sidney rise.—  
The hope is vain ; that gen'rous glow divine  
Which breathes in harmony from breasts like thine ;  
That soaring spirit which disdains to creep  
Round the smooth base of the Parnassian steep,  
But, hurried with the whirlwind's force along,  
Grasps the rough summit of sublimest song ;  
Where shall I seek 'mid the degen'rate band  
Who slight the beauties of their native land :  
For foreign flow'rs of short duration sigh,  
And scorn those hardy blooms that never die, }  
Nurs'd by the rigours of our northern sky ? }  
To thy auspicious star we fondly turn,  
Whose steadier rays aloft distinctly burn :  
To light the minstrel through life's stormy main,  
Or guide the banish'd muses back again ;  
Here, safe at length, to rest their pilgrim feet,  
And claim their old hereditary seat.



## EXCULPATORY LINES

## TO ATTICUS.\*

Quo quisque est major, magis est placabilis ira ;  
 Et faciles motus mens generosa capit.

OVID.

BY what strange fate great talents are allied  
 To greatest faults, whose judgment can decide ?  
 Whether the finer fibres of the brain,  
 Intensely bent, and stretching ev'n to pain,  
 Relaxing, may too frequently require  
 Fresh fuel for the intellectual fire :  
 Or that rash genius, in its wild career,  
 All-devious visits each eccentric sphere ;  
 And, conversant with fancied forms of air,  
 Mocks the cold caution of terrestrial care ;—  
 Now, bravely borne on seraph-wing sublime,  
 List'ning th' eternal systems' choral chime† ;  
 Now 'mid the gloom of central Hades hurl'd,  
 Groping the rayless dungeons of the world ;

\* This name, Dermody, in all his writings, applied to Mr. Addison.

† "The music of the spheres." POPL.

Anon with more effulgent face to rise,  
And sun-like travel through serener skies,  
Till vile Intemperance, of hideous birth,  
The struggling pinion chains to native earth,  
And reason's spark, irregularly bright,  
At length exhausted sinks in mournful night.  
How sad the wreck, the triumph how malign,  
When Vice allures the muses to her shrine ;  
Round her black brow when roses are entwin'd,  
And demons revel o'er the ruin'd mind !

In vain for *causes* would stern prudence seek,  
But of the dread *effect* all ages speak ;  
While on full many a minstrel's doom severe,  
Relenting pardon streams th' eternal tear.  
Though 'mid the guilty but illustrious band  
My humble name unknown must never stand ;  
Though little praise, alas ! to me is due ;  
Would I deserv'd so little censure too !  
Deeply impress'd th' unpleasing theme I feel  
Which conscious blushes, spite of pride, reveal :  
Yet, sooth'd once more by thy absolving smile,  
Enrag'd compunction's scorpion-sting beguile ;  
And find my soul from sensual bondage free,  
Tutor'd by Virtue, Atticus, and thee..

THE  
FEMALE MENDICANT.

---

AS, with step full weak and weary,  
Faint from door to door I roam,  
While the wind whistles deep and dreary,  
And, in vain, I seek a home ;  
Tho' my grey locks with rain are dripping,  
Tho' scarce my limbs their load can bear,  
Tho' faster than the show'r I'm weeping,  
See ! they mock the falling tear !  
Tell me, sweet Child of Pity, why—  
guiltless wanderer am I ?

On this sad head, with age so stooping,  
Full fourscore winters roll'd away,  
And, ah ! tho' now with sorrow drooping,  
Once I've seen a brighter day ;  
Once I had fortune, health, and beauty,  
And houses tall, and cultur'd land,  
Children, observant of their duty,  
A spouse, who press'd this shrivell'd hand,  
Now stretch'd in vain : Ah tell me why—  
A poor, old wanderer am I ?

Boys, as I go, at me are hooting,  
Banning sore the palsy'd crone,  
Still, still, with cruel mock'ry shouting,  
“ Beldame! to thy grave begone !”  
And, while the scanty faggot picking,  
I mutter at my wayward doom,  
Thorns in my seat the imps are sticking,  
To wound the witch returning home..  
Tell me, dear Child of Pity, why—  
An harmless mendicant am I :

As thou would'st wish for joy and pleasure,  
Thro' this tedious road of life,  
As thou would'st wish for heav'n's best treasure,  
Sweet babes, and a fond, faithful wife :  
Scoff not a wretch, with famine pining;  
Laugh not to scorn the widow's pray'r ;  
When on the bed of death reclining,  
You'll see my blessing hov'ring there..  
A little will my wants supply,  
Feeble, and faint, and old am I.

## HYMN

to

## THE MEMORY OF THOMSON.

O! gentlest of the gifted train,  
Whom wild wreaths deck'd from Fancy's bow'r,  
May wonder raise the ardent strain,  
To hymn thine inexpressive pow'r.

Still, as the vary'd Seasons roll  
Mid the fierce sunshine, or the storm,  
I trace thy fair, enthusiast soul,  
I meet thy silent-musing form.

And oft, methinks, where yellowing shades  
Ripe Autumn's browner beauties show,  
I hear thee, with the village-maids,  
Breathe the sad tale of pleasing woe.

Or, stretch'd beneath some cliff's rude crest,  
By each sublimest horror fir'd,  
New prospects sink into thy breast,  
While Nature sits with Thee, retir'd.

Oft, as the lurid flashes cleave  
Night's murky vault, and flit around,  
Shall praise fresh blooms of glory weave,  
And fence with bays\* thy hallow'd mound.

For thou could'st in the tempest tow'r,  
Or dart amid noon's sultry rays,  
Or rifle each ethereal flow'r  
From the clear rainbow's liquid blaze.

Then what, but these great landscapes wrought  
By thine own hand, can praise aright?  
Where substance seems to wed with thought,  
And words delude the raptur'd sight :

Where fancy'd currents seem to rill,  
And murmur through the magic line :  
Where swells sublime th' ideal hill,  
And o'er the page glib light'nings shine.

Then oft let Genius young peruse  
That page divine, with studious care ;  
Meanwhile the much-astonish'd muse  
Finds her own soul reflected there.

---

\* On which no lightning has effect.

And oh ! from thy superior sphere,  
Shade ever sacred to this heart,  
Lull with high sounds my chaste'n'd ear,  
Th' imperishable flame impart !\*

---

ON THE MISFORTUNES OF  
AN INGENIOUS MIND:

---

ALAS ! too fatally inspir'd,  
Why heaves this heart, with purest aim,  
For aught the sage's soul admir'd,  
Or raptur'd minstrel gave to fame ?  
  
Why throbs within this lone recess  
Each finer pulse of general zeal,  
That mourns, because it cannot bless  
The wants 'tis fated still to feel ?

---

\* The allusion in almost every stanza of this hymn, to some particular passage in the Seasons, need not to be pointed out to the eye of taste.

Did fortune blast what nature gave,  
Averse, with dark malignant glare ?  
Did sorrow mark the victim's grave,  
When grac'd with more than mortal's share ?

Ah ! cruel gift, ah ! baneful prize,  
By too-bewitching fancy led,  
To bid hope's fairest visions rise,  
Then find those fairest wishes fled.

To pause on the deserted gloom,  
By their lost hues more hideous made ;  
While, only left, an early tomb  
Gleams sudden thro' the awful shade !

Less painful far were dull despair,  
Without one spark delusive giv'n,  
To flash amid the cells of care,  
Or snatch a fading glimpse of heav'n.

Less injur'd the insensate breast,  
That ne'er one ardent pang can know ;  
That deems each social call a jest,  
And slumbers o'er the tale of woe.

Like some poor pilgrim, faint and frail,  
When lonely eve comes darkling on,  
Still forc'd to tread life's thorny vale,  
Nor view the tedious travel done.



To hang on hope's pale setting ray,  
To hear in ev'ry breeze a sigh ;  
To end at last the weary way,  
Then *disappointment* meet—and die !

If this, oh ! poesy, thy meed,  
Whose bosom, sympathy's sole throne,  
Must oft for other's anguish bleed,  
And ever, ever, for its own :

Quick tear thy sad illusions hence,  
(Illusions sad indeed, yet dear !)  
Unroot each tender-twining sense,  
And freeze on pity's cheek the tear.

Oh ! let that cheek be marble cold  
To friendship or affection's kiss,  
And let each child of song be told  
*Insensibility is Bliss !*

## THE UNION.

~~~~~ *Totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.*

~~~~~

**STRIKE** the glitt'ring harp again,  
Loud let Erin's cliffs resound ;  
Once more the Muse's old domain  
Is with celestial concord crown'd.  
Her palmy hand she lifts sublime ;  
She spreads her radiant pinion round ;  
And from each giant mountain shade-embrown'd,  
Midway on whose flinty breast  
The flagging eaglet builds his nest,  
Is heard the choral swell of Druid-rhime.

Spirits of woe, who in yon crimson cloud  
Brood o'er the pale decline of drooping day,  
And to the sun's weak westering ray  
Flash each your sanguinary shroud,  
Bend not on yon bleak hill the mournful brow  
Where madd'ning brother against brother fought ;  
But, oh ! let blessings blooming on the now  
Misguided martyrs, balm each pensive thought ;

Exhale from Pity's lid th' ascending tear,  
 And hail with saintly song the bright, absolving year.  
 Majestic months, your prosp'rous march pursue ;  
 The sword, in olives twin'd, securely sleeps.  
 Lo ! with maternal fondness Mercy weeps,  
 Oh ! catch, oh ! venerate the holy dew.  
 One drop from that resplendent sluice,  
 Can wash from Murder's pall the deepest dye,  
 And more than angel-purity produce ;  
 War owns the influence of that dovelike eye :  
 War owns ; and stooping from his iron car,  
 On adamantine axle borne,  
 His rough breast trench'd with many a scar,  
 With many a gash all rudely torn,  
 Receives the balm its sov'reign pow'rs infuse,  
 To every feeling op'd, and every beauteous muse.

Still let the Gallic vulture sweep  
 With ruthless sway the realms around,  
 While riding on the subject deep,  
 Severe the British thunders sound ;  
 Still let barbarian rage o'erturn  
 The poet's tomb, the hero's urn,\*

---

\* The campaigns in Italy.

Still bathe the guilty wreath in blood,  
Whose purple honours soon shall fade,  
And fast by yellow Tyber's angry flood  
Profane each venerable glade ;  
Each sacred haunt with living laurel hung,  
Where godlike Tully thought, or softer Virgil sung.

Still, as his native deserts wild,  
Where young-eyed Science never smil'd,  
Still let the rude Siberian storm,  
His mind unfashion'd as his form :—  
Each arbitrary vaunt is vain,  
When issuing from this hallow'd shore,  
Our naval force, a dauntless train,  
Intent on high emprise, explore  
The limits of the watery plain,  
From Danger's front the meed of glory tear,  
Fling to the winds each vulgar fear ;  
And, mid the general wreck of Nature, brave  
The missile carnage, and the yawning wave.

Oh ! for the aid of that celestial youth,\*  
Clad in the shining panoply of Truth,  
Who turn'd the foes of fair Judæa pale,  
Stretch'd his white arm, and shook his silver mail,

---

\* See *Apocrypha*, chap. xi. ver. 8.

Then should the shrine of Virtue, rise  
 In all its decent pomp again ;  
 Then, swelling to th' attentive skies,  
 Should breathe the bliss-requited strain,  
 And seraphs, stooping from their tuneful sphere,  
 Lead to the Son of Earth, a fond, propitious ear.

What time the purple twilight slowly sails  
 O'er dusk Marino's fairy-fading vales,  
 And yon dim isle, as moving on the main,  
 Seems bound by Ocean in a golden chain ;  
 Full in the midst, of awful size,  
 Methinks, I see a warrior-spectre rise,  
 With many a wound his stately semblance gor'd ;  
 Bright from the beach his kingly front he rears,  
 And still, ah ! still, his looks betray  
 Clontarf's ill-fated memorable day,  
 Recent from ruin mid the lapse of years.  
 'Tis he !—'tis Munster's Lord !\*  
 Yet still, a faint, a shadowy smile I trace,  
 Like moon-light, hov'ring on his rev'rend face ;

---

\* Brian Boroimh, (or, as it is pronounced) **Boru**, the magnanimous King of Munster, who with the greatest part of his army, and all his captains, was slain at the renowned battle of Clontarf, near Dublin.



His ghostly cheek, methinks, to rapture warms,  
As round Eblana's tow'rs he views  
Cherubic Peace her halcyon-calm diffuse,  
And the fair city swell with renovated charms.  
Oh ! long may that blest calm remain !  
Oh ! long may heav'nly union reign !  
From whence surpassing transports spring ;  
And oh ! the bloody drops, and impious dust,  
Which foul Rebellion flung on Freedom's bust,  
May Honour wipe away with taintless wing.  
So shall each foreign menace fail :  
So hostile hate in vain assail,  
Tho' pride may prompt, or wealth allure,  
A bulwark in confederate strength secure ;  
So rev'ling Nature, in thy partial smiles,  
Learning, with pilgrim-step, may come,  
Once more, to recognize his ancient home :  
Once more, in all his simple state,  
Bland Hospitality expand the gate,  
Where Welcome oft was wont, with aspect gay,  
To woo the weary minstrel from his way ;  
And Commerce, anchoring on the favour'd coast,  
And Truth, and loyal Love, illustrious boast !  
Wed in rich kindred the United Isles.

## G I B R A L T A R.

THE heav'n-rais'd bulwarks of imperial Troy  
Still rise in song Meonian ; and the muse  
Of deathless Maro consecrates to fame  
Illustrious Latium !—Shall no lyre resound  
A brighter subject, a sublimer lay,  
And claim a fresher wreath ?—Spirit of War,  
First-born of Freedom, who from Calpe's height  
Hurl'd thy indignant thunders, string the chord  
To British fortitude, to British fire !  
For thou canst tell how dauntless Elliot fought,  
Immortal hero ! when the labouring main  
Groan'd with the huge armada, vengeance-fraught :  
How from thy rocky seat the warrior pour'd  
An arch of mortal lightnings on the foe.  
Discreetly valiant, confidently firm,  
Each treach'rous wile he saw, each Spanish mine,  
And marked the tempest low'ring in repose,  
Anon to burst with a redoubled force.  
Though palsy'd Famine stretch'd her meagre hand  
O'er all, and Death his withering glances cast,  
Still rear'd Britannia's standard o'er the fort,

Purpling the wave below with awful shade,  
Wave soon to be embued with hostile gore,  
Drawn from the heart of myriads! methinks, ev'n now,  
The whizzing bullets stun my startled ear,  
And sulphurous smoke envelopes the grim sky  
With tenfold horrors! Vain attempt, to scale  
Gibraltar's giant brow, when marble mounds,  
And British breasts more stern, defend the place.  
So strove the haughty pow'r of hell, when fall'n  
From site celestial to the burning deep,  
With turms diminish'd by Messiah's hand,  
To climb the crystal battlements of heav'n;  
So fell he, vaunting!—The Hispanian crew  
Wond'ring retire, and eye with envious look  
The walls impregnable, where Glory sits,  
Thron'd with her Britons! Like a dreadful row  
Of gods embattled on Olympus' top,  
The warriors scowl derision. Heathfield chief,  
The Mars of Albion, stirs the latent spark  
Of honour to a blaze, invigorates  
Each manly bosom; and the fainting cheers!  
So Britons fight, when Liberty calls out  
The martial youths, and Justice sounds the trump  
Of dreadful onset. Spain's dismounted fleet,  
Spain's gasping soldiery, and the chiefs of Spain,  
Can testify with tears the Muse's truth.

MILTON'S EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS  
TRANSLATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following translation was the amusement of a few hours, at a time when I felt pretty much the same sorrows with Milton, on account of the death of a youthful and beloved brother. I have often conceived an idea of rendering all his Latin poems into English verse; but, conscious of my own inability to do them justice, must decline the task. Translation too, I apprehend, is not my forte; though no one can feel an higher veneration for the classical productions of the Athenian and the Roman muse. Apollonius Rhodius I admire in particular; and could any author tempt me to a long translation, it would certainly be he.

The Latin poems of Milton can fairly rival the most illustrious performances of the middle, if not of the Augustine age; perspicuity of style, elegant diction, and harmonious measures, are conspicuous through all of them. In my opinion, Strada, Vida, Politian, Buchanan, nay Claudian, are vastly inferior to him in these points. The reader of taste will find sufficient entertainment of the sublimer kind, in the perusal of the following poems; *De Idea Platonica, quædam modum Aristoteles intellectus*: which begins with these amazingly beautiful verses:

"Mittere, anrorum praesides nemorum deus,  
Tuque, O noveni perbeata numinis  
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
Antro recumbis otiosa Aternitas,  
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis: &c.

that with the title, *Naturam non pati senium*; *Mansus*; the cxivth Psalm in Greek; *Ad Patrem*; and all his elegies. *Mansus*, I should have attempted, were it not elegantly versified by Mr. Sterling.

## EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

## ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds in the same village, were united in the same studies from their infancy, and bound in the strictest friendship. Thyrsis, having gone to the city for recreation's sake, receives an account of the death of Damon. Returning home afterwards, and finding the news true, he bemoans himself and his solitary situation, in the following poem. In the appellation Damon, is understood that of Carolus Diodatus: a person descended from a family of Lucca in Italy, yet in every thing but birth an Englishman; and a youth of the most promising appearance as to wit, learning, and all other conspicuous virtues, while he lived.

SICILIAN nymphs, attend my mournful claim,  
And aid my sorrow, by the banks of Thame;  
For whilom you o'er Bion's early hearse  
Hung the choice garlands of elegiac verse,

## ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnis et Hylan,  
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis,)

And to fair Hylas his last honors paid,  
 And soothed with tender wailings Daphne's shade.  
 How many sighs did weeping Thyrsis heave !  
 How oft awaken'd Echo from her cave !  
 How long with pond'ring steps he wont to rove,  
 And join the trickling rill, and seek the cypress grove !  
 His woes beginning with the dawn of light,  
 His woes nor ending at th' approach of night ;  
 While Damon's ling'ring stay he frequent mourn'd,  
 Damon who ne'er to see his friend return'd.  
 And now the second harvest grac'd the plain,  
 And twice the barn receiv'd the golden grain,  
 Since rutless death laid Damon in his tomb,  
 Nor was kind Thyrsis (luckless) then at home ;  
 For the sweet muse prolong'd his pleasing hours,  
 And long detain'd 'mid Rome's imperial tow'rs !

---

Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :  
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,  
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus ;  
 Dumi sibi præzeptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.  
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,  
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum  
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe :



But, fill'd with home his mind, again he tends  
 His flock neglected, and neglected friends ;  
 And while beneath the conscious elm he lies  
 (Once dear retreat to his admiring eyes),  
 On Damon's fate he thinks : beyond control,  
 Tumultuous anguish rushes on his soul ;  
 And while affection wrings his very heart,  
 Those simple strains he pours devoid of art.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you.”

Ah me ! what Pow'rs in heav'n shall I implore,  
 Since from my breast its better part they tore ?—  
 Thus dost thou leave me, Damon, thus unkind ?  
 Ah ! shall thy virtues die, nor leave behind  
 One lasting trace ? Ah ! shall my tears still flow,  
 Nor win thee ever from the shades below ?

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relict  
 Cura vocat, simul assuetā seditur sub ulmo,  
 Tum verò amisum tum denique sentit amicum,  
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,  
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon !  
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?

But no ! thou shalt not join the meaner dead,  
 Hermes to brighter scenes thy step shall lead ;  
 And while he drives the humbler throng away,  
 Announce thy entrance in the realms of day.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you.”  
 Yet if no quaint wolf mark me for his prey,  
 Thine ashes shall not quite in death decay ;  
 But thy fresh honour, undefil’d, appear  
 Bathed in the dew of a melodious tear ;  
 And long the shepherd swains thy worth shall raise,  
 And join with me to celebrate thy praise.  
 While Faunas loves the plain, and Pales dwells  
 In sylvan scenes ; while spotless truth excels,  
 And ancient faith, and minstrelsye sublime ;  
 A generous mind, a soul without a crime,

---

At non ille, animas virgā qui dividit aureā,  
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentūm.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,  
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
 Constatbitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo  
 Solvere post Daphnū, post Daphnū dicere laudes  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus, amabit :

Can win applause and bind affection fast :  
So long shall all thy matchless glories last.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
Your hapless master has no time for you.”

Those thy rewards, thy sure rewards, shall be :  
But what avails this pomp of praise to me ?  
Ah ! who with faithful love shall now pursue  
Through dang’rous paths my side ; ah ! who but you ?  
To brave the winter frost, the summer heat :  
Nor think the trouble much, though tir’d thy feet,  
Whether the lion’s dang’rous course to fright,  
Or chase the prowling wolf at dead of night.  
Ah ! who but you shall charm the hours along,  
And lull my slumber soft with soothing song ?

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
Your hapless master has no time for you.”

Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,  
Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,  
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò ? quis mihi fidus  
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,  
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ?  
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,  
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque, solebit ?

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Whose bosom, Thrysus, shall I now believe,  
 Who shall with mirth my anxious cares deceive ?  
 Who now divert the long revolving night  
 With gay discourses, pregnant of delight ;  
 While the dry faggot crackles in the blaze,  
 And the nut bounds, or into coal decays ?  
 The winds meanwhile their boisterous revels keep,  
 And through the elm's aerial branches sweep.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you.”  
 Or is the sultry summer's burning noon,  
 When Pan in beechen bow'r defies the sun ;  
 When naiad-nymphs in coral caves below  
 Bid in sweet lapse their warbling waters flow ;  
 When shepherds hide beneath the arching glade ;  
 And the tir'd lab'rer sleeps, supinely laid ;

---

Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit  
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Dulcibus alloquis, grato cùm sibilat igni  
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Auster  
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo ?  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Aut estate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cum Pan æsculeæ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,

Then who thy solace bland can e'er supply,  
 With friendship's candid lip and sparkling eye ?  
 " My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you."

Now solitary, silent, slow, I stray  
 Where thickest umbrage crowns the shelter'd way ;  
 Here I await calm evening's sober hour,  
 For the rain rushes in a rattling show'r,  
 And the low sullen blasts of Eurus move  
 The tremulous twilight of the wavy grove.

" My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you."  
 Ah, how my meeds, so till'd, so fresh before,  
 With noxious noisome herbs are mantled o'er !  
 And ev'n my lofty quicksets *seeth'd* remain,  
 For want of kindly aid from genial rain :

Quis mihi blanditiásque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,  
 Hic serum expecto ; supra caput imber et Eurus  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit !

The grape unweeded sinks, the myrtle dies,  
And the flocks turn to me their meagre eyes.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few :  
Your hapless master has no time for you.”  
To the tall hazels Tityrus calls me hence ;  
Alphesibœus to yon ashen fence ;  
But Aegon beckons me to the willow'd bank,  
And fair Amyntas to the streamlets dank ;  
‘ Here cooling riv'lets well, here mossy seats ;  
‘ The dumb they speak to, from their gay retreats.”  
I fly disconsolate, and rather long  
To sing to the low shrubs my plaintive song.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
Your hapless master has no time for you.”

---

Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
Nec myrteta juvant ; ovium quoque tædit, at illæ  
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.  
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Tityrus ad Corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,  
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas ;  
‘ Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas ;  
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.  
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

There Mopsus summons : (Mopsus can divine  
 The talk of birds, and tell each starry sign.)  
 He met me haply, and half-trembling said,  
 ' What dread disorder doth thy peace invade ?  
 ' Say, does disastrous love thy quiet mar,  
 ' Or pestilence of some malignant star ?  
 ' For shepherds oft have felt its horrid pow'r,  
 ' And a cold leaden weight their vital-blood devour."  
 " My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you."  
 The virgins wonder too ; and ask my ail,  
 And what sad glooms o'er temper's warmth prevail.  
 ' Not thus,' (they cry) ' thy front would erst appear :  
 ' Why those mute lips, fierce eyes, and looks severe !

Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notārat,  
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)  
 ' Thyrsi, quid hoc?' dixit, ' quæ te coquit improba bilis?  
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malé fascinat astrum ;  
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.'  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mirantur nymphæ, et ' quid te Thyrsi futurum est?  
 ' Quid tibi vis?' aiunt, ' non hæc solet esse juventæ  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi ;

‘ Whatever mistress does thy rest destroy,  
 ‘ Claims frolick mirth, and love, and sprightly joy.’  
 “ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you.”

Hyas and Dryope and Aegle fair,  
 Skill’d to attune the lyre to melting air,  
 Tempting approach’d, but tempted all in vain ;  
 And Cloris too, the brightest of the plain.  
 No fond caresses, no love-darting eyes,  
 Solace my heart, or bid new flames arise.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you.”  
 Alas, how like me once the heifers play ;  
 How, join’d in frolic gambol, waste the day !  
 The savage wolves alike in flocks combine,  
 T’ attack the mighty fold, and slay our kine ;

---

Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem  
 Jure petit : bis ille miser qui serus amavit.’

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle  
 Docta modos, citharaque sciens, sed perdita fastu ;  
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti ;  
 Nil me blanditiae, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.  
 Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi ! quam similes ludunt per prata juveni,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales !

The wild ass too his rugged mates will join ;  
 And the grim ocean owns the law divine,  
 What time great Proteus on the sandy shore  
 Summons his scaly herds, and counts their numbers  
 o'er ;

The flutt'ring sparrow feels a mutual tie,  
 And if the pouncing kite descend from high  
 To tear her dear companion from her breast,  
 She seeks another choice, and gains her usual rest.

But human kind, a hard unfeeling race,  
 Can ne'er in alien bosoms friendship place ;

Or if some gentle youth the golden chain  
 Would wish to wear, and share the pleasing pain, }  
 Millions among he scarce one friend will gain. }

---

Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege ; sic densi veniunt ad pabula theos,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri :  
 Lex eadem pelagi ; ~~deserto~~ in littore Proteus  
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, serd sua tecta revisens ;  
 Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis  
 Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;

Should the kind Fates his fav'rite pray'r approve,  
 And grant an equal worthy of his love,  
 Ah, witless youth ! when purest flames arise,  
 They stamp eternal woe, and lo ! his partner dies.

“ My unsed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you.”

What frenzy forc'd me from his dearest side,  
 While snowy Alps and tow'ring cliffs subside ?  
 Why did I, fool, prefer the Latian plains  
 To the blest converse of the pride of swains ?  
 Did I, ingrate, such mountains interpose !  
 Ah, cruel hap ! I left thy cot for those :  
 Else had I press'd thy cold and withering hand,  
 Thine eyes compos'd, and caught thy last command ;

---

Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ,  
 Surripit æternum linquens in sæcula clamnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam !  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romani vidisse sepultam,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit ;)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale !  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes !  
 Ah certè extreñum licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,

While the sad farewels rent my very heart,  
And mindful of our love thou didst to heav'n depart.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
Your hapless master has no time for you.”

Oh that I was sercne as erst, when o'er  
The banks I walk'd of Arno's tuneful shore ;  
And sought his poplar-bows, of verdure gay,  
Where purple vi'lets deck the painted way !  
And there I too could hear Monalca's sage,  
Contend with Lyciad in poetic rage :  
Though all unmeet, myself would take the reed,  
And haply with thy partial ear succeed ;

Et dixisse “ Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.”

Itē domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.\*

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cūm stratus ad Arni  
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quā mollior herba,  
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.  
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum ; nec, puto, multūm

\* It is rather curious to observe that the poet has, in his translation, overlooked the following lines :

Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus,  
Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,  
Antiquā genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.

Full many meeds of thine my stores contain—  
 Goblets, and pipes, and flutes of boxen grain.  
 Both Dati and Francinus\* wont to raise  
 Thy name, and teach the echoing wood our praise :  
 And they were swains of note ; for ev'ry grace  
 Famed, and descended from a Lydian race.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your helpless master has no time for you.”

Beneath the dewing moon I oft have cried,  
 While you lay senseless by the cypress' side,  
 ‘ Now careful Damon pens the guarded fold ;  
 ‘ Now songs of his are sung, or tales are told :  
 ‘ Now, for the hare the floating net he draws,  
 ‘ Now twists the slender twig for secret cause :’

---

Displicui ; nam sunt et apud me, munera vestra,  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ,  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,  
 Dum solos teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.  
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus !

---

\* Two friends of Milton.

And dreams which I pourtray'd in times of yore,  
Now do I still present my sight before.

‘ Where art thou, Damon ? what delays thee so ?  
‘ Beneath yon shade we'll bank the summer glow ;  
‘ We'll stretch our limbs by Colnus' limpid rill,\*  
‘ Or by Cassibelaunus' cloud-capt hill :†  
‘ You will lay ope your scrip, of magic pow'r,  
‘ And tell the several virtues of each flow'r :  
‘ Whether the hellebore, or crocus small,  
‘ Or leaf of hyacinth, excel at med'cine's call.'  
Ah ! perish potent herbs, and healing flow'r ;  
None after thee, their uses can explore.

---

Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi ;  
“ Heus bone ! numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,  
Imus? et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,  
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,  
Helleborumque, humilèisque crocos, foliūmque hyacinthi,  
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentūm.”  
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentūm,  
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro !  
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,

---

\* The river Colne.

† The town of St. Albans.



My flute is broken too, uncouth the sound ;  
And rude, I ween : yet list, ye woodlands round.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
Your hapless master has no time for you.

I too will sing the Phrygian prows that sought  
The British shore ; and lift my humbler thought  
To ancient Imogen’s illustrious line,  
**Brennus, Arviragus, and old Beline.\***  
Then the Armorian colony I chose,  
And Iogerne’s more mysterious woes ;

---

Et tum forte novis admōram labra cicutis,  
Dissiluere tamen ruptā compage, nec ultra  
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
Turgidulus, tamen et referam ; vos cedite, sylvæ.  
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Ipse ego Dardanias Ruturpina per sequora puppes  
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
Brennūmque, Arviragūmque duces, priscūmque Belinum,  
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;  
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iōgernen,

---

\* The landing of the Trojans in England under Brutus. Brutus married Imogen, the daughter of a Grecian king, from whose bondage he had delivered his countrymen. Brennus and Belinus were the sons of Molutius Dunwallo, by some writers called the first king of Britain. Arviragus, the son of Cunobelin, conquered the Roman general Claudius.

And Merlin's stratagems and fell alarms,  
 Disguis'd and hid beneath Gorloran arms.\*  
 Oh, would my life but last, thou, flute, should lie  
 On yonder knotty pine, and greet no more mine eye;  
 Or, swell'd with some Britannic theme renown'd,  
 Thy martial stops would Arthur's actions sound.  
 What then? a swain could ill attempt the task;  
 No other fame, no other praise I ask  
 (Unknown, unheeded, to each following age,  
 I care not who will read my past'ral page)

---

Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,  
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,  
 Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, pinu,  
 Multum oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camoenis  
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,  
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla  
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi,)

---

\* The Britons are said to have retired to Armorica in Bretagne, when they fled from the Saxons. Iogerne was the wife of Gorlois prince of Cornwal. Merlin, the ancient British enchanter, transformed Uther Pendragon into Gorlois; by which artifice Uther had access to the bed of Iogerne, and thus became the father of King Arthur.



If Usa\* golden-hair'd, Alaunust too,  
 Abra,† and Trent emerging to the view,  
 If Thames 'bove all esteem'd, and the far wave  
 Of Orcades, my floating song will save.

“ My unfed flocks, go home, ye straggling few ;  
 Your hapless master has no time for you.”

For thee I kept beneath the laurel-shade,  
 Two graven bowls, with nicest efforts made :  
 Manso the great the precious presents gave ;  
 Manso the learn'd, the courteous, and the brave.  
 Around the outside various landscapes shine,  
 Of workmanship complete, and bold design :

*Si me flava comes legat Usa, et potor Alauni,  
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treants,  
 Et Thamestis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.*

*Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Haec tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,  
 Haec, et plura simul ; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,  
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino calaverat arguento :*

\* The river Ouse.

† The Humber.

‡ The name of three rivers in England ; the Alain, Alende, and Camlan.

Here, in the middle, rolls the ruddy tide,  
 And sweet Arabia stands in blooming pride :  
 The phœnix, bird divine, of varied plume,  
 Doth here new vigour from the flames assume ;  
 And as the rosy clouds of morning rise,  
 Aurora's blush with piercing glance espies :  
 On th' other part, the valves of heav'n unbar,  
 The ceilings glitter speck'd with many a star,  
 And (strange) the Gods appear ; here Cupid darts  
 His diamond arrows at immortal hearts.

“ Here also, Damon, you reside ; elsewhere  
 Your soft simplicity, and truth sincere :

---

In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,  
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis ;  
 Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus :  
 Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,  
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ;  
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,  
 Hinc ferit ; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbæ  
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus :  
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec mefallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus ?

For sure Lethcean glooms could ne'er acquire  
 Thy generous spirit, and thy soul of fire.  
 Weep we no more! our tears are now profane :  
 Lo ! Damon treads the pure ethereal plain ;  
 And walks the rainbow-floors, and converse high  
 Holds with departed heroes in the sky ;  
 Imbibes refreshing air and softest sleep,  
 And quaffs ambrosian joys with ruby lip.  
 Oh ! grant our pray'rs, and lend a fav'ring ear,  
 Whether our mortal DAMON's name you hear,  
 Or DIODOTI (by which title they  
 Of elements supreme thy worth display).  
 Type of my virgin youth, and rising age,  
 Which wedded pleasures never could engage,

---

Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,  
 Nec tibi convenient lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà :  
 Ite procul, lacrymæ ; purum colit æthera Damon,  
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;  
 Heroïmque animas inter, divósque perennes,  
 Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat  
 Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,  
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocaris,  
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
 Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.  
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus  
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
 etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;

**Lo!** thy white front a radiant circlet twines,  
And in thy hand the holy palm-tree shines.  
Thou then shalt join the full seraphic choir,  
Thy voice attemper'd to the silver lyre ;  
And in melodious concert hymn the praise  
Of hallowed Sion, crown'd with lasting rays."

---

Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
Laetaque frondentis gestans umbracula palinæ,  
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos ;  
Cantus ubi, choreisque fuit lyra mista beatis,  
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrso.

END OF VOL. I.

---

T. Gillet, Printer, Wild-court.



3



2







